

CLUBHOUSE

(Scene for three people.)

(DEVON, DALE and DYLAN are old friends.)

DEVON: OK, I call this meeting of the Thursday Afternoon Super Exclusive Club to order. Does anyone want to second that?

DALE: *(Enthusiastically.)* I will! I will!

DEVON: Awesome. The totally first ever meeting of the Thursday Afternoon Super Exclusive Club is now in session.

DYLAN: *(Raising hand.)* Will there be food?

DEVON: Did you bring any food?

DYLAN: No.

DEVON: Then no, Dylan, there won't be any food.

DYLAN: *(Sulking.)* Fine.

DEVON: Now, the first order of business should be . . .

DALE: *(Cutting DEVON off. Enthusiastically.)* I second that!

DEVON: Thank you, Dale, but I haven't said anything yet. The first order of business should be . . .

DYLAN: *(Cutting DEVON off.)* Why do you get to decide what the first order of business is?

DEVON: Because I'm the president.

DYLAN: No you're not. This is the first meeting. We need to hold elections.

DALE: Is somebody going to bring food next time?

DEVON: OK, Dylan, fine. I nominate myself for president.

DALE: I second that!

DYLAN: OK, then I nominate me for president. (*DYLAN looks at DALE for a moment, waiting.*) Dale?

DALE: What? . . . Oh . . . I second that!

DEVON: (*To DYLAN.*) Dale can't second the nomination of two different people.

DYLAN: Who says?

DEVON: It's the rules.

DYLAN: We don't have any rules yet, 'cuz we haven't voted on anything.

DEVON: Well, we can't vote on anything if we don't have any rules.

DALE: Yeah! No rules, rules!

DYLAN: I move that anyone can second anything they want.

DALE: I second that!

DEVON: Fine. All in favor raise your hand.

(DEVON looks at DALE, shakes head, and silently mouths the word, "No." DALE and DYLAN raise their hands.)

DYLAN: Yes! The motion passes. Anyone can second anything, so we're both running for president.

DEVON: (*Rolling eyes.*) Fine. All in favor of me being president, raise your hand. (*DEVON and DALE raise their hands.*) That's two. Aaand all in favor of Dylan being president? (*DYLAN and DALE raise their hands.*) Dale, you can't vote for two different people.

DALE: Why not?

DEVON: It's the rules.

DALE & DYLAN: (*Together.*) There are no rules!

DEVON: You know what? This is a worthless club. I quit.

DYLAN: Fine! We don't need you anyway. (*DEVON exits.*) I hereby declare myself president of the Thursday Afternoon Super Exclusive Club.

DALE: I move that we should both bring food next week and we have to eat everything we bring.

DYLAN: I second that. (*DALE and DYLAN raise their hands, then quickly look around for any other votes.*) Done.

DALE: Devon is crazy. This is definitely not a worthless club. This club is awesome!

DYLAN: I'll second that.

(*DALE and DYLAN raise their hands, then quickly look around for any other votes. DALE and DEVON look at each other and smile.*)

DALE: Yeah!

- END SCENE -