

A script from



“Pink Elephants Running Amuck”

by
Eddie James and Tommy Woodard

- What** Two old friends meet up and resolve a hurtful issue from the past. (Themes: Hidden hurts, Friends, Words, Forgiveness)
- Who** Chuck
David
- When** Present day
- Wear (Props)** 1 Table, 4 Chairs, 4 Place settings
- Why** Ephesians 4:26, Matthew 5:23-24
- How** This is a great comedic “slice-of-life.” Try to play this as straight as possible and the jokes will play funnier. The more the actor advertises the punch lines the less the audience has a chance to identify with what’s happening on stage.
- Time** Approximately 6-8 minutes

Chuck and David are waiting for their wives to return from an exercise class. They have decided to meet and have dinner together. Chuck and David have arrived a little bit earlier to catch up on old times.

- Chuck:** I can't believe this, man! Our wives end up in the same spin class and here we are eating at the same place we used to hang out in high school. How did we let this much time get away from us?
- David:** I don't know – but it's good to see you again.
- Chuck:** Hey, remember how we used to come here for karaoke every Thursday night? You used to do a pretty brutal rendition of "_____". I think I saw your name over there on the Wall of Shame.
- David:** Yeah, I'm surprised you remember much of that. You were always busy making out with that gangly-eyed, toothpick chick... what was her name?
- Chuck:** Sheila. Her name is Sheila. And that "toothpick" is spinning with your wife right now as we speak.
- David:** *(Embarrassed)* Oooh. Sorry – I didn't realize...
- Chuck:** *(Interrupting)* Hey, that's all right. Seven years of marriage and two kids have put quite a bit of "junk in the trunk" if you know what I mean. *(Points thumb backwards.)*
- David:** Um, yeah. Hey, how's family life treating you anyway? How old are your kids now?
- Chuck:** Joshy is five and Abby is three. They're a lot of work, but I love 'em. I am really excited that Josh is old enough to go to peewee football camp this year.
- David:** I guess if you have anything to do with it he will be a jock just like his Dad. I don't think there was a sports page in the yearbook that didn't have your picture on it.
- Chuck:** That was my life in high school, man. I haven't had that much fun since we graduated. You weren't really into sports were you? More of a "mathlete".
- David:** Actually, I ran track.
- Chuck:** That's right! They did let you on the track team, didn't they? I guess everybody had to get in those P.E. credits. *(Starts eating some chips and dip.)*

- David:** I forgot that about you...
- Chuck:** *(Taken back)* About what?
- David:** How you eat. You eat like a rabbit.
- Chuck:** I do?
- David:** Yeah. See? You smell your food and then your front teeth come forward and you start nibbling. It's a chip. It's not a carrot.
- Chuck:** Sorry. I didn't realize I was imitating Bugs Bunny.
- David:** You always did that. We'd all sit around you and watch you eat in middle school. You never knew that?
- Chuck:** No. No I did not. *(Pushes chips away)* Well, that's all folks.
- David:** It's no big deal. We were practically best friends. We can overcome you eating like a rabbit. No biggie, really. *(Starts humming a song to himself and then works up to a full song with David singing. Do a song that is current and very popular.)*
- Chuck:** What are you doing?
- David:** Huh? Oh, I like to sing. I heard this song on the radio and I cannot get it out of my head. *(Continues to sing the song.)*
- Chuck:** I forgot that about you...
- David:** What?
- Chuck:** You can't sing.
- David:** What!
- Chuck:** You can't sing. Can't even carry a note. You're flat. Always were.
- David:** What are you talking about? I've been in the choir since tenth grade. I'm still in the choir!
- Chuck:** You shouldn't be. I'm telling you that, and if people were honest, they would too.
- David:** I sang solos in high school.
- Chuck:** We all laughed.
- David:** The music teacher said I had potential.

- Chuck:** Do you have a good lawyer?
- David:** No.
- Chuck:** Get one and sue the music teacher.
- David:** Well, at least I don't drool incessantly for no reason!
- Chuck:** I have no (*wipes drool with napkin from face*) idea what you're talking about. I bet you still don't have good comebacks when you get all flustered, do you?
- David:** Oh, whatever... you... you... drooler-who-eats-like-a-rabbit-and-has-a-toothpick-for-a-wife guy...
- Chuck:** I rest my case. (*Folds arms in victory*)
- David:** Fine. (*Turns away from table*)
- Chuck:** Fine. (*Turns away from table in opposite direction*)
- David:** Sticks and stones may break my bones but your words will never hurt me. (*Sticks out tongue*)
- Chuck:** Great comeback, Shakespeare. The seventies called, they want that phrase back.
- David:** (*Beat*) Maybe I'm not being totally honest with you. Your words do hurt me and they have hurt me for a long time.
- Chuck:** I'm not following...
- David:** Our Junior year, on the bus after the track meet.
- Chuck:** Our Junior year? I don't even remember what happened yesterday. You are bringing something up from eleventh grade? What on earth could I have possibly done to you so long ago that you are still holding onto it?
- David:** The day at the track meet I had run a great race and placed first in two events. And I also had three girls from other schools come up to me and they were showing me all this attention. I, the math-geek, the future accountant, was getting all this attention. It was all so new to me. Unlike you, I never had many girls give me the time of day. So, here I was in a different town and I felt so great for the first time... I was somebody.
- Chuck:** What does this have to do with our friendship?

- David:** I’m getting there. I got on the bus early and I was sitting in the very back basking in my fifteen minutes of fame. You had sat up front with some of the guys. You must have thought I was on the other bus because you started going off on how I must have paid the other runners to go slower than me. Since I had never won before, it just made sense, you said. All the guys were laughing... quite an audience you had there on my expense. Then one of them mentioned the girls which favored me and you started making jokes how they forgot their glasses. “It must have been a special day for the ugly” and so on.
- Chuck:** *(Pause)* I didn’t know you were back there. I am so sorry. I was wrong... very wrong. I never meant to hurt you. I guess I was jealous or something. Eleventh grade. We finished the year out together, our senior year and even two years in community college. How come you never said anything to me?
- David:** Guess I never wanted to hear you say those things were true so I decided not to say anything at all.
- Chuck:** It’s like we have had this huge pink elephant in the middle of our relationship all this time and it’s been ignored and it just kept growing bigger and bigger.
- David:** You lost me.
- Chuck:** Pink Elephants! *(Getting caught up in the metaphor)* There it’s been all this time between us. Sitting there and we just keep going around it hoping it will disappear. It didn’t, instead it just kept getting larger. It even had babies! Little, baby pink elephants which all stem from the big pink elephant. There we are fussing and getting annoyed over the little, baby pink elephants instead of the big, papa pink elephant.
- David:** *(Beat)* I have no idea what you just said.
- Chuck:** This thing between us. It’s huge like an elephant. It’s pink; so you can’t miss it. But we continue to ignore the problem hoping it would go away and instead it has grown over the years and has produced other things for us to get mad over except the real issue.
- David:** Why didn’t you just say that in the first place?
- Chuck:** I’m so sorry. I hope you can forgive me. I’ve been learning and re-learning that my words either build people up or tear them down. I’m sorry you got caught in the middle of my insecurities. You were one of my best friends in the whole world. Let’s promise each other we won’t allow something to build like this over the next twelve years.
- David:** *(Reluctant)* Maybe. Take back the part about my singing.