

THE SURVIVOR *and Other Urban Legends*

*American Folklore
Adapted for the stage by*

Bryan Starchman

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DEDICATION

This play is dedicated to my mom and dad who always made sure there were no monsters under my bed.

STORY OF THE PLAY

These stories will make your skin crawl and your blood turn cold. We start with a whirlwind tour that covers many of the famous and infamous urban legends we've grown up hearing and fearing. It then delves deeper, dramatizing in chilling detail, "The Survivor." A man is the sole survivor of a plane crash who has lost his only love, but while the other bodies have been retrieved, hers will never be found. After leaving the show you will definitely feel the need to check the back seat of your car and look under your bed before going to sleep; but beware of your dreams because these spooky tales will stick with you for quite some time.

(This one-act play is excerpted from the full-length play, "Urban Legends.")

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(Widely flexible cast, minimum of 7 actors)

Scene 1: Opening Scene

Actor 1: Hitchhiker, Son, Soldier
Actor 2: Young Man, Doctor
Actress 1: Betsy, Nurse, Waitress
Actress 2: Driver, Older Woman

Scene 2: The Survivor

Doctor Tuttle (*Flexible*)
Bernard Sap
Chloe Reynolds
Narrator (*Flexible*)
Edward Reynolds
Jenny Reynolds
Frank

Scene 4: Final Scene

Actor 1
Actor 2
Actress 1
Actress 2

Scene 1: Opening Scene

(AT RISE: Two ACTORS and two ACTRESSES are standing across the apron, looking out at the audience. They act as narrators and re-enact the various short tales that start our show. Basic props are needed, including four chairs that can be arranged to represent a car, a bed, a hospital gurney, etc.)

ALL: This really happened.

ACTOR 1: I swear to you...

ALL: This is absolutely true.

ACTOR 2: I read about it in the newspaper.

ACTRESS 1: It was sent to me in an e-mail from someone who saw it.

ACTRESS 2: I wasn't there, but it happened to my uncle's brother's daughter.

(The OTHER THREE look down at HER in disbelief while she stares out at the audience with a blank naïve stare.)

ALL: This really *truly* happened.

(A SPOTLIGHT shines on ACTOR 1 as the OTHERS exit the stage. Throughout these scenes one actor acts as the narrator in a spotlight while the other three play out the urban legend in a separate area of the stage.)

ACTOR 1: Would I lie to you?

(LIGHTS come up on ACTRESS 1 as Betsy. She sits on a chair and puts her feet up on another chair to simulate lying in bed. She places a blanket over her legs. A text book sits in her lap; one hand hangs down, the other holds a cell phone to her ear.)

ACTOR 1: There was this girl that my sister's college roommate went to high school with.

BETSY: (*On the phone.*) Hi Dad, how's Hawaii? How is Mom doing?

ACTOR 1: Her parents went to Hawaii for a second honeymoon, leaving their only daughter at home because she had to study for the SATs.

BETSY: (*On the phone.*) Yes, I made myself some dinner. Tell Mom thanks for the leftovers she had waiting for me in the fridge. The turkey was delicious.

ACTOR 1: But she wasn't alone...her faithful dog Reggie was lying under her bed.

BETSY: (*On the phone.*) Of course I locked all the doors, because unlike *someone* I know, I'm actually responsible. (*Beat.*) I'm talking about *you*, Dad; you left the front door wide open when you drove away. Leaves had blown in all over the living room by the time I got home from school.

ACTOR 1: But her father distinctly remembers locking the door. He even stopped the car halfway down the driveway to double check because he knew his daughter would be home alone for the next week.

BETSY: (*On the phone.*) Well Dad, you *are* getting older. Maybe you just *think* you locked the door. Besides, don't worry, I'm safely locked away in my bedroom for the night, studying, and I have Reggie under the bed to protect me.

ACTOR 1: But her pet pooch has been acting strange all night.

BETSY: (*On the phone.*) Of course I put food in his bowl, but he didn't come when I called for him. I looked all over and finally gave up. About an hour ago I got into bed to study and he scared the heck out of me. I reached down to grab my calculator and he started licking me. You know how he gets when you aren't around to play with him, he's just sulking.

ACTOR 1: The girl says her goodbyes...

BETSY: (*On the phone.*) I love you, Dad, and give a big hug to Mom from me. I'll call you tomorrow.

ACTOR 1: ...and gets back to studying.

BETSY: (*Puts the phone down and opens up her book. Putting her hand down under her bed.*) You sure you don't want some dinner, Reggie?

(An ACTOR off stage makes panting noises on a microphone, barks a couple of times, and then starts to make licking sounds.)

BETSY: Ok, just don't whine to me if you get hungry during the night.

ACTOR 1: But the girl can't concentrate because a leaky faucet starts to drip in the bathroom.

(SFX: Dripping water.)

ACTOR 1: Like the relentless ticking of a clock, it becomes all she can focus on.

(SFX: Drip...drip...drip....)

ACTOR 1: She tries to ignore it, but eventually she can't take it anymore.

BETSY: When is Dad going to fix that faucet?

(BETSY swings her legs out of bed and walks down stage where she mimes opening a bathroom door and stares out at the audience in shock.)

ACTOR 1: *(Regarding Betsy's horrified look from a distance.)* ...It wasn't a leaky faucet that she heard. When she opened the door, there was her dog, Reggie, hanging headless from the shower curtain rod, dripping blood.

BETSY: Reggie...Reggie!?!

ACTOR 1: But she didn't start to scream...not until she realized that humans can lick hands too.

(BETSY looks back at her "bed" and then screams out in terror as the LIGHTS black out. SHE walks out of her scene and crosses down right where a spotlight picks her up.)

ACTRESS 1/BETSY: This happened.

End of Freeview

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