

THE ADVENTURES OF BAD

By Alaska Reece Vance

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SYNOPSIS: Everyone wants Bad to be really, really bad. Terribly bad, like all the other animals at Forest School. She is a honey badger after all. When Miss Skunk sends a note home to Mr. and Mrs. Badger that says, “I was nice today,” they promptly faint, and kick Bad out of the house. Will crazy animal antics, a narrator on strike and a mosquito who thinks he’s king help Bad and her new too-cute-to-be-true friend save the forest from the mysterious robin robber? The whole family will laugh and cheer as Bad finds the courage to be kind in the face of peer pressure.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(4-9 either; gender flexible, doubling possible)

ACTOR 1 (f/m)

MISS SKUNK.....(34 lines)

MS. CHICKENThe narrator. (27 lines)

Also plays, THE THIEF. (5 lines)

ACTOR 2 (f/m)

STING THE MOSQUITO.....(28 lines)

MAMA BADGER.....(18 lines)

MAYOR OWL.....(3 lines)

ACTOR 3 (f/m)

MASH.....The saltwater crocodile. (26 lines)

PAPA BADGER(21 lines)

PINKY.....The red panda. (86 lines)

ACTOR 4 (f/m)

BADThe honey badger. (135 lines)

NOTE: *In the original cast Actor 1 and 4 were female, and Actor 2 and 3 were male.*

DURATION: Approximately 40 minutes

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

- SCENE 1:** Forest school
SCENE 2: Outside of Bad's home
SCENE 3: Outside of Bad's home
SCENE 4: Outside of Bad's home
SCENE 5: Outside of Bad's home

PRODUCTION NOTES

Scenes should flow seamlessly from one to the next. A couple well-placed stumps or rocks and a fun forest background can be used for every scene. In the original production, four actors played all the characters. This worked well and the audience had lots of fun watching the actors switch between roles. All the actors wore a bright base costume and added and subtracted costume pieces (hats, glasses etc.) to suggest the different characters. For Actor 3's quick change from Mash to Pinky at the beginning of Scene 3, Actor 4 began singing offstage and entered when the costume change was complete. For Sting's quick change into Mama Badger near the end of Scene 3, the actor took enough time with the over-the-top screaming offstage to facilitate the change.

PROPS

- Notepad (Miss Skunk)
- Pen (Miss Skunk)
- Note that says "I was nice today" (Miss Skunk)
- Business Card (Ms. Chicken/Thief)
- "Strike!" sign (Ms. Chicken/Thief)
- Gag (Ms. Chicken/Thief)
- Foam baseball bat (Ms. Chicken/Thief)
- List of names (Ms. Chicken/Thief)
- "No Good Girls Allowed"/"Good Girls Welcome" sign (Papa Badger)
- "Don't Eat The Yellow Snow" sign (Sting)
- Chalk or Marker (Sting)
- "Down With The Man sign (Mash)
- Chalk or Marker (Mash):
- Pinecone (Bad)

PRODUCTION HISTORY

The Adventures of Bad was originally produced with The Drifting Theatre Company (TN) in 2014.

ACTOR 1.....Natasha Trombly/Liz Dollar
ACTOR 2..... Daniel Harr
ACTOR 3.....Nate Cooper/Alaska Reece Vance
ACTOR 4.....RaChelle Cheeks

DEDICATION

For Will and Sophie

SCENE 1

AT RISE: *The stage is set to represent the forest school. MASH THE SALTWATER CROCODILE, STING THE MOSQUITO and BAD THE HONEY BADGER are listening to MISS SKUNK teach the class.*

MISS SKUNK: Are you ready for the next question?

MASH, STING and BAD: Yes Miss Skunk.

MISS SKUNK: When a friendly forest animal approaches you and says, “Lovely day isn’t it,” how should you respond?

MASH and STING raise their hands enthusiastically.

Mash?

MASH: Get lost?

MISS SKUNK: Sting?

STING: Beat it?

MASH: Oh, how ‘bout “What’s it to you”?

STING: Or “Your mom’s day is lovely.”

MASH: Burn!

STING and MASH high-five each other.

MISS SKUNK: Those are all excellent answers class, but the best response to “Lovely day isn’t it?” is “It was, until you came around!” Repeat after me “It was, until you came around!”

MASH, STING and BAD: It was, until you came around!

MISS SKUNK: Again.

MISS SKUNK, MASH, STING and BAD: It was, until you came around!

MISS SKUNK: Very good. Now let’s do some role-play. Sting, you be the friendly forest animal.

STING moans and MASH pokes fun of him.

And Bad, you play the well-educated, perfectly rude student.

MASH and STING: No fair! Why does she get that part? (etc.)

MISS SKUNK: All right Sting, approach Bad in the forest.

STING and BAD get up to act out the scene. STING walks up to BAD.

STING: Lovely day isn't it?

MISS SKUNK: Go on Bad. What do you say?

BAD: I—

STING and MASH: It was, until you can around!

MISS SKUNK: Try again.

STING: Lovely day, isn't it?

BAD: It... It was, until you... Miss Skunk? How about if we were nice?

MISS SKUNK: What?

BAD: If we were... you know... nice.

MISS SKUNK: What?

BAD: Nice. We. Us.

MISS SKUNK, STING and MASH: What?

BAD: I mean, could we be—

MISS SKUNK, STING and MASH: Nice?

BAD: Yes. When someone says "lovely day" maybe we could say, "yes it is" or "how are you?"

STING and MASH snicker.

Or even just "hello."

STING and MASH burst into laughter.

MISS SKUNK: That's all for today class. Remember to study your Insultology textbooks. We'll have a quiz on chapter two Monday. Have an awful weekend everyone. Bad, stay.

STING and MASH exit. BAD remains.

BAD: Yes Miss Skunk?

MISS SKUNK: Bad, if you are currently taking idiot pills, I recommend you lower the dosage.

BAD: I don't understand.

MISS SKUNK: That's no surprise. But understand this, if you keep acting up in class I'm going to have to speak to your parents.

BAD: I wasn't—

MISS SKUNK: "Let's be nice"? What has gotten into you?

BAD: I'm tired of being mean all the time.

MISS SKUNK: Goodness gracious. It would take a first-rate detective to locate your brain. I'm sending home a note.

MISS SKUNK begins to write the note.

BAD: No, please, I'll be meaner, I promise—

MISS SKUNK: Take this to Mrs. Badger. Your mother's going to be very disappointed in you.

BAD: I—

MISS SKUNK: Scat.

MISS SKUNK exits and BAD begins her walk home. MASH and STING meet her on the road.

STING: Oooo. Look at Bad!

BAD: Hey Sting.

MASH: She got it good.

BAD: Hey Mash.

STING: What's that? A note?

STING snatches the note from BAD and MASH snatches the note from STING.

MASH: Bad's got a note for her parents!

STING: What's it say?

MASH reads the note.

MASH: "I was nice today"

STING: Burn!

STING and MASH high-five each other.

MASH: Your mom and dad are going to be the laughing stock of the forest!

STING: They'll pay you to run away from home.

MASH: Burn!

STING and MASH high-five each other.

BAD: Cut it out guys.

MASH: Here's what you do.

MASH wads up the note and tosses it on the ground.

STING and MASH: Litterbugs rule!

BAD picks up the note and smooths out the wrinkles.

BAD: I can't do that. I'm sure Miss Skunk will ask them about it at the parent-teacher confrontation Tuesday.

MASH: Man. As ruthless, uncaring, and cruel-hearted as I am, I admit I feel a little sorry for you.

STING: Serves her right. Bad's so awfully nice.

BAD: I can't help it. Sting, you're a mosquito. It's natural for you to bite at everyone. And Mash, it doesn't get much more cantankerous than a saltwater crocodile.

MASH: Thanks.

STING: Well you're a honey badger.

MASH: Yeah. Honey Badgers are supposed to be the meanest animals in the entire world.

BAD: It doesn't sound that way. "Honey Badger". It's sweet. Like you just want to nuzzle the daylights outta me. "Honey Badger."

STING: Aww... Yeah. Nuzzle nuzzle—

STING nuzzles BAD. MASH pulls him away.

MASH: Well you know what they say "A skunk by any other name will smell as foul"

BAD: Huh?

STING: Who's "they"?

MASH: That Snake Spear dude. The slithering poet that 99% of the forest can't stand.

STING: Hate that guy. You want to go heckle the daylight's outta him?

MASH: Totally.

STING and MASH exit leaving BAD alone.

SCENE 2

AT RISE: *Immediately following. MS. CHICKEN, a no-nonsense chicken, enters. As she speaks, the stage is set to represent outside of BAD's home.*

MS. CHICKEN: Bad trudged through the forest, dreading what her parents would say when they read—

BAD: Who are you?

MS. CHICKEN: Ms. Chicken. Your trusty neighborhood narrator. Ba-Bawk!

MS. CHICKEN hands BAD her business card.

My card. *(To audience.)* Hello.

BAD: *(Reads.)* "Call triple 8 Narrate for all your narration needs." Um, ma'am?

MS. CHICKEN: Yes?

BAD: Not trying to be critical or anything, but if we were going to have narrator for this story, shouldn't you have been here earlier?

MS. CHICKEN: Excuse me?

BAD: Well, I mean, shouldn't you have started the story? Like "once upon a time"—

MS. CHICKEN: There was a lot of traffic.

BAD: In the forest?

MS. CHICKEN: Monkeys swinging around and – Big... flying I don't know... eagles or – Are you trying to fire me?

BAD: I wasn't—

MS. CHICKEN: Because we have a union, you know. A narrator's union—

BAD: Um—

MS. CHICKEN: So back off!

BAD: Oh—

MS. CHICKEN: As I was trying to say before I was so rudely interrupted—

BAD: Sorry about—

MS. CHICKEN: Bad trudged through the forest... *(To Bad.)* Go on, trudge. *(To audience.)* Towards her coop, or den, or whatever, where she was sure to be severely scolded by mama badger and papa badger. And probably grounded for half of forever. And probably forced to spend her entire life in misery and humiliation. And probably sentenced to utter agony and—

BAD: I think we were doing fine without a narrator.

MS. CHICKEN: I can't work in these conditions! Strike! Strike! Calling for a strike! Ba-Bawk!

MS. CHICKEN goes to the audience and encourages them to chant "Strike! Strike! Strike!" with her. After she has succeeded in rallying the audience she storms offstage, chanting.

BAD: Wait – *(To audience.)* Sorry about that - But she's right. I'm going to be in loads of trouble. *(She reads the note.)* "I was nice today" I can't possibly show Mama and Papa Badger this note!

PAPA BADGER enters.

PAPA BADGER: What note?

MAMA BADGER enters.

MAMA BADGER: Did someone say note?

BAD: Oh Hi Mama, Papa I –

PAPA BADGER: Is there a note?

MAMA BADGER: A school note?

PAPA BADGER: A note from your teacher?

MAMA BADGER: Did you bring it home?

MAMA BADGER and PAPA BADGER: The note?

BAD: *(To audience.)* Were they always this attentive?

MAMA and PAPA BADGER lean in close to BAD and wait for the note. BAD hands MAMA BADGER the note.

MAMA BADGER: *(Reads.)* “I was nice today.”

PAPA BADGER: What? Let me see that.

PAPA BADGER takes the note.

(Reads.) “I was nice today.”

MAMA BADGER and PAPA BADGER: *(Read.)* “I was nice today”?

MAMA BADGER: Bad, how could you do this to us?

PAPA BADGER: Didn’t we raise you badder?

MAMA BADGER: I’m feeling faint.

PAPA BADGER: I’m going to pass out from shock.

MAMA BADGER: Me too!

PAPA BADGER: Me three!

MAMA BADGER and PAPA BADGER pass out.

BAD: Um... Mama... Papa... Hello?

MAMA BADGER and PAPA BADGER spring awake.

PAPA BADGER: Oh Bad, I had the worst nightmare.

MAMA BADGER: Me too!

PAPA BADGER: Me three!

MAMA BADGER: I dreamt Bad had turned good. And we passed out on the floor and—

PAPA BADGER sees the note in his hand. HE reads, screams and throws it. MAMA BADGER picks it up, reads, screams and throws it.

PAPA BADGER: Honey Badgers are mean animals. Vicious animals.

MAMA BADGER and PAPA BADGER: They are not nice.

MAMA BADGER: If you’re going to be a good girl, then you can find a new place to live.

PAPA BADGER: Yeah!

PAPA BADGER hangs a sign on the front door that conveniently says, "No good girls allowed."

MAMA BADGER: It's difficult to imagine life without my daughter, but I embrace a challenge.

PAPA BADGER: I know your path will take you far.

MAMA BADGER: Feel free to stay there.

PAPA BADGER: So long. And if you need anything—

MAMA BADGER: Hesitate to call!

MAMA BADGER and PAPA BADGER exit, slamming the door behind them.

BAD: Well that was functional.

MS. CHICKEN enters with a picket sign.

So Miss Narrator, what happens now?

MS. CHICKEN: Strike, remember?

BAD: Of course.

MS. CHICKEN: (*Chants*) Eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep, eight hours for what we will!

MS. CHICKEN exits, chanting "eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep, eight hours for what we will."

BAD: I guess I'm on my own.

STING and MASH enter.

STING: Hey Bad. What's up?

MASH: Besides your cholesterol level.

STING: Burn!

STING and MASH high-five each other.

BAD: Okay that wasn't even—

STING: We heard there was a major protest going on over here.

MASH: And we came to join, see?

MASH and STING hold up their signs. MASH's sign says "Down with the man" and STING's says, "Don't eat the yellow snow".

BAD: I think it's just a narrators' union thing.

MASH: Cool.

MASH crosses out "the man" on his sign and STING crosses out "snow". They write "narrators" in place of the words. Now their signs say "Down with narrators" and "Don't eat the yellow narrators".

MASH: So how'd your parents take your note?

BAD: They kicked me out.

MASH: Cool.

STING: Where you gonna live?

BAD: I don't know. I guess I'll go on a journey.

MASH: Cool.

BAD: I suppose that makes me the protagonist in this story.

STING: Huh?

MASH: Cool. Come on Sting. Let's find the protest.

STING and MASH exit.

SCENE 3

AT RISE: *Immediately following. Outside of Bad's home.*

BAD: And so the brave hero of our story, Bad the honey badger, embarked on an epic journey to discover her destiny.

BAD begins to walk through the forest.

The path was long and narrow and full of... pinecones, but still she trudged on, with courage in her heart and a song on her lips. *(Sings.)* "Found a peanut, found a peanut, found a peanut, just

now— ” After three days, and a lot of verses about peanuts, she had finally reached... exactly the same place she started out – how did that happen?

PINKY the RED PANDA enters singing.

PINKY: (*Singing.*) “Cracked it open, cracked it open, cracked it open just now...” And the hero of our story, Pinky the Red Panda, reached the forest, where he came across... a honey badger.

BAD: Wait a minute, who did you say you are?

PINKY: Pinky, the Red Panda.

BAD: No, before that.

PINKY: The hero. Of the story. You know, the protagonist.

BAD: Gee I hate to be the one to break this to you, but that position’s taken.

PINKY: Really? By whom?

BAD: You’re looking at her. Hi. I’m Bad.

PINKY motions at the audience.

PINKY: And who are they?

BAD: The audience.

PINKY: What do they do?

BAD: Just... watch and... you mean you don’t have an audience watching your life unfold before their very eyes?

PINKY: Nope.

BAD: (*To Audience*) And he thought he was the protagonist.

PINKY: So where you headed?

BAD: A journey. A hero’s journey. You know, the usual.

PINKY: My parents kicked me out of the house.

BAD: Me too.

PINKY: I’ve had a rough trip.

BAD: Me too.

PINKY: I’ve been traveling three whole days.

BAD: Me too.

PINKY: I’ve come a long way from home.

BAD: Me... well actually I ended up exactly where I started. But whatever. So what did you get kicked out for anyway?

PINKY: Well it's kind of embarrassing and personal and none of anyone's business, but since I already posted it on every social media site there is, I might as well start telling complete strangers. I'm a red panda.

BAD: Yeah.

PINKY: Do you know anything about Red Pandas?

BAD: Only that they're about the most adorable, cute, cuddly-looking things on planet earth.

PINKY: Exactly.

BAD: I just want to pinch your wittle cheek.

PINKY: Exactly and—

BAD: And eat you right up.

PINKY: Right! And therein lies the problem.

BAD: Where in?

PINKY: Therein. Everyone wants me to be sweet and cute and cuddly.

BAD: And?

PINKY: And I don't want to be cute and cuddly! I want to be fierce and tough, like a boxer, or a biker, or a bodyguard.

BAD: How about a ninja?

PINKY: It messes up the alliteration, but sure.

BAD: I know how it feels to disappoint your parents -

MS. CHICKEN peaks her head in.

MS. CHICKEN: And teacher.

BAD: And teacher—

MS. CHICKEN peaks her head in.

MS. CHICKEN: And classmates.

BAD: And classmates—

MS. CHICKEN peaks her head in.

MS. CHICKEN: And the entire forest.

BAD: Aren't you supposed to be on strike? Anyway, like I said, I know how you feel. I want to be something they tell me I should never be.

PINKY: What's that?

BAD: Nice. And if this were a musical I'd probably break out in a song about that right now. It would probably be called *(Sings.)* "How nice to be nice" and it would probably become a Broadway hit.

PINKY: You want to be nice? But you're a honey badger.

BAD: So they say.

PINKY: Aren't honey badgers the meanest, fiercest, rip-your-face-offest animals on earth?

BAD: But I don't want to be like that. I want to make people feel warm and happy inside.

PINKY: Gee willies. What are you going to do about it?

BAD: I don't know.

PINKY: Have you asked them? *(Indicates audience.)*

BAD: Them? No.

PINKY: You have an audience watching your life unfold and you don't make use of it? *(To audience.)* Do you have any ideas on how to solve our problems?

BAD and PINKY listen to audience suggestions. MISS SKUNK enters and hushes the audience.

MISS SKUNK: What is going on here? Oh, Bad, Mama Badger said they kicked you to the curb three days ago. I figured you'd be long gone by now.

BAD: So did I.

MISS SKUNK: Goodness gracious great balls of celery puffs! Who is this devilishly cute little fella?

PINKY: I'm Pinky and I'm not cute.

MISS SKUNK: I wanna eat you up!

PINKY: Hey!

MISS SKUNK: Sweetie sweet sweet little cutie – (etc.)

BAD: Pardon us Miss Skunk, but Pinky and I are in the middle of determining our destinies.

MISS SKUNK: Speaking of destinies, have you seen the narrator?

BAD: She's on strike.

PINKY: You have a narrator too?

BAD: Sort of.

PINKY: Lucky.

MISS SKUNK: Silly union.

BAD: What's the matter?

MISS SKUNK: Besides the fact that you're still in town? I'm afraid we have a robber in the forest.

BAD and PINKY: A robber?

BAD: What did he steal?

MISS SKUNK: Rob.

BAD: Steal, Rob, what's the difference?

MISS SKUNK: Well his parents aren't very happy about it.

BAD: Whose parents?

MISS SKUNK: Rob the Robin's.

PINKY: A Robin got robbed?

BAD: No the robin is Rob. But what did the robber steal?

MISS SKUNK: Rob.

PINKY: Fine. What did the robber rob?

BAD: Oh you mean the robber robbed Rob?

PINKY: But what did he rob from Rob?

MISS SKUNK: He didn't rob from Rob, he robbed Rob the Robin

PINKY: That's what I said. I think.

BAD: No no no. Look, Mr. and Mrs. Robin have a son named Rob -

PINKY: Who was robbed—

BAD: He was stolen, from his parents. Right?

MISS SKUNK: Right.

PINKY: Oh! That *is* a problem. What would anyone want with a baby robin?

MISS SKUNK: It's probably the pet shop people. Because we all know pet shop people are evil.

PINKY: Yeah.

BAD: Definitely.

MISS SKUNK: Anyway I was hoping the narrator might be able to help us sort out this mess, but since she's on strike I guess I'll have to find Mayor Owl.

MISS SKUNK exits.

PINKY: You have an owl for a mayor? Lucky! He must be really wise.

BAD: Well—

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