

SUN DAZED

by Ken Bradbury

Copyright © 2016 by Ken Bradbury, All rights reserved.
ISBN: 978-1-64479-186-8

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: ***Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers LLC.***

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS LLC
P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406
TOLL FREE (888) 473-8521 • FAX (319) 368-8011

SUN DAZED

by Ken Bradbury

SYNOPSIS: Opportunity for playing various characters as the hero daydreams while working as a lifeguard at a swimming pool. Fighting Moby Dick, riding the waves in Hawaii and fending off hordes of marauding pirates are just a few of the hilarious scenarios encountered.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 either)

GUARD

DO NOT COPY

AT START: *The lifeguard sits in a chair or ideally a higher object. Most lines in quotes are directed at the inhabitants of the swimming pool.*

GUARD: You want to see a picture of bored? Then take a look at me ... a lifeguard. All day long sitting on my perch watching children trying to drown each other. Okay, they don't exactly do that but sometimes I wish ... oh never mind. (*Blowing an imaginary whistle.*) "Hey! Hey! No running!" I get so sick of this ... the same thing every day. Parents drop off their kids and expect us to ... "I said No Running! Look kid! I've got a gun and I know how to use it! Okay, it's a squirt gun, but it's loaded with ice water! Now slow down!"

Okay, it's not a hard job. I hardly ever go in the water except to give some old guy a boost out of the shallow end. Sometimes their trunks get waterlogged and they need a lift. Anybody gets in trouble I throw them a lifebuoy. That's what they teach ... only go in the water as a last resort and in this pool we don't have any last resorts. The big problem? Just staying awake. I mean, you get in real trouble if you fall asleep on the job. It's embarrassing to wake up and see the paramedics hauling someone off. "Hey kid! Your trunks are sagging! Pull 'em up! Pull 'em up!" That is so disgusting. Man, I'm tired ... got in too late last night. Gotta fight it ... but my eyes ... heavy ... so darned ...

(*He nods off just briefly, then springs to life as Ishmael.*) Captain! Captain Ahab! I see him! The great white whale! (*As Ahab.*) Argh! My old enemy, Moby Dick! Man the harpoon boats, lads! We're off to kill that whale! (*As Ishmael.*) But Captain, he's too large! He'll sink us! (*Ahab.*) Who cares? As long as I take him down with me! He got my leg and now I'm about to cut out the villain's heart! Give me that harpoon! (*Ishmael.*) But Captain! (*Ahab.*) I said give it to me! (*Ishmael.*) But Captain! (*Ahab.*) Get back, you cowards! I go it alone! Captain Ahab and Moby Dick, fight to the death! (*Ishmael.*) I can't look! Moby Dick's got Ahab in his jaws! He's closing his mouth on the Captain and ... look out, Captain! Look out! ... (*Yawns and comes to his senses.*) "Look out! Hey kid! Look out! You about hit that lady with your inner tube! I don't care if it was your mother, cut it out!" Man, I must have dozed ... no ... no sleeping on the job. I

wasn't asleep ... just ... maybe the sun. Maybe it was just the sun and ... (*Yawns.*) Oh, this is so boring. I gotta stay awake ... I gotta stay awake ... I gotta ... I gotta ...

Weather report, seaman! What? Only icebergs? Ha! This ship laughs at icebergs! The Titanic is unsinkable! (*Gets thrown off his feet a bit.*) What was that? An iceberg? Big one, wasn't it? Ah, never fear! I'm Captain Edward John Smith of the White Star Line! They picked me! The finest captain to ever ... (*Gets thrown off his feet again.*) What was that? The engine? Why is the engine bumping? It's not bumping. It blew up! Darned inconvenient if you ask me! (*Gets thrown down again.*) I say! The passengers in the cocktail lounge won't care for this! Steady as she goes! Steady as she ... What's that? What's that young man doing on the bow of my ship? He's shouting, "I'm King of the World!" Get him off of there! Makes us look bad! (*Gets thrown to the ground again.*) Hey, kid! Stop that! Stop that! (*Yawns.*) Stop! "Hey kid! Stop that! No pushing people into the pool! Yeah? I don't care if it was your mother, cut it out or I'm gonna kick you out of here! Yeah! You with the sagging trunks! Pull 'em up! There's kids in here!" What a bum job. Nothing exciting ever happening, just sitting here in the hot sun and ... and ... boy, I'm so tired ... so very ...

Aloha! (*Standing quickly and balancing himself on an imaginary surfboard.*) Hawaii! The World Surfing Championship! I made it! I finally made it! Just Biff Oahu and me left in the competition! Oh, come on, wave! Come on! Give me a barrel! Give me a tube! I'm hangin' ten, Daddy! Here goes a kick flip! A layback! Aloha, Baby! Aloha! The big one! Here comes the big one! Here comes ... here comes ... (*Yawning.*) ... here comes ... (*Waking.*) "Hey kid! I'm gonna give you the big one if you don't get down off the high dive! No! No! You're too young! (*Whistles.*) Okay! You're outa here! Go ahead! You're kicked out of the pool!" Geesh. I kick the same kid out every week! Three-year-olds are not allowed on the high dive. Next time I'll just let him jump ... and maybe sink. I should have taken the job at the burger place. At least I wouldn't get sunburned. Two hours. Two more hours up on this silly platform screaming at ... "Hey kid! Let that lady up! Yeah! The one you're holding under

water! Look, I don't care if she is your mother, you're not gonna drown her on my watch!" Idiots. Nothing but idiots all summer. I am so sick of water. I see water, I think water, I dream ... I dream ... (Yawns.) ... I dream ...

Sailor! Up periscope! Bring up the periscope! Aye, we've been sailing the coast of Pandamonia for two months, waiting for a chance to sink the Barbarella! Ah! There she is! There she is! The Barbarella, fast astern! Port! Port! Fast a-port! Man the torpedoes! Full speed! Full speed! She's got her guns trained right at us! Faster! Faster! Hard a-port! Hard a-port. Prepare to fire! Faster! We've got to turn faster! She's closing in on us! Dive! Dive! We can't make it! Dive! (Waking.) "Dive, you wacko! Stop dancing on the board and dive! You're gonna fall and kill yourself! You want a taste of this squirt gun? I'm warning! I'll shoot! I'll shoot!" I should have listened to Mom. She said, "Get a nice summer job mowing lawns. Being a lifeguard will bore you to death. Cut grass, Son, just cut the grass." Oh Mom, you're always right. Why don't I ever listen? This whole summer's like a bad movie ... a really bad movie ... (Yawns.) ... so tired. Just sitting here day after day ... movie after movie.

***Thank you for reading this free excerpt from
SUN DAZED by KEN BRADBURY. For performance rights
and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:***

Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011

www.brookpub.com