

THE ADVENTURES OF ROCKY & SKYE

A one-act comedy by
Kelly DuMar

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

SKYE, girl (age 5-13).

ROCKY, boy (age 5-13).

RATANI, girl (age 5-13).

GRANT, boy (age 5-13).

PRODUCTION NOTES

1. The play consists of a series of scenes featuring the same 4 characters (in different combinations) at ages ranging from 5 through 13 years old.
2. Each scene requires 2, 3, or 4 performers.
3. Your production may choose to perform the play with all scenes in the original order, but it is also permissible to remove scenes or reorder them as suits your needs.
4. The minimum cast size is 4 (2F and 2M), and the maximum cast, if every scene is cast with a different set of actors, is 37 (21F and 16M), with many combinations possible in between.
5. The age ranges noted in each scene are suggestions—directors may use their own discretion when casting, and all roles may be played by age-appropriate actors, or by older actors (high school, college or adult).
6. Individual scenes (there are also 4 monologues) from 1-5 minutes may be selected for use in drama competition.
7. No set is required—the play may be performed on a bare stage.
8. No props or costumes are required.

LIST OF SCENES

Cloud Jumping (1M, 1F)
Bus Stop (1M, 1F)
The Baby Artists, or How to Get a Sister (1M, 1F)
Up, Up and Away (1M, 1F)
Man on the Moon (1M, 1F)
Career Day (2F)
Spit! Slap! Shake! (1M, 1-2F)
Bad Guys (1M, 1F)
Kiss and Tell (2F)
Ditch Me (1M, 1F)
Summer Break (1M, 1F)
Double Dating Trouble (2M, 2F)
Dress, Hair, Flowers? (1M, 1F)
Deluxe Package (2M, 2F)
When the Bell Rings (2M, 2F)

CLOUD JUMPING

(Two 5-8 year olds: SKYE is looking up. ROCKY approaches.)

ROCKY: Whatcha looking at?

SKYE: Babies.

ROCKY: All's I see are clouds.

SKYE: The babies are in the clouds.

ROCKY: Babies can't be in the clouds.

SKYE: Sure they can. The clouds are in heaven.

ROCKY: How do you know?

SKYE: I've been there before.

ROCKY: No you haven't.

SKYE: Have too.

ROCKY: How'd you get there?

SKYE: I was born there.

ROCKY: You can't get born there.

SKYE: Yes you can.

ROCKY: Then how'd you get here?

SKYE: I jumped.

ROCKY: Babies can't jump. They'd get hurt.

SKYE: They jump, but then they fly.

ROCKY: Babies can't fly!

SKYE: When they're born they can!

ROCKY: How come I never seen a baby fly?

SKYE: They only can do it at night.

ROCKY: Babies are scared of the dark.

SKYE: But God makes 'em jump anyway.

ROCKY: God wouldn't do that.

SKYE: He has to, so they can get born.

ROCKY: What if you're too scared to jump?

SKYE: He gives you a push.

(She does. End scene.)

BUS STOP

(Two 5-8 year olds: Rocky and Skye enter from opposite directions, backing toward each other center stage, simultaneously waving goodbye to their parents.)

SKYE: Don't worry, I won't!

ROCKY: Don't worry, I will!

SKYE: Bye Dad!

ROCKY: Bye Mom!

(They bump into each other.)

SKYE: Oh! Hi!

ROCKY: Hi.

SKYE: Where is everybody?

ROCKY: We're early.

SKYE: Or late. My Dad's watch is broken.

ROCKY: My Mom's never late 'cause she has to go to work.

SKYE: Except today, maybe she is.

ROCKY: If we were late she'd be mad and she wasn't mad.

SKYE: Then where is everybody?

ROCKY: I bet everybody's sick 'cause of that kid who threw up in the back seat.

SKYE: How come we're not?

ROCKY: 'Cause we didn't get splattered.

SKYE: Oh. *(Beat.)* What happens if we miss the bus?

ROCKY: You get to go home.

SKYE: There's nobody home at my house.

ROCKY: Nobody home at mine either.

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SKYE: How you gonna get in?

ROCKY: Climb through a window.

SKYE: What if you can't reach it?

ROCKY: I can.

SKYE: What if you don't fit?

ROCKY: I will.

SKYE: What if you get stuck hanging there all day?

ROCKY: I won't!

SKYE: What if you break the glass and get cut and bleed to death?

ROCKY: That's not gonna happen!

SKYE: It could. *(Beat.)* I've never been home alone. Have you?

ROCKY: Nope. *(Beat.)* I guess if you want you can come with me.

SKYE: I can?

ROCKY: Yeah, I'll give you a boost, and you can climb through the window! C'mon!

(End scene.)

THE BABY ARTISTS OR, HOW TO GET A SISTER

(Two 5-8 year olds: Skye has been waiting in line for the swing; Rocky wants to cut.)

ROCKY: Still waiting for the swing?

SKYE: Yup.

ROCKY: Let me cut.

SKYE: What'll you give me?

ROCKY: My ice cream money.

SKYE: There's no ice cream on Tuesday.

ROCKY: Okay, I'll let you use my scented markers in art.

SKYE: Art's not 'til Friday.

ROCKY: Then I'll tell you a secret.

SKYE: What kind?

ROCKY: Where babies come from.

SKYE: I already know.

ROCKY: Bet you don't.

SKYE: My mom told me when I asked for a sister.

ROCKY: Bet she didn't tell you the truth. *(Skye whispers in Rocky's ear:)* That's not how you get a sister!

SKYE: Then where do they come from?

ROCKY: From artists.

SKYE: Artists can't make babies.

ROCKY: Yup. They draw them real careful, then color them in.

SKYE: That's a picture, not a baby.

ROCKY: Put it under the mother's pillow and it turns into a real baby.

SKYE: If that's true why didn't my mom tell me?

ROCKY: Maybe she doesn't want you to get a sister.

SKYE: Maybe not.

ROCKY: Hey, she's done with the swing! Your turn—

SKYE: That's okay, you can cut.

ROCKY: I can?

SKYE: If you let me use your scented markers on Friday!

(Shake or slap hands. End scene.)

UP, UP AND AWAY

(Two 5-8 year olds: Skye is looking up as Rocky approaches.)

ROCKY: What's up, Skye?

SKYE: My balloon!

ROCKY: You let it go?

SKYE: My Dad tied it to my wrist real tight, but it escaped!

ROCKY: What color is it?

SKYE: My Dad's favoritist—

ROCKY: Which is...?

SKYE: Blue. Can you see it?

ROCKY: Everything up there's blue.

SKYE: I know. *(Sigh.)* I loved that balloon.

ROCKY: If you cry real hard I bet your Dad'll get you another.

SKYE: I don't want another one! I want that one.

ROCKY: *(Scanning the sky:)* Well, it's gone, all right.

SKYE: Do you think it popped?

ROCKY: Nah, it probably just floated all the way up to heaven by now.

SKYE: You think so? *(Straining to see:)* I wish I could see what heaven looks like—

ROCKY: It's really colorful—

SKYE: How do you know?

ROCKY: Has to be—'cause all the balloons are up there.

SKYE: I really miss mine.

ROCKY: Well, there's one good thing—

SKYE: There is?

ROCKY: When you die, you'll get it back!

(End scene.)

MAN ON THE MOON

(Two 5-8 year olds: Skye is looking up as Rocky approaches.)

SKYE: *(Dreamily:)* Isn't the moon beautiful?

ROCKY: I guess... Bet you don't know what it's made of—

SKYE: Bet you don't.

ROCKY: My Dad told me it's made of cheese.

SKYE: No way.

ROCKY: How do you know?

SKYE: 'Cause all the air would stink of cheese.

ROCKY: American cheese. That doesn't stink at all.

SKYE: My Dad told me it's made of glass.

ROCKY: No way.

SKYE: How do you know?

ROCKY: 'Cause if it got broken all the glass would shoot down on people's heads and cut them.

SKYE: That's why it has to be up so high— so it won't break.

ROCKY: It's not as high as it looks.

SKYE: You can't reach it.

ROCKY: My dad can. He's about this tall. *(Measuring:)* Take about ten of him, one on top of the other, and you'd be there.

SKYE: My Dad's taller than yours, so it'd only take like...six of him.

ROCKY: My Dad has a really high ladder.

SKYE: So does mine. As soon as he gets home, he's gonna climb up and get me the moon, and I'm gonna hold it in my hands, and I won't break it.

ROCKY: My Dad's already home and when he gets there first, I'm gonna have a grilled cheese sandwich! See ya!

(End scene.)

CAREER DAY

(Two 5-8 year olds: Skye is sitting, cross-legged with her eyes closed as RATANI approaches.)

RATANI: Wake-up, Skye! You can't sleep on the playground!

SKYE: I'm not sleeping – I'm picturing.

RATANI: What?

SKYE: What I want to be when I grow up.

RATANI: Why?

SKYE: My dad says if I can picture it I can become it.

RATANI: Become what?

SKYE: Lots of things –

RATANI: You can't be lots of things –

SKYE: Who says?

RATANI: God. You have to pick one.

SKYE: I can't pick one.

RATANI: When you're all grown up you have to. So what's it gonna be?

SKYE: I'm going to be a dresser.

RATANI: Huh?

SKYE: Like the lady who changes my Mom's hair color all the time.

RATANI: Good choice!

SKYE: And in my second grow up I'm going to be a dancer –

RATANI: That's not the rules, Skye – you don't get a second grow up.

SKYE: *(Closing her eyes:)* I can picture it *(Opening:)* so I can

become it!

RATANI: You can be a dancer or a dresser, but you can't be both!

SKYE: Yes I can, 'cause in my third grow up, guess what?

RATANI: What?

SKYE: I'm going to be God! See ya!

(End scene.)

SPIT! SLAP! SHAKE!

(Two 5-8 year olds: Rocky finds Skye on the playground. Depending on your preference, Ratani, same age, may or may not be on stage watching them.)

ROCKY: Hey, Skye! Where you been? We need you in foursquare!

SKYE: I can't! Go away! Quick!

ROCKY: What's wrong with you?

SKYE: Ratani's watching us!

ROCKY: So?

SKYE: She's been spreading rumors!

ROCKY: About what?

SKYE: Us! That we like each other!

ROCKY: We don't?

SKYE: We like each other. But we don't like-like each other. Do we?

ROCKY: Ummmmm...

SKYE: Wait! Don't answer that! She's trying to read our lips!

ROCKY: What should we do?

SKYE: We'll swear on it—make sure she's watching...okay, now repeat after me— (*Exaggerating pronunciation:*) Just... Friends... Forever!

ROCKY: (*As if to Ratani:*) Just... Friends... Forever!

TOGETHER: Spit! Slap! Shake!

(They do.)

ROCKY: And the pact can never be broken!

SKYE: Never?

ROCKY: Ummmmmmm –

SKYE: Quick! While she's not looking – put an expiration date on it –

ROCKY: Like the milk cartons!

SKYE: Yes! Let's see...how about –

ROCKY: Next Tuesday!

(Together – Spit, slap, shake. End scene.)

BAD GUYS

(Two 5-8 year olds: Rocky is alone on stage trying out karate moves. Skye enters.)

SKYE: Hey Rocky – whatcha doing?

ROCKY: Practicing.

SKYE: To fight somebody?

ROCKY: Hopefully.

SKYE: Who?

ROCKY: Bad guys.

SKYE: Here?

ROCKY: No! When I grow up.

SKYE: But you told the class you're gonna be an accountant – like your Dad.

ROCKY: That's my back-up plan – my Dad says I should have one.

SKYE: How come?

ROCKY: In case I grow up to be short like him.

SKYE: Listen, do you want to fight bad guys from the bottom of your heart?

ROCKY: Yeah.

SKYE: My Dad says if you can picture it you can become it!

ROCKY: But what if I'm not big enough?

SKYE: Just close your eyes...and picture in your mind growing taller and taller.

(Rocky closes his eyes and seems to grow taller.)

Got it? (*Rocky nods.*) Okay, now picture some bad guys running in!

(Rocky suddenly kicks and punches imagined enemies.)

See? You're doin' it! You're fighting bad guys!

ROCKY: (*Opening his eyes:*) Yeah, but—there's only one problem—

SKYE: What?

ROCKY: I didn't see myself winning.

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