

PERUSAL SCRIPT



Newport, Maine

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Respectin' Da Nile

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CAST

DEXTER — is small and scrawny with a large ball and chain attached to his leg

MORRIS — is very large and muscular with handcuffs on one hand

Place: Middle of the Nile River.

Time: Contemporary, Night

RESPECTIN' DA NILE by Joseph Arrington and James Arrington 2m Simple setting. 15-20 minutes. Two escapees on a boat on the Nile; one with a handcuff on one hand, the other with a ball and chain. No keys, no file, nothin' but crocs, and not a real ounce of smarts between them.

ORDER #3354

James Arrington — Retired former Associate Professor, Former Department Chair at Utah Valley University. James Arrington was schooled professionally at The American Conservatory Theatre in San Francisco and then earned a master's degree in Theatre from Brigham Young University. He has worked professionally for 30 years became a sensation on the Utah theatre scene when he returned to create and star in his one-man show *Here's Brother Brigham*. It toured the U.S., Canada, and the British isles. He went on to write and produce numerous theatre pieces including several one-man shows: *J. Golden*, *Tumuaki! Matthew Cowley of the Pacific*, and co-wrote *Wilford Woodruff: God's Fisherman*. He wrote and starred in a quirky TRIPLE *The Farley Family Reunion*, *Farley Two: The Next Gyration*, and *Farley Family Xmas* and a charming musical *Christmas Without Christmas!?* He co-wrote the pioneer musical *The Trail of Dreams* and was granted a commission by the Sesquicentennial UtahWar Committee to co-write and tour *March of the Salt Soldiers: The Utah War*. He has written for stage, screen, outdoor pageant, radio drama, and puppet shows.

PRODUCTION NOTE: The boat, which forms the basis of the set, can sit on two large inner tubes gently inflated.

Respectin' Da Nile

(In the dark we hear a struggling sound with muffled calls for help. A man screams followed by a loud splashing sound. The stage LIGHTS come up dimly as if night. Two men are standing in a small boat. MORRIS and DEXTER. They both wear life preservers. As the lights come up, they “high five” each other and laugh out loud.)

DEXTER: Ha, ha, haaa! Whoo! You sure showed him, Morris!

(Pats his shoulder.)

MORRIS: Dat guard wasn't payin' us no respect, Dexter.

DEXTER: I tell ya, no friggin' guard is a match for you, fella, especially not at night. You tossed 'im overboard like a sack o' potatas.

(Pointing off.)

Look at 'im, he can't even swim!

MORRIS: Tossed 'im overboard, I did! No guard is a match for me, no sir! I just bent my thumb this way

(bends his thumb backward)

and slipped my hand through da cuffs. Never knew what hit'im.

DEXTER: You double jointed or somthin'?

MORRIS: Yeah, Dexter. I wasn't gonna respect no guard.

DEXTER: I keep tellin' youse to use your abilities more for these types o' things. Youse gotta concentrate your power more often, could help with our master plans, y'know.

MORRIS: Master plans?

DEXTER: The ones we worked on for five months before comin' from America to Egypt, remember... About da jewels?

MORRIS: Yeah, before we got caught in Egypt.

DEXTER: Along with all dem Egyptish criminals who ain't got no respect.

MORRIS: Wow, I can barely see da shore from da boat, Dexter.

DEXTER: Yeah, dat's right, it's night. Besides dis' here giant river is actually called da Nile. Not only the widest in the area, but also the longest ever. Moses walked around here somewheres. Everyone around here knows dat' about da Nile, especially da Egyptites.

MORRIS: This place looks like somthin' outta da movies, huh, only at night.

DEXTER: Yeah, well dat's alotta fun and all, Morris, but now we's gotta hurry and get off dis' boat so's the rest of dem guards don't come after us.

MORRIS: Why would they come for us?

DEXTER: Because we're criminals, numbskull! They are gonna be pretty worked up when they find out what we done.

MORRIS: Yeah... what I done.

DEXTER: Geez... I can't think straight until I get this ball offa' my leg. Hand me da keys, Morris.

MORRIS: Keys? What keys, Dexter?

DEXTER: DA keys, Morris!

(Pause)

Tell me you gots da keys, Morris!

MORRIS: Da keys?

(Pause)

DEXTER: DAMMIT, MORRIS!!! You lost da keys???

MORRIS: Uh... Maybe dat's why he didn't swim so good.

DEXTER: What am I gonna do now? This ball weighs a million pounds...

MORRIS: I thought you told me ta' grab his *knees*, Dexter! I did grab his knees like I thought you said. I tossed him over my head by his knees.

DEXTER: No, his Keys, Morris! Are you Retarded or sumthin'?

MORRIS: Why didn't *you* just grab da keys, Dexter?

DEXTER: 'Cause you were liftin' him over your head like friggin' Hercules!

MORRIS: Who's friggin' Hercules?

DEXTER: NEVER MIND ABOUT HERCULES!!! You pay me some respect, Morris! You already screwed us up once now!

MORRIS: Dexter... I am so fulla' respect. I couldn't be any more respectful towards youse than I am now. You are respected by me. I am full of...

DEXTER: *(yelling)* Awright already!!!

MORRIS: Respectin' youse...

DEXTER: I said awright! Now... we's gotta get offa dis' boat, Morris. Trust me, you don't wanna go to one o' dem Egyptish prisons.

MORRIS: Why, Dexter?

DEXTER: Did you like prison last time?

MORRIS: No.

DEXTER: Yeah... and it was American, right?

MORRIS: Hey... yeah, it was!

DEXTER: Let me tell you, they are much more worser here dan in America.

MORRIS: Really?

DEXTER: Trust me.

(whispers)

They do stuff to ya dat' no one talks about.

MORRIS: *(overwhelmed)* Dem Egyptites treat you like hardened criminals?

DEXTER: We *are* hardened criminals, cheese wheel!

(DEXTER hits Morris.)

MORRIS: Yeah... We are!

DEXTER: Awright... now help me think of a way to get offa dis' boat.

MORRIS: Hey, maybe we could swim to shore!

DEXTER: (*sarcastically*) Great idea, Morris, so, how are we gonna swim when I have a lead ball da size a friggin' Miami attached to my ankle?

MORRIS: Look, Dexter... I got a big hand, right?

DEXTER: Uh, yeah, right.

MORRIS: So's all I gotta do is swim with da ball in my hand, Dexter.

DEXTER: Morris...

MORRIS: Yeah?

DEXTER: Tell me somethin'...

MORRIS: Yeah?

DEXTER: What do you swim wit, Morris? What is it you swim wit?

MORRIS: My arms and hands and...

DEXTER: So, how you gonna hold dat ball, again?

MORRIS: Oh... right. I forgot. Sorry, Dexter, I wasn't disrespectin' you at all. It was jus' a idea.

DEXTER: Awright, awright... So how we gonna do dis'?

MORRIS: Uh... Oh! I got it! We could use dis oar, Dexter.

(*MORRIS reaches into the bottom of the boat and holds up a one-person oar.*)

DEXTER: Hey! For once you sound like you're talkin' smartsy. You're finally using your muscles up here

(*points to his head*)

for once.

MORRIS: (*enthralled*) Tanks, Dexter. I wouldn't wanna be on a boat with nobody else but you, Dexter.

DEXTER: Yeah... whatever. Now switch your muscles to da beefy part and start rowin', big guy!

MORRIS: (*cautiously starts to row the boat*) Okay, Dexter.

DEXTER: Hey, look at dis.

(DEXTER holds up a small tin box from the bottom of the boat)

MORRIS: What is it, Dexter?

DEXTER: It's some kind of toolbox or somthin'. Keep rowin', would you!?

MORRIS: Awright, Dexter.

(MORRIS looks into the water where he is rowing and sees something. He jumps back accidentally throwing the oar out of the boat.)

Oh my hell!!! Look out, Dexter!

(MORRIS dives down to the bottom of the boat, out of sight.)

DEXTER: *(shaken)* What's up wichoo??? Why'd you toss da oar!?

MORRIS: Shhhh.

(MORRIS pulls Dexter down with him.)

Shhh.

DEXTER: What!!?

(Pause. DEXTER looks over the edge of the boat cautiously.)

MORRIS: Geez! It's a... a...

DEXTER: What is it?

MORRIS: Shhhhhh!!! It's a CROC-O-DILE!

DEXTER: A CROC-O-DILE??? You mean... a crocodile, are you sure? Maybe you're jus' seein' things in da dark or...

MORRIS: Trust me, I mean all da respect I got on dis one. It's a major big one. Whoo hoo!!!

DEXTER: What were you doin' with da oar?

MORRIS: Da oar?

DEXTER: Yeah, da oar. You tossed it. Were you tryin' to bean 'im in da head or sumthin'?

MORRIS: I guess I, well... I guess I got scared.

DEXTER: *(frustrated)* Well, we gotta look.

(DEXTER pops up and looks)

Morris? LOOK!

(DEXTER pops MORRIS on the shoulder)

MORRIS : AWRIGHT AWREADY! I'm...

(MORRIS gets up to look and the boat nearly capsizes)

DEXTER: HEY! LOOK OUT THERE! Nooooo... Wait. No...

MORRIS: Whoa, WHOA! WHOA!!! NOOOOOO... DOH.

(BOTH start to stabilize the boat)

DEXTER: HEY! Hey, you got it dere?

MORRIS: Yeah, yeah, I got dere. Whoops, and dere too!

DEXTER: We nearly went ovah...

MORRIS: YEAH, CROCK MEAT F'SURE!

(BOTH at each other)

DEXTER: Did you see da oar?

MORRIS: No, I did not see any oar at all...

DEXTER: GEEZ! You tru out da oar an' now it's gone! You lost da oar, Morris!

(DEXTER rises)

You lost it!!!

(The boat rocks and DEXTER instantly sits again.)

Whoa!

MORRIS: *(with some humor)* Gotsta to be careful inna middle o' da Nile, Dexter.

DEXTER: *(grabbing him roughly)* MORRIS DO YOU GET IT?! WE GOT NO WAY TA...

(DEXTER sits)

Aw, what'sa use.

MORRIS: Sorry. No disrespect, Dexter. I jus' meant...

DEXTER: I gotta have dat oar, Morris. So, grab it back!!!

MORRIS: I can't, Dexter, da croc'll eat me up. You grab for it.

DEXTER: WHAT?! What makes you think it won't eat me?

MORRIS: You're skinnier.

DEXTER: What? So what!? Captain Hook was skinny too! You want me lookin' like Captain Hook? Huh?

MORRIS: Sorry, Dexter. No disrespect...

DEXTER: Great! Just great. Now we got no oar... But we do got a croc. Hey...

(Looking over the edge of the boat.)

Are you even sure dat was even a croc?

MORRIS: Oh yeah! It was a croc alright. I can tell from watchin' nature shows.

DEXTER: Nature shows?

MORRIS: Yeah.

DEXTER: When'd you watch nature shows?

MORRIS: When I was little, my brotha ran a wire to our neighbors cable and we had really great shows for free. I used to watch nature shows da best. I liked dem animal shows. They was...

DEXTER: Awright, awright!

MORRIS: Did you know, Dexter, as hundreds of Egyptites are eaten by da crocs every year?

DEXTER: Well, we got's no problem then!

MORRIS : How come?

DEXTER: *(sarcastically)* 'Cause since we ain't Egyptites, dey won't eat us!

MORRIS: Hey, yeah!

(MORRIS laughs. DEXTER moans in frustration. DEXTER slugs Morris.)

DEXTER: Come on, Einstein, now we got an even bigger problem on our hands. Can't get the paddle cuz o' da croc. How we gonna get rid o' da croc?

(Pause)

Come on, you're big on ideas tonight...

MORRIS: I got no clue, Dexter, really.

DEXTER: If we can just get rid of da croc, we can swim to shore.

MORRIS: Swim? I don't know if I wanna swim, Dexter. Just thinkin' 'bout it, dere is probably more than one croc in dis river.

SIX AND A HALF MORE PAGES TO THE END