

# Booktalk!

## Scar Island Script

### For this Book Talk you will need

- 3 actors (Benny, Jonathan, Sebastian)
- Benny: jeans, white t-shirt, long-sleeved denim shirt
- Jonathan: jeans, white t-shirt, long-sleeved denim shirt, copy of Robinson Crusoe
- Sebastian: jeans, white t-shirt, long-sleeved denim shirt
- Additional props: 2 chairs (facing each other, simulating a bed), pillow, blanket, small rug next to bed, small table with a small basket of chocolates on it, gold foil wrappers strewn on floor around small table, copy of *Scar Island*



**Benny:** *(approaching Jonathan – who is sitting on the floor reading Robinson Crusoe; Benny speaking curtly)* Sebastian wants to see you in his room.

**Jonathan:** *(not looking up from the book; answering flatly)* Okay.

**Benny:** *(sounding annoyed & speaking louder):* NOW.

*(Jonathan pausing momentarily, closing the book & setting it down, then standing and following Benny across to other side of stage)*

**Benny:** *(announcing proudly)* Here he is.

**Sebastian:** *(sprawled on the ‘bed’, staring straight ahead at imaginary TV & clicking imaginary remote control; answering Benny flatly without taking his eyes off the ‘TV’)* Leave us alone, Benny.

*(Benny frowning then shooting Jonathan a dirty look before walking offstage; Jonathan standing next to the ‘bed’)*

**Sebastian:** *(sitting up and scowling at ‘TV’ as he mimes clicking the remote and turning off the ‘TV’)* The reception sucks. You can’t hardly see a thing. *(Jonathan beginning to fidget awkwardly)*

**Sebastian:** *(exhaling impatiently, then sliding off bed and facing Jonathan)* Where’s Colin?

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**Jonathan:** I don't know.

**Sebastian:** *(persistently)* You're his friend. And I know you've been creeping around this place.

**Jonathan:** I don't know where he is. This place is huge. He never told me he was leaving.

**Sebastian:** I want him back here with all of us... *(pausing)* I don't like him being out there. It's not...right. I'm supposed to be in charge, right? *(sounding increasingly desperate)* I'm supposed to be taking care of everybody. I should know where he is, right?

**Jonathan:** *(shrugging)* It's not your fault. He ran away. You didn't make him leave.

**Sebastian:** *(looking away & nodding, then looking back at Jonathan with a questioning expression)* If you do see him, would you tell me?

**Jonathan:** *(swallowing & looking away without answering)*

**Sebastian:** *(frowning, shaking his head & sitting back down on the bed)* It didn't have to be like this... We could be doing this together, you know.

**Jonathan:** *(looking at Sebastian)* Doing what?

**Sebastian:** *(palms up & gesturing as he speaks)* Running this thing. Being in charge. You're smart. This was all YOUR idea, remember? You didn't have to make ME the bad guy.

**Jonathan:** *(protesting)* I didn't MAKE you anything.

**Sebastian:** Yeah? *(jumping to his feet; Jonathan taking a step back)* Someone has to be the boss. Someone has to make it work. How else do you make everyone write a letter home to their parents? How else do you make sure no one tells the boat guys that we're here on this island all by ourselves? How else do you get people to keep feeding the furnace so we can stay warm? Huh? How do you make it all work otherwise?

**Jonathan:** *(shrugging again)* I don't know. But I don't want to be in charge. I just want... *(hesitating)* I just want...

**Sebastian:** What, Johnny? What do you want?

**Jonathan:** *(blinking hard & looking at the floor)* I don't know. I don't know what I want. I don't want anything, I think. And that's the problem. continued on next page...

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- Sebastian:** *(glaring at Jonathan & breathing more quickly)* Do you even LIKE it here?
- Jonathan:** *(shrugging & looking into Sebastian's face)* I don't like it out THERE *(gesturing to somewhere off in the distance)*. I just want didn't want to go back to – *(pausing)* all that. Here I can just be... nothing.
- Sebastian:** *(studying Jonathan momentarily, then nodding a small nod)* Yeah. I don't like it out there either. *(looking at Jonathan briefly, then crossing over to small table near the 'bed'; unwrapping a chocolate, tossing it in his mouth & dropping gold wrapper onto floor)* You want one?
- Jonathan:** No.
- Sebastian:** *(grabbing another chocolate then walking back over next to the bed)* They're almost gone, you know, The chocolates, I mean. And without the key, I can't get into the Admiral's office to get any more.
- Jonathan:** *(looking up and over at Sebastian, then speaking quietly)* I'm glad we can't get in there.
- Sebastian:** *(frowning his brow)* Why?
- Jonathan:** Because our files are in there. All the lists of the bad things we've done. The bad things we are. *(looking down)* I like it better like this. We're all just the Scars, together. Whatever we did out there doesn't matter. *(looking up at Sebastian)* If that door opens, we just become our crimes again.
- Sebastian:** *(quizzically)* Why are you so sad? I've never seen a kid as sad-looking as you.
- Jonathan:** *(looking around the room evasively, then looking intently back at Sebastian)* How come you never write a letter home, Sebastian?
- Sebastian:** *(unwrapping chocolate in his hand then letting wrapper fall onto rug; gesturing towards the 'door')* Go on... Get out of here.
- Sebastian:** *(Jonathan nodding and walking away; Sebastian following after him)* It's funny... You wanna stay because here you get to be nothing. And I wanna stay because here I get to be something. *(sitting back down on bed & turning 'TV' back on)*
- Jonathan:** *(nodding faintly at Sebastian then speaking to audience)* Who are the Scars? What are we doing here all alone? And what's going to happen to us if we never get off this island? *(grabbing copy of Scar Island from the bed & holding it up for audience to see)* You won't find out unless you read *Scar Island*... It's at your Scholastic Book Fair.