CHARACTERS:
Ann, in her 30s
Bob, in his 40s
Cam, any age

Lights up on ANN and BOB at a conference table. There are piles of papers in front of them. CAM enters, carrying a bagel.

ANN
(Picks up a sheaf.) Wow, is that the title of the play I see up there in the header?

BOB
Yup. And page numbers over there on the right, too. Handy.

ANN
Yeah, handy. The judges know right away if somebody is over ten pages. Which is good, right? To know, I mean?

BOB
Well, yeah. It should be a max of ten pages. Because otherwise—

CAM
(Looking over Ann’s shoulder.) Excuse me... I don’t mean to interrupt, but... I just wondered... Is that font Courier?

ANN
Uh huh. Courier 12, I’m pretty sure.

CAM
Awesome. (CAM looks around, finds a spot, and carefully sets down his bagel. Then he picks up another sheaf of paper.) This one is awesome. What margins, do you think? (Shows BOB the play he’s holding.)

BOB
Looks like an inch and a quarter on the left and an inch on the right.

ANN
Excellent. But what about the top and bottom? They’re crucial!
BOB
Well, you know, I’d say we want an inch and a quarter, inch and a half on the left to, you know, accommodate staples if we need them. But an inch of margin everywhere else. Top, bottom, right side. An inch is fine for all of those.

ANN
Right, right. Good to know.

CAM
This one... The character names are centered above dialogue, everything is single-spaced, and stage directions are indented at least two inches. Oh, and the stage directions are italicized, too. I love this play!

   BOB suddenly leaps up from his chair, knocking a flurry of paper to the floor in his haste.

ANN
What is wrong with you?

BOB
That—that... That script! The last one I picked up. It’s 17 pages long! It’s in some weird teeny-tiny font I can’t read! And I think the margins are about a quarter of an inch! What was the playwright thinking?

ANN
(Shaking her head sadly.) Do they really think we won’t notice?

CAM
But... What if the play is really good, just hiding inside some terribly formatted exterior?

ANN
I guess we’ll never know.

   ANN rises from the table as BOB tears the badly formatted play in half. All three gaze at each other as the lights go down.

CURTAIN.