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Building Blocks, Virtually**

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BUILDING BLOCKS, VIRTUALLY

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT BY
Jeffrey Harr



Building Blocks, Virtually

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Printed in the USA

Cast of Characters

2W+2M

BOY, about five or six, in a jersey/T-shirt of a local sports team

GIRL, about five or six, in something girly

FATHER

MOTHER

The professional football teams can be substituted for with any local team and its greatest rival.

On screen is BOY, building something out of blocks.

BOY: (*working the blocks, in a little kid voice*) My name is Billy Joe Turner, and sumday I'ma gonna be a complexion worker like my daddy. He's busy all day bidding buildings for people so's they have a place to live. I'ma gonna get a yellow hat like him and a hammer and a buncha skinny broads so's I can nail 'em together and make a condor with fifty units that I can charge five gazillion dollars for so Mom can sit at home and eat pom-poms all day and watch her gee-dang soaps. (*he looks up, finally*) Well, that's what my daddy says, anyway. (*goes back to his blocks*)

GIRL pops onto the screen and addresses the audience. He doesn't hear her.

Whenever one of the kids addresses the audience, the other kid doesn't hear.

GIRL: Great. Another boy with his stupid blocks. Prob'ly wants to be a contraction worker like his dad. Or a perversional football player. Like that dream's comin' true. Get real. Boys are s'pose to be so good at math but can't fig'r out what a snowball's chance in hell is. Where are all the boys who wanna be doctors and Whale Street power brokers? Seriously. All the good men are either already taken or homo-sectional. (*pause*) Well, that's what my mommy says, anyway.

GIRL turns her head toward whichever side of the screen BOY is on.

GIRL: Wh-aaaa-tcha dooooooin?

BOY: (*paying no attention to her whatsoever*) Buildin'.

GIRL: Wh-aaaa-tcha buillllldin'?

BOY: I dunno. Just sumpin' to knock down when it's done.

GIRL: Why'd you wanna do that?

BOY: It's fun.

GIRL: What's the pointa buildin' it if you're gonna knock it down when you're done?

BOY: You don't know nothin' 'bout buildin', then, 'cause knockin' it down's the best part. Duhhhhh.

GIRL: (*thinks about it for a second*) Well, I got my own blocks. Mind if we build together?

BOY: (*turns his head to her side of the screen and rolls his eyes, to the audience, while she freezes*) There'r a gazillion-jillion things girls stink at. Like throwin' a baseball, and runnin' for pepsodent, and beatin' people up. Sure can't build nothin'. Ev'rybody knows, girls were put on this Earth for one thing and one thing only: to spend a man's money. Well, that's what my daddy says, anyway. (*turns to GIRL*) I guess you can. It's still a free country, but you prob'ly don't even know what to build.

GIRL: (*grabs her blocks and plops them down in front of her and starts working them*) Girls can build stuff too, y'know.

BOY: Yeah, right. Like what?

GIRL: (*has to think about it*) Well... whatever boys can.

BOY: Since when?

GIRL: Since the women's bib movement. Ev'rbody knows that. You would, too, but you're a boy.

BOY: What's that s'pose to mean?

GIRL: Means you're stupid. (*BOY freezes as she addresses audience*) There'r a trillion-kajillion things boys are stupid about. Like shoppin' for shoes, askin' for directions, and rememberin' to put the toilet seat down. S'not that hard to remember, unless you're stupid. Men were put on this Earth for one reason and one reason only: to make women crazy. (*pause*) Well, that's what my mommy says, anyway.

BOY: I'm not stupid.

GIRL: You're right. You can't be. You're not a man.

BOY: I am so a man! (*pulls back his shirtsleeve to reveal his bicep*) Check out these guns, woman!

GIRL: I am not touching your arm.

BOY: You're just chicken.

GIRL: I am not! I just don't wanna touch your cootie arm, that's all.

BOY: I do not have cooties!

GIRL: Yes, you do.

BOY: No, I don't.

GIRL: Yes, you do.

BOY: No, I don't.

GIRL: Prove it.

BOY: You prove it.

GIRL: No, you prove it.

BOY: No, you prove it.

GIRL: This is stupid. You just don't wanna play blocks with me. If you don't wanna play just say so, you big baby. *(to audience)* Boys are big babies. They're always cryin' about everything. Oh, I hit my thumb with the hammer—boo hoo. Oh, I sawed my finger off with the suckuler saw—boo hoo. Oh, I hurt my butt when my stupid friends gave me an atomic wedgie—boo hoo. Try squeezing a kid outta your angina; we'll see who's cryin' then. *(pause)* Well, that's what my mommy says, anyway.

BOY: Fine. I don't wanna play blocks with you. So go away.

GIRL: *(shocked, and suddenly, hurt)* Why... do you... have to be so... mean?

BOY: *(to audience)* Aw, here we go. Wanna make a woman cry? Be honest. How's my hair look? Um, I think it's ugly. Waaahhhh! Does this skirt make me look fat? Um, yeah. Waaahhhh! Are you mad at me? Um, yeah, I am. Waaahhhh! They don't want us to lie, but when we tell the truth they cry. What's up with that? Ask me no questions, and I'll sell you no fries, woman. *(pause)* Well, that's what my daddy says, anyway.

GIRL starts crying.

BOY puts his hands out in front of him as if to say, to the audience, "Told you so."

As she rails on, ridiculously loudly and pathetically, he rolls his eyes, bites his lip, and gives in.

BOY: *(somewhat conciliatory)* Okay. I'm sorry. We can play blocks together. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Since the Corolla pandemic, my daddy says I need to get outta his hair for awhile or he's gonna throw me off'a bridge.

GIRL: *(softens a bit, stops crying)* I'm sorry too. I didn't mean to go on like that. MY mommy told me I was drivin' her to drink, whatever that means. *(sarcastically)* I'm not old enough to drive.

BOY: (*sympathetically*) They don't always make sense, that's for sure.
Let's build some stuff together.

GIRL: Really?

BOY: Sure.

GIRL: (*very pleased*) Thanks.

They start making things out of the blocks. After some quiet building time, GIRL looks over at BOY.

GIRL: So, whatcha' buildin'?

The following exchange refers to football teams in the Cleveland area; fill in whatever is local.

BOY: It's a football stadium where the Browns are gonna kill the Steelers.

GIRL starts laughing hysterically.

BOY: What's so funny?

GIRL: The Browns are gonna kill the Steelers, huh? Like that's ever gonna happen.

BOY: (*indignant*) Whaddya know 'bout football? You're a girl.

GIRL: I know plenty.

BOY: Yeah, right. I'll bet you don't even know who the quarterback is for the Browns.

GIRL: Sure, I do. It's whoever isn't hurt.

BOY: Okay, okay. You got that one. But who's the Steelers' quarterback?

GIRL: Ben Worthlessburger.

BOY: (*disbelieving*) Did you say "Worthlessburger"?

GIRL: Of course I did. That's the man's name. Not my fault it's stupid.

BOY: (*nodding*) So you're not a Steelers fan, then?

GIRL: Of course not.

BOY: But you said that Browns would never kill the Steelers.

GIRL: I'm a Browns fan, but I'm not stupid.

BOY: *(smiles, looking at her, for the first time, like an equal)* That's cool. My daddy says that any woman who likes football is a good woman.

GIRL: Really? 'Cause my mommy says that any man who doesn't like football isn't a man.

BOY: Wow. Your mom sounds really smart.

GIRL: Yeah. She's a tele-mousketeer, so she's pretty much on the phone all day tryin' to get people to buy discovery cards.

BOY: *(impressed)* Wow. That sounds hard.

GIRL: Yeah. It is. Sometimes her ear hurts so bad she has to ice it.

BOY: Yeah. I get that. My daddy does that on Saturday mornings when he's hanging over.

GIRL: I hate when they do that. Sometimes parents are stupid.

BOY: Yeah. *(after an awkward pause)* So, what're YOU buildin'?

GIRL: *(proud of herself)* I'm makin' a hair salon so all my dolls can come in and get their hair done.

BOY: *(can't believe what he's hearing)* A hair salon?

GIRL: *(looks at him with all seriousness)* A hair salon. *(she pauses, looking over at the boy's football stadium, and smiles)* So they can go to the Browns game lookin' good.

BOY: *(nods)* Well, that's okay, then. *(he pauses)* Y'know, I think it's cool that you like football.

GIRL: I think it's cool you think it's cool.

BOY: Cool.

They both finish building and sit back.

BOY: So, whaddya wanna do now?

GIRL looks at him coyly and smiles, then knocks her blocks down.

BOY smiles and knocks his down too.

They smile at one another with embarrassment.

FATHER appears on his screen. MOTHER appears on her screen. They speak simultaneously.



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