

OF PLASTIC THINGS AND BUTTERFLY WINGS

A one-act play for young audiences by
Greg Romero

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

THE OLDEST SEA TURTLE THAT EVER LIVED, male or female, magical and musical.

SAM, female, a plastic water bottle on a journey.

REGINALD, male, a blue crab with a giant claw.

SAM'S MOTHER, female.

SAM'S FATHER, male.

AN OLD SHOE, male or female, stuck in The Gyres.

OTHER OLD OBJECTS, male or female, stuck in The Gyres.

BILLIE, female, a colorful parrot.

SEAGULLS, male or female.

These characters can be played by as many actors as you like. They can also be played by a small number of actors (2 -3) who are also skilled puppeteers. Please make the most appropriate and creative choices you can imagine.

TIME AND PLACE

The present moment. The beach and the ocean.

ABOUT MUSIC

Enjoy creating the music described in this play.

ABOUT SCRIPT NOTATION

Breaks in speech are noted by a series of ellipses after the character designation, i.e.:

MAN: ...

Each single dot represents one heartbeat. These ellipses create space for the characters to react to what was just said, or to think of (or to hold back) the next thing to say, or both. These are definitely not moments in which to relax.

DEVELOPMENT AND PRODUCTION HISTORY

This play was commissioned by Little Fish Theatre Collaborative, November, 2011; Producing Artistic Directors, Christopher Titora and Josh Titora (Philadelphia PA/Haddonfield NJ) in partnership with Fernbrook Farms Education Center (Bordentown, NJ).

The play was developed with help from Drexel University, which presented the first draft of the play as part a Winter Studio in March 2012. This process was led by director Cara Blouin, and the piece was created, in large part, thanks to the ensemble of Drexel students including: Alaina Beaver, Danielle Brief, Laura Calderone, Vince Giannone, Molly King, Tori Lewis, Eric Looney, Jacob Merinar, and Zachary Scovish.

The play's original production was produced by Little Fish Theatre Collaborative, as part of the 2012 Live-Arts/Philly Fringe Festival, running seven performances on September 12-16, 2012. The production was directed by Christopher Titora, and performed by Kevin Chick, Leslie Nevon Holden, Maryruth Stine, and Josh Titora. Puppet design by Patrick Ahearn; original music by Josh Titora; lighting design by Shawn McGovern; scenic design by Christopher Titora; and costume design by Christopher Titora and Jennifer Titora.

(As the assembly gathers, THE OLDEST SEA TURTLE THAT EVER LIVED is playing music. His music is welcoming and upbeat [even for a superannuated turtle], coming from a number of possible instruments [accordion, banjo, keytar] as well as from found instruments that surround him, made from trash and recyclable materials.)

(The Sea Turtle may even get members of the assembly to participate in a call-and-response of drum beats or hand-claps or vocables, or lead them to hum along with him.)

(Throughout the play, The Sea Turtle can underscore the action as needed, or create foley sounds from the objects. He can make all the sounds in the universe. And sometimes, he becomes the universe.)

(Once the assembly is seated and ready, the Sea Turtle's music shifts, taking us now inside the story.)

(From high above, a giant hand appears, clutching SAM, a plastic water bottle. The giant hand tosses Sam and she falls, slowly, screaming, landing on the ground with a thud.)

(Sam is silent for a time, lying still on the ground. She sits up, though hurt from her fall. Sam stands, takes a deep breath, and looks around.)

SAM: Where am I? Hellllooooooooooo?? Mom? Dad? Mom??

(Sam looks at herself.)

Oh no! I only have half my water! Where am I? Is anybody out there? Hellllooooooooooooooooooooooo?? Where am I?

(She listens for a moment. She hears the OCEAN WAVES crashing, and the CALL OF DISTANT SEAGULLS.)

The beach! That's right! We were on the road to the beach! But how do I get there?

(She rocks back and forth, tipping herself on to her side. With great effort, she rolls a few inches.)

I'll never get there that way. This is the worst!

(A voice calls out from the weeds:)

REGINALD: SHUT UP!!

SAM: Hello?!

(A blue crab, REGINALD, pokes his head from behind the weeds.)

REGINALD: I said, Shut Up!

SAM: Ooooh, a baby crab.

REGINALD: I am not a baby.

SAM: You're small.

REGINALD: I'm a blue crab – we don't get that big.

SAM: You're still small.

REGINALD: I'm almost full-grown!

SAM: You look small to me.

(Reginald swings his enormous claw at Sam. His claw is many times larger than his entire body. Sam ducks, barely missing him.)

Whoa! How'd you get such a big claw?!

REGINALD: It's a secret!

SAM: I can keep a secret.

REGINALD: What are you?

SAM: I'm Sam.

REGINALD: You all look alike.

SAM: What?

REGINALD: All of you! You Plastic Things are all the same! You just come here and mess everything up! And you're mean to crabs!

(Reginald ducks behind the weeds.)

SAM: Wait!

REGINALD: ...

SAM: Little crab!?

REGINALD: ...

SAM: Can you help me get to the beach?

REGINALD: ...

SAM: Little crabby?

(Reginald lifts his head above the weeds.)

REGINALD: My name is not Little Crabby.

SAM: What's your name then?

REGINALD: Reginald.

SAM: Ooooh! Reginald! I like that name!

REGINALD: Well I don't!

SAM: Then what do you want me to call you?

REGINALD: Reginald!

SAM: Why?

REGINALD: That's the name my momma gave me!

SAM: Where's your mom now?

REGINALD: ...

SAM: ...

REGINALD: You don't even smell like anything!

(Reginald ducks behind the weeds.)

SAM: Wait!

REGINALD: ...

SAM: Reginald!

REGINALD: ...

SAM: Reeeginaaaaaaald!

REGINALD: ...

SAM: Reeeginaaaaaaald!

REGINALD: ...

SAM: Did you know your name means "wise ruler"?

(Reginald lifts his head over the weeds.)

REGINALD: It does?

SAM: Yes!

REGINALD: I kind of like that.

SAM: Me too!

REGINALD: How do you know what my name means?

SAM: Sometimes if I'm real still and quiet for a moment, a piece of information will just pop right up. Like magic!

REGINALD: Cool!

SAM: So do you want to help me get to the ocean?

REGINALD: You can't go to the ocean!

SAM: What?! Why?

REGINALD: You'll get dragged off to The Gyres!

SAM: The Gyres!? What's that?

REGINALD: It's too scary to talk about!

SAM: Where is it?

REGINALD: It's way out in the ocean! It's where all the Plastic Things go to die! And all the sea life too! It's too scary to talk about!

SAM: I'm not scared.

REGINALD: ...

SAM: Are you scared?

REGINALD: ...

SAM: Besides, my family needs me.

REGINALD: ...

SAM: Aren't you coming?

REGINALD: ...

SAM: Could you at least tell me where to go?

(Reginald points his huge claw in the direction of the beach.)

You're a scaredy-crab.

REGINALD: Hey!

SAM: So you're just gonna stay there in the weeds?

REGINALD: ...

SAM: All alone on the side of the road?

REGINALD: ...

SAM: Like a little scaredy-crab?

REGINALD: I'm not scared!

SAM: You comin' or not?

REGINALD: And I'm not little.

SAM: Fine, then. I don't need you.

(Reginald ducks behind the weeds again. Sam rolls onto her side, struggling to roll herself forward. She isn't really getting anywhere. Reginald looks up from the weeds, watching her struggle.)

REGINALD: You're not very good at rolling.

SAM: At least I'm trying! At least I'm doing something!

(Sam continues rolling forward, hardly getting anywhere.)

REGINALD: Wait.

SAM: ...

REGINALD: I wanna go too.

SAM: You do?!

(They both try to move. They can't – Sam because she can't roll very well; Reginald because his claw is too heavy. After trying really hard for a few moments, they give up.)

How long have you been here by yourself?

REGINALD: ...

SAM: I have an idea!

(Sam rolls onto her side.)

Now step on my side. Sit right there on my label.

REGINALD: What?

SAM: Just do it!

REGINALD: I'm too heavy, I'll hurt you. It's not going to work anyway.

SAM: Just do it, Reginald! Trust me!

(Reginald climbs on top of Sam.)

Now push off with your claw!

(He gives the ground a good shove with his claw, pushing them forward.)

REGINALD: Whoa!

SAM: See!

REGINALD: This is great! I'm moving!

SAM: We're moving, Reginald!

REGINALD: Yes! We're moving, Sam! I'm gonna be sick!

SAM: To the beach!

(Sam and Reginald roll down the road to the beach. The Sea Turtle plays exit music for Sam and Reginald, traveling-on-a-great-journey music.)

(When they exit, the music shifts as the Sea Turtle begins to play music more ominous, full of danger, leading us into The Gyres.)

(As the music swells, the space is transformed into The Gyres.)

(We are underwater, things are swirling in a circle, the ocean is littered with discarded objects of all shapes and sizes, from all times of history – old cans, bottles, plastic bags, electronics, old shoes, shopping carts, old tires, all deformed and tortured, swirling around, slowly decomposing through the Hell of being in the ocean.)

(The OBJECTS call out for help. They are in pain, deteriorating a slow, agonizing death. Fish and other aquatic life try to swim through The Gyres, but they get caught, sucked in, and consumed by the tortured objects. It is horrible.)

(The misery continues as two water bottles, freshly thrown-into the ocean, swirl toward the heap. It is SAM'S MOTHER AND FATHER. The Mother and Father look just like Sam, but bigger. They try to stay together as they swirl into the Gyres. They call out for help, but the tortured objects just laugh at them.)

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(Sam's Mother and Father speak to each other as they are tossed, swirling around in the Gyres with the other objects.)

SAM'S MOTHER: This place is awful.

SAM'S FATHER: I know.

SAM'S MOTHER: What is this place?

OLD SHOE: You are in THE GYRES!

SAM'S MOTHER: What?!

OLD SHOE: The Gyres! Look around you – what do you see?

(All of the objects moan and cry in pain.)

SAM'S MOTHER: This is horrible. What are all these objects?

OLD SHOE: We are all the things that have been thrown away. All the useless things that nobody wants anymore. All decomposing forever.

SAM'S MOTHER: We have to get out of here.

OLD SHOE: Impossible! You think you're better than us? Look at yourself! You are just like us. Useless.

SAM'S FATHER: We're not useless. We have each other. We have a daughter!

OLD SHOE: Nobody has anything.

SAM'S MOTHER: You're wrong! We have a daughter! And we're going to find her. Have you seen her? Is she here in the Gyres?

OLD SHOE: HA! Do you know how many plastic water bottles live in this Island of Trash?

SAM'S MOTHER: No.

OLD SHOE: Every day, one hundred and forty MILLION plastic bottles get thrown away. Millions of plastic bottles end up here, every single day.

SAM'S MOTHER: What?!

OLD SHOE: Look around! This dump is twice the size of Texas! You will never find anything.

SAM'S FATHER: You're wrong.

OLD SHOE: Hundreds and hundreds of miles of useless garbage, right here in the middle of the ocean.

SAM'S MOTHER: I don't understand. How did we all get here?

OLD OBJECT: I fell down a street drain that dropped me into the ocean!

ANOTHER OLD OBJECT: I fell off a garbage truck on the way to the dump! The wind blew me into the water!

A FEW OLD OBJECTS: We were in a garbage can that got knocked over! We rolled all the way to the ocean.

A FEW MORE OLD OBJECTS: We were just thrown on the ground! Somehow we ended up here.

SAM'S MOTHER: This is awful. I'm so sorry.

OLD SHOE: Who cares?!

SAM'S MOTHER: I care! What about you, you old shoe? Why are you so mean?

OLD SHOE: Just accept it. You're stuck here and nobody loves you.

SAM'S MOTHER: Didn't you have a partner once? Someone you cared about?

OLD SHOE: That's none of your business. It's easier if you just stop fighting. It hurts less when you just stop caring.

SAM'S MOTHER: I'm not going to give up. I'm not going to just sit here, swirling through the Gyres, allowing myself to become hopeless.

OLD SHOE: (*Laughing at them:*) Good luck!

SAM'S FATHER: Don't worry. I'm not giving up, either

(The objects laugh at Sam's Mother and Father, who continue to swirl through the Gyres with the other objects.)

(The Sea Turtle's music shifts again, taking us back to Sam and Reginald's going-on-a-great-adventure music. We see Sam and Reginald roll back into the playing area, Reginald pushing the ground with his giant claw. They are rolling slower than before.)

REGINALD: Sam?

SAM: Yes, Reginald?

REGINALD: I have to take a break. I'm so tired.

SAM: Well, I'm not. Let's keep going.

REGINALD: Please Sam, just for a minute.

(They stop rolling. Reginald hops off of Sam and collapses to the ground. He is exhausted. All is silent for a moment except for Reginald's breathing.)

SAM: Wow.

REGINALD: What?

SAM: We must be a lot closer to the beach.

REGINALD: Why?

SAM: Listen.

(The call of the seagulls and the ocean waves are louder than before.)

REGINALD: I think you're right.

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SAM: I hope so.

(They sit in silence for a moment. Reginald is breathing pretty hard.)

Reginald?

REGINALD: Yes?

SAM: Let's keep going.

REGINALD: I'm really tired, Sam.

SAM: I don't have time for you to be tired, Reginald.

(Reginald is still breathing pretty hard.)

REGINALD: Sam?

SAM: Yes?

REGINALD: I am REALLY thirsty.

SAM: I see.

REGINALD: Could you give me some of your water? Just a little?

SAM: ...

REGINALD: Please?

SAM: I don't think so, Reginald.

REGINALD: What?

SAM: I don't have much left. I need it!

REGINALD: But I'm so thirsty!

SAM: Look at me! I only have about a third of my water left.

REGINALD: I'm just a crab! I just need a sip! Please!

SAM: ...

REGINALD: I pushed us all this way! I pushed us for hours.

SAM: I rolled us. While you were sitting on me.

REGINALD: Yeah but you're made of plastic! I'm a complex organism!

SAM: You're just a stupid crab!

REGINALD: What?

SAM: You heard me!

(They sit in silence for a moment, not sure what to do. Finally:)

Reginald?

REGINALD: ...

SAM: Reginald?

REGINALD: I'm so thirsty I can't even hear you.

SAM: ...

REGINALD: And I'm too stupid to understand you.

SAM: I didn't mean that. I think you're the smartest, strongest blue crab in the world.

REGINALD: You're just saying that so I'll keep helping you.

SAM: Whoa.

REGINALD: See?

SAM: Wow.

REGINALD: I've been helping you for hours. What do you expect me to do once we get to the beach? How do you expect me to get back safely to the weeds? Have you thought about any of that?

SAM: You're right. I've only been thinking about myself.

REGINALD: ...

SAM: And I'm sorry I said you were stupid. That was wrong.

(They sit in silence for a moment.)

REGINALD: Sam?

SAM: Yes?

REGINALD: Then can I have some water?

SAM: Yes. Yes, of course, Reginald. Can you unscrew my cap with your claw?

(Reginald unscrews Sam's cap and tilts her toward him. He takes a couple sips of water then tilts her back upright.)

REGINALD: Oh man. I feel SO much better. Thank you, Sam.

SAM: ...

REGINALD: Sam?

SAM: Why did they throw me away?

REGINALD: I don't know, Sam. I'm sure. I'm sure it was an accident.

(They sit in silence for a moment. The Sea Turtle raises his arms in the air, pushing a few rain clouds over Sam and Reginald. Sam looks into the sky for a moment.)

SAM: Wow, the sky sure got dark.

REGINALD: Yeah.

(The Sea Turtle wiggles his fingers a little bit in the air, tickling the clouds.)

SAM: Is it nighttime?

REGINALD: It's too early to be nighttime.

SAM: Then why is the sky so dark?

(The Sea Turtle leads the Assembly through the process of creating the sounds of a rainstorm. Without using any words,

he guides/conducts them through the sounds they can make together, using their hands and bodies. The rainstorm starts when The Sea Turtle guides everyone to rub their hands together.)

Do you hear that?

REGINALD: Is that rain?

(The Sea Turtle conducts the assembly to snap their fingers [which will sound like rainfall]).

SAM: Whoa! Do you feel that?

REGINALD: It's raining!

(The Sea Turtle conducts the assembly to pat or slap their hands against their thighs [which will sound like hard rainfall]).

SAM: Whoa! It's coming down hard!

REGINALD: I know!

(Reginald finds a leaf and covers Sam, protecting her from the rain. The Sea Turtle conducts the assembly to stomp their feet or slap their hands against the ground [which will sound like really hard rainfall]).

SAM: Wow!

REGINALD: This rain is something!

SAM: What?!

REGINALD: I said, this rain is something!! It's raining really hard!!

SAM: I can't hear you because it's raining really hard!!

(The Sea Turtle conducts the assembly to pat or slap their hands against their thighs [which will sound like hard rainfall]).

I think it's slowing down a little bit.

REGINALD: I think so too.

(The Sea Turtle conducts the assembly to snap their fingers [which will sound like rainfall]. This snapping/rainfall continues underneath the scene for as long as it needs.)

SAM: I have an idea! I can catch the rainwater! This way I can refill myself!

REGINALD: Are you sure?

SAM: Yes! I want to catch the rainwater! I want to be useful again!

REGINALD: OK, here goes!

(Reginald drops the leaf and they stand in the rain together. Sam lets the rain fill her up. They stand silent for a moment as the rain falls on top of them.)

What does that feel like?

SAM: Feels like I'm all new again.

(They continue to catch the rain together.)

Reginald?

REGINALD: Yes, Sam?

SAM: Are you gonna tell me about the secret of your giant claw?

REGINALD: ...

SAM: You can trust me.

REGINALD: I know.

SAM: We're friends.

REGINALD: It happened on the day I lost my family.

SAM: Lost them?

REGINALD: My mother, my father, and my sister. They all died.

SAM: Oh no. I'm so sorry.

REGINALD: I miss them.

SAM: What happened?

REGINALD: We were on the road to the beach, not far from where you found me.

(Reginald's memory comes to life, showing Sam what happened.)

(Three BLUE CRABS are walking along the road, with Reginald walking ahead of them. They all play together until a plastic container lands on Reginald's mother, father, and sister, smothering them. We hear them suffocating underneath, trying to get out, the sounds are horrible.)

What's going on?? What is this?

(The suffocating sounds continue.)

Are you OK? Are you playing? What's going on?

(The suffocating sounds continue. Reginald tries to lift the container, to push it over, but he can't.)

Hang on! I will help you! I'm trying to help you! Please! Somebody help me! Please! I'm going to keep trying! Please! Please!

(Reginald continues to try pushing the container over, but he can't. The suffocating sounds fall silent; Reginald's family has stopped breathing.)

(Reginald steps out of the memory to continue telling the story to Sam.)

I could see through the plastic. I could see them inside the container. I could see them collapse into the ground. And I couldn't do anything.

SAM: I'm so sorry, Reginald.

REGINALD: They stopped breathing. I just sat there, alone with them, until the Giant Sea Turtle came to get them.

SAM: Giant Sea Turtle?

REGINALD: I think he was the Oldest Sea Turtle That Ever Lived.

SAM: Whoa.

REGINALD: He must have come out of the ocean when I wasn't looking.

SAM: What did he do?

REGINALD: He gave me a big hug. And he placed me in the weeds so I would be safe.

SAM: That's nice.

REGINALD: And then he gathered up my family in his arms and slowly began walking back to the ocean.

SAM: Wow.

REGINALD: Then he turned back around and pointed at my claw, which had always been really small.

SAM: Then what?

REGINALD: He said if I wanted, that's where I could keep all the stories of my family. All of my memories of them, and all their memories and stories too.

SAM: Wow.

REGINALD: And by the end of the day, my claw had grown to the size it is now.

SAM: Wow. Do you really have all their memories in your claw?

REGINALD: Yes.

SAM: How do you know?

REGINALD: Because when I lay down to sleep, I rest my head on my claw. And every night I get to live their memories in my dreams.

SAM: Wow.

REGINALD: I feel like I'm supposed to keep their stories alive. All the stories of all the blue crabs that ever lived.

SAM: I wish I had a claw, too. I wish I had a claw to hold stories in.

REGINALD: Really?

SAM: Yes! Your claw is like magic.

REGINALD: Wow.

SAM: Reginald?

REGINALD: Yes?

SAM: I'm scared something really bad has happened to my parents, too.

REGINALD: We're gonna find them, Sam.

SAM: You really think so?

REGINALD: Yes.

(Sam and Reginald take a breath together. They notice that the rain has stopped.)

The rain has stopped.

SAM: Look! My bottle is completely full!

REGINALD: Cool!

SAM: I know!

REGINALD: Sam?

SAM: Yes?

REGINALD: I don't think it's just your water that makes you important.

SAM: What do you mean?

REGINALD: I mean, I hadn't left the weeds before today. I was stuck before I met you.

(They both look to the direction of the beach.)

SAM: Are you ready to keep going?

REGINALD: I am. Are you?

SAM: Let's do it!

(Sam rolls on her side, and Reginald steps on top of her. He gives the ground a good push with his giant claw and they roll toward the beach. The Sea Turtle plays their going-on-a-great-adventure music.)

(The music then shifts, and The Sea Turtle begins to play a new song – a two or three note melody that is a variation on what he hummed for The Gyres. The variation is a bit brighter, but of the same world as before.)

(The Sea Turtle leads the assembly to hum along with him. Perhaps he gives a single note for a group or section to sing in a kind of call-and-response with the others.)

(After he and the assembly sing together for a while, The Sea Turtle shifts the music again, bringing us to the beach.)

(On the beach we see a colony of SEAGULLS, all crowded around a colorful, misplaced parrot, BILLIE. The bully gulls take swipes at Billie with their beaks, trying to hurt her, trying to clutch and pull out the big colorful feathers atop her head. Billie tries to duck under her wing, shouts at them to stop, but they keep on. The bully gulls are unrelenting.)

(Sam and Reginald roll into the playing area.)

Whoa. Do you see that?

REGINALD: We're finally on the beach!

SAM: Look over there. Do you see them?

REGINALD: Whoa. Seagulls.

SAM: Why are they picking on that one?

REGINALD: I don't know.

(The bullies continue picking on Billie as she tries to fend them off.)

SAM: We've got to help her.

REGINALD: Are you serious?! Seagulls EAT crabs!

SAM: Well I can't stand here and let her get picked on like that.

REGINALD: But Sam!

SAM: I've got an idea. Throw me at those seagulls!

REGINALD: What?!

SAM: I just want to scare them off.

REGINALD: I can't reach them from here.

SAM: Hurry, Reginald!

REGINALD: OK!

SAM: And you have to come with me!

REGINALD: What?!

SAM: Just hang on to me and make a scary noise as we're flying over there!

REGINALD: WHAT?!

SAM: Just hurry!

(Reginald grabs Sam with his giant claw and, with a lot of effort, flings her over toward the seagulls. Reginald hangs on to Sam and as they're flying toward the seagulls together he gives a brave attempt, not quite successful, at making a scary noise.)

(Reginald and Sam slam into the crowd of birds, scaring all the bully seagulls off. Only Billie remains. They look at Billie, who meekly looks out from under her wing.)

Hi.

(Billie ducks her head under her wing.)

Maybe she's shy.

REGINALD: Maybe.

(Billie peeks out again.)

BILLIE: What do you want?

SAM: I just want to help.

BILLIE: I don't need your help!

(Billie ducks under her wing and makes a sad attempt to fly off. Her wings don't quite work, she doesn't fully extend them.)

SAM: Why's she so sad?

REGINALD: I don't know.

SAM: And what's the matter with her wings?

REGINALD: Maybe they're broken.

(They look again at Billie, who is hiding under her wing. She peeks her head out.)

BILLIE: I can hear you, you know. Birds have really good hearing.

SAM: My name's Sam. What's yours?

BILLIE: ...

REGINALD: And I'm Reginald. I'm a very gross-tasting crab.

SAM: Reginald!

REGINALD: What?

BILLIE: Don't worry, I don't eat crabs. I mostly just eat nuts and grains.

REGINALD: Oh good.

SAM: Is there something wrong with your wing?

BILLIE: What?

SAM: Looks like you're having trouble flying. Don't seagulls fly?

BILLIE: You don't know anything!

REGINALD: Can you fly?

BILLIE: So what if I can't?! Who cares?!

SAM: I care.

REGINALD: I kind of care.

SAM: Is that why those other seagulls were picking on you?

BILLIE: Isn't it obvious?

SAM: What do you mean?

BILLIE: Look at me. I'm a freak! I'm useless!

(Billie hides under her wing.)

SAM: I don't know what to do.

REGINALD: Maybe we should just keep going.

SAM: I feel bad leaving her here.

REGINALD: I don't think there's anything we can do.

(Sam and Reginald take another look at Billie, who's trying to fly off, but can't. Finally, Billie gives up. Reginald climbs on top of

Sam and they begin to roll toward the ocean. Billie peeks from behind her wings and sees them leaving.)

BILLIE: Wait!

(Reginald and Sam stop and look back at Billie.)

My name's Billie.

SAM: Hi Billie!

BILLIE: Thank you for scaring off those birds.

SAM: You're welcome.

BILLIE: Where are you going?

SAM: We're going to the Gyres.

BILLIE: The Gyres?! Oh no!

(Billie hides under her wing.)

SAM: Jeez. Why is everyone so scared of The Gyres?

REGINALD: Because nothing has ever come out of The Gyres alive.

SAM: ...

(Billie peeks her head out.)

BILLIE: Why are you going there?

SAM: Because I think that's where my family is.

BILLIE: Wow. I see. I'm sorry.

SAM: ...

BILLIE: Maybe I can help you.

SAM: Really?

BILLIE: I just saw two plastic bottles; they looked just like you, and they were headed toward the ocean.

SAM: Really?

BILLIE: Yes! A big ocean wind was sucking them in toward the shore, right over there, and a big wave jumped up and swallowed them under.

SAM: You saw them?

BILLIE: I did! I can show you where it happened.

(Billie begins to lead Sam and Reginald to the ocean.)

SAM: Billie?

BILLIE: Yes?

SAM: How'd you get that big purple feather on your head?

BILLIE: It's always been there.

SAM: I think it's really beautiful.

BILLIE: Really?

SAM: I do. Don't you, Reginald?

REGINALD: Crabs don't see colors, Sam.

SAM: Reginald.

REGINALD: But the shape of it is really pretty.

BILLIE: Really?

REGINALD: Yes.

BILLIE: Well...that's very nice of you two. Thank you.

SAM: You're welcome.

BILLIE: Well. Follow me.

(Billie walks, actually strutting a little bit, toward the ocean as Reginald hops on top of Sam, pushing them along the sand. The Sea Turtle plays the adventure music as they near the ocean.)

(As the Sea Turtle plays – perhaps getting the assembly to hum along – Billie, Sam, and Reginald continue toward the ocean until they reach the shore. Finally, they arrive. The waves crash in front of them, hungry, angry.)

This is where I saw them get sucked in. Right here.

SAM: I see.

REGINALD: Are you sure you wanna do this?

SAM: I need to save them.

REGINALD: I don't have a good feeling about this.

SAM: What?

REGINALD: I just don't.

SAM: *(To Billie:)* Billie, will you push me into the water?

(Billie looks at Reginald.)

BILLIE: I don't think I should.

SAM: What?! Why won't you guys help me?

(They don't reply.)

Fine! I don't need you.

(Sam goes to roll on her side, but she stops suddenly, in pain.)

Ow!

(Billie and Reginald see a hole in Sam's bottle.)

BILLIE: Oh no.

SAM: What? What's happening?

REGINALD: You're leaking.

SAM: What?

REGINALD: You have a hole in your back.

SAM: Oh no.

REGINALD: You're leaking a lot of water!

BILLIE: This is my fault. This must have happened when you were trying to save me.

REGINALD: No, it's my fault. I probably cut you with my claw.

SAM: Don't worry about that. I need to save my parents before all my water leaks out.

REGINALD: Sam, no.

SAM: I'm so tired...

(Sam falls over onto her side. Billie rushes over to her and Reginald scoots toward her.)

REGINALD: Roll her over so she doesn't leak anymore!

(Billie gently rolls Sam over.)

BILLIE: Look! A piece of glass. She must have cut herself on this broken bottle.

REGINALD: Oh no. What should we do?

BILLIE: I don't know.

(Reginald affectionately strokes Sam with his giant claw.)

REGINALD: Come on, Sam. Wake up. Come on, Sam.

(The Sea Turtle very softly hums a note or melody. Very softly, maybe getting the assembly to hum along with him.)

Come on, Sam. Please, wake up. Everything's gonna be OK. Come on, Sam.

(Sam finally wakes, though she is weak.)

SAM: Reginald. Billie. What happened?

REGINALD: You're hurt and you've lost a lot of water.

SAM: No, I'm OK. We need to save my parents.

REGINALD: Of course.

BILLIE: She's gonna have to stay here.

REGINALD: What?

BILLIE: She'll never make it to The Gyres like that.

REGINALD: What do you know?! Fine! I'll swim out there myself, Billie! Fling me into the water and I'll swim out there myself!

SAM: No, wait.

REGINALD: What?

SAM: Billie's right. I can't make it there. We need her help.

BILLIE: My help?

SAM: We need you to fly to the Gyres; it's the fastest way to get there.

REGINALD: Sam's right! We need you to fly!

BILLIE: I can't.

REGINALD: You have wings, don't you?! You're a bird, right?! We need your help!

BILLIE: I'm a freak. My wings are useless! Everyone makes fun of them! It's why they threw me away!

REGINALD: We need you! Sam needs you!

BILLIE: I don't want to be made fun of anymore! I don't want to be thrown away again.

REGINALD: Billie! Please! If you don't help us, Sam's parents will be stuck in the Gyres forever! And if you –

SAM: Reginald!

REGINALD: If you don't help us now, Sam... Sam...

(Reginald and Billie look at Sam for a moment.)

Sam will never see her family again.

(They all sit in silence for a moment.)

SAM: Please, Billie?

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