

ICE CUBED

By Edan Schappert

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ISBN 1-930961-62-6

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CAST: SAM and MAGGIE

AT RISE: Lights go up dimly. A man and a woman, dressed all in white, are standing stiffly next to each other. Stage is white and barren. Man and woman are spotlighted, but rest of stage is in dim light. A faint whir of a motor is heard in background.

****NOTE: For contest purposes, where costumes and props are not allowed, this play can easily be performed without either.***

SAM: You here alone?

MAGGIE: Yes.

SAM: How come I've never seen you around before?

MAGGIE: Because I've never been an ice cube before.

SAM: I've been through this ice cube routine a lot. It's a short, sweet life, I'll tell you that. Maybe we'll get lucky and be used at a party.

MAGGIE: We had a party last year in the reservoir. We splashed around some rocks and made tiny waves. Then we rolled up on the shore. Not all that exciting.

SAM: In the working world, things are a little different.

MAGGIE: Working world?

SAM: You've graduated to the big time. What's your name, kid?

MAGGIE: Maggie.

SAM: Listen, Maggie. You've got old Sam here to protect you...in case the going gets rough.

MAGGIE: What's going to happen?

SAM: Don't worry about it now. Just try to get closer to me. **(annoyed)** If only this piece of plastic weren't between us!

MAGGIE: **(tries to stretch up and look around)** Look...we're in a tray. There are other ice cubes in here with us.

SAM: That's right. Everyone's waiting.

MAGGIE: Waiting for what?

SAM: To go out in the world and work . . . accomplish things . . . be someone special.

MAGGIE: (*tries to move*) But I can't even move.

SAM: You'll be moving soon, kid. Life can be pretty bumpy out there.

MAGGIE: (*smug*) Well, I might not volunteer to go. I like peace and calm. I don't want a life that's bumpy.

SAM: Don't you like surprises?

MAGGIE: Waking up and finding myself in this tray is surprise enough. I think I'll stay here.

SAM: (*smiles knowingly*) Uh-huh...

MAGGIE: It's nice here with you, Sam. (*snuggles into herself*) I'm glad I'm next to you.

SAM: Thanks, kid. Yeah, it's good to be next to someone friendly here. You never know who you're going to be hooked up with outside.

MAGGIE: You mean they'll split us up? I won't be with you?

SAM: You go where they send you.

MAGGIE: This is getting me all mixed up. If I can't go with you, I'm going to refuse to go. Period!

SAM: Hey, what am I hearing? The kid likes me!

MAGGIE: I'm not saying—I mean...well...oh, forget it.

SAM: It's good to talk about how you feel.

MAGGIE: No. It makes things too complicated.

(Lights come up very bright on stage. MAGGIE gets a shocked look on her face; the two of them cringe back from something in front of them)

SAM: Here we go!

MAGGIE: WHAT'S HAPPENING???

SAM: Watch out! Someone's opened the refrigerator door. They're coming!

MAGGIE: It's so WARM! I wish they'd shut the door!

SAM: Hang on!

(They both lean quickly to one side and take a long, stiff sliding step in that direction)

MAGGIE: Where are we going?

SAM: They're taking our tray out of the refrigerator.

MAGGIE: I'm losing my balance!

SAM: *(singing and laughing are heard in background)* Hey, listen to all that noise. They took us to a party. Now the fun begins!

MAGGIE: But it's so hot out here!

SAM: Stay close to me, kid.

MAGGIE: They're taking away the plastic divider between us!

(Loud crashing and harsh tinkling and jangling noises are heard. SAM and MAGGIE raise and lower their arms frantically. They fall into slumped positions and slowly stand up straight. All is quiet now. They begin very slow swimming motions with their arms.)

SAM: Don't get separated from me! Hang on!

MAGGIE: I'm scared! I'm scared!

(NO DIALOGUE FOR 15 SECONDS. PHYSICAL ACTION as they slam down into slumped positions on the floor, and then cautiously stand up straight and look warily around them. They start bobbing up and down slowly, then begin swimming motions with arms)

SAM: At least we can float around now...there's nothing separating us anymore. *(takes MAGGIE by the hand)*

MAGGIE: What a commotion!

SAM: Take a nice easy swim...that's right...good.

MAGGIE: *(takes cautious dog paddle strokes in front of her)*

Hey, this is a new way of swimming. *(makes slow up and down bobbing motions)* I can go up and down.

SAM: You're catching on quickly.

MAGGIE: *(puts her head back, does a backstroke)* This floating is heavenly. Where are we?

SAM: We're in a glass...keeping a drink cold.

MAGGIE: Feels good to move now. *(does an elaborate swimming stroke)*

SAM: I'm glad we got here together.

MAGGIE: This is incredible! *(swims away from him and puts her hands up as though looking through a window)* Look at what's out there!

SAM: (**bored**) Yeah...another glass next to ours. But come back here with me.

MAGGIE: (**bobs up and down as SHE peers out the glass**)
There's some of the guys from our tray. See them? Right in the next glass!

SAM: Maggie, we're wasting time. Come over here.

MAGGIE: (**waves**) Hi, guys!

SAM: But don't you want to be with me? We've got to hurry.

MAGGIE: Hurry for what? Why are you in such a rush?

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