

ANIMALS

A ten-minute drama by
Will Boersma

This script is for evaluation only. It may not be printed, photocopied or distributed digitally under any circumstances. Possession of this file does not grant the right to perform this play or any portion of it, or to use it for classroom study.

www.youthplays.com
info@youthplays.com
424-703-5315

Animals © 2011 Will Boersma
All rights reserved. ISBN 978-1-62088-390-7.

Caution: This play is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, Canada, the British Commonwealth and all other countries of the copyright union and is subject to royalty for all performances including but not limited to professional, amateur, charity and classroom whether admission is charged or presented free of charge.

Reservation of Rights: This play is the property of the author and all rights for its use are strictly reserved and must be licensed by his representative, YouthPLAYS. This prohibition of unauthorized professional and amateur stage presentations extends also to motion pictures, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video and the rights of adaptation or translation into non-English languages.

Performance Licensing and Royalty Payments: Amateur and stock performance rights are administered exclusively by YouthPLAYS. No amateur, stock or educational theatre groups or individuals may perform this play without securing authorization and royalty arrangements in advance from YouthPLAYS. Required royalty fees for performing this play are available online at www.YouthPLAYS.com. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Required royalties must be paid each time this play is performed and may not be transferred to any other performance entity. All licensing requests and inquiries should be addressed to YouthPLAYS.

Author Credit: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisements and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line with no other accompanying written matter. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s) and the name of the author(s) may not be abbreviated or otherwise altered from the form in which it appears in this Play.

Publisher Attribution: All programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with YouthPLAYS (www.youthplays.com).

Prohibition of Unauthorized Copying: Any unauthorized copying of this book or excerpts from this book, whether by photocopying, scanning, video recording or any other means, is strictly prohibited by law. This book may only be copied by licensed productions with the purchase of a photocopy license, or with explicit permission from YouthPLAYS.

Trade Marks, Public Figures & Musical Works: This play may contain references to brand names or public figures. All references are intended only as parody or other legal means of expression. This play may also contain suggestions for the performance of a musical work (either in part or in whole). YouthPLAYS has not obtained performing rights of these works unless explicitly noted. The direction of such works is only a playwright's suggestion, and the play producer should obtain such permissions on their own. The website for the U.S. copyright office is <http://www.copyright.gov>.

COPYRIGHT RULES TO REMEMBER

1. To produce this play, you must receive prior written permission from YouthPLAYS and pay the required royalty.
2. You must pay a royalty each time the play is performed in the presence of audience members outside of the cast and crew. Royalties are due whether or not admission is charged, whether or not the play is presented for profit, for charity or for educational purposes, or whether or not anyone associated with the production is being paid.
3. No changes, including cuts or additions, are permitted to the script without written prior permission from YouthPLAYS.
4. Do not copy this book or any part of it without written permission from YouthPLAYS.
5. Credit to the author and YouthPLAYS is required on all programs and other promotional items associated with this play's performance.

When you pay royalties, you are recognizing the hard work that went into creating the play and making a statement that a play is something of value. We think this is important, and we hope that everyone will do the right thing, thus allowing playwrights to generate income and continue to create wonderful new works for the stage.

Plays are owned by the playwrights who wrote them. Violating a playwright's copyright is a very serious matter and violates both United States and international copyright law. Infringement is punishable by actual damages and attorneys' fees, statutory damages of up to \$150,000 per incident, and even possible criminal sanctions. **Infringement is theft. Don't do it.**

Have a question about copyright? Please contact us by email at info@youthplays.com or by phone at 424-703-5315. When in doubt, please ask.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

DAVID, 16.

RYAN, 16.

PRODUCTION NOTE

For those productions wishing to avoid profanity, David's line on page 11, "It's a fucking bird, a fucking bird, not a child!" may be changed to "It's just a bird, a stupid bird, not a child!"

(Evening. A park with trees and a cement path. A bird lies breathing but gasping for air center stage. The sound of a vicious dog BARKING. DAVID, 16, stands above the bird studying its suffering. David is a strong, thick-headed boy. RYAN, 16, runs on stage out of breath. Ryan is more open-minded than David but will get passionate in the smallest arguments.)

RYAN: Is it still alive?

DAVID: Yeah. Barely. She got him pretty bad.

RYAN: I was afraid something like this would happen. I hate walking her at night.

DAVID: I didn't even see it. Did you?

RYAN: It was in the shadow of the tree. Pitch black.

DAVID: Where's Angel?

RYAN: I put her back in the yard.

DAVID: Why?

RYAN: Why not? She would've eaten it.

DAVID: So what—she's a dog.

RYAN: I don't want her to eat an innocent animal.

DAVID: Ryan, I hate to tell you this, but it's going to die.

RYAN: She got it that bad huh?

DAVID: She must've. Look at it—it's struggling for air.

RYAN: Jesus Christ.

DAVID: So... What do you want to do with it?

RYAN: What do you mean?

DAVID: Well it'll be dead in ten minutes, so after that...

RYAN: Ten minutes? You think it'll only last for ten more minutes?

DAVID: Probably.

(Pause.)

RYAN: Do you think we can save it?

DAVID: Save it?

RYAN: Yeah. Do you think we should bring it back to my house?

DAVID: No! That's the stupidest thing we could do.

RYAN: Why not? We could put it in a box or something.

DAVID: And have Angel finish it off when our backs are turned?

RYAN: Well then we'll bring it to your house.

DAVID: And have *my* dog rip it to shreds. It would be better if we just let it be.

RYAN: I don't want to watch it die. It's heartbreaking.

DAVID: Well then let's go.

RYAN: So another animal can just come and finish it off?

DAVID: Well what do you want to do?

RYAN: I want to stay here with it. Maybe it'll get better.

DAVID: It was picked up and thrashed around by a dog four times the size of it. Its wings aren't even straight anymore. It's dead, it's over.

RYAN: People break bones all the time and they get better.

DAVID: With professional help from people who spent several years in medical school. Neither of us have been to medical school.

RYAN: But a vet has.

(Ryan picks up the bird in his hands and stands up very slowly.)

DAVID: What are you doing?

RYAN: Give me your belt.

(David takes off his belt. Ryan takes off his jacket.)

DAVID: What do you need my belt for?

RYAN: To hold my jacket around it. I'm bringing it to a vet.

DAVID: A vet? For what?

RYAN: So they can heal it.

DAVID: Vets cost money. Neither of us have a job. Plus it'll probably die on the way there.

RYAN: It could survive.

DAVID: Where's the nearest vet's office?

RYAN: In Evanston.

DAVID: That'll take twenty minutes! Face it, there's nothing we can do. So just put it down.

RYAN: I don't want to.

DAVID: Why not?

RYAN: Because I have faith in it!

DAVID: How can you have faith in this?

RYAN: I saw a vocal concert the other day. A girl got up and began singing and she was terrible! Awful. She was singing "Ave Maria" and the first fourteen measures were hell itself, but then she got in the right key and she blew us all away with her vibratos and staccatos and what not. She ended amazingly. If we made her sit down when we wanted her to, she would have never gotten a chance to be heard and

respected for her beautiful voice. But since we gave her a chance and didn't boo her off the stage when we could have, she left us breathless.

DAVID: That wasn't a matter of life and death.

RYAN: Okay. On the same day I saw a spider in the toilet and I could have flushed but I let it crawl right on out of the toilet by itself, because I was in the position to give it a chance. That was a matter of life and death.

DAVID: Just drop it.

RYAN: What?

DAVID: The bird.

RYAN: Drop it? It's not a suitcase, David.

DAVID: It's not human! It's an animal!

RYAN: Everything that's alive deserves respect. Everything deserves a chance to fight, doesn't it?

DAVID: Some things and not others.

RYAN: What allows you to make that choice?

DAVID: Animals aren't humans!

RYAN: But humans are animals!

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