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AWAKEN (SCRIPT SAMPLE)

by

Albert Jamae

STORY: 1984. A car full of drunk teenagers cause an accident – who will survive?

DURATION: 30 mins [contains course language, drug & sexual references]

CAST:

FABIAN: Alpha male. A bit reckless.

ELSA: Fabian’s girlfriend. Submissive.

JAMILLA: Elsa’s best friend. Outspoken and harsh.

KAYLAN: People pleaser. Not assertive. Has a crush on Jamilla.

WILL: Quiet witty guy. Religious.

NILES: Kaylan’s cousin. The youngest of them all and naïve to life. Looks up to Fabian.

TROY: A stranger to the others. Angry and regretful.

TABATHA: (unseen – played by dummy) Troy’s unconscious girlfriend.

Scene 1 – Ext. Church

PARTY MUSIC PLAYS. Enter FABIAN, ELSA, JAMILLA, KAYLAN, WILL and NILES, (leaving the church), all laughing and being silly (a bit drunk). Fabian drags a reluctant Elsa out by the hand.

FABIAN

You can’t go home.

ELSA

But I have to get up early for work.

JAMILLA

Don't pressure her Fabian, if she needs to get home then let her.

FABIAN

Who asked you skank? Remember who's giving you a ride home.

Jamilla scoffs.

NILES

Yeah, this party is dead so let's have our own. It's just a quick spin by the river.

FABIAN

Niles is right. You up for it Will?

WILL

Fine. As long as you have more booze.

NILES

Spoken like a true Catholic!

JAMILLA

Then let's vote. Hands up if you want to go on a stupid joy ride with Captain cocksucker here?

Will, Niles and Fabian put their hands up. Will puts up two hands.

NILES

Oh come on Kaylan!

KAYLAN

Piss of Niles.

WILL

Of course he'll side with Jamilla.

JAMILLA

Hands up who doesn't.

The other three put their hands up.

FABIAN

Great! Three to two we win. Let's go.

JAMILLA

What the hell?!

FABIAN

(pointing to Elsa) Her vote doesn't count.

Elsa playfully scoffs. Jamilla not impressed.

FABIAN

My car, I get the deciding vote. We're going!

He starts to walk away.

JAMILLA

Waste of oxygen you are.

KAYLAN

Don't think we're all gonna fit in are we?

FABIAN

For god sake Kaylan.

WILL

Oi!

FABIAN

(sarcastic) Sorry Reverand. For god's sake Kaylan, stop being such a pussy.

KAYLAN

I'm only saying it because I don't wanna have to squeeze in the back with you two.

He gestures to Niles and Will.

WILL

Then sit on Jamilla's lap.

JAMILLA

Not likely.

WILL

Or mine if that's the way you swing bro.

Niles laughs.

NILES

Spoken like a...

WILL

Shut up.

KAYLAN

Fine, whatever.

JAMILLA

(sarcastic) That's stickin' up for yourself.

KAYLAN

(defensive) What?

Jamilla scoffs and walks off, grabbing Elsa.

JAMILLA

Come on. I'm making sure you sit in the front this time.

Fabian smiles smugly and follows them.

FABIAN

Or you boys can stay here and I can finally get my threesome.

JAMILLA

In your dreams dip shit!

Jamilla, Elsa and Fabian exit. The others follow.

LIGHTS FADE.

Scene 2 – Int. Car

Fabian driving. MUSIC BLARING. SFX Car hurtling along a country road. Fabian, Will and Niles drinking, singing along to the music.

NB: They end up talking over the top of each other. Effective with simultaneous conversations going to increase the chaotic factor.

JAMILLA

You said we were just going by the river.

NILES

Yeah, we're taking the scenic route!

ELSA

Fabian I really do want to get home.

FABIAN

We will! Jesus stop hassling me!

WILL

Then repent your sins my boy! And I'm pretty sure he'll get off your back.

FABIAN

Hallelujah to that!

WILL

Actually speaking of sinning.

KAYLAN

What do you...oh god.

They all react to Will's fart. Rolling the windows down, gagging.

JAMILLA

Oh my god!!!

NILES

You rotten son of a bitch!

Niles laughs. Fabian holds his fist up to Will.

FABIAN

That's my man!

They bump fists.

ELSA

What have you been eating Will?!

JAMILLA

You asshole! I'm asthmatic remember?!

WILL

Then breathe it in deep darling.

Jamilla starts coughing.

NILES

Role her a joint!

WILL

Great idea.

Will starts rolling a joint.

ELSA

What are you doing?!

Fabian starts swerving.

FABIAN

Trying to get that foul smell out of the car.

JAMILLA

Then pull over and get out!

Fabian gives her the finger in the rear vision mirror. Niles pulls out his phone and starts filming Fabian.

NILES

Smile! I'll get ten thousand hits for this!

KAYLAN

Lights ahead!

*An improvised bombardment of laughing, abusing, telling Fabian to slow down, Niles egging him on to go faster, drinks being spilled on Fabian's lap
FLASHING CAR LIGHTS (Two lights face audience, representing car lights)
and SFX of WHEELS SCREECHING. CRASH SFX - Black – silence.*

Transition into setting up car crash. Pulsing low light. Actors moving slow motion into position. MUSIC PLAYS and any appropriate SFX (eg wheels spinning, radiator hissing, door crunching open)

Scene 3 - Ext. Side of Road

Everyone enters, staggering as if they just got out of the car. Cuts, blood running down side of face

JAMILLA

Ow shit! My neck! Everyone okay?

KAYLAN

Better if Will's elbow didn't crack me in the eye.

WILL

More like your head bruised my elbow!

NILES

How far off the road did we spin? Ow!

Niles buckles on a sore ankle.

FABIAN

Who cares?! Look at my god damn car!

WILL

Don't blame him man, you were the one...

FABIAN

Fuck off!

Jamilla helps Elsa sit down. Jamilla pulls out a Ventolin puffer and gives herself a shot.

JAMILLA

Nice to know you're more worried about your stupid car than your girlfriend Fabian.

FABIAN

She's alright. At least she can walk. This isn't going anywhere!

Fabian kicks the car and winces in pain.

KAYLAN

Did anyone see what happened to that other car?

NILES

Who cares? Stupid prick should learn how to drive.

JAMILLA

(towards Fabian) Yeah, how dare they drive on the proper side of the road and obey the speed limit.

Fabian gives her the finger.

JAMILLA

Does anyone have a phone that works?

Will searches his pocket. His arm is sore so it takes a minute.

JAMILLA

We'll need to call for help. Mine's in pieces.

KAYLAN

(shakes his head) No credit.

FABIAN

Don't look at me, I've been using Elsa's.

Jamilla looks to Elsa who shrugs. Fabian looks in the car.

ELSA

I think it's in my bag.

Fabian pulls it out.

FABIAN

Good one Els, no charge.

He tosses it back in the car.

JAMILLA

You're such a dick.

NILES

Mines on the highway somewhere, thanks to Will.

WILL

No-one said you had to roll down the windows.

Kaylan chuckles.

KAYLAN

That was worth than death. You're going straight to hell for that one Will.

Will smiles proudly.

WILL

Mine works but I can't get a signal.

Will tries to hold it up but it hurts his arm. Elsa notices something.

ELSA

What's that smell?

WILL

Don't look at me.

ELSA

It's petrol.

FABIAN

Shit.

Fabian checks the car.

WILL

Be careful mate. If that's leaking it could blow.

ELSA

(panicked) We should get back.

FABIAN

Don't be stupid. It won't ignite without a spark.

KAYLAN

Elsa's right, you can't be so sure.

Some of them start backing off.

FABIAN

It's fine. The battery acid's pissed out all over the place but the fuel tanks still in one piece.

ELSA

Well I know I can smell it!

Fabian groans.

NILES

I need a piss.

Niles limps off.

JAMILLA

Look we shouldn't take any chances. Let's just get on the other side of this ridge. Maybe Will's phone can pick up something there.

They start moving away from the car (in the direction Niles went).

Scene 4 – Ext. Ridge

Niles is taking a piss as the others enter.

NILES

What the fuck?! Bunch of perves!

JAMILLA

You wish.

ELSA

I can still smell it!

FABIAN

That would be Nile's bourbon.

Kaylan and Niles chuckle.

NILES

Smells the same coming out. Go figure.

WILL

That's 'cause you drink the cheap shit.

Niles finishes peeing.

NILES

You bought it for me.

WILL

Touché.

JAMILLA

You got a signal yet Will?

WILL

I'll just check.

Will walks aside checking reception.

KAYLAN

You insured Fabian?

FABIAN

For that piece of shit? I'll just get dad to get me another one.

JAMILLA

Oh I pity your underprivileged life.

Fabian shrugs smugly. Will suddenly notices something and his face sinks.

WILL

Jesus Christ.

JAMILLA

What?

Will looks back to the others with a solemn look and gestures for them to see. They limp over to him and look out. They all react in shock.

LIGHTS FADE.

LIGHTS UP on just Fabian lighting up a smoke and Elsa with him.

ELSA

Why didn't you help them?

FABIAN

It was their idea!

ELSA

Because yours was to just walk away.

FABIAN

I suggested we start walking so we can find help! We can't do anything to help!

ELSA

How do you know?!

Fabian walks off. Jamilla enters, passing Fabian.

JAMILLA

Good one.

Fabian shoves her as he passes. She winces in pain.

JAMILLA

Bastard.

Will, Niles and Kaylan drag TROY on stage. A young guy moaning in pain. His jeans are blood soaked. They prop him up against a tree.

TROY

Ow, ow, shit! Mother...

ELSA

Take it easy he's injured!

KAYLAN

We're trying, but we're not exactly pain free y'know!

JAMILLA

You okay? What's your name?

TROY

Troy. Where's Tabatha? Tabatha!!!

Will talks aside to Niles.

WILL

I couldn't budge her. The door's crushed into her side. I don't think...

NILES

Don't say it.

TROY

Where's Tabatha?!

Jamilla looks up to Will who looks away.

ELSA

She's fine. The boys will check on her...

TROY

Get her out of there! There's fuel everywhere!

Elsa looks up to Niles who shrugs helplessly.

KAYLAN

Look mate. There are no sparks, we've checked.

TROY

You can't leave her in there!

Kaylan looks to Will.

WILL

Come on, let's try again.

Will takes Niles and Kaylan off.

Scene 5 – Ext. Troy's Car Wreckage

Side stage a car door (and any other car parts) is propped up. Tabatha (top of a dummy) is slumped in the passenger side. Will stands beside her, checking her pulse.

KAYLAN

Is she still...er...

WILL

Yeah. Just, I reckon.

Niles bends under the wreckage

NILES

Should we be worried about this fuel dripping here?

WILL

Mate, that's not fuel.

Niles looks shocked and crawls back out.

NILES

Shit!

KAYLAN

We need something to bend the rest of the door off. Check the boot.

NILES

Can't, it's jammed against that tree.

WILL

I'll see what Fabian has.

Scene 6 – Ext. Fabian's Car

Fabian sits on his car. He appears shaken and rattled.

WILL

(off stage) Fabian!

Fabian pulls himself together, grabs a crowbar from his car boot walks off.

Scene 7 – Ext. Troy’s Car

Fabian arrives with a crowbar.

WILL

Nice of you to drop by.

Fabian shows the crowbar.

FABIAN

I was getting this, you wanker!

They put the crowbar in place.

FABIAN

On three. One, two, three!

They yank but no good.

FABIAN

Again!

They try but can't.

WILL

It's no good.

NILES

Can we pull her out through the window?

WILL

Nup her leg is twisted.

FABIAN

Where's her other fucking leg?!

Niles vomits.

KAYLAN

We gotta stop the bleeding. Get that jumper in the back seat and anything else to block it.

They scramble to grab things from the back seat and hesitantly stuff the garments on the severed leg.

NILES

Is she gonna make it?

No one wants to answer.

Scene 8 – Ext. Ridge

Elsa and Jamilla nurse Troy, who's asleep.

ELSA

I can't believe Fabian didn't help.

JAMILLA

Seriously hun, I don't know why you keep acting surprised every time he does...anything!

ELSA

That's not fair.

JAMILLA

Why do you keep defending him?!

ELSA

I'm not having this conversation again. Not now!

JAMILLA

There's always a reason you don't.

ELSA

(gesturing to Troy) Well this is a pretty good reason don't you think?!

Jamilla scoffs.

I know you think I deserve better, but it's not that black and white with Fabian. He has a side none of you see.

JAMILLA

I just don't like watching you shrink every time he puts you down.

ELSA

Yeah but having to listen to you go on about it isn't that much different.

JAMILLA

What are you talking about?

ELSA

Don't worry about it.

JAMILLA

Elsa, I'm the one looking out for you!

ELSA

Because you think I can't!

JAMILLA

It's not that.

ELSA

Yes Jamilla, it is!

Stand-off broken as Troy starts to cough. Elsa walks away.

TROY

I need water.

JAMILLA

I'm sorry, we don't have any.

Fabian, Will, Niles and Kaylan return.

JAMILLA

How is she?

KAYLAN

We can't get her out without...

Kaylan notices Troy is listening intently.

KAYLAN

She's hurt pretty bad.

TROY

Someone has to keep an eye on her.

ELSA

I'll do it.

Elsa walks off. As she passes Fabian, they share a look. He doesn't know what to say and she keeps walking, shaking her head. Troy pulls himself to his feet; looking angry.

JAMILLA

Hey you shouldn't try to...

TROY

So which one of you dicks were driving?!

The boys share looks. Fabian steps forward.

FABIAN

Me. What of it?

TROY

What of it? Did you seriously just say what of it?!

FABIAN

Hey it wasn't my fault!

TROY

You were swerving all over the road!

FABIAN

I was swerving to miss a bunch of roos that came out of no-where!

Kaylan, Will and Niles look at each other. Jamilla scoffs.

TROY

Well my girlfriend is still stuck in the car because of you! And if she dies you're gone mate!

Fabian tries to stay cool and lights up a cigarette.

FABIAN

Told ya. Not my fault.

JAMILLA

He's right Fabian. You're probably up for manslaughter!

Fabian goes to advance on Jamilla.

What? You gonna hit me? Just like you do Elsa?

Niles steps in the middle of them, sensing the explosion.

NILES

Hey guys, chill out. No one's dying alright?

Fabian and Jamilla back down.

TROY

You better hope not.

NILES

Y'know why don't you just shut up mate! We're doin' the best we can! You have no idea what I had to just...(he stops himself), just shut up.

TROY

Owww!

Troy buckles in pain and grabs his stomach. Jamilla looks at his injury.

JAMILLA

Oh man, you're losing blood. Someone gimme your shirt so I can tie it up.

Kaylan takes his shirt off (still has a t-shirt on) and gives it to her. She tourniquets Troy's side.

WILL

Look I don't think I'm gonna get a signal so someone's gotta get back to the road; try and flag someone down.

KAYLAN

I'll go.

JAMILLA

I'm not exactly enjoying the view around here (looking at Fabian) so I'll come with you. (to Will) you guys keep an eye on Troy and don't let him fall asleep.

Jamilla walks off with Kaylan.

TROY

(to Will) Hey man, you got any water? I'm so fuckin' thirsty.

Will looks to Fabian who shrugs it off.

FABIAN

I dunno. There might be some in the boot.

WILL

I'll get it. Niles, make sure these two stay away from each other.

NILES

Yep.

Will leaves.

END OF SCRIPT SAMPLE

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FOUR FEET UNDER (SCRIPT SAMPLE)

by

Albert Jamae

SYNOPSIS: A brother and sister are desperate to keep the family pet funeral business alive, and themselves.

DURATION: 10-12 mins

CHARACTERS (has been staged with adults and teens)

ANNABEL FLYNN: Female 16+. Feisty, strong.

MAX FLYNN: Male 16+. Woosy. Hypochondriac.

DOROTHY VAUGHN: Female 60+. Frail and pleasant.

SHAYMUS FINNEGAN: Male 35+. A smiling Irish hitman.

KAREN VAUGHN: Female 35-40. Caring daughter.

SETTING: Pet Funeral Parlour (Foyer). One stage exit to front door. Other stage exit to back room.

Scene 1. Pet Funeral Parlour Foyer

ANNABEL brushes a DEAD POODLE (Trevor) that lies on a dual shelf trolley with a drawer. A dog sized coffin parked nearby.

MAX stands behind the shop counter on the phone.

MAX

(to phone) Oh no that's fine, pick him up anytime that's convenient. Bye.

He hangs up the phone and drops the happy act.

You can stop prepping Trevor. They've cancelled his funeral.

ANNABEL

That's the third one this month! I hope you reminded them the deposit was non-refundable.

MAX

Well...

ANNABEL

Oh Max!

MAX

But Annie, they were so upset. I didn't want to burden them with talk of...

ANNABEL

What about our burden?! We're completely broke! And unless a miracle happens, we'll have to shut up shop. Not exactly fulfilling dad's dying wish is it?

She exits to the back room. PHONE RINGS. He answers with a fake smile

MAX

Good morning Four Feet Under, Maximus speaking....

He snaps into panic mode; hiding the conversation from Annabel.

Shaymus! About that loan, could you give me until...? Today? Um, okay.

He gently hangs up the phone, comatosed. ANNABEL enters, wary.

ANNABEL

You borrowed money from Shaymus again?

MAX

Well yes but...

ANNABEL

You promised! You know what he's capable of doing! How much?

MAX

Four.

She's a little relieved.

Thousand.

She goes pale.

ANNABEL

We are so screwed.

MAX

Yep.

The DOORBELL TINKERS as DOROTHY enters carrying a dead cat. Max and Annabel pull themselves into work mode.

ANNABEL

Hello and welcome to Four Feet Under. Your pets are our pets.

MAX

How can we be of assistance Mrs...?

DOROTHY

Vaughn. Dorothy Vaughn.

ANNABEL

And who's this poor little fella?

DOROTHY

Mister Mangles. I'm afraid he's seen his last days and I wish to have his memory honoured.

MAX

Oh of course.

DOROTHY

In a way that he truly deserves, for his years of loyal companionship.

ANNABEL

Truly deserved.

DOROTHY

I want him stuffed.

MAX/ANN

Huh?

DOROTHY

Stuffed. I want him on my mantle so I can look at his furry little face every day.

MAX

I'm sorry but I think you have us confused with a taxidermist. We'd be happy to provide a premium funeral package...

DOROTHY

I'm willing to pay, whatever it costs.

MAX

Yes but you see we don't...

ANNABEL

...have a problem stuffing Mister Mangles. In fact, we'd be delighted.

Annabel takes the cat and eyeballs Max who suddenly clicks with the idea.

DOROTHY

Excellent. How much?

MAX

All of him.

DOROTHY

I mean how much will it cost?

Max and Annabel share a hopeful look.

ANNABEL

Four thousand dollars?

DOROTHY

Oh dear.

MAX

Well maybe we can reduce it to...

Annabel grinds her heel into his foot and he winces in silent agony.

DOROTHY

You know what? He's worth every penny. I'll just pop down to the bank and see you in a jiff. (to cat) Bye bye precious.

Dorothy exits. DOORBELL TINKLES. Max and Annabel burst with excitement.

MAX/ANN

Yes!

ANNABEL

All we have to do is stuff it before she gets back and our problems are solved!

MAX

But we don't know the first thing about taxidermy.

ANNABEL

How hard can it be?

She places the cat on its back on the counter, grabbing a pen to demonstrate.

ANNABEL

We just cut it down here...

He starts gagging.

ANNABEL

I haven't done anything! And you're the one who wanted to be a vet!

MAX

Yes...but you know I have a weak stomach.

ANNABEL

Hopeless! Just get him on the trolley while I find something to stuff him with.

She exits to the back room. He carries the cat to the trolley, cringing, putting Trevor on the bottom shelf. ANNABEL returns with hand towels and a bucket.

ANNABEL

This should do it. You rip them into strips while I make the incision.

He tries to rip the towels by hand but can't. She hands him a pair of scissors and he proceeds to cut the towels into strips. She pulls out a scalpel from the drawer.

ANNABEL

You might want to turn away for this bit.

He gags again, turning his back.

ANNABEL

Here goes.

She's about to cut it when the cat MEOWS. They freeze.

ANNABEL

Um Max, did you bother to check if the cat was actually dead?!

MAX

He felt dead.

ANNABEL

Well he's not now! Oh my god.

MAX

So what are you going to do?

She gives him an icy glare.

So what are we going to do?

ANNABEL

Well if we want that money, we have only one chance to make sure we get it.

MAX

With a dead cat?

ANNABEL

With a dead cat.

MAX

But it's not dead.

ANNABEL

Then we have to...make it dead.

He starts gagging.

Correction. I have to make it dead.

MAX

Are you sure you can do this sis?

ANNABEL

No. But we don't have a choice. It's literally us or the cat.

They take a moment to absorb.

MAX

I'll just be back here. Let me know when you're done.

He exits quickly to the back room. She scoffs at him.

ANNABEL

Alright. So...how to kill a cat.

MAX (offstage)

A blow to the head would do it!

ANNABEL

No!

MAX (offstage)

You could just nick the subclavian artery and let it slowly drain out.

ANNABEL

What?!

MAX (offstage)

*Or there's a supply of phenobarbatone in the drawer if you want to euthanize it!
You'll need at least 5 mls to be effective!*

ANNABEL

(to herself) Who are you?

She rummages around the drawer and pulls out a small bottle and a syringe, then loads it up. Hesitant, she goes to inject the cat. As she gets close we hear MAX GAGGING. Annoyed, she waits, then injects the cat, patting him affectionately.

Sorry you've ended up here Mister Mangles. I know this is happening to you because we're desperate, and because I'd do anything to protect my little brother. I don't know who's the bigger idiot. I just hope you can forgive us little fella. Mister Mangles?

She gives him a little nudge. Nothing. She listens for his breathing, checks his pulse, then lowers her head in remorse.

MAX (offstage)

Have you done it yet? I'm feeling a bit woozy!

ANNABEL

Yes!

MAX enters.

MAX

So is he...?

She sadly nods.

Look, he was clearly in pain so we just helped him move on to a better place.

She warms to the support. He hands her the scalpel.

MAX

Now let's get this over with.

She takes a deep breath and goes to cut when the LIGHTS DIM.

MAX/ANN

Oh come on!/ What?!

ANNABEL

I thought you said they gave us to the end of the week to pay the electricity?

MAX

They did! I think.

ANNABEL

Just grab a torch.

He runs to the counter, rummages around and returns with a torch on.

MAX

Got it!

ANNABEL

Okay that should do. Now hold it steady while I...

MEOW!

MAX/ANN

ARGH!!!

He drops the torch.

END OF SCRIPT SAMPLE

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CYBER WARS (SCRIPT SAMPLE)

by

Albert Jamae

Mistaken identity in a digital world.

STORY

A bunch of teenagers online interact with fake profiles, trying to make sense of themselves and life until things turn sour.

DURATION: 45 mins

CAST

ROSE – Doesn't trust relationships. In and out of one with Sam

SAM – Confused and vulnerable about relationships. Thinks he likes Rose

KYLIE – Loner. Study nerd but has a chip on her shoulder.

DARREN - Gamer. He doesn't like people. Impatient with others.

LUCY – Gamer. Has a crush on Darren. Is Rose's best friend.

JAMILLA – Popular girl with attitude. But is a deep thinker.

NATALIA – Jamilla's BFF. A little feisty and happy judging others.

STAGING: students on laptops facing audience. When student not lit up, they either freeze or move in slow motion.

Desk order (stage left to right). Darren&Sam – Jamilla&Natalia – Kylie – Rose&Lucy

Scene 1 – Kylie’s room

Kylie sits on her laptop, talking to herself.

KYLIE

Okay two-thousand-word essay, let’s get to work. Research document open...
Wikipedia check... essay notes forum login...success...and A plus here we come.

Scene 2 – Darren’s room

Darren plays video games while Sam sits on his laptop nearby.

DARREN

(to game) Oh come on! What kind of idiot puts a grenade there? I mean seriously!

SAM

What do you think I should do?

DARREN

Grab a controller and help me nail this dude. He’s slaughtering me!

SAM

I mean with Rose.

Darren groans.

Should I message her again? And which emogee should I use this time?

DARREN

Somebody shoot me now...(responds to game) Argh! I didn’t mean that literally!

Darren slams down his controller.

DARREN

I’ll never beat this Mad Max! Whoever the hell you are.

SAM

Smiley face. It’s simple and straight to the point.

Sam starts typing as Darren responds to a new player online.

DARREN

Oh good Lucy’s playing. Now I’ll kick some butt.

Scene 3 – Rose’s room

Lucy plays video games on her computer while Rose watches.

ROSE

So which one’s you Luce?

LUCY

(points) There. Princess Teefa.

ROSE

And I take it that's Darren?

LUCY

Yep. Captain Gorgeous.

ROSE

Seriously? That's his profile?

LUCY

Well no, that's what I call him.

Rose groans, then distracted by a message on her phone.

ROSE

Ooh it's Sam. (reads message) he used two smiley faces.

LUCY

Too keen if you ask me.

ROSE

So how do I respond?

LUCY

Depends if you want to keep playing hard to get.

ROSE

It's not that Lucy! Sam's loyalty is all over the place. I don't know if I can trust him anymore.

LUCY

(stops playing game) Look, he only kissed Jamilla once, and it was dark at the party, he thought it was you.

ROSE

That's what he said, but I don't believe him.

LUCY

(resumes playing) Well you either forget about Sam or give it another go. There's nothing in between.

Rose thinks for a moment.

ROSE

Or is there?

Rose comes up with idea and opens her laptop and starts typing.

LUCY

Oh how cute, Darren shot me from behind. He's always full of surprises. I have to post a screen shot of this.

Lucy types on her computer.

LUCY

Oh great, cow face is online.

Scene 4 – Jamilla’s room

Jamilla and Natalia are on a laptop. Jamilla typing.

JAMILLA

Hey...Princess Teefa...would’ve been better if he shot you...

NATALIA

In the face, put ‘in the face’.

JAMILLA

In the face...definite improvement on the looks. Send.

They high five.

NATALIA

Nice one Jamilla.

JAMILLA

Okay who’s next Nat?

NATALIA

(searching) well here’s a new upload from some chick in...Uganda!

JAMILLA

Urgh. She looks god awful. Let’s hear her sing.

They play and SFX of GIRL SINGING BADLY. They cringe.

JAMILLA

You have got to be kidding. That is gold.

NATALIA

(typing) Hey girlfriend, we really love what you’ve done. But word of warning, the animal protection society might be in touch with you for strangling a cat in order to make that sound.

JAMILLA

A bit long, but effective. Send.

They hit send button and watch.

JAM/NAT

Like...like...like...like!

Natalia steps forward (or lit separately) and faces audience.

NATALIA

I really don’t care what people think. I don’t care if they use fake names or profiles. In a way it kind of shows us how screwed up we are as a species. I know people bag

me for being a troll – I am. I'll bring anyone down to size if I can. It's fun. But I don't think I'm above it all. If people want to bag me just as much, and they do, then I'll take it on the chin. Its only words. It's just a game. The whole thing is just a game. It only becomes a problem when people take it too seriously.

Monologue ends. Natalia steps back.

Scene 5 – Darren's room

Sam pacing anxiously.

SAM

She hasn't responded.

DARREN

Take that Princess Teefa!

SAM

Didn't you already kill her?

DARREN

Yeah but it's fun. Better than wasting my time with that other dufus.

SAM

Because he always beats you?

DARREN

Shut up.

Darren steps forward (or lit separately) and faces audience.

DARREN

I hate losing. I don't really care about people liking me just as long as they don't pity me. I just want to look good, y'know, make an impact of some sort. If you win, then you get noticed, and before you know it people look up to you for inspiration. Its human nature, so why would I accept anything less?

Monologue ends. Darren returns to his seat.

Sam gets a message and leaps back onto the laptop.

SAM

(surprised) Oh.

DARREN

What? Only one smiley face in return?

SAM

No, it's from Kylie.

DARREN

What does she want?

SAM

She's saying...(reading)...Hey Sam, loved what you were wearing today. I know this is a bit forward but was wondering if you wanted to hang out sometime soon. Two smiley faces...and a heart emogee!

DARREN

Sounds serious.

SAM

Well, maybe it is. What should I do?

DARREN

What do you mean?

SAM

How should I respond to Kylie?

DARREN

I dunno. Do you like her?

SAM

Well not as much as Rose. But then again Rose never showed me this much attention...it's kinda nice.

DARREN

Then play along, see where it leads. Can't hurt.

Sam thinks, then starts typing.

Scene 6 – Rose's room

Rose looks at her computer and reads message.

ROSE

Hi Kylie, surprised you messaged me.

LUCY

Why are you reading Kylie's messages?

ROSE

(typing) I know. I don't want my sister Rose finding out that I like you...

LUCY

What?!

ROSE

(typing) But I couldn't hold out any longer...two heart emogee.

Rose hits send button.

LUCY

You hacked into your sisters Facebook profile?!

ROSE

It's the only way I can know for sure if Sam is serious about us. It's just a little test. It can't hurt anyone.

LUCY

It's not very ethical Rose.

ROSE

(looking at Lucy's game) Oh really, then where's Princess Teefa gone?

LUCY

I...er...

ROSE

Who's Mad Max?

LUCY

Um...me.

ROSE

Looks like you're winning.

LUCY

Of course. I like to let Darren feel good about beating me as Princess Teefa, but then I'll login as Mad Max so I can cane him to oblivion...just to have some fun.

ROSE

That's kinda messed up.

LUCY

Well Darren has this thing about girls not being as good at games as boys, and if he knows I'm better than him, then he might not like me anymore.

ROSE

Ohhh. Yep, messed up.

Lucy shrugs her off and returns to her game. She steps forward (or lit separately) and faces audience.

LUCY

I hide behind a profile because it's the only way to get what I want. I know everyone says you should just be yourself, accept who you are blah blah blah – that's crap! I know for a fact that someone like Darren would never like someone like me if I showed my true colours. If he knew that I was the one humiliating him on the battlefield he'd never speak to me. This way I get the best of both worlds. Im okay with that. I'm under no illusion here.

Monologue ends. Lucy returns to her seat.

Rose types again.

ROSE

So... do you wanna hook up sometime?

She hits send button.

LUCY

What?! You asked him to hook up?

ROSE

That just means hang out.

LUCY

Er, no it means...you know...hook up!

ROSE

Oh my god.

Rose notices something and panics.

ROSE

Oh my god!!!

LUCY

What?!

Scene 7 – Darren’s room

SAM and DARREN looking at computer.

DARREN

Oh my god. Oh my god! She seriously likes you man.

SAM

Yeah but she posted on my timeline instead of in a private message box! Now Rose will see it and freak out! Then she’ll never trust me!

DARREN

Yep. You’re screwed.

Darren pats Sam on the shoulder and returns to his game. Sam slumps his head on the desk.

Scene 8 – Jamilla’s room

Natalia’s on the laptop while Jamilla is taking selfies.

NATALIA

Oh my god check this out Jam Jam.

JAMILLA

(impatient) What?

Natalia shows her laptop. Jamilla starts to smile.

NATALIA

Looks like nerdy Kylie has a little nerdy crush.

JAMILLA

On nerdier Sam.

NATALIA

Who you kissed.

JAMILLA

Urgh, don't remind me. It was dark at the party and I thought he was...forget it. Let's have some fun with this.

Jamilla starts typing.

Scene 9 – Kylie's room

Kylie busy looking at things and writing in her book when a message pops up.

KYLIE

Well if it isn't the gruesome twosome Jamilla and Natalia. What do you want now?

She reads the message.

KYLIE

What the? I tried *what* with Sam?

She types and then looks at her messages and stands up.

KYLIE

Are you kidding me?!

She paces.

I'm so sick and tired of these little tramps thinking anyone cares about their stupid comments. Oh my god they are so...infuriating!

She turns to computer.

That's right girls! You think this is funny now but when you're older and unemployed because every potential boss has seen your...!

She calms herself, then has an idea. She returns to her desk, pushing her books aside.

Alright you little trolls. Hack into my profile will you? Then let's see how you handle this.

Kylie goes into overdrive on her laptop.

END OF SCRIPT SAMPLE

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NOTIFICATIONS ANONYMOUS (SCRIPT SAMPLE)

by

Albert Jamae

SYNOPSIS: Three people in a support group come to terms with their addiction – but is the counsellor helping?

DURATION: 12-15 minutes

CAST

GLEN (Male or Female) (group counsellor)

RANEE

KINTA

DYLAN

SETTING - Support group meeting.

NB: Actors and crew to have messages, tweets, snapchats, etc ready for backstage crew to send to the people they know in the audience during the interactive element of the show. As technology changes feel free to change references/platform names.

Sc1. Support group meeting room

Sitting on chairs are DYLAN, KINTA (wearing an eye bandage) and RANEE, all twitchy, sad, feeling hopeless. GLEN pacing, trying to build morale.

GLEN

Now whether you're here today from the result of family intervention, a court order, or even self-admission, you've all come for the same reason. To get your lives back on track, reclaim control and release yourselves from the burdens of addiction. Who would like to go first?

Kinta stands.

KINTA

Hi everyone. I'm Kinta...and I'm a Notification-a-holic.

OTHERS

(applaud) Well done. / Hi Kinta. / Welcome. (etc)

KINTA

It's been fourteen minutes since my last notification check.

Others respond, impressed.

It was a simple snapchat from a good friend. She's here tonight. (waves to audience)
It was the one with the sparkly Unicorn that...

Dylan and Ranee get excited.

RANEE

With the voice changer?!

KINTA

Yeah! That's it.

DYLAN

Oh man I love that one.

GLEN

Kinta? Remember why we're here.

They settle down.

KINTA

Sorry. So yeah, I know I have a problem and that's why I'm committing myself to the twelve-step program.

She takes a seat.

GLEN

Thank you Kinta. Great start.

Glen gestures to Ranee who stands.

RANEE

Hi, I'm Ranee, and yes, I too am a Notification-a-holic. It's been over an hour since my last notification check.

She proudly shows a badge she's wearing.

Which of course earned me my first badge.

All are proud of her. Small applause.

GLEN

We're very proud of you Ranee.

RANEE

(teary) Thanks. I was feeling pretty low for a while, not feeling like I could get anything done, or just feeling trapped really. And if it wasn't for my brother who's here tonight (Actor can substitute a family member or friend who's in the audience) – then I wouldn't be here. And yes, I also commit to the twelve-step program.

She takes her seat. The others show affection and support.

GLEN

Wonderful Ranee, thank you. Now Dylan.

Dylan a bit hesitant.

KINTA

It's okay hun, there's nothing to be ashamed of.

Dylan slowly rises.

DYLAN

Hey. I'm Dylan. And I'm... I'm a Notification-a-holic.

The others applaud, encouraging him. He starts feeling better.

It's been eight minutes since my last notification check.

The others a little puzzled.

GLEN

But our meeting started ten minutes ago.

DYLAN

I know. I'm sorry. But you have to understand, it was a kitten on a surf board. On a surfboard! I mean, we know how much they hate water! The paradox of humour overlaid with a juxtaposed reality was endearing to the point of...

He stops himself and takes a seat. Kinta reassures him.

GLEN

It's okay Dylan. We all slip up from time to time. Now how many re-posts did you do?

Dylan reluctant to answer.

Dylan?

He holds up four fingers.

GLEN

Well, okay that's not too...

DYLAN

Hundred.

Dylan starts to cry into Kinta who consoles him.

GLEN

And this is why it's important to commit to the program, so it allows space for you to share your mistakes, as well as giving us all a chance to learn from each other, and hopefully avoid those pitfalls we often don't see until it's too late.

They all agree.

Now I'd like you all to share your own experience on the exact moment you felt it was time to get help. Who'd like to go first?

Ranee puts her hand up. Glen gestures for her to continue.

RANEE

It's a bit embarrassing.

GLEN

Remember, you're in a safe space.

RANEE

Well, you all saw the news the other week about that old lady who was hit by a train.

The others a bit worried where this is going.

GLEN

Yes, that was tragic.

RANEE

That was my nanna.

OTHERS

Oh no. / I'm so sorry. / etc

RANEE

Thanks. It was a beautiful funeral. All the family were there. Her lifelong friends turned up, said some lovely speeches. It couldn't have gone any better, until they lowered her coffin down into the grave. A notification went off on my phone didn't it?

Ranee pulls out her phone.

May I?

GLEN

Of course.

Ranee hits a button and holds her phone up for everyone to hear. TRAIN SFX going past a crossing, squealing its brakes and crashing into something.

RANEE

It was my email notification.

Ashamed, she puts her phone away.

GLEN

Thank you Ranee. That took a lot of courage. Kinta?

KINTA

Look, there's been a few 'incidents' I guess you could say. Like the scar here (shows chin) when I didn't see that lamp post ahead of me. I dislocated my shoulder twice on the treadmill, while messaging my boyfriend, and of course the obvious.

She gestures to her bandaged eye and starts to get worked up.

GLEN

Go on.

KINTA

Well, I was in a rush, eating dinner, while trying to respond to an important message from this group chat when...yep, fork straight in the eye.

She catches puzzled looks from everyone.

KINTA

I bet I'm not the first person to miss their mouth!

GLEN

It's okay Kinta, we're not here to judge.

Kinta settles, taking her seat.

And don't forget you took the step to come here after it happened and that in itself is a huge accomplishment.

The other two console Kinta.

GLEN

Dylan?

DYLAN

I had so much diarrhea. Well that's what I'd tell everyone at work. I would always blame what I ate the night before. I would even do it at home. I'd be in the toilet, just sitting there for ages, checking Instagram mainly. Mum kept knocking on the door, (towards audience) didn't you mum? Yeah, every five minutes, 'Hurry up Dylan! I know what you're doing in there! Now stop it! You'll go blind you will.' But she didn't know. (getting choked up) She didn't know.

Dylan breathes deep, feeling better to get it off his chest.

GLEN

Brave stuff mate. Very brave. Not many men admit to that. You really gave us an insight into how deception plays a big part of this, and how it affects family members, (to audience) right mum?

Glen smiles lovingly into audience towards 'mum'.

Now this feels like the right time to bring your family and friends into the zone of trust, so we're going to ask them to help in this next exercise.

END OF SCRIPT SAMPLE

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