

KEVIN'S TEMPEST

By Greg Cummings

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SYNOPSIS: Brothers were basically born to prank each other. Kevin was just named the Technical Director for the fall production of Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, and decides to exact a little brotherly revenge. What they say is true: Revenge really is sweet.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 females, 2 males)

KEVIN (m) High school freshman.
Technical Director for the fall
production of *The Tempest*.
(46 lines)

ANDI (f) High school freshman. Student
Lighting Designer for *The
Tempest*. (40 lines)

KIRK (m) High school senior. Kevin's
older brother. Soccer player. (72
lines)

EMMA (f) High school senior. Self-
appointed Peer Counselor.
(56 lines)

DURATION: 30 minutes

SETTING: A stage at a local high school. The fall production of Shakespeare's *The Tempest* is next week, and the set is nearly complete.

TIME: Thursday afternoon.

SETTING REQUIREMENTS

There is a blackboard down left. Written on the blackboard is the following message: “The Tempest. Today’s Rehearsal: 4:00. Run Act Two. Off book! We open next week!”

COSTUMES

KIRK wears a varsity soccer jacket and carries playing cards inside his gym bag

EMMA wears business casual and carries papers and pencils inside a briefcase.

ANDI wears all black.

KEVIN wears all black.

PROPS

- ☐ Business card
- ☐ Briefcase with paper
- ☐ Pencil
- ☐ Cell phone
- ☐ Gym bag
- ☐ Playing cards
- ☐ Draft copy of *The Tempest* program
- ☐ Quarter
- ☐ Magic wand

MUSIC/SOUND

Eerie music

Click from the sound system

DEDICATION

For Tom, my brother and fellow childhood magician

AT RISE: *Darkness. Work lights only.*

KIRK: *(In the auditorium.)* Mr. Varney? Dean Varney? Are you in here? Hello? *(Rushes on stage from the auditorium. He's in a hurry.)* Anybody? *(Drops his gym bag, looks around.)* Hello?

EMMA enters from the auditorium.

EMMA: *(Calling from the auditorium.)* Kirk? Is that you?

KIRK: *(Startled.)* Emma?

EMMA walks onto the stage.

KIRK: Emma, what are you doing here?

EMMA: What am I doing here? My goodness, Kirk! We've known each other since freshman orientation, you silly-billy! *(Pause.)* I'm here for you.

KIRK: You're "here for...."?

EMMA: I'm here for you. You're my friend. You got a note from the academic dean, to meet him this afternoon, in front of the auditorium. *(Gestures to back of auditorium.)* I came to give you moral support. That's what friends are for, Kirk. *(Pause.)* I'm here for you.

KIRK: OK...

EMMA: We both know that a note from the dean is no laughing matter, Kirk. We're both seniors now. Colleges will be looking at everything in our files. But don't worry. Whatever it is, I'm sure we can get through it, together. *(Pause.)* I'm here for you.

KIRK: Emma! Why do you keep saying that?

EMMA: "I'm here for you"? Oh! That's the new motto for our Peer Counseling Club. Kind of catchy, don't you think?

KIRK: Our high school doesn't have a Peer Counseling Club.

EMMA: We do now! I just started it today! *(Hands him a business card.)* What do you think? So, right now, I'm the only counselor on staff, but I'm sure we'll increase membership once everybody sees how successful we are! *(Pats her briefcase.)* I've been doing tons of research on problems high school kids face in today's topsy-turvy world.

KIRK: “Topsy turvy”?

EMMA: (*Excited.*) And they’ll listen to me, because I’m one of them! The cool kids of today don’t want to listen to some fuddy-duddy old adult counselors, am I right?

KIRK: Emma, “cool kids” don’t say “fuddy-duddy”! Or “topsy turvy.”

EMMA: Really? Thanks! I’ll make a note!

EMMA makes a note, and repeats it aloud: “Don’t say fuddy-duddy or topsy-turvy.” Then kneels and opens her briefcase. She removes a paper and hands it to KIRK.

KIRK: What’s this?

EMMA: It’s a Peer Counseling Feedback Form. (*Holds out a pencil.*) Please evaluate your very first Peer Counseling session with me! Don’t hold anything back, Kirk. Be honest. Be brutal. Don’t worry, all our counselors, like me, will be trained to accept all sorts of criticism.

KIRK: Emma, I don’t have time for... wait! (*Brainstorming, takes the form and the pencil.*) Deal!

EMMA: Really? Wait... what “deal”?

KIRK: (*Picks up his gym bag.*) Remind me: what is the motto of the Peer Counseling program again?

EMMA: “I’m here for you”?

KIRK: Exactly! (*Putting the form and the pencil in his pocket.*) I’ll fill this out later and get it back to you tomorrow! In the meantime: thanks! See ya! (*Begins to exit through the auditorium.*)

EMMA: Wait! Kirk! Where are you going?

KIRK: (*Stops.*) Soccer practice!

EMMA: But what about your meeting with the dean?

KIRK: (*Anxiously.*) Emma! We have a huge match tomorrow! I’m team captain!

EMMA: But what am I supposed to do?

KIRK: (*Winks.*) Follow your motto: Be here! For me! (*Beat.*) Seriously, please just wait here and tell Varney I’ll catch him tomorrow! He probably won’t even miss me!

EMMA: This is not what Peer Counseling is all about, Kirk!

KIRK: *(Stops, turns to her, sincerely.)* I know, Emma. And listen, I'm really sorry! But... I need to go! Listen, you know I'll write you a great Peer Counselor evaluation! You've always been there for me! You're always there for everybody! Really! Seriously! Please!

EMMA: *(Grudgingly.)* Fine...

KIRK: *(Anxiously.)* Thank you so much! I owe you one! *(Exits hurriedly into auditorium.)*

EMMA: *(To herself.)* You know, he is right. I am good with people. That's why I'm doing this. And, after all, Dean Varney is late. I'm sure he'll understand. I will need a good opening line, though... *(Kneels, opens her briefcase, and finds an article)* Hmm. Yes. This could work...

KIRK: *(Enters from auditorium. Spooked.)* Wow.

EMMA: Kirk! You're back! This article is right! I knew you'd see the error of your ways and return!

KIRK, still spooked, walks to the stage.

EMMA: *(Referencing the folder.)* It says right here that admitting you need help is the first step, Kirk. Whatever Dean Varney wants to talk to you about, it's best that you wait for him here and face it right now. And, it's even better to wait with a Peer Counselor! *(Takes a pencil and a pad of paper from the briefcase and prepares to take notes.)* What's the issue, Kirk? I'm here for you.

KIRK, stunned, sits.

KIRK: *(Spooked.)* I can't leave.

EMMA: *(Writing on the pad.)* I know. Yes. Good. Go with that feeling.

KIRK: *(Spooked.)* It's not a feeling. I can't leave... the auditorium doors are locked.

EMMA: *(Looking up.)* Locked? Kirk, that's impossible. The auditorium doors can always be opened from the inside. They have that crash-bar thingy.

KIRK: *(Spooked.)* I tried the crash-bar thingy, Emma! It didn't work!

EMMA: Oh, let me. Sometimes it just sticks a little... *(Heads for auditorium door.)*

KIRK: No! Don't leave me! (*Looking at his phone.*) I... don't have any reception! Do you?

EMMA: What?

KIRK: (*Spooked.*) Look at your phone!

EMMA: I don't have one.

KIRK: (*Spooked.*) You don't have a phone?!

EMMA: Peer counseling is about bringing people together with other people, Kirk, not bringing people together with their "devices." (*Reaches into her briefcase.*) I can cite numerous studies to support my approach...

KIRK: (*Spooked, looking at his phone, stands.*) What is happening to me?!

EMMA: (*Spooked by KIRK.*) Wow. Seriously, Kirk, you need to calm down. I've never seen you like this before.

KIRK: I've never been like this before! First, I get a mysterious note from Dean Varney? What's that about? I'm a good kid! I've never been in any trouble, my whole life! That's not normal! Then the auditorium doors won't open? For the first time ever! What's that about? That is not normal, either! You know that's not normal! And now, all of a sudden, there's no cell reception? There's always been cell reception in here! What's that about? What's this all about? None of this makes any sense! (*Checks the time on his phone.*) And now I'm definitely late to soccer practice! The captain can't be late! (*Holding his phone aloft.*) I've got to get out of here! (*Looks around, turns on his phone's flashlight.*) There must be another exit! (*Picks up his gym bag, calls.*) Help! Help! (*Using his phone's flashlight, exits up left.*)

EMMA: (*Lost, calls.*) Kirk? I... (*Smiles.*) My first case as Peer Counselor. (*Drops to her knees and desperately starts rummaging through her briefcase.*) Please, please, something, please. (*Stops searching.*) There's... nothing... in the... research. (*Realizes.*) Wait. Maybe... there's nothing in the research on his condition... because no one has ever seen his condition before. That means (*Smiles.*) that I can be the first one to diagnose his condition... and cure it! (*Stands, proudly hugging her briefcase.*) I will conduct extensive interviews with the subject! And then, I will write my own original research paper! And then, I will be published! And then, I will be accepted into the college of my choice! For sure! And then, I will...

wait! (*Realizes.*) I first need to interview my interview subject! (*Calls of up left.*) Kirk! Kirk, wait for me! I'm here (*Corrects herself.*) I mean there... I'm there... for you!

EMMA, carrying her briefcase, quickly exits up left. Lights change to The Tempest lighting.

ANDI: (*Offstage down right.*) Kevin?

KEVIN: (*Offstage down right.*) Shh! Andi! Be quiet!

Enter KEVIN, followed by ANDI.

ANDI: No! Stop it, Kevin! Just stop right there!

KEVIN stops.

KEVIN: (*Whispering.*) Andi! There's no time! He'll be back soon!

ANDI: (*Whispering.*) I don't care! Listen, Kevin! I forged that note from Dean Varney to get your brother here for you! I could get in a lot of trouble for that! What are you doing? I deserve an explanation!

KEVIN: (*Whispering, suddenly angry.*) Oh! So you think you "deserve an explanation," do you?

ANDI: (*Whispering.*) Yes! Yes, I think I do!

KEVIN: (*Whispering.*) Oh, really? Well, who's the Technical Director for *The Tempest*?

ANDI: (*Whispering.*) Well, you are, but....

KEVIN: (*Whispering.*) And who's the one who convinced Mr. Chenoweth to make you Lighting Designer for *The Tempest* after you hurt your knee and got cut from the dance company?

ANDI: (*Whispering.*) You did, but...

KEVIN: (*Whispering.*) No buts! Did you place the microphones and the speakers where I told you to?

ANDI: (*Whispering.*) Yes! Stop it! Why are you yelling at me? What's happened to you, Kevin? I thought you were my friend!

KEVIN: (*Whispering.*) I don't know what you're talking about! (*Starts to exit into the auditorium.*)

ANDI: (*Whispering.*) I'll tell you what I'm talking about!

KEVIN stops.

ANDI: *(Whispering.)* For two months now, ever since freshman orientation, you've just been getting weirder and weirder, and meaner and meaner! And now you're setting some sort of "trap," to "seek vengeance" on your older brother, but what's that all about? Tell me! I'm your friend, Kevin! I'm maybe the only friend you've got left! And... I just don't want to see you get hurt!

KEVIN: *(Shrugging it off, whispering.)* Hence, till we meet again!
(Continues his exit into the auditorium.)

ANDI: *(Whispering.)* "Hence"?

KEVIN: *(Whispering.)* Don't you see? We can't stop now! My brother is in the wings! He's right where I want him! Everything is going according to my plan! *(Pause.)* "Hence, spirit, go with diligence!"

ANDI: *(Whispering.)* "Hence, spirit"? "Diligence"?

KEVIN: *(Whispering.)* Don't be worried! I'm in fine fettle, cuz, fine fettle!

ANDI: *(Whispering.)* "Fettle"? What the heck's a "fettle"?

Noise offstage up left.

KEVIN: *(Whispering gleefully.)* They return! My brother approacheth! That's our cue! And! To the tech booth! *(Exits into the auditorium.)*

ANDI: *(Hurt, confused, calling after him.)* Kevin? *(No response.)* Fine! You don't want my help anymore? Fine! You want to lose your only remaining friend? That's just fine with me! *(Starts to exit down right, stops, then, to herself.)* Wait. He's right: he **was** there for me when I got hurt. He saw that I needed something in my life to replace... dance. He knew, somehow, that I'm someone who needs... "magic" in my life... and that if I couldn't dance anymore... *(Looks up.)* maybe I could create magic... worlds of light... for others. *(Pause.)* He was there for me, and now I need to be there for him *(Resolves, then calls.)* Hey, Kevin! Wait for me!

ANDI exits into the auditorium after KEVIN. Lights change to eerier lights. Eerie music.

KIRK: *(Offstage up left.)* Ouch!

EMMA: (*Offstage up left.*) Ouch! Kirk! Slow down! I'm not used to taking "subject interview notes" and running at the same time!

KIRK and EMMA enter, limping, up left. EMMA is taking notes, for her "subject interview." They cross to down center.

KIRK: (*Desperate.*) Hey! Who changed the lights? (*Looks around.*) No! We're right back where we started! No soccer! No cell reception! And no way out! Listen, Emma... if we... don't make it out of here alive...

EMMA: (*Stops taking notes.*) What are you talking about?

KIRK: (*Despondent.*) If we don't make it out of here alive, I just wanted to thank you (*Sincerely.*) for being there for me, and...

EMMA: Kirk! Allow me to take off my Peer Counselor hat for one second to tell you something, as a friend: Whatever you're in, snap out of it!

KIRK: Hey! Wait! Do you hear that?

EMMA: (*Listens.*) Music...

Abrupt light change to even eerier The Tempest lights.

KIRK: (*Startled.*) Ah! See? I'm not delusional!

EMMA: (*Trying to calm him.*) Kirk, it's probably just somebody up in the light booth. (*Squinting into the lights.*)

KIRK: (*Squinting into the lights.*) Somebody in the light booth? We're saved! (*Calling to the back of the auditorium.*) Hey! Help us! We're down here! We can't get out! Help! Hey!

Eerie MUSIC out.

KEVIN: (*Voice over.*) "Be not afeard, the isle is full of noises, Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not."

EMMA: (*Whispering.*) Um... Kirk? Isn't that Kevin, your little brother? The freshman?

KEVIN: (*Voice over.*) "I'll to my book, For ere yet suppertime must I perform Much business appertaining."

KIRK: (*Whispering.*) Sure sounds like him.

KEVIN: (*Voice over.*) Kirk!

"I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valor,
Men hang and drown
Their proper selves."

KIRK: (*Whispering.*) He's quoting Prospero. From *The Tempest*.

EMMA: (*Whispering.*) Kirk... He used your name.

KEVIN: (*Voice over.*) "I and my fellows are ministers of Fate."

EMMA: (*Picks up a piece of paper on the floor.*) It's a draft of next week's program. (*Reads it.*) Kevin's the Technical Director.

KIRK: (*Whispering.*) Wow.

EMMA: (*Whispering.*) Yeah. He's only a freshman, and he's already the Technical Director for *The Tempest*? That's a huge deal, Kirk!

KIRK: (*Whispering.*) Yeah. I... didn't know...

KEVIN: (*Voice over.*) "If you could hurt me again, you can't, Your swords are too massy for your strengths And will not be uplifted."

EMMA: (*Whispering.*) You hurt him?

KIRK: (*Whispering.*) No....

KEVIN: (*Voice over.*) "...for which foul deed The powers-delaying, not forgetting-have Incensed the seas and shores, yea all the creatures Against your peace!"

EMMA: (*Realizing, whispering.*) He wants revenge. Like in *The Tempest*. That's why we're here.

KIRK: (*Whispering.*) Revenge? For what?

A click from the sound system.

ANDI: (*Voice over.*) Kevin? Kevin? What is it? You're... crying.

KIRK: (*To himself, worried.*) Kevin?

ANDI: (*Voice over.*) What is it, Kevin?

KEVIN: (*Voice over.*) I don't know...

ANDI: (*Voice over.*) Please, Kevin...

EMMA and KIRK listen intently.

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