



**Sample Pages from
The Snow Show**

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THE SNOW SHOW

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT BY
Lindsay Price



The Snow Show

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Printed in the USA

Characters

4M/8W, expandable to 7M/13W

Jenna Lee

Robbie

Rachel

Ensemble Girls

Frostbite, Flurry, Chill, Shiver, Blizzard, Snowflake

Ensemble Guys

Ice, Drift, Blue

The scenes are doubled with the above ensemble characters. Feel free to further divide the casting to accommodate a larger cast.

Set

There are two sets of cubes. One set is stage left and the other is stage right.

Lights up on JENNA LEE, ROBBIE and RACHEL.
JENNA LEE paces back and forth. ROBBIE and RACHEL sit with their elbows on their knees and their hands cupping their chins, watching her.

JENNA LEE: I'm excited, excited, excited, excited. Oh, I'm excited, excited, excited, excited.

ROBBIE: (*with wonder*) Your cousin's excited.

RACHEL: She's just getting started.

JENNA LEE: OH, I'm excited, excited, excited, excited!!

RACHEL: Jenna Lee! It's just snow.

JENNA LEE: (*getting in their faces*) Just snow?

ROBBIE: I didn't say anything, she said it.

RACHEL: It happens every year.

JENNA LEE poses in solemn seriousness.

JENNA LEE: Not for me. I was born in a place where no snow falls. No snowball fights, no icicles hang, no snowmen frolic in fields with their carrot and charcoal faces. (*she looks around her*) And now I'm here.

ROBBIE: (*with wonder*) Your cousin's intense.

RACHEL: She's just getting started.

JENNA LEE: And now I'm about to experience snow for the first time. It's going to be so beautiful, so white, so pretty. Gently falling, covering the trees like lace, dusting the ground like icing sugar. Oh! I'm overwhelmed. (*she turns away and sobs dramatically*) Tissue please. (*she waves her hand frantically at ROBBIE and RACHEL*) Tissue!

ROBBIE: (*elbowing RACHEL*) Your cousin wants a tissue.

RACHEL: (*rolling her eyes, handing out a tissue*) Here.

JENNA LEE: Bless you. (*she blows her nose loudly and sighs*) That's better. (*she claps her hands together*) I have something important to show you.

ROBBIE: (*cheerfully*) I can't wait.

JENNA LEE runs to her backpack, which is on the floor off to the side. The conversation continues.

RACHEL: (*elbowing ROBBIE*) Robbie!

ROBBIE: I'm not kidding. I can't wait. I'm a fly in her snow-deprived web. I'm a smitten kitten.

RACHEL: (*groaning*) Great.

JENNA LEE returns and sits between RACHEL and ROBBIE. RACHEL gets shoved to the side. JENNA LEE holds up a highly decorated journal.

JENNA LEE: This is my snow journal.

ROBBIE: It's beautiful.

JENNA LEE: I decorated it myself.

ROBBIE: You're so talented!

RACHEL slaps herself in the head.

JENNA LEE: My snow journal lists everything I wish to experience during my first winter.

RACHEL: Experience?

ROBBIE: (*elbowing RACHEL*) Quiet!

JENNA LEE: (*opens her book*) Number Forty-Seven...

ROBBIE: (*with wonder*) You have forty-seven things you want to experience with snow?

JENNA LEE: Forty-seven is just the tip of the iceberg.

ROBBIE: That's amazing!

JENNA LEE: I know! When I think about something, I really think about it.

ROBBIE: That's so amazing.

RACHEL: I'm so getting a headache.

JENNA LEE: Rachel, I'm sensing something from you. I'm really sensing something. (*She gasps as she realizes*) You're not into my snow experiences.

RACHEL: Really? How'd you guess?

ROBBIE: (*grabbing JENNA LEE's hand*) Come on Jenna Lee. I want to hear every entry. Even better, we should go outside right now.

JENNA LEE: But it's not snowing yet.

ROBBIE: But it could. It could start snowing any moment.

JENNA LEE: Then let's go!

ROBBIE: Let the snow show begin!

Music plays. ROBBIE and JENNA LEE run offstage right. RACHEL shakes her head and follows behind. At the same time the ENSEMBLE runs on from stage left. They circle the stage and come to stand in a line downstage centre. They all have a look of intense concentration.

ICE, CHILL, SNOWFLAKE, BLIZZARD, FROSTBITE: Shadow!

DRIFT, BLUE, FLURRY, SHIVER: No shadow!

ICE, CHILL, SNOWFLAKE, BLIZZARD, FROSTBITE: Shadow!

DRIFT, BLUE, FLURRY, SHIVER: No shadow!

CHILL: And the verdict is...

There is a pause as they wait with baited breath to hear the verdict. They bounce up and down in anticipation.

BLIZZARD: Come on, come on, *(she rubs her hands together)* Mama's got a new pair of ice skates.

SHIVER: Uh uh. Mama needs an early spring. *(she rubs her hands together)* Mama needs some sun.

BLIZZARD: Mama's got new skates. She would like to use them.

SHIVER: Mama doesn't know what she's talking about. *(pointing to herself)* Mama would like an early spring.

BLIZZARD: *(pointing at SHIVER)* Mama is sorely mistaken.

SHIVER: Are you telling me I don't know what Mama wants?

BLIZZARD: She wants skates.

SHIVER: Spring.

BLIZZARD: Skates!

SHIVER: Spring!

BLIZZARD: Do you want a piece of me?

CHILL: There's the groundhog!

There's a pause as everyone leans forward intently.

ICE, CHILL, SNOWFLAKE, BLIZZARD: Shadow!

The 'Shadow' group cheers and celebrates while the 'No Shadow' group groans.

ICE, CHILL, SNOWFLAKE, BLIZZARD: Six more weeks of winter.
Yay!

Music plays. The ENSEMBLE scatters. BLUE, ICE and DRIFT stand on the stage left cubes. DRIFT stands in the middle. They are standing on the top of a huge ski hill. They look down.

DRIFT: (*irritated*) Why are we doing this again?

BLUE: It looks cold.

ICE: It would.

DRIFT: What are we doing here?

BLUE: Skiing.

ICE: Standing.

DRIFT: (*very irritated*) Fearing for our lives.

BLUE: That's an image.

ICE: (*firm*) No we're not.

DRIFT: (*pouting and imitating ICE*) 'We're excellent skiers. We're the best darn skiers in the whole world. Watch us ski down the hardest slope?' (*he blows a raspberry at ICE*)

BLUE: (*to ICE*) I told you he didn't want to do this.

ICE: Was he imitating me?

BLUE: I think so.

DRIFT: Don't mind me, I'm just here, fearing for my life at the top of...
What's this thing called again?

BLUE: Stinking Dogface.

DRIFT: Stinking Dogface. Mount Stinking Dogface.

BLUE: It's rather descriptive. Creates a real specific image right away.
Excellent marketing.

DRIFT: Let's give them a medal.

BLUE: Do they do that?

ICE: What do you want? Those girls liked us. They liked US. They were talking to us. I couldn't help myself. They asked if we skied and they smiled.

BLUE: (*remembering*) Those smiles were something.

ICE: They smiled with their eyes.

BLUE: (*with a sigh*) Those eyes were something.

ICE: How could I say anything but yes?

DRIFT: There is the grand canyon of difference between 'Yes, I can ski' and 'Yes, I can ski Smelly Dogface.'

BLUE: Stinking Dogface.

DRIFT: I hope they still like us when we're in body casts.

BLUE: I thought we were going to do the Bunny Hill.

ICE: You can't impress a girl with the Bunny Hill.

DRIFT: (*imitating*) 'Everybody skis. We have to ski.' (*back to self*) Just because we have a ski hill in our town doesn't mean we have to follow the pied piper. And you with your eyes and your smiles. We so could have done the Bunny Hill.

BLUE: Sorry Slope.

DRIFT: What?

BLUE: The Bunny Hill. It's called Sorry Slope.

ICE: I'm telling you right now. Those girls would not have liked us if we said we were going down Sorry Slope.

BLUE: We could have done Malevolent Moguls. Or The Hideous Holler.

DRIFT: Who names these runs?

BLUE: Marketing mavens, I'm telling you.

DRIFT: I hate this.

ICE: Why are you so pessimistic, huh? Maybe we CAN do it. Maybe we can make it down this hill. Maybe we can take the light from those girls' eyes and absorb it. Like osmosis. We take the energy from their smiles and it will transform us into expert skiers. (*he takes a deep breath*) I can feel it. I feel that energy. We will make it down this hill. Say it with me. We will make it down this hill.

BLUE: We will make it down this hill.

ICE: (*to DRIFT*) You too. Say it!

BLUE & DRIFT: We will make it down this hill!

ICE: Louder!

BLUE & DRIFT: We will make it down this hill.

ICE: We will conquer Stinking Dogface!

BLUE & DRIFT: We will conquer Stinking Dogface!

ICE: Beat Dogface!

ALL THREE: Beat Dogface! Beat Dogface! Beat Dogface! Beat Dogface!

They cheer and high-five each other. They have big smiles on their faces.

BLUE: I feel great!

DRIFT: Do you really think we have a chance? Can we actually ski this hill and get those girls?

ICE: (*cheerful*) Not a snowball's chance in hell.

DRIFT: Oh.

ICE: It's all right. Win some, lose some.

DRIFT: Right.

ICE: There will be other girls.

DRIFT: Other girls.

There's a pause.

BLUE: But what do we do now?

DRIFT: We stay here and freeze to death or get eaten by animals.

ICE: Why am I friends with you?

DRIFT: Or we go down. Face first probably. With many broken limbs and abrasions along the way.

BLUE: I'm not seeing a happy ending here.

ICE: We could scream for help and the snow patrol will come get us. After which we'll have to suffer the lingering and constant humiliation for years to come that we were rescued.

BLUE: And no girls.

ICE: Nope.

BLUE: That's a quandary.

ICE: What?

BLUE: Problem.

ICE: So why not say problem?

BLUE: I'm a man of many depths.

ICE: Since when?

DRIFT: I hate to interrupt the word of the day discussion, but... *(pause)*
What do we do?

ICE: Well...

The three look at each other for a moment.

ALL THREE: HELP!!!!!!!!!!!!

*Music plays. DRIFT, ICE and BLUE exit stage left.
CHILL runs on from stage right.*

CHILL: No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no! I won't do it, I won't do it, I won't! *(she turns to look at an imaginary metal flagpole beside her)* You can't tempt me oh cold and silent one. You stand there so straight and tall, holding your flags day after day. *(turning her back)* I am not tempted. I don't do these types of things. I know what happens. *(turning to the pole)* I KNOW science. Hot and cold. Water and ice. I'm on it. You can't fool me. Every year there is a story of a reckless youth, a foolish stupid boy, someone who couldn't say no like I can. I know what will happen. *(holding her hand up to the flagpole)* You're wasting your time and your taunts. Taunt me no more. *(CHILL stalks away but then stops. She slowly turns to face the flagpole.)* But. What. If. It's. Not. True? What if they're just stories? Fabrications? Lies? Your cold and silent stature is a façade? A ruse? The whole frozen tongue thing

is just an old wives' tale? What if I stick out my tongue and it doesn't... stick? What if nothing happens? It's tempting. Very tempting. (*turning away*) I won't do it. I won't do it. (*turning back*) I'm not going to do it. (*She slowly sticks her tongue out. It instantly becomes stuck. She can't move. She speaks with her tongue stuck.*) Oh crap.

JENNA LEE enters from stage right with ROBBIE and RACHEL following. JENNA LEE has her nose buried in her notebook.

JENNA LEE: I want to know all the details. What's the first snowfall going to be like? I want to know absolutely everything!

They walk across the stage and pass CHILL. She waves at them frantically.

CHILL: (*tongue out*) Hey! Hey! Help!

ROBBIE: Sure.

CHILL: (*tongue out*) Is it going to hurt?

RACHEL: Not a bit.

ROBBIE and RACHEL yank CHILL, who becomes unstuck. CHILL screams, grabs her mouth and runs off. ROBBIE, RACHEL and JENNA LEE look at each other.

RACHEL: (*out of character*) Where were we?

JENNA LEE: (*out of character*) Um, I want to know all the details, what's the first snowfall going to be like, I want to know absolutely everything.

RACHEL: (*out of character*) Got it. (*snapping back into character*) Do we look like weathermen?

ROBBIE: Rachel, please. Weather people.

JENNA LEE: Robertson, please. Meteorologists.

RACHEL: Who decides THAT is their dream occupation?

ROBBIE: (*overly dramatic*) The person who discovers weather can strike the very heart of the soul.

JENNA LEE: (*clutching her hands to her chest*) Oh Robertson! You are so wonderfully in tune with weather.

RACHEL: Yeah Robbie. That's some tune.

JENNA LEE: I hope there's a HUGE snowstorm today. (*clapping her hands*) I can't wait!

RACHEL: Ooooooh. Maybe we'll get a snow day.

ROBBIE: (*back to his old self*) Oh yeah! (*high-fiving RACHEL*) Snow day!

JENNA LEE: Snow day? (*frantically flipping through her book*) I don't have that on my list. What's a snow day? Are you keeping experiences from me?

RACHEL: Yeah Robbie, does a snow day strike at the heart of your soul?

ROBBIE: Absolutely.

They exit stage left. BLUE, SHIVER, DRIFT and FROSTBITE enter from stage right.

At the same time FLURRY and BLIZZARD enter stage left and kneel behind the cubes.

BLUE: OK, pay attention. I have two tests tomorrow.

DRIFT: I'm telling ya, they never cancel school 'round here. We gotta have snow up to the armpits before that'll happen.

BLUE: (*very serious*) Don't be a hater. There's a first time for everything.

FROSTBITE: You could, call me crazy, study.

BLUE: (*as if she said something really crazy*) Bite your tongue.

FROSTBITE: Whatever.

SHIVER: So what do we do?

BLUE: It's very simple and completely scientific. You may wish to take notes.

SHIVER and DRIFT take notepads out of their pockets. They look up with interest.

BLUE: One: Tonight you will wear your pyjamas inside-out and backwards. (*holding up a spoon*) Two: You will take a spoon, put it in the freezer for five minutes then place said spoon underneath your pillow pointing north.

DRIFT: Do you lick the spoon before you put it in the freezer?

BLUE: That's your own personal choice.

SHIVER and DRIFT write notes in a flurry.

BLUE: It is imperative you don't jinx the operation. If you have homework, don't completely leave it. Do some. Otherwise you'll counter the effects.

FROSTBITE: Doesn't that mean you're going to study?

SHIVER: (*poking FROSTBITE*) You're not helping.

DRIFT: I've heard you're supposed to flush ice cubes down the toilet.

SHIVER: Uh uh, you're supposed to go outside and fling them at a tree.

DRIFT: That doesn't make any sense!

SHIVER: And flushing ice cubes is something Einstein would come up with?

BLUE: (*calmly, holding up a hand*) Please. You insult me. Ice cubes in the toilet, against a tree; pure myth. Stick to the scientific backwards inside-out frozen spoon method.

FROSTBITE: So long as it's scientific.

SHIVER: (*poking FROSTBITE*) You're not helping.

BLUE: (*holding up a hand*) There's no room here for sarcasm. Either you're on the boat or in the ocean. Either you're on the mountain or under the avalanche. Either you're riding the waves or walking the plank.

FROSTBITE: English, please?

BLUE: In, or out.

SHIVER: I'm in, I totally need a snow day.

DRIFT: I'm in. So in.

BLUE: (*to FROSTBITE*) And you? Mistress of Sarcasm?

They turn to stare at FROSTBITE. She shrugs.

FROSTBITE: Why not? (*grabbing the spoon*) AND I'll lick the spoon.

FROSTBITE turns and exits stage right, licking the spoon. Music plays. The others follow off. The focus shifts to stage left. BLIZZARD and FLURRY lean in, their elbows on the cubes, their faces in their hands.

They stare forward as if they are staring out the window.

BLIZZARD: I can't believe it.

FLURRY: I know.

BLIZZARD: I just can't believe it.

FLURRY: I know.

BLIZZARD: Snow.

FLURRY: I know.

BLIZZARD: Everywhere.

FLURRY: I know.

BLIZZARD: Everywhere!

FLURRY: I know!

BLIZZARD: School cancelled.

FLURRY: I know.

BLIZZARD: No school.

FLURRY: I. Know.

BLIZZARD: An actual real life school cancelled snow day.

FLURRY: I know.

BLIZZARD: (*standing*) A snow day!

FLURRY: (*standing*) I know!

BLIZZARD: No school!

FLURRY: I know!

BLIZZARD: Everyone having the time of their lives!

FLURRY: I know!

BLIZZARD: Everyone having fun!

FLURRY: I know!

They both slump down on the cubes.

BLIZZARD: Everyone, except for us.

FLURRY: I know.

BLIZZARD: 'Cause we have the measles.

FLURRY: I know.

BLIZZARD: And we weren't at school anyway.

FLURRY: I know.

BLIZZARD: That. Totally. Sucks.

FLURRY: I know. I know. *(Pause. She sighs.)* I know.

Music plays. BLIZZARD and FLURRY stand to see the rest of the ENSEMBLE run on from stage left. When they get centre stage, they all stop dead. They all move very, very slowly across the stage with great exaggeration. Long, long arms, and very slow steps. They move so, so slowly. So slow that it's almost painful.

BLIZZARD and FLURRY are puzzled. The rest don't acknowledge them, they're very focused on what they're doing: moving ever so slowly.

BLIZZARD and FLURRY watch them from the front. They run around and watch the group from the back. Finally they can't take it anymore. The music dims.

BLIZZARD: What are you guys doing?

CHILL: We're slow as molasses in January!

The music cranks up and the ENSEMBLE jerks into high speed. They run in a circle and offstage except for SNOWFLAKE, who moves to stand stage left.

JENNA LEE and RACHEL enter stage right.

JENNA LEE: Rachel, we must have a moment.

RACHEL: What kind of moment?

JENNA LEE: We have to talk.

RACHEL: Oh. I wanted to talk to you too.

JENNA LEE: Where's Robbie?

RACHEL: *(shrugging)* I don't know. Jenna Lee, about this snow thing -

JENNA LEE: (*moving in, very intense*) Are you dating?

RACHEL: Robbie? No.

JENNA LEE: (*sitting back*) Oh. (*moving in again*) Are you sure?

RACHEL: Positive.

JENNA LEE: (*moving back*) Oh. I thought you two were joined at the hip.

RACHEL: Uh no. Can we talk about -

JENNA LEE: That's what I said when I saw you, Rachel and Robbie, Robbie and Rachel. Never see one without the other. Those two are joined at the hip. Metaphorically. Unless you're Siamese twins and you used to actually be joined at the hip and you've had this amazing miracle separation surgery. That would be so cool!

RACHEL: Jenna Lee! I wanted to talk to you about this this snow thing, things, obsessions.

JENNA LEE: Experiences.

RACHEL: Right. Seeing as we're related, I guess I kind of feel it's my responsibility to -

JENNA LEE: (*clapping her hands*) Oh yay!

RACHEL: Yay what?

JENNA: (*throwing her arms around RACHEL*) I knew deep down inside you weren't such a cranky girl. You want in on the fun don't you?

RACHEL: No that's not - Cranky?

JENNA LEE: Cranky. You're very cranky. And the bitterness Rachel, it just oozes out of every pore. It's why you have so many skin issues.

RACHEL: (*putting a hand to her face*) Oozing?

JENNA LEE: But this is wonderful! We'll experience snow together!

RACHEL: I'm a very cheerful person!

JENNA LEE: We'll make snow angels!

RACHEL: (*standing*) Nothing oozes out of me!

RACHEL stomps off stage right.

JENNA LEE: (*calling after*) Rachel? Rachel? Oatmeal face mask! (*to herself*) Such a cranky girl. (*She looks out into the audience. Her eyes get very large and she starts jumping up and down. She points.*) Oh my goodness. Oh my goodness. Rachel! It's snowing!!!

JENNA LEE runs off stage right. The focus shifts stage left.

SNOWFLAKE: I make snow angels. Every year. Not as many as when I was a kid, but every year. It's my tradition. My sister and I used to make them together. We'd wake up and see our lawn turned into a field of white. Untouched. Pure. A blank page. No mistakes. We'd race from the door to the middle of the lawn; arms out, fly back. Wheeeeeeee! Arms: flap, flap, flap. Legs: flap, flap, flap. The trick is getting up without disturbing the angel. Points lost if you smudge her or leave a footprint on her beautiful pure dress. (*throwing her arms into the air*) First to the back door wins! (*she lowers her arms*) My sister and I don't really... we're not really on the same page anymore. She has her friends. She doesn't see the magic in snow angels. "Why do you do that, freak?" She complains about having to shovel the driveway, scraping ice off the car. "Did you see what that stupid snow did to my suede boots?" On the snowiest day this winter she goes to the mall. I wait till she's gone. "See you later, freak." And I run out to the middle of the lawn. (*she stands still*) Arms out, fly back. Wheeeeeeee! Arms: flap, flap, flap. Legs: flap, flap, flap. Carefully, carefully, standing. (*she looks down*) She's beautiful. Pure white. No mistakes. (*she takes a deep breath and lets it out*) No mistakes.

Music plays. SNOWFLAKE exits stage left.

JENNA LEE runs onstage, dragging ROBBIE behind.

JENNA LEE: Look! Snow! It's snow! (*jumping up and down*) Look ! There it is! It's snowing!

ROBBIE: Well, come on. This is the moment you've been waiting for. Let's get out there.

ROBBIE turns to exit but JENNA LEE tackles him.

JENNA LEE: WAIT!!!!

ROBBIE: Agh!!!

The two fall to the floor.

JENNA LEE: This is it. This is the moment I've been waiting for. (*she grabs ROBBIE by the collar and shakes him*) What do I do? I'M FREAKING OUT!!!!

RACHEL runs in.

RACHEL: What's going on?

ROBBIE: I think she's freaking out.

RACHEL: (*grabbing JENNA LEE*) Jenna Lee! Where's your journal?
Where's your list?

JENNA LEE: My list? Where's my list? (*looking around*) I don't know.
I've lost my list. How am I going to know what to do in the snow
without my list? What do I do?! I'm listless!

RACHEL: We'll find your list. For now, why don't we go outside?

JENNA LEE: Why would we do that?

RACHEL: That's where the snow is.

JENNA LEE: Of course. (*pause*) How silly of me. (*she stands*) It doesn't
snow inside. (*she gives a crazy little laugh*) But what if I don't like
it? What if it's too cold? Icy? Uncomfortable? What if my snow
experience crumbles to dust at my feet? What if this is a build up
to the worst disappointment of my life?

ROBBIE: It'll be fine. OK? I swear.

JENNA LEE: OK. Here I go. (*she starts to walk, she stops*) I can't! (*she
turns away dramatically*) I'm too afraid. I'm overwhelmed! (*she
poses*) Tissue!

*RACHEL gives JENNA LEE a tissue, who then
proceeds to blow her nose quite ungraciously.*

RACHEL: It's going to be June by the time she gets outside.

ROBBIE: Leave it to me. Jenna Lee? It's time for you to meet the snow.

*ROBBIE throws JENNA LEE over his shoulder in a
fireman's carry.*

JENNA LEE: What are you doing? Wait! Wait!

They exit stage right.

*Three sets of two run on from stage left: FROSTBITE
and FLURRY, BLIZZARD and ICE, SHIVER and CHILL.*

*They form three twosomes across the front of the
stage. All six characters enter with their tongues out.
The music continues underneath.*

CHILL: I did it! I caught a snowflake!

SHIVER: What did it taste like?

CHILL: Fruity. A hint of lemon.

The music pulses and lowers. SHIVER and CHILL run off.

ICE: I did it! I caught a snowflake!

BLIZZARD: You should throw it back.

ICE: Why?

BLIZZARD: So it can grow into a bigger snowflake.

The music pulses and lowers. ICE and BLIZZARD run off. The music fades. FLURRY and FROSTBITE are doing tongue exercises, sticking their tongue far out and then bringing it back in.

FLURRY: Tongue out. Tongue in. Tongue out. Tongue in. Tongue out.

FROSTBITE: *(with her tongue out)* This is stupid.

FLURRY: *(with her tongue out)* No talking! Tongue in. Tongue out, hold, hold, hold... tongue in. OK. Shake it out. *(she shakes her tongue out)*

FROSTBITE: Ramona...

FLURRY: No talking! Now, we scan the skies. *(she looks up)*

FROSTBITE: Ramona.

FLURRY: If you're talking, you'll miss it and everything will be ruined.

FROSTBITE: *(looking at FLURRY)* You're exaggerating.

FLURRY: Don't look at me. Look up.

FROSTBITE: But -

FLURRY: Up, up, up!

FROSTBITE: OK.

They both look up. There is a pause.

FROSTBITE: Ramona. We're sixteen. We're not kids. Drew didn't come today. Or Natalie. Or Madoka. Or Lynn. *(Pause. FROSTBITE unleashes.)* I could have had a date today Mona. Sam Stevens

asked me to go to the movies and I really wanted to go and I'm a terrible liar and he was smiling when I told him about this but it was a thin sickly smile like the smile you give your grandmother when she pinches your cheeks after the seven hundredth time. *(she takes a breath)* And Sam had a look in his eye, a "she's crazy" look and boy am I glad she said she couldn't go 'cause now I can ask Patti Palatino instead and I'll fall in love with her and take her to prom and we'll backpack across Europe and I'll propose to her under the Eiffel tower and we'll live happily ever after. Ramona look at me!

FLURRY turns slowly to FROSTBITE.

FLURRY: *(slowly, firmly)* Remember the burrito.

She turns back and continues scanning the sky.
FROSTBITE *sighs.*

FROSTBITE: I know. I know. I know about the burrito.

FLURRY: *(still looking up)* Drew does not remember the burrito. Natalie does not remember the burrito.

FROSTBITE: I remember! I'm here, aren't I!

FLURRY: Madoka and Lynn do not remember the burrito.

FROSTBITE: We're not kids anymore.

FLURRY: We were though. We were seven years old. *(she poses)* It was the first day of winter.

FROSTBITE: *(looking at FLURRY)* Ramona, I know the story. I was there.

FLURRY: Eyes up! I am telling the tale.

FROSTBITE: *(looking up)* What if Sam Stevens really does marry Patti Palatino? Where will I be then?

FLURRY: It was the first day of winter. We were seven years old.

FROSTBITE: *(she's heard this many times before)* It was Natalie's birthday sleepover party.

FLURRY: And we ran outside to catch the first snowflake of the first snowfall on the first day of winter.

FROSTBITE: And when you catch the first snowflake of the first snowfall, on the first day of winter...

FLURRY: ...any wish you make will come true.



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