

Boundary Issues

Challenge #20

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DRAFT 1.0

CAST OF THE CHARACTERS

Someone waiting for a bus.

Someone **Else**

A **Third** Person

A Fourth Person

A **kid**

Another kid

Yet another kid

A few more kids

SOUND: LOW HUM OF
TRAFFIC.

SCENE 1

(Lights up)

(SOMEONE is standing at a bus stop. Two other people are sitting on a bench. One of them is throwing food for the pigeons. Someone ELSE enters stage left and goes to stand at the bus stop.)

SOMEONE

Hey, how you doing?

ELSE

I'm okay. You?

(A SCHOOL BELL RINGS
FOLLOWED BY THE SOUNDS
OF A HORDE OF CHILDREN
LEAVING SCHOOL.)

SOMEONE

Not bad I guess. A little perplexed about the editing but otherwise okay.

(A bunch of schoolchildren enter stage right. They are making lots of noise and they are passing around a notebook that one KID is trying to get.)

A KID

Give it back! Please. Some— wait, is that, nooooo, that's mine!!!!?

(SOMEONE turns to look at the shrieking children and a THIRD person gets up from the bench and walks over to the pair at the bus stop just in time to be bumped by SOMEONE's backpack as they turn.)

THIRD

Watch it!

SOMEONE

Hunh?

THIRD

You should be more careful with that. It feels like it's full of bricks.

SOMEONE

Not bricks, books.

THIRD

That figures.

A KID

Give it back! Give it back! Com'on, stop it!

ANOTHER KID

Listen to this *"Today at breakfast my sister was mean to me because I like -*

(A KID tackles ANOTHER and the both tumble to the ground. The people at the bus stop are watching the kids.)

THIRD

I suppose you thought no one would recognize you?

SOMEONE

What?! Aaw geez...lookatthat -

A KID

Noooooooooooooo! Give it

(SOMEONE starts to walk in the direction of the children.)

ANOTHER KID

aaaaaaaaarrrrr... YOU BIT ME!!! YOU LITTLE...

(While the 2 children are rolling around fighting, YET ANOTHER KID grabs the notebook and then runs around taunting the KID.)

YET ANOTHER KID

ha , ha. Look at this lame drawing. You're such a lame-o. You can't even colour in the lines. What are you 4 or something? Lame-o! Lame-o! lame-o! Lame-o has no brain-o-

(SOMEONE stands over the children, grabs the notebook and then breaks up the fight by pulling one kid off the other.)

SOMEONE

This is yours?

(The KID nods.)

A KID

Yes. It's my, it's my diary for Missis Reed's.

SOMEONE

Here. Are you okay?

(SOMEONE ELSE walks over to the children and addresses SOMEONE.)

ELSE

You could get in a lot of trouble for that, eh.

SOMEONE

What?

ELSE

You know, for touching those kids.

SOMEONE

Touching them? Are you nuts? I wasn't touching them.

ELSE

Sure you did. I saw you grab their arms. You touched both of them. You should be more careful. I mean it. I have this friend, eh, worked for decades as a teacher. When he started it was normal to touch a kid, like, I mean on the shoulder or even hold them on your lap to read a book. And if you saw a kid walking to or from school in bad weather, or after dark, you'd pick them up. Anyone would. But now he's really afraid - won't even give a kid a lift in a blizzard. Can't be too careful he says. Only takes one person saying one thing and whammo, your life is ruined. I don't know details or anything but he said it happened to a buddy of his. And he says that's why he quit teaching.

So watch it!

MAINTENANCE

Don't you think you should've opened a new file before you—

SOMEONE

Before I what?! You have a problem with how I set things up?

And you! Talking to me like that. With that sneer and your superior tone. I can't believe you really think that way! What's wrong with you exactly?

ELSE

I think you're taking it all a little personally, and reading way too much into my tone and what you think you read in my face.

SOMEONE

Really? You think so? Well I think you should mind your own bloody business and stop going around making heinous accusations!

ELSE

I didn't accuse anyone of anything! All I did was point out that you should -

(The children, still roughhousing and shouting, all make their way toward stage left and exit while A THIRD person walks over to the two people arguing.)

THIRD

I wish you two would stop this arguing. You do this all the time. It's kind of ugly the way you always worry so much about all the worst possibilities of anything. Why is that? An why do you always feel a need to explain or excuse. It's gross to listen to. Really. And you are such a ruminator! I wish that rather than assigning blame, or explaining, or worst of all, justifying, that you just forget about it once in a while.

ELSE

Someone's in a mood.

SOMEONE

What's that - ?

THIRD

Just leave it, okay. Both of you.

(ELON MUSK enters stage right. He is carrying a large parasol and whistling dixie.)

SOMEONE

Well this is awkward.

ELON MUSK

Don't worry, I'm not here to stay. I'm looking for the bus driver. Have you seen her?

A THIRD PERSON

There is no bus today. Besides, I thought your buses were driverless?

SOMEONE

No bus? Are you sure about that? The schedule said –

A THIRD PERSON

Yes, I'm sure. It's my business to know after all. Do you really doubt me? After all this time?

SOMEONE

No but –

ELON MUSK

Hrak, hrrak

A THIRD PERSON

Yes?! Did you –

ELON MUSK

I just wanted to say that if you need a lift somewhere, my car is over there, I'd be happy to uh, I mean if–

A THIRD PERSON

You are *not* supposed to be here! I have a real problem with this. It's bad enough you stuck your nose in yesterday but now you're back again? Look, let's just nip this in the bud shall we, otherwise I'm afraid you're liable to start making a pest of yourself like *some people I know*.

(This last is pointedly directed at SOMEONE.)

SOMEONE

Why are you looking at *me*?

A THIRD PERSON

You know why.

SOMEONE

No. I do not.

A THIRD PERSON

Oh come off it. You really think you're fooling anyone? You're a regular at that bus stop. We've all seen you there. With your books. I also recognized your knapsack. The one full of bricks. Just

give us a break okay. You don't really have to be part of everything that happens do you? It would be one thing if you were interesting or had something of value to say but, quite frankly my dear, you are boring and we are all pretty tired of you.

SOMEONE

Is that a royal we?
You know, you're pretty horribly mean.
Funny that I never noticed it before.

A THIRD PERSON

Maybe you bring it out in me.

SOMEONE

Thanks Elon, I'd love a lift. Let's blow this popsicle stand.

(Elon and SOMEONE exit stage right. Lights fade, end of scene 1)

SCENE 2

(Lights up. Much later. Some people out on the street near a bus stop.)

A THIRD PERSON

—and that's what happened. It was pretty weird i think.

(BLAIR TAYLOR enters stage right. Blair wears a bus driver's uniform and clownish or colourful shoes.)

ELSE

Now who is this? Someone else in the wrong—

BLAIR TAYLOR

Has anyone seen Elon? I thought he was going to meet me here.

A THIRD PERSON

Ummm, well yeah. We saw Elon. He was in the wrong place, as are you. I know there's been a lot of leeway and all and some of you have been given room to come and go as you please but there are limits. Didn't they ever explain anything to you lot about boundaries?

(She gave him a funny look and began searching her pockets.)

ELSE

Yes, I have to agree. With all this crossing over and poking of noses into other people's business it makes it a bit challenging to have any kind of coherent conversation. Maybe you should just let us get on with it. By which I mean go look for your pal Elon or someone.

BLAIR TAYLOR

oh! I can't bel-

A THIRD PERSON

Good idea. Get lost.

(BLAIR walks back toward stage right looking hurt and dejected, maybe crying.)

A THIRD PERSON

Am I horrible or what? I know I can do and say things that are hurtful but I don't actually believe I am bad, even if others do, or treat me that way.

What do you think?

(SOMEONE ELSE shrugs.)

ELSE

I dunno, I really don't know what to think.

Maybe we're all horrible.

I'm going to try and catch up, say I'm sorry.

(SOMEONE ELSE exits, lights fade to black)