

CELLOPHANE

By Chris Stiles

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CHARACTERS

(1 Male, 2 Females, 13 Either)

CHORUS 1

CHORUS 2

CHORUS 3

CHORUS 4 (JEFF)

CHORUS 5

CHORUS 6

CHORUS 7

CHORUS 8

CHORUS 9

CHORUS 10

CYBERBULLY 1

CYBERBULLY 2

CYBERBULLY 3

DEFIANT DAVE

DELUSIONAL DANA

DESPONDENT ADELE

PHONE VOICE

SETTING

Bare stage, unit piece for cell tower (or blocks could be used).

PROPERTIES

Cell phones for each character, backpack, roll of Saran Wrap.

PRODUCTION NOTES

The cell phone tower could be as elaborate or as simple as desired, but a simple set of blocks to elevate the actors is all that is necessary. A step-ladder would work as well.

The phone voice could be done a couple of ways. An offstage mike and a PA system would be the simplest. A megaphone –creating the phone voice sound –would work well. And perhaps a talented techie would be able to amplify the phone itself.

Bjorgart in “Humphrey Bjorgart” is pronounced “B-YOR-GART”.

The Chorus text letters could be large cards with the individual letters. Most of the messages have letters numbering no more than the number in the chorus, with the exception of "COMING 2MOR ILU HUMPH". This would require some of the chorus to hold more than one letter. It's also possible, with the right facilities and equipment, to project the texts onto a screen.

It would be possible to do this play with a different number of actors for the chorus—as few as five, as many as fifteen. If the director chooses to do this, the lines for the chorus may be split to accommodate the different number of actors.

This play is very gender flexible. Dave is the only character that needs to be male. Pronoun references in the script can be made to accommodate the gender of the actor. The part of Cyberbully 1 works a little better as a male, but it is not necessary for that part to be male. If a female is needed to play the part of Chorus 4 (Jeff), simply change the references from "Jeff" to an alternate feminine name.

PRODUCTION HISTORY

CELLophane premiered on April 26, 2010 at Concordia High School, Concordia, Kansas, with the following cast:

Chorus: Micaelah Bieker, Kristina Fraley, Whitney Hillman, Burgandy Hyde, Angel Malcuit, Mari Mar, Noah Mason, Kaitlin Moore, Tyrel Peters, Megan Ross, Mia Smith, Alexis Sparrow, Jeanie Sullivan

Cyberbully 1...Ross Hartzell

Cyberbully 2...Amanda Foreman

Cyberbully 3...Madison Deal

Defiant Dave...Anthony Ducote

Delusional Dana...Angela Dvorak

Despondent Adele...Siri McGuire

Phone Voice...Anthony May

The playwright wishes to thank the cast for their contribution.

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SETTING: Bare stage, unit piece for cell tower (or blocks could be used).

AT RISE: *The CHORUS is spread across the playing area as the lights come up. Each moves towards downstage to say lines, then moves about the stage. Each CHORUS MEMBER holds a cell phone.*

CHORUS 1: Hello?

CHORUS 2: Hello.

CHORUS 3: Hi!

CHORUS 4: Hey.

CHORUS 5: What's up?

CHORUS 6: Just a minute.

CHORUS 7: What?

CHORUS 8: Can't hear you.

CHORUS 9: It's me.

CHORUS 10: What's going on?

CHORUS 1: Hello?

CHORUS 2: Hello.

CHORUS 3: Hi!

CHORUS 4: Hey.

CHORUS 5: What's up?

CHORUS 6: Just a minute.

CHORUS 7: What?

CHORUS 8: Can't hear you.

CHORUS 9: It's me.

CHORUS 10: Really. What's going on?

CHORUS 1: Hello?

CHORUS 2: Hello.

CHORUS 3: Hi!

CHORUS 4: Hey.

CHORUS 5: What's up?

CHORUS 6: Just a minute.

CHORUS 7: What?

CHORUS 8: Can't hear you.

CHORUS 9: It's me.

CHORUS 10: I'm serious. What is going on!?

CHORUS 1: CELLophane.

CHORUS 10: What?

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CHORUS 2-6: CELLophane!

CHORUS 10: What?

(CHORUS 8 holds up a phone towards audience.)

PHONE VOICE: CELLophane. A play in one act.

CHORUS 10: Why didn't you say so?

(The CHORUS freezes, heads down. EACH unfreezes and moves downstage to say the following lines.)

CHORUS 1: This is the story of three souls...

CHORUS 10: One angry, one lonely, one lost.

CHORUS 1: Three souls...

CHORUS 2: Lost, angry, and alone.

CHORUS 3: Three souls...

CHORUS 9: Defiant, delusional, despondent.

CHORUS 6: Wrapped together with CELLophane.

ALL CHORUS: CELLophane.

(A cell phone rings. The CHORUS freezes onstage. After the third ring...)

OFFSTAGE VOICE: Answer your phone!

(CHORUS 5, center stage, pushes a button on her cell phone and holds it out towards the audience.)

PHONE VOICE: CELLophane. Scene one. The CyberBullies.

(CHORUS exits. CYBERBULLIES enter, cross downstage center.)

CYBERBULLY 1: So what do you want to do?

CYBERBULLY 2: I don't know. *(To CYBERBULLY 3)* What do you want to do?

CYBERBULLY 3: I don't know. What do you want to do?

CYBERBULLY 1: Why are you looking at me?

CYBERBULLY 2: Because you're the one with the ideas.

CYBERBULLY 3: Yeah. You're the idea dude.

CYBERBULLY 2: Idea dude. Yeah. So what's your idea, idea dude?

CYBERBULLY 1: Um...we could call somebody.

CYBERBULLY 3: Who we gonna call?

CYBERBULLY 2: Yeah. Who we gonna call? Everyone we know is right here. At least, everyone we like is right here.

CYBERBULLY 3: Yeah. How 'bout that? I thought you were the idea dude.

CYBERBULLY 1: I am! I am the idea dude. Wait a sec...we could call someone we don't know.

CYBERBULLY 3: It's brilliant!

CYBERBULLY 2: It is? How is it brilliant?

CYBERBULLY 1: It's brilliant...it's brilliant because...because the person we call –that we don't know –won't know who's calling. They won't know it's us.

CYBERBULLY 3: Why won't they know it's us?

CYBERBULLY 1: I have my number blocked. Caller Unknown.

CYBERBULLY 2: Caller Unknown...

CYBERBULLY 3: That is brilliant.

CYBERBULLY 2: No it's not. What's the point?

CYBERBULLY 3: Yeah. What's the point?

CYBERBULLY 1: The point is we call the number –the person we don't know –and when they answer, we say, "Who is this?" They'll say...

CYBERBULLY 3: They'll say, "This is so and so, who's this?"

CYBERBULLY 1: And we'll say, "Wouldn't you like to know?"

CYBERBULLY 3: And we'll hang up!

CYBERBULLY 1: We'll hang up.

CYBERBULLY 3: They'll freak out!

CYBERBULLY 1: They'll freak out. And it will be hilarious.

CYBERBULLY 3: Hi-lar-ee-us!

CYBERBULLY 2: Let's do it.

(CYBERBULLIES exit. Enter CHORUS.)

CHORUS 1: That's the beginning of our story.

CHORUS 2: The CyberBullies.

CHORUS 3: And here's the next part of our story...

CHORUS 4: Defiant Dave.

ALL CHORUS: Defiant Dave.

CHORUS 5: Some folks shed convention.

CHORUS 6: Shrug off new ideas.

CHORUS 7: Defy change.

CHORUS 8: And cling to old concepts.

CHORUS 9: They don't want to embrace the ways of their generation.

CHORUS 10: For whatever reason.

(A CHORUS MEMBER holds up a phone.)

PHONE VOICE: CELLophane, Scene Two. Defiant Dave.

(DAVE enters, crosses to center stage. Different CHORUS MEMBERS approach him.)

CHORUS 1: Dude! Let me use your phone.

DAVE: That's not possible.

CHORUS 1: What?

CHORUS 2: Hey, give me your number and I'll call you during lunch.

DAVE: Sorry.

CHORUS 2: Say what?

CHORUS 3: Let me put you into my contacts.

DAVE: With what?

CHORUS 3: With...with your number?

DAVE: That's not gonna happen.

CHORUS 5: Hey you sexy beast. What do you say you give me your cell number?

DAVE: As much as that appeals to me, I can't do it.

CHORUS 5: What's wrong with you?

CHORUS 6: Why won't you give out your number?

CHORUS 7: Yeah. Why won't you give out your cell?

CHORUS 8: Yeah, Dave. What's the deal with your phone?

DAVE: I don't have one.

(Stunned silence from the CHORUS. Finally, SOMEONE speaks.)

CHORUS 9: What did he say?

CHORUS 10: Did he say...

CHORUS 1: Is that possible?

CHORUS 2: Is that logical?

CHORUS 3: Is it legal?

CHORUS 5: Is it sane?

CHORUS 6: I thought everyone had...

(CHORUS 4 enters.)

CHORUS 4: Is it true? Is it true? I just head Dave doesn't have...

DAVE: I don't have a phone.

CHORUS 7: Who doesn't have a phone?

DAVE: Well, I have a phone.

CHORUS 8: We thought so.

DAVE: I have a phone, at home, attached to the wall. Remember those? The receiver is attached with a cord...

CHORUS 9: You mean a landline?

DAVE: If that's what you want to call it.

CHORUS 10: But you can't bring a landline to school.

DAVE: Bring it to school? For what? To talk to the person in the next room? To text the person at the front of the lunch line to ask, “How the tater tots look, Dude?” Everybody thinks they have to have a cell phone, that they need a cell phone. Well, guess what? I don’t need a cell phone. I don’t want a cell phone. I refuse to get a cell phone!

CHORUS 1: That’s just plain weird.

CHORUS 2: What are you, some kind of freak?

CHORUS 3: You have fun with that no phone thing, dude.

(ALL CHORUS except CHORUS 4 exits. CHORUS 4 – “JEFF” – approaches DAVE.)

JEFF: Dude, take my phone.

DAVE: I don’t want your phone.

JEFF: I know that. Just hang onto it.

DAVE: What? Why?

JEFF: I can’t take it to French class.

DAVE: What do you mean?

JEFF: Madame Henderson? She flips out on phones, man. She flips out on anything new, any kind of technology. Phones. iPods.

Thinks somehow you can cheat with them. Like I’m gonna get a text explaining how to conjugate “parler.” Right. But we got a test today, man, and Madame Henderson will search book bags for phones.

DAVE: Can she do that?

JEFF: She will, dude. And if she finds my phone, she’ll turn it into the office and I won’t get it back till Friday. And dude, I will die without my phone. I will seriously die. So you gotta hang on to it.

DAVE: But why me? *(Pointing.)* Why not him? Or her?

JEFF: Sure. He’ll mess with my settings, give me some obnoxious ring tone that I can’t get rid of. And she’ll be texting everyone and their dog with my phone. I only have 88 texts left this month. Don’t you see?

You’re perfect. You won’t mess with it. You hate phones.

DAVE: That’s true.

JEFF: So you’ll do it? Just to the end of the day.

DAVE: But what if it rings?

JEFF: Then answer it.

DAVE: But...

JEFF: Thanks. I owe you one. *(HE exits.)*

DAVE: But I don’t know how to...

(The phone rings.)

How do you...

(Phone continues to ring.)

I don't how to answer this thing. Do I push this? Hello? Hey, I did it. Hello? This is Dave. Who's this? Hello? Hello?

(DAVE exits. CHORUS enters.)

CHORUS 5: Oh the irony.

CHORUS 6: The irony.

CHORUS 5: Defiant Dave ranted and raved...

CHORUS 6: Gave us a tirade

CHORUS 7: A tirade against technology

CHORUS 8: And yet, in a twist and a turn

CHORUS 9: Gets stuck with a phone

CHORUS 10: And lo! Becomes the first victim of the CyberBullies.

ALL CHORUS: The CyberBullies.

CHORUS 1: And now the story of Delusional Dana.

CHORUS 2: Let us go to the internet world

CHORUS 3: Where boyfriends and girlfriends are there to be picked

CHORUS 4: Like daisies on a cybernetic plain.

CHORUS 5: Cast the pollen from your user name

CHORUS 6: And bees made from microchips

CHORUS 7: Will buzz to your PC.

CHORUS 8: Hovering, waiting...

ALL CHORUS: Hovering, waiting.

CHORUS 9: This is the story of Delusional Dana.

ALL CHORUS: Delusional Dana.

CHORUS 10: She sits and waits for an internet date.

CHORUS 1: A phone call, that's all...

(Phone rings. CHORUS MEMBER holds up cell phone.)

PHONE VOICE: Cellophane, scene three: Delusional Dana.

(CHORUS exits. Enter DANA, talking on a phone.)

DANA: Hey. I can't talk too long. I'm waiting for the call. O M G, what do you mean, what call? The call. I told you, he's going to call today. My boyfriend. Do you ever listen to me? I do too have a boyfriend. I did so tell you about him. What's his name? Humphrey. Humphrey Bjorgart. Yes I'm serious. Yeah...I think there's a movie star with that name. A dead movie star. But it's not the same. He spells his name B-J-O-R-G-A-R-T. Not B-O-G-A-R-T. With a j. Well yeah, it's weird. No, he's not Swedish. He's Finnish. Finnish. He

from Finland. He lives in Finland. What do you mean, you can't have a boyfriend that lives in Finland? I do. We talk all the time. Okay. We chat all the time. Every night. At least every night I'm not grounded from the computer. And...and I love him, and he says he loves me. Shut up! You can so love someone you've never met. I do too know him. His name is Humphrey Bjorgart and he's 19 years old and he wants to escape the communist regime in Finland and come to America. Yes, he speaks English. I don't know what they speak in Finland. Finnish? What do you mean the whole things sounds weird? Why can't you just be happy I have a boyfriend? Why can't you be supportive? Why can't you say, I'm happy you have Humphrey Bjorgart and I hope he escapes the communists soon and...I've got another call. It's him! I gotta go...Hello? Hello? This is Dana. Who's this? Hello? Hello?

(DANA exits. Enter CHORUS.)

CHORUS 7: The capital of Finland is Helsinki.

CHORUS 8: Finland's 'bout the size of Montana.

CHORUS 9: It is the home to two million saunas.

CHORUS 10: Three million Finnish souls use the Net.

CHORUS 1: Cell phone users outnumber reindeer.

CHORUS 2: Finland's chief export is the cell phone.

CHORUS 3: The cell phone throwing championship is there.

CHORUS 4: Really?

CHORUS 3: Really.

CHORUS 5: The government is a republic. Not communist.

CHORUS 4: Really?

CHORUS 5: Really.

CHORUS 7: Five million people live in Finland.

CHORUS 8: And not a soul in Finland bears the name...

CHORUS: of Humphrey Bjorgart.

CHORUS 9: Now Adele:

CHORUS 1: She got a new phone!

CHORUS: HAPPY SWEET SIXTEEN!

CHORUS 9: It's one of them newfangled ones that can

CHORUS 10: Call

CHORUS 8: Text

CHORUS 7: Email

CHORUS 1: Photograph

CHORUS 2: Download

CHORUS 3: Upload

CHORUS 4: Calculate

CHORUS 5: Navigate

CHORUS 6: Make dinner reservations.

CHORUS 7: That's right, folks, it

CHORUS 8: Calls!

CHORUS 9: Texts!

CHORUS 10: Emails!

CHORUS 1: Photographs!

CHORUS 2: Downloads!

CHORUS 3: Uploads!

CHORUS 4: Calculates!

CHORUS 5: Navigates!

CHORUS 6: and guarantees you a seat next to the big screen TV at Chili's!

CHORUS 7: But it does not!

CHORUS 8: No it does not!

CHORUS 7: Show affection

CHORUS 8: of any kind.

CHORUS 7: This is the story of Despondent Adele.

CHORUS: Despondent Adele.

(Phone rings. CHORUS 6 answers, holds up phone.)

PHONE VOICE: CELLophane, scene four.

(CHORUS exits. Enter ADELE.)

ADELE: Happy birthday, to me. Happy Birthday, to me. Here you go honey. It's what you've been asking for. What, a car so I can drive off a cliff? A hot air balloon ride that gets swept up in a tornado, taking me to a land far far away? Of course not. Don't be silly. It's a phone. A new cell phone. Isn't that what you wanted? You can call all your friends! You can text all your friends. You can even facebook all your friends on this phone. Isn't that what you kids do these days? Hello! What friends? Have you seen these friends? Have you heard me talk on the phone with these people? Listen to me, and listen to me now. I have no friends. Seriously. Nobody talks to me. Not one soul has said a word to me since the second day we moved here, two years ago. No one sits by me at lunch. No one volunteers to be my lab partner. I was absent for eight days with mono and not one person said, "Hey, where ya been?" I walk down the halls and people stare through me like I'm a piece of cellophane. And a phone is going to fix that? Does this phone have some sort of magic wand feature, somewhere between the camera and the internet access? Wave your phone and POOF! Instant friends. Because we're the new AT&T and we can do ANYTHING with

technology these days...I got a girl's number...stole a girl's number, really. Heard her giving it to someone else. Started calling her, pretending I knew her, tried to be her friend, but what's pathetic is she wants to talk to non-existent boyfriends more than me. Oh, what's the use? Does this thing have a laser feature to burn a hole in my brain? I hate life! Wait...I can't hate life. Life is a world with people and I don't have that world. I am not part of life. What do I need with a phone? Who would call such a non-person?

(Her phone rings.)

Hello? Hello? This is Adele. Who's this? Hello? What kind of cruel joke is this? Hello?

(ADELE exits. Enter CYBERBULLIES.)

CYBERBULLY 1: That was hilarious.

CYBERBULLY 3: Totally hilarious!

CYBERBULLY 2: It was outrageous.

CYBERBULLY 3: Completely outrageous!

CYBERBULLY 1: It was fun.

CYBERBULLY 3: Really fun!

CYBERBULLY 2: Pretty fun.

CYBERBULLY 1: Somewhat fun.

CYBERBULLY 3: It was alright.

CYBERBULLY 2: Yeah. It was okay.

CYBERBULLY 1: Better than nothing.

CYBERBULLY 2: Actually, it was kind of boring.

CYBERBULLY 3: Yeah. Real boring.

CYBERBULLY 1: It totally bit.

CYBERBULLY 2: There's only so much amusement you can get, calling up people and hanging up.

CYBERBULLY 3: You can't see their faces.

CYBERBULLY 1: You don't know how they react.

CYBERBULLY 2: We need something new to do.

CYBERBULLY 3: Yeah. Something new.

CYBERBULLY 1: So what do you want to do?

CYBERBULLY 2: I don't know. What do you want to do?

CYBERBULLY 3: I don't know. What do you want to do?

CYBERBULLY 1: We could text somebody.

CYBERBULLY 3: Who we are we gonna text? Everyone we know is here.

CYBERBULLY 2: Wait a minute...haven't we had this conversation before?

CYBERBULLY 1: Maybe...but this time, we'll do it different. We'll text people we know...people that we know something about, something to text them about, something that'll tick them off...

CYBERBULLY 2: Who do you have in mind?

CYBERBULLY 1: There's that freak that doesn't have a phone.

CYBERBULLY 2: Dave?

CYBERBULLY 1: Yeah. It's perfect. We send a barrage of messages. Insults. We send him a slew, harass him for not carrying a phone.

CYBERBULLY 3: But if he doesn't have a phone, how we can we text him?

CYBERBULLY 1: Because he does have a phone today. He's holding onto Jeff's phone while he's testing with Madame Henderson.

CYBERBULLY 3: Madame Henderson. What's her problem?

CYBERBULLY 2: She's determined to destroy our technological society, to revert us back to the stone ages of the 1980's.

CYBERBULLY 1: Yeah, well, she's old. But never mind that. I say, let's start texting Dave.

CYBERBULLY 3: What are we gonna say?

(ALL THREE pause, look down as if in deep thought.)

CYBERBULLY 1: I got it.

CYBERBULLY 2: What?

CYBERBULLY 1: This is deep.

CYBERBULLY 3: What?

CYBERBULLY 1: Profound, even.

CYBERBULLY 2: Tell us already!

CYBERBULLY 1: Are you ready for this?

(FIVE MEMBERS of the CHORUS enter and stand behind the BULLIES, holding up letters of the text, U R GAY as CYBERBULLY 1 speaks.)

U R GAY.

CYBERBULLY 3: Urgay? Isn't that a country in South America?

CYBERBULLY 2: No, you idiot. U R GAY. As in, "You are a very gay person."

CYBERBULLY 3: Oh...

CYBERBULLY 1: It'll be hilarious.

CYBERBULLY 2: It's pretty good.

CYBERBULLY 3: Pretty good? It's great.

CYBERBULLY 2: It is great.

CYBERBULLY 1: Hey. They don't call me the Idea Dude for nothing.

CYBERBULLY 3: You got that right.

CYBERBULLY 2: Let's do it.

(CYBERBULLIES exit. Enter DAVE. Phone rings.)

DAVE: This stupid phone. Hello? Hello? Nobody there...oh. New text.
How do I look at a text? Why do I care? *(Rings)* Two new texts.
(Rings) Three new texts. Okay...view.

(CHORUS stands behind DAVE, spelling out the text.)

Message One: U R Gay. Message two: U R Gay. Message Three:
U R Gay. What does that mean?

(DAVE exits. Enter CYBERBULLIES.)

CYBERBULLY 2: Who's next?

CYBERBULLY 1: There's this girl...

CYBERBULLY 2: Yeah?

CYBERBULLY 1: And I've been...I can't believe I'm telling you this.

CYBERBULLY 3: What? What?

CYBERBULLY 1: I've been pretending to be her boyfriend.

CYBERBULLY 3: I don't get it.

CYBERBULLY 2: How can you...

CYBERBULLY 1: She thinks I'm this dude from Finland who will come to
America and sweep her off her feet. But it's just me.

CYBERBULLY 2: You're kidding.

CYBERBULLY 3: That's hilarious.

CYBERBULLY 1: Till now we've just been chatting online. But maybe
I'll send her a text.

CYBERBULLY 2: Cool.

CYBERBULLY 3: Outrageous.

CYBERBULLY 2: What are you going to say?

(CYBERBULLY 1 gets out phone, starts texting. CHORUS enters.)

CYBERBULLY 1: Coming tomorrow. I love you, Humph.

*(Behind the BULLIES, the CHORUS spells out COMING 2MOR. ILU
HUMPH.)*

CYBERBULLY 2: Where'd you get that name, anyway?

CYBERBULLY 1: What name?

CYBERBULLY 2: Humphrey Bjorgart.

CYBERBULLY 1: Humphrey Bogart.

CYBERBULLY 2: What?

CYBERBULLY 1: Humphrey Bogart. The movie star. I took his name and changed the spelling.

CYBERBULLY 3: Humphrey Bogart. Was he in Fast and Furious?

CYBERBULLY 1: No. Of course not.

CYBERBULLY 3: Then I don't know him.

CYBERBULLY 1: The Maltese Falcon? The Big Sleep? Casablanca?

CYBERBULLY 2: We don't know what you're talking about.

CYBERBULLY 1: They're classic movies.

CYBERBULLY 3: Like ancient ones?

CYBERBULLY 2: In black and white?

CYBERBULLY 1: Yeah.

CYBERBULLY 2: How do you even know these movies?

CYBERBULLY 1: From the classic movie channel. I like to watch movies. Especially when I can't sleep. I like the film noir movies from the forties.

CYBERBULLY 2: I really don't know you, dude.

(CYBERBULLIES and CHORUS exit. Enter DANA, reading her phone. Excitement crosses her face, then SHE dials and puts phone to ear.)

DANA: Hey. You're not going to believe this. You are not going to believe this! He's coming. Humphrey, that's who. My boyfriend. Yes, the one from Finland. He escaped the communists and he's coming tomorrow. I know! Isn't it incredible! No, I didn't talk to him. He sent me a text. And then we chatted online last night. He left Finland three days ago and he's in New York talking to immigration about escaping the communists and he's getting political something...yeah. Asylum. That's it. Political asylum. And I told him that prom is in two days and he said he's bringing me a dress and we're going to go and...I don't know where he got a dress. Maybe he got it in Finland. Maybe it's the one thing he smuggled out of the country, and maybe I'll be the only one at prom with a Finnish dress. What do you mean? It is so likely. Why not? Why wouldn't he come see me? We've been together for three months. Why wouldn't I be the first person he wants to see in America? You know, I'm sick of you telling me this. I'm sick of you doubting Humphrey and doubting his love for me. You're not really even my friend. You got my number somehow and just started calling me. We barely know each other in reality. We never see each other at school. You just call me all the time...I don't even know how you got my number! We talk about nothing and now when I got something to talk about you won't give me any support. Fine. Stop calling me. I don't care if it's your birthday. I need to get ready for Humphrey. I don't have time for you stupid calls and texts anymore. Get a real friend.

(DANA exits. CYBERBULLIES enter.)

CYBERBULLY 2: Now what?

CYBERBULLY 3: Who we gonna text now?

CYBERBULLY 1: I'm tired of texting.

CYBERBULLY 2: What? You're the god of texting.

CYBERBULLY 1: I know. But it's so...

CYBERBULLY 3: So what?

CYBERBULLY 1: So impersonal, you know? You can't hear the other people's voices, don't know how they're reacting.

CYBERBULLY 2: But we're just sending bully texts.

CYBERBULLY 1: Exactly. Wouldn't you like to know how our victims respond?

CYBERBULLY 2: I guess. What do have in mind?

CYBERBULLY 1: I know this girl. She's such a loser.

CYBERBULLY 2: More than that loser Dave?

CYBERBULLY 3: More than the Humphrey Bjorgart girl?

CYBERBULLY 1: Maybe. Nobody ever talks to her. Nobody ever sits with her at lunch.

CYBERBULLY 2: And?

CYBERBULLY 1: So? I figure we'll talk to her. Give her a call.

CYBERBULLY 3: And be her friend?

CYBERBULLY 2: You're an idiot.

CYBERBULLY 3: What?

CYBERBULLY 1: No. We're going to call her, and tell her to her face what a loser she is.

CYBERBULLY 3: Wow. We're mean.

CYBERBULLY 2: We're bullies.

CYBERBULLY 1: Exactly. Everyone knows that. That's why we do what we do.

CYBERBULLY 3: If everyone knows us, won't they recognize us when we call?

CYBERBULLY 1: I'm one step ahead of you. We disguise our voices.

CYBERBULLY 2: How do we disguise our voices?

CYBERBULLY 3: Inhale helium. We'll sound like Mickey Mouse.

CYBERBULLY 1: That's the stupidest idea ever.

CYBERBULLY 2: Do you have a better idea?

CYBERBULLY 1: (*reaching into book bag*) We'll try this.

CYBERBULLY 2: What the heck is that?

CYBERBULLY 1: Saran Wrap.

CYBERBULLY 2: Why do you have Saran Wrap in your book bag?

CYBERBULLY 1: It's not important.

CYBERBULLY 2: Oh, I think it is.

CYBERBULLY 3: Yeah. What's up with the cellophane?

CYBERBULLY 1: Okay, okay. It's for my cooking class.

CYBERBULLY 2: Cooking class...

CYBERBULLY 3: Did he say cooking class?

CYBERBULLY 1: Yes. Cooking class. I'm taking a cooking class after school. Today we're making creme brulee.

CYBERBULLY 2: I think we've been picking on the wrong person.

CYBERBULLY 1: Do you want the cellophane or not?

CYBERBULLY 3: What did we need it for?

CYBERBULLY 1: To disguise our voices.

CYBERBULLY 3: Oh yeah! To disguise our voices.

CYBERBULLY 2: Give me that. *(HE wraps a piece of cellophane around phone.)*

CYBERBULLY 3: What's creme brulee?

(CYBERBULLIES exit. CHORUS 5-10 enter.)

CHORUS 5: Hello? Who is this?

CHORUS 6: Hello? I can't understand you.

CHORUS 7: Hello? Speak up! It sounds like...

CHORUS 8: It sounds like your phone is...

CHORUS 9: Is wrapped in cellophane.

(Phone rings. CHORUS 10 answers, holds up phone.)

PHONE VOICE: Hello? Who's this?

(CHORUS exits. Enter ADELE.)

ADELE: Hello? Who is this? I don't recognize this number. Why do you sound so muffled? Hello? Who is this? What are you trying to say? Hello? What? Speak clearly. It's like your voice is speaking through plastic. Hello? What? Am I what? Am I lonely? What? Who is this? Am I a loser? Who are you? How can you say those things? Hello? Why do you sound so muffled? Shut up. You can't say those things about me. You can't say that I'm a loser. You can't call me a social reject. You don't know what it's like. You can't imagine sitting at home on a Friday night waiting for your three hundred dollar phone to ring. You can't see yourself connected to the universe by nothing but a palm sized piece of machine. You can't see that friendships and relationships are as vague and abstract as cell phone waves that float in the air, invisible, intangible. You don't know my intangible pain. Shut up. Are you such a chicken you have to say those things behind a phone covered in plastic? You can't show your face? To hell with you. To hell with

you all! I'm sick of this, sick of this cellular world that defines itself by the number of contacts in your phone. I'm going to make sure I never have to hear your bully phone calls again. You can call all you want. I'm not answering your calls anymore. Or anyone else's.

(ADELE exits. Enter CHORUS 1-3)

CHORUS 1: Hello?

CHORUS 2: What is this?

(Phone rings. CHORUS 3 holds up phone.)

PHONE VOICE: Who would send such a thing?

(Exit CHORUS. Enter DAVE.)

DAVE: What is this text? Who are these people? I don't know what to make of this. What does this text mean? Who would send such a thing? I don't know who would do this. And they know it's me, not Jeff. It's someone in the school. They know I have his phone. Why do they keep sending me these insults? Faceless cowards. You think you're so tough, hiding behind your phone. Would you dare to meet me face to face? I'm yelling at a cell phone. I should send them a text. Do I know how to send a text? Can it be so hard, if so many idiots can do it? This is hard. How do I do this? Oh...

(CHORUS enters, stands behind DAVE and spells out, SHO YR FACE)

What...oh. SEND.

(CHORUS exits. DAVE looks at phone with satisfaction, then exits. CYBERBULLIES enter.)

CYBERBULLY 1: He wants to meet whoever's been sending him texts.

CYBERBULLY 3: Do we meet him?

CYBERBULLY 2: Are you an idiot?

CYBERBULLY 1: He'll meet someone.

CYBERBULLY 2: Who?

CYBERBULLY 3: Yeah. Who will he meet?

CYBERBULLY 1: Someone who's already waiting.

CYBERBULLY 2: Who's that?

CYBERBULLY 1: Someone who's waiting for a special someone from Finland.

CYBERBULLY 3: You mean...

CYBERBULLY 2: Oh, that's cruel.

CYBERBULLY 3: Real cruel.

CYBERBULLY 2: And funny.

CYBERBULLY 3: Real funny.

CYBERBULLY 1: That's who we are. Cruel and funny.

CYBERBULLY 3: This will be great.

(BULLIES exit. CHORUS enters. CHORUS holds up the letters W-R-U.)

CHORUS: ...means "Who are you?"

(CHORUS holds up the letters W-U-W.)

CHORUS: ...means "What do you want?"

(CHORUS holds up W-Y-P.)

CHORUS: ...means "What's your problem?"

(CHORUS holds up 2-G-2-B-T.)

CHORUS: ...means "Too good to be true."

CHORUS 1: But there is no text abbreviation for....

CHORUS: "Are you the idiot who's been sending me texts?"

CHORUS 1: Or...

CHORUS: "Are you Humphrey Bjorgart?"

(CHORUS exits. DANA enters left, stands. DAVE enters right, approaches DANA.)

DAVE: Are you the idiot who's been sending me texts?

DANA: Are you Humphrey Bjorgart?

DAVE: Who?

DANA: What?

DAVE: I was looking for...what did you ask me?

DANA: Humphrey...are you supposed to meet me?

DAVE: I'm supposed to meet someone here. I've been getting these texts...

DANA: You're not Humphrey...

DAVE: No. Who's Humphrey?

DANA: Um...oh no. Oh no, no, no.

DAVE: What's wrong?

DANA: I'm getting this feeling.

DAVE: Are you okay?

DANA: Are you sure you're not Humphrey?

DAVE: Yes. I'm...

DANA: I know. You're that Dave guy. You go to this school and you hate cell phones.

DAVE: Yeah. But seriously. Who's Humphrey?

DANA: I think I'm the butt of a really horrible joke.

DAVE: You look like you're going to get sick.

DANA: *(with head in hands)* Please tell me some Finnish looking guy is coming this way.

DAVE: I don't know what Finnish people look like.

DANA: He should be carrying a dress.

DAVE: Do all Finnish men carry dresses?

DANA: You are not at all funny.

DAVE: I'm not trying to be funny. I just want to know what's going on and who sent me a text telling me to meet you here.

DANA: I think we're the victim of the same person.

DAVE: Who is it? What's going on?

DANA: If I tell you, you'll think I'm an idiot.

DAVE: At this point, we're both idiots. Give me a try.

DANA: *(taking a deep breath)* Okay. See...

(DAVE and DANA exit. BULLIES enter, stand stage right. ADELE enters, stands stage left.)

CYBERBULLY 1: Are you ready?

CYBERBULLY 2: I'm ready.

CYBERBULLY 3: I was born ready.

CYBERBULLY 2: Shut up.

CYBERBULLY 1: Okay? Start texting.

(CHORUS enters, stands center stage, upstage of BULLIES and ADELE, with letters for texting. ADELE'S phone rings; SHE checks it for text. CHORUS holds up UR MY BF. ADELE shuts phone in disgust. Phone rings again. ADELE looks at screen. CHORUS holds up NO UR MY BF. ADELE shuts the phone. Phone rings again. ADELE looks at screen. CHORUS holds up NO UR MY BF. ADELE shuts the phone. Phone rings again. ADELE looks at screen. CHORUS holds up UR MY BFF. ADELE shuts the phone. Phone rings again. ADELE looks at screen. CHORUS holds up NO UR MY BFF. ADELE shuts the phone. Phone rings again. ADELE looks at screen. CHORUS holds up NO UR MY BFF. ADELE shuts the phone. The cycle continues with the messages: UR NOT MY BF; NO UR NOT MY BF; NO UR NOT MY BF; UR NOT MY BFF; NO UR NOT MY BFF)

ADELE: Stop sending me these messages! (*ADELE texts.*)

CYBERBULLY 1: I got a text.
(*CHORUS holds up STOP IT*)

CYBERBULLY 2: I got a text, too.

(*CHORUS holds up STOP IT NOW*)

CYBERBULLY 3: Me too.

(*CHORUS holds up PLZ STOP IT. ADELE shuts her phone, runs off stage.*)

CYBERBULLY 1: That was hilarious.

CYBERBULLY 2: Totally.

CYBERBULLY 3: Totally totally.

(*CYBERBULLIES cross from right to left. DAVE and DANA enter from right, stand on right side. CYBERBULLY 1 notices them.*)

CYBERBULLY 1: Is that them?

CYBERBULLY 2: That's them. He thinks she's us...

CYBERBULLY 3: And she thinks he's that Finnish dude.

CYBERBULLY 1: Indeed.

CYBERBULLY 3: It's so cool.

CYBERBULLY 2: I don't know.

CYBERBULLY 3: What?

CYBERBULLY 2: The whole thing seems incomplete.

CYBERBULLY 1: What are you talking about?

CYBERBULLY 2: I mean...it's a great prank, but don't you want to know what they're saying?

CYBERBULLY 1: He's saying, "Why are you sending me texts?"

CYBERBULLY 3: And she's saying, "Don't you love me, Humphrey...Humphrey Finnish Dude?"

CYBERBULLY 1: Bjorgart.

CYBERBULLY 3: Yeah. What you said.

CYBERBULLY 2: Well, maybe that's what they're saying. Who knows? Wouldn't you like to know exactly what they're saying? Wouldn't you like to see the expressions on their faces when they see what's really going on?

CYBERBULLY 3: But then we'd be caught.

CYBERBULLY 2: Exactly. That's why this whole thing is unsatisfying. We can bully, but we can't really reap the fruits of labor without getting caught. It just doesn't sit right.

CYBERBULLY 1: Sounds like someone needs some creme brulee.

CYBERBULLY 2: Dude, I swear I'm gonna have to kill you.

CYBERBULLY 3: I'll take some creme brulee!

CYBERBULLY 2: I need new friends.

(CYBERBULLIES exit. DAVE and DANA remain onstage, move towards center.)

DANA: So I guess I'm been dating some non-existent guy from Finland. I guess I set up my entire prom night based on a guy who exists only in a chat room, and in the mind of some cruel person who probably lives down the street, not Finland. Humphrey Bjorgart. I am such a freaking idiot!

DAVE: See, this is why the world is going to hell. People are so dependent on machines, they forget they're human, they forget they have feelings, they forget they have faces that express emotions, forget there are other ways to communicate than with a faceless machines.

DANA: You know, this is why people hate you. Why they pick on you.

DAVE: Because I'm leery of technology?

DANA: No, because you're so in your face about everything. Like your opinion is the only one. Like you're the first one to think of everything you say.

DAVE: I just see the world going downhill with technology.

DANA: You think you're the first one to say these things? There was probably someone just like you, a hundred some years ago, sitting on a horse, ranting how cars are going to ruin the world.

DAVE: Hey. Global warming...

DANA: How do you know you're more right than the rest of us?

DAVE: I don't. But...

DANA: Exactly. You don't. And you can't judge me for being stupid about my Finnish boyfriend.

DAVE: I'm...I'm sorry. So...

DANA: So what?

DAVE: If you're not going to prom with Humphrey Bjorgart, who are you going with?

DANA: Very funny.

DAVE: Seriously.

DANA: *(beat)* IDK.

DAVE: You can't talk English?

(SHE gives him a disapproving look.)

Sorry. I mean, if you don't want to show up alone, I got nothing better to do.

DANA: That's gotta be the lamest way to ask someone out. Besides, I don't have a dress. Remember? Humphrey was supposed to bring one.

DAVE: We could come up with a dress, I'm sure.

DANA: Right.

DAVE: Seriously. I was reading about this web site that shows you how to make prom dresses from all sorts of weird stuff. Like newspapers. And duct tape.

DANA: I've heard of that.

DAVE: And cellophane.

DANA: Cellophane? Wouldn't you see right through that?

DAVE: I think that's the point.

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