

# BE-BOP-A-RE-RUN

by Ken Bradbury



GREEN ROOM PRESS

[greenroompress.com](http://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.

**Be-Bop-A-Re-Run**  
by Ken Bradbury

## Be-Bop-A-Re-Run

by Ken Bradbury

**MARK:** (*running in, breathlessly*) Man, I'm thirsty.

**DAVID:** (*running in, equally worn out and parched*) How far did we run?

**MARK:** Two miles. The coach said we gotta do two miles a day if we wanna make the team. I'd give anything for a drink.

**DAVID:** (*looking around*) I've never even been in this part of town.

**MARK:** I don't even know if it is a town. Surely they've got water.

**DAVID:** Dude! Look! Better than that! A soda machine! You got any money?

**MARK:** (*searching through his pockets*) I got somethin' in here. Here. Two quarters. We'll share a can. (*running over to the machine*) Whatta you want?

**DAVID:** If it's wet, I'll take it.

**MARK:** (*puts his money in, looks at the choices*) Here. Can't beat Coke. (*pushes the button ... nothing*) Hey! What's the deal?

**DAVID:** Oh, great. We're dyin' of thirst and you spent our last two quarters on an empty machine.

**MARK:** No way. I'm gettin' a drink. (*Mark looks both directions then starts shaking the machine*)

**DAVID:** Whatta you doin'?

**MARK:** This machine's got my money. I'm gettin' a Coke!

**DAVID:** Hey! You're gonna break somethin'!

**MARK:** (*still shaking the machine*) This is life or death, man. (*to the machine*) Come on, you big honker! Gimme my Coke! Gimme my ... (*both boys look at something that's rolled out of the machine*) Dude. What's that?

**DAVID:** It's a Coke.

**MARK:** But look at it! (*picking it up*) It's in a little bottle. Made of glass! Is this somethin' new? (*looking at the*

*machine*) Look. There's pictures of cans on the machine but somehow I knocked this thing loose.

**DAVID:** Big deal! Coke's Coke! Hey, wait a minute! There's no tab top.

**MARK:** It's a bottle, dummy. You need a bottle opener.

**DAVID:** I've never even seen a bottle opener.

**MARK:** My grandma's got one. She said they used to use 'em all the time.

**DAVID:** Aw come on, I can just pry ... Ouch! That hurts! (*sucking his thumb*) What a stupid way to sell pop.

**MARK:** Hey! Look at the date on that thing! (*taking bottle and reading*) 1953. That's a joke, right?

**DAVID:** Aw, it's one of those anniversary editions. This bottle couldn't have been stuck in that machine for all those years. Give it to me ... I'll pry it off. (*he puts the bottle to the edge of the pop machine*) Yes! Perfect! Just look at that. (*begins to take a drink*)

**MARK:** Hold it! What if it really means 1953? What if ...

**DAVID:** Forget it! I'm thirsty! (*and he takes a huge swig*) Man! That's great! (*offering him the bottle*) Here!

**MARK:** No way.

**DAVID:** Great! Hey, this quenches your thirst ... (*he begins to take another drink*)

**MARK:** Gimme that bottle! (*Mark begins chugging it*)

**DAVID:** Hold it! Leave some for me!

**MARK:** (*finishes it off, belches*) Nice. If it's from 1953 then they sure knew how to make ... Wow! Look at that car!

**DAVID:** Sweet! Man! What a classic! Mud flaps and ...

**MARK:** Look! There's another one! Looks like the one in Dad's graduation picture. There must be an antique car show somewhere today!

**DAVID:** Come on, one more mile to go ... (*he begins jogging off then stops*) What the heck is that?

**MARK:** Girls!

**DAVID:** I know that! But look at 'em! They got dogs on their skirts! And weird glasses! And they're comin' our way! Must be a parade or somethin'.

**MARK:** (*approaching the girls*) Yo! (*a long beat, then*) Why are they laughin' at us? (*to the girls*) So ... like ... what's with the outfits? (*to David*) Why are they laughin' again?

**DAVID:** You looked in a mirror lately?

**MARK:** You see those socks?

**DAVID:** Yeh. Little white socks rolled down around their ankles. Maybe their feet get cold. (*to the girls*) Hey, we're new in this neighborhood. Anything fun goin' on? (*the girls respond*) A Hop? Tonight? Great! What the heck's a Hop? Music? (*they respond*) Ricky Nelson? Who's that?

**MARK:** Who was here last week? (*they answer*) Uh, Dave, I think we've got some weirdoes here. You guys aren't on something are you? (*to David*) You hear what she said?

**DAVID:** Elvis. Elvis was here last week. We've got some strange girls here, Dude.

**MARK:** Who cares? They're cute. Come on, we got an hour to kill. Let's hang around for a while. (*approaching a girl*) So ... what's your name? Betty Sue. Cool. Look, my friend Dave and I ... What's that noise? (*they tell him*) Choppers? Helicopters?

**DAVID:** Holy cow! Motorcycles! Look at the size of those things! And they're comin' right at us! They're who? Your boyfriends? Are we in trouble?

**MARK:** Somethin's goin' on, Dave. I don't like this.

**DAVID:** They're stopping! Mark, they're stopping!

**MARK:** Good they were about to run over us. (*He and Dave must look practically straight up to look these bikers in the face.*) (*frightened*) Yo. What's up?

**DAVID:** They are. They're up. Way up. They're blockin' out the sun, Mark.

**MARK:** (*extending his hand*) Hi. My name's Mark. (*pulling the hand back without a taker*) Oooo—kay. No problem. Uh ... so ... you guys from around here? I mean, no problem ... black leather is really cute. (*both boys are suddenly jerked up from their collars*)



# GREEN ROOM PRESS

*Thank you for reading this free excerpt from:*

*BE-BOP-A-RE-RUN*

*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