

Writing Portfolio
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**Excerpt from *Tooth Ache*
10 Minute Play
Performed at Nazareth College December 2012**

APRIL: What the heck are you?

PHIL: What do you mean what the heck am I? I'm the tooth fairy.

APRIL: No you're not.

PHIL: Ok, I'm one of the tooth fairies.

APRIL: What?

PHIL: Well, it's a lot of work for one person to handle. Kids lose teeth faster than a rocket full of monkeys.

APRIL: Do you expect me to believe you are supposed to be a tooth fairy?

PHIL: It's cause I'm a guy, right? Oh for pete's sake, guys can be fairies too. All I ever hear from my family is "Phil, isn't that a rather girly profession?" and "Phil, do you have to wear a dress to work?" and "Phil, if you work around girls all the time then why aren't you married and giving me grandbabies?" There are other guy tooth fairies besides me you know?

(PHIL sniffles loudly and sneezes.)

MAY: Really?

PHIL: Of course! Like... Zak! He's a good buddy of mine. And... uh... Shane... but he works in the financial department. But that's beside the point! What the f—*(stops himself)* fudge are you doing?

APRIL: Phil, is it? Nice to meet you, Phil.

PHIL: *(eyeing her suspiciously)* Hi...

APRIL: My name is April. This is my sister, May.

MAY: Hi, Phil! I like your beard!

APRIL: We have a proposition for you.

PHIL: Listen, kid. You're not actually supposed to see me. I could get fired for this. So why don't you let me go and I will forgo using my mind erasing sleeping powder on you.

APRIL: Well that sounds intriguing.

PHIL: Good. So you'll let me go?

APRIL: Mind erasing sleeping powder, huh? Does this happen to be a magical substance.

PHIL: Maybe...

APRIL: A powerful magical substance?

PHIL: Kind of...

APRIL: A powerful magical substance capable of enslaving all of human kind?

PHIL: Um...

MAY: When my sister grows up she wants to be Queen of the Universe. When I grow up I want to own an ice cream truck.

**Excerpt from *Amazing Anna*
10 Minute Play
First performed at Open Space Arts, August 2015**

(The scene shifts. KAREN is in DR. ROE's office.)

NARRATOR: Amazing Anna hears a cackling in the dark. An eerie laughter fills the temple.

ANNA: The evil ones...

KAREN: I eventually had to tell her that Daddy wasn't feeling well and so he couldn't play with her this weekend. She hasn't talked to me since. I'm not sure what to do.

(The evil ones materialize around Anna. There are 3 of them. There is something off about them. They never blink. They are more snake like than human. But they appear in human form nonetheless.)

EVIL ONES: Hello, Anna.

ONE: Fancy seeing you here.

ROE: She admires her father a lot.

KAREN: I'm at the end of my rope. I've tried so hard not to make him seem like the bad guy. And she still feels like I'm attacking him. And she won't take off that stupid cape!

TWO: Amazing Anna has come to grace us with her glorious presence.

THREE: We are honored.

ONE: Thrilled in fact.

TWO: Ecstatic.

THREE: But you seem less than happy.

EVIL ONES: Why the long face?

ROE: How much have you told her about the divorce?

KAREN: What?

ROE: Have you explained to her that you are trying to seek full custody? Does she understand her father has an addiction?

ANNA: Leave this sacred temple. This is no place for you.

EVIL ONES: On the contrary

ONE: it seems this is no place for you.

TWO: Poor little superhero...

THREE: A pity really that no one could care less about her.

ANNA: What are you talking about?

KAREN: I— I just don't know where to begin...

ROE: Things might be easier if she understood what was happening. She knows she's being kept in the dark.

KAREN: I know she knows. That doesn't make it any easier.

ONE: Working hard to save all those lowly mortals when not one of them even likes you.

TWO: Not at school.

THREE: Not at home.

ONE: They know the truth. You're simply

EVIL ONES: Pathetic.

TWO: Everyone says so.

ANNA: No they don't.

THREE: No?

EVIL ONES: Then why are you always alone?

**Excerpt from *Carried Away*
10 Minute Play
Performed at Open Space Arts August 2013**

NIPPERKIN: What is it, cap'n?

SAL: We're getting close. I can feel it.

NIPPERKIN: Now, cap'n, are you sure you saw what you saw?

SAL: Oh course I saw it. After months at sea to see what I could see, you'd think I'd know what I was seeing.

NIPPERKIN: I didn't mean to question you, cap'n. It's just that last time--

CUTLASS KATE: Last time, you had us chasing after a bird.

TIGERSHARK: And you made me climb into a tree where I was attacked by a python.

SAL: Well, it was a rather fat bird. Anyone could have made the mistake.

THE PIRATES: Ay, cap'n.

SAL: I don't even think a bird that size was aerodynamically sound to fly. It's still a mystery.

THE PIRATES: Ay, a mystery.

SAL: And I am sorry, Tigershark, about your scar.

TIGERSHARK: It still hurts to sit sometimes.

SAL: But I know what I saw! And it was the sign we've been searching for since we've been on this cursed island.

CUTLASS KATE: The map?

SAL: Ay, the map. It will show us the way to the treasure... and then we can finally leave and go to Vegas!

THE PIRATES: Huzzah!

SAL: Now everyone be quiet, so I can think!

**Excerpt from *Sneeze*
Full Length Play
Performed at Nazareth College, April 2013**

IMOGEN: So, uh... please don't think I'm making this up or trying to get rid of you or whatever.

PATRICK: Well that's never a good start to an explanation...

IMOGEN: I know, I know. Listen, Patrick, the things I'm allergic to... they're not random. I have what's called philogenic hypersensitivity disorder.

PATRICK: Ok...meaning?

IMOGEN: It basically means that I develop an allergic reaction to anything I love. It all started when I was in 3rd grade and I really loved peanut butter and jelly sandwiches with banana slices. I became allergic to them. Not to each ingredient individually. Just when they were all put together. I thought for a long time that it would only affect things, like my books, or popcorn, but then in high school I started dating this boy named Chris. Being the hormonal teenager I was, I fell head over heels for him. A kiss at our senior prom sent me to the emergency room. Needless to say that is the last time I ever went out with Chris. Achoo!

PATRICK: Bless you. So you're saying...

IMOGEN: (*simultaneously*) We can't date.

PATRICK: (*simultaneously*) You love me.

IMOGEN: What? No that's not... I didn't mean it like that. I'm just saying--

PATRICK: That you love me. You're allergic to me and you love me.

IMOGEN: No-- well that wasn't the point-- It's just--- I can't see you anymore. My doctor says that I should avoid the things that I'm allergic to. That I have to cut them out of my life.

PATRICK: You were trying to cut me out.

IMOGEN: I'm sorry.

PATRICK: But you still have your fish.

IMOGEN: Who I don't touch--

PATRICK: And your books.

IMOGEN: I have to wear gloves, Patrick! Do you really want me wearing gloves whenever we touch?

PATRICK: We could make it work.

IMOGEN: Listen, Patrick, it's not personal.

PATRICK: I'm sorry, but you kind of said you had a great time and really liked me, then ignored me for a couple of weeks, and then told me you were purposefully trying to avoid me because I literally make you sick. How is this not personal? I really like you, Imogen. Why not give this a chance?

IMOGEN: I'm sorry, but I've been going over it in my head every day for the past two weeks and it has never once ended in a happy way. We'll spend all this money trying to figure out the problem. I'll go to the hospital a few more times with puffy lips and a swollen throat. But because I'm a weirdo and because medical science has yet to explain everything, we'll never be able to figure it out. And then we'll have wasted months trying to make it, while realizing that we're not right for each other after all. I'll hate that you snore, and you'll hate that I eat cereal with a fork, and eventually we'll just be two hateful miserable sick people.

PATRICK: I don't snore.

IMOGEN: Well then it would be something else that annoys me about you. Like um... the way you take your coffee!

PATRICK: My coffee?

IMOGEN: Yes! Just cream! No sugar. That's weird.

PATRICK: How is that weird? I don't like my coffee really sweet.

IMOGEN: Then why not just have it black then? Just cream is like this weird in between point.

PATRICK: Ok, I'll try it black sometime.

IMOGEN: But you shouldn't! You shouldn't change your preference of coffee condiments simply because some strange girl told you it was weird. Achoo!

PATRICK: Bless--

IMOGEN: No! No! No! Don't say bless you. Don't be considerate! Stop being attractive! Stop being nice to me! I can't go out with you!

**Excerpt from *The Goodbye Song*
One Act
First Performed at Nazareth College, March 2011**

ANNA: Mom, he didn't care about this house. He didn't care about us.

JILLIAN: That's not true, Anna. You shouldn't think—

ANNA: It's true, Mom! You know it's true! If he cared he would be right there playing that stupid piano. Is he, Mom? Do you hear him playing?

JILLIAN: (*She can hear him, like a distant memory*) Stop it, Anna.

ANNA: I don't hear a goddamn thing, do you? Because he's dead! He didn't want to deal with us anymore, and now he's dead.

MATT: Anna, please. Don't.

JILLIAN: He was sick, Anna. He wasn't in his right mind.

ANNA: Obviously not. (*She pulls out a note out from her mother's purse.*) Do I need to remind you, Mom?

JILLIAN: (*this is the last straw*) Anna! What makes you think you can go through my things!

ANNA: I knew you kept it. God knows why!

JILLIAN: Give me that! Now!

ANNA: (*reading the note*) "Out to get milk. I might be a while." (*JILLIAN manages to grab the note away from her*) Had such a sense of humor, right to the very end, huh?

JILLIAN: He had been sick for a long time.

ANNA: Stop saying that! Stop trying to make excuses for him! I'm sick and tired of this town trying to skirt around every serious issue cause it's taboo or improper or whatever. My dad is dead, Mom. And he's not coming back. And he is not going to apologize. He left us because he wanted to leave us.

MATT: Anna! Stop it! That's not true.

ANNA: Then why isn't he here, Matt? He's the one that decided to jump, so why isn't he here? If he loved me, he would have stayed. He would have toughed it out. That's what you do when you love someone. You don't just run away. And that's what he did.

MATT: Shut up, Anna. Believe it or not, it's not always about you.

ANNA: That's not what I'm saying at all.

MATT: Then what are you saying? You're not the only one in this room who loved him, you know. You're not the only one who's had deal with it. Stop making everything about you!

ANNA: I'm not! I'm just telling the truth!

JILLIAN: No! I know he loved you. He loved all of us. But he was in deep deep pain. For many many years. Maybe we'll never understand, but he loved both of you with every fiber of his being and if he were here--

ANNA: But he's not here, Mom. That's the point. And he's not ever going to be here again. He won't be here for my graduation or my first day at college or my wedding. He won't be there for any of it. *(She crosses to the piano)* This is all that's left. *(She slams her fist down on the piano. John stops playing and looks at her.)* This piece of shit is all that's left. *(She begins to bang on it. And bang on it. And bang on it. She plays with a rage she cannot put into words.)* And he never taught me how to play this stupid thing!

Excerpt from *The Nutcracker Suite* 10 Minute Play

CLAIRE: What are you doing up, Fred?

FRED: Well, I wanted to put the presents under the tree.

CLAIRE: Sorry.

FRED: Why are you apologizing?

CLAIRE: I'm up. I'm ruining the surprise. I'm always ruining things.

FRED: You're not always ruining things.

CLAIRE: Thanks for letting me stay here, Fred.

FRED: No problem.

CLAIRE: You should have seen Mom's face.

FRED: Oh I can picture it. Popped vein, strained smile, and everything. Sorry that I don't have much of a tree.

CLAIRE: I like it. It's cute.

FRED: I decorated it myself.

CLAIRE: I can tell. Isn't the star supposed to be on top?

FRED: Oh now, be nice. It's my very first Christmas tree.

CLAIRE: Do you like living on your own?

FRED: It's not too bad... except for that whole having to pay bills thing. That kind of sucks.

(FRED returns with mugs of hot chocolate carefully jumping over mouse traps.)

FRED: Merry Christmas!

CLAIRE: Oh no! We forgot to leave out cookies for Santa Claus.

FRED: I'm sure he's gotten his share of sweets tonight.

(Silence. They stare at the tree.)

FRED: Ok, I have to ask it.

CLAIRE: Please don't.

FRED: Claire...

CLAIRE: I know. I know.

FRED: You told Mom you would go to Florida.

CLAIRE: But then I realized how ridiculous it was to go to Florida on Christmas. Isn't the point of Christmas to be cold? I know that Baltimore hasn't had a white Christmas in years, but I at least want it to feel like winter.

FRED: And I know your winter break did not start on December 1st.

CLAIRE: How do you know? You don't know my school. It's full of hipsters and girls who have armpit hair. They could have given us the entire month off.

FRED: Claire...

CLAIRE: I may have... skipped my finals.

FRED: Claire!

CLAIRE: I know...

FRED: Does Mom know?

CLAIRE: Well... no.

FRED: Claire!

CLAIRE: Stop saying my name like that.

FRED: Why would you skip? You know that basically screws you over right?

CLAIRE: I'm aware.

FRED: And you stand a pretty good chance at losing your scholarship.

CLAIRE: I know, Fred. Jesus. I didn't come here to be lectured.

FRED: So why did you come here?

(CLAIRE freezes.)

CLAIRE: Shh. Did you hear that?

FRED: Hear wh--

CLAIRE: Shhhh!

(CLAIRE lifts her feet off of the floor and places herself upside down so she can see under the couch.)

FRED: Do you see anything?

CLAIRE: No.

(She returns to normal. FRED gives her a look.)

CLAIRE: I'm not crazy, Fred. I can hear them. They have a whole family here.

FRED: We should name them. I think one of them should be called Batman.

CLAIRE: Fred, it's not funny! They eat your food and they carry disease and they bite at your toes.

FRED: They what?

CLAIRE: They do! They nibble at everything.

FRED: You know what you need? Some holiday cheer.

(FRED takes CLAIRE's mug and carefully crosses to the kitchenette. He exits into his bedroom.)

CLAIRE: Fred! What are you doing?

FRED: *(from offstage)* Getting you your Christmas present.

CLAIRE: I told you that you didn't have to get me anything. You letting me stay here was my present, remember?

(FRED reenters carrying a poorly wrapped package.)

FRED: Well, I saw it and thought of you. So. You know. Whatever.

CLAIRE: Isn't 3 am a little early to be unwrapping gifts?

FRED: Santa can sue me.