



Sample Pages from Tumblefur

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SIXTEEN

IN 10 MINUTES OR LESS

Friend Request
Double Click
Brace Yourself
Lazy Eye
Fireworks
Pay Phone
Bench Warrant
Wheels
Tumblefur
Status Update: A Symphony

A Suite of Short Plays
BY
Bradley Hayward



Sixteen in 10 Minutes or Less

The plays herein may be licensed together or separately. The piece was conceived as a full length evening of entertainment, but each short stands perfectly well on its own without any prior knowledge of the characters. When produced in its entirety, the plays should be presented in the following order:

Act One

Friend Request (3M, 4W).....5

Thanks to a series of ill-fated friend requests, a doctored photo of a student spreads like wildfire among a group of teenagers.

Double Click (1M, 1W)..... 15

Young love blossoms when two teenagers flip open their laptops and start chatting.

Brace Yourself (1M, 1W)..... 23

A teenage brother and sister squabble as they try to extract a gummy bear that has lodged itself in a set of braces.

Lazy Eye (2 Either)31

Two eyeballs get bent out of shape while defending their half of a teenager's brain.

Fireworks (1M, 1W)..... 39

A couple of teenagers in love look up at the night sky and wait for colorful explosions to dance among the stars.

Act Two

Pay Phone (2M, 1W, 1 Either)..... 47

When a teenager loses his cell phone, he has no choice but to use a pay phone. Things quickly take a turn for the worse when a mysterious operator starts telling him what to do.

Bench Warrant (4W)..... 57

Three teenage girls have claimed a bench as their very own and routinely chase away all the "losers" who come near it.

Wheels (2M)..... 65

A teenage boy tries to repair a beat-up old truck so that he can get away from his parents and their broken down marriage.

Tumblefur (1W)..... 73

A sweet teenage girl takes her dog for a walk in the park and discovers that there is something exciting around every corner.

Status Update: A Symphony

(3M, 4W) 79

Seven teenagers express their hopes and fears online in a rousing symphony of status updates.

Settings

When the plays are presented together, the settings should be simple representations of each locale. The use of blocks is more than sufficient and will help facilitate quick scene changes between plays. When the plays are presented separately, the settings may be as simple or elaborate as you wish.

Characters

3M+4W, Expandable to 13M+17W+3 Either

James: Hyper & jumpy, male.

Piper: Outgoing & popular, female.

Cindy: Sarcastic & spontaneous,
female.

Samantha: Exuberant & talkative,
female.

Laura: Artistic & lonely, female.

Brody: Quiet & introspective, male.

Vance: Shy & thoughtful, male.

Right Eye: Eyeball, male or female.

Left Eye: Eyeball, male or female.

Operator: Voice only, male or
female.

Mom: Voice only, female.

Dad: Voice only, male.

When all of the plays are presented together, the characters may be played by the same actors throughout (for a minimum cast of 7) or the roles may be assigned separately (for a cast up to 33). All of the named characters are sixteen years old.

Right Eye, Left Eye, Operator, Mom, and Dad were written to be played by the same actors as the named characters, but could be cast separately.

If the plays are presented independently, many of the roles become gender flexible. Simply change the pronouns when appropriate.

Tumblefur

by Bradley Hayward

Characters

Laura

Setting

A bare stage; a park

LAURA holds a leash and at the end of it is a dog, invisible to the audience. She bends down to him.

LAURA: Sit.

She feeds him a treat.

Good boy! Now shake a paw.

She shakes his paw and then feeds him a treat.

Good boy! Other paw.

She shakes his other paw and then feeds him a treat.

Good boy! Now lie down.

She waits.

Come on. Lie down.

She waits.

I know you know it. Lie down.

He does and she pats him on the head and gives him a treat.

Good boy! Now speak.

She waits.

Speak.

She waits.

No treat if you don't speak.

She pats him again and gives him another treat.

That's my good boy!

She rustles the fur on his head.

You know what, Jeff? You're the best dog ever. That's right. The best friend a person could ever have!

She rustles him again, but this time notices what must be dog hair flying everywhere. She follows it as it soars into the air and swirls around.

Whoa! Did you see that, Jeff? Your fur is flying! Up, up, up and away! Soon that chunk will be right up there with the clouds. Look at the way it swirls in the breeze. Woosh, to the right. Woosh, to the left. The clouds are gonna love it, Jeff. They're gonna take that chunk of fur and mix it up with all the other white bunches. And don't worry, you'll grow more fur. You always do. Tons and tons and tons of fur!

She pets him again.

I hope you don't listen when Mom gets mad at you. I like it when I come into a room and know you've been there. Like the other day, I came home from school and was pretty sad. I won't bore you with the details because they don't matter, but some of the other girls weren't very nice to me. Not at all. When I opened the door, I waited for you to rush at me with your stuffed raccoon. I love how you bring me presents when I come home. You're always happy to see me! But anyways, you weren't there. I looked all over the house, but it turns out you were at the vet with Mom. Sorry about that, by the way. I know you don't like it there. But sometimes we have to do things we don't like. That's just the way it is. Anyways, I flopped on my bed and was just about to cry. Not a lot, mind you. Crying a lot isn't healthy. A little is okay, though. But just as I was about to cry, I saw something out of the corner of my eye. What was it, Jeff? I'll tell you! It was a piece of you! A whole bunch of your fur had clumped up into a pretty ball. As soon as I realized what it was, all of a sudden it lifted off the ground. Up, up, up and away! The window wasn't even open! I watched it as it danced in the air. First it blew over to my dresser and landed on my teddy bear. It was like you were saying hello to him even though you weren't there. It made me smile. A lot! Unlike crying, you can smile a lot. There's no harm in that. Then woosh! Your little ball of fur took off again. It said hello to the picture on the wall, then my computer, then my stereo. Finally,

like you were saving the best for last, you fluttered over and landed on my pillow. Right next to my head! It was awesome.

She pets him.

So go ahead and shed, Jeff. I don't mind. Not one little bit!

She watches another chunk of fur fly into the air.

There goes another one! Good boy! The clouds are going to be so happy.

All of a sudden, Jeff pulls on the leash.

Are you all done sitting? You wanna go for a walk?

She is practically pulled down by the force on the leash.

I'll take that as a yes. Come on, then. Let's go.

She and Jeff walk to another part of the stage, stopping several times on the way.

Whoa! How much water have you had, Jeff?

She tilts her head at him.

Don't give me that look. I'm just saying, that's an awful lot of pee you got there.

She laughs. There's more tugging on the leash.

Oh, there you go with your little dance. It must be time for number two.

She dances in a little circle, back and forth over one spot.

It's funny the way you do that. To the left. Then to the right. Why, I wonder?

She looks at Jeff and grins.

Fine. I'll turn around.

She turns around.

You're the only dog I know that wants privacy when he goes to the bathroom. Not that I blame you. I wouldn't want to have anybody watch me either. One time Piper threw open the door to the bathroom stall I was in at school. "Do you need any help,"

she asked. “Since everything is so difficult for you?” And then she laughed and laughed in that way of hers.

She imitates the laugh.

She thinks she’s so clever. She likes to disguise how mean she is with nice words. I’m on to her, though. I listen. Whenever she gets into trouble, which is barely ever, she always says, “I didn’t say anything mean.” Which is true, but it’s the way she says things that’s mean. “All I said was that I could help her find a shirt that didn’t accentuate her back fat.” Or, “friends don’t let friends ignore pimples.”

She imitates the laugh again.

Whatever. She doesn’t have any real friends. Not like I do. Isn’t that right, Jeff?

She turns around.

Are you all done now?

She looks down at the ground.

Yep. You sure are.

She takes a little plastic bag out of her pocket and wraps it around her hand. Jeff tugs on the leash.

Not yet, little guy. I have to pick this up.

She bends down and picks up his little gift.

Fine. Turn around. I know this embarrasses you, but it’s rude to just leave it there for someone to step in. Unless it’s on Piper’s lawn.

She ties up the little bag, then looks at Jeff.

I know, that wasn’t very nice. Sorry. I didn’t mean it. You would never do something like that. That’s cause you’re my good boy!

She pets him, then her eyes dart back into the sky.

There it goes again! More tumblefur! Up, up, up and away! You’re lucky, you know that? You get to shed all your fur and then see what happens when it grows back in again. You’re always the same dog on the inside, but you get to try on a new outside every few



help@theatrefolk.com www.theatrefolk.com

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