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Dramatic Publishing

THE BULLY PLAYS

24 Short Plays by

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(THE BULLY PLAYS)

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Here Be Dragons

By Doug Cooney

CHARACTERS

BOOPIE.....	14, an athletic boy
CASSIE	12 to 14, a tall, popular girl
SIMON	12 to 13, a short, brainy boy
TYRANNOSAURUS.....	a dinosaur
APATOSAURUS.....	a dinosaur
VELOCIRAPTOR.....	a dinosaur

NOTE: The three middle-school students are not friends. The dinosaurs can be portrayed by average kids in street clothes, using posture and attitude.

SETTING AND TIME: A natural history museum. The present.

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Three kids have been bickering their way through the natural history museum when three of the dinosaurs on exhibition suddenly come to life.

BOOPIE. *Dinosaurs!*

SIMON. We're poop! We're poop! We're...

ALL THREE KIDS. —Dinosaur poop!

(LIGHTS shift: mystical, creepy, prehistoric. The ROARING fades into the distance. The DINOSAURS present themselves. Again, they appear ferocious—but are surprisingly gentle.)

TYRANNOSAURUS. Hey—hush now. Settle down.

VELOCIRAPTOR. We don't mean any harm.

APATOSAURUS. Gosh, sorry if that got too loud, but we had to get your attention. And you were making such a racket!

VELOCIRAPTOR. Wow. You kids are vicious! It never lets up!

TYRANNOSAURUS. It's fascinating, really. Are you always at each other's throats?

BOOPIE. Not always. Well...

CASSIE. —It happens...

SIMON. —Maybe. Mostly—

CASSIE (*insert the appropriate year*). —It is seventh grade...

VELOCIRAPTOR. Wowie-wow-wow. I thought the Cretaceous Period was bad—but seventh grade is ferocious!

CASSIE. It's not so bad. High school is worse.

APATOSAURUS. Worse like the Jurassic Period—?

TYRANNOSAURUS (*appreciative*). Whoa!...

ALL THREE DINOSAURS. —*Here Be Dragons*.

SIMON. We're not dragons.

BOOPIE (*to DINOSAURS*). You're the dragons.

VELOCIRAPTOR (*you idiot*). No, we're not. We're dinosaurs.

TYRANNOSAURUS. Dinosaurs had it rough—but nothing like middle school. You dragons are so awful to each other.

APATOSAURUS. I wonder if middle school turns you into a dragon—or turning into a dragon means you're in middle school...

CASSIE. Wait a minute. We're just kids being kids! We're not *dragons*! You guys actually *ate* each other.

TYRANNOSAURUS. Only because we were hungry!

APATOSAURUS. Excuse me! I was an herbivore. Strictly green. But I will say—if I ran into a carnivore and he wasn't hungry, he could be quite pleasant and polite. Unless he was hungry.

VELOCIRAPTOR. Even then it was only claws and teeth! Never words or spite!

APATOSAURUS. —Or whispering!—or insults—!

TYRANNOSAURUS. —Or names! Omigosh, the *names!*
You dragons are awesome! (*A beat, then...*) Teach us to
be like you!

APATOSAURUS. No-no-no, it's too late for that. Our time
has passed...

VELOCIRAPTOR. And our brains were the size of peanuts!
We could never have come up with really mean things to
say...

APATOSAURUS. —Right. Certainly not like dragons. I
can't say I'd want to be a dragon. They're so solitary and
unhappy and they never have any friends, not really.

VELOCIRAPTOR. Who could they trust?

SIMON. Hold up! Wrong! We're not dragons; we're kids!

TYRANNOSAURUS. But you act like dragons.

CASSIE. That's only to protect ourselves!—

APATOSAURUS. —Protect from what?—

CASSIE. —From other kids!