

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, 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

Blu

By Gloria Bond Clunie

CHARACTERS

BLU PETERSON an eighth-grader
SCOTT Blu's brother, high-school junior
MORGAN Scott's friend, high-school junior
JUSTIN Scott's friend, high-school junior
DEE Scott's friend, high-school junior
MRS. PETERSON mother of Blu and Scott

SETTING AND TIME: Blu's bedroom—his world—*or* a dark space with bright colors. Now.

MORGAN (*looking at another painting*). God, how old was he when he did this one?

BLU. Nine!

DEE (*reading title under painting*). “Lupicious Lion, Mom and Me.” The colors are so bright!

BLU. That day the zoo was mine! All mine. It was right after... Well. We spent the whole day there. Mom and me. And we had popcorn. Smelled so good. We had popcorn and hotdogs and... And we gave all the animals names. Crazy names. Like Lupicious Delgado Lion. And Effie the Effervescent Elephant. You should have seen Gregory the Gorgeous Giraffe! You missed it, Scott. You were in school, or somewhere with Dad. And it was just me and Mom. We sat by the swan lake and watched them sail, sail away, like white-feathered ships out to sea. And Mom. Sitting there, the sun on her face, she was so pretty, sun so pretty in her hair. That night—couldn’t get the animals out of my head. Angling their necks, staring into my eyes, like they were trying to tell me something. Like, maybe, they wanted me to set them free, but I didn’t know how. The sun, and Mom and Lupicious Delgado Lion! I wanted to hold on to that day forever.

SCOTT. Mom caught him. Three o’clock in the morning, painting away. He was weird like that. An idea would pop into his head, and he’d be up all hours of the night, painting, or writing, or singing. He would wake up singing at the top of his lungs in the middle of the night! Said a song just came to him.

BLU. My head was so full. It would just start racing. So much to think about.

JUSTIN (*reading the title under the picture*). What kind of kid comes up with a name like Lupicious? Lupicious Lion. I always thought he was a weird kind of little kid. I

mean no offense, but... He sure could draw. Your mom, she looks—happy there.

SCOTT. Yeah.

DEE. Is that—Blu?

SCOTT. He painted it, last month, I think. Called it...

BLU. “My Picasso Me.”

MORGAN. The colors seem—well, not as intense. (*Studying pictures and poems on the wall.*)

JUSTIN. Who knew? I mean, he always seemed like this geeky little kid. No offense, but Katrina was always talking about how weird he was in class.

MORGAN. Like your sister knows from weird.

JUSTIN. But he wore those crazy clothes.

SCOTT. He liked color.

BLU. Like a rainbow! I’ll share my colors. If you let me, I can show you how to strut them!

JUSTIN. I get it, now. I mean, (*looks around room*) I get it now! But when the whole class is in blue jeans and a T-shirt, and you’re...

(*JUSTIN holds up a colorful shirt. BLU snatches up another one.*)

BLU. *Fearless!*

MORGAN. Brave enough to be different!

JUSTIN. Or stupid enough.

MORGAN. Justin!

JUSTIN. Sorry.

SCOTT. I know. We all are.

MOM (*offstage*). Scott? Scott? Have you found it?

SCOTT (*shouting to his mom offstage*). Still looking!

MOM. You want help?

SCOTT (*shouting to his mom offstage*). We got it! (*To MORGAN, JUSTIN and DEE.*) Come on. We have to find

it before she comes up here. All she does is cry when she comes up here.

JUSTIN. So it looks like...?

SCOTT. It's blue.

MORGAN. Of course.

SCOTT. About this big. He carried it around, all the time. Wouldn't go anyplace without it. Always writing in it. Big rubber band, holding it together.

DEE. Any idea where it is?

SCOTT. My brother is a pack rat. A neat pat rat, but a pack rat. Why don't you take those drawers over there? Morgan, give me a hand with the closet.