

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

WILDBOY

by
MAX BUSH



Dramatic Publishing

Woodstock, Illinois • England • Australia • New Zealand

***** 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 fees are given in our current catalog and are subject to change without notice. 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. All inquiries concerning amateur and stock rights should be addressed to:

DRAMATIC PUBLISHING
P. O. Box 129, Woodstock, Illinois 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.

©MMII by
MAX BUSH

Printed in the United States of America
All Rights Reserved
(WILDBOY)

ISBN: 1-58342-106-8

For Ray Bush—a Hunter and Wildboy

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

All producers of the play *must* give credit to the author(s) of the play in all programs distributed in connection with performances of the play and in all instances in which the title of the play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the play and/or a production. The name of the author(s) *must* also appear on a separate line, on which no other name appears, immediately following the title, and *must* appear in size of type not less than fifty percent the size of the title type. Biographical information on the author(s), if included in this book, may be used on all programs. *On all programs this notice must appear:*

“Produced by special arrangement with
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY of Woodstock, Illinois”

WILDBOY was co-commissioned by Stebbens' Children's Theater in Mason City, Iowa, and Gull Lake High School, in Richland, Michigan. The play opened at Stebbens in February 1999, with the following cast and crew:

CHARACTERS

Gayle	Pat Rumeliote
Jamie	Ryan Stephen
Sammy	Spencer Anderson
Mona	Liz Rogers
Greenlady	Wendy Luker
Tennis Player	Cassandra Galsim
Mitchel	Aaron Blick
Cheerleader	Sara Faber
Hunter	Bruce Long
Wildboy	Ryan Borcharding
Allison	Alexandra Marinov
Wildgirl	Takara Onoo

PRODUCTION STAFF AND CREW

Director	Tom Balmer
Costume Design	Kristine Dornbusch
Set Design / Light Design / Sound Design	David Nutting
Stage Manager	Megan Kostka
Assistant Stage Manager	Michael Ramirez
Assistant to the Director	Mackenzie Wernet
Makeup	Holly Briggs-Leaman
Lights	Zachary Dear
Production Assistant	Erick Mishler
Scenic Artist	Angela Johnson
Set Construction	Oscar Fewins, Ashley Fewins
Sound	Holly Miller

WILDBOY opened at Gull Lake High School Performing Arts Company in January 2000, Richland, Mich., with the following:

CHARACTERS

Gayle Louise Hanavan
Jamie Ryan Hebert
Sammy Eric Stone
Mona Beth Hatton
Greenlady Kaneen Geiger
Wolves Jeff Newman, Amber Bosier
Deer Teslen Sadowski, Rachel Walls
Hunter Mike Woodhouse
Wildboy T.J. Rathburn
Allison Margaret Russell
Wildgirl Ashley Pierson

PRODUCTION STAFF AND CREW

Director Robin Nott
Design Advisor / Technical Director Jeff Sonnevile
Associate Technical Director Mark Gostomski
Costume Advisor Cheryl Williams
Mask Artist Becklyn Evans
Mime Artist Claire Martins
Associate Director Crystal Heidarisafa
Stage Manager Mike Mollo
Design Team (Scene, Lights, Sound) Margeret Russell,
Crystal Heidarisafa, Teresa Hutchins, Amanda Hatton
Lighting Chiefs Teresa Hutchins, Jay Schneider
Lighting Technicians Ross Heflin, Janina Dunker,
Bonnie Sandefur
Sound Chief Katie Prentice
Sound Technicians Rebekah Lieto, Maggie Walters
Communications Chelsea Compton, Michelle Stratton
Running Crew Chief Mary Teutsch

Running Crew Matt Reinhardt, Jim Ellis, Clara Aguilar,
 Beth Jasiak, Jenny Lamphear, Adam Carter, Andrea Avila,
 Leslie Gogel, Monica Greenman, Kyle Lasich, Luke Densmore
 A-Team Manager Samantha Nutall
 A-Team Amanda Zandt, Bree Clark, Ari Apelgren,
 Jesse McClellan, Brian Abendroth,
 Alexis Hollin, Janina Dunker, Art Bryan
 Wardrobe Master Amanda Hatton
 Dressers Matt Ware, Keely Ferguson
 Mask / Makeup Chief Amanda McFarlin
 Mask Artists Megan Mattson, Glenn Getty,
 Kaytee Vandestreek, Jackie Garrison
 Media Chief Aubrey Miltz-Miller
 Media / Box Office Crew Shane Slack, Molly Danielsson,
 Alexxis Hollin, Kristen Hamel, Lora Harris
 Videographer Kris McGahan

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The author gratefully acknowledges the following people for their help in developing this script: Robin Nott, Tom Balmer, Susanna Pitzer, Sandy Asher, Eva Kay Noone, Willy Averill, Crystal Heidarisaifa and the cast and crews of the early productions. This play owes a debt to the Grimm Fairy Tales of *Iron John* and *The Water of Life*, as well as to Joseph Cambell and *The Hero With a Thousand Faces* and *The Origins and History of Consciousness* by Erich Neumann. Thanks to Jeanne Averill and Ric Averill for their always-challenging perspective, insight and patience.

SONG CREDITS (music in back of book)

“Searching in a Dream,” music by Ric Averill, lyrics by Max Bush.

“Nightmare in Nashville,” music by Jeanne Averill, lyrics by Jeanne Averill, with Max Bush.

“Greenlady’s Song,” music by Ric Averill, lyrics by Max Bush.

INTRODUCTION

There are few things as boring as listening to someone tell you a long, strange dream they had the night before, when they offer no insight into what the dream is about, and actually prefer not to try to understand the dream. Yet there are few experiences that offer more insight into a person as the uncovering of the meaning of their dreams.

To be interesting the dream must at least begin to make sense to the dreamer and to the listener. If there is a joint exploration with joint discoveries of understanding, it can be intensely rewarding for both.

There are few things as boring in the theater as being told too much, or as frustrating as being told too little. Finding that balance in this play is an ongoing process. The dream here must be accessible to a large degree—although not necessarily at first glance—by both the dreamer and the listener, with each making separate discoveries at different times.

Joseph Campbell, in the first chapter of *The Hero With a Thousand Faces* (to which this play owes a great deal) entitled “Myth and Dream,” states:

“Freud, Jung and their followers have demonstrated irrefutably that the logic, the heroes, and the deeds of myth survive into modern times. In the absence of an effective general mythology, each of us has his private, unrecognized, rudimentary, yet secretly potent pantheon of dream... Apparently, there is something in these initiatory images so necessary to the psyche that if they are not supplied from without, through myth and ritual, they will have to be announced again, through dream, from within—lest our energies should remain locked in a banal, long-outmoded toy-room at the bottom of the sea.”

By putting the images into consciousness as well, the dreamer has an even stronger chance of unlocking the toy-room.

WILDBOY

A Play in One Act
For 7-8 Women, 5-6 Men

CHARACTERS

JAMIE, 15

SAMMY, 9-10, Jamie's brother

MONA, 20, Jamie's sister

GAYLE, 40, Jamie's mother

GREENLADY

WOLF 1

WOLF 2

DEER 1

DEER 2

WILDBOY, 15-16

WILDGIRL, 15-16

HUNTER

ALLISON, 14-15

TIME: Monday morning, mid-June of this year.

PLACE: The back lawn of Jamie's house, which is surrounded by the setting for his dream: a wilderness of trees, roots, bushes, large rocks that form rock-mounds and valleys.

RUNNING TIME: Approximately 65 minutes.

WILDBOY

AT RISE: *We see the back lawn of JAMIE's house. MONA is painting a picture on an easel, GAYLE (Jamie's mother) sits in a lawnchair strumming a guitar and composing, making notes on the music stand in front of her. JAMIE stands behind SAMMY who is ready to hike a football. A tray with lemonade in a pitcher and some glasses sits near GAYLE on the dark stage.*

GAYLE (*strums and sings the first two lines in darkness*).

**SEARCHING IN A DREAM, I SEE YOU,
STANDING ON A MOUNTAIN, HOLDING THE
MOON.**

(Lights up onstage, GAYLE continues singing, during the following.)

JAMIE (*behind SAMMY who's ready to hike ball*). 42,
FIRE! 68, 31, HUT! HUT!

GAYLE.

**I SPEAK FAR AWAY
BUT YOU HEAR ME SAY**

(SAMMY hikes, runs out past MONA, does a buttonhook pattern; JAMIE hits him, SAMMY catches it, runs a few steps.)

GAYLE.

DO YOU LOVE ITS MYST'RY LIKE I DO?

(GAYLE stops playing and singing, makes some notes.)

JAMIE. Good catch, Sammy, but you got crushed. The safety is behind you; you can't see him. You got to juke him without looking or he'll break your back.

SAMMY. I saw the safety. Yeah, she was painting a picture of... *(Moving to MONA, looking at painting.)* cannibals.

MONA. It's a romantic portrait.

(MONA is tall, large-boned and earthy. She's dressed in a long summer dress, has long hair with beads in it. She's usually embracing and warm, except about her father.)

SAMMY. What are you doing to that guy?

MONA. He loves me so much his head is flying to pieces.

SAMMY. How do girls do that to you?

JAMIE. You got to keep your mind on football.

GAYLE *(strumming)*. What time is your dad supposed to show up, Jamie?

SAMMY. One o'clock.

MONA. That means about midnight.

JAMIE. He said one o'clock, Mona.

SAMMY. Allison's coming at one o'clock and Jamie told her he'd spend the whole afternoon with her.

MONA. See? You don't believe him, either.

JAMIE *(firmly)*. He'll be here. *(Without confidence.)* Around four.

SAMMY. Allison's bringing a picnic. Smoochie smoochie.
(*JAMIE throws ball hard at SAMMY who catches it but is knocked down.*) You won't be keeping your mind on football.

GAYLE (*stopping strumming guitar*). How did it go over the weekend, Jamie?

JAMIE. Fine. (*The boys reset the football game.*)

GAYLE. Did you have a good time, Sammy?

SAMMY. Yeah.

JAMIE. On three. (*Under center.*) 22, 35, LEFT, 14, HUT-HUT-HUT! (*SAMMY runs down, JAMIE throws ball.*)

SAMMY (*buttonhooks, catches it, does a nifty series of moves*). Juke! Juke! Juke! (*He breaks toward goal.*)

JAMIE. Go, go, go!

SAMMY (*spikes ball, turns to crowd*). Shut up and cheer! (*He does an end-zone celebration.*)

GAYLE. So you didn't have any problems with your dad?

(*SAMMY gets ball.*)

JAMIE. No.

GAYLE. He came home on time, he did what he said he would?

MONA. He didn't drink?

(*JAMIE throws a quick glance at SAMMY. SAMMY throws him the ball.*)

JAMIE. No.

MONA. I believe that.

JAMIE. What's the problem?

MONA. I lived with him longer than you and I don't lie for him anymore.

GAYLE. Did you talk about the summer?

JAMIE. Yeah, he, ah, he said if I wanted to, I could help him with the cottage.

GAYLE. The whole two months?

JAMIE. Sure.

GAYLE. Sammy, too?

JAMIE. No.

SAMMY. He said I could stay, too.

JAMIE (*strongly*). No.

GAYLE. You want to, Sammy?

SAMMY. If Jamie is.

JAMIE. Sorry, Samsamavich, you'll have a lot more fun here.

SAMMY. With Gramma? She can't throw a football ten feet.

GAYLE. I don't know if anyone's going to stay with him for two months.

MONA (*begins painting an interesting design on SAMMY's face. This is something they both enjoy*). You're going on this tour, Mom.

JAMIE. Yes you are, Ma. No reason not to.

MONA. You're going on your tour; they can stay with Gramma.

GAYLE. I've worked too hard for this; I'm not giving anything else up for your father.

JAMIE. Or us.

GAYLE. Well...I'm not sure I want Jamie staying with him.

JAMIE. I can take care of myself.

GAYLE. You've been better these last three years, away from him. Except for that fight at school where—

JAMIE. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

GAYLE. That's something he would have done.

JAMIE. We talked about this already!

MONA. I can't believe you think he won't drink for two months.

JAMIE. That's what he promised.

MONA. I'll bet he didn't even make it through the weekend. Tell the truth, Jamie, what did he do? How was he?

JAMIE. Fine. I told you.

MONA. Sammy, how was he?

SAMMY. Fine. (*He moves to JAMIE.*)

JAMIE. Buttonhook, out. Right. On one.

SAMMY. What does that mean?

JAMIE. Buttonhook out?

SAMMY. Yeah, what is that?

MONA (*suddenly exploding*). Sammy, we don't live with him, anymore! You don't have to lie for him!

SAMMY. I'm not lying for him.

GAYLE. Mona.

MONA. You'll feel better if you tell the truth, Jamie.

JAMIE. It's all right, Hippie-Chick. Everything's cool. (*To SAMMY.*) You do the buttonhook and I pump, then you break down and out.

SAMMY. Where?

JAMIE. Look.

(JAMIE kneels with SAMMY and draws out a pattern on the ground with his finger, while GAYLE strums guitar, searching for a rhythm. MONA stops painting.)

GAYLE (*strumming, singing*).

SEARCHING IN A DREAM, I SEE YOU—

MONA (*carrying her easel, setting it down behind GAYLE*).

Why are you redoing that?

GAYLE. The lyrics were weak. And I think I want to put a coda after the bridge.

MONA. Where are you going to put it?

GAYLE. In the first set right after "Gambling Man." What do you think?

MONA. Start again.

GAYLE.

**SEARCHING IN A DREAM, I SEE YOU
STANDING ON A MOUNTAIN HOLDING THE
MOON. ETC.**

(GAYLE sings [with MONA joining her in spots] entire song [see end of text for full song] over following. Lights darken, begin to alter the scene. Out of the shadows surrounding the back yard, JAMIE's dream from the night before begins to appear all around him. The GREENLADY enters, moves to her area. Her area is a mound of large rocks with roots growing through them coming from a large, old tree atop the mound.

The GREENLADY wears a long, flowing green and blue dress; her hair is long and flowing; she wears elaborate eye make-up and a tiara with a large emerald surrounded by blue sapphires in it. Her look is elegant, graceful and beautiful.

GREENLADY, it seems, must stay in a specified area; one that seems to be delineated by the landscape. Throughout the play, she does not, or cannot, move out

of that area. Anyone, except the HUNTER or a WOLF, who steps into her area, she will immediately attack. Consequently, they will try to avoid her area.

The WOLVES move on, searching for food. Both DEER and WOLVES move mostly upright, although they seem much more animal than human.

At no time in the play does a dream character respond to or acknowledge in any way any person in the real world other than JAMIE.)

GAYLE.

**I SPEAK FAR AWAY
BUT YOU HEAR ME SAY.**

GREENLADY (*to JAMIE, as he huddles with SAMMY*).
Come here; take my hand.

(DEER move on. WOLVES see them, crouch in the shadows.)

GAYLE & MONA.

DO YOU LOVE ITS MYST'RY LIKE I DO?

SAMMY & JAMIE (*breaking huddle*). Let's go!
GREENLADY (*pointing off*). He's coming.

GAYLE.

**I CLIMB A MOUNTAIN, LOOK ACROSS TO YOU.
THE MOON CHANGES COLORS, WHITE TO
BLUE.**

(She continues, with MONA singing with her at times, over the following.)

JAMIE *(gets behind SAMMY)*. Ready! Shotgun! *(He backs up.)* 23, HUT!

(SAMMY hikes, runs out, buttonhooks, breaks toward the sideline. DEER smell WOLVES, run off; WOLVES chase them, exit. DEER immediately reappear, running across stage. They are followed in by the HUNTER, who is stalking something [not the DEER]. DEER run off stage. JAMIE draws back to throw, stops, turns to see the HUNTER staring at him.

The HUNTER is large, strong and lithe. He's dressed in earth tones; he wears wide, jeweled, silver bracelets on his wrists; he's painted red patterns up and down his arms and a small red design on his cheeks. Also, he's painted red and silver designs into his short hair. The HUNTER and GREENLADY are equals, both strong in their own spaces.

JAMIE stands transfixed as the HUNTER stares at him.

GAYLE continues singing.)

SAMMY. Hit me! I'm open! I'm open! ... All right, scramble! *(SAMMY improvises pattern, as JAMIE watches dream.)*

GREENLADY *(indicating JAMIE)*. This one is mine.

HUNTER. Where is the Other One?

GREENLADY. He's wounded, yet you can't find him?

SAMMY. I broke free of the coverage!

(JAMIE still watches dream. Frustrated, SAMMY runs toward JAMIE. WOLVES reappear, moving quickly after DEER.)

SAMMY. They're going to sack you! Juke 'em! Juke 'em!

(GAYLE and MONA continue singing. SAMMY runs toward JAMIE. WOLVES exit after DEER.)

HUNTER. He stole from me.

GREENLADY. How careless; to let a boy steal from you.

SAMMY *(jumping on him)*. Sacked!

JAMIE. He's still up!

(JAMIE turns from dream, begins to lumber forward with SAMMY on his back. Dream characters exit. Lights fade on dream.)

SAMMY. He's down!

JAMIE. He's up!

SAMMY. He's down! *(SAMMY tries various moves, while on JAMIE's back, to trip him. He tries stripping the ball, then slides down to one foot, holds on, is dragged by JAMIE.)* He's down!

JAMIE. He's dragging would-be tacklers to the goal line. *(SAMMY trips him, he falls, extends ball.)* Ah! He's down, but—

SAMMY. He's down, but—

JAMIE. Just short.

SAMMY. The defense held. Shut up and cheer. (*He and JAMIE collapse.*)

GAYLE (*finishing song while the boys lie still*).

I CLIMB TO YOU

WHERE ALL IS NEW

YOU PLACE THE MOON IN THE SKY.

I TAKE YOUR HAND, AND THEN WE FLY.

JAMIE. Hey, that was sweet, Ma. I like that a lot better.

MONA. So do I.

GAYLE (*obviously pleased*). Thanks.

JAMIE. You got to make this tour. You can't let anything stop you.

GAYLE. I'm trying.

JAMIE. We'll all hate you if you don't go.

MONA. Yes, you're not just going on this tour for yourself. It's for us, too.

GAYLE. I know you guys say that, but—

MONA. And we mean it. I just don't know how you wrote that song about Dad.

GAYLE. I loved him. There were times when he was one of the best men I've ever known. That's why the divorce was so hard. Besides, he helped me make the three of you, sweetheart.

SAMMY (*sitting up*). But why didn't he throw the ball? His receiver was wide open. Could have been glory.

JAMIE. I keep remembering this dream I had this morning.

SAMMY. Try telling that to the fans.

MONA. Dream?

JAMIE. Yeah. I was thinking about it at breakfast, too. Man, was it wild.