

# BITE ME

BY SAMANTHA BREWER, LORI BOUCHER, LIZ COUNCIL, BRITTANY DAVILA, OWEN FRIESEN, DANNI HAMILTON, SAMANTHA HOCHHALTER, EMILY JORGENSON, CODY LEVIN, ELSA RICHARDSON AND ADELE YOUNG

TROLLWOOD PERFORMING ARTS SCHOOL  
FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA

## Characters

MALE VOICEOVER 1  
MALE VOICEOVER 2  
BURT  
SVETLANA  
URSULA  
CHRISTINA  
BLAIR  
IRIS  
CHARLIE  
ISABEL  
KELLEN  
JORG

## Setting

????

*At rise, in blackout, we hear Voiceover 1 and Voiceover 2.  
Voiceover 2 should be the voice of a young boy.*

VOICEOVER 1: Hey, kiddo, should we set up our stuff here?

VOICEOVER 2: Yeah ... this is a really cool spot ... right by the river!

*(Lights up. We see a bar or what appears to be a bar Burt is busy setting behind the Bar. He is whistling while he works. Svetlana enters frighten and disoriented. She moves to the bar where she immediately takes out a long red straw and pierces it into the bar itself, and begins sucking up the liquid as fast as possible.)*

BURT: Hey now little lady ... slow down, why don't ya? There's plenty to go around. This stuff is very rich ... you need to pace yourself.

SVETLANA: Must ... drink ... haven't had food ... for ... days and days ... *(She continues to drink voraciously.) (Ursula enters, also disheveled and seemly disoriented.)*

URSULA: Whoa, baby ... what is this place? Where the heck am I?

SVETLANA: Must ... drink ... more ... more ...

BURT: *(To Ursula.)* Hey, friend, this her is Burt's Bar. Finest selecting around. Sweetest wine of our time. What can I do you for?

URSULA: Sweet wine? Yes! That's exactly what I need. I've been feeling a bit woozy lately... something's going on out there.

BURT: Yes I know. I've had a hard time finding a decent location to set up. But this place is working out just fine. Had quite a bit myself, earlier today. *(Burt pats his very full stomach)*

URSULA: Yeah, I can see you have. I definitely need some of that *(Burt takes a long red straw and thrusts it into the bar.)*

BURT: There you go... drink up!

URSULA: Thanks *(She begins sucking up the liquid.) (Christina and Blair enter. Christina keeps spinning around in circles. Blair is clearly trying to help her.)*

BLAIR: Well they're at it again. The mist is thicker than ever. Can't see a thing. Can't find any food. It's making everyone feel discombobulated. Especially this one –she won't stop dancing, and I don't understand what she's talking about!

CHRISTINA: *(Flitting about the bar; she speaks with an Italian accent.)* He loves me...he loves me...

BLAIR: Who loves you? Who?

CHRISTINA: *(with a silly little grin)* He loves me!

BLAIR: I give up. She's bonkers.

BURT: *(Leading Christina to the bar.)* C'mere hon. I have a little nourishment. This is gonna make you feel much better. I guarantee it.

BLAIR: Set me up too I'm starving.

*(All three move to the bar. Burt thrusts straws into the bar for Blair and Christina, and they begin to drink. Iris enters She gazes about the bar almost as if in a hypnotic trance Blair notices her entrance.)*

BLAIR: Iris? Did you get caught in? Are you OK? Iris?

IRIS: *(Twirling around in circles.)* Isn't the word *fantastic*? Utterly, supremely, incredibly...  
FANTASTIC!

URSULA: Well she's obviously been out their way to long.

BLAIR: Obviously. Her mind is gone. How can she possibly think the world is fantastic? Not for our kind anyway.

URSULA: It's not that bad.

BLAIR: OH REALLY*(she sighs.)* Sometimes I really wish I were a bird or something.

URSULA: a bird ? oh brother.

*(Charlie enters in flurry, calling for Iris.)*

CHARLIE: *(Looking around.)* IRIS! Are you here? Oh, please be here... Iris? Hey... have any of you seen... *(Sees Iris twirling about.)* IRIS! Oh, my God! What have those slobs done to you- my poor Iris. My poor little sister. That mist... those... what do you call them again. People! Those people! Putting that fog upon us as if we were nothing but mere irrelevant little creatures! We have feelings too! We deserve to live our two-week existence just as much as everyone else how dare they do this to my Iris! Look at her! Just look at her! I wish I were a vegetarian like my brother. If all of us were vegetarians, things like this would never happen.

IRIS: *(very mellow.)* I am fine, Charlie... I am completely at peace-I feel so significant. I understand my place in the world. I feel phenomenalistic

CHARLIE: No, honey... that's the poison talking. It makes you feel like you are going crazy, but you are not really going crazy, it makes you feel like you are going crazy, and then you end up going crazy!

SVETLANA: *(Still drinking at the bar.)* Must... drink...must get nourishment for my babies... must.

URSULA: Whoa, baby, save some for the rest of us, would you?

BURT: *(Moving Svetlana away from her straw for a moment.)* I told you dear. There is plenty to go around. This food source you are feeding of is supplying all of you with this delicious and nutritious beverage. This feeding station just happens to be healthy, red-meat eating, candy-bar snacking All-American Boy! I found him this morning... just latched on to the little guy's pant leg and climbed on up.

BLAIR: You always find the best, Burt.

BURT: Thanks. I do what I can!

KRISTINA: *(looking out from her straw and speaking to no one in particular.)* He loves me... he loves me!

BLAIR: Yeah, yeah... sure he does *(to the others)* just humor her.

*(All characters come up to the bar and begin sucking the liquid. Bart remains busy facilitating them. Isabel enters carrying a giant M&M. She is trying to nibble on it. She is unsuccessful.)*

ISABEL: Hey, Burt-take a look at this.

BURT: What the hell is that?

ISABEL: I dunno. I'm trying to eat it though. Can't seem to find much to eat these days. We might as well try this, don't you think?

SVETLANA: *(Continuing to drink.)* Must eat...

CHARLIE: is it food? Is it safe? Is it ... vegetarian?

ISABEL: I dunno. I'm pretty sure it's food. It's hard to crack this thing open – and there's no sticky liquid in the middle – just brown stuff – kinda sweet – hard to drink.

IRIS: *(approaching Isabel and touching the M&M.)* Wow ... this is awesometastic! Anew food source!

BLAIR: That is no food source! *(She kicks the M&M.)* This is. Junk!

ISABEL: *(Still nibbling.)* Well ... it kind of tastes good. You're always so negative, Blair.

BLAIR: I'm a realist, and the reality is . . . we cannot survive on whatever *this* is!

*(Isabel shrugs and continues to nibble away on the M&M. Kellen enters, running and screaming.)*

KILLEN: *(Out of breath.)* OK . . . you guys are not going to believe what just happened to me! There I was trapped in its web . . . moving toward me, almost on top of me . . . I saw its jaws. My entire life flashed before my eyes – every single thing that happened to me last week. I knew it was the end.

ISABEL: And then what happened?

KELLEN: It stated acting very strange. It started slowing down – its head dropped, its web became loose, and it managed to escape. A narrow escape, but an escape none the less. I'm free. I won! I have triumphed over our worst enemy. I beat the SPIDER!

CHARLIE: It wasn't you! You didn't do anything. That spider probably got poisoned too. Didn't you notice all the fog outside? Didn't you notice that you can't find any food anywhere? The hosts are rejecting us! It's the end of the world, and you're acting like a superhero!

KELLEN: Well . . . I feel like a superhero. That spider almost ate me!

CHARLIE: Well, if the spider didn't get you . . . the mist will. Or you'll starve to death. Either way . . . it is the end.

BLAIR: It's the end alright.

BURT: Calm down, everyone . . . this host is being very hospitable. We have plenty of food for everyone. Come on and have a drink and sooth you're nerves.

BLAIR: Easy for you to say, Burt. Nothing affects you. *(Jorg enters wearing a Hawaiian shirt, straw hat, and a lei. He is sipping pomegranate juice from a coconut shell.)*

JORG: Dudes . . . how's it hanging?

BURT: Jorg, what are you doing here? You don't drink?

BLAIR: Well, he's drinking something.

ISABEL: And it's red . . .

CHARLIE: And it smells sweet.

IRIS: It looks unbelievably supertastic!

SVETLANA: *(Moving towards Jorg and his drink.)* Must have Food . . . must have drink . . . *(She snatches the drink out of Jorg's hand)*

JORG: *(Annoyed)* Ka-fricken' boom, - Babe – That was just rude!

SVETLANA: Must drink for my babies . . . *(She starts to suck up the liquid. She takes a sip and then spits it out.)* AAAHHH . . . I have botulism!

CHARLIE: You have poisoned her! What did you give to drink?

JORG: I didn't give her anything to; =drink. Se grabbed it to of my hand. She's very pushy. You females always get so crazy when it starts getting misty outside.

CHARLIE: Their poisoning us out there and now you're poisoning her in here.

JORG: Chill, dude. Its not poison. Its totally healthy. Natural. That's all I ever drink. It's the lovely red nectar from pomegranate. It totally sustains me through my day.

CHARLIE: And just what do you all day that requires sustaining?

JORG: Well, babe, I got this great pond of stagnant water out back were I do all my best work... if you know what I mean. Care to join me?

BLAIR: Are you out of mind? They're putting stuff in that pond – they're putting stuff everywhere. Soon you won't be able to any decent nectar anywhere. You'll Start going too, just wait and see. There's know where to go expect here. But we're not going to able to stay here forever – eventually this feeding station will close it's door for good.

ISABEL: And that's I think we should try eating this (*Holding up the M&M.*) there is know place left to go. The mist is everywhere!

USULA: I can't eat that crap. I have very sensitive digestive system. It has to be this. (*Indicating red beverage.*) This and nothing else.

SVETLANA: MUST ... HAVE ... BLOOD ...

URSULA: YES, WE KNOW. We all must have blood. Except him. (*Points to Jorg.*)

CHARLIE: We could try to live like Jorg and become vegetarian. We can try surviving on pomegranate nectar

JORG: It's a totaling bitchin' way to live, let me tell you.

SVETLANA: Babies ... need blood. (*She returns to the and continues to drink.*)

URSULA: She is right the babies need blood. (*Iris looks as though she is just about ready to exit the stage. Charlie sees her and pulls her back in.*) I

IRIS: Doesn't the air smell fantastic?

CHARLIE: Oh, Iris, you are so far gone. She went right through the thickest part of the fog before we made in here. Look what it did to her.

IRIS: All the colors are so beautiful.

JORG: I don't why you're so worried. She seems to be having a blast!

BLAIR: Christina too - ...

CHRISTINA: He loves me ... Oh, how he loves me ...

JORG: (*To Christina*) Hel-lo Betty!

CHRISTINA: Ciao Amore. Do you love me?

JORG: I do. I love ya babe (*He move toward Christina suggestively.*)

BLAIR: Hay you, Pomegranate pupa – stay away from her! She not ready for that kind of responsibility. (*Jorg moves away and toward Ursula.*)

JORG: What about you, babe? Wanna check out my pond?

URSULA: Wanna check proboscis? Get away from me?

CHRISTINA: (*To Jorg.*) I love you.

BLAIR: Christina ... don't ...

URSULA: Oh, leave her alone, it's her time.

BLAIR: I think she a little young. And he's definitely not the right male for her.

ISABEL: It's her choice. I was her found love. Now I just love this ... (*She continues to nibble on the M&M.*)

JORG: (*With complete insincerity.*) Well, I love you, too.

CHRISTINA: You see? He loves me ... he loves me!

JORG: Yes, He does. Shall we go to romantic shallow waters of my stagnant pool of love?

CHRISTINA: Mi amore.

(*He offers Christina his arm. She takes it murmuring all the while " He loves me, he loves me." They exit.*)

BLAIR: That guy makes me sick. Now he's gonna knock her up, and won't be any food for her eggs. But do think he cares? Not one bit.

URSULA: Well, at least he won't be around for very much longer after she gets through with him, he will be dead in a day.

BLAIR: Yah that's true. That is comforting.

URSULA: You're not that sleazy with your own kind females, are you Burt?

BURT: Of course not ... I have the utmost respect for you egg layers. Why do you think I set up this fine establishment? To keep you ladies well nourishes.

BLAIR: You're a true gentleman Burt. A rare breed I have to say.

KELLEN: Hey, everyone, I think we should band together and take advantage is weakening all those spider out there we can wipe them all if work together. We'd never have worry about them again! I think we can do it. What do you say?

CHARLIE: How can you possibly think of spiders at a time like this? That stuff is killing us, don't you realize that? All of us... spiders, flies, ticks ...

BURT: With all due respect, Charlie, it's not really affecting us ticks.

CHARLIE: Well, it's taking its toll on the rest of us. Just take a look at my sister, why don't you? She's lost her mind!

KELLEN: Sorry ... I didn't mean to upset you ... I just thought ...

CHARLIE: *(Interrupting.)* Well, I'm upset, OKAY! I mean, today is the last day of our lives ... isn't anyone else upset about that?

IRIS: *(Philosophically.)* Don't be upset, Charlie. Don't you feel alive? I feel alive. ALIVE! Breathe in those fumes – they're nothing to be afraid of. They're intoxicating.

*(A slight hissing sound is heard. Isabel drops her M and M with a gigantic thud. She looks around and slowly sniffs the air.)*

ISABEL: It's closer, do you smell it?

*(Iris and Charlie speak simultaneously.)*

IRIS: It's wonderful.

CHARLIE: It's awful.

BLAIR: *(Matter-of-fact.)* I guess this is it. This is the end. Man ... I still had another week left of y life cycle, and I was gonna try to do some serious living! Oh well ... nothin' we can do about it now, I guess.

KELLEN: I still think we could take those spiders. And if we die trying, well at least our kids would never have to worry about them.

SVETLANA: Babies . . . my babies . . . I can't leave my new batch of babies.

URSULA: There are three hundred of them. I think they'll be able to manage without you.

*(All characters start to sway and bounce as if on a train.)*

BURT: UH-OH. I think we're on the move. Hold on ladies – looks like we're going for a ride.

*(Usula, Blair, Burt, Charlie, Kellen and Isabel grab on tightly to the bar as the move and shake and jostle up and down. Svetlana continues to drink. Iris continues to dance.)*

CHARLIE: Iris! Get over here! You're gonna fall off. You're going to fall right off this boy's arm!

IRIS: *(Spreading her wings.)* I'm free – I'm FREEEEEEEE!

*(Iris flies off. Sound cue of a loud slap.)*

CHARLIE: Oh, no . . . Iris – she's gone . . .

*(We hear the more distinct sound of the hissing of an aerosol can.)*

ISABEL: They're coming. I can hear it.

BLAIR: I can smell it.

SVETLANA: I can taste it.

KELLEN: We're goners.

URSULA: Hey, Burt, Thanks for everything.

BURT: So long, Ladies. It certainly has been my pleasure serving you.

*(They all hunker down under the bar as a mist begins to cover the entire stage. The lights change, flicker, go dark and when they come up, all the characters are dead with their legs straight up in the air. They are all slightly twitching. Burt is the only survivor. He starts to sweep up the corpses as he shakes his head.)*

BURT: DAMN! I hate when this happens. Now I have to start all over again. Oh, well . . .

*(Burt exits. The light begin to fade as we hear:)*

VOICEOVER 1: So? Did you get 'em?

VOICEOVER 2: I can't believe it. Seven of them! That's some kind of record, huh, Dad?

VOICEOVER 1: Thank goodness for that bug spray. I don't know what we'd do without it.

VOICEOVER 2: WOW! They sure have some big mosquitoes here in Fargo.

VOICEOVER 1: Yup. They sure do.

END OF PLAY