



Sample Pages from Fireworks

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SIXTEEN

IN 10 MINUTES OR LESS

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

A Suite of Short Plays
BY
Bradley Hayward



Sixteen in 10 Minutes or Less

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

Act One

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lazy Eye (2 Either)31

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

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

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

Act Two

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

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

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

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

Wheels (2M)..... 65

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

Tumblefur (1W)..... 73

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

Status Update: A Symphony

(3M, 4W) 79

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

Settings

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

Characters

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

James: Hyper & jumpy, male.

Piper: Outgoing & popular, female.

Cindy: Sarcastic & spontaneous,
female.

Samantha: Exuberant & talkative,
female.

Laura: Artistic & lonely, female.

Brody: Quiet & introspective, male.

Vance: Shy & thoughtful, male.

Right Eye: Eyeball, male or female.

Left Eye: Eyeball, male or female.

Operator: Voice only, male or
female.

Mom: Voice only, female.

Dad: Voice only, male.

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

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

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

Fireworks

by Bradley Hayward

Characters

Brody, Samantha

Setting

A large stone; under the stars

Moonlight glows on a large stone somewhere under the stars. BRODY sits on the ground, leaning against the stone as he looks wistfully toward the night sky. He sighs. SAMANTHA enters exuberantly with a picnic basket.

SAMANTHA: I didn't miss them, did I?

BRODY: No. You're fine.

SAMANTHA: Good! I looked everywhere, but I had no idea where you were. You should see how many people are down there, all camped out on their blankets. The entire baseball diamond is filled to capacity!

BRODY: I saw.

SAMANTHA: When I came around the bullpen, I knocked Miss Warner in the head with my picnic basket. I'm sure I'll pay for that in class on Monday. I don't know why, but she has it in for me. She hasn't liked me since day one.

BRODY: Sit with me.

SAMANTHA is too full of energy to sit. She plops the basket down on the stone and starts to go through it.

SAMANTHA: I hope you like pastrami. I thought we had turkey breast, but Mom must have fed it to the dog. I swear, every time she opens the fridge door, Whisper comes running. Even when he's outside, he can hear it. Yesterday Mom was pouring herself a glass of milk and Whisper ran all the way across the back yard and crashed through the screen door. But instead of punishing him, she emptied the carton into his water dish. How will he ever learn?

BRODY: Pastrami is fine. Sit.

SAMANTHA: I brought cookies, too! Oatmeal even. Those are your favorite, right? I hope so because I woke up extra early to make them from scratch. They might even still be warm. There's nothing better than a chewy cookie that's warm in the middle.

She hands him a cookie.

Here, try one! Sorry the edges are dark. I had the timer on so they wouldn't burn, but Whisper also hears oven doors. I was afraid he might jump in, so I tied him up before I took them out. Some of them got a little crispy.

BRODY: Thanks. Now sit with me.

SAMANTHA: How come you're way up here, all by yourself?

BRODY: I dunno.

SAMANTHA climbs on top of the stone, looking out front.

SAMANTHA: Look at all the people down there! I love how the Ferris wheel lights up when it goes around in circles like that. It's cool the way the bulbs flash in the middle before they shoot sideways. It's like each arm is trying to reach out and touch something.

BRODY: Look up.

SAMANTHA: Where?

BRODY: *(points to the sky)* There.

SAMANTHA: I can look at the stars any old time. Don't you want to go on the Ferris wheel with me? I'd love to see the world from way up there. And have all the lights blink around us as we come over the top! Red, blue, orange, yellow, green!

BRODY: I like it up here.

SAMANTHA: You'll like it up there, too!

BRODY: Maybe later. But don't let me stop you.

SAMANTHA: You're not stopping me. I just like to be a part of the action.

BRODY: I know.

SAMANTHA: How's the cookie?

BRODY: Good.

SAMANTHA: I got hungry looking for you, so I had a hot dog. Which was really good, so I had some cotton candy. Then I washed it all down with an orange soda. I think that's enough sugar for me. So you can eat all the cookies. I made them for you anyway.

BRODY: They're good.

SAMANTHA: Good!

BRODY: Now why don't you sit down? They'll start any second.

SAMANTHA: Are you sure you don't want to get on the Ferris wheel?! If we go now, maybe we can catch them while we're up there.

BRODY: We can see them better from here.

SAMANTHA: I guess you're right.

She sits cross-legged on the stone.

BRODY: Sit next to me.

SAMANTHA: Come up here and eat your sandwich! The view is awesome. (BRODY shrugs) Are you okay?

BRODY: Yep.

SAMANTHA: If you have something on your mind, you can tell me. I won't say a word to anyone. You know I'm really good at keeping secrets. Even when the secret is super juicy and I want to tell everyone, I don't. You know that.

BRODY: I know.

SAMANTHA: Cindy told me all about this thing that happened to her over summer break. It's totally major, but I didn't tell anyone about it. I almost did, but then I remembered that I promised. It wasn't easy, though. Not easy at all. You'd know why if I could tell you. So tell me. I want to know what you're thinking about.

BRODY: Nothing.

SAMANTHA: I think all the time. I can't help it. When I'm in the shower, I think about all the things I have to do that day. But by the time I get dressed, I forget what they were. That's why I write everything down in my journal. You've seen my journal.

It's the one with the butterflies on the cover. Mom pokes fun of me and says that I have Alzheimer's, but I just can't keep track of my thoughts from one second to the next. That book has been a lifesaver! It's a huge relief knowing that I can open it up and remember all the things that are important to me.

BRODY: That's good.

SAMANTHA: Maybe you should get a journal! Then you can write down all your thoughts. You must have amazing thoughts. That's why I like you. I don't know what your thoughts are, but I know they must be amazing. (BRODY shrugs) You don't have thoughts?

All of a sudden, there is a bright red flash in the sky. Their heads swivel toward it.

Wow! Did you see that? Did you see that?!

BRODY: I saw.

SAMANTHA: That was awesome!

BRODY: It was.

SAMANTHA: So pretty! I love watching the colors fall from the sky, as if they were melting down the side of an ice cream cone. Most people like the explosion part, but I like watching them twinkle as they fade away.

There is a burst of green and she stands up on the stone again.

Whoa! That one was huge! Don't they usually save the big ones for the end? And look! You can still see the trails of smoke from the first one behind it. It's like the red one is saying, "don't forget about me!"

BRODY: Yeah.

SAMANTHA: Shoot! I should have brought my camera. Did you bring your camera? I don't want to forget this.

BRODY: You won't.

SAMANTHA: This is too exciting!

There is a burst of yellow. The bursts continue, in various colors, throughout.

We should be on the Ferris wheel. Now that would be romantic! It would be like we were exploding and melting right along with them.

BRODY: Sit.

SAMANTHA: I wonder what it would feel like to be kissed in the sky!

BRODY: Please.

SAMANTHA: I'm sorry. Am I annoying you?

BRODY: No.

SAMANTHA: Do you want me to go away?

BRODY: I want you to come closer.

SAMANTHA: I talk too much.

BRODY: No.

SAMANTHA: I do. I know I do. I just have so many things in my head that I can't keep them from coming out. Like the other day, I looked out the window in math class and saw a butterfly land on a can of Coke that someone had left in the grass. It's poor little butterfly legs ended up glued around the rim and no matter how hard it flapped its wings, it couldn't get away. What was I supposed to do? Just watch it flap helplessly until it died? So I raised my hand and asked if I could go rescue it. You know, maybe that's why Miss Warner doesn't like me. I'm always interrupting.

BRODY: Maybe.

SAMANTHA: She said no, but you know what? I went anyway. I didn't care if I was going to get into trouble. There was a life on the line!

BRODY: What happened?

SAMANTHA: I tried to set it free, but its legs were really stuck and they separated from its body. It was so sad. You would have loved its wings. They were so beautiful.

BRODY: (*gently touches her hand*) I'm sorry.

SAMANTHA: I was crying when I came inside, but Miss Warner sent me to the principal's office anyway. How could she have been so insensitive? Come to think of it, I'm glad I knocked her in the head with my basket. She had it coming.

BRODY: Sit.

SAMANTHA: Even though it died, I feel good about what I did. It reminded me that I still have options.

BRODY nods. They silently look up toward the light show for a few moments. SAMANTHA gets restless and goes back to rifling through the picnic basket.

Would you like your sandwich now? I didn't know if you wanted lettuce and tomato on it, so I packed both. There's also mustard and mayonnaise if you want. I wonder who bought the pastrami anyway. I don't eat it and my parents don't eat it.

BRODY: (*points upward*) You're missing them.

SAMANTHA: Unless Whisper eats it. But if that's the case, I don't know why Mom would have given him the turkey breast. I'll have to ask cause this was the first time I've ever seen pastrami in the fridge. Do your parents eat pastrami?

BRODY: Sit.

SAMANTHA: It's things like that I want to know about you. You never talk to me about your parents. Like if they eat pastrami or turkey breast. Or if they eat salami or ham.

BRODY: Sit.

SAMANTHA: Or maybe they're vegetarians. Or vegans. I don't really understand the difference, but I'd still like to know.

BRODY: Yeah right.

SAMANTHA: What did you say?

BRODY: Nothing.

SAMANTHA: What do you mean, "yeah right"? Is there something going on with your parents?

BRODY: (*loses his temper*) Sit!

Silence. SAMANTHA closes the picnic basket.

SAMANTHA: Sorry. Maybe I should go.

BRODY: Don't.

SAMANTHA: I'll go.



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