

THAT'S NONSENSE

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.

THAT'S NONSENSE
by Ken Bradbury

THAT'S NONSENSE

by Ken Bradbury

The characters: (5) Blake, a young girl or boy. Jasper, Toby, Glenn, Harley ... characters playing various other characters. The roles may be played by actors of either sex. In fact, it would be most interesting if no effort was made to match the sex of the character with the actor. All actors are referred to as "he," but that's just to save typing.

The setting: Blake's bedroom.

BLAKE: *(entering, in a very bad mood)* Okay! Okay! Just leave me alone! I'll go to my room! *(shouting off)* Mom, I'm an adolescent! I'm not supposed to make sense! *(to himself)* "That doesn't make sense. That makes absolutely no sense! Why are you acting so weird, Blake? Blake, you just aren't making good sense!" Geesh. That's all I hear! Why does everything have to make sense? I want to go out with my friends tonight. Why? I don't know. They're my friends! "What are you going to do?" I don't know! "Blake, that just doesn't make sense." "Why are you wearing those clothes?" I don't know! "Blake, that doesn't make sense!" *(thumps down onto the bed)* I'm tired of making sense, okay? The world doesn't make sense! Why should I? I'm goin' to sleep. *(reclines on the bed)* "Blake, that doesn't make sense to go to bed in the middle of the day." Yeh, well tough it. *(getting sleepy)* I'm just gonna lie here ... *(yawns)* and make no ... sense at all.

JASPER: *(entering)* Get up! The king is dead!

BLAKE: Huh?

JASPER: Didn't you hear me? The king is dead! How can you lie about when we have a dead king on the throne!

BLAKE: *(sits up)* Who are you?

JASPER: Don't be ridiculous. *(Jasper leaves in a huff.)*

BLAKE: Who was that? *(feeling)* My bed. *(looking around)* My room.

TOBY: *(entering)* Have you seen the sheep?

BLAKE: My goodness.

TOBY: The sheep? Little, furry balls of fluff and stuff? Is there some reason you're not answering me?

BLAKE: Yeh. I'm ... uh ... confused.

TOBY: Oh, great. The sheep are missing and you sit there confused. Like that really helps. How'd you get this job anyway?

BLAKE: What job?

TOBY: Just as I suspected! (*Toby exits quickly*)

BLAKE: Who was that?

TOBY: (*offstage*) Anybody seen the sheep?

BLAKE: You know, the chicken salad tasted funny at lunch. I'll bet ...

GLENN: Get off that tuffet right now, young lady!

BLAKE: (*standing quickly*) What?

GLENN: You are lazy, incompetent, and if I might say so, totally irresponsible! That is not a public tuffet! That tuffet belongs to the king!

JASPER: (*entering*) The king is dead!

GLENN: I know that! (*Jasper exits*) It's your whole generation. You think everything belongs to you! "My air!" ... and you suck it in like you owned it! You see the sunshine ... "My sunshine!" you say and you sit there and soak it up like it was yours! Meanwhile the king ...

JASPER: (*entering*) The king is dead!

GLENN: Shut up! I know that! (*Jasper exits*) Meanwhile the poor king must provide you with air to breathe, sunshine to enjoy, and tuffets to sit upon! I'm afraid I've had quite enough of you and your whole generation. That settles it. You must die!

BLAKE: What?

GLENN: Did I say die? Sorry. Got carried away. Carry on. But do stay off private tuffets. (*Glenn exits*)

BLAKE: (*yells*) Mom! Are you having guests over today?

HARLEY: (*entering*) Guests! Like I need another guest! All I have is this stupid shoe and I have more children than I know what to do! I guess I'll spank them all soundly and send them to bed, unless the king objects.

JASPER: (*with his back still turned*) The king is dead!

GLENN: (*with his back still turned*) We know that!

BLAKE: Who are you?

HARLEY: Now, or yesterday?

BLAKE: What?

HARLEY: I can't very well be the same today as yesterday now can I, or what would be the use to wake up in the morning? People change, you know. We can't stay this way forever. Tuffets change, kings change, socks, underwear, hairstyles ... Everything changes, young man, and it's time you learned that. Are you a guest? I don't have room for another guest.

BLAKE: This is my room!

HARLEY: Sure. They all say that. (*Harley exits.*)

BLAKE: (*collapsing onto his bed*) This isn't happening to me. I'm getting a headache. Who are these people?

TOBY: (*entering*) Who are these people?

BLAKE: Who are you?

TOBY: How totally absurd of you to ask. I am ... the King!

BLAKE: I thought you were dead.

TOBY: So what?

BLAKE: But if you're ...

TOBY: Do you think less of me because of that? A little thing like ... death? Death comes to us all, young man. Don't think that just because you're young that you won't some day grow old. There are worse things than being dead!

BLAKE: Like what?

TOBY: Hold that thought. I feel like leaving. (*Toby exits, nearly running into Glenn*) Watch where you're going!

GLENN: You're dead!

TOBY: I think we've covered that. (*Toby exits*)

GLENN: (*sitting on the bed beside Blake*) Confusing, isn't it?

BLAKE: Very.

GLENN: Want an explanation? I'm very good at explaining things. Some say I'm the best.

BLAKE: Yes. I'd very much like an explanation.

GLENN: You know, I think we could become friends, you and I. I share my heart to you and you give me perhaps a piece of yours. I think they call that bonding.



GREEN ROOM PRESS

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from:

THAT'S NONSENSE

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