

BOX

33

Appendix

For a smaller cast size of 10 (3M+5W+2 Either)

ONE: Hoax, Drama, Ease, Taylor, Stone, Group A

TWO: Hearsay, Rumour 1, Charlie, Shaky, Group A

THREE : Marshall, Rumour 3, Tom, Jumpy, Group A

FOUR: Patrick, Pease, Jonah, Touchy, Group B

FIVE: Whisper, Claudia, Justice, Dori, Group B

SIX: Erin, Lane, Harper, Group B

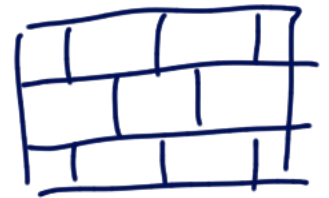
SEVEN: Maren, Rayna, Rumour 2, Diamond, Group C

EIGHT: Secrets, Amy, Calm, Brenna, Group C

NINE: Tattle, Commentator 1. Tense, Group C

TEN: Deputy, Commentator 2, Still, Cool, Group C

In the Rumour scene, the 2 STUDENTS are played by Rumour 1 and 2



Use this version of the opening vignette.

ALL: This is my box.

ONE: I'm cardboard—temporary.

nick **TWO:** I'm made out of wood. Oak. No one pushes me around.

pop **FIVE:** Lock box. A steel lock box. Nothing goes in. Nothing goes out.

THREE: Black box—the kind that survives plane crashes.

FOUR: Match box—If you play with fire, you might get burned. *(he snaps and points a finger)* You might like it.

SIX: Really?

FIVE: Gross.

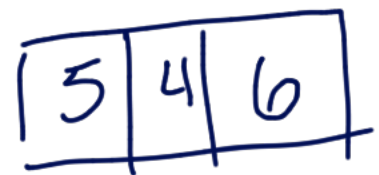
SIX: Is that how you get girls?

FOUR: Don't hate me cause I'm honest.

FIVE: We hate you cause you're gross.

SEVEN: Music box—the kind when you open it and a tiny little ballerina goes round and round. It's my grandmother's. I play it before I go to sleep.

EIGHT: I am a Kobako.



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LINDSAY PRICE

FIVE: A koba-what?

EIGHT: A decorative storage box used to store incense. It means small box in Japanese.

FIVE: Uh huh. That's weird.

EIGHT: Oh, absolutely.

NINE: Pandora's box. Every time I open my mouth everything bad gushes out.

FIVE: (*looking around*) I am surrounded by weird people.

SEVEN: Pandora let hope out of the box. Hope is good.

NINE: I guess.

TEN: Lunch box.

FOUR: You carry a lunch box?

TWO: They're for kids.

TEN: It's Gucci. No one makes fun of me.

FOUR: Maybe not to your face.

SEVEN: What's inside of it?

TEN: Nothing. I don't eat lunch.

FIVE: You just carry it around? An empty lunch box.

TEN: It's Gucci.

SEVEN: You don't eat lunch?

FIVE: I hate people.

ONE: This is my box.

EIGHT: It's who I am.

SEVEN: I wanted to decorate but my mom told me to take the stickers off.

EIGHT: I think glitter solves everything.

FOUR: This is my box.

ELEVEN: It's not so bad.

NINE: It's who I am.

5	8
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9	5	8
7	9	
7	10	9
4	10	2
5	10	7

↑
walk
out of frame

1	
7	8

4
11
9

BOX

9

THE VOICE: This concludes your morning announcements.

ANDREA and HUGH turn smartly and exit.

walk off SC

KASEY: (calling out) Why am I holding an orange?

[K]

THE VOICE: Kasey Mack report to the office.

KASEY: What? Me? Why?

THE VOICE: Eating food during class time is against school policy.

KASEY: (holding up the orange) I'm not eating it.

THE VOICE: Holding food during class time is against school policy.

KASEY: You're making that up.

THE VOICE: Are you contradicting me? The penalties for contradicting—

KASEY: I'm not, I'm not! Ugh. How many days of school are left?

THE VOICE: One hundred and seventeen. Not that I'm counting. Office! Now!

~~The warning bell sounds. It repeats as KASEY scrambles offstage and MAREN enters. At the same time HOAX, WHISPER, TATTLE, and HEARSAY run on and get into place. Their heads are down.~~

~~There is no blackout for this. It all happens at the same time with the lights on.~~

The warning bell cuts off. MAREN holds up a box.

MAREN: This is my box. I have been trying for months to get another one. I don't want to be known for—it's not my fault Jenny said that stuff. None of it's true. I didn't do anything she said. But it doesn't matter. I can feel them looking at me. Talking about me. I've been trying and trying but I can't get away from this stupid box. It's stuck. I'm stuck. Why can't I determine who I am and how people see me? Ugh! This is my box.

[M]

~~MAREN exits as HOAX, WHISPER, TATTLE, and HEARSAY look up.~~

HOAX, WHISPER, TATTLE, & HEARSAY: Ugh!

mimic maren

The four talk as if they are sharing juicy gossip.

HOAX: My lungs are backwards.

come up from bottom of screen

He	W
T	Ho

bell
music? into monologue
close up on
maren's
box
whispering?
maren sitting

music

10

LINDSAY PRICE

WHISPER: I kissed him.

TATTLE: My mom's new boyfriend just got out a prison.

HEARSAY: I was grounded for a whole year.

HOAX: I have an illegal inhaler.

WHISPER: He kissed me.

TATTLE: I was abandoned when I was five. They found me eating garbage on the streets.

HEARSAY: My parents had to stop the police from locking me up.

~~They look at one another and shrug. They now speak normally.~~

look around
box thrown @
them

HOAX: I have asthma. (beat) That's it.

WHISPER: He's lived beside me since I was two years old. That's it.

TATTLE & HEARSAY: I have no idea.

TATTLE: Eating garbage? Really? Who comes up with that?

HOAX: Words.

WHISPER: Just words.

TATTLE: That's all it takes to build a box.

~~HOAX, WHISPER and TATTLE turn around. They stay with their backs to the audience. HEARSAY takes the moment of silence to look left, and right. There's no one looking. HEARSAY takes a step away from his/her box. No one notices. He/she takes another step. No one notices. He/she starts to bolt offstage when the MARSHALL and the DEPUTY enter blowing a whistle.~~

MARSHAL: Hold it right there!

~~MARSHALL and the DEPUTY each grab an arm and drag HEARSAY back.~~

MARSHALL: Where do you think you're going?

HEARSAY: Nowhere...

DEPUTY: You were trying to escape your reputation.

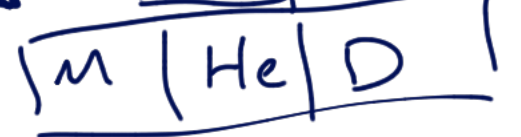
MARSHALL: (blows whistle) Try to deny it!



look @ box
put down on ground



walk away
STOP w/ whistle



facing back,
turn back
around

whistle

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LINDSAY PRICE

intense music

~~DRAMA takes AMY and CLAUDIA down like a lion.~~
~~Everyone onstage reacts and turns away.~~

Drama jump @ camera

screen black

CLAUDIA & AMY: AHHH! - voices

BOTH COMMENTATORS: Oh! - fade C back in

C1	C2	C3
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COMMENTATOR TWO: (serious) Drama strikes again.

COMMENTATOR ONE: (serious) Tragic.

COMMENTATOR TWO: (upbeat) Next, we're going to take you the cafeteria where I believe we'll be able to catch the rarely seen three-headed Rumour.

COMMENTATOR ONE: (upbeat) Exciting!

Everyone turns to see RUMOUR (three actors) entering. CLAUDIA, AMY, and DRAMA exit in the opposite direction.

RUMOR
C1/C2/C3

As the COMMENTATORS talk in hushed tones, RUMOUR stalks around the stage, looking for prey.

COMMENTATOR ONE: I can't believe we're seeing a Rumour up close like this.

COMMENTATOR TWO: Indeed. What we often see is the result of the Rumour, the aftermath of carnage and destruction.

COMMENTATOR ONE: Let's watch.

RUMOUR ONE: Did you hear?

RUMOUR TWO: What?

RUMOUR THREE: Lane Ripley got 100% on that County Math Test.

RUMOUR ONE: Impossible!

RUMOUR TWO: She must have cheated.

RUMOUR THREE: Did you hear?

RUMOUR TWO: What?

RUMOUR ONE: Lane Ripley cheated on the county math test.

RUMOUR TWO: Of course she did.

RUMOUR THREE: What a fake.

Rumour

BOX

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PEACE: You'll get pulled under.

CALM: Pushed aside.

EASE: Dragged down.

STILL: And yet,

PEACE: If I look at my hands. - stay

CALM: If I look at my feet. - stay

EASE: If I count to ten. - stay

STILL: If I take a deep breath. - stay

PEACE: I can see myself. Ten fingers, all mine. Perfectly formed. I'm not a piece of garbage to be stomped on.

CALM: I see the shoelaces I picked out. I don't have to be like everyone else.

EASE: I don't have to panic. I can get to the next class and the next and the next. And then the day is over.

STILL: I can find stillness. I can find myself.

~~Everyone freezes.~~ The music fades. The FOUR look at one another and smile.

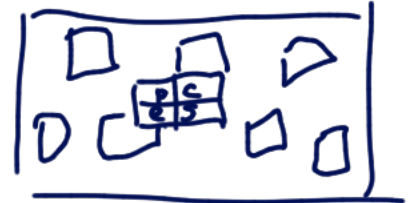
PEACE: It's not so bad, is it. (takes a deep breath) It's not so bad.

All of a sudden the world explodes onstage. A huge wind storm. Everyone moves as if they are blown about by the wind. They stumble, crawl, fall backwards, all moving as if fighting a big wind. Use wind sounds, or music that explores the rush of movement— "Flight of the Bumblebee" for example.

TOM enters as if he is fighting the wind. He is holding an open-sided box.

Once TOM is in place, the music snaps off. This prompts everyone onstage to freeze.

TOM: What's a box got? Four sides. A bottom and a top. Anybody good with numbers? (counting his sides) One. Two sides. No Top. My box is incomplete. Everything blows in and out and I can never hold on. Just an open-ended loser. I don't know who I am. How could I? Nothing stays in my box long enough. Everyone else seems to have things figured out. (looking around) Look at



* deep breathing →



smiling, more relaxed

rewind / record scratch
crazy music

reverse last scene

