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Fidget**

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FIDGET

A VIGNETTE PLAY IN ONE ACT BY
Bradley Hayward



Fidget

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Characters

6-28 actors, any gender

Flexible casting, doubling and extras possible

Main Characters

AIDEN

BAILEY

CARSON

DEVIN

EMERSYN

FIDGET

Ensemble

VOICE	ATTENTION	RED
FORWARD	DEFICIT	ORANGE
DEFENSE	DISORDER	YELLOW
GUM CHEWER	HAIR	GREEN
NAIL BITER	SKIN	BLUE
HAIR TWISTER	WEIGHT	INDIGO
NOSE PICKER	TRUCK	VIOLET
	DOLL	

Casting notes

The characters are all in middle school/high school. There are 28 individual roles, but the cast may be much smaller than that, or infinitely larger.

For the largest possible cast, each of the roles may be assigned individually. Additional actors may also be added to the ensemble during the opening, closing, and transitional scenes (when all of the actors appear onstage together).

For the smallest possible cast, the main characters may double as the ensemble roles. There is only one scene that has more than six characters, but one actor may double as ORANGE and BLUE, another as YELLOW and INDIGO, and another as GREEN and VIOLET.

Any other casting combination between these two options is perfectly acceptable. The idea is to make sure that every person who wants to be in the play be given the opportunity.

All of the roles are gender flexible, including their names. Simply adjust the pronouns, as necessary. It is also possible for actors to portray any gender.

Setting

A bare stage. Blocks, platforms, and/or risers may be used to create levels; however, these things are not necessary. The sky is the limit when it comes to where and when this play takes place, so think outside the box.

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Lights rise.

The ENSEMBLE enters, one by one, and moves around the stage. Each moves, with purpose, in a different way. Some walk, some run, some skip, some twirl, and some do whatever you want them to do. Each moves at a different pace and they should fill the entire playing area. Without warning, they all shout at the same time.

ENSEMBLE: Hold still!

They freeze, in whatever position they are in. They should be spread out across the entire stage, with nobody in arms length of another actor.

ENSEMBLE: Stand up straight.

They stand up straight and freeze.

ENSEMBLE: This won't hurt a bit.

They extend their arms to the side, open to the audience, and freeze.

ENSEMBLE: One...two...three!

They each grab a different part of their body, in excruciating pain, and freeze.

ENSEMBLE: Ow!

They scatter offstage, each moving in a new way because of the pain they have experienced. Some limp, some hop, some cry, and some do whatever you want them to do.

Lights shift to AIDEN. She faces the audience. Suddenly, a menacing VOICE booms from a loudspeaker.

VOICE: Go on. Look at the whiteboard. (AIDEN leans forward and looks toward an unseen whiteboard, somewhere over the audience) That's it. Now, what do you see? (AIDEN shrugs her shoulders) I don't have all day. (AIDEN squints) What do you see? (AIDEN shrugs her shoulders, a little bit bigger) What do you mean, you don't know? (AIDEN shrugs her shoulders, even bigger) Speak. (AIDEN shakes her head no) What are you afraid of? (AIDEN shrugs her shoulders, even bigger) The Periodic Table? (AIDEN shakes her head no) The

whiteboard? (AIDEN shakes her head no, a little bit bigger) The smelly markers? (AIDEN shakes her head no, even bigger) Death?

AIDEN tilts her head sideways, confused. Then shakes her head no, even bigger. The VOICE shouts.

VOICE: What then? WHAT?! (AIDEN slowly raises her arm and points toward the audience) Me? (AIDEN doesn't move) You're afraid of me? (AIDEN slowly begins to nod yes) My face? (AIDEN nods yes, a little bit faster) My voice? (AIDEN nods yes, even faster) My questions? (AIDEN nods yes, even faster) The way I act? (AIDEN nods yes, even faster) The way I smell? (AIDEN nods yes, even faster) The way I look? (AIDEN nods yes so fast that it looks like her head is going to fly off) Hold still, young lady. (AIDEN immediately switches to shaking her head no, just as vigorously) I said, HOLD STILL!

AIDEN shakes her entire body, left and right. Her arms flail wildly at her sides, like a scarecrow in the wind.

VOICE: That's it! You fail! (AIDEN stops shaking, completely out of breath) Did you hear me? (AIDEN lowers her head, continuing to pant) I said, did you hear me? (AIDEN slowly nods her head yes, still panting and still looking down) You are a failure.

AIDEN stops moving completely. Then she raises her head, looks toward the audience, and whispers.

AIDEN: I know.

Lights shift to BAILEY. She wears a blue baseball cap and carries a pink backpack. She speaks directly to the audience.

BAILEY: So, there I was. First day back at school after summer break and I had to use the bathroom. The bathrooms are at the far end of the hall, so I didn't have much time to get there and back between classes. Anyway, I finally get there, a little bit out of breath, and that's when I get confused. The "Boys" bathroom is on the left and the "Girls" bathroom is on the right. And in the middle, there's a private bathroom with a sign that says "Teachers Only." Only that's not what it says anymore. That was last year. Now it says "Gender Neutral." Gender Neutral? What does that mean?! If you're not a boy and you're not a girl, does that make you...a neutral? I don't get it. Like, I know how it works in a car. You can put the gearshift in drive, you can put the gearshift in reverse, and you can put the gearshift in neutral. So does this new sign... "Gender Neutral" ...have something to do with traffic? As in: red light, yellow light, green light? And when you've

got to go, you've really got to "go?" Anyway, I'm standing there all confused and suddenly the bell rings and I have to go back to class. There's no time to figure out what it means to be a boy or to be a girl or to be a neutral. I thought I had everything figured out, but I guess not. Long story short, I had to hold it all through Music class. I could barely hold still, which is not easy when you're playing a violin. Although I guess it could have been worse. At least it wasn't Gymnastics.

Lights shift to CARSON. He appears with a hockey stick in hand, possibly on roller blades. He "skates" around the stage as he speaks, perhaps in a moving spotlight.

CARSON: Come on, man! Pass the puck! (*he watches an imaginary puck fly past him*) Idiot! Pass the puck to me! (*he watches the puck fly past him once again and reaches for it with his hockey stick, but misses*) What kind of pass was that? (*he watches the puck fly past him in the other direction*) Moron! Are you going to make me chase the puck all game? (*he watches the puck fly past him in the other direction*) Every game! Maybe I should just hold still with my stick out. (*he slams his hockey stick down in front of him*) At least the puck might hit it by accident. (*he watches the puck fly past him in the other direction*) For once, I want a chance to score!

He chases after the puck and disappears offstage.

Lights shift to DEVIN. He wears a white button-up shirt and as he speaks, he pulls a long strip of red fabric, or crepe streamer, from a hole in his shirt, over his heart. A very, very, very, very, very, very, very long strip of red fabric. The end of it is attached to the inside of his shirt.

DEVIN: All parts of your body need blood. The movement of blood around your body is called circulation. When blood leaves your heart, it moves through little tubes called blood vessels. There are three types of blood vessels: arteries, veins, and capillaries. Arteries carry blood away from the heart and transfer it to the capillaries. The capillaries transfer oxygen and other nutrients to blood cells in the body that need it. These blood cells produce waste in the form of carbon dioxide. The capillaries take this carbon dioxide and transfer it to the veins. The veins return the carbon dioxide to the heart, which is then pumped into the lungs. Inside the lungs, the carbon dioxide is removed from the blood and exhaled back into the air.

He inhales deeply. Then exhales slowly. Suddenly, he panics.

DEVIN: My body did all that in one second and I'm supposed to "hold still"?!

He screams and runs offstage, with the long strip of red fabric dragging behind him. Lights shift to EMERSYN. She speaks to the audience.

EMERSYN: Everyone in the audience: raise your right arm. (*she raises her right arm*) Everyone in the audience: raise your left arm. (*she raises her left arm*) Everyone in the audience: pat your head with your right hand. (*she pats her head with her right hand*) Everyone in the audience: rub your tummy with your left hand. (*while still patting her head, she rubs her tummy with her left hand in a circular motion*) Everyone in the audience: don't stop doing this. (*she doesn't stop and rattles off the next line very quickly*) Everyone in the audience: what's 3 plus 4 plus 5 minus 6 multiplied by 7 plus 8 plus 9 plus 10 minus 11 divided by 12 plus 1 plus 2 plus 3? (*she doesn't stop patting her head and rubbing her tummy, for some time*) Everyone in the audience: hold still. (*she stops moving her hands, but leaves one hand on her head and the other on her tummy*) Everyone in the audience: this is the story of my life.

Lights shift to FIDGET. She wears cargo pants with multiple pockets. She reaches into one of her pockets and pulls out a rubber band. She plays with it as she speaks, stretching it in many different formations.

FIDGET: I wonder if all the rubber bands in the world could form together and break the earth in half, like a watermelon. (*she reaches into a different pocket and pulls out another rubber band*) Would there be enough rubber on earth to make a band that's long enough to fit around it? (*she reaches into a different pocket and pulls out another rubber band*) And even if there was, how would we get it there? (*she reaches into a different pocket and pulls out another rubber band*) We could send up a spaceship, I guess. (*she reaches into a different pocket and pulls out another rubber band*) Wrap it around the equator and watch as the earth cracks and splits and oozes out the watermelon seeds. (*she reaches into a different pocket and pulls out a ball made of rubber bands*) The earth, it never holds still. (*she wraps one of the rubber bands around the ball*) It's constantly spinning. One rotation every 24 hours. (*she wraps another rubber band around the ball*) One revolution of the sun every 365 days. (*she wraps another rubber band around the ball*) Perpetual motion. (*she wraps another rubber band around the ball*) So even if these rubber bands help me to hold still... (*she*

wraps the last rubber band around the ball and snaps it against the others) I'm still moving.

Lights shift to the ENSEMBLE. They all rush onstage, one by one. Each moves very quickly, filling the entire playing area. Without warning, they all shout at the same time.

ENSEMBLE: Hold still! (they freeze, out of breath) Green light!

The ENSEMBLE runs upstage and forms a line across the back of the stage. CARSON enters and skates downstage center, facing the audience.

ENSEMBLE: Red light! (they freeze)

CARSON: Green light!

The ENSEMBLE runs in a straight line, toward CARSON.

CARSON: Red light!

The ENSEMBLE freezes. CARSON spins around and points at three actors he sees moving.

CARSON: I see you and you and you.

The actors he points at fall to the floor. He turns back around, facing the audience.

CARSON: Green light!

The ENSEMBLE once again runs in a straight line, toward CARSON.

CARSON: Red light!

The ENSEMBLE freezes. CARSON spins around and points at two more actors he sees moving.

CARSON: I see you and you.

The actors he points at fall to the floor. He turns back around, facing the audience.

CARSON: Green light!

The ENSEMBLE once again runs in a straight line, toward CARSON.

CARSON: Red light!

The ENSEMBLE freezes. CARSON spins around and points at one more actor.

CARSON: I see you.

The actor he points at falls to the floor. At this point, there should only be two actors left standing. They are FORWARD and DEFENSE.

NOTE: Adjust the number of people CARSON points at and says “you” to, depending on the number of actors in the ENSEMBLE.

ENSEMBLE: *(on the floor, frozen)* Green light!

CARSON: What kind of friends are you, anyway?

FORWARD: What’s that supposed mean, dummy?

CARSON: It means you’re not very nice!

FORWARD: *(starts shadowboxing the air)* Just for sayin’ that, I’m gonna knock your lights out!

DEFENSE: *(gets in between them and pushes FORWARD back)* Hey, hey, hey! Nobody is knocking anyone’s lights out!

FORWARD: Oh yeah?!

DEFENSE: Yeah!

FORWARD: Yeah?!

DEFENSE: Yeah!

FORWARD: Yeah?!

DEFENSE: Yeah!

FORWARD: Yeah?!

DEFENSE: Yeah!

FORWARD: Yeah?!

DEFENSE: Yeah!

CARSON: No!

FORWARD: Let me at him!

CARSON/DEFENSE: No!

FORWARD: Yeah!

CARSON/DEFENSE: No!

FORWARD: Yeah!

ENSEMBLE: (*lifts their heads up*) NO!

*The ENSEMBLE puts their heads back down.
DEFENSE stands between CARSON and FORWARD,
keeping them apart by holding onto their throats.*

DEFENSE: Now, what seems to be the problem here?

CARSON: He never passes me the puck.

FORWARD: Cause he doesn't know what to do with it.

CARSON: Do too!

FORWARD: Do not!

CARSON: Do too!

FORWARD: Do —

DEFENSE: Not doing that again!

CARSON: Tell puck hog here to pass it to me.

FORWARD: Tell stupid here to catch it.

DEFENSE: I'm not a snitch, so I'm not telling on anyone.

CARSON: Then what good are you?

DEFENSE: Hey, that's no way to talk to a friend.

CARSON: I don't have any friends.

FORWARD: Loser.

CARSON: Well, it's true.

DEFENSE: I'm trying to be your friend.

CARSON: It's your job to defend me. But as soon as we're off the ice,
you don't care.

FORWARD: Cause you stink.

CARSON: I know I'm not the best hockey player.

FORWARD: No, you actually stink. Have you ever heard of deodorant, Reeky McReekster?

CARSON: (*sniffs his armpits*) Ewwww. You're right.

FORWARD: I'm always right.

CARSON: I stink at everything. I guess that's why life zooms right past me. Jokes, zoom. Friends, zoom. Opportunities, zoom. Just like a hockey puck. Zoom!

FORWARD: I don't get it.

CARSON: It's a metaphor.

FORWARD: I don't care what it's for. I'm gonna punch your lights out!

DEFENSE: (*squeezes FORWARD's neck*) No, you're not!

FORWARD: (*choking, in falsetto*) No, I'm not.

DEFENSE: Now say you're sorry.

FORWARD: No.

DEFENSE: Say it!

He squeezes FORWARD's neck again and makes his mouth move like a ventriloquist dummy.

FORWARD: (*in falsetto*) I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings.

CARSON: Who's the dummy now?

DEFENSE: What did you say? (*he squeezes CARSON's neck*)

CARSON: (*in falsetto*) I'm sorry!

ENSEMBLE: Red light!

CARSON, FORWARD and DEFENSE freeze.

ENSEMBLE: Green light!

Lights shift to the ENSEMBLE. They get up and quickly scatter, forming a disorganized cluster center stage. FIDGET enters and sits on the floor, downstage center, with her back to the audience, facing the ENSEMBLE. She takes out a cell phone and points it at them.

FIDGET: Focus!

The ENSEMBLE freezes. They should be in a messy formation, at various levels, with their arms and legs sticking out. They are posing for a photo.

FIDGET: Focus.

The ENSEMBLE slowly moves closer together and freezes.

FIDGET: Focus.

The ENSEMBLE slowly moves even closer together and freezes.

FIDGET: Focus.

The ENSEMBLE slowly moves even closer together and freezes. They are slowly beginning to form a straight line, perpendicular to the audience, with the tallest actor in front.

FIDGET: Focus.

The ENSEMBLE slowly moves into a straight line, with a few arms and legs still sticking out, and freezes.

FIDGET: Focus.

The ENSEMBLE, now in a straight line facing FIDGET, slowly puts their arms and legs to their sides and freezes. At this point, only the tallest actor in front should be visible.

FIDGET: Perfect. Now hold still. And say “focus.”

ENSEMBLE: Cheese!

FIDGET snaps a photo and the lights flash. The ENSEMBLE remains frozen in a line. FIDGET stands up and faces the audience.

FIDGET: It's easy to focus on things that are weird. Weird demands attention. So after a long day of trying to concentrate at school, I like to go people watching at Walmart. Trust me, only weirdos hang out at Walmart.

GUM CHEWER peels away from the line of actors and stands a few steps away from FIDGET. She takes a piece of bubble gum from her purse and pops it in her mouth.

FIDGET: Look at this weirdo. (*GUM CHEWER starts smacking her gum, loudly*) Chewing gum is okay, I guess. (*GUM CHEWER takes out another piece of bubble gum and pops it in her mouth*) It can help you focus for a while. (*GUM CHEWER takes out another piece of bubble gum and pops it in her mouth*) But the taste doesn't last very long. (*GUM CHEWER makes a disgusted face*) Suddenly, all you can focus on is how gross it is. (*GUM CHEWER almost vomits*) So you start to play with your gum. (*GUM CHEWER blows a big bubble*) But gum is not a toy. (*GUM CHEWER sucks the bubble into her mouth and then chokes on it*) It's a deadly weapon. (*GUM CHEWER falls to the floor, violently choking*) And you can't focus if you're dead.

GUM CHEWER dies. FIDGET snaps a photo of her.

FIDGET: Oooo! Here comes another one.

NAIL BITER peels away from the line of actors and stands a few steps away from FIDGET. His hands are in his pockets.

FIDGET: This weirdo clearly has a lot on his mind. (*NAIL BITER sighs loudly*) I wonder what he's going to do... (*NAIL BITER looks right*) Nobody there. (*NAIL BITER looks left*) Not there either. (*NAIL BITER looks right again*) Coast is clear. (*NAIL BITER looks left again*) Good grief! Just do something already!

NAIL BITER takes his right hand out of his pocket and sticks his thumb in his mouth. He chews his thumbnail like a beaver and then spits it across the stage.

FIDGET: Well, that was a nail biter. (*NAIL BITER quickly bites off each of his four remaining fingernails, chewing and spitting them across the stage, one at a time*) But you've only got so many fingers before the stress comes right back.

NAIL BITER takes his left hand out of his pocket and his fingertips are covered in blood. He sighs even louder and freezes. FIDGET snaps a photo of him.

HAIR TWISTER peels away from the line of actors and stands a few steps away from FIDGET. She twists a long strand of hair around her right pointer finger.

FIDGET: Hair twisting is a classic. (*HAIR TWISTER twirls another strand of long hair around her left pointer finger*) There's only one problem.

HAIR TWISTER twists off all of her hair, revealing a bald cap underneath. She freezes. *FIDGET* snaps a photo of her.

NOSE PICKER peels away from the line of actors and stands a few steps from *FIDGET*, his finger already all the way up his nose when he appears.

FIDGET: Well, that's just gross! (*NOSE PICKER* removes his finger from his nose, looks at the booger, and then decides to eat it) And that's grosser!

NOSE PICKER: Mmmm! Delicious!

He freezes and FIDGET snaps a photo of him.

FIDGET: See what I mean: weirdos! But I'm no different than the people I watch. You want to know the reason I can't focus? (*she takes a rubber band out of her pocket and stretches it back and forth, as wide as it will go*) It's kind of ironic.

GUM CHEWER, NAIL BITER, HAIR TWISTER and NOSE PICKER all rush to FIDGET's side and hold up cell phones in her face.

FIDGET: I don't like people watching me.

They snap a photo of FIDGET and the lights flash.

Lights shift to the ENSEMBLE. They form two straight lines. ATTENTION, DEFICIT and DISORDER appear with hula hoops. ATTENTION holds up her hula hoop in front of the first line of actors.

ATTENTION: Jump!

Her line of actors jump through the hoop, one after another. DEFICIT holds up her hula hoop in front of the second line of actors.

DEFICIT: Jump!

Her line of actors jump through the hoop, one after another. DISORDER holds up her hula hoop, center stage.

DISORDER: Jump!

EMERSYN enters and jumps through the hoop. The ENSEMBLE applauds.

ENSEMBLE: Hold!

ATTENTION, DEFICIT and DISORDER hold their hula hoops over EMERSYN's head.

ENSEMBLE: Still!

ATTENTION, DEFICIT and DISORDER drop their hula hoops and they crash to the floor around EMERSYN's feet.

The ENSEMBLE scatters offstage, leaving EMERSYN, ATTENTION, DEFICIT and DISORDER.

EMERSYN: Being a foster kid is all about jumping through hoops.

ATTENTION picks up the first hula hoop and lifts it over EMERSYN's head. She enthusiastically does tricks with the hula hoop.

ATTENTION: Look at me! Look at me! Look at me! Look what I can do! *(she poses with the hula hoop)* Ta-da!

EMERSYN: Doing everything possible to be noticed.

DEFICIT picks up the second hula hoop and lifts it over EMERSYN's head.

DEFICIT: Look what I can't do. *(she tries to twirl the hoop around her waist, but it falls immediately to the floor)* See.

EMERSYN: But never, ever getting noticed.

DISORDER picks up the third hula hoop and lifts it over EMERSYN's head.

EMERSYN: And all that not-getting-noticed leads to some really bizarre thoughts.

DISORDER: *(holds up the hula hoop)* Did you know that hoop spelled backwards is "pooh"?

EMERSYN: Without a mom, without a dad, without a brother, without a sister —

ATTENTION/DEFICIT/DISORDER: Without a home —

EMERSYN: How am I supposed to pay attention to anything?

ATTENTION: *(puts the hoop over EMERSYN's head and pulls in her direction)* Look at me!

DEFICIT: (*puts the hoop over EMERSYN's head and pulls in the other direction*) You're not good enough!

DISORDER: (*puts the hoop over EMERSYN's head and pulls her backwards*) There must be something wrong with you!

ATTENTION, DEFICIT and DISORDER are now pulling EMERSYN to the left, to the right, and backwards.

EMERSYN: My only disorder is a deficit of attention.

ATTENTION, DEFICIT and DISORDER lift their hula hoops over EMERSYN's head in a flourish and scatter offstage.

Lights shift to the ENSEMBLE. They enter, one at a time. Each has a brightly coloured pinwheel that they hold up and spin with their fingertips. Once the ENSEMBLE is onstage, all that can be heard is the spinning of pinwheels.

Slowly, the actors start spinning as well. Individually at first, and then they start spinning together, forming a circle. AIDEN enters and stands in the center of the circle of pinwheels. Suddenly, the menacing VOICE on the loudspeaker returns.

VOICE: Hold still!

The ENSEMBLE in the circle around AIDEN freezes, but they continue to spin the pinwheels. AIDEN puts her hands over her ears.

VOICE: Please stop! The sound is making my head spin!

The ENSEMBLE spins offstage, leaving AIDEN. She looks toward the audience.

VOICE: I hate when things get so loud that you can't even hear the voice inside your own head. (*AIDEN points at her head*) The voice that tells you what to do. The voice that tells you what not to do. And the voice that tells you everything that's wrong with you.

HAIR enters, carrying a curly wig.

HAIR: You have the ugliest hair I have ever seen. (*she puts the ugly wig on AIDEN and laughs*) Your hair is so awful that waking up in the morning and looking in the mirror must be the worst part of your day.

SKIN enters. She has a large white sheet wrapped around her shoulders.

SKIN: Oh yeah? Have you had a look at her skin?

She holds out her left arm and reveals the inside of the sheet. On it, there are streaks of spray paint in various colours; black, brown, yellow, and white.

SKIN: It's not the right colour at all. It's too dark, it's too light, it's too black, it's too brown, it's too yellow, it's too white.

HAIR: Her skin is better than her hair.

SKIN: Not a chance! The colour isn't even the worst part.

She holds out her right arm and reveals the inside of the sheet. On it, there are huge dots of red spray paint.

SKIN: Pimples everywhere! They bleed and they ooze and they puss! It's disgusting! *(she wraps the sheet around AIDEN's shoulders, with the painted side facing outward)* No wonder nobody wants to get close to her!

WEIGHT enters, carrying a scale, and sets in front of AIDEN.

WEIGHT: That's not that why people don't like her.

HAIR/SKIN: No?

WEIGHT: It's because she's fat.

AIDEN steps onto the scale and looks at the number.

VOICE: I'm not fat. Am I?

WEIGHT: Oh, yes you are.

She puts her foot on the scale and pushes down on it. AIDEN looks at the number and shrugs her shoulders.

VOICE: I can go to the gym and lose a few pounds.

WEIGHT: *(to HAIR and SKIN)* Help me out here.

HAIR and SKIN also put their feet on the scale and apply pressure on it. AIDEN looks at the number and gasps.

VOICE: Oh no! I'm an elephant!

SKIN: (*touches AIDEN's face*) Face it.

HAIR: (*touches AIDEN's wig*) You might as well curl up and die.

WEIGHT: (*touches AIDEN's shoulders*) Because this weight is never coming off your shoulders.

VOICE: Muahahahaha!

Lights shift to the ENSEMBLE. They rush on and form a line across the front of the stage. It would be great if they all had tap shoes on, but this is not necessary. The first actor in line looks at her wrist, then starts tapping her toe. The second actor in line looks at her wrist, then starts tapping her toe. The third actor in line looks at her wrist, then starts tapping her toe. This continues down the line, one actor at a time, until all of them are tapping their toes. Once the entire ENSEMBLE is tapping their toes, they abruptly stop and look toward the audience.

ENSEMBLE: Still holding.

Suddenly, they break into a tap dance routine and dance offstage, revealing BAILEY standing behind them. TRUCK enters and drives toward BAILEY, making vehicle sounds as he approaches. One of his tires is loose, so he bounces up and down. His sounds become more and more distressed as he approaches.

TRUCK: Vroom, vroom! Bang, bang! Clunk, clunk! Clang, clang!
Sputter, sputter! (*one of his "tires" falls off and rolls toward BAILEY*) Screeeech! (*he abruptly stops and runs out of gas*) Vroom, vooooooooooooooooom... (*he lowers his head*)

BAILEY: What seems to be the trouble, Truck?

TRUCK: My tire fell off. And, boy, does it hurt! Can you help me?

DOLL enters. She could be a recognizable doll, such as Barbie, Raggedy Ann, Cabbage Patch Kid, Dora the Explorer, etc. Or she could be a doll of your creation. The important thing is that she is missing her left arm.

DOLL: Has anyone seen my left arm?

BAILEY: Oh no! What happened to you, Doll?

DOLL: Some kid ripped my arm off. And, girl, it does not feel good!

BAILEY: That's terrible.

DOLL: You bet it is! And this is the fourth time it's happened. The first time, a dog found my arm and left bite marks on my elbow. The second time, my arm was used to stir pudding. And the third time, my arm ended up in the toilet.

TRUCK: That's nothing. Once, a little boy swallowed one of my tires.

DOLL: Really?

TRUCK: And two days later, it also ended up in the toilet.

DOLL/TRUCK: What am I going to do?

BAILEY: I can help.

DOLL/TRUCK: You can?

BAILEY: Just tell me what to do.

DOLL/TRUCK: Thank you!

They move toward BAILEY, then stop.

TRUCK: Wait a second.

BAILEY: What?

TRUCK: You can't help both of us.

BAILEY: I can't? Why not?

TRUCK: Because. Trucks are for boys and dolls are for girls.

DOLL: Oh my, I didn't think of that! Truck is right.

BAILEY: He is?

DOLL: That would be wrong.

TRUCK: Very wrong.

DOLL: Super wrong.

DOLL/TRUCK: Totally wrong!

BAILEY: Why?

TRUCK: Those are the rules. You have to decide which one of us you want to play with.

BAILEY: I do?

DOLL/TRUCK: Obviously.

TRUCK: So...

DOLL: What's it going to be?

TRUCK: (*puts his right hand on his hip*) Are you going to help Doll find her arm?

DOLL: (*puts her right hand on her hip*) Or are you going to help Truck fix his tire?

BAILEY: I didn't realize this was such a big deal.

TRUCK: (*puts his left hand on his hip*) It is a big deal.

DOLL: (*sways her body to the left, as if she was putting her missing left hand on her hip*) A very big deal.

BAILEY: I don't know! So many rules!

TRUCK: Hurry! I've got places to drive.

DOLL: And I have a right to bear both arms.

BAILEY: Why can't we all help each other out?

DOLL/TRUCK: Wrong!

BAILEY: But that's going to hold all of us back.

TRUCK: Boy?

DOLL: Or girl?

DOLL/TRUCK: Don't get it wrong.

Lights shift to darkness. One of the actors in the ENSEMBLE enters with a mini-flashlight and shines it around the stage. A second actor appears with another mini-flashlight and shines it around the stage. A third, a fourth, and a fifth actor appear, each with mini-flashlights. This continues until the entire ENSEMBLE has entered, all with mini-flashlights that they shine around the stage.

ENSEMBLE: Hold still!

They freeze and each points a flashlight at a different actor's face, so that everyone is illuminated. They whisper, dangerously.



help@theatrefolk.com www.theatrefolk.com

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