



**Sample Pages from
Bungee Jump Bear Trap**

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BUNGEE JUMP BEAR TRAP

A VIGNETTE PLAY IN ONE ACT BY
Lindsay Price



Bungee Jump Bear Trap
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Characters

16 Any Gender

This script uses fifteen names derived from the following synonyms of Risk: Danger. Exposure. Hazard. Liability. Opportunity. Prospect. Peril. Possibility. Uncertainty. Gamble. Openness. Stab. Plunge. Flyer. Pitfall. (DAN, EXPO, HAZ, LIA, TUNI, PROS, RIL, SIB, CERTA, GAM, NESS, STAB, LYE, PLU, PIT, INDIGO)

They are used to allow students to make gender choices that align with their personal identities. The names are also used to have a set of names that connect to the theme. Feel free to allow students to change names to one that they feel suits their interpretation of the character they're playing.

Additionally there is the character of INDIGO. INDIGO is an any gendered character, should be played by the same actor throughout and is the only name that can't be changed in the play.

Setting

The set should incorporate visuals that suggest risk. A jagged flat upstage. A tightrope. Broken furniture. (Nothing on the set should actually be unsafe.) Alternatively you could use caution tape and cones as set accents.

Cubes or chairs should remain onstage for the entire play and rearranged to accommodate each scene.

Costume

Everyone is dressed in black and white.

For accents, you could use "caution" as inspiration – neon vests, caution tape for arm bands, sashes, and belts. Or you could use "consequences" as inspiration with red accents, Band-Aids, gauze wraps for injuries, bandages on arms and legs. The use of red should be representational and theatrical, not realistic in any way (e.g. blood / wounds).

Battle music plays, something in the style of Carmina Burana – large and driving.

The cast is divided into two sides. Each side moves from offstage to centre as if they're going to engage in a furious battle. BUT everyone moves in extremely slow and exaggerated motions. Every step, gesture, and facial expression is in exaggerated slow motion.

Everyone carries swords made out of pool noodles. The “swords” should look exaggerated and cartoonish, though the groups treat them seriously.

The two groups meet centre stage, raise their pool noodles, they're about to attack AND...

Sirens wail. Red lights flash. (Low-tech option: GAM and SIB swing flashlights with red cellophane attached to the top.) PLU carries a caution cone.

PIT enters blowing a whistle, wearing a caution vest.

ONE

GAM, PLU and SIB: Hazard! Hazard! Hazard! Hazard!

Everyone stops in confusion. PLU puts the caution cones down on either side of NESS, STAB and LYE.

PIT: Risk assessment!

GAM: They could possibly stick each other in the eye.

PLU: They could possibly trip and fall.

SIB: Trip and land on each other.

PLU: That's a big one.

PIT: Right. You know what to do. (GAM, PLU and SIB exit) Swords down, people. Swords down.

NESS: They're not real...

PIT: The risk is real.

STAB: It's a pool noodle.

PIT: A pool noodle in the eye is nothing to joke about.

LYE: Why would I stab someone with a pool noodle?

STAB: We were just having fun.

LYE: How could I stab someone with a pool noodle?

PIT: It's the possibility of danger that we want to eliminate.

NESS: We're not in any danger.

PIT: You poor misguided fools. Looks like we arrived just in time. Bring them out!!

GAM, PLU and SIB enter with pillows and packing tape. They head for LYE, NESS, and STAB.

LYE: Pillows?

STAB: That's your answer?

NESS, STAB and LYE have pillows taped to them.

PIT: It's our job to make sure you have a safe and caring environment. We care about your safety. Personally, I think you should never go outside. But people keep throwing nonsense in my face about vitamin D and fresh air. Just wait till someone chokes on a blade of grass and then I won't seem so crazy, just you wait.

LYE: How is this better?

PIT: It's safer.

LYE: But how is it better?

GAM: Stop asking questions.

NESS: We can't go through life with pillows stuck to us.

PLU: It's the perfect solution.

STAB: To what?

SIB: Stop asking questions. Your job is to follow and trust us.

NESS: What about all the inside dangers? We could fall down the stairs. We could get carbon monoxide poisoning. We could –

PIT: *(takes a piece of tape and puts it over NESS's mouth)* There. You look fabulous. Off you go now. Embrace life!

Music plays. PIT and the Assistants shoo everyone offstage except for LIA, who moves downstage. PLU either takes the caution cone off, or places it somewhere as part of the set.

TWO

LIA: I dream I'm standing on the top of a cliff. In front of me, the edge. Behind me, hungry wolves. What do I do? Jump off or get attacked? Not great choices, either way, but it's not real. I could jump off the cliff and fly away. Freedom. I could magically soothe the wolves and sneak past. Could you imagine? The power to make everything I touch calm and peaceful. I could change the world. *(beat)* I have to tell you something. I lied, a little. The cliff and the wolves, they're not in my dreams. They're in my life. My real life. Jagged rocks – Home. Jagged teeth – School. I can't fly. I have no magic to change anything. I have nothing. Nothing but rocks and teeth. No right choices cause I end up in pieces either way. There's no choice at all! *(pause)* My only escape is when I'm asleep. So I sleep a lot. My dad calls me lazy. "Lazy Lia." I get sent to the principal's office because I sleep in class. *(as Mrs. Madeira, the principal)* "You're not going to succeed with this attitude Lia." Mrs. Madeira has given up on me. *(smiling)* She doesn't understand. How could she? How do I explain when I'm not sleeping that my life is rocks... or teeth?

Red lights flash and pulsing fashion show music plays. It's a party. Everyone enters, cheering, and dancing. LIA joins the group. When the music stops, everyone freezes. TUNI, SIB and RIL are downstage. They address the audience. RIL and TUNI are defiant, celebratory, the most popular people in the room. SIB is happy. Plain and simple.

THREE

RIL: *(defiant)* I don't wear a helmet when I skateboard.

TUNI: *(defiant)* I seek out people with bad reputations.

SIB: *(happy)* I ask questions in class and never worry about being wrong.

Music plays. Everyone dances or changes position. RIL and TUNI talk to each other, looking at SIB. SIB doesn't notice, and dances happily in place until the music stops. RIL and TUNI move closer to SIB, wanting to intimidate.

RIL: I play chicken with cars when I bike.

TUNI: I'm dating and my parents don't know.

SIB: I work hard and take pride in everything I do.

Music plays again. Everyone dances. Now RIL and TUNI move right behind SIB, as menacing as possible. It doesn't matter because SIB takes no notice of them, and doesn't feel intimidated. The music stops.

RIL: (*right at SIB*) I slash car tires.

TUNI: (*right at SIB*) I shoplift.

SIB: (*to the audience*) I welcome feedback.

This is too much for RIL and TUNI. They throw their arms in the air.

RIL: What are you doing?

SIB: Something wrong?

TUNI: (*mocking*) "I welcome feedback?" What kind of talk is that?

RIL: You're not taking this seriously at all. ("*this*" is their definition of risky behaviour)

TUNI: (*mocking*) "I raise my hand."

SIB: Have you ever tried it?

RIL: What?

SIB: Asking people what they think of what you're doing.

TUNI: (*with horror*) Why would I do that?

RIL: (*with horror*) No way.

TUNI: I hate it when people criticize me.

RIL: What if they don't like what I do?

TUNI: What if they don't like me?

SIB: Huh. Okay, back to your helmetless skateboarding, I guess. (*exiting*)

RIL: Where are you going?

SIB: To try out for the school play. (*exits*)

TUNI: Why? Why would you do that? (*to RIL*) Would you do that?

RIL: Never. I hate public speaking.

They both shudder. Then they slowly look at the audience, realize they're both essentially public

speaking, and run offstage. Music plays, red lights flash, everyone else exits as INDIGO, CERTA and PROS come downstage.

At the same time, DAN, HAZ and EXPO stand behind three cubes (make sure these are set before this scene) with their backs to the audience.

FOUR

INDIGO: My friends, it's time (*gesturing*) to adventure.

CERTA: What does that mean?

INDIGO: Take a risk! Do something far from ordinary!

PROS: My parents will freak out if I leave school property.

INDIGO: Adventure doesn't require a change of location. For example: today, I'm going to throw my whole look into yellow. I feel like representing sunlight from top to bottom.

PROS: That's a lot of yellow.

INDIGO: Can't wait.

CERTA: Why?

INDIGO: (*gesturing*) Adventure.

PROS: What if people make fun of you?

INDIGO: What if?

CERTA: You're going to stand out.

INDIGO: Yes.

PROS: Things could go wrong.

INDIGO: You can't adventure from a bubble. If it's the wrong choice, eh, tomorrow I'll wear blue.

CERTA: I don't know...

PROS: But what if people make fun of you?

INDIGO: People can only make fun of you if you're not fully onboard with who you are and what you're doing. I am. Onboard.

CERTA: How do you do that?

INDIGO: How do you not?

CERTA: What if you don't know who you are? What if you wake up every morning and you just don't know? Everyone else seems to keep going day-to-day – wake up, get dressed, go to school, everything together – why is everyone else so normal? Why am I – *(clams up and stops talking)*

PROS: What are you talking about?

CERTA: Nothing. I gotta go.

CERTA starts to leave but is stopped by INDIGO's voice.

INDIGO: Numero uno: normal is a false sense of security. Normal doesn't mean you're safe. Numero two: *(yes this is a mistake on purpose)* There are less together people in the world than you think. We're all looking at everyone else trying to figure out why they're so together.

CERTA: I don't like yellow.

INDIGO: So try stripes. That would be fun.

CERTA: It doesn't sound fun.

PROS: *(with a little laugh)* Stripes.

CERTA: See? That's what happens when you adventure. People laugh at you. What if –

INDIGO: What if? What if? What could you lose?

CERTA: Everything!

INDIGO: Define everything.

PROS: I couldn't handle it.

INDIGO: I couldn't handle it if something happened to my sister. If someone tried to hurt her? A little laughing? Come on. *(beat)* Wear one stripe. Work up.

CERTA: Do you think I'd look ok in stripes?

INDIGO: I have no idea. Won't know till you try. That's the beauty of *(gesturing)* Adventure!

Music plays. INDIGO exits with a flourish. CERTA and PROS follow as DAN, EXPO, and HAZ turn around

behind the cubes. They take in their surroundings for a moment. Music fades.

FIVE

DAN: All right. Here we are. On purpose.

HAZ: Uh huh...

EXPO: (*standing on the cube*) Yeah! This is awesome! This is what it means to be alive! To live outside the box!

HAZ: Uh huh...

DAN: Bungee jumping... On purpose...

EXPO: Here we go! Who's ready? I know I am!

HAZ: (*looking over the cube*) This is so... high. Is it always so high up?

DAN: Well, yeah. Otherwise, you crash.

EXPO: Something to think about on the way down! (*pulling the two up on to the cubes*) Who's ready?

HAZ: I didn't know until this exact moment that I am terrified of heights.

DAN: (*sitting*) I on the other hand knew I was afraid of heights and thought this activity would knock the fear right out of me. Nope. Not at all. Full on fear going on here.

EXPO: Guys, there's a line behind us. We have to go. Ready?

HAZ: I can't move.

DAN: We can't say we didn't know about the height. We signed those forms.

HAZ: My mouth has gone dry. I've lost all saliva. There's gotta be something that says you can't bungee jump if you lack saliva.

EXPO: (*getting DAN standing*) Guys! We want to be here. We chose to be here. So let's do it! Rock and roll! Ready?

HAZ: I just wish we didn't have to go down.

DAN: You can't go up.

EXPO: Guys! We wanted to do this. Go big. Do something we'd never done before. If we can do this, we can do anything. We can take on the world!

HAZ: *(stepping off behind the cube)* Couldn't we have just tried out for the school play?

DAN: *(stepping off behind the cube)* That's a good one.

HAZ: I hate public speaking.

EXPO: It'll be over before you know it. One, two...

DAN: Why didn't you mention the school play before?

HAZ: It just came to me.

DAN: That would have been better.

HAZ: Not so high.

EXPO: One... Two...

DAN: Maybe there's a musical we can audition for at the bottom of the stairs. *(starts moving off)*

HAZ: We should go find out. *(starts moving off)*

EXPO: *(stops the two)* No, no, no! I want to bungee! I'm excited to bungee, and I know, I know you are too. We're here, and all we have to do is dive off the tiny ledge into the nothing, not fully knowing if the elastics will hold and be excited by the prospect of potentially plummeting to our deaths. Ready?

DAN: When you put it like that...

HAZ: My saliva's back. I think that's saliva...

EXPO grabs DAN and HAZ by the hand and pulls them onto the cube.

DAN: What are you doing?

EXPO: It'll all be fine. Possibly. Besides, it's not like we're bungee jumping into a bear trap. One, two, three!

ALL THREE: Ahhhhhhhhh!

EXPO, DAN and HAZ jump off the cubes and run offstage, screaming "Ahhhhhhhh!". Sirens sound. The ENSEMBLE runs across the stage also yelling

“Ahhhhhhhh!” STAB runs on at the same time and moves downstage. Sirens stop.

NOTE: This situation could be mimed, with STAB standing on a cube. (STAB could push one of the cubes from the previous scene downstage.) You could also make one of those paintings with a cartoon image on the front, with a hole where the face would be. STAB would then stand behind the painting, and put their head through the hole. The painting is of a person on a bike in a mid air jump across a gap.

SIX

STAB: This was a bad idea. Officially. I know it now. I didn't know it then. Then it was a fun idea. Ride down the hill, up the hill and sail across the gap. Down, up, sail. Now I'm in the middle of it and it's pretty clear I was wrong. Down – fine. Up – fine. Sailing, not so much. Why didn't I figure that out before I started? I could have easily walked away from this. I could have said no. Boy, that ground is really coming up fast. Wouldn't this be an amazing time to realize that I know how to fly and it was in me all along? Or, that I was bitten by something, not a spider, I hate spiders, but I was bitten by a, a, a turtle! And a hard shell skin materializes when I'm in danger so when I hit the ground, I'll bounce. I'll be the amazing turbo turtle! That would be awesome. And unlikely. I hope I don't have to go to the hospital like last time. Why was there a last time?? Ahhhhhh!

The ENSEMBLE runs across the stage yelling “Ahhhhhh!” STAB joins them and exits. If you use the painting, that gets taken off. CERTA, LYE and RIL run on and move downstage right. Another cube is pushed downstage in the transition so that CERTA and LYE are sitting at the beginning of the scene. RIL is giving a presentation.

SEVEN

RIL: I know this is my first project and I don't want to overstep any lines...

CERTA: Don't be ridiculous.

LYE: You're doing great!

RIL: I think we have an opportunity here. An opportunity to be really bold.

CERTA: *(standing)* That's what we want!

LYE: *(standing)* You're on to something.

RIL: Ok! I was thinking... we want to pop!

LYE: Keep going!

CERTA: Pop! Pop! Pop!

RIL: Ok! So, I'm thinking rich jewel tones for the walls and then for the fabric on the –

LYE & CERTA: *(inhaling audibly together and then exhaling on a –)* Oh...

LYE and CERTA sit slowly at the same time.

RIL: What's the matter?

LYE & CERTA: Well...

CERTA: We seem to be at an intersection of miscommunication.

LYE: Taken a left when we want to go right.

RIL: I thought we were being bold?

CERTA: Oh we are. *(standing)* We want bold.

LYE: *(standing)* We want pop. Pop! Pop!

CERTA: We want to be innovative.

LYE: So long as it's beige.

RIL: What?

LYE: We can't go any further than that.

RIL: *(looking around)* But, everything here is already beige.

CERTA: *(sighing)* Isn't it great?

LYE: So bold. That wall is such a bold beige.

RIL: Well, what if we keep most of it beige but we add a jewel tone stripe...

LYE and CERTA inhale audibly and sit suddenly.

RIL: No stripe...

LYE: We could go ecru.

CERTA: Or maybe tan.

LYE: Tan is too much.

CERTA: You're right, I wasn't thinking.

RIL: But I thought you wanted me to go in a new direction. I thought you hired me to be creative.

CERTA: We did! And you are.

LYE: You really are.

CERTA: We want you to be creative with beige.

LYE: Everybody likes beige.

RIL: I don't...

CERTA: (*standing*) New presentation tomorrow, yes?

LYE: (*standing*) We believe in you!

CERTA: Bold beige! Beige bold!

Sirens sound and red lights flash as CERTA, LYE and RIL exit. If the cubes are in the way, have two actors enter and push them upstage. At the same time, PLU walks in with PIT following behind. PIT is wearing a caution vest. PLU is carrying a caution cone. PLU sees something on the ground and stops, dropping the cone.

EIGHT

PLU: Hazard! Hazard! Hazard!

PIT blows a whistle.

PIT: Risk assessment!

PLU walks around in a circle, examining the ground.

PLU: There is the possibility of slippage – that could cause a nasty fall with all sorts of consequences. In the right circumstances there is also the possibility of electrocution. And I don't think we can rule out drowning.

SIB enters and becomes interested in what's happening onstage – staying back but listening.

PIT: (*examining the ground*) What is it?

PLU: A puddle.

PIT: (*drawing back*) Ah! Sounds serious.

PLU: Very. We can't leave this lying around. Someone could hurt themselves.

PIT: Excellent assessment, you'll go far in this field.

PLU: Better safe than sorry. A puddle can become a tidal wave in an instant.

PIT: Exactly.

SIB: What?

PLU: Do you think we need caution tape?

PIT: I was thinking flashing lights.

PLU: You can never be too careful.

SIB: Wait, wait. You're talking about this puddle? This tiny puddle?

PLU: This puddle is a serious risk.

SIB: This puddle that I could easily step over?

PIT: We're thinking about your safety.

SIB: I think I can figure this out on my own.

PIT: Everyone says that.

PLU: You don't know what's in this puddle. Could be something toxic.
Could be something that reacts violently to water. Could be fatal.

SIB: Could be just a puddle.

PIT: But you don't know.

SIB: I'll take the risk.

PLU: When you drown in a puddle, don't come crying to us!

PIT and PLU exit as TUNI, PROS, RIL enter from the other side of the stage. SIB joins them. They are all following PROS, who looks pretty proud of themselves. PROS is wearing "a button" on their chest.

NINE

TUNI: (*referring to the button*) What is that? That's new.

PROS: It's my Protection Pad.

RIL: Oh?

SIB: That is new.

TUNI: Protection from what?

PROS: Everything.

SIB: How?

TUNI: Do you want to be protected from everything?

PROS: Of course. My mom had it installed on the weekend.

RIL: They had to install it? It's in you? On purpose?

PROS: It's perfectly safe.

SIB: New things always are.

PROS: They did studies. On rabbits.

SIB: That sounds ethical.

RIL: Did the rabbits die? Don't tell me rabbits died for this.

SIB: Rabbits didn't die for this.

RIL: Good.

TUNI: (*to RIL*) You know Sib has no idea, right?

PROS: My mom wants what's best for me. All moms do.

TUNI: I'm not sure my mom would try to electrocute me.

PROS: It's perfectly safe.

SIB: My mom threw Pop-Tarts at me this morning.

TUNI: Frosted or unfrosted?

SIB: Frosted. We're not animals.

RIL: So what does it do? The pad.

PROS: It send out information about my heart rate, my brainwave patterns, what I'm thinking, and if there's any danger in the immediate area.

TUNI: She is trying to electrocute you.

PROS: She is not!

SIB: Does she know when you pee? Cause that's gross. And an invasion of privacy.

TUNI: I think that would be the least of your worries.

RIL: Rabbits died so your mom could spy on you?

SIB: Rabbits didn't die.

RIL: Oh good.

TUNI: Is your mom tracking you? Like all the time? Like now?

SIB: That seems awfully sci-fi.

PROS: She just wants to make sure I'm safe. That's what she said. Since the principal won't let her on school property any more.

SIB: You have to admit. The binoculars were creepy.

RIL: So what happens if you touch the pad? (*touches the button*)

PROS: I wouldn't do that if –

An alarm sounds and if you can, red lights flash.

LOUD OFFSTAGE VOICE: HEY! DON'T TOUCH MY KID! I SEE YOU! I'M WATCHING YOU! I'M WATCHING YOU!

Everyone scatters. HAZ enters. At the same time NESS enters to sit on a cube downstage. NESS stays still, looking at their phone during the monologue. Lights and sound stop.

TEN

HAZ: I don't think it's so crazy at all. If I'm going to take the risk, stand up in front of an entire group of strangers and say this monologue, bare my soul, potentially bring on years of embarrassment, I want something out of it. You don't think I'd audition for the school play for the good of my health? I hate public speaking. And none of this, "if you fail you learned something" business. I don't want to learn. Gimme something

tangible. My sister said I should ask for a pony, but she's an idiot. I want something more. So, I'm not saying another word until I get some hazard pay. You heard me right. No hazard pay, no monologue. I think that's perfectly fair.

HAZ exits. At the same time LIA enters.

ELEVEN

LIA: (*calling out to NESS*) Hey! Where were you? I figured you were sick when you didn't show up this morning.

NESS: Yeah... my mom drove me to school.

LIA: Why?

NESS: I...

LIA: What?

NESS: I'm not supposed to say. Which is stupid cause I told her you'd ask. And I said, "So I'm supposed to lie, is that what you want? Is that the person you want me to be?" And my mother never answered. (*beat*) I'm not allowed to go to your house, anymore.

LIA: (*not that surprised*) Oh no?

NESS: I heard something. Well, I got told something. Sort of.

LIA: About what?

NESS: (*sighs*) This is so awkward...

LIA: What's wrong?

NESS: This is not me. It's them. I'm saying there's nothing wrong. Absolutely nothing. With you.

LIA: Oh.

NESS: Yeah. (*sighs*) This is so weird.

LIA: I'm awkward and weird?

NESS: Not you, this.

LIA: Say it like you're ripping off a Band-Aid. One quick yank and it's out.

NESS: (*quickly*) My parents don't like your mom. And my parents don't want me to like you.

LIA: Oh?

NESS: They don't... I don't know. They said I couldn't hang out with you any more and I said, "Why?" I've been hanging out with you for years, and they didn't say why... Well, my mom started to say something about your mom and my dad shushed her and then it became a thing that he shushed her and I went to my room.

LIA: Oh.

NESS: Do you know why?

LIA: Yes.

NESS: Is it bad?

LIA: Depends, I guess. It's not good.

NESS: How do you know?

LIA: I overheard Mrs. Madeira say something outside her office. I have a "deprived home environment."

NESS: What's that?

LIA: Mrs. Madeira doesn't like my mom either.

NESS: It has to be more than that. It can't be adults just not liking each other.

LIA: Things are complicated. Mrs. Madeira wants it to be less complicated because then her life is less complicated. *(beat)* Sometimes I want things to be like they are at your house.

NESS: My house is boring. Yours is fun.

LIA: Does your mom wake you up at four in the morning so you can make her eggs? Does she keep you awake cause she's the one with monsters under her bed?

NESS: No.

LIA: Fun is exhausting. Your parents think my mom is going to rub off on me and then on you.

NESS: That's so stupid. Sheena Tracker's mother is a nightmare. I wouldn't let my dog within earshot of her, and Sheena's the best.

LIA: Yeah. *(beat)* Does this mean we can't hang out?

NESS: I don't know – my parents are still wrapped up in the shushing. My mom is not a woman to be shushed.

LIA: What if we walk to class? They can't take that away, can they?

NESS: Not yet.

LIA: Great.

Charleston music plays. They exit. EXPO enters looking pretty down. EXPO moves to downstage right, and sinks to the floor in dramatic fashion. INDIGO enters dancing, sees EXPO and shakes their head. INDIGO strides over to EXPO. Music fades.

TWELVE

INDIGO: Off the floor with you. It's time for an adventure.

EXPO: *(on the floor)* Can we not? I just want to lie on the floor and eat ice cream.

INDIGO: We'll do that, after the adventure.

EXPO: *(on the floor)* Uh uh.

INDIGO: *(pulling EXPO up)* Get up. Get up.

EXPO: *(getting up, but resisting a little, complaining)* Indigo...

INDIGO: Now. You and I, we're going to do the Charleston.

EXPO: What's that and why are we doing it?

INDIGO: The Charleston is a dance.

EXPO: Why would we do that?

INDIGO: It's fun.

EXPO: I doubt it.

INDIGO: It's energetic.

EXPO: I can't dance.

INDIGO: I can't sing. We're even. *(doing the steps of the Charleston)* Step, kick front, step, kick back. And repeat.

EXPO: No.

INDIGO: Yes.

EXPO: Why?

INDIGO: You need to get out of yourself.

EXPO: I don't want to.

INDIGO: I know. But trust me. Okay?

EXPO: Fine.

EXPO and INDIGO start to dance the Charleston. As EXPO dances, all the frustrations of the day come out.

INDIGO: So what happened today?

EXPO: Oh you know, Chelsey Main was so mean today. She and Jason kept laughing at me for no reason. I haven't done anything dumb in months. What are they laughing for? They left a big note on my locker. I know it was them, but what am I supposed to say? I'll say it was them and they'll deny the whole thing. And I got a B on my math test which anyone would be happy with, I'm happy with it! It was really hard and I should be proud but my dad said he'd take me to the Marco concert if I got an A, so instead of being happy, I'm totally bummed, and there's nothing wrong with a B. And I didn't make it past the first round of basketball tryouts and I'm good at basketball. I should have made the team, why did coach cut me? Ugh! Hey, I'm doing pretty good!

INDIGO: Keep going!

EXPO: *(still dancing)* I don't want to be made to reach unrealistic goals through a reward system, I hate that Chelsey and Jason don't like me anymore and I don't know why, I really wanted to get on the basketball team but I didn't practice at all before tryouts.

INDIGO: Big finish!

They do a big finish and pose.

INDIGO: How do you feel? Better?

EXPO: Better.

INDIGO: Now we'll get ice cream.

Marching music plays. Everyone enters marching in precise lines. One line from stage left, one line from stage right. INDIGO and EXPO join in. After executing a marching pattern around the stage, everyone comes to a halt at the same time, turns at the same time toward the audience, and stomps at the same time, standing in lines with their hands behind their backs.

During this GAM, DAN and STAB enter and stand downstage centre.

THIRTEEN

GAM: This survey is private. Do not write your name.

DAN: Have you wished you were dead?

STAB: Have you ever carried a weapon?

GAM: Have you ever smoked a cigarette?

DAN: Have you ever drunk alcohol?

STAB: How old are you? Do not write your name.

GAM: In the past 30 days have you smoked marijuana?

DAN: In the past 30 days have you used a prescription drug without a doctor's prescription?

STAB: How would you describe yourself? Do not write your name.

GAM: How much sleep do you get?

DAN: In the last 12 months have you consumed alcohol?

STAB: In the last 12 minutes have you consumed alcohol?

GAM: in the last 12 seconds have you consumed alcohol?

DAN: What's your name?

STAB: Do not write your name.

GAM: This survey is private.

DAN: We're only gathering statistics.

STAB: We certainly don't want to find you out.

GAM: You certainly shouldn't write any identifying details.

DAN: We certainly wouldn't use that information against you.

STAB: We want to find out who the bad apples are. *(GAM and DAN look at STAB sharply. STAB has said too much.)* I mean – who's at risk.

GAM: Don't write your name.

STAB: We only want to know exactly who you are.

DAN: This survey is private.

STAB: Who are you?

Music plays. Everyone marches in a pattern. STAB, DAN and GAM join in. CERTA, PROS and LIA end up downstage. When they are in place, everyone comes to a halt. They hold for two seconds, then everyone starts moving in place super-slowly. Everyone picks their own repeated gesture. They speak at normal speed, but all movement is like moving through molasses.

THIRTEEN A

ALL: Better if I don't. Better if I don't.

CERTA: I know the answer. I know it. If I put my hand up and I say the right answer but it turns out wrong for some reason – everyone will laugh at me. Better not say anything.

ALL: Better if I don't. Better if I don't.

PROS: “You don't have what it takes. You're never going to be a ballerina. Not a proper one. So why keep at it? I'm telling you this for your own good. A little heartbreak now will save you a great deal of hardship later.” That's what she said. She's probably right. It's better that I quit now instead of later.

ALL: Better if I don't. Better if I don't.

LIA: Accept this life. Accept the path, this person, that has been set for you. Because there's no other. That has been made pretty clear to me, over and over again. There's no other choice. What good would it do to try to be different?

Everyone stops moving suddenly and looks at LIA.

LIA: But if I don't try... *(makes a decision)* I'm really scared. Because I'm going to try. I am going to try and change my life. *(smiles)* I can do it.

Someone calls out “MARCH!” The group turns together and marches offstage. TUNI moves downstage, muttering. HAZ follows behind, watching.

FOURTEEN

TUNI: *(pacing)* Okay, okay, okay, okay, okay. *(beat)* Okay, okay, okay, okay, okay

HAZ: (*watching*) That's five.

TUNI: Huh?

HAZ: That's five.

TUNI: Five what?

HAZ: Five okays. It must be really bad.

TUNI: What?

HAZ: Whatever you want to say.

TUNI: Who says I want to say anything?

HAZ: You did. That's why we're here.

TUNI: Right. Yes. I do have something to say. Okay, okay –

HAZ: Hey. It can't be that bad. Do you have cancer?

TUNI: No! Why would you say that?

HAZ: I'm trying to figure out what would make this a five okay fire.

TUNI: It's not bad. It's not. I just don't know how to (*gestures*) express it.

HAZ: Did someone in your family steal money or something?

TUNI: No.

HAZ: Are you moving?

TUNI: No. Stop guessing.

HAZ: Then start talking.

TUNI: I'm not happy. I haven't been for a while. I've decided something that will make me happy. I was too much being there, and now I'm here but it's hard to talk about. Out loud. I may sound unhappy. I'm not. Really. I was unhappy but now I'm moving toward happiness and –

HAZ: This isn't talking. This is spinning.

TUNI: I've never had to say something like this. I am concerned...

HAZ: That's a big word jump.

TUNI: I know. Here's a few more. I'm worried. And afraid.

HAZ: About what?



help@theatrefolk.com www.theatrefolk.com

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