

Script Sample #2 for "New Year's Eve at the Bad Habit Club"

Written by Frederick Passmore

(A little fellow enters timidly.)

Francine: Welcome to the Bad Habit club. The New Year's Eve Party is getting underway.

Mr. Nailbiting: *(Sounds like Droopy, the depressed dog in the cartoons.)* Um, uh, y-y-y-yes, I'd, I'd like to, uh...

Francine: *(Helpfully)* ...Come in?

Mr. Nailbiting: If you don't mind.... May I? *(He bites his nails nervously.)*

Francine: This is the Bad Habit Club, I'm not sure you'd have a good time...

Mr. Nailbiting: B-b-but I'm Mr. N-n-nailbiting, I'm a bad boy.

Francine: *(Kindly.)* Look, Mr. N, I hardly think you qualify as a "bad" habit. Now, if your name was Mr. Smoking, it would be different, he stinks. Or Mr. Nosepicking, he's disgusting. But Mr. Nailbiting? You're a bit tame for this joint.

Mr. Nailbiting: B-b-but, bad habits are all bad, little or big. That's what Mr. Conscience said, so I have to leave with all the others that were bothering him. *(Pitifully.)* I called for a reservation. Are you telling me to go away, too?

Francine: No, I don't have the heart. Go on in, kid. But watch yourself in there, there's some pretty rough types hanging out here. *(She lets him go in for free.)*

Mr. Nailbiting: I-I-I'm n-n-not afraid. Anybody messes with me, I'll j-j-just bite' em. *(Bites nails all the way in.)*

Francine: *(Watching him with pity.)* Poor kid's nibbled his nails to the nub.

(Another character enters, a lady.)

Francine: Welcome to the Bad Habit club. The New Year's Eve Party is already going.

Mrs. Gossiping: That's what I heard. I just had to run over and see for myself if it was true!

Francine: Aren't you Mrs. Gossiping, that writes the "Talk of the Town" column?

Mrs. Gossiping: You know me, I'm flattered! Yes, I am. If it's juicy, I know about it. And I don't keep it to myself!

Francine: I love reading your column. It really keeps me up to date on the dirt around town.

Mrs. Gossiping: And honey, this town has more dirt than the Colonel has chicken!

Francine: Why are you here tonight? Usually New Year's Eve is a busy night for you to get some good stuff.

Mrs. Gossiping: *(Downcast.)* Oh, usually it is, darling, but this year, Mr. Conscience was really stirring up a fuss and tossing out everybody! Well, I don't go where I'm not wanted, so I made like Miss Flirting's dress and split.

Francine: *(Laughing behind her hand with her.)* Well, you'll be glad to know she's here tonight too. So the evening's not a total loss!

Mrs. Gossiping: *(Brightening.)* Oh, goodie, thanks for the tip. Where there's Flirting, there's always something juicy to talk about the next day!

Francine: But watch out for her date, Mr. Looking. He gives me the creeps.

Mrs. Gossiping: Oh, I know old Bug-Eyes well. He gives me plenty to talk about, too!

Francine: I'm sorry you were evicted due to that stupid New Year's Resolution tradition.

Mrs. Gossiping: Oh, it's just a lot of talk, that's all. Once the new wears off, and the everything goes back to the old routine, we'll all be back. There's never any real change. That is, unless the worst happens and the Boarding House gets new management. I've heard of that happening, and whole communities of bad habits have been left homeless.

Francine: That's tragic.

Mrs. Gossiping: Yes, it is. Well, time's wastin, and I see Miss Flirting is making the rounds already!

Francine: *(smiling.)* Cover is five dollars. Keep your ticket, there'll be a door prize drawing soon.

Mrs. Gossip: *(As she pays and hands over her coat, and gets a ticket.)* Thanks, so nice talking to you!

(She joins the group, most of whom are standing and talking, each one exhibiting the characteristics of their name. The only one not standing now is Mr. Laziness, who is leaning back on the couch in a slouch.)

Francine: *(Looking them over and shaking her head.)* Wow, I never knew Mr. Heart's Boarding House had so many Bad Habits living there. It's really went downhill in who they let in there. But, what's bad for them is good for me.

(Another character enters.)

Francine: Welcome to the Bad Habit club. The New Year's Eve Party is in full swing.

Mr. Lying: Hello, I'm from the City Health Department, and I'd like to inspect your premises.

Francine: Really. May I see your credentials?

Mr. Lying: Credentials?

Francine: Yes, surely you have something identifying yourself.

Mr. Lying: *(Searching his pockets half-heartedly.)* Uh, I seem to have misplaced them. You'll just have to take my word for it.

Francine: Sorry, no can do. Come back when you have proof.

Mr. Lying: Are you questioning my truthfulness?

Francine: I guess so. What's your name, bub?

Mr. Lying: *(Hesitates.)* Mister... uh, Criticizing. Yes, I'm Mr. Criticizing.

Francine: *(Suspiciously.)* You don't look the criticizing type...

Mr. Lying: Oh, yes, I am. Did I tell you that's an ugly dress you're wearing tonight?

Francine: *(Looking at him doubtfully.)* Huh-uh, I'm still not buying it. Are you lying?

Mr. Lying: *(Lowering his gaze.)* Yes. Yes, I am. I'm Mr. Lying.

Francine: *(Looking at the reservation book to check him in, she repeats his name.)* You're Lying.

Mr. Lying: No, I'm not!

Francine: But you just said you were! *(script continues....)*