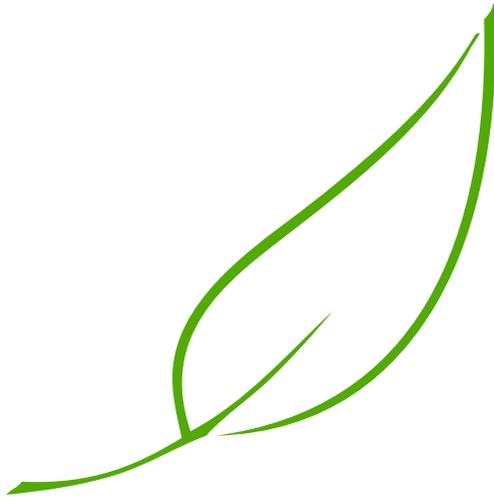


HUT! HUT! HUT!

by Ken Bradbury



GREEN ROOM PRESS

greenroompress.com

Copyright Notice

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Green Room Press. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Green Room Press. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Green Room Press. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Green Room Press.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: *Produced by special arrangement with Green Room Press.*

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Green Room Press.

Hut! Hut! Hut!
by Ken Bradbury

Hut! Hut! Hut!

by Ken Bradbury

MADDY: We can do this.

LAURA: You are out of your mind ... and I'm out of my mind for agreeing to it.

MADDY: You wanna play football, right?

LAURA: That's all I've wanted to do since I was a little girl, but they won't let girls play.

MADDY: Well, honey, today's your chance. Look Laura, it's the first day of practice, the coach doesn't know anybody, and we've got our hair tucked up under these stupid helmets. By the time he figures it out, we'll be stars and he can't possible say no.

LAURA: You still sound like a girl.

MADDY: (*deepening her voice*) Oh, yeh?

LAURA: Now, it's King Kong.

MADDY: (*scratches herself and makes ape sounds*)

LAURA: Stop that! Listen up, he's talking. (*listens, then*) Full contact on the first day? Maddy you said we'd just run a little and learn a few plays! You said they don't have full contact for weeks!

MADDY: What kind of man are you, soldier?

LAURA: A girl man!

MADDY: Come on Laura, we can do this. Just look at 'em..*(as her eyes slowly look up very high)* .. they can't be ... that ... big.

LAURA: (*also looking up*) Tell my Mom I loved her. Tell her I was a good girl. Tell her I didn't mean to die this way.

MADDY: Come on, they're warming up. (*the girls go through a series of choreographed jumping jacks, etc.*)

LAURA: (*moving in rhythm to Maddy*) This ... is ... torture! These ... pads ... are ... heavy.

MADDY: Stop ...whining ... or ... they'll ... know ... you're ... a ... girl.

LAURA: That ... was ... a ... sexist ... thing ... to say.

MADDY: Just ... don't ... cry ... or ... we've ... had ... it.
(*both stop their exercises, exhausted*) (*breathing hard*)

Is it time for the first game yet?

LAURA: They aren't even breathing hard. (*listening*) He said to set your pads. What's that mean?

MADDY: Just do what they do. (*Maddy begins pounding on Laura's shoulders*)

LAURA: Hey! Stop that! That hurts!

MADDY: It's supposed to hurt! This ain't cross-stitch, honey!

LAURA: Okay! (*and she pounds on Maddy's shoulders*)

MADDY: Whoa! Whoa! Ouch! Hey, take it easy!

LAURA: (*pounding*) Come on, you little wimp!

MADDY: Easy! Easy! (*stops Laura*) Hold it ... what's he saying?

LAURA: Line up against your man.

MADDY: I don't even have a man. I'm just fourteen.

LAURA: Another football player. Oh, Maddy, they're gonna have us tackle each other!

MADDY: Take Kevin. He's a nerd.

LAURA: But he's skinny. He's got pointy bones. What if he jabs me with his chin or something!

MADDY: Jab him back! Come on, girl. (*Laura gets down into the set position as Maddy desperately looks around for a partner*) Oh man ... who's left? I gotta find a partner! There! There's one guy ... (*she moves toward him then stops*) Oh, no.

LAURA: You got Spike!

MADDY: (*in a daze*) I got Spike.

LAURA: He was the league's leading tackler last year, Maddy! He'll kill you.

MADDY: (*still in a daze*) He'll kill me.

LAURA: Somebody said he eats nails for breakfast.

MADDY: (*still dazed*) He'll kill me.

LAURA: Hurry up! The coach is lookin' at you!

MADDY: (*extending her hand and a very frightened smile, lowering her voice*) Hi, Spike. I want you to know that I'm really a fan of yours. Got your picture in my locker.

LAURA: Not a great line for a boy, Maddy.

MADDY: (*still with the hand out*) Kidding. Just want you to know that the doctors sewed my leg back on and said I'd probably have another two months to live. Just wanted to play a little football before I died of this highly infectious disease.

LAURA: Oh, good grief.

MADDY: By the way, Spike. Great shoes. (*looking down*)
Yea, I know they're just like mine but on you ... wow.

LAURA: The coach is looking at you.

MADDY: How's the wife and kids?

LAURA: Would you get into position?

MADDY: (*as she gets into position*) He's gonna kill me.

LAURA: They're about to hike the ball. Brace yourself.

MADDY: What a position to die in.

LAURA: Hut! Hut! Hu ... (*before she can finish, both girls are plastered backwards onto the floor ... a long silence, then quietly*) Hut. (*a silence, then*)
Maddy? Maddy are you alright? (*nothing*) Maddy, I can't move. Talk to me, Maddy.

MADDY: (*a long beat, then*) Don't talk to me. I'm dead.

LAURA: You can't be dead. You're talking.

MADDY: (*forcing out the words*) If you felt how I feel right now, you'd eat your words. Believe me, I'm dead. I've heard what dead feels like and this is it. Look. Sparrows in heaven. Who'd have guessed?

LAURA: You're not dead, Maddy.

MADDY: Then why can't I move?

LAURA: Because you've just been hit by a truck.

MADDY: What about you?

LAURA: More like a Toyota, but it did the job. Kevin came at me with his elbows. He looked at me, screamed "Bonsai!" and hacked me with his elbows. They're like razors. I think my nose is missing.

MADDY: This isn't going well, Laura.

LAURA: It's not "going" at all, Maddy. Maddy, they're all standing around staring at us.



GREEN ROOM PRESS

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from:

HUT! HUT! HUT!

by Ken Bradbury.

*For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script,
please contact us at:*

GREEN ROOM PRESS, INC.
customerservice@greenroompress.com
www.greenroompress.com