

Contact Information

Name: Diana Swope Salas

Address: 109 Forest Dr.

Roaring Brook Township, PA 18444

Cell: 570-575-8147

E-Mail: dswope30@gmail.com

I am a Middle School English Teacher, so the best time to reach me is weekdays between 3:00 pm-8:00 pm.

Notes about "Decisions"

My one act play "Decisions" is designed for a cast of 4 people, and keeps social distancing in mind, as none of the characters ever get close to one another. It is meant to be a humorous look into the human mind, specifically the struggles that a woman in her late-twenties goes through. The main female character does not have any lines, and sits in a side scene the entire time, reacting with facial and body language cues depending upon the subjects being discussed. The main plot takes place in the "Court of Internal Conflict" with Judge Cerebrum presiding over the arguments between the left and right sides of the brain, regarding three major issues. They spend the majority of the play discussing the issues from the two perspectives, only to find at the end how quickly all of one's hard work to understand one's self can go out the window.

The Main Female Character should be played by a woman in her late 20's, to late 30's, who is very animated and engaging in her facial expressions, as she has no actual lines since the play takes place in her head. Judge Cerebrum should be played as a level-headed individual, male or female, who does not show any bias toward one side or the other. He/She is a serious character who maintains a "poker face" until he/she becomes flustered at the end. Left Brain should be played as a know-it-all brainiac type, by a male or a female, who has no patience for his/her colleague Right Brain's overly emotional and dramatic nature. His/Her posture should be reserved and stiff. He/She represents the analytical and logical part of the brain, and should be seated on the left side of the courtroom. Right Brain should be played as a free spirit, passionate about what he or she believes, and dramatic about everything. He/She has many scenes involving interrupting and outbursts throughout, and should jump out of his/her chair and have exaggerated motions. His/her posture should be relaxed, moving between having her feet up on the table, to leaping to his/her feet, to dramatic poses. He/She represents the part of the brain that has creativity and feelings, and should be seated on the right side of the court.

When creating the play, I envisioned a screen in the courtroom where PowerPoints and video clips could be shown to enhance the discussion of the characters. This could be easily achieved with a free-standing screen, laptop, and projector. I would also be happy to help edit the extra technological pieces together, since I am familiar with the programs from frequently creating videos to teach. However, if these electronic items are not available, the script could easily be changed to get rid of those aspects and be performed without them, and I would be happy to tweak it for you!

Finally, I want you to know that I created this play for fun, and will not be in any way offended if you are interested in the concept but would like me to tweak or change things to make it work better for you and your actors! This is my first real attempt at writing a script, other than for my own use in my teaching videos, so please forgive my ignorance in style and execution. If you are in no way interested in anything about the play, that is just fine as well! I enjoyed writing it and appreciated the opportunity to submit my work for a performance! If you have any questions, please let me know!

“Decisions”

By: Diana Swope Salas

Run Time: 15 minutes

Genre: Comedy

Cast:

Main Female Character

Judge Cerebrum

Left Brain

Right Brain

<The stage begins dark. A spotlight appears off to the side and the audience sees the Main Female Character enter and sit on a park bench. She could have a coffee cup and/or book for the audience to infer that she would like to have some quiet time. The main character settles on the bench and looks pensively into the sky.>

<Announced over loud speaker> All rise. The Court of Internal Conflict is now in session. The Honorable Judge Cerebrum presiding.

<The stage lights come up and the audience sees that the stage is set with a courtroom towards the back part or side part of the stage, with a judge, prosecution, and defense set up.>

<The audience sees that there are people sitting at the prosecution and defense positions, but just their backs/silhouettes are seen as they stand and face the judge who enters from the back.>

<Judge Cerebrum enters>

CEREBRUM: Please be seated.

<The two “attorneys” sit.>

CEREBRUM: Good morning, ladies and gentlemen. We have several cases to call forward this morning. Are both sides ready?

<Right Brain pops up unable to control himself/herself>

RIGHT BRAIN: Right Brain ready, Your Honor.

<Left Brain slowly stands, calmly and collected>

LEFT BRAIN: Left Brain prepared for the commencement of discussion, Your Honor.

CEREBRUM: Very well.

<Left and Right Brain sit back down>

CEREBRUM: Our goals for today are to come to agreements in three different cases. Our hope is that by the end of this session, we will have a clear plan for each of the three cases, and be able to move forward with resolving the issues. First up, case number 42081: Social Plans for the Weekend.

RIGHT BRAIN: <overexcitedly yells out> YES! <clapping excitedly> We are going out with Kristen and Andrea! They are such a blast and always know how to have a good time!

LEFT BRAIN: Absolutely not. They act like overgrown teenagers, and we are twenty-nine years old. It is both embarrassing and degrading.

RIGHT BRAIN: How is it “embarrassing and degrading” to have a good time?

LEFT BRAIN: Pardon me, but have you ever looked around the room at the club? We are the oldest one there!.....and.....<hesitates and then says softly>... it is very loud.

RIGHT BRAIN: <rolls eyes> Oh come on. We’re not THAT old yet.

LEFT BRAIN: I seem to recall that you did not even know any of the songs that the DJ played last time.

RIGHT BRAIN: <hesitates> Well...

LEFT BRAIN: I believe your exact words were...<mimicking Right Brain’s casual way of speaking> “Why does every song today just have a boring trap beat for four minutes? Why can’t they play any hot jams from my time?”

RIGHT BRAIN: <tries to hold it in but finally concedes> BUT THEY SHOULD! THE SONGS TODAY ARE GARBAGE!

LEFT BRAIN: Precisely. It seems that we have our first point of agreement for the day. We should consider our other options instead. What about the invitation to socialize with Lauren and Rich?

RIGHT BRAIN: UGH. They have kids. So, if they come to our house, they will come late because they were waiting on a sitter, then talk about their kids for two hours, show us pictures and videos of their kids for an additional hour and a half, and then have to go home early because they have to relieve their sitter.

LEFT BRAIN: Perhaps we could go to their home then?

RIGHT BRAIN: UGHHHH! That’s even worse! Then we have to actually hang out with their kids instead of just listening to stories about them. Hard pass.

LEFT BRAIN: That is a logical inference. Well, our only other options are...<pulls out phone and scrolls through texts, Main Female Character does the same on the side of the stage, mirroring everything the Left Brain does> Steven?

RIGHT BRAIN: He’s basically a hermit. I can only feign interest in PC gaming for so long.

LEFT BRAIN: Hmm.....<scrolling>.... that only leaves Nick and Alexandra.

RIGHT BRAIN: Well he’s nice, but I can’t stand her.

LEFT BRAIN: She does enjoy being argumentative for presumably no rational reason.

RIGHT BRAIN: You are being way too nice. She's a real b—

LEFT BRAIN: *<interrupts>* I believe we should consider an alternative option.

RIGHT BRAIN: Oo! YES! I know the one you mean.

RIGHT BRAIN and LEFT BRAIN: *<Look at each other then speak in unison>* Netflix and laying on the couch with the dog. *<both nod>*

CEREBRUM: I have no objections to this suggestion. Are you both in agreement?

RIGHT BRAIN and LEFT BRAIN: *<in unison>* We are.

CEREBRUM: Very well. In the matter of case number 42081: Social Plans for the Weekend, the Court of Internal Conflict rules in favor of "Netflix and the Dog." *<bangs gavel>*

<Right and Left Brain both nod at one another, acknowledging the agreement>

CEREBRUM: Next case, number 42082: Should We Remain at Our Current Job? Please proceed with your opening statements.

<Left Brain stands>

LEFT BRAIN: For this case, I have created a chart to help us organize our thoughts—

RIGHT BRAIN: *<rolls eyes>* Of COURSE you did.

LEFT BRAIN: *<glares at Right Brain>* I feel that an organized, logical approach is the best way to make a major life decision such as this—

RIGHT BRAIN: *<fake coughs>* Nerd.

LEFT BRAIN: Objection, Your Honor—

RIGHT BRAIN: *<in a mocking voice repeating Left Brain like a child>* Objection, Your Honor—

LEFT BRAIN: I believe that it is my turn to speak and I—

RIGHT BRAIN: *<in a mocking voice repeating Left Brain like a child>* I believe that it is my turn to speak and I—

LEFT BRAIN: I cannot fully do so with Right Brain's constant interruptions.

RIGHT BRAIN: *<in a mocking voice repeating Left Brain like a child>* I cannot fully do so with Right Brain's constant interruptions.

CEREBRUM: Sustained. Right Brain, that is quite enough.

RIGHT BRAIN: Yes, Your Honor. *<glares at Left Brain>*

LEFT BRAIN: If I may continue...The aspects to analyze in relation to the job situation are as follows:

<Columns appear onscreen>

LEFT BRAIN: Our boss, the job itself, and our coworkers. Beginning with our boss, I think we can all agree that he's—

CEREBRUM, RIGHT BRAIN AND LEFT BRAIN: *<in unison>* A huge dumb jerk. *<all nod in agreement>*

<"Leave" is placed under "Boss" column>

LEFT BRAIN: Alright, next up is the job itself. Overall, do we enjoy our job?

RIGHT BRAIN: I would say yes, most of the time. I feel like for the most part we get up in the morning feeling pretty good about going in, and at the end of the day, we feel like we made a difference in the world. Isn't that what everyone wants?

LEFT BRAIN: Well, I can't speak to that, because that involves....*<face of disgust>*... feelings, but logically speaking, we know how to do the job well, and we excel at it, so it appears to be an appropriate fit for us at this time.

<"Stay" is placed under "Job Itself" column>

LEFT BRAIN: So that brings us to our final area of consideration: coworkers. Coworkers can make or break a workplace experience.

RIGHT BRAIN: Can we please speed this up?

LEFT BRAIN: *<exasperated>* What?!

RIGHT BRAIN: Can we do rapid fire questioning?

LEFT BRAIN: Have you no patience?

RIGHT BRAIN: *<sarcastically>* Correct, Yoda. *<imitates Yoda voice>* Patience don't I have.

LEFT BRAIN: That it not even the way that Yoda talks, he—nevermind! Yes, if it will placate my overexuberant colleague, we can resort to a rapid-fire speed round. We begin with Kevin.

<As each coworker is announced, their picture is shown on the screen and a big X or check mark appears as Right Brain replies to each one>

RIGHT BRAIN: Lazy.

LEFT BRAIN: Elizabeth?

RIGHT BRAIN: Negative.

LEFT BRAIN: Joe?

RIGHT BRAIN: Sexist.

LEFT BRAIN: Nikki?

RIGHT BRAIN: Fake.

LEFT BRAIN: John?

RIGHT BRAIN: Sexist AND Fake.

LEFT BRAIN: Marcus?

RIGHT BRAIN: Aw, we love him! He's an old hippie. Loves to talk about music.

LEFT BRAIN: Amelia?

RIGHT BRAIN: Ah, the town gossip. She doesn't really bother with us though.

LEFT BRAIN: Gianna?

RIGHT BRAIN: Absolute raging b—

LEFT BRAIN: <quickly interrupts> Ah!...How about Lisa!?

RIGHT BRAIN: Flaky, but nice.

LEFT BRAIN: Carmen?

RIGHT BRAIN: UGH, the real-life <sings in a high soprano voice> Disney princess. So annoying....but the nicest person in the world.

LEFT BRAIN: Dana?

RIGHT BRAIN: Overachiever. Makes us look bad, but a great person.

LEFT BRAIN: Judy?

RIGHT BRAIN: LOVE her! I hope to be as cool as she is when I get older!

LEFT BRAIN: Cynthia?

RIGHT BRAIN: Aww! My BFF!

LEFT BRAIN: So that's seven positive and six negative feelings about coworkers, meaning "positive" is in the lead. Sounds like that will also be a vote to stay.

RIGHT BRAIN: Yeah, I guess. Overall there are a few more great people than there are morons.

<"Stay" is placed under "Coworkers" column>

LEFT BRAIN: Your Honor, thanks to logic and organization, *<glares at Right Brain, who sticks his/her tongue out at Left Brain>* I believe that we have reached a decision,

CEREBRUM: Yes, it looks like we are leaning in favor of staying in our job according to your chart. Am I interpreting that correctly?

RIGHT AND LEFT BRAIN: Yes, Your Honor.

CEREBRUM: Very well, in the case of our job, we rule in favor of staying. *<bangs gavel>*

<Right and Left Brain nod at one another in agreement>

CEREBRUM: The third, and final case today, is number 42082: Perspective Male Partners.

RIGHT BRAIN: Yesssssss! FINALLY! We enter MY area of expertise!

LEFT BRAIN: Now hold on a moment! I have just as much expertise in this area. We cannot fall in love solely with feelings! We have to consider all of the aspects of each suitor to determine if he is compatible and correctly compliments our strengths and weaknesses.

RIGHT BRAIN: Right. I'm sure you have some amazing, boring numbers to throw at me.

LEFT BRAIN: If by boring you mean "helpful" and "necessary," as a matter of fact, I do! *<starts to pull papers out of a briefcase>*

RIGHT BRAIN: Your Honor, that's not fair! He took the lead on the last case. It's MY turn.

CEREBRUM: Right Brain is correct, Left Brain. You had the lead, now it's time to let Right Brain have the floor.

LEFT BRAIN: By all means, Your Honor.....*<mumbles sarcastically under his/her breath>*...This will be good.

RIGHT BRAIN: What is THAT supposed to mean?

LEFT BRAIN: Exactly what I said! *<as sarcastic as possible>* This will be "good!"

<Right Brain glares at Left Brain>

LEFT BRAIN: *<sarcastically supportive>*. No really! Continue! I'm sure you have a great, well thought-out presentation for us, no doubt written on a....napkin with a condiment of some kind.

RIGHT BRAIN: WRONG! That's not the way I do things, Lefty.

LEFT BRAIN: Correctly and in an organized fashion? Yes, I am aware that's not you, Righty.

RIGHT BRAIN: *<visibly angry>* And so, in place of a BORING presentation filled with figures and graphs that no one cares about, I will plead my case in a creative way.....in the form of a riveting documentary. *<strikes a dramatic Shakespearian pose>*

LEFT BRAIN: What?!

RIGHT BRAIN: First candidate, please.

<"Ken Burns" style dramatic documentary opening, then the screen does a slow pan of a scruffy guy in a t-shirt, giving a peace sign to the camera, focused on his face and upper body>

RIGHT BRAIN: *<impersonating a serious British documentary voice>* This is Jayden, mild-mannered barista at the Starbucks up the road. He always draws cute pictures on the cups of our morning lattes and often quotes poetry. On the outside, he appears to be laid back, sophisticated, and cool. He swears that this job is just to hold him over until his band takes off and "makes it big."

LEFT BRAIN: Well, that seems like a logical plan. It is wise to hold down a job to make money in order to support one's dreams and goals in life. He is driven and smart, which are two traits we look for in a companion. He seems to be an appropriate choice.

RIGHT BRAIN: *<impersonating a serious British documentary voice>* Ah, yes. On the surface he does, but one must look deeper, my friend. After a little good old-fashioned Facebook stalking, we found this video of Jayden singing...

<Jayden is singing off key and terrible on screen>

LEFT BRAIN: *<gasps>* Oh my!

RIGHT BRAIN: *<impersonating a serious British documentary voice>* That is correct. Little does he know, he is actually terrible at singing, has no drive to do anything viable with his life, and he lives in his mother's basement.

<Zoom out from original picture of Jayden to see that his mom is waving in the background, and has his laundry for him in a basket>

LEFT BRAIN: Next, please.

<Very cute guy on a motorcycle>

LEFT BRAIN: Oh boy. We always have a weakness for this one.

RIGHT BRAIN: *<impersonating a serious British documentary voice>* That is correct. Our next candidate is a bit of a trifecta, falling into three categories. Adrian is a himbo, a bad boy, and a frequent recipient of recycling.

LEFT BRAIN:I do not understand any of the phrases that you just said.

<Screen shows Adrian acting out each of the characteristics as they are explained>

RIGHT BRAIN: *<impersonating a serious British documentary voice>* Of course. I have forgotten who my audience is. *<Left Brain glares>* A "himbo" is a handsome, but unintelligent man. They excel in such areas as: being attractive, fixing your car, and lifting heavy objects.

LEFT BRAIN: Those are all helpful traits as well.

RIGHT BRAIN: *<impersonating a serious British documentary voice>* Quite true! However, they are completely useless in areas such as: intelligent conversation, basic math, and not cheating on you.

LEFT BRAIN: Oh, those are not good.

RIGHT BRAIN: *<impersonating a serious British documentary voice>* A classic “bad boy,” Adrian rides a motorcycle and wears tank tops even when it is snowing, because....muscles.

LEFT BRAIN: Highly impractical.

RIGHT BRAIN: *<impersonating a serious British documentary voice>* Finally, he is a frequently “recycled” male companion, meaning that he has been brought back several times in hopes that he has changed....or sometimes just because we are single. Not surprisingly, it never works out well.

LEFT BRAIN: Ah, I understand now. It seems that he has had many chances to prove himself but has not yet risen to the occasion. Correct?

RIGHT BRAIN: *<impersonating a serious British documentary voice>* Correct.

LEFT BRAIN: Next?

RIGHT BRAIN: *<nods> <impersonating a serious British documentary voice>* Next.

<Screen projects a dorky guy>

RIGHT BRAIN: *<impersonating a serious British documentary voice>* And finally, we have Philip, the kind neighbor who helps us with our computer all the time.

LEFT BRAIN: Aw, Philip. Now there’s a good man. He is smart, helpful, kind, and caring. There couldn’t possibly be anything wrong with him!

<Right Brain just stares at Left Brain>

LEFT BRAIN: Well, what’s wrong with him?!

RIGHT BRAIN: *<impersonating a serious British documentary voice>* Philip unfortunately suffers from what medical experts call an acute case of “Grilled Chicken.”

LEFT BRAIN: You are so hard to understand when you use such odd phrases.

RIGHT BRAIN: *<impersonating a serious British documentary voice>* “Grilled Chicken” of course means that he is boring. Sure, grilled chicken is good for you, but you’re not going to get excited about eating it, and you REALLY don’t want it every day.

LEFT BRAIN: Oh come on, really? The poor guy!

RIGHT BRAIN: *<gasps>* Lefty! Was that a.....FEELING that you just had?!

LEFT BRAIN: I.....well I just.....

RIGHT BRAIN: <excitedly> You're starting to see things my way!

LEFT BRAIN: Well you still do not make any sense to me! If you just let ME lead in our love life, we would be happy and—

RIGHT BRAIN: BORED! So very bored! We would rather be alone and happy than in a "Grilled Chickenship" bored out of our minds!

<Left Brain thinks for a moment, taking time to ponder the situation>

LEFT BRAIN: Alright. We will remain single for now.

RIGHT BRAIN: YES! Thank you, Lefty.

CEREBRUM: It is done then. The Court of Internal Conflict rules in favor of continuing the single life....at least until Adrian comes around again.

<Right and Left Brain shrug and nod at one another, as if they fully see that as a possibility>

CEREBRUM: So, to wrap things up, first, we voted for Netflix on the couch with our dog this weekend instead of accepting any invitations from other humans. Next, we decided to stay with our current job, though the boss is—

CEREBRUM, RIGHT BRAIN AND LEFT BRAIN: <in unison> A huge dumb jerk. <all nod in agreement>

CEREBRUM: Finally, we voted to stay single, as at this time there are no appropriate prospects. Am I correct?

LEFT AND RIGHT BRAIN: Yes, Your Honor.

CEREBRUM: <Lets out a huge sigh> Phew! Ok. I am glad that we have made those decisions and now we can move on and be done with all of this.

<Main Character pulls out her phone after it "dings" indicating a text message>

<Alarms and red lights start going off in the courtroom>

<Cerebrum, Left Brain, and Right Brain are startled>

CEREBRUM: What's going on?

RIGHT BRAIN: Incoming message from Ruthie, Your Honor. She wants to get together to go kayaking this weekend.

CEREBRUM: What? Ruthie? She wasn't ones we talked about! We need to—

<Main Character gets an email on her phone, after a different noise sounds>

<Alarms and red lights again go off again in the courtroom>

LEFT BRAIN: Your Honor, we have just received an e-mail from our former boss.

CEREBRUM: Jimmy Marshall?

LEFT BRAIN: Yes. He is starting his own company and wants us to come with him.

CEREBRUM: But we just—

<Main Character sees a new guy walk past her>

<Alarms and red lights go off again in the courtroom>

CEREBRUM: Oh COME ON!

RIGHT BRAIN: Woo! Hottie sighting! Twelve o'clock!

LEFT BRAIN: What? *<checks watch>* It's only 7:15!

<Right Brain pauses and stares at Left Brain, then starts dramatically gesturing that the phrase is meant to be like a clock, pointing at the main 4 points of the clock as Left Brain starts to nod in agreement>

<While Right Brain is gesturing to Left Brain, Cerebrum interrupts>

CEREBRUM: You've got to be kidding me. We just made all of these decis—UGH! Court is adjourned.

<Cerebrum throws all of the papers into the air and leaves the bench>

<Stage lights come down>