

# Excerpt terms and conditions

This excerpt is available to assist you in the play selection process.

You may view, print and download any of our excerpts for perusal purposes.

Excerpts are not intended for performance, classroom or other academic use. In any of these cases you will need to purchase playbooks via our website or by phone, fax or mail.

A short excerpt is not always indicative of the entire work, and we strongly suggest reading the whole play before planning a production or ordering a cast quantity.



*Dramatic Publishing*

# THE BULLY PLAYS

## 24 Short Plays by

Sandra Fenichel Asher

Cherie Bennett

Max Bush

José Casas

Gloria Bond Clunie

Eric Coble

Doug Cooney

Linda Daugherty

Lisa Dillman

Richard Dresser

José Cruz González

Stephen Gregg

D.W. Gregory

Brian Guehring

Dwayne Hartford

Barry Kornhauser

Trish Lindberg

Brett Neveu

Ernie Nolan

R.N. Sandberg

Geraldine Ann Snyder

Werner Trieschmann

Elizabeth Wong

Y York

**Compiled and Edited by Linda Habjan**

**Foreword by Susan Sugerman, MD, MPH**



**Dramatic Publishing**

Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

## \*\*\* NOTICE \*\*\*

The amateur and stock acting rights to this work are controlled exclusively by THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be given. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed any time it is acted before an audience. Current royalty rates, applications and restrictions may be found at our website: [www.dramaticpublishing.com](http://www.dramaticpublishing.com), or we may be contacted by mail at: DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, 311 Washington St., Woodstock IL 60098.

COPYRIGHT LAW GIVES THE AUTHOR OR THE AUTHOR'S AGENT THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO MAKE COPIES. This law provides authors with a fair return for their creative efforts. Authors earn their living from the royalties they receive from book sales and from the performance of their work. Conscientious observance of copyright law is not only ethical, it encourages authors to continue their creative work. This work is fully protected by copyright. No alterations, deletions or substitutions may be made in the work without the prior written consent of the publisher. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, videotape, film, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. It may not be performed either by professionals or amateurs without payment of royalty. All rights, including, but not limited to, the professional, motion picture, radio, television, videotape, foreign language, tabloid, recitation, lecturing, publication and reading, are reserved.

For performance of any songs, music and recordings mentioned in this play which are in copyright, the permission of the copyright owners must be obtained or other songs and recordings in the public domain substituted.
---

©MMXI by  
DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

Printed in the United States of America  
*All Rights Reserved*  
(THE BULLY PLAYS)

ISBN: 978-1-58342-723-1

# A Bully There Be

By Lisa Dillman

## CHARACTERS

SERVING WENCH

JESTER

PRINCE

SETTING: A royal palace in a land very far away.

TIME: Once upon a...

*(Enter SERVING WENCH. She carries a large hunk of raw meat.)*

WENCH *(confidentially to the audience)*.

There be a bully in this palace.  
A bully, full of stink and malice.  
Big he's not, nor strong at all,  
But he's a bully still, withal.

*(Enter JESTER on the run. He wears a cap and bells, a suit of motley, the works. He has a black eye. He skids to a stop as SERVING WENCH steps into his path and holds out the raw meat.)*

WENCH.

Here, fool, do take this cut of beef  
And to thine eye bring sweet relief.

JESTER.

Good serving wench, how kind thou art.

(*Aside.*) As well as lovely, sweet and smart...

(*JESTER moons at her, one hand over his heart, the other pressing the steak to his eye. SERVING WENCH blushes prettily, sweetly, smartly.*)

WENCH.

How came thee by this massive shiner?

JESTER (*whiney*).

I'd tell thee, but I'm not a whiner.

WENCH.

No need to tell for yea in truth

I know it was the prince, forsooth.

JESTER (*ashamed*).

Aye. 'Twas he.

He did but catch me unawares

Else I'd've kicked him down the stairs.

(*SERVING WENCH nods sympathetically, doubtfully, and adjusts the steak on JESTER's eye.*)

JESTER.

A blinding blow he dealt mine face

Else I'd've clocked him with mine mace.

WENCH.

Of course thou wouldst've!

(*SOUND of drums.*)

But hark, I hear the drums!