

# CRUSH!

*By*  
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### **STORY OF THE PLAY**

Have you ever been in the middle of a boring job and suddenly found yourself fantasizing about that great looking person across the room? That's what happens to Tom Algren one spring night in the library when he spies a girl named Rhonda, the woman of his dreams! We can laugh and identify with Tom as his daydreams come to life on stage - as he become the cool Bogie who is too important to keep a date; the Rambo who protects the lady from terrorists; or the all-American superman who protects her from Dracula. Some fantasies involve just Rhonda with two roommates - one so beautiful she steals away Rhonda's boyfriends, and one so tough she scares them away. This one act is hilarious, heart-warming, and packed with opportunities for fun acting.

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**CAST OF CHARACTERS**

*(2 m, 4 w, 2 flexible parts)*

**Rhonda:** A beautiful student worker at the college library.

**Tom Algren:** A college freshman, somewhat of a dreamer.

**Gunner One:** Leader of a suicide squad.

**Gunner Two:** Another member of the suicide squad.

**Roberta:** Rhonda's beautiful roommate.

**Greta:** Rhonda's ugly roommate.

**Dracula:** Legendary count from Transylvania.

**Shelly:** Another girl who works at the library.

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## **SETTING**

It is about 8 o'clock on a pleasant, springtime Friday night. All action takes place in a section of the college library. The library entrance and checkout counter Rhonda sits behind are SR. Tom's table and chair are SL. The rest of the library is off left. Include other assorted chairs, bookcases, and library stacks as desired. (*NOTE: Tom's table should be round so it can be rolled or small enough so it can be carried easily in the terrorist fantasy scene.*)

## **LIGHTING/SOUND EFFECTS**

Change light for each of the fantasy scenes to indicate to audience the action is in Tom's imagination. Terrorist scene should have grenade, machine gun, and handgun sound effects.

## **PROPS**

Physics book, notebook, and pocket calculator for TOM

*Pickwick Papers* book for RHONDA

Small gun for TOM

Grenade, two machine guns, and handgun for GUNNERS

Crumpled note for GRETA

*Great Expectations* book for TOM

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## SCENE 1

*(AT RISE: RHONDA is seated behind the counter reading a book. The section of the library we can see is empty except for her until TOM enters. He is carrying a physics textbook and slowly crosses to the table, talking to the audience as he goes.)*

TOM: Ah, the library. The books! The magazines! The glamour! The excitement! Always the hotbed of activity on any college campus. *(HE looks around at the empty library.)* Well, usually it is. Actually, this is a Friday night. Most of the students are off somewhere partying or drinking themselves into oblivion. Well, none of that for me. I've come to the library to study my physics instead. Now, you may ask, what on earth could be more boring than studying physics on a Friday night. I'll tell you. I have no idea.

*(TOM leaves his book at the table and crosses down to the audience during this next speech.)*

TOM: Before we go on, let me introduce myself. My name is Tom Algren. I'm a freshman, which on this campus is one step below the bacteria they are currently studying in biology classes. But I'm studying hard and someday, with a little help from above, I'll be a sophomore. Now back to the issue at hand: Why am I, a seemingly normal college student, at the library studying physics on a Friday night. Well, it's like this. The laws of physics govern throughout the entire universe. Therefore, to understand physics is to understand the very meaning of life itself. Also, if I don't get at least a B in this class, my Dad's going to cut off my tuition. And frankly, I'm not really into the drinking crowd. Oh, I used to be; I'll admit that. Last semester, I used to go barhopping with the guys all the time. But I've reformed. I mean, look. Drinking is not good for you. It kills your brain cells. Really, it does. I mean, you fall down and skin your knee and those skin cells are replaced

TOM: *(Continued.)* in a couple days. But brain cells? Those guys don't ever get replaced.

*(TOM starts to cross back up to the table.)*

TOM: I think that's why I got a "D" in chemistry last semester. I mean, I really wasn't all that far from a "C", and if I'd had a few of those dead brain cells back ... well, anyway, this semester I'm going to get a "B" in physics. A "B" and I won't settle for anything less. So if you'll excuse me, I'm going to bury myself in my books.

*(TOM seats himself at the table, opens his physics book, and starts trying to study.)*

TOM: *(Reading.)* "Newton's Third Law of Motion."

*(TOM lays the book down and starts to gaze about the library.)*

TOM: You know, the library isn't such a dull place to come, really. I mean, there's always some good looking girls hanging around. You know what I mean? Oh, I admit that the pickings might be a little scarce on a Friday night, but who knows?

*(TOM continues to gaze about the library. Eventually he sees RHONDA behind the counter for the first time. Tom's mouth drops open.)*

TOM: I'm in love.

*(HE takes another good look at RHONDA, who continues to read her book unaware of Tom's staring.)*

TOM: Am I dreaming? Or is there really a goddess sitting at the counter? Such beauty should not be for mere mortals to behold.

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*(HE takes another look.)*

TOM: I am definitely in love. The girl of my dreams has just entered my life. I wonder what her name is. Hey, I know how I can find out. All the people who work here at the library have to wear a name tag, right? I'll just casually walk by the counter and take a glance at her name tag. I'll do it. Wish me luck.

*(TOM gets up and, trying to act casually, walks past RHONDA and takes a quick peek at her name tag. He then quickly returns to the table. Rhonda is oblivious of Tom's behavior.)*

TOM: Rhonda. Of course. What else would a goddess like her be named besides Rhonda? Hmm ... Tom and Rhonda. Tommy and Rhonda. Thomas and Rhonda Algren. Hey, that has a nice ring to it. You know, she was reading a book. I didn't even think to read the title. Maybe I'll go back up there and read it. I mean, knowing what sort of books she likes to read would give me an understanding of the very inner workings of her soul. Okay, I'll do it. Wish me luck.

*(Once again TOM gets up and very casually walks past RHONDA. She continues to be oblivious of him. He returns to his seat.)*

TOM: *The Pickwick Papers*. Charles Dickens. She's educated, even! Can you stand it? Not only is she beautiful, but she's smart, too. How can such a perfect creation of God actually exist within mere feet of myself? It is beyond my comprehension ... I've got to ask her for a date. *(HE stands up.)* I'll go right up there and do that. *(Sitting down.)* In a couple minutes I will. Or maybe a couple hours. There's no hurry. Oh, come on, Algren! *(Stands up.)* Go up there and do it. You're no chicken! *(Sits down.)* Bawk, bawk, bawk. All right, all right. The thing to do is to rehearse it all out in your mind.

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