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Category: Dramatic Script

Humans Are (Not) Real

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It is night in the woods. Tall trees and mossy rocks are scattered around the edges of the stage. In the center of the stage is one enormous tree.

ASH and LEAF enter from stage left. ASH, the dragon, has grey and black scales, and a pair of wings, one wrapped in a bandage. He walks on all fours, and is roughly the size of a human. ASH'S dog (a person in a dog costume), LEAF, accompanies him.

ASH pauses to the right of the enormous tree and looks around for a couple of seconds.

ASH: I can't believe it; I think we're lost.

There is a pause.

ASH: How could this happen? I swear I've explored every inch of this place. But this area is new to me. . . it almost feels like I'm not even supposed to be here.

LEAF sniffs the ground.

ASH: Do you know where we are? *(Pause.)* Oh, who am I kidding; you're just a dog. I doubt you know where we are, either.

LEAF barks once, quietly.

ASH: What's that? Do you have an idea? *(Pause.)* Guess not, then. C'mon, let's keep going *(ASH and LEAF walk offstage.)*

A few seconds pass.

On the other side of the tree, a human, CARL, and BETHANY (a person in a dog costume) enter. They walk over to the tree in the center of the stage and sit down.

CARL: Well, Bethany, we're lost. Now what?

BETHANY does not answer.

CARL: My phone is dead, so I can't call anyone... I didn't bring a map... I have you, but all you can do is provide moral support.... If it wasn't so dark, I don't think this would be a problem. *(Pause.)* We came from the west, didn't we? But which way is west? Or did we come from the east? Oh, I *knew* I should have brought a compass—or *anything* useful, really.

A few seconds pass. ASH and LEAF return to the stage, on the opposite side of the tree from CARL and

BETHANY. CARL and ASH cannot see each other.

ASH: I think we're going in circles... We've been by this tree before.

CARL: *(He leaps to his feet and looks around wildly.)* Is someone there? Hello?

ASH: Oh! Someone else! Hello!

CARL: I didn't think I'd run into anyone out here!

ASH: Me neither! It's a relief, I'm lost and I thought I'd be stuck out here forever.

CARL: Oh... you're lost too? *(He sits down again, on the opposite side of the tree from ASH.)*

ASH: Are you lost!?

CARL: Yeah.

ASH: Oh.

CARL: I guess we're in the same boat, then.

ASH: *(He sits down, on the opposite side of the tree from CARL. They cannot see each other.)* Well, this isn't good. Sorry to get your hopes up.

CARL: It's fine. I'll figure it out.

(There is a short pause.)

CARL: We'll probably be here a while, so what's your name?

ASH: My name's Ash. What's yours?

CARL: I'm Carl.

ASH: Carl. I've never heard that one before. It's unique. I like it.

CARL: You've... never heard the name Carl before? It's a pretty common name.

ASH: Really? I've never met a single dragon named Carl—until you.

(There is a moment of awkward silence.)

CARL: *Dragon?*

ASH: Well, yeah.

CARL: But we're not dragons. What are you talking about?

ASH: Uh, yes we are—what, did you grow up under a rock or something?

CARL: I'm a human. You're a human, too.

ASH: Humans aren't real!

CARL: Dragons aren't real!

ASH and CARL both get up to look around the tree. They stop and stare at each other in shock for a long moment. LEAF and BETHANY do not appear surprised.

CARL is the first to react.

CARL: *D-d-dragon!* (He picks up a nearby stick.) Don't come any closer, beast!

ASH: (He recovers from his shock and does not appear to notice the stick being pointed at him.) You ARE a human! Incredible!

CARL: Don't taunt me, beast! (He swings the stick back and forth. His arms are shaking so much that he nearly drops it.)

ASH: (He steps closer to CARL.) You're a lot smaller than I thought you'd be.

CARL: Get back, creature! I-I'll stab you! (He takes a few steps back, stumbling over a rock and continuing to point the stick at ASH.)

ASH: You'll... stab me? With that stick? (He looks amused.)

CARL: I-It's *not* a stick! It's a mighty, dragon-slaying weapon, and I'm not afraid to use it!

ASH: Carl, I'm not going to hurt y—

CARL: Get away from me! Go back to whatever dark hole you crawled out of!

CARL pokes ASH with the stick, tries to swing it again, and drops it. ASH picks it up and tosses it behind him, looking mildly amused. There is a short pause where CARL looks down at his empty hands.

CARL turns around and runs off stage, screaming and calling for Bethany to follow him.

ASH: Wait! Don't leave! I won't hurt you! I'm just curious about you! (He chases CARL offstage.)

BETHANY and LEAF walk to the center of the stage, look at each other, and sit down next to each other to watch the ensuing action.

CARL and ASH run across the stage, and after a second or two, run back across the stage again. This action repeats for the next few lines of dialogue; they argue back and forth as they are running.

CARL: Bethany! Help!

ASH: I'm not going to eat you!

CARL: He's going to eat me!

ASH: Why would I want to eat you?

CARL: Because dragons eat people!

ASH: No we do not!

CARL: You're trying to trick me!

ASH: Why would I *trick* you!?

ASH and CARL disappear for a few seconds. Then, Carl runs onto the stage again. He pauses in front of the giant tree in the center and looks around wildly. Then, ASH runs onto the stage from the other direction and

stops in front of CARL.

ASH: Aha! There you are.

CARL: Okay. . . I give up. . . I can't run or hide from you. . . just eat me and get it over with. *(He curls up into a ball on the ground. ASH watches him, looking like he's trying not to laugh.)*

ASH: Carl... I promise I'm not going to eat you!

CARL: *(He looks up at ASH)* Really? *(Pause.)* Well, if you were going to eat me, I guess you would have done it already.

ASH: Exactly! I don't want to eat you. I just want to talk to you!

CARL: Well... alright then.

ASH: Is it true that humans hoard treasure and breathe fire?

CARL: No. Don't dragons do that stuff?

ASH: No.

CARL: Huh. Can you fly?

ASH: I could, if I hadn't broken my wing. *(He turns so the cast on his wing is more visible.)*

CARL: That's not good. At least you have wings; we humans need to use airplanes to fly.

ASH: What's an airplane?

CARL: It's a giant metal contraption that can fly. A bunch of humans can ride in it at once to get to far-away places.

ASH: How does it stay in the air? If it's made of metal, it must be very heavy!

CARL: Better question, how do *you* stay in the air? You're a lot smaller than I thought you'd be, but still pretty big.

ASH: *I'm* small? I'm actually average sized—you're tiny! I thought you would be larger!

CARL: That's weird!

(There is a brief pause.)

CARL: So, if you don't eat humans, then what *do* you eat?

ASH: I'll eat pretty much anything, but some of my favorites are....

(CARL and ASH's conversation grows quieter as they slowly walk offstage while talking. The spotlight moves to the two dogs.)

BETHANY: Can you believe it? It took them this long to find out the other exists.

LEAF: I know! How dense can they be?

(LEAF and BETHANY run offstage after ASH and CARL as the stage grows dark.)