

RAP ID RECALL

by Alan Haehnel

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A One Act Ensemble Comedy

by Alan Haehnel

SYNOPSIS: When Ellie gets stressed, she has odd food cravings and strange dreams, but the most unusual thing that happens is her SITRI episodes: Spontaneous, Intermittent Theatrical Rap Intrusions. While Ellie's companions see her occasionally spacing out, Ellie sees herself onstage with an audience watching and her life turning into a rap show. Obviously, living these dual realities just adds to Ellie's anxiety until she meets Jackson, a new kid at school with issues of his own.

DURATION: 35 minutes

TIME: Present Day

SETTING: A common area of the school and a math classroom.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(4 females, 2 males, 15-56 either; 5-10 extra)

ELLIE (f)	The main character who struggles with anxiety. <i>(143 lines)</i>
JACKSON (m).....	New to the school, befriended by Ellie because they share the same affliction. <i>(83 lines)</i>
JACK (m).....	Friend of Ellie, confused by her strange behavior. <i>(49 lines)</i>
MONICA (f).....	Friend of Ellie, confused by her strange behavior. <i>(46 lines)</i>
GRACE (f).....	Friend of Ellie, confused by her strange behavior. <i>(47 lines)</i>
MRS. DUTILLE (f)	Ellie's math teacher. <i>(21 lines)</i>

ENSEMBLE STUDENTS: *(15-56 either)* These characters are all present in the math class section. They are given the various names (STUDENTS, STARE, TOGETHER, MESS) to identify the section of the play they're involved in, but actually, they are an ensemble of students available to participate in the various rap numbers. Though STUDENTS, STARE,

TOGETHER, MESS can all be the same group of students, they can be different as well. All ensemble characters are students in the high/middle school.

STUDENTS 1-15 (m/f) (17-19 lines for each character)

STARES 1-14 (m/f)..... (2-3 lines for each character)

TOGETHERS 1-15 (m/f) (3 lines for each character)

MESS 1-12 (m/f) (13 lines for each character)

A full ensemble breakdown of line count is available at the end of the script.

SET

1. A common area of the school with several round tables.
2. A math classroom with easily-movable furniture to facilitate lots of group movement.

PROPS

School paraphernalia. No specific props are needed other than those that will help depict students at a typical middle/high school.

COSTUMES

Ordinary student dress for everyone but Mrs. Dutille, who should dress like a somewhat stereotypical, stern teacher.

DIRECTOR'S NOTES

The motto for this show is this: “Do what you need to make it work for you!” There is little that is sacred in this show. I just think the conceit is fun. Don’t hesitate to combine lines as needed, even slightly change them if you need to adjust for a particular rhythmic interpretation. As far as the rap deliveries, variety is key—don’t feel that every rap number has to be fast. Whether you use backing music or a troupe designated especially to create a percussion line or even a single person beat-boxing—it’s all good! The numbers of actors needed can vary quite a bit, too. Conceivably, you could pull the show off with as few as 21 actors, but it wouldn’t be as much of a spectacle. Bring all the creativity to this that you and your kids have to offer. The central concept is simple and should be fun; manipulate the specifics however you want to make for the most enjoyable show.

NOTE: Text in bold indicates when we shift to a rap reality. As the play goes along, this convention gets more established, and the routines get more elaborate. The rap can be backed by music and/or beat-boxing. The more creative and innovative the better.

SCENE 1

AT START: *Open to JACK, GRACE and MONICA seated at a table in the common area of a school. ELLIE enters, looking frazzled.*

JACK: Why are you here so early? This is weird for you.

ELLIE: I wanted to get a jump-start on the worst day of my life.

GRACE: Sounds fun.

MONICA: Tell me, how does one get a jump start on the worst day of her life?

ELLIE: It can vary, but the way I do it is to come in forty-five minutes early to make up a reading quiz in history.

JACK: Okay. That doesn't sound too terrible.

ELLIE: Except that I had to make it up with Mr. Howard...

GRACE: Oh, no.

ELLIE: Oh, yes. Mr. Howard. Close-talker Mr. Howard, whose breath smells like he had five cups of coffee infused with garlic and onions.

MONICA: Say no more.

ELLIE: I will say more. To totally jump-start the worst day of my life, after having Mr. Howard give his explanation a mere inch and a half from my face with his breath blowing like a blast furnace straight up my nose, I looked at the first quiz question and realized I had read the wrong chapters.

JACK: And he wouldn't let you re-take it.

ELLIE: Of course not.

During the next lines, JACK, GRACE, and MONICA snap their fingers or drum to a beat aligning with the poetry of their words.

JACK: That totally stinks.

GRACE: That's such a bummer.

MONICA: It makes you want to hurry up

And get into the summer.

JACK, GRACE, and MONICA: Yeah!

Pause. ELLIE looks at the other three, who seem oblivious to what they have just done.

ELLIE: Wait a minute.

GRACE: Huh?

ELLIE: What just happened?

GRACE: When?

ELLIE: Just now, when you guys...

MONICA: What did we do?

ELLIE: The rhyming, the beat.

JACK: The what and the who?

ELLIE: Okay, never mind. Forget it. But you really don't know?

GRACE: Don't know what?

ELLIE: Like I said, no worries.

JACK: So, you came in early, Howard tortured you, you failed his quiz.

I mean, yeah, that's bad, but it's not enough to qualify as the worst day of your life.

ELLIE: Oh, no, no, no—that's just the beginning; the jump-start, like I said. I've got a whole mountain of delights ahead of me today.

As before, JACK, GRACE, and MONICA snap a beat to accompany the poetic delivery of the next few lines. This should be a bit more complicated than the first time, perhaps including some dance-like movement.

MONICA: Like what?

JACK: Like when?

GRACE: Like how and why?

MONICA: How is the day gonna make you cry?

JACK: What weapons will it wield...

GRACE: What cards will it deal...

MONICA: That'll make you want to...

JACK, GRACE, MONICA: Curl up and die?

MONICA, JACK and GRACE go back to their business as if the rap never happened. ELLIE stares at them for a long moment.

MONICA: Hi. You okay?

ELLIE gets up, walks to the edge of the stage, looks out at us, then shakes her head. She crosses back to the table, sits and sighs.

ELLIE: Perfect.

GRACE: What's going on?

ELLIE: My day just got so much more incredibly awful.

JACK: Does our breath smell like coffee and garlic, too?

ELLIE: Never mind.

MONICA: (*Leaning toward ELLIE.*) I could close talk, if you want.

ELLIE: I would much rather you did not.

GRACE: No offense, Ellie, but you're acting pretty weird.

JACK: Yeah, like, you just walked over to the wall and stared at it for, like, a minute.

ELLIE: The fourth wall. I looked through it, actually. (*To us, smiling bleakly.*) And saw all of you.

MONICA: Ellie, are you off your meds?

GRACE: Do you need stronger meds?

ELLIE: Guys, if I tried to explain to you what was actually happening for me right now, well, let's just say I'm not going to bother.

JACK: That's not fair. We're your friends.

JACK, GRACE, MONICA start the beat again. This time, we also hear the beat and accompanying music coming from offstage.

MONICA: Yeah, we're your friends.

JACK, GRACE, and MONICA: You can talk to us!

GRACE: Whatever you say...

JACK, GRACE, and MONICA: It's no shock to us!

MONICA: We gotta stick together...

JACK, GRACE, and MONICA: Don't jump the bus!

GRACE: We are birds of a feather...

JACK, GRACE, and MONICA: And we flock.

And we rock...

JACK: Like my foot inside my sock!

JACK, GRACE, and MONICA: We're a group;

We're a gang;

We're unanimous!

STUDENTS 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 enter, sticking their heads out from the wings on one side of the stage.

STUDENTS 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5: We're a group!

STUDENTS 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10 enters, sticking their heads out from the other side.

STUDENTS 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10: We're a gang!

STUDENTS 1-10, MONICA, JACK and GRACE finish the segment, complete with a final jazz-hands pose.

ALL ON STAGE: We're unanimous!

After a brief moment, STUDENTS 1-10 exit, and JACK, MONICA and GRACE go back to normal. ELLIE looks out at audience and shrugs.

ELLIE: Wow.

JACK: She's doing the wall thing again.

MONICA: Ellie, you just said "wow" to the wall.

GRACE: Why did you just say "wow" to the wall, good friend Ellie?

ELLIE: Because I am having an episode of Spontaneous Intermittent Theatrical Rap Intrusion. SITRI, if you like acronyms.

GRACE: Uh...

JACK: Spontaneous Inter-chicken...

MONICA: That's an answer that doesn't really answer anything.

ELLIE: *(To audience.)* **Will it do any good**

To try to tell them

Of this weird malady

That I've got? Probably not,

Since they have no remedy

And all they'll do is end up saying "What?"

JACK, MONICA, and GRACE: What?

ELLIE: Guys, never mind. I'll be fine.

JACK: Wait a second. You still haven't told us why it's going to be such a rotten day.

ELLIE: Why do you want to know?

JACK: Because if it's bad enough, I'll feel better about my own situation.

ELLIE: Such a friend.

GRACE: He's kidding.

MONICA: He better be kidding.

JACK: I am, I am. Pretty much.

GRACE: So what's the sitch,
Go on and spill it.

MONICA: Who knows?
It might get better
If you take the time
To tell it.

JACK: If you want to get primal
You can even choose
To yell it!

JACK, GRACE, and MONICA: Spill it, tell it, yell it, Ellie—

MONICA: You know you want to, Girl.

JACK, GRACE, and MONICA: Spill it, tell it, yell it, Ellie—

GRACE: We'll be there
Like the shine on a pearl!

JACK, GRACE, and MONICA: Spill it, tell it, yell it!
Spill it, tell it, yell it!

ELLIE: The way this day
Is gonna go down,
Gotta get myself ready to tread.
Like I'm racing on an
Ever-spinning track
Or I'm trying not to let myself drown.
The threads that I'm grasping
And breaths that I'm gasping
I've gotta keep on doing
Just to keep myself from
ending up dead.

JACK, GRACE, and MONICA: Spill it, tell it, yell it, Ellie;
Spill it, tell it, yell it!

ELLIE: We're gonna start out
With...

JACK, GRACE, and MONICA: Math class!

ELLIE: That's gonna turn into a...

JACK, GRACE, and MONICA: Blood bath!

ELLIE: ‘Cause I still haven’t finished...

JACK, GRACE, and MONICA: The geometry task!

ELLIE: That was due at the first
Of last week.

JACK, GRACE, and MONICA: Ow!

ELLIE: And Mrs. Dutille is a shouter.
She’s a do-it-or-just-get-out-er.
She’s an impatient woman
Who shouldn’t be teaching
‘Cause she sure isn’t reaching
Her students who’d be better off...

JACK, GRACE, and MONICA: Without her!

JACK: Ellie? Earth to Ellie? I am kidding.

ELLIE: What? Oh, yeah, whatever. Look, I’ve got to go to class.

GRACE: Wait, we still have ten minutes.

MONICA: Yeah. We’re worried about you. What’s going on?

ELLIE: I told you already, I’ve been having a bad...

JACK: Right, right, the worst day of your life and all that, but that
doesn’t explain the talking to the walls...

GRACE: And assigning them numbers. I mean, why is that the fourth
wall? Why isn’t it the eleventh?

MONICA: And spacing out like you just did.

GRACE: And you’re having an episode of citrus, is that what you said?

JACK: SITRI. Spontaneous rapping theater chickens, or...

ELLIE: All right, you guys. I will explain, and then you will laugh, and
then I will say, “Why did I bother?”

MONICA: We won’t laugh.

JACK: I might. If it’s funny, I might. I’m just saying.

GRACE: Shut up, Jack. Explain, Ellie.

ELLIE: When I get stressed, which is pretty often, things happen to
me. I eat lots of salty things like pickles and peanuts; I have terrible
dreams of rabid unicorns...

MONICA: Seriously?

ELLIE: Seriously. With the one horn, they are terrifying creatures.
Sometimes I get a rash that spreads over my entire body except my
elbows and, if I get really, really stressed—I do get episodes of
SITRI: Spontaneous Intermittent Theatrical Rap Intrusions.

GRACE: So...

ELLIE: What happens during these SITRI episodes is that... I don't know why I am even trying to tell you this.

JACK: We're concerned, Ellie.

MONICA: We're your friends, Girl.

GRACE: We want to make sure
Your ends meet their ends.

ELLIE: Here we go.

JACK: Whatever you're going through...

MONICA: We're gonna do what we can do...

GRACE: Just as four is the sum
Of two plus the two...

JACK, GRACE, and MONICA: We are here for you!

ELLIE: It just happened, you know.

JACK: What did?

ELLIE: You guys, you just...

GRACE: Sat here watching you get that spacey look in your eyes?
Yes, that did happen.

MONICA: That's why we're worried.

ELLIE: Okay.

JACK: Wait, wait, are you saying that something different was going on for you? Were you just having a SITRI?

ELLIE: A SITRI episode, yes.

GRACE: What was it like?

ELLIE: It was like the three of you getting up, dancing around and rapping.

MONICA: I don't get it.

ELLIE: "Just as four is the sum
Of two plus the two,
We are here for you!" Ring a bell?

JACK: Why would it?

ELLIE: Because you just said it.

GRACE: While dancing around?

ELLIE: Yes.

MONICA: We rapped it?

ELLIE: You did.

GRACE: That's what you saw?

ELLIE: Along with the audience sitting out there, on the other side of the fourth wall, yes, that is what we witnessed. (*Long pause, then JACK bursts out laughing.*) You said you wouldn't laugh!

JACK: No, (*Indicating MONICA and GRACE.*) they said they wouldn't laugh.

ELLIE: Why did I bother?

JACK: I said, if it was funny, I would probably laugh. And that was funny! How did that go?

MONICA: Knock it off, Jack.

JACK: "Just as two is the sum
Of the four plus the..." No.

ELLIE: I gotta go. You gotta go. We all gotta go. Good-bye.

JACK: "We are here for you!" That's funny!

ELLIE: Good-bye!

JACK, GRACE, MONICA exit. MRS. DUTILLE enters. STUDENTS 1-15 enter.

The scene transitions into a classroom. Either side of the stage may be set up and lights up, or ALL STUDENTS may each carry on a chair/desk. ALL STUDENTS sit behind ELLIE, who is in the front as she talks. MRS. DUTILLE, the teacher, stands in front of the class.

ELLIE: Of course they don't get it.

How could I expect them to?

My present situation

Is nothing they're connected to.

They're correct in assessing I'm messed up.

I probably never should have fessed up

To the way I'm perceiving the day.

Hey!

What do you know,

And what do you say,

My math class has shown up behind me.

First period—that's where you'll find me.

And I haven't done the thing

That the teacher assigned me

So watch out!

**Keep an eye out!
Any second now
She's gonna shout out!**

MRS. DUTILLE: Ellie Grayson!

ELLIE: Hi, Mrs. D.

MRS. DUTILLE: I am still looking for an assignment from you.

ELLIE: Ah, yeah. About that. Umm...

MRS. DUTILLE: You do realize that math is a sequential activity, Ellie.

ELLIE: Yes! Yes, it is. I was thinking about that the other day, how some activities are sequential, and then I thought, "Wow, math. Math is super seque..."

MRS. DUTILLE: Ellie Grayson, you are blathering and avoiding! Do you think I am interested in any of that?

ELLIE: My guess is... no?

MRS. DUTILLE: Correct. Stop blathering! Stop avoiding! Start getting your work done!

STUDENT 1: Snicker.

STUDENT 2: Giggle.

STUDENT 3: Snort.

STUDENT 4: Chuckle.

ALL STUDENTS: Ha, ha, ha, ha, yow!

STUDENT 5: Ellie's getting into some major trouble...

STUDENT 6: Mrs. D is having a cow!

MRS. DUTILLE: No more excuses

And no more delaying;

You better understand

Precisely what I'm saying;

It's not for my health

That I'm doing all this braying—

I want that assignment now!

ALL STUDENTS: Now! She wants that assignment now!

STUDENT 7: Ellie, she's got it in for you.

STUDENT 8: Ellie, you're in it deep.

STUDENT 9: Ellie, she's not gonna stop

With the nagging...

ELLIE: I know. I can hear it in my sleep!

MRS. DUTILLE: I am your personal nightmare.

I deliver all my content with a cold stare.

I'm riding in
On a bloody unicorn
And I like it when my students
React to my teaching
With the words...

ALL STUDENTS: She gave me a scare!

MRS. DUTILLE: Miss Ellie Grayson,

I don't think you care
Nearly enough about geometry!

ELLIE: I care, I care,

I swear that I do!

MRS. DUTILLE: Then you'd turn in

The assignments on the day they are due.

STUDENT 10: Like we said before

She's got it in for you.

STUDENT 11: You can see it in her eyes;

She don't have to say boo.

STUDENT 12: You're gonna fail this class

By the time that she is through.

STUDENT 13: Calculate the area!

STUDENT 14: Figure the circumference!

STUDENT 15: Theorem of Pythagorus!

STUDENT 1: Don't even know the difference!

STUDENTS 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6: Triangles, trapezoids!

STUDENTS 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11: Give us the proof!

MRS. DUTILLE: Turn in your assignments!

STUDENTS 12, 13, 14, and 15: Or she's gonna send you...

ALL STUDENTS: Straight through the roof!

STUDENTS 1-15 exit.

MRS. DUTILLE: Are you paying attention? I hope I'm getting through to you, Ellie.

ELLIE: You are. You are definitely... I feel completely gotten through to, thank-you.

JACKSON enters.

JACKSON: Uh...

MRS. DUTILLE: Yes?

JACKSON: Yeah, hi, um, I guess I'm supposed to be here. I'm new.

MRS. DUTILLE: Ah, nice of guidance to let me know. Always a pleasant surprise.

JACKSON: This is geometry, right?

MRS. DUTILLE: On a good day.

JACKSON: Right. Uh, I started geometry in my old school, but, I mean, I don't know where you guys are or anything.

MRS. DUTILLE: Well, Jason...

JACKSON: Jackson, actually. Jackson Moore.

STUDENT 2: New guy, huh?

STUDENT 3: Now this is a bit unique.

STUDENT 4: Where is he from?

STUDENT 5: What is he like?

STUDENT 6: Gotta size up his physique.

STUDENT 7: Not bad, kinda cute...

STUDENT 8: Gotta little hint of trouble...

STUDENT 9: Gotta look on social media...

STUDENT 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, and 15: Check this Jackson guy out on the double!

ELLIE: I feel bad for the dude,
Coming new to the school,
Everybody looking at him
Like he walked in in the nude.

ALL STUDENTS: Check him out,
Look him up,
Size him up!
Check him out,
Look him up,
Size him up!

STUDENT 11: His eyes are nice,
From what I can see.
I think I wouldn't mind
If you hooked him up with me!

ALL STUDENTS: Check him out,
Look him up,
Size him up!

STUDENT 12: I wonder if
he plays basketball.
I wonder if he's gonna go out.
If coach tries to play him
In front of me,
This kid's going down,
No doubt!

ALL STUDENTS: Check him out,
Look him up,
Size him up!

STUDENT 13: He seems a bit shy for debate.
But you never know;
I'll just wait.
If he shows any skill
In argumentation
I'll take him to the club
For orientation—
He might be the lynchpin
We're searching for
for winning the state!

ALL STUDENTS: Check him out,
Look him up,
Size him up!
Check him out,
Look him up,
Size him up!

ELLIE: They're circling like vultures
Around a fresh kill.
The poor guy just got here;
I'm sure he's had his fill
Of staring and wondering,
Conjectured to death.
Give him some room;
Let him take a breath!

STUDENT 14: New guy's in town!

ALL STUDENTS: Check him out!

STUDENT 15: Rumors abound!

ALL STUDENTS: Check him out!

STUDENT 1: Sniff around like a hound!

ALL STUDENTS: Check him out!

STUDENT 2: Just who is this clown?

ALL STUDENTS: Check him out!

ELLIE: Give him room,

Give him space,

Back away for a bit.

The guy just got here;

Give him time to sit

And take in his new surroundings, will ya?

STUDENT 3: Hey, school is a war,

So we gotta know

If he's friend or he's foe,

So booyah!

ALL STUDENTS: Check him out,

Check him out,

Check him out!

MRS. DUTILLE: Ellie?

ELLIE: What?

MRS. DUTILLE: So sorry to interrupt your little reverie, but this is your new classmate, Jaxton.

ELLIE: Oh, hey.

JACKSON: Hey.

MRS. DUTILLE: Since you don't yet have your latest work finished and you're not ready for the next concepts, why don't you make yourself a little bit useful and talk to Jaxton in the back of the room, quietly, about what we've covered so far? The review might do you some good.

ELLIE: Okay.

JACKSON: I don't want to hold her back.

MRS. DUTILLE: Oh, no, no, no, don't you worry about that. Ellie does an excellent job of holding herself back.

MRS. DUTILLE exits.

JACKSON: Wow. You're like the teacher's pet, huh?

ELLIE: Yeah, she loves me, that's for sure.

JACKSON: I'm Jackson, by the way. Not Jason or Jaxton. Just Jackson.

ELLIE: Got it. Where did you move from?

JACKSON: California. *[Or substitute any far-away state.]*

ELLIE: In the middle of the year. That's rough.

JACKSON: Yeah, well, my dad's company transferred. "We move or we starve," he said. So we moved.

ELLIE: Sorry. Pretty stressful.

JACKSON: Off the charts, not gonna lie. Not that my old situation was perfect, either.

ELLIE: I hear you.

JACKSON: What about you? This your worst class?

ELLIE: On a good day. It's sort of a revolving system—I like to give each class a chance to be my worst.

JACKSON: That's fair.

ELLIE: Yeah, and today's one of those days when they're all fighting for the honor. I've even got makeup work in P.E.

JACKSON: Test in advanced rope-climbing, huh?

ELLIE: Actually, our gym teacher manages to make her multiple-choice tests on hygiene rival the AP exam.

JACKSON: Ouch. I can't wait. You don't even get a break in gym class?

ELLIE: Afraid not.

STARES 1-14 enter as JACKSON is speaking.

JACKSON: Out of the frying pan,
Right into the fire.
In fact, the flames
Seem to reach even higher.
At least at the old place,
What was required was clear.
But here it's all brand new.
What am I supposed to do?
Where am I supposed to go?
Who am I supposed to trust?
What bus do I take,
At the end of the day,

To the place where I stay,
That's supposedly home?
But it can't be that,
When I feel so completely alone.
I don't even have my phone.
As a welcoming gift
It was just my luck
To have it run over
By the moving truck.
So now I'm totally stranded.
An alien on a new planet,
And all the inhabitants
Have gathered around to stare.

STARE 1: Say, what is that thing?

STARE 2: Where did it come from?

STARE 3: Who gave it permission
To interrupt our hum-drum?

STARE 4: It could be a threat!

STARE 5: I'm betting it is!

STARE 6: There's something suspicious
That gives me the shivers.

STARE 7: It's about as attractive
As a vomited liver.

STARE 8: It's not even worth us
Giving it the time of day.
It's not a threat.

It's a pile of nothing.
You can tell from its hair
And its type of clothing
It's boring and stupid,
Just garbage from far away.

STARE 9: Yeah, leave it alone.

It's harmless and dumb,
Not something that needs our attention.

STARE 10: Not something worthy of mention.

STARE 11: Maybe if we're lucky
It'll just go back where it came from.

STARE 3: And we can go back to our hum-drum!

STARE 12: It'll slither or slide...

STARE 13: Or shrivel up and die...

STARE 14: Before we say hello to it

We'd rather simply say to it...

ALL STARE: Good-bye!

STARES 1-14 exit.

ELLIE: Hello.

JACKSON: What?

ELLIE: I'm just saying hello, not good-bye, and, by the way, something really strange just happened.

JACKSON: Let me guess. I got this sort of dazed look in my eyes for a second, like I was seeing something... else. I know. I'm sorry. It's a thing with me.

ELLIE: Jackson, I want you to tell me the truth. (*Pointing to us.*) What do you see out there?

JACKSON: I see.... Wait, what did you mean when you said you were saying hello and not good-bye?

ELLIE: What do you see out there?

JACKSON: What do you mean? I see the same thing you do. Just, you know, the normal thing.

ELLIE: I kind of doubt that.

JACKSON: Listen, I...

ELLIE: This might be a stretch, but do you happen to feel like an alien that just landed on a new planet, and you're surrounded by hostile inhabitants?

JACKSON: I... might feel that way. Do you happen to look out there...? This can't be happening.

ELLIE: Look out there and see...?

JACKSON: An audience?

ELLIE: An audience? What are you talking about? I just see a wall. What is the matter with you?

JACKSON: Uh, sure, of course. I mean, I was just...

ELLIE: I'm kidding. I see them, too, beyond the fourth wall. You're having a stress-induced SITRI episode, aren't you?

JACKSON: SITRI?

ELLIE: Oh, come on!

JACKSON: No, I just... I'm having a RIPS event.

ELLIE: RIPS?

JACKSON: Oh, come on.

ELLIE: SITRI: Spontaneous Intermittent Theatrical Rap Intrusions.

JACKSON: RIPS: Rap Interruptions, Play Style.

ELLIE: You mean, you...?

JACKSON: You mean, you...?

ELLIE: And it's suddenly this alternate reality?

JACKSON: And the people around you start spitting beats?

ELLIE: And dancing?

JACKSON: And the next thing you know, you're joining in, too?

ELLIE: And all the time...

JACKSON and ELLIE: An audience is watching?

ELLIE: And nobody sees it but you. Until now.

JACKSON: Holy crap.

ELLIE: Holy cow.

JACKSON: Holy cow having a holy crap.

TOGETHERS 1-15 enter.

ELLIE: I thought it was just me.

JACKSON: This is so crazy.

ELLIE: Thought I needed a lobotomy.

JACKSON: There was this whole part of me...

ELLIE, JACKSON: I couldn't share.

We didn't dare!

JACKSON: I'm not claiming that my circumstances

Were the worst.

ELLIE: It's not bad to have inner dances

That feel rehearsed.

JACKSON: But the sense of isolation...

ELLIE: Did you ever try an explanation?

JACKSON: Those looks of consternation...

ELLIE, JACKSON: That was the curse!

TOGETHER 1: Did you see that?

TOGETHER 2: Did you feel that?

TOGETHER 3: Did you hear that?

TOGETHER 4: Did you sense that?

TOGETHER 5: The formerly isolated...

TOGETHER 6: A community of one,
Locked up and gated...

TOGETHER 7: Firmly convinced
That they were fated...

ALL TOGETHERS: To always be alone.

TOGETHER 8: They found out they've got...

TOGETHER 9: They suddenly learned...

TOGETHER 10: They're happy to discover...

TOGETHER 11: In terms of their experience,
Their reaction to intensive stress,
They've found they've actually got...

ALL TOGETHERS: A clone!

ELLIE: Hey, Bro!

JACKSON: Hey, Sis!

ELLIE: How long has this
Been going on for you?

JACKSON: Sue me if I don't remember
Maybe it was early December,
Or June or May or September.
I don't even know the year!

ELLIE: That's all right—same here!

TOGETHER 12: The time of the inception
Is way beyond their perception...

TOGETHER 13: But the point that
They find so amazing...

TOGETHER 14: Is the thing that
Was driving them crazy...

TOGETHER 15: That was leaving
Them baffled and hazy...

ALL TOGETHER: Has now become a connection!

TOGETHER 1-15 exit. MRS. DUTILLE enters.

ELLIE: So... yeah.

JACKSON: So... (*Noticing that MRS. DUTILLE is coming toward them.*) Quadrilaterals!

ELLIE: What?

JACKSON: Yeah, those quadrilaterals. We studied the heck out of those in my old school. Thanks for reminding me.

ELLIE: Sure, sure. We've been, uh, quadrilateraling since pretty much the beginning of the class, right Mrs. D?

MRS. DUTILLE: Are we being productive over here?

JACKSON: Very. Ellie is doing a thorough review.

MRS. DUTILLE: Hm. Well, Jefferson, I hope you end up more successful than she has been. Carry on. *(Walks away.)*

ELLIE: His name is...

JACKSON: No, no, don't bother. Jason, Jaxton, Jefferson—this is getting to be an interesting collection.

ELLIE: So, do you have any idea why you started having your SITRI, I mean, your RIPS episodes?

JACKSON: I call them RIPS riffs.

ELLIE: Catchy.

JACKSON: I got a bad concussion when I was a kid. Fell off a skateboard. So I slept a lot, right, and even though my parents wanted it to be quiet in the house, my older brother...

ELLIE: Kept playing rap music the whole time you were recovering. You heard it through the walls.

JACKSON: Okay, now you're sounding like a stalker. How did you know that?

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