

WE FOUND A FINGER

By Kamron Klitgaard

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WE FOUND A FINGER

A One Act Dark Comedy

By Kamron Klitgaard

SYNOPSIS: Sophia and Aubrey have a unique hobby: They like to grow boyfriends in their own special garden. When a local teenage boy loses a finger in a vicious dog attack, Sophia and Aubrey search the field until they find it. But instead of rushing it to the hospital for possible reattachment, they decide to plant it in an attempt to grow the perfect man, without all the flaws they've come to realize every other boy seems to have.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(4 females, 3 males)

SOPHIA (f)	A quirky boy-crazy girl. <i>(132 lines)</i>
AUBREY (f)	A quirky boy-crazy girl. <i>(150 lines)</i>
JACKSON (m).....	The boy girls go crazy for. Also plays JACKSON TWO. <i>(42 lines)</i>
EMMA (f)	Popular girlfriend of Jackson. Also plays EMMA TWO. <i>(43 lines)</i>
OLIVIA (f).....	Clever and feisty. <i>(56 lines)</i>
LUCAS (m).....	A nice young man. <i>(46 lines)</i>
DANNY (m)	The new kid. Also plays JACKSON TWO'S ARMS. <i>(7 lines)</i>

DURATION: 35 minutes.

SETTING: The school grounds.

SOUND EFFECTS

- Ambulance siren

SET

Simple: An open area representing the school grounds and another area with a large planter box about three feet tall. The planter can be constructed of wood or cardboard, just so that the actors playing Jackson-Two and Emma-Two can hide in it and be able to climb out of it. One idea is to just build three sides so that the actors hiding inside it can sneak inside easily. There should also be a step inside so they can “grow” taller and climb out during the scene.

PROPS

- A Finger
- Purse
- 2 Backpacks
- Garden Spade
- Watering Can
- Pants
- Shirt
- Bandages
- A Solid Colored Plastic Bag
- Hat
- Shovel
- School Books
- Lock of Hair
- Girl's Gym Clothes
- Paper

COSTUMES

Jackson Two must emerge from the garden wearing the same looking clothes that Sophia and Aubrey plant with his finger. To make things easy, the actor playing Jackson and Jackson Two could wear jeans so that he would only have to change his shirt when he switches characters. The actress playing Emma has two costumes. When she emerges as Emma Two she must be wearing the same looking gym clothes that Sophia and Aubrey planted with her lock of hair.

Do Not Copy

AT RISE: *SFX: An ambulance siren is heard and fades out. SOPHIA and AUBREY are searching the field. They start to get frustrated at not finding anything. Then they both spot it at the same time: A severed finger. They lunge for it and end up on the ground with it in both of their hands. They wrestle for possession of it.*

AUBREY: Let go! I saw it first!

SOPHIA: I saw it first! Give it to me!

AUBREY: It's mine!

SOPHIA: No way! It's mine!

AUBREY: Alright, alright. Just calm down!

SOPHIA: You calm down!

AUBREY: I am calm! Okay, okay. On three, we'll open our hands.

SOPHIA: Okay, fine. On three.

AUBREY and SOPHIA: One, two, three.

They open their hands and then suddenly close them again and resume struggling.

SOPHIA: Let go! I saw it first!

AUBREY: I saw it first! Give it to me!

SOPHIA: It's mine!

AUBREY: No way! It's mine!

SOPHIA: What if we share it?!

They stop struggling.

AUBREY: Share?

SOPHIA: Share. Fifty, fifty.

AUBREY: Alright.

They get to their knees and relax their hands. They open their fingers and look at the severed one.

AUBREY: Dog slobber! Yuck!

SOPHIA: We could take it to the hospital. I bet it's not too late to reattach it.

AUBREY: Are you kidding? I know exactly what you're thinking. You walk right in to the operating room with Jackson's finger and he thinks you're a hero.

SOPHIA: We can both do it. We can both be heroes.

AUBREY: Forget that. It won't get you a date with him. He's got Emma. He never paid any attention to us before and returning his finger isn't gonna get us anything but a "thank you."

SOPHIA: It's not like letting him cut in front of us in the lunch line. It's his finger!

AUBREY: Like I said, he'll be grateful to have it back; he'll be real nice and he'll flash that incredible smile at us and we'll both pee our pants but that will be the end of it.

SOPHIA: I guess you're right. But it is a traumatic thing having your finger bitten off by a dog. And we were the only ones who stayed longer than an hour to look for it. That's got to count for something. Maybe in his traumatized state—

AUBREY: It'll wear off. You think he's gonna stay traumatized long enough to ask you out on a date, have your first kiss, go steady, get engaged, married, have kids and then live happily ever after?

SOPHIA: Maybe?

AUBREY: Don't be ridiculous.

SOPHIA: Oh, you're right. It's hopeless. Jackson will never be mine; not even if I return his finger.

AUBREY: That's for sure.

SOPHIA: Maybe we should just take it to the hospital anyway. I mean, he is the quarterback of the football team. He might need it.

AUBREY: There might be another way to make Jackson mine... I mean yours... I mean ours.

SOPHIA: No, you're right. There's no hope. We're on the bottom rung of the popularity ladder. Not in a million years would Jackson... *(Looking into AUBREY'S eyes.)* ...No way! *(Standing.)* We don't do that anymore!

AUBREY: I know, I know. But we both like Jackson so much! Don't you think it's worth another try?

SOPHIA: It always turns into a disaster.

AUBREY: You know how we're trying to correct all the bad traits and mistakes in their personalities? Maybe this time we could correct all the mistakes that we made in the past.

SOPHIA: We'll never correct those mistakes. We fail every time! Remember that guy from the bowling alley? And what about that guy from Springville? And then there was Asher! Do you want a repeat of the Asher incident?!

AUBREY: Asher was cute, huh?

SOPHIA: Would you come back to reality?! Asher was a disaster, just like all the others!

AUBREY: The thing about disasters is if they don't kill you they make you stronger. We're stronger now. We're older and wiser. Think about Jackson's smile. Isn't he worth it?

SOPHIA: You said we were done.

AUBREY: This will be the last one. If it doesn't work out we'll never do it again and we'll live out our lives as old maids.

SOPHIA: I don't know.

AUBREY: This is Jackson we're talking about. Except for Lucas, no other boy comes close! And just think, if it works we can train all his stupid dumb boy traits out of him and shape him into the perfect Jackson. If we don't try, we'll regret it for the rest of our lives and you know it.

SOPHIA: (*Holding up the finger.*) We've never used bitten off DNA.

AUBREY: Maybe that's where we've gone wrong before. Maybe using a whole finger... well, that's a lot of DNA.

SOPHIA: Why would that make any difference?

AUBREY: I don't know, Sophia. But it's Jackson! Jackson!

SOPHIA: Fine. One more time and that's it.

AUBREY: (*Smiling.*) One more time.

SOPHIA: Do you think it will work?

AUBREY: Only one way to find out. But there's only about an hour left of sunlight.

SOPHIA: So we'll hurry. (*Releasing the finger.*) Here. We can put it in my purse.

SOPHIA opens her purse and AUBREY drops it in.

AUBREY: We should've brought our bikes. It's gonna take us a while to walk there.

SOPHIA: What do you mean? It's not that far.

AUBREY: We have to make a stop first.

SOPHIA: Then let's get going. Actually, I'm kind of excited.

AUBREY and SOPHIA exit. Lights change to a large box planter about three feet tall. AUBREY and SOPHIA enter and head for the planter. AUBREY wears a backpack.

AUBREY: Look! Our garden is still here!

SOPHIA: Of course, did you think it would be gone?

AUBREY: I dunno. It could've fallen apart or the creek could've washed it away. We haven't been here since... well, you know, the other boys. There's our gardening tools!

SOPHIA: *(Picking up a garden spade from behind the planter box.)* I'll start digging.

AUBREY: *(Picking up a watering can.)* I'll get the water.

AUBREY exits with the can. SOPHIA starts digging in the planter. AUBREY returns with a full watering can then she takes a pair of pants and a shirt out of her backpack.

SOPHIA: Nice thinking, stealing Jackson's pants off the clothesline. How did you know they'd be there?

AUBREY: His mom thinks the dryer wears his clothes out faster. She always hangs his clothes out on the line. I figured we don't wanna repeat what happened with the bowling alley guy.

SOPHIA: Definitely. You're a better stalker than me.

AUBREY: Thanks.

AUBREY drops the pants and shirt in the hole. SOPHIA opens her purse and AUBREY takes out the finger. She holds the finger over the hole and then looks at SOPHIA who nods. AUBREY drops the finger in the whole and then SOPHIA covers it up. They pat it down and then AUBREY sprinkles water on it. They put their tools down and cross their fingers. They exit. Lights change. JACKSON enters and sits on the edge of the stage. His hand is bandaged. AUBREY and SOPHIA enter and see JACKSON. They are apprehensive but approach him.

AUBREY: Hey, Jackson.

JACKSON: Oh hey, um... uh, I'm sorry... what's your name?

AUBREY: Aubrey.

JACKSON: Oh yeah. I knew that.

AUBREY: You did?

JACKSON: It must be the medication. Sophia, right?

SOPHIA: (*Shocked.*) Uh-huh.

AUBREY: (*Sitting by him and a bit jealous.*) I'm sorry about your finger.

SOPHIA: (*Sitting on the other side of him.*) Yeah, me too!

AUBREY: Yeah, me too!

JACKSON: Thanks.

AUBREY: Did they ever find the dog?

JACKSON: They told me animal control caught it a couple blocks away but it didn't swallow my finger.

SOPHIA: How do they know?

JACKSON: X-rays? Or they cut it open? I don't know.

SOPHIA: (*Tearing up.*) They killed it? They killed the dog?

AUBREY: (*Tearing up.*) You mean they killed it because they couldn't find your finger?

SOPHIA: So, if someone would have found your finger and brought it to the hospital that dog would be alive today?

JACKSON: No, no. I think it's policy that any dog that attacks someone gets euthanized.

SOPHIA: They make it younger?

JACKSON: What?

AUBREY: So the dog didn't die because we couldn't find your finger?

JACKSON: No. They would've killed it anyway. Wait, you guys looked for my finger?

SOPHIA: Actually, we were the last ones to leave. Everyone else left after about an hour, but we kept looking for it.

AUBREY: Too bad we couldn't find it. At least it was your pinky and not your thumb.

JACKSON: Well, thanks for looking. How did you know it was my pinky?

SOPHIA: Uh... we figured we couldn't find it because the pinky is the smallest finger.

JACKSON: Oh. I wonder where it is.

AUBREY: Maybe it crawled away - like an inch worm.

JACKSON: Ha! That's funny. (*Making his remaining pinky crawl in the air like a worm.*) Like this...

SOPHIA: Or maybe it went to get a manicure.

JACKSON: Ha! Hi, I'd like to get a manicure. Name? Pinky.

They all laugh.

You know, I was really feeling bad about losing my finger. Everyone else is scared to make a joke about it, but you guys made me feel good. Thanks.

AUBREY: Can we see it?

JACKSON: Really? Won't it gross you out?

SOPHIA: We've seen worse.

JACKSON: You have?

AUBREY: It's just an expression.

JACKSON: You sure you wanna see it?

SOPHIA and AUBREY: Yeah!

JACKSON: Alright. *(Pulls back the bandages.)*

AUBREY: Gnarly!

SOPHIA: Check it out! That's exactly where it was bitten off!

JACKSON: What do you mean?

AUBREY: Uh... we kept imagining what it would look like... if we had found it. Like how far up on the finger it got you.

JACKSON: Oh, yeah. Right there.

SOPHIA: I kinda feel bad now that we didn't bring it to the hospital... I mean, that we couldn't bring it to the hospital because we didn't find it.

JACKSON: I appreciate you trying.

EMMA enters.

EMMA: Jackson?

JACKSON: *(Wrapping his hand back up.)* Oh, uh, hi Emma.

EMMA: What are you doing?

JACKSON: I was showing them my—

EMMA: I wasn't talking to you. What are you two doing sitting by my boyfriend?

SOPHIA: Uh...

AUBREY: Well said, Sophia.

JACKSON: Emma, they were just telling me how they helped look for my finger.

EMMA: Well, did they find it?

SOPHIA and AUBREY look at each other.

JACKSON: No.

EMMA: Then what good are they?

AUBREY and SOPHIA stand up.

AUBREY: We weren't trying to butt in on your territory.

EMMA: Like that could ever happen.

SOPHIA: Like happen it could if it would ever.

AUBREY: Well said, Sophia.

EMMA: Just get outta here, you losers!

JACKSON: Emma, they were just being nice.

EMMA: Then go be nice somewhere else!

SOPHIA: Come on, Aubrey.

AUBREY: Sorry, I couldn't give you your finger, Jackson. Emma, I may have one for you, though.

SOPHIA pulls AUBREY away and they exit.

JACKSON: *(Standing.)* You don't have to be so mean. They were only trying to help.

EMMA: I know what kind of help they want to give. Both of them have the hots for you. I've seen how they look at you.

JACKSON: What do you mean? I barely even know them. I couldn't even remember their names.

EMMA: I'm glad to hear that. Those two are the ones who planted a knife in Olivia's locker last year to get her expelled, all so they could ask Lucas to the prom.

JACKSON: Those are the ones? Didn't they get in a lot of trouble for that?

EMMA: Not enough. They're obsessed with boys.

JACKSON: *(Gesturing to himself.)* That's understandable. Why wouldn't they be obsessed with this?

EMMA: Very funny. Only I'm aloud to be obsessed with this.

They exit. LUCAS and OLIVIA enter hand in hand.

LUCAS: Come on, just try a couple of my suggestions on for size.

OLIVIA: (*Playful.*) It's already a short name. There are only six letters.

LUCAS: I know, but there are four syllables. Listen. (*Counting with fingers.*) O-li-vi-a. See? Four.

OLIVIA: So what?

LUCAS: Well mine only has two. (*Counting with fingers.*) Lu-cas.

OLIVIA: You have five letters, I have six. Mine only has one more letter than yours.

LUCAS: It's not the amount of letters that matters, it's the number of syllables. It takes twice as long to say your name as it does mine. Listen: Lu-cas; versus O-li-vi-a.

OLIVIA: What's the big deal?

LUCAS: Well, if there's an emergency, I wanna be able to say your name fast. Like if you're driving and you look away and your gonna hit a car or something, I don't wanna waste time by saying "Look out, O-li-vi-a!"

OLIVIA: Or you could just say, "Look out!" I wouldn't be like, "Er, I wonder who he's talking to. I'm the only other one in the car and I'm the one driving but he didn't say my name so he couldn't possibly be talking to me."

LUCAS: Would you just listen to my suggestions?

OLIVIA: Okay, fine. Whataya got?

LUCAS: Okay, how about Ollie?

OLIVIA: Ollie? That's a boy's name.

LUCAS: No, like Ally is short for Allison, Ollie is short for Olivia.

OLIVIA: I think there was a famous fat guy named Ollie.

LUCAS: You're not even giving me a chance.

OLIVIA: Sorry, but Ollie's out. What else you got?

LUCAS: How about O?

OLIVIA: O? You want me to be a letter? Only if I can call you a number. How about three hundred and twenty-six? Hi, is three hundred and twenty-six home? Hey, three hundred and twenty-six, you wanna go to the movies?

LUCAS: (*Laughing.*) Come on. O is an awesome nickname.

OLIVIA: Next!

LUCAS: Okay, this one's my favorite. Take your time and let it settle in before you answer. Olive.

OLIVIA: (*Immediately.*) No!

LUCAS: Why not?!

OLIVIA: Because when I was little, I put olives on all my fingers and then I let my little brother eat one off and he bit my finger.

LUCAS: Chuck bit your finger?! Now there's a nice short name.

OLIVIA: It really hurt. Since then, I won't eat olives and I certainly won't be called one.

LUCAS: You have an excuse for everything.

OLIVIA: You'll just have to call me your Little Moopsie Woopsie Poopsie.

LUCAS: How about just poop for short?

SOPHIA and AUBREY enter.

AUBREY: We should go check on it today.

OLIVIA: We only planted it yesterday. You know it takes at least—

They see OLIVIA and LUCAS. They hesitate but then they walk by them and exit.

OLIVIA: That's right! Just keep walkin'! I hate those girls!

LUCAS: They said they were sorry. Forgive and forget?

OLIVIA: They're psycho. I'll bet they're scheming up another way they can get their hooks into you.

LUCAS: Hey, they went to a lot of trouble, and got in a lot of trouble, just to try to get you expelled. You gotta give 'em credit.

OLIVIA: You admire them! You probably wanna go to the prom with them this year!

LUCAS: No, I just like it when you get upset because your face forms the cutest little dimple right here.

OLIVIA: I've got an idea, why don't we call you Lou for short? Or how about Cus? Yeah, Cus. Cause that's what you make me wanna do. Come on.

They exit. Lights change to the planter box. Several fingers begin growing where they buried it. The fingers push up to reveal an entire hand. Sophia and Aubrey enter and approach the planter.

SOPHIA: I'm telling you, it's not gonna be sprouted yet.

AUBREY: I know but it may need more water.

They see the hand. They're speechless. They run to it.

SOPHIA: I can't believe it.

AUBREY: That was fast.

SOPHIA pokes it and it springs to life, moving and grasping at the air. Then it calms.

SOPHIA: Look at it! It's more active than anything we ever planted before.

AUBREY: And it grew so fast!

SOPHIA: I wonder why.

AUBREY: Maybe cause it's Jackson. Or maybe because it was an entire finger!

SOPHIA: Where's the watering can?

AUBREY: *(Grabs the watering can and sprinkles a bit on it.)* Just a bit. We don't want to over water him.

SOPHIA: The weather guy says it's gonna be cold tonight. Do you think he'll be alright?

AUBREY: Don't worry, I came prepared. *(Pulls out a small plastic bag. She gets it ready to put over the hand.)*

SOPHIA: Wait! Goodnight, Jackson.

SOPHIA bends down and kisses a fingertip. The hand wiggles.

AUBREY: I think he likes it. Holy moo cow!

SOPHIA: What?

AUBREY: You just kissed Jackson!

SOPHIA: Oh my freaking freakshow! I just kissed Jackson!

They giggle.

AUBREY: My turn!

AUBREY kisses a finger and it wiggles. Then she moves lower and presses the hand to her cheek. She closes her eyes and enjoys the feeling.

SOPHIA: Okay, that's enough.

AUBREY: (*Sitting up.*) I don't think we're gonna have the same problem that we did with Asher.

SOPHIA: He certainly doesn't seem homicidal. Let's cover him up. We'll come back and check on him tomorrow.

AUBREY puts the plastic bag over the hand.

AUBREY: This will keep you warm. Goodnight, Jackson.

SOPHIA: We should call him Jackson Two so we don't get him mixed up with the other Jackson.

AUBREY: Goodnight, Jackson Two.

SOPHIA: Goodnight, Jackson Two.

They exit. The plastic bag slowly rises. The hand grows into an entire arm. Then a second hand breaks through and grows until it matches the other arm. Lights change. JACKSON and EMMA enter the school grounds.

EMMA: So, what are we gonna do before the prom?

JACKSON: It's a surprise.

EMMA: Come on, Jackson, it's only a week away.

OLIVIA and LUCAS enter.

LUCAS: Hey, there's Jackson and Emma.

OLIVIA: Let's ask them. Hey, Emma!

LUCAS: How's the finger?

JACKSON: (*Holding up bandaged hand.*) Still missing.

LUCAS: I wonder where that thing went.

JACKSON: What if some cat dragged it away and some kid digs it up in his sandbox?

EMMA: Gross, you want the kid to be terrified for life?

JACKSON: I didn't say I hoped that's what happened. I said "what if."

OLIVIA: Well, if some cat buried it then let's hope it rests in peace.

EMMA: Jackson won't tell me what we're doing before prom.

OLIVIA: Lucas won't tell me either.

LUCAS: It's a secret.

LUCAS holds up his hand to high-five and JACKSON holds up his bandaged hand and then switches to his good hand. They high five.

JACKSON: I gotta get used to that.

OLIVIA: Lucas wants to give me a nickname that's shorter than Olivia.

EMMA: Olivia's already short.

JACKSON: How are you gonna get shorter?

OLIVIA: Tell 'em.

LUCAS: Olive Oil.

EMMA: That's longer.

JACKSON: You wanna shorten one word to two words?

LUCAS: No, it's only three syllables instead of four. (*Counting on his fingers.*) O-li-vi-a. And Ol-ive-Oil. See? Four and three. It's shorter.

JACKSON: Isn't Olive Oil Popeye's girlfriend?

OLIVIA: See? I told you. If you call me Olive Oil, I'm calling you Popeye.

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