

# **BOMB ART**

## **By Forrest Musselman and Sara Holmberg**

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## **CAST OF CHARACTERS**

*(3 M, 5 F)*

JIM	He is the neighbor.
GRETCHEN	She is the old, crazy grandmother.
NANCY	She is the mother.
ANGELO	He is the older brother and a struggling playwright.
RIVER JAMES	He is the younger brother.
SAM	She is one of the twins.
SADIE	She is one of the twins.
GIRL SCOUT	She is cautious of strangers.

*NOTE: The roles of Jim, Angelo, and River James can be played by females if needed.*

### **PLACE**

A bomb shelter.

### **TIME**

Sometime in the 1950's.

## **PRODUCTION NOTES**

While the time period suggests the 1950's, you can probably set it in any time period you'd like.

While Angelo references smoking in the play, he never actually smokes a cigarette. If your school is uncomfortable with the reference of cigarettes, you can certainly delete the lines that allude to it.

## PROP LIST

Box Full of Books and  
Magazines

Duck Made Out of Toilet  
Paper

Cans of Soup

Paper

Empty Cartons of  
Cigarettes

Pen

Toilet Paper

Knife

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## PRODUCTION HISTORY

*Bomb Art* was originally performed under the title *Four Morons and A Neighbor* at Studio Academy in Rochester, MN, in January of 2003. The original cast and crew are as follows: Erik Hendrickson, Anna Seewald, Tatum Blume, Gage Seewald, Rachel Peterson, Mike Haskin, Tasha Reed, Christine Szynal, Adam Louks, Alexa VanDonselaar, Courtney Bothen and Alex Davis. The play was directed by Becca Stiles-Nogosek.

## *SPECIAL THANKS*

*Sara Holmberg would like to thank her parents, Joel and Barbie Packer, for putting up with her during her teenage years and Forrest Musselman, for believing in this play for so many years.*

*Forrest Musselman would like to thank his family, Studio Academy for its years of inspiring children and Sara Holmberg for allowing him to join forces on such a strange and fun play.*

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**SETTING:** A bomb shelter. At stage right, there is a metal shelving unit with various stacked food items. Moving from stage right to stage left, there is a table with five folding chairs, a box full of various items, an old cot, and a door that when opened, reveals a flight of stairs that lead up to the outside. Located directly upstage is another door that leads into a small bathroom.

***AT RISE: Screaming is heard. The door at stage left flies open and JIM is pushed down the stairs, followed by ANGELO.***

ANGELO: We're all gonna die! This is it! This it!

JIM: What? What is it? What's happening?

ANGELO: They finally did it! They sent their bombs right at us!

*(ANGELO runs around the shelter and then dives under the table.)*

JIM: What bombs? What did you see?

ANGELO: We're all gonna die!

*(ANGELO pulls out a cigarette and attempts to light it. More commotion is heard on stairs. RIVER JAMES enters backwards. HE's attempting to lower GRETCHEN, who is in a wheelchair, down into the shelter. NANCY and the TWINS are following, holding on to the wheelchair as best THEY can.)*

RIVER JAMES: Careful now! Take it nice and easy.

NANCY: I'm not sure how much longer I can hold on.

RIVER JAMES: We're almost there. Just one more step.

GRETCHEN: This is fun. Wheeeeeee! *(SHE lifts her arms like SHE's on a roller coaster.)*

RIVER JAMES: Stop moving, Grandma! It's making me hard to hold on!!

*(With one more step to go, RIVER JAMES stumbles backwards and the wheelchair falls forward, spilling GRETCHEN on to the floor.)*

NANCY: Mother!

SAM and SADIE: Gramma!

GRETCHEN: Help! I've fallen and I can't get up.  
(NANCY and the TWINS rush down the stairs, pick up the wheelchair, and after a bit of struggling with GRETCHEN, put her back in the chair.)

RIVER JAMES: Quick! Shut the door.

(The TWINS shut the door.)

ANGELO: We're all gonna die!

GRETCHEN: As I walk through the valley full of shadows of death...

JIM: Would someone please tell me what's going on?

GRETCHEN: Who left the iron on?

JIM: No, what's going on!

ANGELO: What's going on? You should be thanking us for saving your life. It's atomic warfare out there. Bombs flying every which way. Had you stayed out there one more minute, you'd have been killed instantly! But, don't worry, you'll be safe in here.

JIM: Bombs? What are you talking about?

NANCY: The atomic bombs Russia is shooting at the United States so they can kill everybody and take over our land! You haven't heard about this yet?

JIM: I knew there were some issues, but I didn't hear about any bombs.

RIVER JAMES: It doesn't matter anymore. We're down here and we're safe. Don't worry, we've got plenty of food and water down here. We can live for months.

ANGELO: That's right. (Moves to the metal shelving unit.) We've got lots of provisions. Wait a second! There's only twelve cartons of cigarettes here. That means I'll be out in three days. I can't live like this.

JIM: If it's all right, I'd prefer that you didn't smoke in here. There's no ventilation and I have sensitive lungs.

ANGELO: I don't need your input.

NANCY: (To JIM) I'm sorry, young man, but in all this commotion, I didn't catch your name.

JIM: Hi, my name is Jim. I just moved here from New York.

NANCY: Jim. Isn't that a nice name? Nice to meet you. I'm Nancy and this is my mother, Gretchen. My two handsome sons are Angelo and River James. And these are my adorable twin daughters, Sam and Sadie. (SHE points at the wrong girls.)

SAM: I'm Sam.

SADIE: And I'm Sadie.

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NANCY: Ooops, I did it again, didn't I? It's so hard to tell them apart sometimes.

SAM: I'm the prettier one.

NANCY: Okay. *(To JIM)* So, you just moved into that little blue house down the road, right?

RIVER JAMES: The one with the little birdies on the mailbox? I like birdies.

JIM: Right. The blue house with the birdies on the mailbox.

NANCY: I don't think anyone's lived in that house since the triple-murder suicide, right, River?

RIVER JAMES: I think so. Is there still a bad blood stain on the living room floor? I heard it soaked right into the floor boards.

JIM: There's carpet in the living room.

RIVER JAMES: Ah, that was a clever idea.

JIM: Well, it was really nice to meet you all. Maybe we can all get together for dinner sometime. I'll just be leaving now.

NANCY: No, no, Jim. You can't do that. The radiation will kill you instantly!

JIM: I'll take my chances.

NANCY: Sit down and just relax. Let's get to know each other a little more. *(Leads him to the cot.)* What do you do for a living?

JIM: I'm in sales. I travel a lot.

RIVER JAMES: Hey, I'm in sales too. I sell doors. Door to door.

JIM: A door-to-door door salesman? I've never heard of that before.

RIVER JAMES: Yeah, it's pretty demanding work. Mostly because it's really hard lugging the doors around the neighborhood. I've kinda got a bad back.

JIM: I see. You'll have to show me your doors sometime.

RIVER JAMES: I'll see if I can work you into my schedule. I'm pretty busy right now with the cribbage club, the bird origami sculpture club and my other obligations.

ANGELO: You mean, your psychiatrist appointments?

RIVER JAMES: WE DON'T TALK ABOUT THAT!

GRETCHEN: Did anyone check my iron?

JIM: Soooo, Nancy. What does your husband do for a living?

SAM: He's a worm farmer.

*(SADIE giggles strangely.)*

NANCY: Girls! How many times have I told you not to say that. That is rude!

SADIE: Sorry... Mother.

NANCY: My husband passed away a few months ago.

JIM: Oh, I'm so sorry to hear that. I didn't know.

NANCY: That's okay. We're doing just fine.

ANGELO: This is giving me a fantastic idea for a play. I shall call it "Isolation, Claustrophobia." Oh, Angelo, you are such a genius. I envy myself.

JIM: You're a writer?

ANGELO: Uh, yeah. Playwright would be more accurate.

NANCY: Angelo is a wonderful writer. He almost went to college for it.

ANGELO: Playwriting is a way of expressing my superior intellect and supreme intelligence.

JIM: Have you been published?

ANGELO: Please... I don't need the acceptance of others to succeed. I'm an artist. I prefer to write for myself. It's much more satisfying that way.

SAM: He has a large box in his bedroom filled with pages and pages...

SADIE: And oddly-shaped weapons.

ANGELO: How many times have I told you to STAY OUT OF MY ROOM!

*(SADIE giggles strangely.)*

NANCY: Please don't raise your voice at your sisters.

ANGELO: I'm sorry, Mother. I can't be distracted by immature, little girls. I must focus on my writing at all times.

JIM: Are you sure we're under attack? I haven't heard anything.

ANGELO: This shelter is sound proof. What if we're the only ones to survive the war? We'll have repopulate the world.

JIM: But, out of all of us, I'm the only one not related to any of you.

*(There's a long, uncomfortable pause as THEY ALL stare at JIM.)*

I think I'm going to check outside. *(HE runs for the door and tries to open it.)* It won't open!

NANCY: You can't open the door from the inside. The only way to leave is by somebody on the outside opening the door.

JIM: Why is it like that?

RIVER JAMES: I installed it. Still trying to figure out the mechanics of the whole door thing.

JIM: And you sell them?

RIVER JAMES: Door to door.

JIM: You mean to tell me I'm stuck in this shelter... with all of you?

*(SADIE giggles strangely.)*

GRETCHEN: Where's the television? I'm missing "My Favorite Martian." Those darn aliens are out to take over the world. We need to kill 'em all!

NANCY: There's no TV in here, Mother! Check the box over there and see if there's anything you like.

GRETCHEN: What? Where?

*(NANCY pushes GRETCHEN over to the box.)*

NANCY: LOOK IN THE BOX!

GRETCHEN: Oh, look. Crossword puzzles!

JIM: *(Pounding on door)* HELP! HELP!

GRETCHEN: *(Hears and notices JIM)* Oh! Who is this?

NANCY: This is our new neighbor.

GRETCHEN: No, I don't think I've ever seen an alligator in China?

JIM: What? That didn't even make sense.

NANCY: She gets a little confused sometimes. I'd say it's probably time for her to TAKE HER MEDICINE.

GRETCHEN: You ain't my mother! You can't tell me what to do! I ain't gonna put up with this anymore.

NANCY: Where did I put those pills?

JIM: Pills for what exactly?

RIVER JAMES: Father said that you should never tell anyone what your pills are for. Father had lots of pills...

NANCY: Shucks. I must have forgotten to grab them. Oh well, no need to dwell on it. Why don't we have some nice tomato soup? Where's the can opener?

*(EVERYONE one looks around and then at each other.)*

ANGELO: Don't tell me that we don't have a can opener. This is just great! How are we supposed to eat without a can opener? I'm going to go into the bathroom to work on my play. Everybody, PLEASE, leave me alone. *(Exits to bathroom.)*

NANCY: I guess we can just eat some crackers, then?

JIM: And how long are we going to survive on a box of crackers?

NANCY: There's no need to worry. I'm sure everything will turn out just dandy.

ANGELO: *(Enters from bathroom)* Bad news, everybody. It appears we are low on toilet paper.

*(SADIE giggles strangely. EVERYONE stares at one another. The lights fade out. Some transitional music is heard. Lights fade in. EVERYONE is scattered about the shelter. RIVER JAMES is in the bathroom. ANGELO is looking through his cigarette cartons, which are all empty. NANCY is by the shelves, eating one of the can labels. JIM is sitting on the cot with his head in his hands. The TWINS are sitting in front of him, playing “Patty Cake.” GRETCHEN is sleeping in her wheelchair.)*

SAM and SADIE: Patty cake, patty cake, baker’s man, bake me a cake as fast as you can.

JIM: Can you play some other game that doesn’t involve food?

NANCY: I think there’s a difference in taste between the chicken noodle labels and the tomato.

ANGELO: I’ve been through hell and lived through it. The strangest thoughts are floating within my brain. Yes, I’m an artist. An artist I am.

JIM: Has it only been three days? How much more can I endure?

RIVER JAMES: *(Walks out of the bathroom, holding a bird made out of toilet paper.)* Look everybody! I made a duck. I love birdies.

SAM: Oh, it’s so cute.

SADIE: Make me one. Make me one!

JIM: What? You dork! We’re low on toilet paper as it is. None is to be wasted!

RIVER JAMES: I can’t help it. I’m so bored.

JIM: Why don’t you try to find a way to get those cans of food open?

*(RIVER goes dejectedly to the shelves and grabs a can.)*

RIVER JAMES: Hey, what’s this?

NANCY: It’s vegetable. Have you tried the label?

RIVER JAMES: No, there was a cracker behind this can. One last, delicious, salty morsel.

JIM: A cracker? Give it here!

*(THEY ALL rush around RIVER JAMES, except GRETCHEN, who is asleep.)*

RIVER JAMES: No! It’s mine. I found it!

JIM: So what? I’m just as hungry as you!

NANCY: There’s no need to fight. Why don’t we just ration it?

JIM: Are you kidding me? How can you split a cracker seven ways?

ANGELO: That’s okay. I’ll pass. I’d much better remain a starving artist. Excuse me. *(HE exits into the bathroom.)*

SAM: And we don't have to give any to Grandmother. She'll never know.

*(GRETCHEN mumbles something and convulses a bit in her chair.)*

SADIE: She's half dead as it is.

NANCY: Girls! That wasn't very nice! *(Pause)* All right, she IS asleep. Let's eat it quick.

RIVER JAMES: So we break it into six pieces. How do we do that?

JIM: It's five pieces.

RIVER JAMES: *(Shows his duck)* You can't forget Mr. Buggles.

JIM: Here. Let me split it.

*(RIVER hands the cracker to JIM. HE quickly shoves it into his mouth.)*

RIVER JAMES: Hey, what are you doing? We were supposed to share that!

JIM: I'm a guest in your bomb shelter. Where's your manners?

RIVER JAMES: Crumbs! There's gotta be some crumbs. Help me look, Mr. Buggles.

NANCY: You're right, Jim. You are the guest. That was very rude of me. I'll just go back to eating can labels.

JIM: Thank you.

RIVER JAMES: I'm tired. I think it's time to go to sleep. You wanna take a little nappy, Mr. Buggles?

JIM: You have to sleep on the floor. It's my turn to sleep on the cot.

RIVER JAMES: We get the pillow then!

*(THEY BOTH race to the cot and fight over the blankets.)*

JIM: Ha! The blankets are mine!

RIVER JAMES: You can't have everything! I HATE YOU!

*(GRETCHEN stirs from her sleep.)*

GRETCHEN: Back when I was a little girl, we had to travel 30 miles on foot just to get a box of diapers. *(SHE falls back to sleep.)*

JIM: You can shout at me all you want, but I get the cot.

SAM: Perhaps we should create a schedule. Jim can have it on Monday, River James can have it on Tuesday, Mommy can have it on Wednesday...

SADIE: And Grammy can have it on Thursday, and Angelo can have it on Friday, and Sam...

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JIM: Yes, we get the idea.

RIVER JAMES: So, what day is it?

NANCY: It's... Wednesday. No, it's Friday?

JIM: Let's just say it's Monday, okay? Looks like I get the cot. (*HE flops onto the cot with the blankets.*) Good night, cruel world!  
(*Pulls blankets over his head.*)

RIVER JAMES: It's okay, Mr. Buggles. We'll be fine as long as we have each other.

(*ANGELO enters from the bathroom, holding a few pieces of crumpled paper.*)

ANGELO: This is it! I've finished my next masterpiece.

RIVER JAMES: You think you're so great, but nobody likes you. You're just an arrogant twenty-seven year old, talentless playwright that still lives with his mom!

ANGELO: Excuse me? You live with Mom too.

RIVER JAMES: I'm going to ignore that point. Let's stick with the fact that your plays are terrible.

ANGELO: You're just saying that because you're jealous! Besides, you don't know a thing about plays. Who are you to judge what's good and what's not?

RIVER JAMES: I'm not the only one that thinks they're terrible. Father used to read them and cry.

ANGELO: He was moved by the words!

RIVER JAMES: He was embarrassed.

NANCY: He was depressed.

ANGELO: Ha. Of course he was. But you have not read my most recent masterpiece. Here it is! I call it "Isolation, Claustrophobia." Come, let's read it now.

RIVER JAMES: Must we?

ANGELO: Yes. Mother, you shall read the part of Rosita, the Spanish Mother. River James, you shall play Mephistopheles.

RIVER JAMES: What is Mephistopheles?

ANGELO: He is one of the seven princes of Hell. It was a character from Faust.

RIVER JAMES: Who's Faust?

ANGELO: I don't have time to educate you on the classics of literature. Just read the part! Jim, I'd like for you to read the part of Geraldo.

JIM: (*From underneath blanket*) I'm sleeping.

SAM: I'll read it!

SADIE: I want to read it!

ANGELO: Fine. You can read it together.

SAM and SADIE: Yay!

ANGELO: Please control your happiness. This is a very serious reading. Now, the scene takes place in an underground dungeon. Geraldo and Rosita are seated as Mephistopheles enters with a several dragons. And... action. (*Begins humming dramatic music.*)

*(ACTORS should read/act the parts as bad as possible.)*

RIVER JAMES: I am a murderer. I have come to kill all of you and eat your innards. I enjoy the bitter taste of hot, raw, human flesh.

SAM and SADIE: But you can't eat us. You barely know us! Plus, I have a deadly disease. If you eat me, you'll have a chance that you'll get the disease too.

NANCY: Yes, don't eat my baby. So young, so young. How would I live without you? I am so distraught right now. Really, really distraught.

SAM and SADIE: What? If you are really, really distraught, then you must have gotten the disease from me. Oh, how I long to see the light of day once again.

RIVER JAMES: Disease or not, I'm still going to eat you. I'm really, really hungry.

ANGELO: I'm sorry, I have to interrupt here. Your horrible acting is making my masterpiece look like merely a play. Perhaps if you put more emotion, more attitude, more love into the work, then maybe, just maybe, this would be the work of art I intend it to be!

RIVER JAMES: Who cares? Can we finish reading this play already?

ANGELO: Fine. Sam and Sadie, try lying on the floor. Someone with a deadly disease wouldn't have the energy to sit anymore.

*(SAM and SADIE lie down.)*

Good. And... action!

SAM and SADIE: I would flee in fear, but I am so weak, so I shall flee in my mind.

NANCY: Oh, Geraldo. Don't flee.

RIVER JAMES: Geraldo? Your name is Geraldo?

SAM and SADIE: Yes, that is my name. Geraldo.

RIVER JAMES: I used to have a brother named Geraldo. Are you that brother that was named Geraldo?

SAM and SADIE: Yes. Yes, I am.

NANCY: Then you are my lost lost son. Oh, how I've missed you.

RIVER JAMES: Despite these sudden change in events, I am still going to eat all of you.

JIM: I'm going to have to interrupt here. This has to be one of the worst plays I've ever heard in my life.

ANGELO: How dare you insult my work of art! I have worked long and hard on this masterpiece and I will not tolerate somebody as inexperienced as you criticizing it.

JIM: What? So I have to lie and say it's good?

ANGELO: If you'd like to do that, I'd be okay with it.

NANCY: Why don't we take a little break from the play?

ANGELO: Fine. I could handle doing a few touch-ups on it anyway.

NANCY: Why don't we play Charades?

ANGELO: I'm not going to subject myself to such meaningless activities. *(ANGELO grabs all the scripts and exits to the bathroom.)*

RIVER JAMES: I love Charades. I'll go first.

NANCY: Jim, would you like to play?

JIM: I'm sleeping. *(JIM actually peeks out from blanket to watch.)*

*(RIVER JAMES mimes opening a book.)*

SAM: A book.

*(RIVER JAMES touches his nose. Holds up four fingers.)*

SADIE: Four words.

*(RIVER JAMES touches his nose. Mimes hanging himself.)*

NANCY: River James, how many times do I have to tell you not to make fun of Father!

RIVER JAMES: I wasn't. It's part of the book title.

NANCY: Sorry. I just got a little sensitive there. Go ahead.

*(RIVER JAMES holds up one finger.)*

SAM: First word.

*(RIVER JAMES touches his nose. Holds up two fingers.)*

SADIE: Why are you doing the second word if you haven't done the first word?

RIVER JAMES: I was doing the first word. *(Shows two fingers again.)*

NANCY: Oh! Oh! It's two!

*(RIVER JAMES touches his nose. Holds up two fingers.)*

SAM: Second word.

*(RIVER JAMES mimes shooting a gun, and then falls down dead.)*

SADIE: Shoot.

SAM: Die.

NANCY: Balloons?

*(EVERYONE stares oddly at her for a second. RIVER JAMES continues to mime out the second word. HE begins stabbing something.)*

SADIE: Stab.

SAM: Knife.

NANCY: Cookies?

JIM: Good grief! It's kill. Kill!

*(RIVER JAMES touches his nose. SADIE giggles strangely.)*

NANCY: Oh, you're awake.

JIM: Hard to sleep with all this talking and screaming. Hurry up with the title.

*(RIVER JAMES holds up four fingers.)*

SAM: Fourth word.

*(RIVER JAMES begins flapping around the room like a bird.)*

JIM: To Kill A Mockingbird.

RIVER JAMES: Yes!

JIM: Great. Now everyone can shut up. *(Covers up his head.)*

*(Screaming is heard from the bathroom. JIM uncovers his head.)*

Now what?

*(ANGELO enters from bathroom. HE has toilet paper wrapped around his head with a blood stain over the left ear. HE makes his way over to where GRETCHEN is sleeping.)*

ANGELO: I did it. I did it! I am a tortured artist. Yes. Yes.

NANCY: Oh my! What have you done?

ANGELO: I cut my left ear off, just like Picasso.

*(SADIE giggles strangely.)*

NANCY: What?

ANGELO: Well, it's not completely cut off, but I made a good cut on it.

RIVER JAMES: You really have lost it, haven't you?

ANGELO: I'm crazy, I tell you. Just like Picasso.

JIM: First of all, it was Van Gogh who cut off his ear. And second, if there aren't any sharp cutting instruments in this bomb shelter, how were you able to cut your ear?

*(EVERYONE stares at ANGELO. HE faces them and deposits a knife behind him into GRETCHEN's lap.)*

ANGELO: Did I say cut? I actually ripped it.

JIM: You can't rip an ear.

ANGELO: How do you know? Have you ever tried?

JIM: You have a knife. We've been starving to death in a room with canned food and you have a knife.

ANGELO: I don't.

NANCY: You're lying, Angelo. I can tell. Where is it?

ANGELO: I don't have a knife.

RIVER JAMES: Don't worry, Mother! I'll get it from him.

*(RIVER JAMES throws Mr. Buggles at ANGELO. ANGELO ducks {ha!} and the duck hits GRETCHEN. SHE stirs awake and sees the duck.)*

GRETCHEN: Ok, look! Food.

*(RIVER JAMES rushes ANGELO and THEY begin to fight, but very strangely. While the fight is happening, GRETCHEN finds the knife in her lap, cuts off the head of Mr. Buggles, and puts the head in her mouth. After a moment, SHE spits it out on the floor.)*

Yeck, a little too bitter for me.

*(At this point, RIVER JAMES and ANGELO are on the floor and RIVER JAMES sees the head of Mr. Buggles go by.)*

RIVER JAMES: What was that? Was that Mr. Buggles? Grandma, what have you done? What did Mr. Buggles ever do to you to deserve this? Have you no heart!?

GRETCHEN: The heart is mine. I killed this duck and I'm going to eat it.

ANGELO: Grandma, it's just a stupid hunk of toilet paper!

RIVER JAMES: Mr. Buggles was not a hunk of toilet paper. He was my best friend. And now Grandma killed him. I hate you! I hate you all! *(HE starts beating on ANGELO.)*

NANCY: Boys! Boys! Stop it. Stop fighting!

RIVER JAMES: Grandma killed Mr. Buggles!

ANGELO: Then why are you attacking me?

RIVER JAMES: I would never hurt Grandma.

JIM: Get over it! Gretchen has the knife, so let's celebrate by eating.

NANCY: Why would you hide a knife from us, Angelo?

ANGELO: It was all part of my plan, all right?

NANCY: Plan!

ANGELO: I wanted us to suffer. I wanted me to suffer. So, I made up the story about the bombs coming so we could all be trapped in here.

JIM: What!

ANGELO: And then I hid the knife so we couldn't eat. And we suffered. And now I know what it's like to truly be an artist. I am a genius! A genius!

JIM: Give me that knife. I'm going to kill you.

RIVER JAMES: And I'm going to kill you for killing Mr. Buggles.

SAM and SADIE: Kill! Kill! Kill!

GRETCHEN: I don't want my pills!

NANCY: Stop. Stop it, all of you!

*(THEY ALL begin to converge on each other. Just when it looks like there's going to be a gigantic fight, a knock is heard from the outside door. EVERYONE pauses. The knock is heard again.)*

JIM: Was that a knock?

*(The knock is heard again. THEY ALL move to the door.)*

Is someone there?

GIRL SCOUT: Um... would you like to buy some girl scout cookies?

ANGELO: No! My play is not yet complete!

JIM: Don't listen to him. Just open the door. Please?

GIRL SCOUT: Is this a bad time?

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