

THE KID WHO COULDN'T STOP DRAWING

A one-act comedy by
Bryan Jager

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

THE KID, our main character; a kid who cannot stop drawing.

AIM, a kid who's very good at sports.

JUMP ROPE, a kid who's very good at jump rope.

BROADWAY, a kid who cannot stop singing show tunes.

PERIMETER, a kid who walks the fence of the schoolyard at recess.

NARRATOR 1, our main guide through the story.

NARRATORS 2-16

PARENT 1

PARENT 2

MS. ART TEACHER

GYM TEACHER

TEACHER 1/ART SCHOOL TEACHER 1

TEACHER 2/ART SCHOOL TEACHER 2

TEACHER 3/ART SCHOOL TEACHER 3

HIP/FAKE FRIEND 1

HAPPENING/FAKE FRIEND 2

COOL/FAKE FRIEND 3

CHILL/FAKE FRIEND 4

SIMON

BOOKIE

NEWS ANCHOR

FIELD REPORTER

The Kid Who Couldn't Stop Drawing can be an awesome opportunity to give MANY kids speaking roles OR a challenge for a small group of students to play multiple roles as need be.

For the smallest possible cast (with Cool and Chill played by a single actor using puppets or a clever costume to portray both, and the Narrator 2-16 lines distributed as you choose), doubling would be as follows:

THE KID

NARRATOR 1/PERIMETER

NARRATOR/JUMP ROPE/TEACHER 1/ART SCHOOL
TEACHER 1

NARRATOR/AIM/TEACHER 2/ART SCHOOL TEACHER 2

NARRATOR/BROADWAY/TEACHER 3/ART SCHOOL
TEACHER 3

NARRATOR/HIP/FAKE FRIEND 1/MS. ART TEACHER

NARRATOR/HAPPENING/FAKE FRIEND 2

NARRATOR/COOL & CHILL/FAKE FRIEND 3

NARRATOR/SIMON/PARENT 1/NEWS ANCHOR/FAKE
FRIEND 4

NARRATOR/GYM TEACHER/BOOKIE/PARENT 2/FIELD
REPORTER

Other options: You could combine the Teachers or all of the popular kids, have the parents be puppets or the Gym Teacher be Narrator 1. As long as the story gets told, and the characters are distinct, you're welcome to do as you please!

SETTING

A playground, littered with tons of schoolyard items: bats, balls, hula hoops, jump ropes and tons and tons of paper. Everything created within the story comes from these items and the kids' imaginations.

(The school bell rings. A large group of KIDS rushes the playground and begins to play all different sorts of games: tag, monkey in the middle, hopscotch. The normal recess chaos. NARRATOR 1 steps forward.)

NARRATOR 1: I want to tell a story.

(The other kids stop in their tracks and begin to form an audience.)

NARRATOR 2: A story?

NARRATOR 3: What kind of story?

NARRATOR 4: What story are we gonna tell?

NARRATOR 6: I like stories about cars!

NARRATOR 7: With lots of action!

NARRATOR 8: I like stories about princesses!

NARRATOR 9: And pirates!

NARRATOR 10: Remember when we made our own story?

NARRATOR 11: With lots of cool adventures!

NARRATOR 12: And *Minecraft*!

NARRATOR 13: And Catwoman!

NARRATOR 14: And Disney and Pixar's *Wall-E*!

NARRATOR 15: You mean just *Wall-E*?

NARRATOR 14: No. Disney AND Pixar's *Wall-E*.

NARRATOR 1: FOCUS!

(Everyone silences.)

I have a story I want to tell –

(The other kids grumble –)

– about all of us.

(The kids get excited again.)

NARRATOR 3: Us?

NARRATOR 4: I can't believe it!

NARRATOR 6: Am I the star?

NARRATOR 10: What's it called?

NARRATOR 1: "The Kid Who Couldn't Stop Drawing."

(THE KID steps forward and begins to draw on the ground.)

ALL: OH.

NARRATOR 1: But I'm going to need all of your help!

ALL: Okay!

NARRATOR 1: Once upon a time in —

NARRATOR 2: Africa!

NARRATOR 3: New York City!

NARRATOR 4: Somewhere dirty!

NARRATOR 5: New York City is dirty!

NARRATOR 1: Once upon a time RIGHT HERE, there was a kid who drew.

NARRATOR 6: And no matter how hard they tried,

NARRATOR 7: They just —

NARRATOR 8: Couldn't —

NARRATOR 9 & 10: Stop —

ALL: DRAWING!

(The Kid curls up.)

NARRATOR 1: Every morning, The Kid would wake up bright and early!

NARRATOR 11: The Kid loved to draw the sunrise.

NARRATOR 13: The Kid would climb out their bedroom window —

NARRATOR 15: And perch right on top of the roof!

THE KID & NARRATORS: The perfect vantage point.

THE KID: Now let's see... What color is the sky today?

NARRATOR 12: (*Handing over the color:*) RED!

THE KID: Just above the horizon, mixed with —

NARRATOR 14: (*Handing over the color:*) PURPLE!

THE KID: For what's left of the night sky. And for the sun —

ALL: YELLOW!

THE KID: No!

ALL: No?

THE KID: White!

NARRATOR 7: No, it's not!

NARRATOR 5: The sun is yellow!

THE KID: Not from here. The sun looks white. So that's how I'll color it.

NARRATOR 6: And so, every morning The Kid would draw.

NARRATOR 9: Until...

(The PARENTS burst in and begin to hurl different items at The Kid: backpack, breakfast, etc.)

PARENT 1: Time for school!

PARENT 2: Why aren't you ready yet?

PARENT 1: Don't you know the bus is almost here?

NARRATOR 1: Years ago, The Kid's parents encouraged the drawing.

NARRATOR 8: They got The Kid their very first sketchbook.

NARRATOR 10: But now...

NARRATOR 4: They encouraged anything but drawing.

PARENT 1: Get ready!

PARENT 2: Eat your breakfast!

PARENTS 1 & 2: DO SOMETHING!

THE KID: I am doing something.

PARENT 1: Oh yeah?

PARENT 2: And what is that?

THE KID: I'm drawing.

NARRATOR 5: And so, The Kid would keep on drawing.

(Sound effect: bus horn. The kids create a bus as The Kid walks down the aisle and finds a seat.)

NARRATOR 1: Since that first sketchbook, The Kid had filled dozens—

NARRATOR 13: Thousands!

NARRATOR 14: Billions!

NARRATOR 15: The world may never know how many were filled.

(The Kid finds a seat and begins sorting drawings.)

NARRATOR 1: But that first sketchbook contained all of The Kid's favorite drawings. Carefully selected, they were the best of the best.

NARRATOR 12: One day, The Kid would take that sketchbook to all of the great art universities in the world.

(We enter a fantasy sequence where the sketchbook is passed around by different ART SCHOOL TEACHERS.)

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ART SCHOOL TEACHER 1: This work is magnificent!

ART SCHOOL TEACHER 2: Very good, very good, very good!

ART SCHOOL TEACHER 3: Well, we cannot teach this kid anything else; we must present—

ALL ART SCHOOL TEACHERS: AN HONORARY DOCTORATE!

(All applaud.)

NARRATOR 1: But until that day—

(Sound effect: school bell. The dream ends, and the kids begin to go to class.)

The Kid Who Couldn't Stop Drawing would just have to suffer through regular school.

NARRATOR 2: Now, The Kid didn't have many friends—

NARRATOR 3: ANY friends is more like it...

NARRATOR 4: But The Kid didn't mind.

THE KID: They'd probably ask me stupid things like—

(Four FAKE FRIENDS appear in a fantasy sequence.)

FAKE FRIEND 1: OOOH, WHAT ARE YOU DRAWING?!

FAKE FRIEND 2: YOU SHOULD DRAW MY DOG!

FAKE FRIEND 3: NO! DRAW ME!

FAKE FRIEND 4: DRAW ME AND THE DOG!

(The Kid silences the Fake Friends by putting their hands over their ears, stopping the fantasy sequence.)

THE KID: Besides, less people to worry about means more time to focus on my drawings.

NARRATOR 1: Which didn't exactly make The Kid the most popular with the teachers...

(Classroom sequence: We quickly transition between three classrooms. First: English.)

TEACHER 1: I say! This is the third time this week I've caught you doodling in the margins! What ever would Charles Dickens think of that!

(Next classroom: Math.)

TEACHER 2: My goodness! Another homework assignment with no word problems completed on the front of the sheet – but a whole landscape on the back!

(Next classroom: Spanish.)

TEACHER 3: Ay Dios mío! Tus dibujos están descontrolados y me están volviendo loco! [Translation: Oh my goodness! Your drawings are out of control and driving me crazy!]

(Next classroom: Art.)

MS. ART TEACHER: That's some very fine work on that landscape!

THE KID: Thank you, Ms. Art Teacher!

MS. ART TEACHER: I saw you took my notes on the perspective.

THE KID: It really helps make the background pop.

MS. ART TEACHER: Now when are you going to take my notes on not drawing in your other classes?

THE KID: I just want to be really good. And the only way I get really good –

MS. ART TEACHER & THE KID: "Is to practice, practice, practice."

MS. ART TEACHER: I know...but a well-rounded artist is able to draw from their life to create their art. You have to see the forest from the trees. Do you understand?

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THE KID: Yeah...these trees are way too close together.

(Ms. Art Teacher smiles.)

MS. ART TEACHER: Promise me you'll put your pencil down at SOME point today?

THE KID: ...I promise.

(The Teachers gang up on The Kid.)

TEACHER 1: Why aren't you doing your work?

TEACHER 2: Pay attention in class!

TEACHER 3: ¿Por qué no soy una biblioteca?

NARRATOR 2: *(To another narrator:)* She just asked why she isn't a library.

NARRATOR 3: SHH!

TEACHERS 1, 2 & 3: WHY CAN'T YOU FOCUS?

THE KID: I can focus. I'm just focusing on drawing.

NARRATOR 1: And so, The Kid would keep on drawing.

(The school bell rings.)

Of course, there was one class where drawing was a little harder.

GYM TEACHER: GYM CLASS!

(Sound effect: gym whistle.)

NARRATOR 2: So naturally this was The Kid Who Couldn't Stop Drawing's "favorite" class.

NARRATOR 3: But they weren't alone in that.

(The Kid sits and begins to draw as AIM, JUMP ROPE and BROADWAY look on.)

AIM: *(While repeatedly throwing and catching a ball:)* Another day, another gym class. What's even the point?

JUMP ROPE: (*While jumping rope:*) I think it's supposed to exercise us!

BROADWAY: (*While stretching/doing dance warmups:*) If only this school would recognize jazz hands as an adequate exercise, I'd be set!

AIM: I just don't get it! Every day we ditch lessons, put on stupid uniforms and spend an hour horrendously losing. Just once I'd love to win!

BROADWAY: Oh look. The Kid Who Can't Stop Drawing.

JUMP ROPE: You'd think that kid would get tired of doing the same thing every day.

AIM: Like always playing jump rope?

JUMP ROPE: I'm working on a new record. How's it worse than you always throwing that ball?

AIM: It's called practicing? If we ever want to win, I have to do it every day.

BROADWAY: You could say that it's your... (*Singing:*) "TRADITIOOOONNNN!"

JUMP ROPE: NO! NO!

AIM: PLEASE, don't!

JUMP ROPE: What did we say about obscure musical theatre references?

BROADWAY: *Fiddler on the Roof* isn't obscure! It's a classic. If you want to hear something obscure –

JUMP ROPE: NO! WE
DON'T!

AIM: NOT PRESENTLY!

BROADWAY: Besides, it's who we are: You're Aim, you're Jump Rope, I'm Broadway and then there's –

JUMP ROPE: Perimeter?

(PERIMETER is seen walking along the edge of the playground. Not talking to anyone. Just walking. Broadway tries to wave to them, but Perimeter just keeps on walking.)

BROADWAY: Every day, she walks the perimeter of the schoolyard. Never talks to anyone. Never plays any games.

AIM: Creepy is what it is.

JUMP ROPE: Like she's not even there.

NARRATOR 1: But Perimeter very much was there. More there than any of them knew.

(We enter Perimeter's world for a second.)

PERIMETER: *(To the audience:)* Perimeter spent every day walking the fence of the schoolyard. Her friends were the breeze in the trees and the warmth of the sun. She knew every bump in the pavement and blade of grass in the field and took note of everyone around her. Including The Kid Who Couldn't Stop Drawing.

(Cool music begins as the POPULARS begin to slow motion strut onto the field.)

AIM: And look who's finally here...

JUMP ROPE: The Populars...

BROADWAY: Weren't they the "Cool Kids"?

AIM: That was last week.

BROADWAY: Now they're "the Kids Formerly Known as Cool."

AIM: So ahead of the times.

(Each popular kid gets a mini-intro as they strut around the field.)

NARRATOR 1: There was Hip:

HIP: Always down with the latest beat.

NARRATOR 2: Happening:

HAPPENING: Always up on the latest trends.

NARRATOR 3: Cool and Chill:

COOL & CHILL: You know we are.

NARRATOR 3: And Simon.

NARRATOR 4: What's so cool about him?

(SIMON pauses, then shoots finger-guns out to the audience.)

I still don't get it.

HIP: *(Circling to Aim:)* Oh look—it's the "Losers."

AIM: You can't call us that!

HAPPENING: You've never won a game.

COOL: Not once!

CHILL: Which makes you losers.

AIM: We'll show you!

JUMP ROPE: Besides, you can't always be the winning team!

(Sound effect: gym whistle.)

GYM TEACHER: All right, students! Divvy up into teams of five!

(Instantly, the Populars group up, leaving Jump Rope, Aim and Broadway.)

AIM: And once again, they're the winning team.

JUMP ROPE: So if the Populars are all together, then that leaves us three...

PERIMETER: And me.

(Aim, Jump Rope and Broadway all jump back in fear.)

AIM: And one more...

(They all turn to The Kid.)

AIM, JUMP ROPE & BROADWAY: NOT THE KID WHO CAN'T STOP DRAWING!

(Sound effect: gym whistle. The groups huddle up.)

AIM: All right, here's the plan. Jump Rope, go to the left! Broadway, go to the right! Kid Who Can't Stop Drawing: Don't get distracted!

AIM, BROADWAY & JUMP ROPE: BREAK!

THE KID: What game are we even playing?

(Sound effect: gym whistle.)

GYM TEACHER: Play ball!

(50 different games seem to be going on at the same time. Dodgeballs fly through the air. Jump Rope swings at them unsuccessfully with a baseball bat. Aim kicks the balls across the field, as Broadway performs some High School Musical basketball choreo. Perimeter wanders across the schoolyard with a lacrosse stick, catches a ball and then saunters off. The Kid stands at the center of this, utterly lost.)

THE KID: All right, don't get distracted. Don't get distracted. Don't get—

(A bird flies by over The Kid's head.)

I wonder how I'd draw that bird—

(The Kid goes to pull paper and a pencil out of a pocket.)

NO! Gotta stay focused.

(Beat. The Kid pulls a pencil and paper out.)

The wing would be closer to the eye, but angled in such a way you'd have to draw it smaller.

(The drawing of the bird comes together as Happening comes forward and tags The Kid with a ball. Sound effect: gym whistle.)

GYM TEACHER: That's the game!

(The Populars celebrate their win as the "Losers" approach The Kid.)

AIM: WHAT HAPPENED?!

THE KID: I'm sorry, what game were we even playing?

(Aim, Broadway and Jump Rope all say different games at the same time. Then again...and again.)

AIM: Never mind! But what did I tell you not to do?

THE KID: Get distracted...

AIM: And what did you do?

THE KID: But you see, there was this –

AIM: I DON'T CARE!

JUMP ROPE: Hey –

AIM: We had one shot to not be losers, and you ruined it! You and your pencil!

JUMP ROPE: Don't you ever get tired of drawing?

THE KID: Sometimes. But then I decide to draw something else.

AIM: You know what you are? You're not THE KID WHO CAN'T STOP DRAWING. You're The Kid Who Can't Listen! Who can't have any fun! Who can't do anything right!

(Aim storms off, followed by Jump Rope and Broadway.)

NARRATOR 1: The Kid Who Couldn't Stop Drawing had been called a lot of things by the other kids.

NARRATOR 4: "Stupid!"

NARRATOR 5: "Slow!"

NARRATOR 6: "Loser!"

NARRATOR 1: The Kid had heard it all, but today –

NARRATOR 2: "Can't listen!"

NARRATOR 3: "Can't have any fun!"

ALL KIDS: "Can't do anything right!"

NARRATOR 1: Today, the words hurt.

THE KID: (*Wiping away tears:*) I am fun...

NARRATOR 13: And for the first time ever, The Kid thought:

THE KID: Why can't I be like everyone else?

NARRATOR 14: Suddenly, The Kid remembered the words of Ms. Art Teacher:

MS. ART TEACHER: Promise me you'll put your pencil down at SOME point today?

NARRATOR 15: And so, The Kid Who Couldn't Stop Drawing did the unthinkable, and put down their pencil.

(The Kid drops the pencil. As The Kid begins to exit, the Narrators gather around the pencil.)

NARRATOR 2: They can't do that!

NARRATOR 3: Drop their pencil?

NARRATOR 4: How can they still be The Kid Who Couldn't Stop Drawing?!

NARRATOR 5: I don't like this story anymore!

NARRATOR 2: You should change it!

KIDS: CHANGE IT! CHANGE IT!

NARRATOR 1: (*Picking up the pencil:*) We still have much more to go! The next day...

(Narrator 1 looks around as no one is moving.)

THE NEXT DAY!

(The kids suddenly start moving to the next scene. The Kid is waking up.)

NARRATOR 7: The next day, The Kid woke up, and when their parents said –

PARENT 1: Get ready for school!

PARENT 2: Eat your breakfast!

NARRATOR 7: The Kid did as they were told.

NARRATOR 13: The parents were stunned.

PARENT 1: Why aren't you drawing?

THE KID: You wanted me to do something else. So I did.

(The Kid continues to work as the parents stand back somewhat stunned.)

PARENT 1: I don't know what to say...

PARENT 2: We must be really good parents.

PARENTS 1 & 2: GO US!

NARRATOR 1: And that day at school, The Kid did as they were told.

NARRATOR 8: They did their spelling!

NARRATOR 9: They did their math!

NARRATOR 10: The teachers were astounded!

TEACHER 1: I don't believe it!

TEACHER 2: You finished your work before any other student!

TEACHER 3: What happened?

THE KID: I guess I just focused, like you wanted.

TEACHER 2: But you've done all of your work!

TEACHER 1: And it's only noon!

TEACHER 3: Do you have anything you want to do until the end of the day?

(All three Teachers lean in.)

THE KID: ...I guess I could get started on tomorrow's work?

(All three Teachers EXPLODE in excitement. Ms. Art Teacher appears as The Kid runs to her.)

MS. ART TEACHER! MS. ART TEACHER! I DID IT! I put my pencil down! AND IT WORKED!

MS. ART TEACHER: That's wonderful!

THE KID: And my parents were happy, and my teachers are happy!

MS. ART TEACHER: That's very, very good!

THE KID: I should've given up drawing years ago!

MS. ART TEACHER: ...Wait.

THE KID: All this time, I've been wasting time making everyone so miserable with my drawings, at home, at school, at gym— GYM! I bet the other kids can't wait to see me play! Thanks, Ms. Art Teacher! Thank you for encouraging me to give up art!

(The Kid exits.)

MS. ART TEACHER: ...The union's not gonna like this.

(Sound effect: gym whistle. The "LOSER CLUB" assembles.)

AIM: Oh look, there's the —

THE KID: HEY!

(The Losers stand stunned.)

JUMP ROPE: Um...hi.

THE KID: I'M NOT DRAWING ANYMORE.

BROADWAY: ...We noticed.

THE KID: SO I CAN PLAY WITH YOU GUYS!

AIM: And you're not going to get distracted?

THE KID: *(Thinks for a second, and then:)* NOPE! *(Grabbing a ball:)*
What should I do with this?

AIM: You can throw it! Like this.

(Aim throws it a fair distance.)

Now, you probably won't be able to throw it as far as I—

THE KID: *(Throwing it a very far distance:)* DID I DO GOOD?

(Aim is at a loss for words.)

JUMP ROPE: I'll translate: You did very, very good.

BROADWAY: How'd you throw like that?

THE KID: I don't know! Ms. Art Teacher says that drawing's in the arm, not the wrist. All those years of drawing—

AIM: HE'S BEEN PRACTICING!!!

BROADWAY: With an arm like that, we stand a chance to finally beat the Populars!

(The Populars enter to their normal music. The Gym Teacher stands between the two groups.)

GYM TEACHER: Ready! Set! GAME!

(“Eye of the Tiger” or a similar song plays as the two groups stare each other down. The gym whistle blows, and the kids set about their different games.)

NARRATOR 1: And to the surprise of everyone, The Kid proved to be excellent at most any game thrown at them!

(The Kid acts out each sport as the Narrators list the games.)

ALL NARRATORS: Softball!

Kickball!

Dodgeball!

Ice Hockey!

NARRATOR 7: Wait...in the middle of summer?

THE KID: I was THAT good.

NARRATORS: WOOWWWWW.

(Sound effect: gym whistle.)

GYM TEACHER: THAT'S THE GAME! THE LOSERS WIN!

JUMP ROPE: Can you not call us losers, please?

BROADWAY: We did just win!

GYM TEACHER: Huh. I guess you're right! I guess you're the WINNERS now!!

THE LOSERS: YEEEEAAAHHHHH!

JUMP ROPE: I can't believe it!

AIM: We actually won!

BROADWAY: *(Singing:)* WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS, MY FRIENDS!!

JUMP ROPE: Wow! Broadway's so excited he's singing something that's NOT from a musical!

BROADWAY: Actually, it's from the Queen jukebox musical *We Will* –

JUMP ROPE: DON'T RUIN IT!

(Perimeter grabs The Kid.)

PERIMETER: Hey.

THE KID: Hey!

PERIMETER: You're not drawing.

THE KID: I KNOW! Isn't it great?!

PERIMETER: No. It's not. It's not you.

THE KID: What?

PERIMETER: You're The Kid Who Can't Stop Drawing! It's your literal name!

THE KID: Maybe now I'm The Kid Who Stopped Drawing!

PERIMETER: But that's not you! It'd be like if I suddenly stopped walking the perimeter of the schoolyard!

THE KID: Maybe you should! You'd have more friends!

PERIMETER: ...I probably would.

(The Populars approach as Perimeter fades to the background.)

HIP: *(Clapping:)* Well, lookie here! The Kid Who Can't Stop Drawing...or I guess now it's Couldn't Stop Drawing. Tell me—what changed?

THE KID: I guess I finally got bored of drawing.

COOL: I knew it!

CHILL: You're so much more fun now!!

(Simon does finger guns at The Kid.)

HAPPENING: You should consider hanging with us sometime. At the Popular table.

(The Losers begin to notice.)

AIM: Hey, that's not fair!

JUMP ROPE: He was our friend first!

HIP: You don't need a bunch of losers keeping you down. Come on, be a real winner.

(The Kid goes back and forth. Just as they begin to walk toward the Popular Kids, Perimeter holds up the sketchbook.)

PERIMETER: WAIT!

CHILL: *(Pointing to The Kid's backpack:)* What is that?

HAPPENING: A notebook?

THE KID: *(Realizing:)* My drawings.

PERIMETER: Before you go with them, think about all you're giving up! Everything you've worked for all these years! Everyone, LOOK!

AIM: What? It's just the same drawings we've always seen—

(Looking through:)

Oh wait... These are legit!

JUMP ROPE: I didn't know The Kid was that good!

THE KID: I thought you didn't like them.

BROADWAY: I thought I didn't too...but something about them in a book form. You're really talented, aren't you?

PERIMETER: See? See what happens when you share them? When you let people in?

CHILL: *(Grabbing the sketchbook:)* Big whoop.

COOL: It's in the past!

HIP: The New Kid doesn't need a big sketchbook of—

HAPPENING: — what even is that?

AIM: It's a dog. You just have it upside down—

HAPPENING: WHATEVER.

COOL: They don't need this.

HIP: We should burn it!

THE KID: ...What?

CHILL: YEAH!

THE POPULARS: LET'S BURN IT!

NARRATOR 1: But since the school AND THIS THEATRE don't allow open flames, the Populars just settled on throwing it in the toilet instead!

POPULARS: ...YEAH!

(They gather around the toilet...or something claiming to be a toilet.)

PERIMETER: WAIT!

(The Populars begin ripping the drawings out of the book.)

AIM: You can't just do that!

HAPPENING: We're not!

HIP: NO!

HAPPENING: The KID is!

(They throw the paper and the sketchbook to The Kid.)

THE KID: What?

CHILL: GO ON!

HAPPENING: Do it!

COOL: I mean, it's not like you need it anymore... Do you?

THE KID: I...I...

(In slow motion, The Kid begins to let go of the sketchbook. As it falls:)

NARRATOR 1: But then, just as The Kid let go of the drawings, something incredible happened. The pages begin to spiral out from the book, creating a tornado of drawings.

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PERIMETER: What's happening?

HAPPENING: I can't see!

BROADWAY: (*A la The Wizard of Oz:*) "IT'S A TWISTER, AUNTIE EM!"

(The drawings begin to form into clusters.)

NARRATOR 1: And that's when the drawings began to cluster!

NARRATOR 2: Cluster into giant forms!

NARRATOR 3: And create—

NARRATOR 7: A whole army—

NARRATOR 13: Of drawing—

ALL: GIANTS!

(The GIANTS tower over the kids.)

AIM: What should we do?

JUMP ROPE: Maybe they're friendly!

HIP: Quick, Simon! Go talk to them.

(Simon approaches the Giants. He does his finger guns. The Giants swallow him whole, leaving only his shoes.)

(The kids scream at the Giants.)

(They scream at Simon's shoes.)

(They scream everywhere.)

(The kids run off as a NEWS ANCHOR covers the scene.)

NEWS ANCHOR: Good evening! I'm News Anchor, Anchor of the News. We begin with our top story: A strange army of drawing giants is rampaging and no one knows why! Reporting from the scene is our own field reporter, Field Reporter. Field?

(Downtown: People run amok as Drawing Giants chase them. A FIELD REPORTER is reporting on the action.)

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FIELD REPORTER: Thanks, News. I'm standing downtown, where the streets are covered in drawings left behind by a group of giants composed entirely of paper sketches.

NEWS ANCHOR: So they're a rather sketchy bunch, eh?

FIELD REPORTER: ...Sure. No one seems to know quite why they've appeared, but they seem to be targeting any source of water. The reservoir, the sewer systems and any sort of bathroom have all been blocked off from civilians.

NEWS ANCHOR: Perhaps they're a little...parched? ...You get it? Like parchment! I'm so funny!

FIELD REPORTER: NEWS. This isn't a joking matter. People are scared! Children are terrified!

NEWS ANCHOR: What are they going to do? Paper cut you to death?

FIELD REPORTER: We've also just received word that the drawings seem to be headed toward News Headquarters!

NEWS ANCHOR: Maybe I can pencil them in for a meeting! BAHAAHAAHAA! Or would they prefer an o-PEN schedule! WOOO HOOO! I am a riot!

(The Drawing Giants storm the news studio and cluster right behind News Anchor's desk.)

Oh, I have so many regrets.

(The Drawing Giants swallow News Anchor whole.)

FIELD REPORTER: This is Field Reporter, newly appointed head anchor of the News, and boy, are things gonna change!

NARRATOR 1: Meanwhile, The Kid Who Couldn't Stop Drawing found shelter in the local library.

(The Kid slams the doors shut and begins to wander through stacks of books.)

AIM: Something's coming!

JUMP ROPE: SHHH! You're gonna blow our cover!

(The Kid turns a corner to find the Losers huddled together.)

Cover blown.

AIM: Oh look—it's The Kid Who Couldn't Stop Drawing and Then Created a GIANT DRAWING ARMY!

BROADWAY: What do you want?

THE KID: I'm just trying to hide, like you are. Everyone ran away.

AIM: No kidding.

THE KID: Can I join you?

AIM: NO.

JUMP ROPE: NADA.

BROADWAY: *(A la Dreamgirls:)* "NO—NO—THERE'S NO WAY"—

THE KID: Why not?

JUMP ROPE: You started this!

BROADWAY: Your sketches created those horrible monsters who ate Simon.

THE KID: Who?

BROADWAY: Simon! You know, with the:

(Tries "finger guns":)

I'm really not doing it justice...

AIM: And now I have to spend the rest of my life shut in this library! Who do you think I am? Bookie?

BOOKIE: (*Appearing suddenly, in a hoarse whisper:*) Shhhhhhhhh! This is a library!!! You're being very loouuuuddddd!

AIM: There's drawing monsters outside!

BOOKIE: (*Hoarse whisper:*) All the more reason to shuuusssshhhhh!

JUMP ROPE: (*Whispering:*) We'll keep it down, Bookie!

BOOKIE: (*Grumbling as they exit:*) Typical! Uneducated delinquents messing up my library!

THE KID: There has to be a way to stop them...

AIM: How?!

THE KID: Maybe I can do something.

BROADWAY: Like what?

THE KID: Well, I stopped drawing... Maybe I can find a way to stop these drawings.

AIM: A little cheesy...but go ahead!

JUMP ROPE: Get yourself eaten!

BROADWAY: You broke it, you fix it!

NARRATOR 1: The Kid ventured outside. The ground was covered in drawings.

NARRATOR 2: The Kid looked up to see the Giants continuing their rampage.

NARRATOR 3: All those Giants, just swarming about.

THE KID: There's the problem!

NARRATOR 8: They aren't focusing!

NARRATOR 10: If only they could!

NARRATOR 9: Maybe then they'd stop rampaging!

NARRATOR 7: They'd come together!

NARRATOR 12: And then people would have a chance to get out!

NARRATOR 1: Or defeat them!

THE KID: I just need to get them to focus.

Want to read the entire script? Order a perusal copy today!