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Dystopia! The Hungry Maze Game of Divergent Death

A comedy in one-act

By Don Zolidis

One-act Comedy
20+ actors, any gender

Trapped against their will in a dystopian future, a group of teens must battle against emotionally sensitive guards, limited budgets, and the trigger-happy Gamemaster to be proclaimed the winner. When the odds are this absurdly bleak, it seems certain that only the main character will make it out alive – but first the contestants must decide who the main character is. A bloodthirsty send-up of reality TV and young adult fiction.

Cast of Characters

GAMEMASTER
GUARDS

The contestants:

WHITE
BLUE
PINK
BROWN
RED
GREEN
LAVENDER
PURPLE
MAUVE
PAISLEY
BLACK
MAGENTA
VIOLET
ORANGE

Additional contests may be added as necessary.

All contestants may be any gender, ethnicity, or race.

Other roles: These may all be played by contestants who are killed early on.
FASHION SENSE
ORIGAMI
BEAT BOXING
MR. CUDDLES
GAMEMASTER 2
GUARDS
SHOWPEOPLE
JUDGES

Time: The future. Dystopia.

Place: The entrance to the mazegrounds.

All of the contestants except Paisley are dressed in nearly identical, grayish, prison-like uniforms with only splashes of their color to differentiate them. This could be armbands, headbands, hats, socks, scarves, pretty much anything. Paisley is dressed in an entire paisley outfit. He or she should stick out like a sore thumb.

(Lights up. The edge of the maze.)

GUARD

All right – move along! Move along! Come on.

GUARD 2

That's right. Come on. I'd hate to have to break out the cattle prods. We don't have all day here. Some of us have jobs.

(The group of PRISONERS emerges on stage, bewildered.)

WHITE

Where are we?

BLACK

What's going on?

BLUE

Have we been abducted?

PURPLE

Why don't I remember anything?

(General ad libs from the entire group.)

GUARD 2

Quiet please! Quiet please!

(The PRISONERS continue talking.)

People! People quiet! I'll wait. I'll wait. I'm going to stand up here and wait until you're quiet. I'm still waiting. People. We can't really start until you're quiet. People. I'll wait. I'll wait.

(They keep talking)

(GUARD blows a whistle.)

GUARD

SILENCE!

(Everyone is silent immediately.)

GUARD 2

Man that whistle thing really works.

GUARD

Oh yeah.

(MAGENTA raises his hand. GUARD calls on MAGENTA.)

GUARD

Question?

MAGENTA

Uh yeah… um… I have a couple of small ones: Where am I, who am I, and what is going on?

(BLUE raises a hand.)

BLUE

When is lunch?

GREEN

Do we have snacks? I think I have a glucose thing where I require snacks.

(GUARD blows whistle again.)

GUARD

We're not taking questions.

GUARD 2

I thought we were taking questions.

GUARD

No. We are guards. We don't answer any questions.

GUARD 2

I'm sorry I just like to be helpful. Listen – people… Um – long story short – we're currently living in a dystopian future, your memories have been erased, and from now on you're only going to be known by the color bands on your arms. That should get you started. I believe we have some brochures we're going to hand out.

(GUARD 2 looks to GUARD)

GUARD

What?

GUARD 2

Did you bring the brochures?

GUARD

No I did not bring the brochures.

GUARD 2

I gave you a memo about it.

GUARD

Get this through your head: You do not get to give me memos. I am a guard. I have a weapon and I will randomly shoot someone soon.

GUARD 2

I'd like to share a feeling statement right now.

GUARD

No.

GUARD 2

Your rejection of my feeling statements prompts another feeling statement on my part.

GUARD

What is your feeling statement?

GUARD 2

When you ignore my memos, it makes me feel sad.

GUARD

Whatever.

(GUARD shouts at the PRISONERS.)

Listen up maggots! We're not explaining anything! I am going to randomly shoot someone to make my point clear!

(GUARD looks for his gun. He turns to GUARD 2.)

Hey can I borrow your gun for a second?

GUARD 2

I'm going to need a memo about that.

GUARD *(to the PRISONERS)*

You're lucky this time worms! But next time –

(he points to BROWN)

You woulda been toast.

BROWN

What did I do?

GUARD

It would be a random killing.

BROWN

I'm just sitting here, man. I'm not even complaining. I'm just chill.

GUARD

I was going to do it as an example to the others.

BROWN

Not cool, man.

(The GAMEMASTER, an outlandishly dressed man or woman from the future – signals to his guards.)

GAMEMASTER

Welcome Contestants Slash Prisoners! You may call me… THE GAMEMASTER!

(GUARD and GUARD 2 make special effects – perhaps they flashlights or smoke grenades. Perhaps they make explosion sounds.)

(WHITE raises hand.)

GAMEMASTER

I am not taking… QUESTIONS!

(GUARD and GUARD 2 make the exact same special effect.)

Sit sit sit. Welcome to the Dystopian future.

WHITE

Isn't it the dystopian present?

GAMEMASTER

Yes, if you want to get technical about it – this is the dystopian present. You have been selected as attractive teenagers to enter… THE MAZE!

(No special effects this time.)

You're supposed to do the thing.

GUARD

Oh. Sorry. Can you do it again?

GAMEMASTER

You will enter… THE MAZE!

(GUARD and GUARD 2 make the special effect again.)

There care be only one winner. You will be tested in a series of deadly challenges for NO APPARENT REASON. Most of you will die. Entertain us, and you may survive. Also, some of you may discover certain skills that will allow you to join a particular faction of our society FOR NO APPARENT REASON. These factions are: 1. FASHION SENSE. 2. BEAT BOXING. 3. ORIGAMI. And… 4. CUDDLES.

GREEN

Ooh! Dibs on cuddles!

GAMEMASTER

There are no dibs!

GREEN

Dang it!

GAMEMASTER

First you will arrange yourselves into teams of two to four depending on your preference. Choose wisely. Your teammate will be your best friend and your WORST NIGHTMARE. You

have no memories of you prior lives because your prior lives are no longer important. From now on you will only be known as the color you wear.

WHITE

Hey I'm white!* Awesome! Things are looking up.

(If possible, the role of WHITE should be played by an actor of color.)

BLACK

And I'm black! I mean – I'm black. Um… This is confusing.

(WHITE and BLACK leave.)

BROWN

Excuse me? I'm guessing my color is a kind of a taupe?

GAMEMASTER

You will be known as Brown.

BROWN

Can I not be brown? It just seems a little like poop… Anyone else want to be brown?

GAMEMASTER

No changing colors!

PINK

Dude I'll trade you. I'm pink.

BROWN

Ha ha ha. Wuss!

PINK

Shut up!

(PINK and BROWN leave.)

(GREEN, BLUE, ORANGE, and RED form a team and leave.)

(LAVENDER, MAGENTA, PURPLE, VIOLET, and MAUVE look at each other.)

LAVENDER

Um… question – we all seem to be purple.

GAMEMASTER

Fools! One of you is Purple, one is Lavender, one is Violet, one is Magenta, and one is Mauve. It's so obvious!

(They all look at each other.)

VIOLET

Am I Lavender?

MAUVE

I'm not Lavender.

PURPLE

I think you're Mauve.

MAUVE

I don't even know what Mauve is.

PURPLE

I think this is Mauve.

MAUVE

Hey am I Mauve?

LAVENDER

I'm Violet.

PURPLE

No way. I'm Violet.

MAGENTA

I think I'm Magenta.

PURPLE

Okay I got this.
(PURPLE points to the wrong people)
Lavender. Purple. Magenta. Mauve. Violet.

GAMEMASTER

You got two right.

PURPLE

Dang it!

GAMEMASTER

Oh I forgot to mention – I have devices planted underneath your skin that can kill you when I press this button here. Mostly I do this for my own amusement. If you can't figure this out in five seconds, I shall kill… LAVENDER.

VIOLET

That's me! That's me! I'm lavender!

LAVENDER

Skipping Forward

WHITE

You're black, right?

BLACK

I guess. Oh man. Oh man this is not good. I'm so much toast.

WHITE

Hold on. As far as I know, there's only one person who's going to live through this.

BLACK

The White guy?

WHITE

No. The main character.

BLACK

Ohhhhh…. YES! The main character.

WHITE

The main character always lives.

BLACK

Like Harry Potter.

WHITE

Precisely. Now we just have to figure out who the main character is.

BLACK

Okay.

WHITE

The main character has a rich and involved backstory.

BLACK

Right.

WHITE

And has typically lost someone close to them. Like a father figure. Or mother. Sometimes the main character has a dead mother. Or both.

BLACK

Dang it. I think I had a happy childhood.

WHITE

Are you sure your parents weren't viciously murdered or were killed by spiders or something?

BLACK
No I'm pretty sure they're still alive. Man I never catch any breaks!

WHITE
And the main character has personal problems they have to overcome. And probably… has a romantic sub-plot.
(BLACK and WHITE look at each other.)

BLACK
Romantic subplot?

WHITE
Yes. It helps the dramatic tension.

BLACK
Right. Dramatic… tension.
(BLACK exhales, moves a little closer to WHITE.)

WHITE
What are you doing?

BLACK
Nothing. Just um… I want to let you know, if we don't make it out of this alive… I heart you.

WHITE
Whoah! Unh-uh! No! You are not the main character!

BLACK
Totally just scored a romantic subplot!

WHITE
I don't have feelings for you that way!

BLACK
Awesome! Unrequited love. That's my obstacle. I'm definitely the main character now.

WHITE
No way! Sorry! I have romantic feelings for you BUT I can't act on them BECAUSE I don't want you to suffer and die because my loved ones are always hurt… because I am the main character.

BLACK
I will be so sad when you are killed. It will really help my character development.

WHITE

I'm conflicted inside because when I was six my parents were killed by rabid monkeys!

BLACK

No they weren't!

WHITE

Right in front of me! I'm tortured by it to this day! That's why I must survive at all costs –

BLACK *(overlapping)*

My father got a paper cut and I WATCHED IT IN FRONT OF ME – It was horrible and it made me the extremely conflicted person I am today with a huge story and – aaarrrrhrrhrhghghgh!

(BLACK dies.)

(WHITE looks around.)

GAMEMASTER

Hey fun fact: I've got tiny little nuclear bombs embedded in your skin, so when you start to bore me, I can just kill people. So let's get going, shall we?

WHITE

Right. Hold on one second.

(Leans over BLACK.)

Noooooooooo! Noooooo! WHY?! IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ME!

(quickly)

I mean that metaphorically by the way don't kill me.

(back at it)

NOOO! NOOOOOO! I will treasure our… unacted upon romantic feelings and it will give me the strength I need to go on! I'll never forget you. Good night, sweet prince. May angels do something or whatever.

GAMEMASTER

Tick tock.

WHITE

Right.

(WHITE gets up and runs off to enter the maze as GUARDS drag off BLACK.)

(PINK and BROWN enter.)

BROWN

We're in some kind of maze!

PINK

Yeah that's what he said earlier.

BROWN

I'm lost! I'm so lost! Help me!

PINK

Dude. Brown. Chill out.

BROWN

NO! Don't you get it!? We're all gonna die man!

PINK

It's just like a maze. Whatever.

GAMEMASTER

Can you survive – the walls that move?!

BROWN

Noooo! Nooo! Moving walls! I'm too beautiful to die! Look at me. Look at this face. This is like a once-in-a-generation face. I would have been on magazines! In airports!

PINK

Let's think about this logically. There has to be some reason we're being subjected to this.

GAMEMASTER

There's no time for logic! Behold the crushing walls!

(GUARD and GUARD 2 hold "walls" and begin closing in.)

BROWN

Noooo! It's too much!

PINK

Dude, it's just people holding walls or whatever.

GAMEMASTER

Time out!

(Everyone is confused.)

Can I talk to you guys over here for a moment?

(GUARD and GUARD 2 set down their "walls" and confer with the Gamemaster.)

Um… maybe there was a miscommunication when we were designing the gigantic evil maze, but… this is not really what I had in mind when I said `moving walls.'

GUARD

Right.

GAMEMASTER

And?

GUARD

Yes.

GUARD 2

Can I make a feeling statement? Because it seems like you're blaming this on us. We're just trying to make this thing work here – I know we put a lot of care into making our walls seem wall-like.

GUARD

So remember when we built those tiny nuclear bombs that we implanted subcutaneously in everyone?

GAMEMASTER

Yeah.

GUARD

That was like all our budget.

GAMEMASTER

What?! The contractor told me we were under budget!

GUARD

Yeah. They do that.

PINK

So um… are we just hanging out now, or what?

GAMEMASTER

Time in! Behold the moving walls! They will crush you in a highly economical fashion!

(GUARD and GUARD 2 pick up their "walls" and begin moving in. They make sound effects as well.)

(BROWN tries to run, and trips.)

BROWN

Noooooooo! I'm a goner! Pink – Pink – go on without me! Remember me! Here's a picture of a child that I have no relation to but will make the audience like me.

(BROWN hands the picture over to PINK.)

PINK

Dude. Seriously. Get up.

BROWN

I can't make it! Leave me!

PINK

They're just guys with walls.

(The "Walls" have nearly closed in on PINK.)
Like what are you guys going to do?
(The "Walls" start crushing PINK.)
I'm still here. I guess I'll just wait this out.

GUARD 2

Hey can you take care of this?

GAMEMASTER

Oh. Sorry.
(GAMEMASTER presses his wrist control. PINK dies.)

BROWN

Aaaaaaah! You killed Pink! I didn't really like that guy, actually. Sort of a jerk. So I get to keep my picture then? Alrighty then.
(BROWN gets up and heads off-stage.)

(ORANGE, RED, GREEN, and BLUE run in.)

ORANGE

Where are we?

RED

All right, I'm in charge.

GREEN

Who put you in charge?

RED

Secret vote! Now – Blue – you're going to sacrifice yourself for the rest of us.

BLUE

Got it.
(short pause)
What?

RED

Green – you're the rebel. You're the guy who goes off on his own and gets killed randomly.

GREEN

This is ridiculous! I'm leaving right now! You losers can stay here and try to figure things out all you want but –
(GUARD swoops in with a bird stuffed animal.)

GUARD

Rawrk! Rawrk!

GREEN

What the heck is that?

GUARD

It's a genetically modified killer pigeon. It's got like razor sharp claws and nanotechnology and stuff. Well, I mean, you have to kind of use your imagination.

GREEN

I refuse to use my imagination!

GUARD

Fine. You're not going to have as fun of an experience then.
(becomes the bird again)
Sqwark! Sqwark! Dive bomb!

GREEN

I'm not scared of this thing.
(Bird attacks GREEN.)
Hey. That's kind of annoying. Seriously.

GUARD

Sqwark! Sqwark!

ORANGE

I'm scared! Let's get out of here.

RED

Hold on. I'm watching this.

GREEN

It's just a pigeon guys it's not going to –

GUARD

Pigeon strike!
(GUARD hits GREEN in the back of the head with the pigeon puppet.)

GREEN

Ow.

ORANGE

It got Green! We're all gonna die!

GAMEMASTER

And Green dies.

GREEN

What I –

(GREEN dies.)

RED

Whoah. Blue – you know what to do!

BLUE

What?

(They shove BLUE forward.)

(GUARD 2 enters with two pigeon puppets.)

GUARD 2

Surprise Pigeon Strike!

RED

We'll remember your sacrifice.

BLUE

What sacrifice?

(All three pigeons start slapping BLUE.)

GAMEMASTER

And Blue dies.

(BLUE dies.)

RED

Well – it's just you and me. We'll let those pigeons feast on Blue's corpse for a while. I'm gonna miss Blue. He was so expendable. And I appreciated his nondescript personality which allowed me to shine.

ORANGE

Shouldn't we get out of here?

RED

Oh sure – we could get out of here, but what would we learn? That it's okay to run away from danger? No, my friend. I'm through running. Let's kill those pigeons. They're just birds.

GUARD

Sqwark! Sqwark!

GAMEMASTER

And Red dies.

RED

What I didn't even –
(RED dies.)

ORANGE

Run away!
(ORANGE runs off.)

(PURPLE, VIOLET, and MAGENTA enter.)

PURPLE

I'm saying it again, I hate you people.

VIOLET

Whatever, due. WHATEVER, DUDE.

MAGENTA

Can we please stop the fighting?

PURPLE

I am so sick of you trying to stop the fighting I will eat your face!

MAGENTA

That's not helpful.

VIOLET

WHATEVER, DUDE.

PURPLE

Quit saying that. Quit saying that!
(VIOLET forms his fingers into a W and then mouths "Dude.")

GAMEMASTER

Welcome to the Cuddles Challenge!

MAGENTA

Awww, no.

GAMEMASTER

Only those contestants who demonstrate their ability in cuddling will live to the next challenge.

VIOLET

Um… hold on for a second? So we're uh…

GAMEMASTER

BEGIN THE CUDDLING!
(VIOLET, MAGENTA, and PURPLE look at each other.)

Skipping Forward

PAISLEY
Oh man I'm totally scared now! WHOOOAH! What a rush! Holy cow! Hurry Mauve! Hurry!

MAUVE
I'm not really – sorry I don't really see what you're seeing.

PAISLEY
Whoah! That was a close one! Oh no!
(PAISLEY acts as if something has his leg.)
It's got my leg! It's got me! Help me! Help me Mauve you're the only one who can save me.

MAUVE *(not into it)*
You're free.

PAISLEY
Thanks. I almost died there.
(PAISLEY sees something ahead.)
No! Noooo! Not that! Aaahaahahaha! It's got my face! My beautiful face! No! Mauve! It's got you too!

MAUVE *(monotone)*
Oh no. It's got me. Good thing I have my laser gun thing.
(making bored laser gun sounds)
Pew. Pew.

PAISLEY
Your laser gun is out of Ammo! Oh no! It's killing you!

MAUVE *(monotone)*
Good thing I have an extra laser gun –

PAISLEY
But that's also out of ammo!

MAUVE *(annoyed now)*
Good thing I've got a personal invisible shield thing –

PAISLEY
It's been breached!

MAUVE *(angry now)*
GOOD THING I'M COMPLETELY INVULNERABLE TO EVERYTHING –

PAISLEY
EXCEPT FOR THIS ONE THING! THEY'VE FOUND YOUR WEAKNESS!

MAUVE

I'M PERFECTLY FINE!

GAMEMASTER

Boop.

(MAUVE dies.)

PAISLEY

Whew. That was a close one.

(PAISLEY exits.)

(The GUARDS drag MAUVE off.)

GAMEMASTER

Behold! It is time for… ROUND TWO!

(The Survivors from the first round, WHITE, BROWN, ORANGE, VIOLET, MAGENTA, and PAISLEY enter from opposite directions.)

PAISLEY

Yes! Sweet! Round Two! Hi-five everybody!

WHITE

Don't touch me, weirdo.

VIOLET

I've had a few inappropriate experiences in the past round, so I'm going to keep to myself now.

PAISLEY

Suit yourself man.

ORANGE

All right, I'm the leader now. White – you're going to sacrifice yourself for me.

WHITE

What?

ORANGE

Brown – you're the out-of-control rebel who's going to do things his own way.

BROWN

No way man! This is ridiculous! I'm so outta here!

(BROWN starts to head off.)

I'm tired of listening to people! Brown goes his one way now!

(BROWN dies.)

ORANGE

Great. Now that that's over with, the rest of you can get together to help me escape.

GAMEMASTER

I'm afraid escape is impossible! You are surrounded by hyper-sensitive, automatic death traps! If you so much as move one inch outside the game zone you will be eviscerated by a hundred secret laser blasts which will dice your corpse into ten thousand tiny pieces of flesh – which will then be devoured by our swarm of nano-bots which are prowling just below the surface of the earth. In less than one tenth of a second it will be as if you never existed!

(GUARD 2 gets closer to GAMEMASTER.)

GUARD 2

Heyyyyy… uh… about the nano-bots…

GAMEMASTER

Can this wait for later?

GUARD 2

It's just – you're making a lot of promises here – instant death this, instant death that, and… well…

GAMEMASTER

How many nano-bots do we have?

GUARD 2

Four.

GAMEMASTER

We have four nano-bots?

GUARD 2

Technically four.

GAMEMASTER

What does that mean?

GUARD 2

One is in the shop.

GAMEMASTER *(to the contestants)*

We're gonna take a pause for a minute. I'm going to ask you guys to talk amongst yourselves for a bit.

(GAMEMASTER brings GUARD 2 downstage.)

What about our lasers?

GUARD 2

We really wanted to get that done. And it's in process – sort of the beginning of the process –

GAMEMASTER

I'm a little disappointed.

GUARD 2

Can I make a feeling statement?

GAMEMASTER

No.

GUARD 2

Okay. Uh… one more thing – the nanobots are not nano-bots *per se*, they're more… larger than that.

GAMEMASTER

What are they?

GUARD 2

Lawnmowers. Mostly.

GAMEMASTER

Fine.

(He turns back to the Contestants.)

CONTESTANTS! WELCOME TO THE SECOND ROUND! TRIAL BY COMBAT! POWERFUL WEAPONS HAVE BEEN hidden around the maze –

(GUARD 2 coughs)

What?

GUARD 2

I'm not comfortable when you make promises.

GAMEMASTER

FIND THE WEAPONS, KILL YOUR ENEMIES, and ONE OF YOU WILL LIVE TO JOIN ONE OF OUR FACTIONS:

(The FACTION LEADERS enter and he points to them.)

Fashion Sense!

FASHION SENSE

Hi y'all!

GAMEMASTER

Beat boxing!

(BEAT BOXING does some beat boxing.)

Origami!

(ORIGAMI displays some Origami.)

And Cuddles!

(MR. CUDDLES, which can be anything ridiculous, spreads its arms wide.)
Your time begins now! A la cuisine!
(He does a flourish and runs to the side of the stage.)

WHITE
Whoa hold on! Time out! Let's all take a second and listen to the White Guy!
(The other contestants look around.)
That's me. I'm white. Can y'all just have a seat?

VIOLENT
I'm not really comfortable with sitting. I've had some bad experiences with sitting in the past.

ORANGE
Also, I am technically the leader, so –

WHITE
SIT!!
(Everyone sits.)
If I know anything, it's time for the main character to give an inspirational speech. And that's just what I'm about to do. At first, when I got here, I thought – I can't make an inspirational speech. I was scared. I was alone – after Black died – I thought – I'm never gonna be able to do it. I can't be the main character I want to be, I'm gonna die, they're gonna put my name like halfway down on the credits, and they're gonna forget me. I almost gave up.
You know what saved me? I looked in the mirror. And I remembered something.
(He holds up his armband.)
I'm not just anybody. I'm not just some nameless guy that's going to be crushed by low-budget special effects. No… I'm the White guy. And the White Guy who gives the inspirational speech… Does. Not. Die. You may ask yourselves now, `am I as cool as him?' and the answer is no. No you are not. But you will live on in my heart. I'm gonna give you all nicknames now because I didn't bother to learn your names and it's too late for that anyway.
(he points to different contestants)
Pokey. We're like this man.
Jim-Bob. You always made me smile.
Fancy Pants Malone. At first I didn't like you.
Puddleface. You can't help that you look like that.
And Scarecrow – I think I'm going to miss you most of all.
And now, you know what? It's time for the part in the inspirational speech where I start shouting things and you start cheering. They said I couldn't do this speech! They said my voice wasn't loud enough! Well I want them to hear: MY VOICE IS PLENTY LOUD! AND IT'S GOING TO GET LOUDER! And I will shout things LOUDER and LOUDER and *LOUDER* until *THE WHOLE WORLD HEARS ME SHOUTING!*
(He raises his arms in triumph. Nobody else is cheering.)
Now's when you do the slow clap. I'll show you.
(WHITE begins a slow clap for himself and shakes his head at his own awesomeness.)

PAISLEY

Awesome! Let's get to this! So is it time to get weapons and kill each other now?

WHITE

Yeah, we're cool.

(Everyone starts running and picks up random, ridiculous weapons. People run off and on and then confront each other.)

(ORANGE runs in with a huge sword-time thing.)

(MAGENTA runs in with a sling shot.)

ORANGE

A ha!

MAGENTA

Whoah. Whoah. Somebody could get hurt with that.

ORANGE

Yeah. You. You're going down Purple.

MAGENTA

Look out for the thing behind you!

(ORANGE turns around.)

(MAGENTA throws his sling shot at ORANGE and misses.)

ORANGE

Hey watch where you're throwing that.

MAGENTA

Sorry. Oh no there it is again!

(ORANGE turns around again. MAGENTA runs, picks up his sling shot.)

ORANGE

I'm totally not seeing this thing.

MAGENTA

It's very fast. It's like one of those bunnies – you know the bunnies that move really fast?

ORANGE

Bunnies don't move that fast. That's kind of a myth. I guess I would call them quick.

MAGENTA

I can see that. Hey look a distraction!

ORANGE

What?

(MAGENTA considers throwing the sling shot again.)

Where? I totally don't see it. Where did it go?

(MAGENTA stabs ORANGE from behind with the sling shot.)

MAGENTA

For the last time: It's Magenta.

(He leaves as PAISLEY and VIOLET rush in.)

(PAISLEY has a club of some kind.)

(VIOLET is looking around for a weapon.)

VIOLET

Time out. Time out, dude!

PAISLEY

No way man! It's time for the final battle!

(PAISLEY begins making his own fight sounds – possibly the battle music from Star Trek.)

You know, can I tell you something? I feel so much more alive now than I did before. Thank you! Oh my gosh I love this maze!

VIOLET

What if we did Rock Paper Scissors or something?

PAISLEY

No way! Only one of us is making it out of this alive! AAAAAAAAAH!

(PAISLEY charges VIOLET and clubs him on the head.)

(VIOLET goes down.)

PAISLEY

Wow. Man this is a good day.

GAMEMASTER

Only three remain!

(WHITE enters, with MAGENTA.)

Who will survive?! Who will die! Oh wait it's time for the Cuddles save!

(MR. CUDDLES lumbers onto the stage.)

WHITE

What the heck is this?

GAMEMASTER

Once per session, Mr. Cuddles may choose to save one of our contestants!

(MR. CUDDLES puts its arms wide and approaches WHITE.)

WHITE

Man, get off me!

MAGENTA

I think I've had enough cuddling for one day!

PAISLEY

Bring it. Bring it on. I am ready for this! Come to Daddy!

GAMEMASTER

Oh no you have angered Mr. Cuddles!
(MR. CUDDLES roars.)

MR. CUDDLES

Mr. Cuddles Smash!

PAISLEY

Oh come on I was going with it!

MR. CUDDLES

Rarrrrghghg!

GAMEMASTER

I've only seen this once before and he ate two contestants!
(MR. CUDDLES gets a sword.)

MAGENTA

Hey, man. It's not you. Um… seriously, it's just that I don't deal well with intimacy and I have a lot of diseases. I'm like a walking cabinet of bacteria. I just lick things. I can't help it. The floor. The walls. I'm just licking away.

MR. CUDDLES

Aaarrrhrrhghghggh!
(MR. CUDDLES charges MAGENTA, who dodges.)

(MR. CUDDLES turns and looks at WHITE.)

WHITE

What? No man look I like this whole thing that you're doing – I'm not gonna judge people. You do whatever makes you feel good.
(MR. CUDDLES attacks WHITE. WHITE screams like a girl.)
Ah! Mama! Mama No! Aaaaah!

MR. CUDDLES

Rarrrrrrr!

(MR. CUDDLES grabs WHITE in a bear-hug.)

WHITE

It's got me! It's got me! Save me! I'm White! I can't die this way!

PAISLEY

Hey ugly!

MR. CUDDLES

Rawr?

PAISLEY

Why don't you pick on someone your own size?

(MR. CUDDLES drops WHITE.)

WHITE

I feel so violated.

(PAISLEY gets his own sword.)

PAISLEY

You think you're tough, Mr. Cuddles? I got two friends here. One of them is called Boo ya!

(PAISLEY stabs MR. CUDDLES.)

And the other one is called… Boo ya again!

(PAISLEY stabs MR. CUDDLES again.)

And welcome to…

CUDDLES

Rawrrrrrrgh! Friennnnnnnd!

(MR. CUDDLES grabs PAISLEY in a bear hug.)

PAISLEY

No! No! No! Aaaah! This actually feels quite nice. Aaaaaaahg! Aaaaaaah!

(PAISLEY dies.)

(MR. CUDDLES staggers about, then dies on top of PAISLEY.)

GAMEMASTER

And then there were two!

MAGENTA

All right it's just me and you.

WHITE

Correction: It's you and me.

MAGENTA

That's what I just said.

WHITE

Ask me if I understood what you just said.

MAGENTA

What are you talking about?

WHITE

What are *you* talking about?

MAGENTA

What?

WHITE

Exactly. I'm already in your head man.

(WHITE grabs a nerf gun of some kind.)

Ooh here we go.

(MAGENTA scrambles around looking for a weapon. From off-stage, someone throws a teddy bear at him.)

MAGENTA

A ha!

(WHITE and MAGENTA square off.)

End of Excerpt.
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