

THE BIG BAD BULLYSAURUS

A one-act comedy for young audiences by
Tommy Jamerson

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

PALEONTOLOGIST MARK, a paleontologist and the story's narrator.

NIECE NATALIE, Mark's young niece who has just had her first bully encounter.

RYAN REX JR, the show's main protagonist, a happy-go-lucky little fellow.

TERRY PTERODACTYL, Ryan's brave friend and fellow classmate.

BRONNIE BRONTOSAURUS, Ryan's cowardly friend and fellow classmate.

MISS ANNA ANNASAURUS, a teacher at Dinossori Elementary.

BILLY BULLYSAURUS, the big bad Bullysauros himself.

TIME

Present/65 Million Years Ago...

PLACE

A dig site/Dinossori Elementary.

For my own, personal Paleontologist Mark, Miss Annasaurus, and Cryin' Ryan, I cannot thank you enough.

(Lights up on PALEONTOLOGIST MARK. He is wearing an explorer's hat and is dressed in traditional khaki shorts and shirt. He is crouched over a fossil, brushing away the dirt and debris. He blows on it for a minute, gets dust in his lungs, and coughs. He looks up and addresses the audience.)

MARK: Oh, hi there. I didn't see you come in.

(He stands up and dusts himself off.)

You must excuse me for the mess, you see, I'm a paleontologist and our work can be rather dirty at times—make no bones about that.

(He laughs at his own joke. CRICKETS can be heard. He then realizes something.)

Wait, what's that? You've never heard of a paleontologist before! Oh my gosh! Ok! Well you guys are in for a treat, because I'm going to tell you all about them. Basically we—my fellow paleontologist pals and I—dig and work with real, never-before-seen, dinosaur bones! See!

(He picks up the fossil he was working with and displays it proudly.)

Pretty neat, huh? Hey, can you guys say "paleontologist?" C'mon, say it with me. Pal-e-on-tol-o-gist. Very good. It's a swell job; I get to travel all over the world, and see all kinds of exotic places.

NATALIE: *(From offstage:)* Uncle Mark!

MARK: Oh, that's my niece, Natalie. She gets to travel with me. We always have so much fun together!

(NIECE NATALIE runs on stage, in tears, a dirty blanket in her hand.)

NATALIE: Uncle Mark, I'm not having any fun!

(Natalie runs into Mark's arms and clings to his chest.)

MARK: Natalie, what's wrong? What's the matter?

NATALIE: *(Through her tears:)* I—I—I was playing at the playground, and then these other kids came and they were—were—were—were making fun of me and my blanket!

MARK: They were?

NATALIE: Yes, and then this big girl, Jenny Studebaker, took my blanket, and threw it in a puddle, and—and—and—AND THEN SHE STEPPED ON IT!

(With that, Natalie begins to cry again, and clings tighter to Mark. Mark comforts her for a moment.)

MARK: There, there. I'm so sorry that happened to you.

NATALIE: Me too.

MARK: Here, let me look at that blanket. I'm sure it's not that bad.

(He holds it out. It's covered in mud.)

Ooh...well we can always get you a new one.

NATALIE: But what about Jenny Studebaker and the other kids? Aren't you going to go beat them up for me?

MARK: What?

NATALIE: Aren't you going to pummel 'em? Show 'em who's boss?

MARK: No I am not. Beating people up never solved anything, Natalie.

NATALIE: But that's not what my daddy said.

MARK: And that's why you're staying with me while your daddy's on a long vacation—for the next three to five years.

Look – violence is not the answer, Natalie, you have to learn that.

NATALIE: But then what do I do about the bullies, Uncle Mark? Do I let them keep picking on me?

(Mark thinks about this for a minute.)

Well?

MARK: No, you don't let them keep picking on you

NATALIE: Then you're going to beat 'em up!?

MARK: No, I'm not going to do that either.

NATALIE: Then what are you going to do?

MARK: *(Reaching for the fossil again:)* I am going to tell you a story.

NATALIE: A story?

MARK: Yes. About this fossil.

NATALIE: Not another dinosaur story, Uncle Mark. Please.

MIKE: But I thought you liked my dinosaur stories.

NATALIE: I do, but they get...old. Besides, Mommy told me that aliens put dinosaur bones in the ground thousands of years ago just to confuse scientists like you.

MARK: And that's why the judicial system thinks that you should stay with me until your mother stops drinking the Kool-aid. Anyway, I promise you'll like this story, ok?

NATALIE: Ok.

MARK: *(Addressing the audience:)* Do you guys want to hear the story too? You do? Good. This isn't just a story about dinosaurs – it's a story about two dinosaurs in particular. One, small and afraid, and the other, a great, big, bad Bullysauros!

(A loud roar can be heard offstage. Natalie clings to her uncle for a moment as the lights begin to dim.)

Once upon a time—65 million years ago to be exact, there lived a community of dinosaurs, and the fiercest of all these dinosaurs, was the Tyrannosaurus Rex family!

(As he talks the scene shifts to the REX FAMILY.)

There was a Papa Rex...

(The loud ROAR of PAPA REX can easily be heard offstage.)

There was a Mamma Rex...

(The loud ROAR of MAMMA REX can easily be heard offstage as well.)

And there was their son, Ryan Rex Jr.

(RYAN REX enters, and makes a soft, tiny, squeak of a roar.)

Now, let's see what happens...

RYAN: Morning Ma, morning Pa! No time for breakfast today—I don't want to be late for my first day of Dinossori school!

(Mamma Rex roars something inaudible to her son.)

No, Ma, I won't forget my lunch.

(Ryan grabs a lunch pail from off the ground, and tosses a backpack over his shoulder. Papa Rex also roars something inaudible at his son.)

Yes, Pa, I'll remember to look both ways when I cross the tar pits.

(He begins to leave.)

Alright, bye! See you later!

(Ryan Rex exits, walking in place, heading off to school.)

Brontosaurus burgers! I am so excited for my first day!

BRONNIE: Who are you calling a Brontosaurus burger!

(BRONNIE, a brontosaurus, enters, and begins to walk in place next to Ryan.)

RYAN: Hey, Bronnie Brontosaurus! No one—it's just a figure of speech!

BRONNIE: Oh, ok. Are you excited for our first day?

RYAN: Does a pterodactyl love to fly?

(TERRY, a pterodactyl, enters, and begins walking in place with the two of them.)

TERRY: You bet we do!

RYAN/BRONNIE: Hey, Terry Pterodactyl!

RYAN: Are you ready for school?

TERRY: I sure am! What about you?

(As Ryan begins to speak, BILLY enters from the opposite end of the stage. He begins to wave, but stops when he sees what Ryan is doing. Ryan, Bronnie, and Terry do not see him.)

RYAN: *(Proudly showing off his backpack:)* I am as long as I have my new, amazingly awesome Lizard Skynard backpack! They're my favorite band and now my new favorite bag!

TERRY/BRONNIE: Oooo! Fancy.

RYAN: Now I'm ready for anything!

BRONNIE: At least somebody is. I'm te—te—terrified! I heard that our teacher has three heads and eats her students for breakfast!

TERRY: Don't be ridiculous. They wouldn't hire someone like that—again.

RYAN: Hey, Terry, why aren't you flying to school today?

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TERRY: Ugh, my parents still won't give me my flyers permit until I'm sixteen—they're terrified I'm going to crash into a tree or something.

BRONNIE: Typical parents.

RYAN: Tell me about it; mine didn't even want me walking to school by myself. They can be so boring at times.

TERRY: Talk about a dino-snore!

(After hearing this, Billy turns and exits. Ryan, Terry, and Bronnie reach the school, a sign reading Dinossori Elementary hanging over their respective desks.)

RYAN: Alright, there it is. Let's do this!

TERRY: Let's do this!

BRONNIE: Let's not and say we did.

(Bronnie turns and begins to exit.)

TERRY/RYAN: *(Grabbing onto him:)* Oh no you don't!

(Terry and Ryan each take Bronnie by his shoulders and usher him into the classroom, taking three seats upfront.)

RYAN: Hey, before the bell rings, you guys wanna do the secret claw shake?

TERRY: Of course!

BRONNIE: Do we have to?

RYAN: Yes, because... *(Starting the claw shake:)* Raptors claws, dino paws,

RYAN/TERRY/BRONNIE: We are three awesome dino-saurs,
Bones and Roars, we're carnivores,
We're so in sync, you'll go extinct,
We're cool, we're friends to the very end,
With sharpened teeth and scaley skin,

We.

Are.

FRIENDS!

(As they sit down, a bell rings and MISS ANNA ANNASAURUS – their teacher – enters.)

BRONNIE: Oh no! Here she comes!

MISS ANNA: Hello, class! My name is Miss Annasaurus

TERRY/BRONNIE/RYAN: Good morning, Miss Annasaurus!

MISS ANNA: Good morning to you too! Now, welcome to Dinossori School and your first day! I am going to be your new teacher.

TERRY: *(Whispering to Bronnie:)* Psst...she doesn't look like she's got three heads to me.

BRONNIE: Don't be fooled so easily! That's what they want you to think.

RYAN: Who's they?

MISS ANNA: I'm sorry – ?

RYAN: Ryan, ma'am. Ryan Rex Jr.

MISS ANNA: I'm sorry for interrupting you, Ryan, but do you and your friends have something you'd like to share with the class?

RYAN: No, ma'am.

MISS ANNA: Alright, then, well from now on if you or the other students have something to say, simply raise your claw, and I'll be happy to call upon you. Otherwise please do not interrupt me when I am speaking.

RYAN/TERRY/BRONNIE: Sorry, Miss Annasaurus.

MISS ANNA: I forgive you, hatchlings. Now, please open your grammar books to page one, and we're going to read about my favorite wordsmith, Dr. Thesaurus.

(Suddenly, Billy, a large and ferocious dinosaur, enters, loudly.)

BILLY: Happy first day of school, everybody! Hey, what do you call a dinosaur as cool and explosive as I am?! Dino-mite!

(Ryan, Terry, and Bronnie all chuckle at the joke. Miss Anna is obviously not pleased.)

MISS ANNA: Settle down, class. Settle down. *(To Billy:)* And you are...?

BILLY: Billy Bullysauros

BRONNIE: *(Whispering to Ryan and Terry – he gasps:)* You guys, he's a Bullysauros! I've heard bad things about them!

TERRY: Oh, you've heard bad things about everybody.

MISS ANNA: Boys please; be quiet. Billy –

BILLY: Yes?

MISS ANNA: Please take your seat. I usually don't allow tardiness in my classroom, but since today is the first day, I suppose I'll let this one slide. Oh, and please wipe your feet when you walk in, I just had the floor newly rep-tiled.

(Billy takes his seat on the end, next to Terry who is on the opposite side of Ryan.)

Now, I'm going to conveniently turn my back to the chalk board and write up today's lesson. While I do that, I expect that you will all remain quiet and that we're through with outbursts for the day.

(Miss Anna turns and begins writing. Billy turns to Terry and nudges him.)

BILLY: *(Whispering:)* Psst...hey! Hey!

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TERRY: *(Hesitantly:)* Yes?

BILLY: The name's Billy, what's yours?

TERRY: Oh, I'm Terry, this is Bronnie – say "hi," Bronnie.

BRONNIE: I will not – we're not supposed to be talking!

TERRY: Don't worry, he's always like that—and that guy at the end is our best friend, Ryan.

(Ryan is so wrapped up in his work that he does not notice Billy or Terry talking.)

BILLY: *(To self:)* Ryan, eh?

(Terry and Bronnie go back to their work as Billy leans back and calls to Ryan.)

Hey – psst – Ryan?

RYAN: *(Looking around to make sure Miss Anna isn't looking:)*
Yeah?

MISS ANNA : *(Still looking at the board:)* Is that talking I hear, class?

BILLY/TERRY/RYAN/BRONNIE: No, Miss Annasaurus.

MISS ANNA: Very good, let's continue.

RYAN: *(Waits for a moment, then:)* Hey Billy – what'd you want?

BILLY: Oh nothing, just this! Think FAST!

(Billy pulls a straw out from under his desk and shoots a spitball right at Ryan's backpack. In frustration, Ryan jumps up from his desk and begins wiping his backpack. Billy, Bronnie, and Terry begin to laugh.)

RYAN: A spitball!?! On my new backpack! No! No! Get it off! Get it off!

BILLY: *(Covering his mouth and loudly whispering it to Ryan:)*
Psst – don't be such a crybaby, Cryin' Ryan!

RYAN: *(Wiping the rest of it off:)* Ew, get it off!

(Miss Anna whirls around.)

MISS ANNA: Ryan Rex Jr.! What is going on here?! What is the meaning of this!?

BILLY/TERRY/BRONNIE: Uh-oh!

RYAN: I'm sorry, Miss Annasaurus, ma'am. I didn't mean to! It's just that –

(Suddenly a bell begins to ring offstage.)

BILLY: Recess time! Alright everybody, we'd better get going – don't want to be late for my favorite class!

BRONNIE: Can we go, Miss Anna?

TERRY: Yeah, can we go? Please?

MISS ANNA: Yes, you may all go to recess –

BILLY/TERRY/BRONNIE/RYAN: Yay!

(They all begin to exit in unison.)

MISS ANNA: Except for you, Ryan Rex Jr. I need to have a word with you.

(Billy exits. Ryan, Bronnie, and Terry all let out a large gulp.)

RYAN: Alright.

(Ryan approaches Miss Anna's desk with Bronnie and Terry trailing behind him.)

MISS ANNA: Alone.

RYAN: *(To Terry and Bronnie:)* It's ok, guys. I'll be right out.

TERRY: *(Whispering to Ryan:)* You sure?

RYAN: Yeah, I'll be fine.

(Bronnie and Terry begin to exit.)

BRONNIE: Let's get out of here before she changes her mind and decides to eat us!

TERRY: Will you knock it off with that; she's not going to eat us.

BRONNIE: Maybe not today...

(They exit.)

RYAN: You wanted to see me, Miss Annasaurus?

MISS ANNA: Yes, I did. Ryan, what is going on with you today? First you're talking out of turn, and then causing a disruption. This kind of behavior is bothersome to me.

RYAN: I know, and I'm sorry. But honestly, I didn't mean to jump out of my seat, it's just that—

MISS ANNA: Billy?

RYAN: Yeah, Billy. How'd you know?

MISS ANNA: No, I mean— it's Billy.

(Billy enters; a shiny apple in his claw.)

BILLY: Sorry to bother you, Miss Annasaurus, but I wanted to give you this before I forgot.

(Billy presents Miss Anna with the apple.)

MISS ANNA: Why, thank you!

(She takes a big whiff of its fruity aroma.)

Oh it smells heavenly! I love it.

BILLY: You're welcome. *(Turning to Ryan:)* Oh, and Ryan, your friends wanted me to tell you something.

(Miss Anna continues to admire her apple as Billy puts one claw over Ryan's shoulder and whispers into his ear:)

If you say one thing to Miss Anna about the spitball, I'll bash your brains in so hard you'll be able to taste 'em until next week! Got it, Cryin' Ryan? Good.

(Billy exits, leaving Ryan panicked. Miss Anna puts her apple down.)

MISS ANNA: Now, Ryan. As you were saying?

RYAN: Oh that...yeah. Um...what happened was...well...what happened was...

MISS ANNA: Yes?

RYAN: See it wasn't my fault, it was —

(Just then, Ryan hears Billy's voice in his head.)

BILLY: *(V.O.):* If you say one thing to Miss Anna about the spitball, I'll bash your brains in so hard you'll be able to taste 'em until next week! Got it, Cryin' Ryan? Good.

MISS ANNA: Ryan?

RYAN: I, I...I lied. It was my fault. I jumped out of my seat on purpose. I guess I just wanted to make everyone laugh. I'm sorry.

MISS ANNA: I'm not happy with what you did, but I am happy that you were honest with me. I tell you what, if you spend the rest of recess indoors with me, helping me get ready for this afternoon's lesson, I'll forget all about this morning's incident. What do you say?

(Ryan looks over and sees Bronnie, Terry, and Billy playing outside.)

BILLY: So why did the dinosaur cross the road? Because the chicken hadn't evolved yet!

(Billy, Terry, and Bronnie all burst out into laughter.)

BRONNIE: I don't get it.

TERRY: *(Ignoring him:)* You tell the best jokes, Billy, and you're really good at drawing!

(Terry holds out a piece of paper with sketches on it.)

BRONNIE: Yeah, you're the best artist I've ever seen!

BILLY: Thanks you guys—I know we're going to be great friends!

RYAN: *(Sighs:)* All right, what do you want me to do?

(The lights begin to dim on Ryan and come back up on Mark and Natalie.)

NATALIE: But I don't understand, Uncle Mark. Why didn't Ryan just tell his teacher what Billy did?

MARK: Because that's what bullies do, they manipulate. That's a word that means making somebody do something that they don't want to.

NATALIE: *(Looking at her blanket:)* Well, whatever it means, that Billy Bullysauros is one mean jerk.

MARK: Natalie!

NATALIE: Well he is! Jenny Studebaker isn't even that bad!

MARK: You know, oftentimes we think people—or in this case, dinosaurs—are just plain mean, low down, and rotten to the core, and that there's nothing more to them than that. But usually, if you take the time to learn more about them, you'll see why they treat others the way that they do.

NATALIE: I don't understand.

MARK: You will, just wait. Now, do you wanna find out what happens next?

NATALIE: Yeah.

MARK: (*Addressing the audience:*) What about you guys? Do you want to find out what happens to Ryan? You do? Ok, well here goes. The rest of the school day didn't get much better for Ryan, what with Bronnie and Terry hanging on Billy's every word. So, that afternoon...

(The lights dim on Natalie and Mark and begin to rise on Miss Anna as a bell rings offstage.)

MISS ANNA: Don't forget to do your homework, hatchlings! I'll see you tomorrow!

(Miss Anna exits as Terry and Bronnie enter, looking at a piece of paper and laughing to each other. Ryan calls out to them.)

RYAN: Hey you guys wait up! Hey! Wait for me! (*Finally, out of breath, Ryan catches up with them:*) Hey you guys!

TERRY: Oh...hey Ryan.

BRONNIE: Hey, Ryan.

RYAN: Hey, what's the matter with you?

TERRY: What do you mean?

RYAN: I mean that you practically ignored me all day.

BRONNIE: Oh, sorry about that.

TERRY: Yeah, we were just so caught up in passing notes back and forth to Billy. You know, he is one funny reptile.

RYAN: Well I don't think so – I don't like him at all.

BRONNIE: You don't? But why?

RYAN: Um, didn't you guys see the major spitball he shot at my Lizard Skynard backpack before recess?

(Bronnie and Terry look at each other, and then back at Ryan.)

BRONNIE/TERRY: No.

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RYAN: Then you must have heard him call me Cryin' Ryan right out loud in the middle of class.

(Again, Bronnie and Terry look at each other, and then back at Ryan.)

BRONNIE/TERRY: No.

RYAN: Ok, well, then let me tell you this, during recess, he came in and gave Miss Anna an apple, and then when she wasn't looking, he told me that if I said anything to her about the spitball incident, that he'd bash my brains in!

TERRY: Oh come off it, Ryan.

BRONNIE: Yeah, he was probably joking. I don't get most of his jokes either. *(To Terry:)* I still don't know what a chicken is.

RYAN: You guys have got to be kidding, right? You mean, you don't believe me?

TERRY: That depends. Do we believe he shot a spit wad at your bag? Not really. Do we believe you're a Cryin' Ryan? Well...

RYAN: Are you serious right now?

BRONNIE: Admit it, Ryan — you do cry a lot.

RYAN: Like you're one to talk, Bronnie — you're scared of our teacher!

BRONNIE: I am not! *(Beat.)* Ok, maybe just a little. But at least I'm not a Cryin' Ryan like some people.

(Bronnie pulls out a picture and he and Terry begin to laugh at it.)

BRONNIE/TERRY: Haha, Cryin' Ryan! Cryin' Ryan!

RYAN: What is that?

BRONNIE: Ah, no — no — nothing!

RYAN: If you're stuttering, it has to be something! *(He snatches the paper from Bronnie's claw:)* It's — it's a picture of me!

(Ryan holds up what appears to be a picture of him crying.)

TERRY: You have to admit, it is a pretty good likeness.

RYAN: It is not! It's not a good likeness and you guys are not good friends.

BRONNIE: Hey, Ryan — we're sorry.

TERRY: Yeah, we were only kidding.

RYAN: *(Tears swelling in his eyes:)* No you weren't — none of you were. You were just — you were just — get out of here! Ok!? Get out of here!

TERRY: Fine, we'll leave — Cryin' Ryan. I guess that picture is true after all.

BRONNIE: Yeah!

(Terry and Bronnie exit, leaving Ryan alone on stage. Ryan looks at the picture and begins to rip it up. When he's done, he sniffles for a minute, and then wipes away his tears.)

RYAN: Some friends they turned out to be. I don't see how this day could get any worse.

BILLY: Well look who it is.

RYAN: Spoke too soon.

BILLY: Ryan Rex Jr. — or should I say — little baby, waby Cryin' Ryan.

RYAN: Knock it off, Billy.

BILLY: Knock it off? Ok, I'll knock it off. I'll knock that block of yours clean off your shoulders! What do you say to that? Huh? Huh?!

(Billy takes a threatening step towards Ryan.)

RYAN: Okay, okay. I'm sorry.

BILLY: Yeah, you'd better be. (*Looks at his watch:*) Alright, I'd better be going. According to my Fossil, I'll have just enough time to make it Terry's house for a heaping helping of his mother's world famous Carnivore Casserole.

RYAN: Wait, you're going to Terry's for dinner?

BILLY: And Bronnie's for dessert. His mom's making her patented

BILLY/RYAN: Choc-o-rific Dino Donuts!

RYAN: I don't understand it. Why are they having you over for dinner and dessert and not me?

BILLY: Why wouldn't they be having me? I am their new best friend after all. Or didn't you get the memo? Guess not. Oh well, smell ya later, Cryin' Ryan.

(Billy exits. Ryan sighs and drops his head. Mark and Natalie enter, observing the action.)

MARK: And later that night, when Ryan got home...

(Ryan enters his parents' cave. Papa and Mamma each roar their respective hellos.)

RYAN: (*Hanging his head in depression:*) Hi Ma...Hi Pa.

(Papa Rex roars at him.)

School? Oh school was...fine.

(Mamma Rex roars.)

No, Ma, I'm not hungry. Thanks though. I've got a lot of homework to get done.

NATALIE: Poor Ryan. I don't like this story, Uncle Mark. Can't you tell a happier one about princesses and rainbows?

MARK: I know things look pretty bad right now, Natalie.

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NATALIE: Bad? They look positively awful!

MARK: But hold tight, ok? Before you know it, things just might begin to change.

NATALIE: How?! And when?!

MARK: You'll have to wait and see.

NATALIE: I hope it's soon, because right now I'm feeling really bummed!

MARK: Alright, now where were we? *(Mark continues to narrate as the action is played out:)* Oh yes, that night, Ryan did his homework, cleaned his room, and played his Rex Box. He did everything he could to get his mind off of his friends and Billy. He could only imagine what a good time they were having – and without him.

(Ryan, lost in own imagination, begins to see visions on stage of Billy, Terry, and Bronnie.)

BILLY: Why thank you, Mrs. Terry's mom, this is the best casserole I've ever eaten. And thanks, Mrs. Bronnie's mom, these are the best Dino doughnuts I've ever tasted! And thank you, Bronnie and Terry – you're the best friends a Bullysaurus could ask for! Ha, ha, ha!

(Ryan shakes his head, causing the vision to disappear and Billy, Terry, and Bronnie to exit.)

MARK: Deciding to once again try and get his mind off his problems, Ryan snuck out of his room that night when his parents were fast asleep, and went for a walk.

(Ryan mimes sneaking out of his room, and begins to walk in place.)

RYAN: *(To self:)* Stupid Billy. Stupid friends. What's the matter with them? I guess the real question is, "What's the matter with me?" Why doesn't anybody like me? What'd I

ever do to them?

MARK: Just as Ryan was about to cross the tar pits, after looking both ways of course, he heard what he thought sounded like crying.

(Crying can be heard offstage.)

RYAN: I heard what I think sounds like crying!

MARK: Ryan followed the sound all the way to a nearby playground, creeping as softly as he could. The closer he got, the louder it got. He crept closer, and closer, and closer, until...

NATALIE: ...What? Until what, Uncle Mark?!

RYAN: Billy?

(A spot rises up on Billy. Billy is crying, his head in his claws.)

RYAN/NATALIE: Whoa.

RYAN: Holy brontosaurus burgers!

BILLY: *(To self:)* It isn't fair. It just isn't fair.

(Billy loudly blows his nose into a handkerchief.)

MARK: Ryan, scared that Billy might notice him, began to sneak away, when...

(SNAP! Ryan steps on a twig, causing it break loudly. Billy whirls around.)

BILLY: Ryan?!

RYAN: Billy! ...Hi! ...Um...I was just leaving!

(Ryan exits quickly, running offstage.)

BILLY: Ryan, wait! Come back here! Ryan! Ryan!!!!

(The lights fade on Billy, he exits. A bell ringing is heard offstage as Miss Anna enters – a single spot on her.)

MISS ANNA: Good morning, hatchlings, and welcome to day two. I trust you all did your homework last evening?

(Lights rise as Ryan, Bronnie, and Terry as they take their seats.)

RYAN/TERRY/BRONNIE: Yes, Miss Annasaurus.

MISS ANNA: Very good. Oh, what's this? I see that Billy is not with us today. I hope he's alright. Have any of you heard from him?

TERRY: He was at my house last night, Miss Annasaurus –

BRONNIE: And mine!

TERRY: But he seemed fine when he left.

BRONNIE: Yeah.

MISS ANNA: That's good to hear. What about you, Ryan Rex? Did you happen to see Billy last night?

RYAN: Um...I...

MISS ANNA: Well, did you?

RYAN: I...I...

TERRY: Why would Ryan see Billy, Miss Anna? They don't get along on account of Ryan being a Big Cryin' Ryan Baby!

BRONNIE: You got that right!

MISS ANNA: Terry! Bronnie!

(Terry and Bronnie lower their heads in shame.)

TERRY/BRONNIE: Sorry, Miss Annasaurus.

BRONNIE: P – p – please don't eat me.

RYAN: Don't listen to them, Miss Annasaurus, they don't care. I wasn't going to say anything, but – *(To Terry and Bronnie:)* Since you guys can't stand cry babies so much, maybe you should talk to your new best friend, Billy...

(As Ryan speaks, Billy walks in.)

BILLY: Sorry I'm late, Miss Annasaurus, but I wanted to get you a fresh apple, and it took longer than I expected.

RYAN: Don't listen to him, ma'am, he's just trying to bribe you!

BILLY: Bribe?

MISS ANNA: Ryan!

RYAN: And since we're on the subject of you being late, why don't you tell em' the truth, Billy? Huh?

MISS ANNA: Ryan, Stop!

RYAN: *(Ignoring her:)* Why don't you tell all of them that the reason you're late is because you were up last night crying! *(To Bronnie and Terry:)* That's right, I saw him crying at the tar pits playground last night. And he was boo hooing his heart out all over the place! Who's the baby now, Billy? Well? Who's the baby now?!

(Beat. Everyone gives Ryan a cold look.)

What?

(Ryan looks back to see Billy, just as he is exiting the stage. Beat.)

MISS ANNA: Ryan Rex Jr.! Might I have a word with you—in private!

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