

"TOP GUN" - Scene 3

By Rob Biesenbach

CAST

Master Instructor Hardwood - tough-but-glamorous woman instructor

Jester - wacky "character" actress, big gestures

Mustang - hotshot, cocky, not a team player

Ice-cool - brooding narcissist, Mustang's chief rival

Moose - big, loveable dolt, a physical comic

Tigress - hot, oppressed woman improviser

(Backstage before the first show. The cast is warming up, stretching. Mustang and Moose are paired off. Hardwood enters.)

HARDWOOD

One minute to curtain, people! One minute!

ALL

Thank you, one minute!

HARDWOOD

All right, listen up! I don't think I need to tell you how important today's match is. If we win tonight, next up are the Russians! Now finish your warm-ups!

MOOSE

Hoo-boy, Mustang, am I nervous! I'm about to poop my pants! My parents are out there ... my girlfriend flew in for the show ... have you seen the picture of her ...

MUSTANG

Yeah, yeah, Moose, I've seen it ...

MOOSE

Look, Mustang, can ya do me a favor? I'd like to start with that Scrambled Eggs routine I do ...

MUSTANG

This is improv, Moose, not sketch. We don't script our bits ...

MOOSE

Yeah, see I know that ... but if we could just start with Scrambled Eggs, I think it'll get my confidence up ...

HARDWOOD

Showtime, people, let's go!

(They all move out onto the stage. Mustang and Moose step forward, with the others on the wings. Moose looks

intently at Mustang as he pantomimes scrambling eggs in a bowl.)

MOOSE

(Hopefully) Good morning, Skip, I'm makin' your eggs just the way you like 'em - scrambled!

MUSTANG

Nah, I feel like goin' out for breakfast today.

(Moose is shaken and very anxious, but continues to scramble the eggs.)

MOOSE

Uhhhh ... whaddaya mean, Skip? It's Saturday ... Saturday is eggs day, remember?

MUSTANG

I'd ask you to join me, but since your legs are broken ...

(Moose looks around then stiffens his legs as if in casts, and takes a few wobbly steps.)

MOOSE

Oh, uh, I can still walk with these casts on ... I'll go with, okay?

(Mustang's cell phone rings.)

MUSTANG

Sorry, buddy, not while you're under house arrest on that kiddie porn charge. You want the electronic collar to go off? Now I'm going for a McGriddle - see ya!

(Mustang goes to wings of stage with phone to ear, while Moose sweats away, bewildered.)

MOOSE

Uh, Charlie - I mean, Skip ... Mustang? Or, uh ... (cough)

(Starts to feebly sing and do an awkward, stiff-legged dance)

Scrambled eggs for breakfast ... fried up firm and nice ... Scrambled eggs so tasty ... I like to eat 'em ... twice?

("Audience" begins booing, causing Moose to get more and more agitated.)

TIGRESS

Poor Moose! He's dying out there!

(Moose keels over and goes into a coma. The others run over to him, except for Mustang, whose back is to the action, phone in one ear, finger in the other.)

JESTER/TIGRESS/ICE

Oh my God, Moose! / Somebody call an ambulance! / Get that curtain down!

ICE-COOL

You! Mustang! Are you happy now? You nearly killed Moose!

(Mustang turns around.)

MUSTANG

What are you talking about?

ICE-COOL

He had a stroke, you bastard! NEVER LEAVE YOUR WINGMAN IN THE MIDDLE OF A SCENE!

MUSTANG

Really? Oh my God! I just had to take a call from my agent!

(Mustang runs over, embraces Moose's limp body.)

What have I done? Moose! I'm sorry, man! I'm sorry!! Oh, if I could do it all over again, I'd change! I would, I would! Forgive me, God!

(Hardwood enters.)

HARDWOOD

Okay, everyone, we're all very sad about Moose's coma. (Abruptly) But I've got some good news. The other team didn't show up and had to forfeit. We're goin' up against the Russians!!

(They all hop up, including Mustang, letting Moose's head hit floor.)

ICE-COOL/TIGRESS/JESTER/MUSTANG

Improv Tournament! / The Russians! / All right! / Yeah!

(Lights out.)