



by Bradley Walton

Sample Pages from Storied

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STORIED

A FANTASY COMEDY/DRAMA
IN TWO ACTS BY
Bradley Walton



Storied

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Characters

20 characters – 9 females, 6 males, 5 either
With doubling, 7 actors possible: 4 females, 3 males

TATUM (F) – a teenage girl	COLLEEN (F) – the evil queen from the Brothers Grimm's <i>Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs</i>
BECKY (F) – a teenage girl	HAWKEYE (M) – an American frontiersman from James Fenimore Cooper's <i>The Last of the Mohicans</i>
KEVIN (M) – a teenage boy	SANTA CLAUS (M)
BIG METAL THING (M or F) – a big thing made out of metal	MRS. CLAUS (F) – Santa's wife
JAVERT (M) – a French policeman from Victor Hugo's <i>Les Misérables</i>	LADY MACBETH (F) – from William Shakespeare's <i>Macbeth</i>
ELIZABETH BENNETT (F) – a young lady from Jane Austen's <i>Pride and Prejudice</i>	ALICE (F) – from Lewis Carroll's <i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>
HESTER PRYNNE (F) – a woman from Nathaniel Hawthorne's <i>The Scarlet Letter</i>	BIGFOOT (M or F) – a hairy creature who inhabits the forests of the Pacific Northwest
ANCIENT MARINER (M) – an old seafarer from Samuel Taylor Coleridge's <i>The Rime of the Ancient Mariner</i>	SHORT GREEN ALIEN WITH BIG EARS (M or F)
WHITE RABBIT (M or F) – the White Rabbit from Lewis Carroll's <i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	SNIPER IN A TUTU (M)
BRITTANY (F) – the witch from the Brothers Grimm's <i>Hansel and Gretel</i>	TOILET, DESTROYER OF WORLDS (voice) (M or F)

Doubling

Sets of roles that can be played by one actor include:

BIG METAL THING / MARINER / WHITE RABBIT / SANTA / TOILET
 JAVERT / HAWKEYE / BIGFOOT / SNIPER
 ELIZABETH / BRITTANY / MRS. CLAUS / ALICE
 HESTER / COLLEEN / LADY MACBETH / ALIEN
 ELIZABETH / WHITE RABBIT / MRS. CLAUS
 MARINER / SANTA / ALIEN / TOILET
 BIG METAL THING / ALICE

Notes

If the costume for your BIGFOOT should wind up looking more like the Abominable Snowman, it is permissible to change the character's name to MR. YETI.

TOILET, DESTROYER OF WORLDS may be changed to GARBAGE DISPOSAL, DESTROYER OF WORLDS.

If the play is performed at a school where a realistic-looking modern gun is not permitted onstage, the SNIPER may use a knife to threaten KEVIN and BECKY in

Act I, scene 5, with the implication that the SNIPER left his rifle at the location from which he fired his shot.

Staging

Staging is extremely flexible. The exterior landscape is open to interpretation and imagination. There are three things which require construction and/or painting. 1) Act I, Scene 2 requires the exterior of a cottage. 2) Act II, Scene 2 requires a giant toilet (or sink) with a bowl at least as tall as the actors, if not higher. 3) The costume for BIG METAL THING, which needs to be big and metallic-looking. I envision some sort of abstract sculpture pushed around on wheels by stage crew, with the actor's face visible through a hole in the unit, but please feel free to interpret this as you see fit. Something involving an actor covered in metallic fabric could work as well.

Scenes

Act I, Scene 1 – Entrance to the storied land – TATUM, BECKY, BIG METAL THING, JAVERT, ELIZABETH, HESTER, MARINER, KEVIN, WHITE RABBIT

Act I, Scene 2 – Outside the witch's cottage – WHITE RABBIT, BECKY, TATUM, KEVIN, BRITTANY, COLLEEN

Act I, Scene 3 – Across the storied land – TATUM, BECKY, KEVIN, HAWKEYE, SANTA CLAUS, MRS. CLAUS, LADY MACBETH

Act I, Scene 4 – The tea party – TATUM, BECKY, KEVIN, WHITE RABBIT, ALICE, BIGFOOT, ALIEN

Act I, Scene 5 – Outside the Land of Bad Ideas – TATUM, BECKY, KEVIN, SNIPER

Act II, Scene 1 – Outside the Land of Bad Ideas – TATUM, BECKY, KEVIN, MARINER

Act II, Scene 2 – The lair of the Destroyer of Worlds – BECKY, KEVIN, TOILET, BRITTANY, COLLEEN, SNIPER, BIG METAL THING

Original Cast

Storied premiered April 27 and 28, 2012 at Harrisonburg High School in Harrisonburg, Virginia. It was produced by Stanley Swartz, directed by Bradley Walton, stage managed by Anna Dick with Jesse Henninger on crew, and featured the following cast:

TATUM – Merrill Harmison

BECKY – Daelynn McCleve

KEVIN – Christian Tyler Edwards

BRITTANY – Sheetal Kunver

COLLEEN – Jess Sangabriel

BIG METAL THING / ALICE – Mariah Flick

ANCIENT MARINER / SANTA CLAUS / ALIEN / DESTROYER OF WORLDS – Leighton Snyder

HAWKEYE / MR. YETI / SNIPER – Frank Dellorco

ELIZABETH BENNETT / WHITE RABBIT / MRS. CLAUS – Hiesun Ho

LADY MACBETH – Natasha Chashkina

HESTER PRYNNE – Anna Dick

JAVERT – Alex Hunter-Nickels

ACT I

Act I, Scene I

AT RISE: A dark stage. It is pitch black. BECKY and TATUM, two teenagers, enter, but the audience should not be able to see them.

BECKY: Boy, it's dark in here.

TATUM: Yup.

BECKY: It's not supposed to be this dark, is it?

TATUM: Only if they're trying to hide that they never clean.

BECKY: That's gross.

TATUM: I'm just saying.

BECKY: They clean. It's a mall. Malls are clean.

TATUM: Unless they don't clean.

BECKY: You're freaking me out here.

TATUM: You freak out too easy.

BECKY: Is there a light switch?

TATUM: I have no idea. It seems like there should be a light switch.

BECKY: What if there's one of those sensor things that turns the lights on automatically when somebody walks in, but it's not working?

TATUM: I dunno. Maybe.

BECKY: But wouldn't there still be a backup light switch?

TATUM: I don't know. I don't design bathrooms.

BECKY: Maybe you could look it up on your phone.

TATUM: We could just go back out the door.

BECKY: We should.

TATUM: Okay.

Pause.

BECKY: I can't find the door.

TATUM: It's like two feet right behind you. How can you not find it?

BECKY: I'm not finding it by groping around blindly in the dark while simultaneously experiencing a complete failure to touch anything.

TATUM: Get out of the way.

BECKY: If I get out of your way then I'll be even further away from where I think the door should be and I'm going to be even more disoriented than I am already.

TATUM: Move!

BECKY: All right!

TATUM: Where's the—oh, for crying out loud!

BECKY: What?

TATUM: I can't find it either.

BECKY: We should use your cellphone as a flashlight.

TATUM: Mine's buried in my purse somewhere. Can you get to yours?

BECKY: I think so, but I'd rather use yours.

TATUM: Why?

BECKY: Because I'm scared my battery might not be charged.

TATUM: So find out!

BECKY: Tatum, it's dark and we can't find the door and I'm really freaking out here and if I find out that my cellphone battery is dead, I'm going to freak out even worse. I would really, really feel a whole lot better if we used your phone.

TATUM: My purse is a mess! If I go digging around in it and something falls out I'll probably never find it again!

BECKY: That's not my fault!

TATUM: Oh, for—fine. Okay. I will dig through my purse in total darkness while you stand there quivering in fear.

BECKY: Thank you. *(pause)* How's it going?

TATUM: Shut up.

BECKY: Okay. *(pause)* Are you still there? *(pause)* Tatum?

TATUM: What?

BECKY: You scared me!

TATUM: (*sarcastic*) Bummer. (*beat*) There it is! (*a light from TATUM's phone appears*) Let there be light!

TATUM holds the phone triumphantly above her head. The stage lights come up. There is a BIG METAL THING on the stage.

BECKY: Wow, this is a really big bathroom.

TATUM: (*surprised*) How did... I was just being silly and over-dramatic... and this doesn't look like a bathroom.

BECKY: We walked through a bathroom door. There was a sign that said "restrooms" and there was one of those little picture things of a woman on the door. It has to be a bathroom.

TATUM: Where's the door? I don't see a door.

BECKY: Tatum, stop.

TATUM: Where are the toilets? And the sinks?

BECKY: Would you please stop pointing out the obvious? It's really starting to freak me out!

TATUM: Where are the mirrors?

BECKY: Tatum, I don't think we're in the bathroom anymore!

TATUM: I don't know.

BECKY: How can you not know? You just rattled off a list of very obvious things that would be here if this was the bathroom! Those things are not here! This is not a bathroom! We walked through a bathroom door, got lost in the dark, and now we're in some strange place where we don't know where we are. What are you doing?

TATUM: Looking up the mall's number on my phone. I'm going to call the mall office and find out what's going on. (*beat*) Darn it!

BECKY: What?

TATUM: My phone's not getting a signal.

BECKY: Bummer.

TATUM: Are you getting a signal?

BECKY: I don't know.

TATUM: Can you check?

BECKY: I'd rather not check.

TATUM: Becky, we have light. If your battery is dead, it's not like we're still going to be stuck in the dark.

BECKY: I'd still rather not check.

TATUM: Why?

BECKY: Because I don't like not having a signal.

TATUM: If you look to see if you have a signal, it won't make you not have a signal if you do have a signal.

BECKY: I know.

TATUM: So look.

BECKY: But if I don't have a signal then I'll know that I don't have a signal, and I'll start freaking out again. As long as I don't look then I won't know, and as long as I don't know, then there's a chance that I do have a signal.

TATUM: Give me your phone.

BECKY: No.

TATUM: Why?

BECKY: Because you'll check it.

TATUM: Of course I'm going to check it.

BECKY: I don't want you to check it. Check your own phone.

TATUM: I already checked my own phone.

BECKY: Check yours again. Go over there and check it. Go stand next to that big metal thing. Maybe it'll boost your signal.

TATUM: It's a big metal thing, not an antenna.

BECKY: Antennas are big metal things. Shouldn't pretty much any big metal thing work as an antenna?

TATUM: I have no idea. I'd look it up on my phone, but I have no signal and somebody won't let me check hers.

BECKY: What is the big metal thing?

TATUM: I don't know. Don't change the subject.

BECKY: I'm not changing the subject.

TATUM: Whatever. Fine. Here. I'm standing next to the big metal thing. I'm testing my phone. No good. Your turn.

BECKY: I don't want a turn. I want to know what the big metal thing is.

TATUM: You said it yourself. It's a big metal thing. That describes it perfectly. Now Becky, check your freaking phone or I'm going to wring your neck!

BMT: Ladies, there's no need to get violent.

TATUM: Who said that?

BMT: I did.

TATUM: Who's "I"?

BECKY: The big metal thing.

TATUM: No. The big metal thing did not just talk. The deal with the bathroom and no phone signal is bad enough, but I refuse to believe that the big metal thing is talking to us now.

BMT: You're welcome to not believe it, but that doesn't change the fact that it's happening.

BECKY: Tatum...

TATUM: No. No no no no.

BMT: I realize that this is disorienting and mentally traumatic, but you need to accept your current reality, regardless of how unreal it may seem.

TATUM: This is a dream.

BMT: This is not a dream, and by the way, that's about the most clichéd thing that you could have possibly said.

TATUM: Convince me.

BMT: Any movie, any book, any story where someone finds themselves in an unreal situation, they always question whether it's a dream. It's redundant to the point of—

TATUM: No! Not about the clichés! That this isn't a dream!

BMT: Ah. Sorry. Okay. What do you think my name is?

TATUM: I have no idea.

BMT: Take your best guess.

TATUM: I don't know. What part of "I don't know" don't you know?

BMT: I'll give you a hint. You said it already.

TATUM: I didn't say any names already.

BMT: (to BECKY) And you said it, too.

BECKY: What?

BMT: Big Metal Thing.

TATUM: We know you're a big metal thing. That's obvious. What's your name?

BMT: Big Metal Thing.

TATUM: That's what you are... and what you're called?

BMT: Not just what I'm called. It's my name. You see, I was originally supposed to be a gas grill. But my creator decided against that. Then he thought he might make me a filing cabinet, but changed his mind again. In the end, he couldn't decide what he wanted me to be, so he simply made me a big metal thing and then named me "Big Metal Thing."

TATUM: What else?

BMT: That's it. End of story.

TATUM: That can't be all.

BMT: Why not?

TATUM: I mean... having a big metal thing and not knowing what it is so you just say it's a big metal thing and then you *name* it that and call it a day... that seems like a dumb bad idea.

BMT: It would certainly come close. Unless, in the end, it turns out that I have some sort of function after all?

BECKY: I guess...?

BMT: Now, let me ask you something... am I the kind of thing you would dream?

TATUM: Um...

BMT: It's okay. I know what you're thinking.

TATUM: What am I thinking?

BMT: That you'd hope you're not crazy enough to dream something like me, but if you're not that crazy, then this must actually be happening.

TATUM: Okay, yeah. That's what I'm thinking.

BMT: Sorry.

TATUM: Not your fault. Wait... is it your fault? I have no idea.

BMT: No. It's not my fault.

TATUM: Okay. Good. *(pause)* Whose fault is it?

BMT: I can't say.

TATUM: I'd Google it *(update search engine reference as necessary)* except my phone doesn't work. Why doesn't my phone work?

BECKY: Tatum, I don't think that's really something you could look up on a search engine.

BMT: Because you're not in the world you consider to be your home.

TATUM: If this isn't our world, what world is it?

BMT: It doesn't have a name. It simply is.

BECKY: Is this like Oz or Wonderland or something?

BMT: Or something.

TATUM: So where are Alice and Dorothy?

BMT: Around.

TATUM: Whoa. Wait. I was trying to be sarcastic. You didn't say this was Oz or Wonderland. You said this was "or something."

BMT: Correct.

TATUM: Oz and Wonderland aren't the same place. Dorothy and Alice don't exist in the same stories. I mean, not originally, anyway. Not until the copyrights expired and people could do whatever they wanted with them.

BMT: Correct.

TATUM: So this is... a combination of Oz and Wonderland or something?

BMT: Or something.

TATUM: You said that already.

BMT: I know.

TATUM: That doesn't help! You know what I think? I think you're pulling our legs. What you're saying is impossible!

BMT: Look who you're talking to.

TATUM: I was afraid you'd say that. (*beat*) So if my phone doesn't have a signal, does that mean her phone doesn't have a signal?

BECKY: Please don't answer that question!

BMT: I won't answer that question.

TATUM: Why not?

BMT: Because she could find out for herself very easily if she really wanted to.

TATUM: Of course.

BMT: And because she said please.

TATUM: Are you here for any reason other than to drive me crazy?

BMT: Yes.

TATUM: Okay. Great. What?

BMT: Firstly, to welcome you.

TATUM: I want you to know that you suck at welcoming people.

BECKY: Tatum, don't be rude!

TATUM: Well, he does!

BECKY: He's also big and metal and we're not.

BMT: I haven't welcomed you yet.

TATUM: Oh. Okay. Well, feel free then, I guess.

BMT: Welcome.

BECKY: Thank you.

BMT: Did that suck?

TATUM: Is that it?

BMT: Yes. Did it suck?

BECKY: No. Nope. Not at all. That was great.

BMT: Tatum, what about you? Do you think it sucked?

TATUM: Not... technically. It was sort of bare-bones, but it was a welcome, yes. So... no.

BMT: Very good. Secondly, I wish to advise you that you're in a place which may not always adhere to your understanding of reality.

TATUM: It's weird here. Yeah, we caught that.

BMT: Excellent.

BECKY: Are there things here that are like... dangerous?

BMT: Yes.

BECKY: Are you?

BMT: I won't hurt you.

TATUM: Should we trust you?

BMT: I leave that to you.

TATUM: Great. Is there anything else important?

BMT: Yes.

BECKY: What?

BMT: (*specifically to BECKY*) You'll figure it out. (*starts to exit*)

TATUM: (*sarcastic*) Thanks a bunch.

BECKY: (*to BMT*) Where are you going?

BMT: Away.

BECKY: Should we come with you?

BMT: No.

BECKY: Okay. Um. What should we do?

BMT: Wait here.

BECKY: For what?

BMT: You'll see.

BIG METAL THING exits.

BECKY: I think we can trust him.

TATUM: All we know about this thing is that he's a big metal... thing... and that he's really good at laying out a bunch of vague exposition. Why in the world do you think we should trust him?

BECKY: Because if we shouldn't trust him, he'd have said we should trust him. By throwing it back at us, he's letting us make our own choice. That means he's one of the good guys.

TATUM: If he's one of the good guys, then who are the bad guys?

JAVERT enters.

JAVERT: Excusez-moi, mademoiselles.

TATUM: Um... what?

JAVERT: Pardon, ladies. I'm looking for a man. A large, muscular fellow. He may be wearing a shirt with a number embroidered on it.

BECKY: What number?

JAVERT: 24601.

BECKY: No. We haven't seen anybody like that.

JAVERT: You're sure?

TATUM: Positive.

JAVERT: Blast it. We were supposed to play chess together this afternoon, but I took a nap and overslept and now I can't find him. Sorry to trouble you. I'll be on my way.

JAVERT exits.

BECKY: 24601. Why do I feel like that number should mean something to me?

TATUM: Is it a zip code in a TV show?

BECKY: I don't think so.

TATUM: You don't suppose that was who we were waiting for, do you?

BECKY: I didn't get that impression.

TATUM: Good. Me neither.

ELIZABETH BENNETT and HESTER PRYNNE enter. ELIZABETH's clothing is from 19th century England, while HESTER wears 17th century Puritan garb with

a letter A in red sequins on the chest. BECKY and TATUM both recognize the significance of the A and are obviously embarrassed.

ELIZABETH: Hester, no one expects you to wear that dreadful thing anymore. I don't see why you won't get rid of it.

HESTER: Elizabeth, I was forced to wear the letter "A" as a punishment because it made me feel, to say the least, very uncomfortable. But times have changed now, to the point that me not just wearing this, but flaunting it outright, makes other people uncomfortable. It's fabulous. I love it.

ELIZABETH: But did you have to cover it with sequins?

HESTER: The sequins are the best part.

ELIZABETH: You know that neither Fitzwilliam nor I approve.

ELIZABETH and HESTER exit.

BECKY: I don't think they were who we're waiting for, either.

TATUM: I really hope not.

BECKY: She was wearing one of those scarlet letter things... like from the book we had to read for English class.

TATUM: That was just... really wrong.

BECKY: I hope whoever we're waiting for gets here soon.

KEVIN and the ANCIENT MARINER enter. The MARINER is grasping KEVIN by the arm. KEVIN is struggling to get loose, but can't.

KEVIN: Let go of me, man!

MARINER: He prayeth well, who loveth well both man and bird and beast. He prayeth best, who loveth best all things both great and small; for the dear God who loveth us, he made and loveth all.

The MARINER lets go of KEVIN.

KEVIN: What is your problem?

MARINER: It used to be none could break my gaze. The attention span of the younger generation leaves much to be desired.

KEVIN: I didn't understand any of the stuff you just told me, and you know what—I don't care!

The MARINER ignores KEVIN and scrutinizes TATUM and BECKY. HE seems particularly interested in TATUM.

BECKY: (*very alarmed*) Um... hi.

MARINER: (*to TATUM*) Oh, child. I'm so sorry. Truly sorry.

TATUM: (*not having any clue what HE's talking about*) Uh... it's okay. Really. Don't worry about it.

MARINER: I've failed you.

TATUM: Nah. No. Don't worry about it. No problem.

MARINER: I will see you again.

MARINER exits.

TATUM: Not if I can avoid it.

BECKY: What was he talking about?

TATUM: I have no idea.

KEVIN: Will somebody please tell me what the math is going on?

TATUM: What?

KEVIN: That weird old guy just grabbed me for no reason and told me some freaked-out story about shooting an albatross. I couldn't get away from him!

BECKY: Um...

KEVIN: And I keep saying "math" when I try to say "math!" Why can't I say "math?!"

BECKY: Uh... are you trying to swear?

KEVIN: Yes!

BECKY: But every time you say a swear word, it comes out "math"?

KEVIN: Yes!

BECKY: That's really weird.

KEVIN: Do you think so?

TATUM: Don't get all testy.

KEVIN: What are you doing in the guys' bathroom?

BECKY: The guys' bathroom? You were in the guys' bathroom?

KEVIN: Why would I not go to the guys' bathroom?

BECKY: That's not what I meant. What I meant was, you came here from the bathroom in the mall?

KEVIN: From the bathroom? This is the bathroom.

TATUM: Does this look like a bathroom?

KEVIN: (*looks around*) No. Not really.

TATUM: There's a reason for that.

BECKY: It's not the bathroom.

KEVIN: Then what was the freaky old pervert doing here? If it's not the bathroom, what is it?

TATUM: Hold on to that thought for just a second. When you say bathroom, was it the bathroom in the mall in Lambertton?

KEVIN: Yeah.

BECKY: Next to the food court?

KEVIN: Yeah. I walked in and there was no light and I couldn't find the door, and then all of a sudden the lights come up and I'm in this giant bathroom with the old guy and now there's two girls telling me that the bathroom's not really a bathroom. Where are we?

BECKY: We just met one of the locals and asked him the same question. He wasn't very clear. I asked if it was like Oz or Wonderland or something and he said "or something."

KEVIN: Those places are make-believe.

TATUM: The first two are. We're not sure about the "or something" though.

BECKY: Why do you think your swear words are coming out as "math"?

KEVIN: I have no idea. Is it happening to you?

TATUM: We haven't used any curse words since we got here.

KEVIN: So use a curse word.

TATUM: Spiders.

BECKY: What?

TATUM: I tried to say “spiders” but instead it came out “spiders.”

KEVIN: This is messed up.

TATUM: What about you?

BECKY: My mother taught me not to use profanity.

TATUM: Your mother’s not here.

BECKY: It doesn’t matter. I don’t talk like that.

TATUM: You’re not actually using profanity. You’re checking to see if... whatever it is... if it affects you, too.

KEVIN: Come on, say “math.”

BECKY: (*reluctantly*) Yams.

TATUM: Yams?

BECKY: I hate yams.

TATUM: Is “yams” your idea of profanity or did you say “spiders” and it came out “yams”?

BECKY: I tried to say “yams” and it came out “yams.”

KEVIN: So you really said “math”?

BECKY: Yeah.

KEVIN: This is so confusing.

TATUM: And you hate yams?

BECKY: More than anything else I can think of. Or at least, they’re pretty high on the list.

TATUM: I hate spiders. And I guess you hate math?

KEVIN: Yeah.

TATUM: So this place has like, its own V-chip (*or “profanity filter”*) and it makes us substitute something we hate for swear words. Which in a way makes a certain amount of sense, except that essentially each of us is speaking our own little language if we try to swear.

KEVIN: Wow. This sucks.

TATUM: Do you have a cellphone?

KEVIN: None of your business.

TATUM: I didn't think it was that personal of a question.

KEVIN: Yeah, well, it is.

TATUM: Okay. Sorry. But if you do happen to have a cellphone and you happen to check it, could you let me know if you happen to have a signal?

KEVIN: Don't hold your breath.

TATUM: Whatever.

Pause.

BECKY: So. Um. What do we do?

TATUM: Well, we know there are people around. Let's just pick a direction and start walking.

BECKY: Too bad there's no yellow brick road.

The WHITE RABBIT enters.

WHITE RABBIT: Oh dear. I shall be late!

The WHITE RABBIT exits.

BECKY: But there's that.

TATUM: You have got to be kidding me.

KEVIN: What the—what was that?

BECKY: That was the White Rabbit.

KEVIN: It talked.

TATUM: The White Rabbit talks.

KEVIN: Rabbits don't talk.

BECKY: The White Rabbit does in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*.

KEVIN: I don't do girl stuff.

BECKY: I say we follow the rabbit.

TATUM: I say we should, too.

BECKY: You coming?

KEVIN: If I go with you, it doesn't mean I do girl stuff.

Blackout.

Act I, Scene 2

AT RISE: The exterior of a small cottage. COLLEEN and BRITTANY are standing outside, looking into a mirror that COLLEEN is holding. The WHITE RABBIT enters.

WHITE RABBIT: Excuse me! I'm late! I'm late! So very late!

COLLEEN: Thank you, dear Rabbit.

RABBIT: For what?

COLLEEN: You saved us a trip.

RABBIT: I have no idea what you're talking about.

COLLEEN: It's okay. You should be on your way. You're late.

RABBIT: Oh my! I am! I'm late! (*exits*)

BRITTANY: So cute, yet so annoying.

TATUM, BECKY and KEVIN enter.

COLLEEN: Hello.

TATUM: Uh... hi.

BRITTANY: Would you be from a place called "Earth?"

TATUM: Yeah, actually... we would.

BRITTANY: And your names would be...

TATUM: I'm Tatum Alberta Ross.

BECKY: Becky Grant.

KEVIN: Kevin.

BRITTANY: It worked!

COLLEEN: The mirror doesn't lie. (*aside to BRITTANY*) But why do you think there are two others?

BRITTANY: (*aside to COLLEEN*) I'm guessing the spell brought along whoever was nearby or in the next room or something. I don't know. I was magically reaching across worlds. We got what we wanted. If I picked up extra passengers, I'm not going to cry about it.

BECKY: Um, excuse me. What worked?

BRITTANY: I brought you here. With magic.

TATUM: Okay... can you tell us where or what “here” is, exactly?

BRITTANY: It’s complicated.

TATUM: So pretend we’re stupid and explain it so we can understand.

KEVIN: Who’re you calling stupid?

TATUM: Nobody.

KEVIN: You just said—

TATUM: I said “pretend.” Do you not understand “pretend”?

KEVIN: I understand that when somebody says to pretend they’re stupid, what they really mean is that they are stupid and they want you to pretend that they’re not.

TATUM: Do you know what’s going on here?

KEVIN: No.

TATUM: Do you want to find out?

KEVIN: Yes.

TATUM: Do you want this woman to explain it to us in words that we understand?

KEVIN: Yes.

TATUM: Then shut up.

KEVIN: Don’t tell me to shut up!

TATUM: Of all the people in the world I could’ve gotten into this mess with, why did it have to be you two?

BECKY: What’s wrong with me?

TATUM: What do you think?

COLLEEN: Brittany?

BRITTANY: Yes, Colleen?

COLLEEN: I think we could have a problem.

BRITTANY: I think you could be right.

TATUM: You think you have a problem? You don’t know what a problem is. A problem is going to the mall with your friends

except somebody's idiot sister that you don't even like tags along and then follows you into the bathroom and there's no lights and when there are finally lights you're stuck in a place that's not the bathroom anymore and your phone doesn't work and now you've got the added company of... (*pointing at KEVIN*) of *him*... and nobody will give you a straight answer to anything and then other people tell you that *they* have problems!

BECKY: You don't like my sister?

TATUM: No, I don't like you!

BECKY: Oh.

KEVIN: Chill out.

TATUM: You're telling me to chill out? Are you serious? You?

KEVIN: Yeah. You're being annoying.

TATUM: Go look in a mirror!

COLLEEN: I think we definitely have a problem.

BRITTANY: I think you're definitely right.

TATUM: Okay. Fine. Tell me. Tell us. What's your problem?

BRITTANY: You're a bunch of bickering, immature brats.

TATUM: If it's your fault we're here and you've got a problem with us, then that's your tough luck. Now send us home. Or send me home. You can keep them, if you want.

BRITTANY: I can't do that. We need you.

TATUM: We're part of your problem, but you need us? How does that work?

BRITTANY: The spell I used to bring you here took a lot of power. It wiped me out. It'll be years before I can build enough power back up to do it again, so that means we're stuck with you.

TATUM: If you're stuck with us, then does that mean we're stuck here?

BRITTANY: Yes.

TATUM: Spiders. Aaarggh! I don't believe this! I'm trapped here with these people and I can't even swear about it!

BRITTANY: Ah... that would be my fault. At least partly. Sorry about that. It was necessary.

TATUM: What, you cast a censorship spell?

BRITTANY: Me and some others, yes. I'm afraid so.

KEVIN: Listen, I don't like other people controlling what I can and can't say.

BRITTANY: And I'm sorry you can't say it. Really. But there are herds of creatures that kill with swear words roaming the land, and a censorship spell covering our world was the only way to stop them from constantly swearing everyone to death. It was a huge problem. We did make it so the substitute swear word was something the swearer hated... we thought that would help to maintain the spirit of what was being expressed. The results of that have been a bit... interesting.

TATUM: Herds of creatures that kill... *with swear words*? That's the stupidest thing I ever heard.

KEVIN: I think it's kind of cool.

TATUM: You would. But if I—I mean, if I read that in a book, I'd think it was like the dumbest, most—

COLLEEN: That it was a bad idea.

TATUM: Yeah. Exactly.

COLLEEN: Okay. See if you can wrap your head around this. Whenever somebody in your world creates a story, and the characters in that story are released from their creator's head, this is where they end up.

BECKY: How do characters get released from their creator's head?

COLLEEN: It happens when the creator shares the story with an audience.

BECKY: So every character from every story ever put on paper... they all exist here?

COLLEEN: No. Writing down the story doesn't have anything to do with it. It's the act of sharing it. Of willfully making it available for others to read or hear or watch.

BECKY: So... that would explain the White Rabbit.

COLLEEN: Correct.

BECKY: And every character from Oz and Wonderland is running around here?

COLLEEN: Correct.

BECKY: Every fairy tale character?

COLLEEN: Correct.

KEVIN: Zombies? Vampires?

COLLEEN: We have those.

KEVIN: I'm maybe starting to like this place.

BECKY: And so whenever (*insert name of current, popular author*) publishes a new book, or whenever a new movie comes out, all those characters find their way here, too?

BRITTANY: Not exactly. There's a magic in your world that prevents them from fully crossing over for a time.

BECKY: There's no such thing as magic in our world.

BRITTANY: Sure there is. Copyright law.

BECKY: I don't know the first thing about copyright law, but I'm pretty sure it's not magic.

BRITTANY: Copyright laws are rules binding stories, and the characters in those stories are duly bound by those rules until the copyright expires. Until then, they only exist here as generic versions of themselves.

TATUM: What?

BRITTANY: For example, if *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* was still under copyright, Alice would not exist here as "Alice." Instead, she would be an unnamed "girl who fell down a rabbit hole".

TATUM: She wouldn't have a name... just a description?

BRITTANY: Correct.

TATUM: That's messed up.

BECKY: I never heard of any movies or books with herds of monsters that kill people with cuss words.

COLLEEN: It's not just creations from famous works that exist here... it's creations from every work that has been put out for an audience to discover.

BECKY: This place would have to be huge.

COLLEEN: It is.

TATUM: But from what you're saying, every time somebody writes something and posts it on the Internet, those characters would come to life here.

BRITTANY: Not the actual characters—but generic forms of them.

BECKY: Most of the people who post stories on the Internet—I don't think they copyright their work.

BRITTANY: They don't have to. If you write something, it's copyrighted. Period. It's not a registered copyright, but the rules are still in effect.

BECKY: So there's some really strange stuff around here, then?

COLLEEN: You have no idea.

TATUM: Why are we here?

BRITTANY: Well, one thing that's constant in the universe... wherever you have intelligent life, you'll find malevolence.

TATUM: By which you mean evil.

BRITTANY: More or less.

TATUM: And if you've got vampires and fairy tale witches here, then of course you've got evil.

BRITTANY: Not exactly.

TATUM: But you just said... wait a minute. You brought us here with magic. You're a witch.

BRITTANY: Correct.

TATUM: What witch are you? Are you a good witch? Are you an evil witch?

BRITTANY: I am a formerly evil witch.

BECKY: As in... not evil any more?

BRITTANY: I am no longer evil.

BECKY: Have we heard of you?

BRITTANY: Probably.

TATUM: What story are you from?

BRITTANY: *Hansel and Gretel*.

TATUM: Oh crap.

BRITTANY: Please don't start screaming and crying.

TATUM: You... you eat children!

BECKY: And... aren't you supposed to be dead? You got shoved into your own oven and died! That's how the story goes!

BRITTANY: That is indeed how the story goes and it is very much part of who I am... but I escaped from the gray matter where I was created, remember? And in so doing, I was eventually free to grow and become my own person.

TATUM: That's way too hard to swallow.

BRITTANY: Don't try. Just accept it and move on.

TATUM: She called you "Brittany." The witch in *Hansel and Gretel* isn't named Brittany!

BRITTANY: I didn't have a name in my story, so I picked one for myself. Colleen did the same thing.

BECKY: (to COLLEEN) So... who're you?

COLLEEN: Snow White's stepmother.

BECKY: Oh, yams.

KEVIN: This is not cool.

TATUM: Snow White?

COLLEEN: Yes.

TATUM: With the poisoned apple?

COLLEEN: Yes.

TATUM: And are you also "formerly evil"?

COLLEEN: Yes.

TATUM: You're sure?

COLLEEN: Yes.

TATUM: I want you to know that I'm trying to be calm on the outside, but I'm royally freaking out on the inside.

COLLEEN: We understand.

TATUM: You're the queen from *Snow White* and she's the witch from *Hansel and Gretel* and you want us for what?

COLLEEN: We need you to kill somebody.

Pause. TATUM laughs. BECKY joins in, followed by KEVIN and then BRITTANY and finally COLLEEN. After a few seconds, EVERYONE abruptly stops laughing.

TATUM: You're not kidding, are you?

COLLEEN: No.

TATUM: Are you out of your minds? I'm not a killer. She's not a killer. I'm pretty sure he's not one either—are you?

KEVIN: Some days I wish, but no.

TATUM: You two, even if you're not evil anymore, you've got way more experience at killing than we do.

COLLEEN: It doesn't matter.

BECKY: What do you mean it doesn't matter?!? (*points at BRITTANY*) She ate children! Of course it matters!

BRITTANY: I understand that this bothers you, but please... I'm not that person anymore and I'm not on trial here, so can you let it go?

BECKY: I want to go home.

BRITTANY: That's going to be problematic, at best. But if you don't help us, it's not going to happen at all.

TATUM: Why?

BRITTANY: Remember what I said about there being malevolence here?

TATUM: Malevolence. Right. Evil. Evil that is supposedly not you. Which just totally begs the question, if you're not evil, then who is evil? Dracula? The Wicked Witch of the West? Generic half-robot guy in black armor with red laser sword and asthma? Little Red Riding Hood?

BRITTANY: No. Admittedly, some of them have sketchy pasts. At worst, they may represent threats to a few specific individuals,

but not to humanity or reality as a whole. And they can't be said to be truly bad, because they were all good ideas.

TATUM: What?

COLLEEN: Look, I may have been evil once, but without me, Snow White wouldn't have had a story. I've brought enjoyment to people for hundreds of years, and that more than outweighs the crime of trying to kill my own stepdaughter. I was a good idea. Are you following me so far?

TATUM: I don't know.

COLLEEN: Now... the herds of creatures that kill with swear words... they were inherently evil within the context of their original story—admittedly, just like me—but they never entertained or brought enjoyment to anybody because they're so ridiculous that they could never credibly function in a story. They're a bad idea.

KEVIN: I still think they sound cool.

TATUM: Kevin, I'm sorry, but she's right. They're a bad idea.

BRITTANY: The bad ideas are chaotic and unpredictable and unreasonable. And thanks to the Internet, their numbers are growing at an exponential rate. They're becoming organized, and they have a plan.

TATUM: You just said they were chaotic. How can they be organizing themselves if they're chaotic?

BRITTANY: They have a leader.

TATUM: And I suppose he's like, the worst idea of all time?

COLLEEN: That's exactly right.

TATUM: And I guess that's who you want us to kill?

BRITTANY: Right again.

TATUM: Why us? You've got witches and vampires and probably dragons and... and super heroes and stuff here. What can we possibly do that they can't?

BRITTANY: The bad ideas have magic and monsters and beings so powerful that they dwarf anything on our side.

TATUM: How? I mean, if they're inherently bad ideas, then they're flawed and inferior to you, right?

COLLEEN: For storytelling purposes, yes. If you've got a character so powerful that they can do anything and no one can stand against them until a ridiculous and improbable ending, it doesn't make for a very good story. But that doesn't stop people from putting their bad stories out there for other people to read. And it doesn't make those absurdly powerful characters any less powerful.

TATUM: If they're that powerful, then why haven't they wiped you out already? I mean, I'm assuming here that they've tried to wipe you out... because I suppose they're jealous of you or something?

BRITTANY: Exactly right. And they've tried and they've succeeded and it was awful... but... we're regenerated and replenished whenever our stories are read or told. Those of us like Colleen and I who are fortunate enough to be part of the classic stories... we're very hard to destroy. But we're not strong enough to destroy the bad ideas, either.

TATUM: And we are?

COLLEEN: You're from the world of the creators.

TATUM: Look at us. We're three teenagers. We're pathetic. We suck. And Kevin, don't argue with me.

KEVIN: I'm not arguing. This is so far over my head I might as well be drowning in a giant toilet.

BRITTANY: We were hoping to land someone with a bit more... maturity... than what you've exhibited so far, but you are from the world of the creators, and to be blunt, you're all that we've got.

TATUM: What do you expect us to do?

BRITTANY: We're not exactly sure. But it stands to reason that if you're from the world of creators, then you can *be* creators.

TATUM: I've never written a story in my life that wasn't for English class. Does that stuff count?

COLLEEN: It doesn't quite work that way. The story has to be actively and willfully shared, rather than coerced into being shown to a single person like a teacher.

TATUM: You really should've gotten (*insert name of famous current author*) instead of us.

BRITTANY: Sorry. The spell wasn't that specific. We got who we got, and you were who we got.

TATUM: I have no idea how to do what you're asking. I don't even want to do what you're asking. I doubt they do, either.

BECKY: Nope.

KEVIN: No way.

BRITTANY: I understand your reluctance, but you should know that the Bad Ideas are planning to destroy your world.

TATUM: You're pulling my leg.

COLLEEN: Unfortunately, we're not.

TATUM: No. You are. You know how I know? Because the threat of destroying the world is so completely clichéd and over the top that it's just—it's ridiculous—it's—

BECKY: It's a bad idea.

TATUM: Oh, crap.

BRITTANY: Crap indeed.

TATUM: Hey—I can say "crap."

BRITTANY: It wasn't a bad enough word that we needed to censor it. You can say "darn," too.

BECKY: Can we get back to the world-destroying part, please? How are they going to do it? Cross over and unleash all their evil-bad magic and powers and stuff?

BRITTANY: The magic here doesn't work in your world... at least not effectively or efficiently... so no.

BECKY: Then how...?

COLLEEN: They've made a bomb.

BECKY: A bomb?

COLLEEN: That's right.

TATUM: Just one?

COLLEEN: Correct.

TATUM: To destroy the whole world?

COLLEEN: It's a very big bomb.

TATUM: And they're going to transport it over there like you brought us here, and boom, no more world?

COLLEEN: Right.

TATUM: If their magic is so powerful why haven't they done it already?

BRITTANY: I just told you, the magic here doesn't work effectively or efficiently in your world.

TATUM: So the bomb's not magic?

BRITTANY: No. The assembly process was aided by magic, but the device itself is simply a very large nuclear bomb.

BECKY: How large?

BRITTANY: About the size of China.

BECKY: That's pretty large.

BRITTANY: Getting it from here to there is the hard part. For all the power they've got at their disposal, they're having to think and work and calculate, which goes against their nature. Still, it's only a matter of time.

BECKY: And if they destroy our world, then they can destroy you since there won't be any more audiences for your stories?

COLLEEN: Actually, the lives of the characters in this world are sustained by the existence of people in your world. If your world goes, we go. What they're planning is mass suicide.

BECKY: Why?

BRITTANY: They're bad ideas. They know it. They're embarrassed by it. If they destroy your world, they're taking revenge on their creators and ending their own meaningless, pathetic existences.

BECKY: That's crazy.

COLLEEN: They're bad ideas. What else would you expect?

Beat.

KEVIN: Um, 'scuse me?

BRITTANY: Yes?

KEVIN: Do you have a bathroom?

Blackout.

Act I, Scene 3

TATUM, BECKY, and KEVIN are trekking across the landscape, guided by HAWKEYE. HE is dressed in garb reminiscent of an American frontiersman and carries a Kentucky rifle.

TATUM: So the Bad Ideas have staked out their own territory?

HAWKEYE: The intelligent ones, yes. The unthinking, animalistic ones are spread all over.

KEVIN: Do you think we'll run across any of those?

HAWKEYE: It's a big world. The odds of running across one on any given day are low.

BECKY: Thanks for um, y'know... guiding us.

HAWKEYE: I'm doing it as a favor to Brittany, but you're welcome.

TATUM: Do you know Brittany and Colleen well?

HAWKEYE: No.

TATUM: Uh-huh...

HAWKEYE: They both have questionable backgrounds, but I've never had a problem with either of them. And Brittany makes an excellent pumpkin pie.

TATUM: Okay. Good to know.

KEVIN: You wouldn't happen to have a car, would you?

HAWKEYE: Do I look like I'd own a car?

KEVIN: No.

TATUM: Does anybody around here own a car?

HAWKEYE: No.

KEVIN: Are there cars here?

HAWKEYE: There are cities filled with great technological wonders along the coasts.

KEVIN: Are those far?

HAWKEYE: The closest one is about three thousand miles.

KEVIN: Oh.

TATUM: Bummer.

KEVIN: How far to where we're going?

HAWKEYE: It's about a day's walk.

KEVIN: Do the Bad Ideas have cars?

HAWKEYE: I do not know. I have never set foot on their land, and I have no desire to do so.

TATUM: So you're not going to help us with the thing we're doing?

HAWKEYE: I do not know what you are doing. I agreed to guide you to the passage into their lands. Nothing more.

BECKY: Are you like a... a frontier guy?

HAWKEYE: I am.

TATUM: Are you good with the rifle?

HAWKEYE: One shot, one kill.

BECKY: Right. Brittany said you go by "Hawkeye."

TATUM: When we get where we're going, could you maybe back us up or shoot at stuff if we need you to?

HAWKEYE: For what you must do, I cannot help.

TATUM: I thought you just said you didn't know what we were doing.

HAWKEYE: Call it a hunch.

TATUM: Okay, then.

Awkward pause.

BECKY: So, um... is Hawkeye your real name?

HAWKEYE: In my stories, I was called many things. Hawkeye... Pathfinder... Trapper... my name by birth is Natty Bumppo.

KEVIN: Bratty what?

HAWKEYE: Natty Bumppo.

Pause. BECKY, TATUM, and KEVIN burst out laughing.

KEVIN: That's a good one. You had us going there for a second. "Natty Bumppo." Oh, math! That's the stupidest name I ever heard! Where'd you come up with that?

HAWKEYE: My creator by way of my parents.

KEVIN: It's okay. You don't have to keep the joke going.

HAWKEYE: I'm not joking.

BECKY: Your real name is...

HAWKEYE: Natty Bumpo.

BECKY: Oh.

KEVIN: Sorry.

HAWKEYE: Sorry for being an insensitive twit, or sorry for me that my name sounds so stupid?

KEVIN: Both?

HAWKEYE: Do you see those two hills way off in the distance?

TATUM: Yeah.

HAWKEYE: That's where you want to go. Be safe in your travels.

TATUM: You're leaving us?

HAWKEYE: No pie is worth this.

HAWKEYE exits.

KEVIN: Somebody's awfully touchy.

BECKY: If you had a name like "Natty Bumpo," wouldn't you be touchy?

KEVIN: Yeah, but... he just up and left us! I sort of thought he was a nobler type of character than that.

BECKY: Yeah, well... Brittany and Colleen said characters can change.

TATUM: Great. Just great.

BECKY: At least he told us where we were going.

TATUM: I'm betting he was the only one of us who knows squat about what berries to eat and stuff like that?

KEVIN: I've never been camping in my life.

BECKY: Me neither.

TATUM: Spiders!

BECKY: Where?

TATUM: I was swearing.

BECKY: Oh.

TATUM: None of us have any practical skills to speak of, do we?

BECKY: I can score (*impressive score*) on (*a current, popular video game*).

KEVIN: That doesn't count.

TATUM: No skills, no tools, no weapons... nothing.

SANTA CLAUS and MRS. CLAUS enter, dressed pretty much like you'd expect them to dress, albeit perhaps for slightly warmer weather.

BECKY: Oh my gosh—look!

KEVIN: No...

TATUM: That looks like... Santa Claus...

BECKY: And Mrs. Claus!

KEVIN: This is too much.

BECKY: This is exactly what we need! You know the story where the kids go to the place with the lion? Father Christmas shows up and gives them weapons! (to *SANTA*) Hi.

SANTA: Good day to you.

BECKY: Are you... Santa Claus?

SANTA: I am indeed.

BECKY: And Mrs. Claus?

MRS. CLAUS: Hello.

BECKY: Um, hi. Merry Christmas.

SANTA: It's not Christmas, dear.

BECKY: No. Heh. I guess not. But um... we've all been really good this year.

MRS. CLAUS: We're very glad to hear it.

BECKY: We're not from around here and we sort of have a big important job we need to do.

SANTA: Well, welcome... and we hope you're successful.

BECKY: Thanks. We were hoping maybe you could help us out.

MRS. CLAUS: Are you begging for money?

BECKY: No. No. Not at all.

SANTA: What is it that you want?

BECKY: Some weapons...

MRS. CLAUS: Weapons?

BECKY: A sword... or maybe a bow and arrows... a rocket launcher would be nice...

SANTA: Do I look like an arms dealer to you? I'm freaking Santa Claus for crying out loud!

BECKY: I'm sorry.

SANTA: That man goes and writes that book with me giving out weapons and everyone thinks they can ask for knives and grenades and iron maidens! Do I look like I have a bag full of presents with me?

BECKY: No.

SANTA: Because we're just out for a walk. That's all. So why are you asking?

BECKY: Because you're Santa Claus.

MRS. CLAUS: (to BECKY) I've got some gum, dear. Would you like some gum? It's spearmint. (holds out a pack of gum)

TATUM, BECKY and KEVIN are bewildered, but each politely takes a piece of gum and begins to unwrap it.

BECKY: Sure.

TATUM: Yeah.

KEVIN: Thanks.

MRS. CLAUS: It might be a bit stale. If there's any mold on it, you can just spit that out.

KEVIN, BECKY and TATUM abruptly stop unwrapping their gum and put it in their pockets.

BECKY: Oh.

TATUM: Sure.

KEVIN: Think I'll save that for later.

MRS. CLAUS: You three be safe, now.

BECKY: Right. Bye.

SANTA and MRS. CLAUS begin to exit.

SANTA: Mold? You're awful.

MRS. CLAUS: That was a good one, wasn't it?

SANTA: I love you.

SANTA and MRS. CLAUS exit.

BECKY: Sorry. That didn't work out like I'd hoped.

KEVIN: Hoping for guns and instead we get... gum.

TATUM: Way to go, Becky.

BECKY: Sorry! I tried.

TATUM: That was really embarrassing.

BECKY: What are we going to do? It's like you said, we don't have any skills and we don't have time to learn them or (*looking accusingly at KEVIN*) anyone to teach us.

KEVIN: Sorry.

TATUM: Maybe we don't need to learn. Maybe we can just make stuff happen. Because, y'know... we come from the world of creators.

BECKY: But in order to make something real here, we have to write about it in our world and put it out for an audience so it can escape from our heads.

TATUM: We're not in our world, though. We're in this world. Maybe it works differently here.

KEVIN: Is it just characters that get made real here, or can it also be places or things?

TATUM: I don't know.

KEVIN: If we don't know, then we gotta start finding out.

TATUM: How?

KEVIN: I don't know. You act like you're the smart one here.

TATUM: Was that an insult?

KEVIN: It wasn't supposed to be, but if you want to take it like one, go ahead.

TATUM: Okay then, stare at a spot on the ground really hard and see if you can make laser beams shoot out of your eyes.

KEVIN: Are you trying to make me look stupid?

TATUM: If it works, you won't look stupid.

KEVIN: What if it doesn't?

TATUM: Nobody's here except for me and Becky, and we already think you're stupid, so it won't matter.

BECKY: I don't think he's stupid.

TATUM: Well, you should try it some time.

KEVIN: Why are you such a—

TATUM: A what?

KEVIN: You know.

TATUM: Say it.

KEVIN: I can't.

TATUM: Maybe if you try hard enough, you can break that spell Brittany was talking about.

KEVIN: I don't need to.

TATUM: Are you really that insecure?

BECKY: I am.

TATUM: I wasn't talking to you.

KEVIN: You do it.

TATUM: What?

KEVIN: The laser beam thing.

TATUM: You're really that scared it won't work?

KEVIN: You're really that eager for me to punch you in the face?

BECKY: Stop! Okay? I'll do it. Here.

BECKY opens her eyes wide and stares at a spot on the ground for a few seconds. Nothing happens.

Didn't work. Oh well. Sorry if I looked stupid but to be honest I really don't care. What else?

TATUM: That was kind of bold for you.

BECKY: You're starting to get on my nerves.

TATUM: You've been on mine for ages.

BECKY: I'm not getting into an argument with you. You're smarter than me and braver than me. You'll win. As a matter of fact, any arguments we have from now on, you win. There. Does that make you happy?

TATUM: What's gotten into you?

BECKY: I'm scared and freaking out in a strange place and the longer it goes on, the more convinced I am that trying to get your approval or his or anybody else's is the least of my problems. I just want to go home. So let's do what we have to in order to make sure we still have a home and then once we take care of that, we'll try to figure out how to get there. So. Now what?

TATUM: Since when am I the leader?

BECKY: I think it's pretty clear that you've made yourself the leader. So lead. Tell us what to do.

TATUM: (*indicating KEVIN*) You really think he's gonna go along with that?

KEVIN: I already said you were the smart one. What else do you want me to say? I don't have a freaking clue here. But I'll be darned if I'm gonna do something that you won't do yourself.

TATUM: You're serious? Both of you?

BECKY: Didn't you see us both screwing up just now? Yes, Tatum. We're serious.

TATUM: Okay. Um. Right. Yeah. Let's uh... let's try to make something, then.

BECKY: Something or someone?

TATUM: Someone, I guess. Since we don't know if we can make a something.

BECKY: Who?

TATUM: Somebody useful. Like a soldier with a really big gun. Let's all concentrate together and see if we can create that.

BECKY: Okay

KEVIN: Yeah. Sure.

LADY MACBETH enters, sleepwalking.

LADY MACBETH: What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

TATUM: That's not a soldier. Did one of you—

BECKY: I wasn't concentrating.

KEVIN: Me neither.

TATUM: Who is that? Should we know who that is?

LADY MACBETH: Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.

TATUM: It sounds like she's talking in Shakespeare.

KEVIN: I don't speak Shakespeare.

TATUM: Who's she talking to?

BECKY: Is she—is she sleepwalking?

TATUM: Maybe. Yeah.

BECKY: Should we wake her?

KEVIN: I think we should leave her alone.

LADY MACBETH: Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale.—I tell you again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

BECKY: She might hurt herself.

KEVIN: She might hurt us.

BECKY: We should try to help her.

KEVIN: We are helping her. We're going to fight the big Bad Idea.

BECKY: Never mind—I'll do it. (*gently shakes LADY MACBETH's arm*)
Excuse me?

LADY MACBETH: To bed, to bed! There's knocking at the gate!

BECKY: You're asleep. Wake up. Wake! Up!

LADY MACBETH: (*wakes*) What?

BECKY: Are you awake?

LADY MACBETH: I—I did it again, didn't I? I was sleepwalking. I do that a lot.

BECKY: Are you okay?

LADY MACBETH: No. I—I mean, I'm fine. Physically. My conscience is another matter. I did some bad things. My husband and I both. And even though it was so long ago, it keeps coming back. I can't get away from it, no matter how hard I try. It's like it keeps happening over and over again somehow. It seems so real. It's so hard to tell what's real and what isn't.

BECKY: Do you need us to take you somewhere?

LADY MACBETH: No. Thank you. I know—(*looks around*)—I know where I am. I don't usually come this far, but I know where I am. Thank you for waking me. (*starts to exit*)

BECKY: Wait...

LADY MACBETH: Yes?

BECKY: Before you go, could you please tell us who you are?

LADY MACBETH: My name is Lady Macbeth. (*exits*)

TATUM: Anybody here read *Macbeth*?

BECKY: Yeah.

TATUM: Did you understand any of it?

BECKY: Not really.

TATUM: But she's a crazy murderess, right?

BECKY: Yup.

KEVIN: Seems like there's a lot of those here.

TATUM: We should get back to trying to make a soldier with a big gun, shouldn't we?

BECKY: Yeah. We should.

KEVIN: And we should make sure it's a really, *really* big gun.

TATUM: All right... everybody concentrate. Go!

EVERYONE closes their eyes and their bodies stiffen with the effort of concentration.

BECKY: What color is his hair supposed to be?

TATUM: What?

BECKY: What color is his hair? If I'm picturing him with different hair than you're picturing him with, it might not work.

KEVIN: How tall is he supposed to be? And what kind of gun is it?

TATUM: Oh, come on!

BECKY: What?

TATUM: Don't nit-pick it to death! Just do it.

BECKY: But if we're each picturing a different soldier with a different gun, it might not work, assuming it would even work in the first place.

KEVIN: She's right.

TATUM: I thought you wanted me to be the leader!

BECKY: Because we thought you knew what you were doing!

TATUM: You assumed I knew what I was doing.

BECKY: So you don't?

TATUM: No, I do.

BECKY: Then act like it.

TATUM: Okay. Let me concentrate and see if I can will our soldier boy to life. (*concentrates*) Is anything happening?

BECKY: No.

TATUM: Bummer. Okay. Stories. They said stories were the way it normally worked. Anybody got a piece of paper and a pencil?

BECKY: No.

KEVIN: Uh-uh.

TATUM: Okay. Uh... how about a stick? I can write in the dirt.

BECKY: You could tell the story. Out loud.

TATUM: That's right. I could. Okay. I'll try. (*closes her eyes*) Once upon a time, there was a soldier. And he was six feet, three inches tall and 250 pounds of pure muscle. He carried a really big gun that fired lots and lots of bullets that killed lots of bad guys and he took his orders from a beautiful commander named Tatum Alberta Ross. (*opens her eyes and looks around, hoping the soldier she is describing will magically appear*) He had short brown hair that he got trimmed in a barber shop and his name was... um... Brad.

BECKY: It's not working.

KEVIN: It's not a story. It's a description. There's no plot. Not even a bad one.

TATUM: I said I'd try. I never said I'd be any good at it. You want to take a shot?

KEVIN: No.

TATUM: You sound like you know how to tell a story. You should try.

KEVIN: I did once. Bad experience. Ain't gonna do it again.

TATUM: What did you write about?

KEVIN: It was stupid.

TATUM: Was it a bad idea?

KEVIN: The worst.

BECKY: Are we gonna have to fight it?

KEVIN: I never put it out anywhere for an audience to see it.

TATUM: What was it?

KEVIN: It was dumb. I don't wanna say.

BECKY: That's okay. You don't have to talk about it if you don't want to.

KEVIN: Thanks.

TATUM: All right. That was all a complete and spectacular failure. So...

BECKY: Yeah?

TATUM: Let's keep walking.

Blackout.

Act I, Scene 4

There is a table around which are seated the WHITE RABBIT, ALICE, BIGFOOT, and a SHORT GREEN ALIEN WITH BIG EARS, all of whom are drinking tea. KEVIN, TATUM, and BECKY enter.

WHITE RABBIT: ...and so I looked at my watch, and wouldn't you know it, I was late. So off I hopped, because if there's anything I don't like, it's being late.

ALICE: You don't say.

BIGFOOT: Grrrr.

ALIEN: Hm. Company we have.

TATUM: That's the White Rabbit again.

BECKY: If that's the White Rabbit, then does that make her... Alice?

ALICE: I *am* Alice, but him being who he is does not make me who I am.

BECKY: Sorry.

TATUM: No question what the little green guy is supposed to be a generic version of.

ALIEN: A short green alien with big ears am I. Nothing more.

KEVIN: And the hairy one has gotta be a geriatric version of a Wookiee.

TATUM: Generic.

KEVIN: Whatever.

BIGFOOT: Grrrah.

ALICE: That's Bigfoot. (or "That's Mr. Yeti.")

KEVIN: Bigfoot? (or "Mr. Yeti?")

TATUM: Like... *the* Bigfoot? Forest monster? (or "Like... *the* Abominable Snowman? In the Himalayas?")

ALICE: That's right.

TATUM: But... Bigfoot's (or "*the* Abominable Snowman's") like... a myth. Folklore. That's not the same thing as fiction... is it?

BIGFOOT: Grrawh.

TATUM: What'd he say?

ALICE: He resents being called a myth. He'll have you know he's perfectly real.

TATUM: Here, yeah. But not in the other world. Not where we come from.

ALICE: Are you the... creators... Brittany was going to summon?

TATUM: Yeah. You know about that?

ALICE: I'm friends with Snow White, and she keeps in touch with her stepmom. So word gets around.

TATUM: But Snow White's stepmom tried to kill her.

ALICE: It was a long time ago. They kissed and made up. Anyway... Bigfoot (or "*The Abominable Snowman*") is real in your world. No joke. But that doesn't mean he can't also be used as a character in stories. So he exists here, as well.

TATUM: Wait a minute. People can exist in both places if they've been used as a character in a fictional story?

ALICE: That's right.

TATUM: So like... George Washington is here somewhere?

ALICE: He moved a while back. I don't have his address anymore.

TATUM: Alexander the Great? Genghis Khan?

ALICE: They're a long ways from here.

TATUM: But they're here?

ALICE: They've been put into stories. So yes. They're here.

TATUM: You've got some of the greatest military minds in the history of the world here. Why aren't you using them against the Bad Ideas?

ALICE: Strategy only goes so far in the face of raw power, and if there's one thing the other side's got, it's power.

TATUM: How do we fight that?

ALICE: I don't know. If you're creators, you must be special, right?

TATUM: Not so far we aren't.

ALIEN: You shall understand when the time is right.

TATUM: How do you know?

ALICE: He just does. He's like this all the time. It's really quite annoying.

ALIEN: Foreshadowing and exposition, I must provide. This is my nature.

ALICE: I'm pretty sure he just likes to listen to himself talk.

ALIEN: Pleasing to my own ears the sound of my voice is. In your ear you may stick it if like it you do not.

TATUM: Are you sure you're a generic character? Because you sound more like a parody.

ALIEN: Be assured, the original I am not.

TATUM: How is it that you guys know you're fictional characters? And that you were created by somebody in another world? Do you just pop in existence here knowing that?

ALIEN: No. But figure it out sooner or later we do. Now listen. Dark and perilous shall your path be. Into the land of the enemy you shall soon cross. Guarded is the passage.

TATUM: Guarded by what?

ALIEN: A sniper.

TATUM: And this sniper... he's one of the Bad Ideas?

ALIEN: Very bad indeed.

BECKY: But a sniper doesn't sound like a bad idea. I mean, it's bad for us, but to guard the entrance to the enemy's land, a sniper sounds like a good idea.

ALIEN: No ordinary sniper is this.

TATUM: No?

ALIEN: He is a sniper... in a tutu.

TATUM: A sniper in a tutu?

KEVIN: That sounds kind of cool. Twisted, definitely. Kind of funny. But I like it.

ALIEN: Nothing good is there about the sniper in a tutu. I fear you shall discover this for yourselves all too soon.

Blackout.

Act I, Scene 5

TATUM, KEVIN and BECKY continue their trek.

BECKY: There are fictional counterparts of real people here.

TATUM: Yeah. We know. We heard.

BECKY: It's kind of mind-boggling. I mean, think about it.

KEVIN: If we know there are fictional versions of real people here, then how do we know that's not what we are? What if somebody wrote a story about us and we're not actually our real selves, but like, other versions of ourselves that split off from our real selves? What if it's impossible for us to go home because we don't belong there anymore? For that matter, what if we were never real people to begin with and we're really just fictional characters who think they're real people?

Pause.

BECKY: I think I just felt my head explode.

TATUM: Congratulations. I really thought I was done with the freaking out, but you just managed to freak me out a whole bunch more.

KEVIN: I keep thinking about the Macbeth lady... not knowing what's real. The longer we're here, the more I feel like I get where she's coming from.

BECKY: I'm pretty sure I'm my real self, though. Right? I mean, you feel like your real selves, don't you? And... and... Brittany brought us here because we were from the real world. We're creators. Or we could be. So that means we have to be real, right?

KEVIN: She's a cannibal witch. I don't trust her not to lie. And... I'm not sure what's real anymore. *(beat)* No. That's not right. I don't know how to say it.

BECKY: Try.

KEVIN: I just... I don't... I... I'm not sure what *real* is anymore.

BECKY: Me neither.

KEVIN: I mean, I'm pretty sure I'm real. I feel real. But everybody else here seems as real as me, only somehow they're not, you know?

TATUM: All right, look. As freaky as all that is, it doesn't change anything right now.

BECKY: Doesn't change anything? Are you out of your mind? If we're not who we think we are or what we think we are, it changes everything.

TATUM: What if we were never what we thought we were?

KEVIN: Now you're being difficult on purpose.

TATUM: Sue me. We still have this thing we need to do. And if we are somehow not what we think we are, maybe we can work that to our advantage.

BECKY: What?

TATUM: If we were fictional characters who thought they were real people, then that would have to mean that what we're experiencing right now is a work of fiction.

BECKY: If we—if we right now—right this moment—are in a work of fiction, then that means we're not in control of ourselves. It means our words and actions are scripted. It means that even though I think I'm thinking for myself, I'm not, and that somebody else is thinking for me. No. That's too much. That's where I draw the line. I can't accept that. I refuse to.

TATUM: It's weird and freaky as all get-out. Absolutely. And on the one hand it makes things that much scarier. But on the other hand... on the other hand, it could be a good thing. It could be the best news we've had all day.

KEVIN: How in the math do you figure that?

TATUM: What you said a while ago. Stories have structures. They have rules. There's a way things are supposed to work. If we're characters in somebody else's story, then we're pretty much guaranteed success in this quest or whatever it is that we're on, because if we failed... what would be the point?

KEVIN: Depends on what the writer wants the audience to learn from our screw-up.

TATUM: Don't think like that!

KEVIN: I'm trying to think like a writer would think... the same as you are.

TATUM: Then whatever writer you're trying to think like... think like a different writer. Try to focus on the positive. Regardless of how bad things get... we'd be pretty much guaranteed to achieve *something*. Doesn't that make you feel better?

KEVIN: We could still die.

BECKY: When did we start talking about dying?

KEVIN: Hasn't it been in the back of your mind all along?

BECKY: Yeah.

KEVIN: Okay then.

TATUM: But... but at least one of us should make it to the end. That's gotta count for something, right?

KEVIN: Maybe for you.

BECKY: Yeah. For you, that'd be a good thing. For me and Kevin, not so much.

TATUM: Why?

BECKY: Tatum, you're the one who does most of the talking. You're the one who initiates most of the action. You're the leader. If this is a story, then it's pretty obvious you're the main character. If one of us has anything close to a guarantee of not dying and scoring a happily ever after, it's you.

There is the sound of a gunshot. TATUM stumbles and puts her hand on her chest. When SHE pulls her hand away, there is blood on her shirt. TATUM then collapses as KEVIN and BECKY watch, helpless and horrified.

BECKY: Tatum! That was—somebody just—

KEVIN: Get down! Hide!

BECKY: Where?

KEVIN: I don't know! Somewhere!

KEVIN and BECKY scramble to the side of the stage and crouch against the curtain or proscenium.

BECKY: Is it the guard? The sniper? I didn't think we were that close yet!

KEVIN: Shhh!

The SNIPER IN A TUTU enters. HE is dressed in a ghillie suit and camouflage with a pink tutu around his waist. HE carries a rifle with a scope. HE crosses

directly to KEVIN and BECKY and points his gun at THEM. There is a pause.

SNIPER: Why?

KEVIN: What?

SNIPER: Why am I what I am?

KEVIN: I don't know what you are.

SNIPER: Are you blind? I'm a sniper in a tutu!

BECKY: We don't understand the question!

SNIPER: I'm a joke! I'm a stupid, tasteless joke until I kill somebody and then I'm nothing but a horrible, tasteless monster. Those are the only two things I've seen in the eyes of anybody who's ever looked at me, and I want to know—why? Why was I was created to be this way?

BECKY: How should we know?

SNIPER: You're creators! What drives people like you to think up something like me?

BECKY: We didn't think you up!

SNIPER: Someone like you did! Explain the thought process! Make me understand!

KEVIN: They probably thought it would be funny.

SNIPER: This (*lowers gun and gestures to the tutu*) does not go with a gun.

KEVIN: That's probably why they thought it would be funny.

SNIPER: No. Funny would be if I was a cartoon character. Funny would be if I had some kind of nemesis I could never kill who always turned the tables on me. Those things would be funny. I've put a lot of thought into it. A lot. And for everything that I don't understand, the one thing that I'm sure of is that I'm not funny, and yet, somehow, I'm a joke. How does that happen?

KEVIN: Whoever created you... they probably didn't think it through. They probably thought "a sniper in a tutu... that'll be hilarious" and put you in their story. They didn't think about what it would really be like.

SNIPER: If it was up to me, I'd have never existed in the first place.

But here I am. A bad idea. And now your friend is dead and the person who shot her looks like (*gestures to himself*)... this. So you tell me... if my creator was here, what would you do to him?

Pause.

KEVIN: I'd want to kill him.

SNIPER: Then you understand why we're doing what we're doing.

BECKY: You don't have to be what you are.

SNIPER: Some of the others—their stories have been told more often and their original selves have gotten diluted over time. Maybe that could happen with me, eventually. But right now I have no choice, and soon it won't matter anyway. I don't even have a name. I'm just a generic concept from a crappy story some idiot put on the Internet. (*points gun at KEVIN and BECKY again*) Sniper in a tutu. Doesn't leave a lot of wiggle room for growth or character development.

The SNIPER abruptly lowers the gun and exits.
BLACKOUT. CURTAIN.

End of Act I.

ACT II

Act II, Scene I

AT RISE: We pick up exactly where Act I left off.

BECKY: He didn't kill us.

KEVIN: He knows who we are.

BECKY: Why didn't he kill us? Why did he shoot Tatum and not us?

KEVIN: I don't know.

BECKY: Tatum's dead. She's dead.

KEVIN: Yeah. I think she is.

BECKY: Should we like, check her pulse or something to make sure she's dead?

KEVIN: I don't know how to check a pulse.

BECKY: It's in the wrist.

KEVIN: I know that. But like... where in the wrist?

BECKY: Somewhere. I don't know. *(beat)* If we don't know where to look for it and we can't find it, how do we know for sure that it's not there?

KEVIN: Is it... it's... *(pokes around on his own wrist)* here. Feel.

BECKY: *(feeling KEVIN's pulse)* Oh. Okay.

KEVIN: You want to do it?

BECKY: No.

KEVIN: Okay. I'll do it. *(starts to kneel down beside TATUM)*

BECKY: Wait! Stop.

KEVIN: What?

BECKY: Don't.

KEVIN: Why?

BECKY: Because if we check her pulse and she doesn't have one, then we know for sure that she's dead. If we don't check her pulse, then we don't know for sure, and there's a chance that she might still be alive.

KEVIN: Becky... she's got a hole in the middle of her chest and there's blood everywhere. It doesn't matter if we check her pulse or not. She's dead.

BECKY: Oh.

KEVIN: She's dead.

BECKY: Yeah. *(beat)* She would've hated to hear me say that. About not wanting to check her pulse. When we got here, her phone didn't work and she was bugging me to check mine, but I didn't want to because I thought as long as I didn't know for sure, there was a chance it might work. Stupid, huh?

KEVIN: That was why she asked me about mine.

BECKY: Yeah.

KEVIN: I don't have a cellphone.

BECKY: Why?

KEVIN: Family doesn't have enough money.

BECKY: Oh.

KEVIN: I was too embarrassed to say.

BECKY: It's okay.

Pause.

KEVIN: I don't get it.

BECKY: What?

KEVIN: I didn't like her. I haven't even known her a whole day. I shouldn't feel like this.

BECKY: Like what?

KEVIN: Like somebody punched a hole in my stomach and something that I didn't know was inside of me fell out.

BECKY: Did you ever know somebody who died before?

KEVIN: No.

BECKY: My grandmother died when I was ten. She'd been in a nursing home for a really long time. I didn't like to visit her. I hardly ever thought about her. But when she died, I felt like I lost something I didn't know I had.

KEVIN: How do you feel now?

BECKY: About the same.

KEVIN: Did you stop feeling bad about it, when your grandmother died?

BECKY: Yeah.

KEVIN: Did it take long?

BECKY: A while. The weirdest part was getting used to the fact that she wasn't there anymore whenever I thought about her. Even after I stopped feeling bad, it took a lot longer for it to seem real.

KEVIN: Does this seem real?

BECKY: It seems really real.

KEVIN: We should go.

BECKY: What do we do? With her? Do we bury her?

KEVIN: We don't have a shovel.

BECKY: Do we... you know... lay her out neat and try to make her look nice?

KEVIN: We could do that.

BECKY: I've never touched a dead person before.

KEVIN: Me neither.

BECKY: How do you touch a dead person?

KEVIN: I guess you just do.

BECKY: Okay. (*BECKY starts to move one of TATUM's arms, but abruptly jerks her hand away*) I can't.

KEVIN: It's okay.

BECKY: She was just alive. (*losing her composure*) And ten minutes ago I would've touched her arm no big deal it's just an arm but now it's—it's like you know when you go to clean hair out of a drain and it's like all gross and you don't want to touch it because like the thing that made it what it was isn't part of it anymore this is like that and I just I can't!

KEVIN: I don't think I can, either.

BECKY: Wow. How are we supposed to fight the big Bad Idea if we can't do this?

KEVIN: If it was one of us instead of her, she probably wouldn't be able to do it, either.

BECKY: So we just leave her here? Just like this?

KEVIN: I don't know what else there is to do. She probably would've done the same thing.

BECKY: She really didn't have her act together any better than either of us, did she? She just talked more. *(beat)* I shouldn't have said that. You're not supposed to say bad things about dead people. Even if they're true.

KEVIN: So say something good.

Pause.

BECKY: She was an okay person. I thought she seemed cool. I wanted to be her friend. At least, until we got here and I got to know her better and I realized that she just had a more dominant personality than me. And now she's dead and I feel awful because I can't think of anything better to say.

KEVIN: She got us this far.

BECKY: Did she? Or did we all get each other this far?

KEVIN: We probably got each other this far, but it won't cost us anything to give her the credit.

BECKY: No. It won't. I guess it's the least we can do.

The ANCIENT MARINER enters and crosses to TATUM's body.

MARINER: I'm sorry.

BECKY: That's...

KEVIN: The old guy from when I got here. Dude, who are you?

MARINER: The one who shot the albatross.

BECKY: What?

MARINER: I am the Ancient Mariner.

KEVIN: Okay... that doesn't help. Let me try a different question: What are you doing here?

MARINER: I told the sniper my tale when he first arrived. It didn't matter. It didn't change him. He is what he is. Just the same as I am what I am. I suppose it's only fitting.

BECKY: What are you, exactly?

MARINER: A man who sinned and was punished, and then given immortal life in order to share his story with all who needed to hear it.

KEVIN: I did not need to hear it.

MARINER: Not then, no. And not yet now. But you will.

KEVIN: You and the little green alien guy should get together, you know that? I bet you'd really hit it off if you didn't kill each other first.

MARINER: (*indicating TATUM*) But when I met this one, I knew what her fate would be. I knew that I'd failed to stop it from happening. And that all I could do was to tell her I was sorry, and to come and mourn her when it was done.

KEVIN: You don't even know her.

MARINER: It is never inappropriate to pay respect to the passing of life.

KEVIN: (*belligerent*) You know a lot about that, don't you? The passing of life?

MARINER: You know that I do.

KEVIN: Do you know what we are?

MARINER: I do.

KEVIN: Okay, let me tell you something... the lives you've seen pass... they weren't real lives. They were fictional characters. And as I understand it, they don't actually stay dead because they aren't even real! I'm losing track of what's real and what's not real here. I think I'm real. (*points at TATUM*) I think she was real. But I know you're not real, and I don't think you know what it means to be real, or even alive!

MARINER: I was created to be part of a story. My story was told as a poem, but it was a story all the same. Stories are metaphors for life. And sometimes life can be a metaphor for stories. It all runs together. Being a character in a story doesn't make you any less real than true flesh and blood. Think about love. You can't

see it, touch it, or smell it. But it's real in the mind of whoever's feeling it. The same is true of characters. As long as they exist in the minds of the audience, they're as real as love. And plenty of times, they're sturdier than your so-called real flesh and blood. There's a fellow named Gilgamesh... he was a flesh and blood person who was used as a character in a story known as *The Epic of Gilgamesh* in which he went looking for eternal life. Didn't work out. The funny part is that even though he was forced to accept the inevitability of death at the end of his story, the story granted him something close to immortality because it captured the imaginations of audiences. That was thousands of years ago, and he's still around. Someday, eventually, his story will be forgotten and he will truly die, just like the flesh and blood of your world. The end result is the same for all of us. As my friend Prospero is fond of saying, "We are such stuff as dreams are made on, and our little life is rounded with a sleep." I assure you, I know what real is, and we are every bit as real as you. (*bending over TATUM*) Sleep well, child.

The MARINER crosses to KEVIN. KEVIN and the MARINER stare at each other for a beat, then KEVIN breaks eye contact and steps away. The MARINER exits.

BECKY: Should that have made me feel better? Because it didn't.

KEVIN: Maybe later. But not for right now, no.

BECKY: We should get going.

KEVIN: Yeah. We should.

BECKY: So let's go.

NEITHER of them moves.

KEVIN: If we go... if we do this... we're going to end up like her.

BECKY: Maybe.

KEVIN: I don't think I can do this anymore.

BECKY: We have to. If we don't, then we're going to die anyway. At least that's what Brittany said. Nuclear bomb... remember? It kills off everybody in our world. Everybody we know. And then everybody here dies. We die.

KEVIN: Maybe not.

BECKY: Brittany and Colleen said everybody here would die.



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