

08-01-2010. Marianne Jaffke.

*Creative Writing* seminar session.

TASK: Write a dialogue.  
Script it as if intended to be a radio play.

THEME: snowbound.

## *Penguins* (four pages)

Characters: A TRIBE OF PENGUINS. Featuring: THE COMMANDING PENGUIN. THE CYNICAL PENGUIN. THE LITTLE PENGUIN. THE BACKGROUND PENGUIN. THE ACCUSED PENGUIN. Inter alia.

*Mainly indoor sounds. Howling winds outside, chatter and trembling noises inside. Many naked feet trudging through snow (entering) or shambling on an icy ground (already inside).*

### **Commanding Penguin *in doubt*:**

THIS IS NOT RIGHT...

### **Several penguins *in the back rows*:**

~ MOVE!

~ HOW BIG IS THIS PLACE? BIG ENOUGH?

~ OUTCH! STOP PUSHING ME!

~ THE STORM IS GETTING STRONGER.  
WE'LL *HAVE* TO FIT IN!

~ MOVE!

### **Commanding Penguin:**

OK, EVERYBODY IN NOW!  
BE CAREFUL.  
TRY NOT TO TOUCH ANYTHING...

**Cynical Penguin:**

WHY AREN'T WE ALLOWED  
TO TOUCH THINGS?

**Background Penguin:**

THERE IS NOT MUCH IN HERE  
WE COULD TOUCH!

**Commanding Penguin:**

IS THAT SO? AND WHAT IS THAT?

**Several penguins *hissing in awe*:**

OH!

**Commanding Penguin:**

THAT'S WHY!

**Little Penguin:**

IS THAT A CHAIR?  
LIKE, WHERE WHOMANS SIT ON?

**Cynical Penguin:**

YEAH, BECAUSE THEY CAN'T STAND IT.

**Little Penguin *in amazement*:**

REALLY?

**Commanding Penguin *authoritative*:**

YES, THIS IS A CHAIR.  
MEANING:  
WE'RE IN AN ARTIFICIAL PLACE  
BUILT BY A HUMAN PERSON.  
NO ONE TOUCHES ANYTHING!  
UNDERSTOOD?  
AND NO ONE FALLS ASLEEP!  
YOU KNOW HOW LONG IT TAKES TO WAKE UP...  
WE ARE GETTING OUT OF HERE  
AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!  
WHEN THE STORM ENDED...

... BEFORE THE OWNER COMES BACK!  
UNTIL THEN: NO TOUCHING, NO SLEEPING!

**Cynical Penguin:**

GREAT. JUST GREAT.

**Little Penguin:**

WOW...

**Background Penguin:**

DON'T TOUCH THAT!

**Accused Penguin:**

I'M NOT TOUCHING ANYTHING!  
AM I TOUCHING ANYTHING?  
I'M NOT TOUCHING ANYTHING!  
MAN!  
WHAT ARE YOU ACCUSING ME OF?

**Cynical Penguin *annoyed*:**

AND HERE WE GO AGAIN...  
YOU KNOW,  
IT'S *NOT* CALLED POSTPOSITION,  
IT'S CALLED PREPOSITION.  
I TOLD YOU,  
YOU CAN'T FINISH SENTENCES LIKE THAT!

**Commanding Penguin:**

WHAT'S GOING ON BACK THERE?  
DID SOMEONE TOUCH SOMETHING?  
NO TOUCHING!

**Background Penguin:**

HE TOUCHED A LAMP!

**Accused Penguin:**

I DID NOT!

**Little Penguin:**

A LAMB?

**Cynical Penguin *stressed out*:**

NO, A *LAMP*... ARTIFICIAL FIRE.

**Little Penguin *marveling*:**

WOW.

**Commanding Penguin *shouting*:**

NO ONE  
TOUCHES  
ANYTHING!

**Cynical Penguin *snooty*:**

A LITTLE LIGHT WOULD BE NICE  
FOR A CHANGE.

**Commanding Penguin:**

HANDS OFF THE LAMP!

**Background Penguin:**

IT DOESN'T WORK ANYWAY.  
I TRIED IT ALREADY...

**Accused Penguin:**

AHA!

**Cynical Penguin:**

NO JUICE, PROBABLY.

**Background Penguin:**

NO, NO.  
THE GENERATOR SEEMS TO WORK.  
AT LEAST, THAT'S WHAT THE DISPLAY SAYS.  
I THINK THE LIGHT BULB IS THE PROBLEM.

**Cynical Penguin *bored*:**

AND NO ONE CAN CHANGE IT, OF COURSE.

**Commanding Penguin *loosing it*:**

DAMN IT!

**Little Penguin *whiny*:**

CAN'T **WE** CHANGE THE LIGHT BULB?

**Background Penguin:**

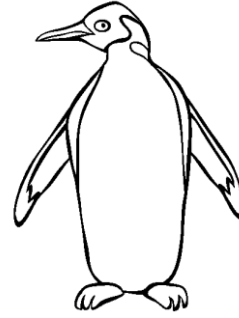
WHY NOT? IF WE ALL WORK TOGETHER...

**Commanding Penguin:**

NO ONE TOUCHES ANYTHING!  
NO CHANGING LIGHT BULBS!

**Little Penguin *discouraged*:**

MAN.



*TO BE CONTINUED?*

*HOPEFULLY NOT.*

