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Discovering Rogue**

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# DISCOVERING ROGUE

A DRAMA BY  
*Christian Kiley*



*Discovering Rogue*

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## Characters

4W 2M + 6 Either

**Rogue**<sup>†</sup>: Frustrated with trying to be perfect, Rogue runs away from home and lives in a cardboard box on the beach.

**Constance**: Given the job of kicking Rogue off the beach.

**Perfect**: A version of Rogue that can do no wrong. She is literally perfect.

**Teacher**: Rogue's teacher.

**Student #1**: Ignores Rogue and starts trouble.

**Student #2**: Ignores Rogue and starts trouble.

**Student #3**: Ignores Rogue and starts trouble.

**Student #4**: Ignores Rogue and starts trouble.

**Fluffy**: Rogue's cat.

**Dad**: Rogue's father.

**Mom**: Rogue's mother.

**Roger**: A boy who likes Rogue.

**Extras**<sup>‡</sup>: Surfers, family members, and other people who visit the beach.

<sup>†</sup>The role of Rogue can be broken into two parts, the present-day Rogue and the Rogue from the dream and fantasy sequences. The fantasy parts are designated with an asterisk (\*Rogue).

<sup>‡</sup>These roles can be played by members of the ensemble. Or, you may elect to have Rogue speak the lines without the extras.

## Setting

A beach and various locations in Rogue's mind.

## Time

The Present.

This play is dedicated to Ella and Sophia.

Discovering Rogue was produced by the Etiwanda High School (Etiwanda, CA) Theatre Arts Department and premiered on December 15, 2011. The playwright would like to thank the cast for their dedication, talent, and imagination throughout the rehearsal process. Special thanks to Bill and Ellen Kiley for their proofreading and editing assistance.

**Rogue:** Madeline Barayang  
**Constance:** Candice Ervin  
**Perfect:** Sarrah Twineham  
**\*Rogue:** Adrien Ochoa  
**Teacher:** Amber Knudson  
**Student #1:** Armando James  
**Student #2:** Vanessa Osorio  
**Student #3:** Morgan McInnis  
**Student #4:** Shane Tagliavia  
**Fluffy:** Andrew Nguyen  
**Dad:** Jack McDonald  
**Mom:** Frankie Robles  
**Roger:** Antaeus Littlejohn

*The shoreline of a beach. ROGUE is inside her home, a rather spacious dwelling for a cardboard box. The shoreline is littered with various items of trash, including fast food bags and beverage cans. It is morning and ROGUE is just getting up.*

ROGUE: (to the audience) Hey, that's not okay. Watching someone sleep. The peaceful and rhythmic breathing is a contrast to the chaos of the world, I get that. I get why you would watch someone sleep. But just not me, okay? Maybe your wife, or husband, or little brother or sister, or your kids, if you have kids. Because there is something sweet and very comforting about that. Watching your kids sleep in plush oversized beds in your spacious beachfront home. Like one of the houses up there (referring to the huge beach houses located behind her on the cliffs overlooking the ocean). They are almost always empty. Isn't that crazy? Sometimes you will see a light come on for a moment or two and maybe an elegant soundless shadow. I live here too. Though it's a little different for me. But I have everything I need here. So why would I leave?

*ROGUE crosses downstage to the water and gives herself a quick bath, splashing water on her arms, legs, neck, and head.*

ROGUE: I bathe in the ocean each morning. And as often as I want for that matter. Unlimited baths. One of the benefits of beachfront property. And then I gather my breakfast.

*ROGUE walks around the downstage area, picking up an empty bag and using it to collect garbage.*

ROGUE: I also pick up the trash to help the curb appeal. You don't want this garbage making its way into the ocean. We already did a pretty good job ruining the land, so maybe we can avoid turning our oceans into a giant toilet. I have heard people who live next to freeways say that they imagine that the sounds of traffic are the ocean waves. I just can't do it. I can tell the difference.

*ROGUE picks up a bag that has something in it. She takes the contents out.*

ROGUE: Half a cheeseburger. I have learned to appreciate them cold.

*ROGUE continues cleaning up the trash on the shoreline.*

ROGUE: I can't eat with trash everywhere. It ruins my appetite. And it's not good for my digestion. I feel this is part of my duty in exchange for the free room and board.

*ROGUE finishes picking up the trash.*

ROGUE: Then I put my home away. My mobile home. It's portable and small but that's the thing about beachfront property. Location, location, location. If you could have the most choice, pristine, and celestial spot in heaven, you wouldn't care about how big it was, would you? Of course not. You'd be in heaven!

*ROGUE folds up her home and hides it. As ROGUE speaks, members of the ensemble enter, assuming the roles of the people she is talking about. After they are talked about, they exit as the next individual or group enters.*

ROGUE: The first to come are the surfers. And they are different than you might think, different than the stereotype. (Two SURFERS enter.) Some are young and eager, wanting to attack the ocean like a mighty beast they have no hope of conquering. (The SURFERS high-five and exit. A single SURFER enters.) Others are older, gray, maybe even wise, accepting that a single wave can overpower them in a moment. (The SURFER exits. An INTELLECTUAL WANDERER enters.) There are intellectual wanderers who walk the beach with thought bubbles lingering over their heads like tiny, puffy white clouds. (INTELLECTUAL WANDERER exits. TRUST BABY enters with headphones and sunglasses on, dancing.) There are trust babies with nowhere to go and nothing on their schedule except countless hours of sunning and flirting and listening to the same upbeat-party-anthem-pop song over and over and over again. (TRUST BABY exits dancing. FAMILY enters. It can be DAD, MOM, and PERFECT.) Families with way too many things. Coolers full of juice pouches and sandwiches, bloated rainbow beach balls, and enough portable furniture to fill a living room. (FAMILY exits. ROGUE is referring to herself in the following section.) Some people come looking for answers. Like the ocean itself might spit the answers out in a salty cough. Others come simply to get away and let the waves do their breathing for them. I assume the role of a recluse. And that usually does the trick. Usually.

*CONSTANCE, a young woman about ROGUE's age, enters and stands close enough to ROGUE that it is clear she wants to address her. An awkward moment.*

CONSTANCE: Nice day we're having.

*ROGUE ignores her.*

CONSTANCE: I said, nice day we're having.

*ROGUE ignores her again. CONSTANCE increases her volume, as if that will help.*

CONSTANCE: Nice day! We are having... A nice day!

ROGUE: You should be careful.

CONSTANCE: Why?

ROGUE: You could hurt yourself.

CONSTANCE: I just was trying to—

ROGUE: Subtly get my attention.

CONSTANCE: Look, I know you live here. I have watched you with your cardboard box.

ROGUE: Easy, that's my home you're talking about.

CONSTANCE: Well, a few of us got together and we...

ROGUE: Want me to leave.

CONSTANCE: Yeah.

ROGUE: Did you draw the short straw?

CONSTANCE: We pulled checkers out of a hat. I drew the red checker.

ROGUE: Ouch.

CONSTANCE: In life, I often draw the red checker.

ROGUE: Me too.

CONSTANCE: Well, you have to go. You look like a nice girl. Almost like me and the other girls at my school. Pretty in your own way and from what I can tell coherent, maybe even smart. Shouldn't you be in school, playing volleyball, trying out for the school play, or running for student council office or something?

ROGUE: I'm home schooled.

CONSTANCE: In a cardboard box?

ROGUE: Go figure.



CONSTANCE: You need to disperse from this beach.

ROGUE: Fate picked the wrong person for this job.

CONSTANCE: What do you mean?

ROGUE: Disperse? Don't you mean, "get off this beach, you are ruining our view!"

CONSTANCE: You can't stay here another night.

ROGUE: Or you will have to draw checkers again and someone else will have to come down and stumble over the same threat like a misplaced toy that you trip over in a darkened living room. I am rooting for an angry housewife to get the red checker.

CONSTANCE: I appreciate your tenacity, but if you don't leave, I am going to have to inform the authorities.

ROGUE: Could you also tell them that I have not received my copy of Marie Claire yet and I am extremely irked.

*CONSTANCE starts to exit.*

CONSTANCE: Good luck, somewhere else.

*CONSTANCE exits. ROGUE calls after her.*

ROGUE: You too. I hope you don't draw the red checker tonight or you might have to do the dishes.

*Dream Sequence #1: Perfect. PERFECT enters. If your production is using an actress to play \*ROGUE during the dream sequences, it is suggested that she have some similar attire/costume pieces. You may opt for one symbolic item like a blouse or bow. During these scenes ROGUE from the present day scenes can observe the scenes from a vantage point that does not impede the action.*

PERFECT: Why are you always so difficult?

\*ROGUE: I like to think of it as my twinkle.

PERFECT: Maybe you could twinkle a little less brightly.

\*ROGUE: I will try to turn the wattage down.

PERFECT: See, even that. Who talks like that? And you were talking like that when you were six, seven years old. Gross.

\*ROGUE: How's school?

PERFECT: Well, after you ran away there was this huge campaign to find you, save you, whatever. Like believing in your return and holding hands in a circle was going to bring you back. There were T-shirts with your picture on them. When you still had braces. Ugly picture. I picked it out myself. Candlelight vigils and songs and even an assembly with this huge picture of you, the ugly one, and people got up and spoke about how much they loved you and what an inspiration you were. Lies mostly. Oh, that tall boy you really like, the basketball player, he cried and said that you had a special glow about you. People called out for you. “We love you, Rogue.” “Come home, Rogue.” Oh, and I got into State College on a full scholarship and my roommate is going to be the former Miss Teen America Runner-Up.

\*ROGUE: Yes, you are terribly successful. I get it.

PERFECT: I want to say that you should come home, but your popularity is the highest it’s ever been. And frankly, I just wouldn’t risk putting that in jeopardy.

\*ROGUE: So I should not come home so I can be popular.

PERFECT: Exactly.

\*ROGUE: More great advice.

PERFECT: I do want to thank you. As a result of your running away, I have dated more guys, made even more friends, and I was elected student body president. Honestly, I thought I had reached the peak of popularity. But just when you think you are at the top of the mountain, wait! There’s more mountain. Oh, I have to go. I have a date with a certain basketball player.

\*ROGUE: Roger. Who talked about my glow.

PERFECT: Yeah, him. When he realized that you weren’t coming back, he finally caved in to my obvious and frequent advances.

\*ROGUE: You are so great!

PERFECT: And once you left, I realized that when you are invisible, you are so much better than when you can be seen.

*PERFECT exits in a flash of excitement.*

ROGUE: *(to the audience)* You know what a rogue wave is? The definition I like best is: a spontaneous wave. But it also can mean freak wave, or something abnormal, a vagrant, someone who is mischievous...

*Dream Sequence #2: O What A Rogue. TEACHER enters with four STUDENTS, \*ROGUE, and PERFECT, who spread themselves around the stage as the class. The students can stand throughout this scene or they can enter with stools or chairs and use those to establish the classroom.*

TEACHER: What does Hamlet mean when he says, “O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!”

*STUDENT #1 raises her/his hand.*

STUDENT #1: (*Indicating \*ROGUE*) He must be a student in your English class!

*The other STUDENTS laugh.*

TEACHER: Thank you. I appreciate the fanfare.

STUDENT #2: (*blurtng out*) Can’t we play some games or something?

TEACHER: What sort of games are you talking about?

STUDENT #3: Teacher hunt!

TEACHER: Dare I ask what that is?

STUDENT #4: You hide and we get rotten fruit or something and we look for you and when we find you...

STUDENTS: Pow!

TEACHER: Seems like I received a similar reception at the Poughkeepsie Shakespeare Festival. That was the closest to Broadway I ever got.

*\*ROGUE raises her hand, after a beat, so does PERFECT.*

TEACHER: Yes, Perfect. Do you have something to contribute?

\*ROGUE: I think my hand was up first.

PERFECT: What Hamlet really needs is a beauty day. He feels trapped in his dead skin. That is the real tragedy here. Split ends and the extreme need for exfoliation.

\*ROGUE: No! Hamlet is mad at himself for not having the guts to kill his uncle. He wants to do what the ghost of his father is telling him but he is vacillating about whether or not to do it. Like most of us, he hates being wishy-washy. He wants to make a decision.

STUDENT #1: Great answer!

\*ROGUE: Thanks, I-

STUDENT #2: Yeah, Perfect always says the answer perfectly.

STUDENT #3: I love that answer, it clarifies everything.

STUDENT #4: I totally agree! Perfect should teach the class.

*TEACHER makes a bell sound very loudly. It is clearly fake.*

TEACHER: Okay, that is the end of class. Goodbye.

STUDENT #1: That wasn't the real bell!

STUDENT #2: Yeah, that sounded very fake to me.

STUDENT #3: My cousin is a ventriloquist, so I can tell. That was not a real bell.

STUDENT #4: Hamlet often heard fake bells in his head too. That's why he was so crazy. Could you imagine? Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring... You would be wacko too!

TEACHER: That is the end of the class period. Please leave.

*No one moves.*

TEACHER: (*near-possessed*) Leave!

*The STUDENTS make hurried exits. \*ROGUE and PERFECT remain still.*

TEACHER: Perfect, are you alright?

\*ROGUE: Do you ever feel like you are in the wrong place at the wrong time?

PERFECT: I wanted to make sure you are okay.

TEACHER: Thank you. Days like this make me think...

TEACHER & \*ROGUE: I don't belong here.

PERFECT: It may feel that way. But here you are. So you might as well make the most of it.

\*ROGUE: I guess. I feel like a puzzle piece that is in the box for one puzzle but belongs in another puzzle box altogether.

TEACHER: I think you're right. Maybe if I change my attitude...

PERFECT: That sounds...

TEACHER & PERFECT: Perfect!

\*ROGUE: That is not the right answer. That is not the right...

*PERFECT and TEACHER exit hand-in-hand, skipping.  
\*ROGUE exits.*

*As \*ROGUE exits ROGUE moves center stage as she speaks the following. In the case of one actress playing both parts, ROGUE will simply remain on stage after PERFECT and TEACHER exit.*

ROGUE: (to the audience) I made a flag for my house. Not the smartest thing to do. I am trying not to draw attention to myself, so wouldn't a flag shout out, "here I am waving and whipping in the wind, a symbol of a living creature, a living creature proud of who I am and where I am from." It's made from a white T-shirt that someone left on the beach one day. People leave the craziest things. In addition to their garbage and bits and pieces of uneaten food, people leave everything from watches and rings, to wallets, and notes they don't want anyone to ever read, superficial romance novels, to brainy textbooks about everything from tax law to horticulture. And sometimes they come back. But more often than not they don't. I think they're embarrassed. They would rather buy a new whatever-it-is, no matter how expensive, than comb the beach for it all slumped over and defeated. There is a certain hopelessness in that. A person looking for something that they feel they have no hope of finding. (beat) Oh, the paints. I found those two days after I found the T-shirt. And I made my flag.

*Dream Sequence #3: Food for Fluffy. FLUFFY enters in a representational cat costume. Ears, a tail, and some basic makeup should be more than enough. FLUFFY should walk around on two legs.*

FLUFFY: I miss you.

\*ROGUE: Fluffy?

FLUFFY: I am your mind's representation of Fluffy.

\*ROGUE: Well, my mind didn't do a very good job.

FLUFFY: Your parents and your sister don't take care of me the way you did.

\*ROGUE: Sorry.

FLUFFY: Are you?

\*ROGUE: Yes, of course. I love you.

FLUFFY: As great as that is, it doesn't make me purr with contentment the way I used to.

\*ROGUE: Extenuating circumstances.

FLUFFY: What does that have to do with me getting a bowl of sixty-three degree organic goat milk at six-thirty every night?

\*ROGUE: Very true. Do they at least play with you? Let you sit on their laps? Use that fishing poll thing with the catnip fish at the end of it to make you jump? (*Remembering*) You could really jump.

FLUFFY: They didn't hate me or hurt me, they just ignored me.

\*ROGUE: That's the worst. Being ignored. (*Beat.*) I had to leave. You have to trust me on this. I had very little time to make the decision. I had to.

FLUFFY: I died, Rogue. After you left. This is just your mind trying to remember me, pieces of me, something.

\*ROGUE: No!

FLUFFY: I'm sorry.

\*ROGUE: No, I'm the one who should be sorry. You felt like you were abandoned. I abandoned you.

FLUFFY: No one needed me anymore.

\*ROGUE: I understand that feeling.

FLUFFY: I like to wander, along shorelines like this one. I think the hermit crabs are the funniest things I have ever seen. And they have these little shells. Small homes. Just like you.

*FLUFFY exits.*

ROGUE: (*to the audience*) Just like me. Hermit crab. When you are ignored, the first couple times, it feels like an oversight, an accident. Then you try to get into the conversation at dinner...

*Dream Sequence #4: The Perfect Dinner. DAD, MOM, and PERFECT enter. Each carrying their own chair. Everything else can be mimed. ROGUE moves into a position where she can observe.*

DAD: The pot roast looks delicious.

MOM: You are the best husband on planet earth. And if I knew enough about the other planets in our solar system, I could make even loftier claims. I'll do some research.

DAD: You really butter my biscuit!

MOM: (*passing the biscuits*) Biscuit, dear?

DAD: (*passing the butter*) Butter, dear?

*DAD, MOM, and PERFECT roar with laughter.*

PERFECT: I made the cheerleading squad. What's a captain?

MOM: You are captain of the cheerleaders! Oh, I can finally live vicariously through my child in an obsessive and unhealthy way of piecing together and living my shattered dreams.

*DAD, MOM, and PERFECT break into a cheer, ending with the three of them building a mini-pyramid with PERFECT on top. The together-lines are everyone except \*ROGUE.*

TOGETHER: We are great! We, we are great! We are great! We, we are great!

*They stay in the mini-pyramid position for a moment and then move back to the table.*

\*ROGUE: Could you please pass the...something? Could you pass me something? Anything. I will take anything you can pass me.

DAD: I got a raise today. A big fat one!

TOGETHER: We are great! We, we are great!

MOM: I sold one of those enormous over-priced beachfront houses!

TOGETHER: We are great! We, we are great!

\*ROGUE: I got a B- on my Calculus test.

*Silence for a moment.*

\*ROGUE: I was really struggling in that class. But I just put the time in and...

*Silence for a moment.*

\*ROGUE: We are great...we, we are great?

PERFECT: I made the chess team today.

DAD: Have you ever played before?

PERFECT: No. I just sat down at lunch and beat some Russian exchange student in nine moves. I guess he is a junior grand master or something.

TOGETHER: We are great! We, we are great!

*DAD, MOM, and PERFECT continue to cheer as they exit. \*ROGUE stands looking out at the ocean.*

ROGUE: *(to the audience)* You know it's true what they say. You give a kid this expensive state-of-the-art, top-notch, high-demand toy and they will play with the box. The box is where the magic is, the potential. Before hormones and boys, and the desire to achieve, and score, and win I would spend hours and hours in a cardboard box. It could be anything. One day for no reason at all, my dad brought home this doll house, it was more than a dream house, it was like an estate, with stables and a pool and a five-car garage and if I remember right, a drawbridge. I mean, what modern home has a drawbridge?

*Dream Sequence #5: Dream House. PERFECT runs in followed by DAD. \*ROGUE is in the background, ignored by DAD and PERFECT.*

PERFECT: This is the coolest thing ever!

DAD: It's called Millionaire Manor and it has everything!

PERFECT: It has a llama stable. Did you hear me, Rogue? Llamas!

\*ROGUE: Don't llamas spit?

PERFECT: It has a day spa! And a twenty-four hour juice bar.

\*ROGUE: I often want a kiwi-banana smoothie at two a.m.

PERFECT: It has an airport!

DAD: This is the greatest thing ever!

PERFECT: It has a cloning facility. Everyone at Perfect Manor will be me. Everywhere I look Perfect, Perfect, Perfect...perfection!

DAD: Wonderful.

*ROGUE, exhausted with watching PERFECT's attitude, exits to retrieve her cardboard box home.*



DAD: This is what life is all about. Perfect, I hope one day you have a real Millionaire Manor. I hope you have everything you want.

PERFECT: Dad, where is the dance studio? I can't live in a manor without a dance studio.

DAD: I think that is one of the additions you can buy. I might be able to make it back to the store before it closes.

PERFECT: Well, I certainly hope so. This is a travesty.

*DAD exits quickly. ROGUE re-enters with her box, sets it up, goes inside, and falls asleep. PERFECT plays with Millionaire Manor for a moment or two.*

PERFECT: The waterslide is too flat. Who designed this? One of the garages needs to be bigger to fit my RV. The disco ball in the dance club is too small. This is boring.

*PERFECT exits. Blackout. When the lights come up, CONSTANCE is standing outside ROGUE's cardboard box home.*

CONSTANCE: Knock, knock.

*ROGUE continues sleeping.*

CONSTANCE: Knock, knock!

*ROGUE stirs a little.*

CONSTANCE: I see you moving. I know you can hear me.

ROGUE: Quite a rude awakening.

CONSTANCE: That is the kind of awakening you get when you have overstayed your welcome.

ROGUE: I guess you drew the red checker again.

CONSTANCE: Yes, as mathematically improbable as it seems. I drew the red checker again. I am a long-shot loser, a mathematical anomaly.

ROGUE: That is a positive way of looking at it.

CONSTANCE: You have to go. The beach closes at sunset and opens at sunrise. See? There's a sign and everything.

*CONSTANCE refers to a sign with a rather long list of things you can not do. CONSTANCE may also refer to the fourth wall to indicate the sign.*

ROGUE: No skateboarding. That's an interesting one. Why would someone skateboard on the beach? And moreover, how? And no singing. Why? And no hovering? What does that mean? I'm not sure I have ever seen a person hover. Doesn't gravity prevent that?

CONSTANCE: Perhaps you could be an attorney one day. An attorney who specializes in sign law. But for now you must leave.

ROGUE: So can a person stay and watch the sunset or do they literally have to leave during the most beautiful part of the day? They have to be off the beach before this miracle of color and cosmos is complete. Seems like a huge rip-off to me.

CONSTANCE: You see these houses? There are people that own them and they paid millions of dollars to do so. And they have earned the right to look out their windows and watch the sunset without seeing your flag of... what is that?

ROGUE: Part cat, part fish, surfing on a rogue wave. I call it a Fishuffy in honor of my dead cat Fluffy. My name is Rogue by the way.

CONSTANCE: You have something. Pluck, I think. And pluck pointed in the right direction can be a great thing.

ROGUE: Just not where the million-dollar homeowners can see it. The pluck.

CONSTANCE: I didn't want to have to do this.

*CONSTANCE removes a piece of paper from her pocket and hands it to ROGUE.*

ROGUE: What is it?

CONSTANCE: Your final warning. A very firmly written note saying you must vacate the premises immediately.

*ROGUE looks the letter over.*

ROGUE: "Or local law enforcement and Child Protective Services will be called." Nice touch. I don't think you need to say "Sincerely" at the end, it kind of waters down the firmness. Maybe keep that in mind for next time, Constance.

CONSTANCE: So you're leaving then? Great. Thank you. Thank you, so much.

ROGUE: You are trying to build your campaign for future President of the Homeowners' Association.

CONSTANCE: I just need to prove to them that...

ROGUE: You have to prove to them that you are worthy. Just like I did.  
Except I gave up. I left.

CONSTANCE: You did?

ROGUE: Sure. The prospect of being ignored your entire life...

CONSTANCE: It's their house, their money.

ROGUE: Your parents?

CONSTANCE: Sometimes I feel like my life is their hobby.

ROGUE: Being controlled or being ignored. Tough call. Maybe your mom and dad could sleep down here. You guys do know what a cardboard box is?

*CONSTANCE laughs despite herself.*

CONSTANCE: My mom would never. The closest thing to a cardboard box that she has touched is a gift bag. And that was just to fluff the tissue paper.

ROGUE: Fluffing can be pretty dangerous.

CONSTANCE: You know I really am going to have to call the authorities, police, whatever. You have to leave and I have to be the one to make you.

ROGUE: Can I ask you something?

CONSTANCE: No! (*Caving*) Alright.

ROGUE: When you drew checkers to see who was going to have to do this, did you draw first?

CONSTANCE: Yes.

ROGUE: Both times?

CONSTANCE: Yes, yes.

ROGUE: And you pulled the red checker out first, both times?

CONSTANCE: Yes, yes, yes.

ROGUE: You don't find that the least bit—

CONSTANCE: Peculiar. Yes!

*CONSTANCE exits on a mission.*

ROGUE: Where are you going?

CONSTANCE: To expose a conspiracy! To seek complete and utter mathematical objectivity!

*As in the previous sections with characters that appear in ROGUE's monologues, you may elect to have members of the ensemble portray the characters mentioned.*

ROGUE: Good luck! (*smiles with a sense of pride at her skill and addresses the audience*) At night, when no one is supposed to be here, they are. (*A group of three or four PARTIERS enter, followed by one or two THINKERS.*) Huddled packs of sweatshirt-cloaked partiers moving almost as one unit, solitary, reflective thinkers like uncostumed ghosts, hovering. (*a COUPLE enters, holding hands*) Clandestine couples sneaking in some time to kiss with the best underscoring in the world as their soundtrack. People with altruistic intentions. People with the worst of intentions. People who are lost.

*\*ROGUE enters. She has the hood of a sweatshirt pulled over her head. She crosses downstage and looks out at the water. In the case of one actor playing both ROGUE parts, have a member of the ensemble in a neutral or plain white mask play the young woman entering.*

ROGUE: It was like she wanted a sign. She stood there a long, long time. Minutes easily, maybe an hour or more. Then suddenly her body shot up straight. Like a physical crescendo to a dance that had been going on inside the body and could no longer be contained inside, so it was coming out. And she walked with fearless purpose toward the water. I had a long way to go and screaming would do no good, except to maybe make her go faster. So I ran with gawky strides, arms flailing. Maybe if I could save her, if I could save her...

*ROGUE reaches \*ROGUE and grabs her. ROGUE pulls off \*ROGUE's hood. ROGUE realizes who it is.*

ROGUE: I could save myself.

*Dream Sequence #6: Perfect Casting. ROGER enters. He is an athletic and clean cut young man, heading for great things. \*ROGUE crosses to him as ROGUE stays in the background, observing.*

ROGER: So will you be my partner?

\*ROGUE: You know it's a scene from *Romeo and Juliet*?

ROGER: They die at the end. Who better to die with than you?

\*ROGUE: I bet you tell that to all the girls.

ROGER: Actually, I've been saving that line for you. I did practice it on my dog. Got me a nice wet kiss too. So it has been market tested.

\*ROGUE: Well, don't hold your breath there Sparky.

ROGER: That's my dog's name.

\*ROGUE: Of course it is.

ROGER: What does that mean?

\*ROGUE: You were born on Mount Olympus.

ROGER: Is that your way of complimenting me?

\*ROGUE: In a way. And using the electric fence of sarcasm to protect myself at the same time.

ROGER: You can turn it off around me. The electric fence.

\*ROGUE: If you say so.

ROGER: I think it is important to be who you are.

*\*ROGUE looks at ROGER deeply. PERFECT barges in.*

PERFECT: Roger, you have got to play Romeo opposite my Juliet. This romantic scene is such a great test of my acting skill. But I can only do it with you. Our obvious chemistry can not be denied. Oh, sorry Rogue. Did I interrupt something?

\*ROGUE: You guys will be great together.

PERFECT: Oh, now that is so darn sweet. Roger, do you see how sweet this girl is? She is my biggest fan!

*PERFECT starts to exit.*

PERFECT: Come on Roger and slap some lip gloss on! This is going to be the best love scene in the history of scenes and love!

*PERFECT exits with a flourish. ROGER reluctantly exits after a brief moment.*

**ROGUE:** *(to the audience)* My favorite people are the ones who seem to visit the beach spontaneously. *(a PERSON in work attire enters)* As if they had no idea they were going to end up here when the day started. But they had this spark moment of inspiration or minor breakdown and they end up here. Dress clothes, ties, work clothes, church clothes, coveralls, overalls, scrubs, aprons, mechanics' shirts stained with hard work, steel-toed work boots, wingtips, loafers, high heels that have to be taken off to walk in the sand. What are they looking for? Sometimes I hope that something will wash up on the shore for them. A message in a bottle, a symbol that only that person can understand, some childhood trinket or gift that seems worthless but has powerful personal meaning.

*Dream Sequence #7: Popping the Prom Question.  
ROGER and PERFECT are strolling on the beach.  
\*ROGUE notices them and moves downstage.*

**\*ROGUE:** Roger? Perfect? What is going on?

**ROGER:** I really like you Perfect.

**PERFECT:** I know.

**\*ROGUE:** You are so obnoxious!

**PERFECT:** I mean, thanks.

**ROGER:** Well, I was wondering...

**PERFECT:** Of course I will!

**\*ROGUE:** Let him ask first. Who are you?

*PERFECT breaks out of the scene for a moment and grabs ROGUE by the shoulders, moving her downstage.*

**PERFECT:** Do you really want to know who I am? Do you?

**\*ROGUE:** Yes.

**PERFECT:** You. I am you. Only a whole lot better. Perfect.

**ROGER:** Perfect?

*PERFECT releases ROGUE and returns to ROGER.*

**PERFECT:** Of course I will marry you, Roger.

ROGER: But I...

PERFECT: Kidding! I know, I know...

ROGER: Will you-

PERFECT: We will be the best Prom Queen and King ever!

ROGER: You are a mind reader.

\*ROGUE: An idiot! She, I, am an idiot!

PERFECT: Rogue, don't make me come over there. (to ROGER) This is the happiest I have ever been in my life.

ROGER: Yeah.

\*ROGUE: You killed his spirit with your perfection.

PERFECT: And the perfect Roger will be even better than this one. (to ROGER) Come on sweetie, I want to go tell my parents.

*PERFECT literally pulls ROGER offstage. ROGER tries to look back.*

\*ROGUE: That can't be me! That can't be...

*CONSTANCE enters with a hat full of red checkers.  
\*ROGUE hurriedly exits.*

CONSTANCE: All red! Every single checker is red. There is not a black checker in the hat. Not one. We have been using this method for chores and homework and everything! And now that I think about it, I have never once drawn a black checker. Not once in years and years and years of doing this. And I just blindly went along and accepted it. I never once asked for an audit, an inspection, any form of insurance that this was anything more than another way to control me. Well, I will show them.

*CONSTANCE exits briefly and returns with a cardboard box similar to ROGUE's home.*

CONSTANCE: I am going to live in this box. And my flag, my flag will be a single black checker to signify my ability to make my own decisions.

*CONSTANCE takes a black marker out of her pocket.*

CONSTANCE: Do you have that stupid letter I gave you about leaving the beach?

ROGUE: Right here.

*ROGUE takes the letter out of her pocket.*

CONSTANCE: I will make my flag on the back of this ridiculous letter!

*CONSTANCE quickly makes the flag. A big black circle.*

ROGUE: Well, this is quite a change.

*CONSTANCE sets up her home and uses the pen as a flag pole. She does the best she can to get the flag in position on the top of her house.*

ROGUE: How do you feel?

CONSTANCE: Not sure. I think this will prove to be the wrong decision.

ROGUE: Well, you'll know after one night here.

CONSTANCE: What do you mean?

ROGUE: It's not your bed at home.

CONSTANCE: Oh.

ROGUE: Maybe you can just ask your parents why they rigged the game?

CONSTANCE: But it's not a game. This red checker, black checker draw determined what movies I didn't see, the ice cream I didn't eat, the late bedtimes I never had. And always with the "maybe next time" promise. And there was never a next time. Why didn't I figure it out before now?

ROGUE: You are not the only one. I have something I should have challenged a long time ago too.

CONSTANCE: What is it?

ROGUE: My fake self.

CONSTANCE: How are you going to do that?

ROGUE: Don't know. But I'm hungry.

CONSTANCE: Me too. The Lobster Shack. My treat.

ROGUE: Nope. If you are going to live here, you have to get the full experience.

CONSTANCE: No Lobster Shack?



ROGUE: Rummaging through other people's half-eaten lunches is our menu.

CONSTANCE: No. I mean...super.

*ROGUE starts walking and CONSTANCE reluctantly stays behind. ROGUE begins searching the beach for food.*

ROGUE: It is really enlightening to see what people waste. A few days ago I found a hamburger with only one bite taken out of it. Perfect other than that. And not a ravenous bite either. A nice, civilized bite. I wonder what happened? Was the person a vegetarian and thought it was a veggie patty and spit it out in disgust when they tasted beef? Maybe an important CEO had just taken a bite and then got an urgent call and had to rush off to New York to oversee a critical merger? Perhaps the hamburger was poisoned and the person dropped dead?

*CONSTANCE catches up with ROGUE.*

CONSTANCE: What did you do?

ROGUE: Are you kidding, I ate it.

CONSTANCE: But what if it had been poisoned?

ROGUE: There was no body. What if your lobster tail is poisoned at The Lobster Shack?

CONSTANCE: Not likely.

ROGUE: But there is a chance.

CONSTANCE: A slim one. I have trouble eating leftovers at home and I know where they have been.

*ROGUE picks up a colorful bag and hands it to CONSTANCE.*

ROGUE: This is a Rainbow Club kids' meal and by the weight of it, there is some protein in here.

*CONSTANCE tentatively looks inside.*

CONSTANCE: Chicken nuggets, fries, and an exploded ketchup packet.

ROGUE: This is like the beachcomber's lottery here! Shake the bag up to mix the ketchup around evenly and then bon appétit.

CONSTANCE: You have guts.

ROGUE: No, I'm just preoccupied. Everybody wants a big house with an enormous picture window overlooking the beach. They want to claim their place. Prom Queen, valedictorian, team captain, lead in the school play, millionaire by twenty-three, married to the perfect spouse by twenty-five. Their feet never touch the sand but they own this great piece of beachfront property. Just so they can call it their own.

CONSTANCE: And that's bad?

ROGUE: I just want to be happy with who I am.

CONSTANCE: Me too.

ROGUE: Well, good. Time to eat.

*ROGUE and CONSTANCE cross back to their cardboard box homes to eat.*

CONSTANCE: What did you get?

ROGUE: Don't be jealous. Half a soggy, homemade peanut butter and jelly sandwich and part of a melted candy bar. Want to trade?

CONSTANCE: No, I'll stick with the bloody tomato massacre happy meal. Thank you.

ROGUE: You can tell the red checker coalition that this will be my last night here.

CONSTANCE: You are leaving?

ROGUE: Yes. Please take full credit for everything. Maybe they will let you stay up late, have chocolate ice cream, and cut holes in your footie pajamas.

CONSTANCE: And be free!

ROGUE: Do you want to help me be free?

CONSTANCE: If it means me getting full credit for your departure and being able to live the life I always dreamed of then yes, yes, yes!

ROGUE: I want you to help me murder my perfect self.

CONSTANCE: What was that?

ROGUE: I would like you to help me murder the annoyingly perfect version of myself.



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