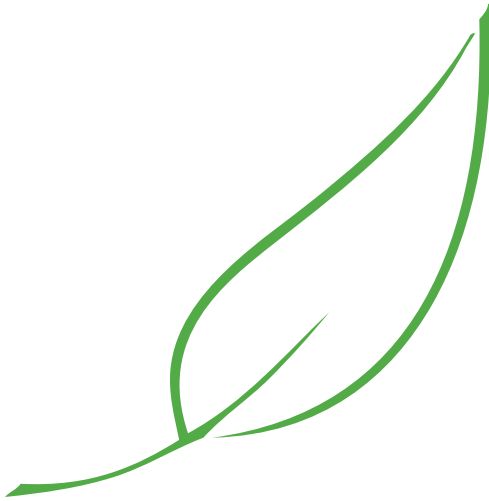


Pilgrim's Progress

By Larry Phillis and John Dessler



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SYNOPSIS: *Pilgrim's Progression* is a full-length play disguised as comedy sketches poking fun at contemporary society and satirizing Thanksgiving traditions.

The majority of the play's over 30 parts can be double-cast, and the set changes were designed to be quick and easy.

Pilgrim's Progression connects a series of seemingly unconnected scenes, from the original Thanksgiving to its modern football-frenzied version, from chaos around the family table to chaos in a convenience store, and the touching scene of a runaway searching for meaning, all while a couple makes a journey of discovery on the way to a family holiday.

Characters intersect and their stories unexpectedly intertwine, until the series of subplots come together in one big Thanksgiving dinner farce, itself a parody of a previous scene.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(6-15 male, 5-10 female, 0-11 either)

FRANK (m).....	A hot dog vendor (Scene 1, 7). (9 lines)
ROBBER (m/f)	A hopeless robber (Scene 1, 4, 7, 8). (13 lines)
PAT (m).....	Convenience store worker, who is late (Scene 1, 4, 7, 8). (6 lines)
BERNIE (m)	Homeless street vagrant (Scene 1, 6, 12). (59 lines)
COP (m/f).....	A typical police officer (Scene 4, 7). (2 lines)
MARTIN (m)	A bickering husband (Scene 2, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9). (64 lines)
DELORES (f)	A bickering wife (Scene 2, 4, 5, 7, 9). (72 lines)

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- INDIAN CHIEF/DAD (m)**.....As Indian Chief, he is protective of his family and his way of life. As Father, he is protective of his family and his way of life (Scene 3, 11).
(60 lines)
- QUEEN/MOM (f)**.....Tries hard to make sure everything with her family and family gatherings is perfect (Scene 3, 11).
(63 lines)
- PRINCESS/EMILY (f)**Daughter who is dating a boy that doesn't fit in with the family (Scene 3, 6, 11). (59 lines)
- YOUNG BRAVE/STEVE (m)**.....As Young Brave, he is a soon-to-be warrior. As Steve, he is a college-age kid, just trying to get by (Scene 3, 8, 11). (58 lines)
- WIGGLING STICK/SNAKE (m)**.....The boyfriend, whose strange way of speaking concerns his girlfriend's father (Scene 1, 3, 4, 7, 9, 11).
(25 lines)
- MOOCH (m)**.....Friend of Young Brave/Steve (Scene 3, 10, 11). (5 lines)
- WHITE MAN/WHITMAN (m)**As White Man, he is a pilgrim looking to take over the Indian land. As Whitman, he is a geeky yes-man to his wife (Scene 3, 11). (24 lines)
- WHITE WOMAN/**
MRS. WHITMAN (f).....As White Woman, she is a geeky yes-woman to her husband. As Mrs. Whitman, she is a powerful and obnoxious businesswoman looking to take over land (Scene 3, 11).
(21 lines)
- GREAT ELDER/GRANDMA (f)**As Great Elder, she is revered and wise in her sayings. As Grandma, she is senile (Scene 3, 11). (3 lines)

MESSENGER (m/f)	Just a runner who passes out (Scene 3). <i>(4 lines)</i>
PEDESTRIAN (m/f).....	A do-gooder (Scene 6). <i>(Non-speaking)</i>
BILLY (m)	Bernie's homeless vagrant friend (Scene 6). <i>(4 lines)</i>
THUG 1 AND THUG 2 (m/f)	Bad people looking to beat up the homeless (Scene 6). <i>(THUG 1 - - 2 lines, THUG 2 - - 1 line)</i>
BOSS JOHNSON (m/f).....	Manager of the convenience store (Scene 8). <i>(6 lines)</i>
CUSTOMER 1 (m/f)	'Nuff said (Scene 8). <i>(11 lines)</i>
CUSTOMER 2 (m/f)	'Nuff said (Scene 8). <i>(6 lines)</i>
CUSTOMER 3 (m/f)	'Nuff said (Scene 8). <i>(4 lines)</i>
SLOW CUSTOMER (m/f)	Slow, but not drunk or anything, and not old (Scene 8). <i>(9 lines)</i>
LAST CUSTOMER (m/f).....	A little on the ditzy side (Scene 8). <i>(5 lines)</i>
UNCLE FRED (m).....	Loud, obnoxious, football fan (Scene 10). <i>(16 lines)</i>
NANCY (f)	Like Fred (Scene 10). <i>(8 lines)</i>
LISA (f)	Football fan. Not quite obnoxious (Scene 10). <i>(7 lines)</i>
TIMMY (m)	Loud, obnoxious, football fan (Scene 10). <i>(11 lines)</i>
VENDOR/MOM (f).....	Like a popcorn/beer vendor, finally gets fed up with her family (Scene 10). <i>(9 lines)</i>
AUNT SYLVIE (f)	Doesn't understand football, but is trying to learn (Scene 10). <i>(7 lines)</i>
UNCLE JOE (m).....	Patient husband trying to explain the game to his wife (Scene 10). <i>(3 lines)</i>
MARY (f).....	Young mother, very excitable (Scene 10). <i>(7 lines)</i>
STEWART (m).....	Young father, married to Mary. Not as excitable (Scene 10). <i>(8 lines)</i>

BOBBY (m)..... Young son of Mary and Stewart
(Scene 10). (2 lines)

PRODUCTION NOTES

When we first staged *Pilgrim's Progression*, the major props never left the stage. Set pieces were interchangeable, with the street corner light pole transforming into a coat rack and a tree for different scenes. The hot dog cart became an end table, or an ice cream freezer in the convenience store. We used box seats that piled on top of one another for the counter, or got pushed together for the couch. Feel free to use your own imagination when preparing props and sets.

PROPS:

Street Corner Scene

Hot dog cart w/removable umbrella

Gun

Hot dogs (about 10)

\$20 bill

Mustard filled hot dog (yellow paint)

Road Trip

'Car' w/ trunk space

Bags (as many as Martin can handle)

One red bag/sewing kit

2 cell phones

Sweater

Blue sweater

Pink paper with directions

The First Thanksgiving

Sacred chalice

Spear

American Indian style serving pots/plates

Native American Drum

Large fish

Indian Head dress

Note

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Paint brush/canvas

Street Corner 2/Trip 2:

Drink to spill

Map

Two sandwiches

Go Home for the Holidays

Garbage can

Dollar

Shoe with sole missing

Street Corner

Coffee to spill

Convenience Store

Counter/cash register/penny dish

Bag of pecans

Money for paying and change

Bread and milk

Wallet

Box of muscle relaxant

Map with hole in middle

In the Bleachers

Popcorn

Peanuts

Beer

Carrots, green beans, stuffing, bowls.

Cranberry sauce

Turkey leg

The Final Dinner

Punch bowl

Carving knife

Thanksgiving dishes

Goldfish

SCENE 1
PRELUDE ON THE STREET CORNER

AT RISE: *Lights up on a street corner. SNAKE enters stage left, hitchhiking across the stage and exits stage right as FRANK enters stage left with a hot dog cart.*

FRANK: Thanksgiving. "Get out there and make some money."
What does she know about it? No one ever buys anything on
Thanksgiving.

ROBBER enters opposite of FRANK.

ROBBER: Thanksgiving. "Get out there and make some money."
What does he know about it? There's no one to rob on
Thanksgiving.

ROBBER sees FRANK and moves towards him while getting out his gun.

ROBBER: *(Nervously looking around.)* Give it to me!

FRANK: *(Not looking at the ROBBER.)* What?

ROBBER: Everything!

FRANK: *(Thinking it's a sale.)* One with everything.

ROBBER: I mean money.

FRANK: Money? One with everything is \$2.

ROBBER: *(Getting frustrated.)* I'm robbing you.

FRANK: *(Proud of their low prices.)* I know \$2 is a good price, but I
assure you, I'm making a profit.

ROBBER: No, I mean I want more.

FRANK: How many?

ROBBER: Whatever you got.

FRANK: I got about 40 dogs in here.

ROBBER: I mean 10s or 20s.

FRANK: You want 10 for 20! That'd be great! *(He starts handing the hot dogs to the ROBBER, who is having trouble handling so many. During the confusion, the ROBBER puts his gun in his pocket and takes all of the hot dogs.)* This Thanksgiving is the best! That'll be \$20.00, please.

ROBBER: *(In a threatening manner to show FRANK the gun.)* In my pocket.

FRANK reaches into ROBBER'S pocket and finds the gun and the money.

FRANK: *(Holding up gun.)* Good idea, you can never be too safe on these streets.

FRANK replaces the gun and exits with the money. ROBBER is dejected and starts putting the hot dogs in his pockets.

ROBBER: *(To self.)* All these hot dogs . . . all that money wasted . . .

PAT enters stage left, moving towards ROBBER.

PAT: Look at the time . . . I have to get to work.

ROBBER sees PAT, the new target, and in the confusion, pulls out a hot dog instead of the gun.

ROBBER: Freeze!

ROBBER presses the hot dog to PAT, smearing his shirt with mustard.

PAT: What the heck!? This shirt is ruined!

PAT exits stage left. ROBBER drops the hot dogs in disgust and exits stage right. BERNIE enters stage right and sees the hot dogs.

BERNIE: Wow! It's a feast! *(Grabs the hot dogs and exits.)*

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 2

THE TRIP BEGINS

AT RISE: *Lights up. There is a car stage right. MARTIN enters stage left, crosses with a few bags, and begins loading them into his car. DELORES enters stage right with more bags. There is already tension between them.*

MARTIN: Good day for driving.

DELORES: Don't start with me.

MARTIN: What? I'm just saying.

DELORES hands bags to MARTIN, then dials her cell phone as MARTIN packs the trunk.

DELORES: *(On cell phone.)* Hello, Katie, yes, we're just getting ready to pull out now - - *(To MARTIN.)* right, honey?

MARTIN: As soon as I can get this packed.

DELORES: We'll be leaving as soon as Martin gets a few things packed in the trunk . . . so how are you?

DELORES exits as MARTIN packs. DELORES re-enters, still on the phone, with more bags.

DELORES: *(Into phone.)* . . . with the little red fringe? *(To MARTIN.)* Can you take this honey?

MARTIN: *(Meeting her center stage.)* Sure.

DELORES hands MARTIN the bags.

DELORES: *(To phone.)* . . . really? *(To MARTIN.)* . . . Oh, wait dear -

DELORES exits and enters, handing a few more bags to MARTIN. MARTIN starts toward the car.

DELORES: *(To phone.)* . . . and Maria was there? *(To MARTIN.)*
Wait, one more.

MARTIN waits as she exits/enters again with another bag. She holds it as:

DELORES: *(To phone.)* Okay, we're leaving. I'll see you when we get there. *(To MARTIN.)* That's it. We're ready.

She hands the last bag to MARTIN and goes to the car empty-handed. He struggles as he gets near the trunk:

DELORES: Honey?

MARTIN: *(Annoyed.)* I'm busy here.

DELORES: I'm just asking you a question.

MARTIN: What?

DELORES: Did you turn the stove off?

MARTIN: Yes.

DELORES: Are you sure? We don't want the house to burn down.

MARTIN: Can't you check?

DELORES: I have to call Katie back.

MARTIN exits annoyed.

DELORES: *(Dials phone.)* Katie . . . what's the weather like there?
Okay, we'll see you soon.

She hangs up and dials again. Cell phone is heard ringing. MARTIN hurriedly enters to answer his cell phone, which is near the trunk.

MARTIN: Hello?

DELORES: While you're in the house, can you get my sweater for me?

MARTIN: I'm not in the house!

DELORES: You're still *outside* the car.

MARTIN: *(Mumbling to himself as he exits.)* Has to call me . . .

DELORES sings to herself until MARTIN re-enters with a red sweater. His cell phone rings again.

MARTIN: *(Stops to answer.)* Hello?

DELORES: The blue one.

MARTIN turns around and exits.

DELORES: *(To offstage left.)* Hi, Harry! How're you doing, neighbor? . . . Yes, we're going to my mother's . . . No, just for the day . . . Happy Thanksgiving.

MARTIN enters with blue sweater.

MARTIN: *(Getting in the car.)* Are we ready?

DELORES: Yep.

MARTIN: Do you have the directions?

DELORES: I gave them to you.

MARTIN: No, you didn't.

DELORES: Yes, I did.

MARTIN: No, you didn't.

DELORES: Yes, I did.

MARTIN: I didn't get the directions.

DELORES: They were in the brown bag I gave you.

MARTIN: The brown bag is packed in . . .

Defeated, MARTIN goes and starts to unpack the trunk.

MARTIN: *(To self.)* This is ridiculous.

DELORES: *(Out car window.)* They're on a pink piece of paper.

MARTIN: I know! *(To self again.)* Who would bring this much stuff? There is no reason for all this, "You have to be prepared." *(Finds directions, keeps ranting as he can't get everything back in the trunk.)* What is this? *(Opens a red box.)* A sewing kit? *(Yelling to DELORES.)* Why did we bring a sewing kit?

DELORES: In case we need it on the trip.

MARTIN: Emergency pants splitting!?

DELORES: Do you remember how much you ate last year?

MARTIN: You know we're only going for one day.

DELORES: But it's all day.

MARTIN: You packed like it's a week-long trip!

DELORES: You have to be prepared.

Argument turns louder as MARTIN gets back in car.

MARTIN: You take it to the extremes!

DELORES: I just wanted it to be special!

MARTIN: You want everything to be special!

DELORES: I just wanted a nice Thanksgiving.

MARTIN: Everything has to be a huge, special event for you!

DELORES: *(Suddenly starts crying.)* I just want to make sure nothing goes wrong.

Pause.

MARTIN: *(Feeling bad.)* I know, I'm sorry. Look, I'm thankful for everything you're trying to do, I'll try harder.

DELORES: *(Recovering.)* And I'll try harder to not be - - so pushy.

MARTIN: Okay, let's go.

DELORES: Use your turn signal.

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 3 THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

AT RISE: *Lights up on CHIEF sits watching an imaginary warrior competition as QUEEN enters stage left.*

CHIEF: Little Bear? Warriors in rituals weaker every harvest.

QUEEN: Little Bear may be weak, but have golden tongue.

CHIEF: What good is golden tongue?

QUEEN: *(Singing.)* He write the song the whole tribe sings.

CHIEF: Weak!

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QUEEN: He write songs for all ceremonies.

CHIEF: Buffalo look impressive this season, and the Colts running seem strong. But still no match for Redskins.

PRINCESS enters stage left. CHIEF moves her from blocking his view.

QUEEN: White men will be here soon. Princess, can you get sacred chalice from teepee?

PRINCESS exits stage left to get the sacred chalice.

CHIEF: I do not understand why you invite these people. We know nothing of them.

QUEEN: They are new to this world. It would be good relations to share feast, and we can learn their ways.

CHIEF: I have reservations of letting white man come into my home. Where is spear?

QUEEN: In teepee.

CHIEF exits stage left, YOUNG BRAVE enters stage right.

YOUNG BRAVE: I am late.

QUEEN: I worried for your safety. Did you get the rooted bean?

YOUNG BRAVE: I - - I - -

QUEEN: (*Disappointed.*) Young Brave, you know Chief wants rooted bean in stew.

YOUNG BRAVE: I had rooted bean, but they were taken from me by wild boar.

QUEEN: At least you here for feast.

CHIEF enters.

CHIEF: Young Brave. Welcome.

SFX: Horse whinny.

QUEEN: That must be white man.

QUEEN moves stage right, as WIGGLING STICK, dressed as a pilgrim, enters.

WIGGLING STICK: *(To offstage right)* I offer gratitude for passage
and wish that thou hast safe travels.

PRINCESS: *(Excited.)* Wiggling Stick, you made it!

PRINCESS gives WIGGLING STICK a hug.

WIGGLING STICK: Travelers heading west were kind enough to
offereth passage.

CHIEF: Wiggling Stick?

PRINCESS backs down.

QUEEN: Wiggling Stick pursues Princess.

WIGGLING STICK offers hand to CHIEF for shake. CHIEF doesn't understand.

WIGGLING STICK: Fond greetings and gratitude for thine gracious
hospitality, doth say I.

CHIEF: Say again?

YOUNG BRAVE: He happy you share feast.

CHIEF: You understand strange tongue?

YOUNG BRAVE: This is the new world. All white men talk with this
strange tongue.

CHIEF grunts.

QUEEN: Please sit, Wiggling Stick. Feast will be soon. *(To PRINCESS.)* Princess, join me by fire.

CHIEF paces, eyeing WIGGLING STICK.

PRINCESS: (*Worried.*) Yes, Queen.

QUEEN: This will give Chief and Wiggling Stick chance to get to know one other.

PRINCESS: Papa, be nice.

CHIEF begins sharpening spear.

CHIEF: Papa always nice.

QUEEN and PRINCESS exit, WIGGLING STICK sits.

CHIEF: Wiggling Stick, huh?

WIGGLING STICK: Why, yes, indeed.

CHIEF: So you pursue my daughter?

WIGGLING STICK: Your daughter and I are courting. And I'm quite fond of her.

CHIEF: You fondle my daughter!?

WIGGLING STICK: Why, nary, I say, not by any means.

CHIEF grabs WIGGLING STICK and threatens him with his spear.

CHIEF: My daughter well on way of being first medicine woman in tribe, and no Wiggling Stick stop this. Understand?

WIGGLING STICK: (*Frightened.*) Perfectly!

QUEEN and PRINCESS enter carrying pots, etc. CHIEF lets go and WIGGLING STICK composes himself.

QUEEN: (*To PRINCESS.*) See, daughter. They get along fine.

CHIEF takes a nibble of stew.

CHIEF: Ooh, good deer stew. Better than root bean paste.

SFX: Horse whinny.

QUEEN: There's white man.

QUEEN moves stage right, MOOCH enters wearing war paint on face.

YOUNG BRAVE: Queen, Little Mooch asks to share feast with us?
His tribe is on famine.

QUEEN: We welcome Little Mooch and feast shortly.

SFX: Tom-toms sound.

QUEEN: I get it.

QUEEN pulls out drum, exchanges drumming, stops and sets down sticks.

QUEEN: (To CHIEF.) That was Big Oak. He unable to make hunting trip. He travel for three moons to trade daughter for cattle.

CHIEF: Aw, Big Oak have enough cattle.

QUEEN: Anyone see Great Elder?

PRINCESS: Last I saw, Great Elder was catching fish from river with teeth.

QUEEN: Princess, would you summon the Great Elder and let her know of feast.

SFX: Horse whinny.

QUEEN: That *must* be white men.

QUEEN answers door and WHITE MAN, WHITE WIFE enter.

WHITE WIFE: Greetings.

QUEEN: Chief, this white man.

WHITE MAN: I doth offer gratitude and thanks for inviting mine wife and myself to your powwow.

QUEEN: Your arrival falls upon the feasting time. I will gather bounty.

QUEEN exits.

CHIEF: Sit.

WHITE MAN: Your pristine surroundings are extremely desirable.

WHITE WIFE: I should say.

WHITE MAN: This delightful and expansive land, I am sure is superlative, but in excess for your small family.

CHIEF: I have 12 sons and 8 daughters. One of many families.

GREAT ELDER enters carrying large fish.

CHIEF: This is our Great Elder.

GREAT ELDER: Just as the trout spawns upstream, so too does my hunger.

GREAT ELDER bites fish.

WIGGLING STICK: Quite impressive.

WHITE MAN: I was wondering, pray tell, if with so much land, perhaps it may be too much for just yourselves?

WHITE WIFE: My husband is rather educated in the areas of land management.

CHIEF: I am Rising Dawn, Chief of all Indians in Apache Territory.

CHIEF puts on headdress.

WHITE MAN: I must say, Chief, nice feathers in your cap.

QUEEN and PRINCESS enter carrying dishes.

QUEEN: Young Brave, Mooch, time for feast.

MOOCH and YOUNG BRAVE come to the table.

WHITE MAN: So, perhaps then you can help assist me in my quandary as to who holds deed to your land, Rising Sun.

CHIEF: Rising Dawn and Indian way not white man's business.

WHITE MAN: Oh contraire, 'tis my business. My business is to know other people's business. The Indian's way may seem ideal . . .

CHIEF: I am quite happy with the way things are.

WHITE MAN: I am sure that you are. *(To WHITE WIFE.)* He thinks he is happy.

WHITE WIFE: Alas, I thought I was happy, as well. But, nay, for my Robert knew better.

WHITE MAN: But really, Running Dew - -

CHIEF: Rising Dawn.

WHITE MAN: Right, Running Down. I deal in land management.

WHITE WIFE: Shall I be so bold as to say that my husband is a land management genius?

WHITE MAN: I'm sure I can assist your people in a more efficient place, better adjusted to your means.

CHIEF: My means?

MESSENGER runs in stage right.

MESSENGER: Excuse me, Lord Whitman.

WHITE MAN: Yes?

MESSENGER: I am to deliver this message.

MESSENGER hands WHITE MAN note.

QUEEN: So, Wiggling Stick? Princess tells us that . . .

WHITE MAN: *(Interrupting.)* Well, I'll be a son of a gun. *(Writing on paper as he talks aloud.)* Mr. Columbus. I thought you fell off the face of the Earth. The exchange sounds splendid. Signed, Lord Whitman.

WHITE MAN hands the note to MESSENGER, who then exits stage right.

WHITE MAN: Carry on.

QUEEN pauses, as she was interrupted, and then continues.

QUEEN: As I was saying, we heard that . . .

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MESSENGER runs in, out of breath.

MESSENGER: Excuse me, Lord Whitman.

MESSENGER hands WHITE MAN note. QUEEN tries to speak a few times, but can't over WHITE MAN.

WHITE MAN: You don't say. *(Writing on paper as he talks out loud.)*
Well, I suggest we move on it at once.

WHITE MAN spots PRINCESS pouring WIGGLING STICK some water.

WHITE MAN: *(To PRINCESS, holding mug up.)* I don't mind if I do.

QUEEN: . . . that . . .

WHITE MAN: Don't give them time to realize what's going on . . .

QUEEN: *(Finally getting it in.)* . . . that you have been on great travels to the north and have visited great cities.

QUEEN looks at WHITE MAN defiantly.

WHITE MAN: . . . Signed, Lord Whitman.

WHITE MAN hands note to MESSENGER.

WHITE MAN: Carry on.

WIGGLING STICK: 'Tis true. Very exciting holiday. *(To CHIEF.)*
Can you please pass the corn?

CHIEF looks perplexed, turns to YOUNG BRAVE for help.

YOUNG BRAVE: He's asking if you would pass the maize. *(To WIGGLING STICK.)* You call it corn; we call it maize.

MESSENGER runs in out of breath.

MESSENGER: Excuse *(Huff.)* - - me, Lord *(Huff.)* - - Whitman - -

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MESSENGER collapses.

WHITE MAN: My carrier has been dropping way too much lately. I'm going to have to find a new service.

CHIEF: The Great Elder will now say grace?

GREAT ELDER chants. ALL pause.

QUEEN: All need to give own thanks. I am thankful that we share feast with white man.

CHIEF: I am thankful no root bean paste.

PRINCESS: I am thankful Wiggling Stick is here.

WIGGLING STICK: Doth shall I thankest thou most undueth to thine be true.

CHIEF turns to YOUNG BRAVE for help.

YOUNG BRAVE: Got me.

YOUNG BRAVE and MOOCH "see" Little Bear fail, stand and expose their war-painted stomachs in celebration.

YOUNG BRAVE: I thankful that Little Bear is weak, and I finally pass warrior test!

YOUNG BRAVE and MOOCH celebrate.

GREAT ELDER: Let us all be thankful for even thinking we could be thankful.

CHIEF: Let us begin.

Everyone begins to eat.

QUEEN: Wait!

QUEEN grabs paint and brush and ALL pose, QUEEN begins to paint.

QUEEN: Hold smiles!

LIGHTS FADE.

SCENE 4 STREET CORNER 2

AT RISE: *Lights up on the street corner. ROBBER enters and begins stealing a car downstage center [not the couple's car]. COP enters.*

COP: Is this your car?

ROBBER: *(Startled and lies.)* Oh! Umm - - yes, yes, it is.

COP: *(Writing.)* Well, it's parked illegally, here's a ticket for \$45.

Lights dim on intersection, lights up on couple's car upstage right.

DELORES: We're lost, and I'm thirsty.

MARTIN: We are not lost. We've been following the directions.

MARTIN shows DELORES the pink paper.

DELORES: I'm still thirsty.

MARTIN: Didn't you pack sandwiches and drinks?

DELORES: Yes. They're in the blue bag; it's the very first thing I handed you.

MARTIN realizes it's in the trunk, pulls the car over and gets out.

DELORES: *(Looking around.)* We just passed this corner.

MARTIN: *(Searching through the trunk.)* How do you know? They all look the same.

DELORES: It looks the same because it is the same.

Lights up on the street. SNAKE is hitchhiking through. ROBBER is near the hot dog cart stage left, PAT enters stage right. ROBBER steals a drink from the hot dog vendor, turns quickly to leave as PAT arrives. ROBBER spills drink on PAT.

PAT: What the heck?! This shirt is ruined!

PAT exits stage left angrily, and ROBBER exits stage right dejectedly. Lights dim on intersection. Focus on car as MARTIN is re-packing the trunk.

MARTIN: *(Looking at road sign.)* We're on Chestnut Street. What do the directions say?

DELORES: *(Getting the pink paper.)* Well, it says to turn left onto Chestnut.

MARTIN: And we did.

MARTIN becomes disgruntled because the red box (sewing kit) will not fit back in. He tosses it off to the side and gets back in car.

DELORES: Yes, twice.

MARTIN: How can we turn left onto the same road twice?

DELORES: I don't know. You're driving. All I'm saying is that this is the same intersection that we passed earlier and that I think we're lost . . . *(Continues complaining as MARTIN gets tired of DELORES'S voice, turns on radio. SFX: Radio-changing noises as . . .)*

LIGHTS FADE. TRANSITION.

SCENE 5

CAR 3

AT RISE: *Lights up on same car; same couple. DELORES looking at a map; turns off the radio.*

DELORES: We have to turn left.

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MARTIN: Are you sure?

DELORES: Yes, we're going along this red line, and the next line is on the left.

MARTIN looks over, turns map right-side up.

DELORES: We have to turn right.

MARTIN: How long have you been looking at that wrong?

DELORES: I don't know how to read a map.

MARTIN: Well, do you know how to get me a sandwich?

DELORES: I guess. (*Gets two sandwiches.*) Which kind do you want?

MARTIN: I don't care.

DELORES: There's one with lettuce and . . .

MARTIN: It doesn't matter.

DELORES: But I made peanut butter . . .

MARTIN: I just want a sandwich.

DELORES: Or there's tuna . . .

MARTIN: I don't care!

DELORES: There's this one . . .

MARTIN: It doesn't matter.

DELORES: Peanut butter or tuna?

MARTIN: I don't care!

DELORES: Can't you . . .

MARTIN: (*Finally breaks.*) Just give me a sandwich!

DELORES is mad. She switches the top pieces of bread from both sandwiches and hands the new sandwich to MARTIN, who bites into it. MARTIN is grossed out, spits, gags and throws the sandwich out the window. DELORES looks satisfied.

DELORES: Seconds?

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 6
GO HOME FOR THE HOLIDAY

AT RISE: *Lights up on the same intersection. FRANK is "Out to Lunch." EMILY enters stage right looking for food. BERNIE watches from the shadows stage left as EMILY finds MARTIN'S discarded sandwich. She is disgusted and moves stage left towards the garbage can.*

BERNIE: Who are you? What are you doing here?

EMILY: *(Scared but defiant.)* I'm looking for something to eat.

BERNIE: No, you're not - - you want to steal my cans, don't you?

EMILY: No, I'm looking for something to eat.

BERNIE: Then why'd you pass up this sandwich?

EMILY: It's gross.

BERNIE: It's food.

EMILY: I was looking for something better.

BERNIE: Better? It's a perfectly good tuna and peanut butter sandwich. What? Do you have some secret stash of *good* food somewhere?

EMILY: No - - I don't. I'm hungry. I was hoping to find something.

BERNIE: You did find something, but you passed it up. Makes me not trust you.

EMILY: I'll find something better.

BERNIE: I doubt that very much.

BERNIE walks away as a pedestrian comes past and tries to give EMILY a dollar. EMILY is scared and tells him to go away. He exits as BERNIE chases him.

BERNIE: Wait! I'll take it . . . I'll take it . . . It's Thanksgiving! Give a little thanks. *(To EMILY.)* What'd you let him get away for?

EMILY: I know a thing or two about the city, rule one is don't talk to strangers, and never look people in the eye.

BERNIE: That's ridiculous.

EMILY: No, it's not. My parents taught me that when we came here to visit last year.



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