

Playground Battleground:

An Epic Trilogy of One Acts

By Ken Phillips



Characters:

Blake Byron III- 4th Grade. Has an overactive imagination, wants to be a Super Villain.

Daphne- Blake's mother. Overbearingly sweet and supportive.

The Legion- 50 Kindergardeners dressed in war paint with the inner instincts of hive mind tribal hunters. Their presence should freeze souls.

Timmy Appleseed- 4th Grade. A hero and a normal kid, athletic.

Susie Cream-Cheese- 4th Grade. Fun, sassy, and proactive.

Billy Blooper- 3rd Grade. Feeble, sickly, a follower, and confused.

On Staging: I give a lot of stage directions as suggestions but explore with it as you will. The staging is not impossible. Be creative and have fun with it. Please share with me any ideas that you have that are cooler than mine.

On Music: The music in the stage directions are just suggestions that I find amusing. Use them as you will and please respect all copyright laws.

I dedicate these plays to my eighteen other dragon eggs.

Episode I: An Unexpected Phantom Rises

At a playground outside an elementary school. There is a jungle gym and a field to play on. However, the playground looks like it has been through the apocalypse. A storm is brewing. The grass in the field is torn and dead. Torn bits of rope are knotted around the jungle gym. All the bars on the jungle gym look like they have been covered in a corrosive rust. A swing gently moves on its own making an eery squeaking noise. It should seem like a thousand recess wars have taken place here.

Blake Byron III emerges from the shadows. He wears a black cape with black button up shirt. His shorts are a bit too short for him though. On the left half of his face, he wears a metal mask. In his hand is a Pokemon lunch box.

He looks through the wreckage, then chuckles maniacally to himself. He walks down to the edge of the stage, takes a breath to address the audience, then stops. Looks back, the swing is still squeaking. He walks back to it, stops it, then walks back to the edge of the stage. Takes another breath, and contorts body to make himself look more evil.

BLAKE. Now is the recess of my discontent,
Made glorious by a legion of munchkins.
And all the frowny faces looming over head
In the deep slumber of nap-time were buried.
I, however, have been cheated from my joy,
Bamboozled from my looks by sickly nature.
Deformed, gross, sent to the nurses office,
Into this weazing world with no band-aid,
And that I am so revolting and unclean,
That girls scream at me as I strut by them-
Why, I, in this silly play time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Except to see my shadow in the jungle gym,
And that's by no means my cup of Kool-aid.
And since I can't have what was taken from me,
To pass away the minutes before math class,

I am determined to prove a villain
And hate the games of recess for ever more.
Plot's I have laid, Ya, its kinda awesome
With use of fibs to bring Susie and Timmy together,
And if Timmy Appleseed is as "cool" and "rad"
As I'm as brilliant, clever, and EVIL
Then this will end the GREAT Timmy Appleseed!
Revenge will be mine. Hush stupendous brain,
Let us now recap, wait until recess.

Maniacal laughter begins to build, while he runs around the playground. In his excitement, he jumps onto the swing, it breaks. Face plant. (Small note: Any time he says GREAT in reference to Timmy, I picture it like Mr. Crocker talking about Fairy's in the Fairly Odd Parents.) Lights shift to...

Lights shift. At the playground outside the elementary school. The jungle gym and field look normal. We are at recess and the playground is mostly empty except for two children talking while sitting on the swings.

SUSIE. It happens...

TIMMY. I know it happens...

SUSIE. Cheer up!

TIMMY. I don't think this is usually considered a cheery situation.

SUSIE. That's why I'm telling you to cheer up!

TIMMY. It's not like a light switch.

SUSIE. Well..... look at it this way! Now you can have TWO Christmas's and get twice as many presents!

TIMMY. Santa's not going to bring presents to both of the houses.

SUSIE. No! Now your parents will buy you Christmas presents separately.

TIMMY. My mom's Jewish.

SUSIE. Then you can have TWO Hanukahs!

TIMMY. But my dad is a Christian.

SUSIE. Well, there you go. Then you can have a Christmas AND a Hanukah!

TIMMY. I have that already.

SUSIE. Well, then I don't see what's so awful about your life Mr. Privileged Pants!!!

Silence.

SUSIE. Sorry. *(beat)* You want one of my Otter Pops? I have like fifty. My mom keeps buying them at Costco like they're going to save my life one day.

TIMMY. No thanks, I'm good.

Silence.

SUSIE. Are you going to have to move?

TIMMY. No, I'll still be in the same town. I'll still be here everyday.

SUSIE. Oh, that's cool. *(Smiles at him)*

TIMMY. Ya. It is. *(Smiles at her)*

Beat. (Slowly look away). Silence

TIMMY. I'm just worried what's going to happen to Rex. They wouldn't ever give him away, but he doesn't know where he's going to wind up at. At least I know what's going to happen to me and can have an opinion of where *I* want to go. He can't say anything though. What if they wind up separating-

The Legion of 50 Kindergardeners swarm the playground and surround Timmy and Susie.

TIMMY. Wow! Hey there, where is your teacher...?

LEGION. YOU PAY TODAY!

BLAKE. *(Hidden From within the horde, (he carries the lunch box, but does not have his mask) in his super villain voice (I think of it as a bad Bane/Darth Vader Impression))* Today, Mr. Appleseed, I am their teacher. And you, you shall be their greatest lesson.

TIMMY. Blake? Is that you?

BLAKE. *(Emerging from the horde)* Why, of course!

SUSIE. Blake, stop being stupid and tell us what are you doing with all these munchkins? Are you teaching them how to be creepy or something?

BLAKE. *(Breaking out of the voice)* Stay out of this, Cream-Cheese! This doesn't concern you.

SUSIE. Excuse me? It sounds like it's past someone's nap-time, doorknob.

BLAKE. I am beyond the realm of nap-time.

SUSIE. Do you even hear yourself when you speak?

BLAKE. It means that you fell for my trap!

SUSIE. Listen here Mr. Baron Von Stupidville. I am nothing but compassionate and full of sensitivity, but you better tell me why you're wasting my time with this diaper brigade before I get really angry.

TIMMY. Dude, you know you can't just steal a bunch of kids, right? That's like, illegal. You're going to get in trouble.

LEGION. **YOU PAY TODAY!**

BLAKE. Now, now Mr. Timothy Appleseed... the First... and soon to be the last! You can't honestly tell me you didn't see this day coming?

TIMMY. (*Looks at the Legion*) No, I can honestly say I didn't see this coming.

SUSIE. Let me guess, this is the day you lost your mind and became the king of the lollipop guild?

BLAKE. HA! Charming and a little outdated of a reference, but no. Today is the day that I have cornered the GREAT Appleseed and shall exact my justice for the wrongs that have been done to me. I'm sorry Ms. Cream-Cheese that you've become a casualty in this war.

SUSIE. Please don't include me in this.

TIMMY. What did I do to you, Blake?

BLAKE. (*With a cocky smile*) You really don't remember, do you?

TIMMY. Is this about me climbing the rope in gym three times faster than you?

BLAKE. No.

SUSIE. Is this about us taking the last pudding cup at lunch you were about to grab?

BLAKE. No.

TIMMY. Is this about the time a group of us hid your pants?

BLAKE. No.

SUSIE. Is this about us, then, pushing you into the girls bathroom without any pants?

BLAKE. No.

TIMMY. Is this about forgetting to tell the bus driver you weren't on the bus when we were at the wax museum...

BLAKE. It should be, but no....

SUSIE. Is it because, before that, we told you the wax figures come to life at night and eat people?

BLAKE. That was really not cool...

TIMMY. Or how about the time we accidentally super glued your head to the table in wood shop?

BLAKE. Alright, listen...

SUSIE. Or is this because we never pick you for dodge ball. Like the fact that we literally just pretend you're not their sometimes and...

BLAKE. Enough!

LEGION. YOU PAY TODAY!

BLAKE. This is about the travesty that you committed yesterday morning! Do you remember the game of kickball you were playing?

TIMMY. Yea-

BLAKE. Ah! You do remember. And do you remember, towards the end of recess, when you were playing your precious game of kick ball out in the field and kicked the ball and... scored the... touchdown-hole in one, I guess? I don't really know what its called.... but it soared through the air, and everyone loved you, clapping for your impressive "achievement". Well, in all your glory, did you happen to see what happened next?

TIMMY. Was this before or after they carried me off the field on their shoulders?

BLAKE. *(Through his teeth)* NO ONE saw that the ball went straight for me.

TIMMY. Oh... I'm sorry if it hit you, I was just playing the game....

BLAKE. Silence! I do not need your apologies. Only your absolute termination!

LEGION. TERMINATION!

SUSIE. ...You really taught the kindergardeners the word, "Termination?" I don't think that's ethical.

BLAKE. Actually, no. They apparently watch a frightening amount of television thats probably not well suited for them. *(Turning to the audience and addressing them like a BBC special)* Thats why I like to read. And see how positive an impact it has had on me? NOW! Back to the matter at hand.... That ball should have gone for me, but instead, it fell upon my cup of Kool-aid. Then, as fate would have it, the cup toppled and spilled all over my lunch box. Desecrating my one and only prize possession. My prized collection of Pokemon cards! *(He lets go of the Pokemon lunch box. It hits*

the ground and out pours from it a collection of soggy Pokemon cards. He picks up one of the cards very tenderly)
Most notably, my treasured Charizard card.

TIMMY. OUCH...

SUSIE. Oh, that's just wonderful. This parade from crazy land is all because of some stupid baseball card?

TIMMY & BLAKE. Pokemon.

SUSIE. Whoa, I'm sorry, what? Are you on his side now?

TIMMY. I mean, there not baseball cards. Thats really kinda offensive to the few of us who play the game.

SUSIE. Oh my gosh, I'm so sorry. How incredibly insensitive of me. Dr. Nut job and his militia of cannibal elves he's sent here to rip us apart over a *card game* clearly isn't as offensive as my harsh misunderstanding. Sticks and stones these little monsters own may break your bones but but heaven forbid my words trample on your squishy feelings!

TIMMY. I mean, at least he's being crazy in a cool way.

BLAKE. See, he understands me.

TIMMY. Well, not really, no. But I get it.

BLAKE. Cool beans.

TIMMY. Ya.

SUSIE. You are both morons!

BLAKE. Whoa there, don't over react, sweet cheeks.

SUSIE. First of all, my name is Cream-Cheese, not sweet cheeks. Second, the next over reaction you will see from me today will be my fist through your face if you keep talking about your cheap little cardboard cards.

BLAKE. *(Contorts himself)* How. Dare. You. They were **HOLOGRAPHIC!**

LEGION. TERMINATION! GOBLIN SAYS YOU PAY TODAY!

TIMMY. Goblin?

BLAKE. *(Normal posture)* They think I'm a goblin. I don't really know why they make that connection. *(Goes back into his contorted pose)*

SUSIE. I have a few guesses why...

TIMMY. Blake, look, I'm sorry, I had no idea. What if we do a trade to make up for it?

LEGION. TRADE?!

BLAKE. I'm sorry, my friend. Once the Kool-aid spills, some wounds just run too deep.

LEGION. YOU PAY TODAY!

SUSIE. Alright, so what now? How are you going to exact your "justice"? Are you going to have the toddler patrol here pin Timmy down and finger paint him into this so called "justice"?

BLAKE. Oh no, my clueless friends. They're not your tormentors. They're just here to keep you in place.

SUSIE. How impressive Blake, you hired a rag tag group of kindergartners to be your muscle?

TIMMY. How did you get them to be so well behaved yet so terrifying at the same time?

BLAKE. That was actually the easy part, apparently animal cracker cookies are something their very found of.

TIMMY. Ah, thats not fair, your dad owns the animal cracker factory!

BLAKE. It's not my fault that animal crackers are the currency of this land.

SUSIE. Unless you and your Oompa-Loompas are going to do something, Willy Wonka, then I'm going to leave you two gals here to chat so you can untangle the panties from your butts.

LEGION. GOBLIN SAYS TERMINATION!

SUSIE. Ok, maybe not.

BLAKE. No, you'r right. Its time to enact what has taken hours of preparation to get ready for. You took something away from me, so I'm going to take something away from you. I know you've been training all semester for that big kickball tournament at the end of this week. It would be a shame if something happened to you and you were forced to stay home. It would be a shame if you had an unfortunate play date with our good mutual friend... *(Super Villain Voice)* Billy Blooper!
(He jumps up onto the jungle gym)

TIMMY. Oh, fudge nuggets. Not Billy. That's low, blake.

SUSIE. What? Whats wrong with Billy?

TIMMY. Its not good. The word is, Billy just got...

BLAKE. Alright boys, wheel him in!

LEGION. SEPARATE!

The Legion moves to create a single walkway in the crowd. Two of them push a baby stroller with Billy Blooper strapped into it. He has an outrageously severe case of pink eye in both his eyes that results in them being both completely crusted over to the point where he cannot see. It's so bad that it has affected his brain and he is now basically a pink eyed zombie.)

BILLY. (*Zombie groans*)

TIMMY & SUSIE. Billy?...

BILLY (*Zombie senses them, turns, and shrieks like a Velociraptor.*)

SUSIE. Why do I keep hanging out with boys?

BLAKE. I needed henchmen who could not only keep you boxed in, but who would also not be afraid to handle Billy. Kindergartners were the perfect solution. They're not afraid of pink eye, they swim in it.

SUSIE. Gross.

TIMMY. Blake, lets just talk this out. I mean, theres other card games out there. I bet you play a mean YU-GI-OH...

BLAKE. UNLEASH THE CARRIER!

LEGION. **UNLEASH THE CARRIER!!**

They release Billy from his straps. He awkwardly yet quickly dashes at TIMMY and SUSIE.

BILLY. (*Zombie groan*) Why... Won't... Any... One... Love... Me...

TIMMY & SUSIE. (*They Scream*)

BILLY. Why... Does... Everything... **Itch...** (*Zombie Groan*)

Billy chases them around the playground. Susie and Timmy keep trying to break free or climb up the jungle gym but the Legion keeps pulling them back in. Blake is on top of the monkey bars laughing maniacally the entire time. Finally, part of the Legion grab hold of Timmy and hold him in place as Billy charges.

TIMMY. Wait! Wait! Wait! Wait! Wait! We can work this out. What about... what about... how about a trade?

Something shifts in the legion. They converge around TIMMY, blocking BILLY from him.

BILLY. (*Sad, confused Zombie groan.*)

LEGION. TRADE?

TIMMY. Ya!

BLAKE. Wait, hold on...

TIMMY. YA! How about I trade your friendship for... (*Tries to think of something*)

LEGION. TRADE FOR!?!.....

TIMMY. Oh crud, I don't really have anything to trade. How about some soggy Pokemon cards.

BLAKE. Those are mine! Have you not been paying attention to why I'm trying to annihilate you this entire time? Does no one listen to my monologues?

SUSIE. Hay! My mom has that huge stock pile of Otter Pops! Would you soul sucking pirañas like some of those?

BLAKE. Whoa. Time out! *(Everyone relaxes)* You can't do that. That's not fair, my family doesn't own the Otter Pop trade!

TIMMY. *(To Blake)* Dude, there flavored frozen syrup, its like a quarter a piece. Time in! *(Everyone jumps back into their poses. To LEGION)* Does that sound good for you?

LEGION.....TRADE! SWITCH FAMILIES! *(Their regroup around Timmy and Susie. Their attention shifts to Blake. They have murder in their eyes)*

SUSIE. Thank you for your neurotic buying needs, mom!

BLAKE. How dare you, you tribal dwarfs! Listen to your Goblin! I order you!

TIMMY. Speaking of families, why don't you all do me a favor and introduce Billy to Blake. Billy has probably been kinda lonely being tied to a baby stroller all day. He could really use a friend to become a big, happy family.

BILLY. *(Happy Zombie groan.)* Family?

LEGION. CARRIER FAMILY!!!! *(They pick up Billy and crowd surf him while charging at Blake)*

BLAKE. NONONONONONONONONONONONONONO! *(While running away)* CURSE YOU TIMOTHY APPLESEED!!!! AND YOUR LITTLE SUSIE CREEM-CHEESE TOO!!!!

The Legion, Billy, and Blake are all gone. Timmy and Susie remain on the playground. Silence

SUSIE. That was weird.

TIMMY. Yes. Yes is was...

SUSIE. Is that a normal reaction over some trading cards.

TIMMY. With some people, ya. I've seen it.

Susie punches him

TIMMY. Ouch!

SUSIE. Your both idiots.

TIMMY. Why am I an idiot?

SUSIE. And now you owe me 50 Otter Pops.

TIMMY. Geeze, alright.

Beat

SUSIE. So... it sucks that your parents are getting divorced.

Blackout.

The playground is emptying. Blake runs into the space, screaming. He is in a lot of excruciating pain. He is holding his hand up against his left eye. At this moment, he does not seem like a child, he seems more like Gloucester in King Lear when his eyes get gouged out. But then he runs straight into a pole and face plants. When he tries to pick himself up, his hands find the lunch box of Pokemon cards. He clutches at them. Takes a moment, with controlled angry and hatred:

BLAKE. Pokemon, art my master. To your law

I am your humble servant. Why should I

Stand in a discussing plague of pink eye

And let these butt munchers deprive me

Of being the very best, like no one

Ever was? What is wrong with wanting

To be a Pokemon Master? Wherefore Lame?

When you prick me, do I not bleed and cry?

When you cancel *Firefly*, do I not weep?

Why brand me as a trouble maker

For my passion, if I have been wronged?

At least my kind just play in the corner

And don't bother anyone. It was you

With you're showing off, that started all this.

Now you have ruined my joy (*points to cards*) and my face (*points to face with the other hand*)

Well then, the GREAT Timothy Appleseed,

I will have to have my revenge...again.

For this time I swear by the heart of the cards,

I pledge to avenge my fallen Pokemon.

Awesome thing- Pokemon. As for Timmy,

Blake the master, shall CRUSH the Appleseed,

And the Cream cheese too. I arise, I rule!

Now fallen Pokemon, stand up for Master!

On the last sentence, he removes his hand, revealing a blood red eye with globs of crust growing from it.

He reaches into the Pokemon lunchbox and removes the half metal mask with a triumphant gesture. There is a really cool flash of lightning, but then it sadly begins to pour and drenches him in water.