

**Plan 371B**

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**SCENE 1:**

*SETTING: In a classroom, Prof is addressing a sea of empty chairs set SL, upstage of narrator, fiddling with a marker.*

*CHARACTERS: Prof is UCSL, frozen. Narrator is CSR, facing forward and addressing audience.*

**NARRATOR**

It was the year 2020, WWII had just ended, and a major tech company ruled the world. Cricket Wireless had taken over through a series of contracts with the new government and acquisitions of other large companies. Cricket was establishing its dominance as the main factor in day to day life by eliminating all competition--including that from nature. However, there was one person who still believed that nature was important in the modern day. Professor Fredward

**(gestures)**

a level 5 vegan, was completing his lecture on ancient literature. The exciting nature of his topic combined with Professor Fredward's *(sarcastic) riveting* teaching style

**(pause, Prof looks spacy)**

contributed to the vast,

**(pauses, gestures to empty chairs, then turns back to audience)**

vast audience.

**PROF**

*(monotoned)* I hope all of you took *thoreau* notes on "Civil Disobedience". Next week we will be talking about Thoreau's impact on environmentalist studies and projects. **(walking downstage)**

Please take a flax seed flier on your way out.

**(Prof packs up, exit SL taking a chair. Scientists enter SR, sit down, scribble on clipboards, exchange looks/check clipboards, scribble some more, then begin to talk)**

**SCIENTIST 1**

Professor Fredward is getting out of hand. This is the third time *this week* he has discussed one of the unmentionable topics of the past.

**SCIENTIST 2**

We must eliminate him. *(ominously)* Commence plan 371B.

**NARRATOR**

**(gasps for dramatic effect then runs off SR)**

SCIENTIST 1

*(fearfully/anxiously) 371B? (trying anxiously to be convincing) Not 684C, the usual one?*

SCIENTIST 2

*(firmly) No. (very ominously) 371B.*

**(Dramatically draws a line on paper)**

**(Scientist 2 exit SL, grabs chair. Scientist 1 exit SR, grab chair if possible)**

*Scene change: Wii Music plays. Scientists change into kidnapping clothes (surgical masks) while Narrator starts next line.*

SCENE 2:

*SETTING: Fairly generic, no props. It is the middle of the street.*

*CHARACTERS: Prof is strolling along aimlessly*

NARRATOR

Professor Fredward had just left the school and was casually strolling home.

*(Pink Panther music starts and Narrator exits.)*

**(Prof walks DSL, then USC, then snakes DS. Scientists enter opposite sides wearing comically absurd surgical masks, scientists come up behind prof, put bag over his head. Pink Panther song plays as scientists creep up behind prof. Prof is completely unaware, scientists act like weeping angels. One grabs his arms while the other puts on a burlap Cricket Wireless sack.)**

PROF

Hey! Who are you-? What are-! [generic muffled noises because he has a bag over his head]

**(Scientists drag him off SL)**

*Scene change by narrator: Narrator brings out bush, then changes into tree. Prof starts offstage.*

SCENE 3:

*SETTING: Forest. Narrator/tree is CSR, holding two branches.*

**(scientists enter SL with prof, drop him off at CS, leave ax and book with him, run off SL)**

SCIENTIST 2  
(ominously) Good luck.

PROF  
(waking up, confused and disoriented)  
Is anyone there? Hello?!  
(Looks at a tree like he's never seen one before)  
I wonder if I have service out here.  
(checks pockets for phone, becoming more frantic in his search when he doesn't find it,  
instead finds a note)  
(very confused) "Is this what you wanted?"  
(shows note to the audience)  
What is that supposed to mean? Am I being punked right now? If this is one of my (pause)  
many students trying to get a grade raise, it's not going to happen.  
(Pause, contemplation and general huffing. Speaks resignedly.)  
At least I have this (pause) riveting piece of literature with me.  
(displays *Walden* to the audience, then sits down to read it)  
  
(Prof puts down book after a bit then picks up the ax, looks around, finds tree.)

PROF  
To survive, I must (*glances at Walden*) become one with nature, I must live as the trees do  
(*glances at Walden*), I must embrace the savage part of myself, I must live (pause, dramatically  
*glances at Walden*) deliberately.  
(loon call)

(Prof sits down to read again. 5 hours later (from *SpongeBob*) music plays.)

PROF  
(acts cold, rubs shoulders) Oh, screw this, I need warmth.

(cue: *Jeopardy music*)

(Prof picks up ax, walks over to tree, makes to hack at it. Tree winces, prof stops  
halfway.)

PROF  
(Turns away)  
Can I really cut down this whole tree.  
(Jeopardy music continues to play. Professor braces himself and tries to chop down  
branch, tree winces, Prof stops halfway again. Pause. Prof sighs.)

PROF

*(making up his mind)* Fine. You know what, this tree can spare one branch.

**(chops down one branch, ax falls on his foot)**

OWW!

**(looks at branch and ax, gives a resigned shrug)**

I need to start a fire.

**(Prof tries to start a fire, fails, gives up.)**

I don't think this will work. **(Sighs)** I guess there's always internal warmth **(looks at *Walden*)**. I must not waste this tree's sacrifice, though. **(Pauses, thinking. Gestures)** Aha! I can use the leaves to shelter me while I sleep. **(Attempts to sleep under branch)**

**(Wii Music)**

#### SCENE 4:

*SETTING: At night in the woods*

PROF

**(looking up at the stars and pointing)** Is that the CSS? I think it was supposed to pass overhead sometime soon.

**(sits up and turns to tree)**

Hey there, tree. I feel bad for calling you tree. Do you have a name? No? I think I'll call you Sharon. But yeah. Sharon, the CSS is the Cricket Space Station. I remember back in the day, before Cricket Wireless, when it was called the ISS, the International Space Station. *(pause, reflective)* But there are no nations now, there is only Cricket Wireless. *(pause)* I used to go out in my backyard and watch the stars. It's funny, I haven't been able to see the stars recently, it's too polluted. *(pause)* What's your opinion on Cricket Wireless, Sharon?

**(Sharon doesn't respond.)**

PROF

**(lying back down)** Hmm. Good talk.

**(Wii music)**

#### SCENE 5:

*SETTING: In the lab where the scientists work.*

*CHARACTERS: The scientists are discussing their observations of Prof.*

SCIENTIST 1

Professor Fredward doesn't seem to have relinquished his memory of the past. Perhaps we should take matters into our own hands, and try something else? A flamethrower, maybe?  
They're very efficient. Much easier than this whole plan.

SCIENTIST 2

No. We must see this through, we can't give him such an easy death, not after all the trouble he's given us.

**(Wii music)**

SCENE 6:

SETTING: Day two, morning

PROF

I'm starving. And tired. I could really go for a venti triple foam sugar-free vanilla latte with soy milk and some avocado toast with chunky ragu right now. **(pause, looks around and spots a berry bush)** I suppose I'll eat these for now.

**(Prof walks to berry bush)**

PROF

I shall be **(picks berry)** - I am the anarchist berry picker **(glances at *Walden*)**. I do not need technology to survive. I can live off the land!

**(eats berry, starts to go loopy, slurs words)**

Mmmm. **(picks up and eats more berries)** These berries are goooooood.

**(starts to walk around in circles, acts drunk, bumps into tree)**

Sorry, Sharon.

SHARON

It's cool, dude.

PROF

Have you tried the berries here, Sharon?

SHARON

I'm a tree, bro, but I've heard good things from like the squirrels and stuff.

PROF

Well, *(pause)* they're really good.

**(stumbles around some more)**

Whoah!

**(falls on the ax and cuts himself, releasing a fountain of blood (red ribbons).)**

PROF

**(looking at wound)** Oh no, I fell. How did this **(gestures at ax)** thing get here?

SHARON

I dunno, man. It looks like you hurt yourself on it, though.

PROF

*(Considering, cocks head)* Funny, I don't feel pain. Perhaps it is the berries, their magical quality has healed me from pain forever **(gazing dreamily)**.

SHARON

Yo dawg, it looks fatal.

**(Prof picks up berry and delivers death speech while holding it)**

PROF

*(still dreamy and spacy, getting gradually more intense)* Alas, perhaps it is my time to go. At least I have tasted the fruit of nature **(stares at berry)** and lived a fulfilling life and, and....

**(spasms while giving speech)**

“And never from this palace of dim night  
Depart again. Here, here will I remain  
With worms that are” my “chambermaids. Oh, here  
Will I set up my everlasting rest,  
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last.  
Arms, take your last embrace” **(hugs Walden)**. “And, lips, O you  
The doors of breath, seal with a” tasty bite. **(eats one last berry)**  
So now, with peace, I greet encroaching death.  
**(dies)**

**(One last spasm and then lies down for good. Pause. Scientists enter with surgical masks on)**

SCIENTIST 1

**(taking off mask)** I don't think we need these here. There is no one **(glances at prof)** - no one alive to be suspicious.

SCIENTIST 2

**(taking off mask as well)** I suppose you are right. Though the masks are great for crowded places where we would be **(deadpan)** way too conspicuous without them.

**(Both walk to body and inspect it)**

SCIENTIST 1

**(Looking at body. Completely matter-of-factly.)** He seems to have fallen on his ax.

SCIENTIST 2

Hmm. We may have to rethink plan 371B to allow for a more **(glances at all the fake blood)** gruesome death.

SCIENTIST 1

I think this is fitting. He longed for a simple life, so he had a simple death. Though I still do not understand his desire for simplicity and nature.

SCIENTIST 2

**(sagely)** It is not a **(emphasizing irony)** natural desire to love nature. That is why Cricket Wireless is so wise to assure mankind need never leave the world of technology.

SCIENTIST 1

**(bends down next to body, picks up berry and examines and smells it)**  
Is this a *mulberry*?

SCIENTIST 2

**(bends down as well and examines berries)**  
I believe so. It causes insanity and hallucinations in some cases.

SCIENTIST 1

It is also used in small doses as a painkiller, I believe. That would explain the lack of screaming when the professor fell on the ax.  
**(Scientist 2 makes an upset face at this)**

SCIENTIST 2

Hmm. *(angry and upset)* No good torture method is painless. We will definitely have to revise plan 371B.

SCIENTIST 1

At least we got good results from this experiment. He must have been in pain when he was starving. And I can't imagine anyone being exposed to **(makes a face and looks at tree)** the natural world for so long without technology to be happy.  
**(pause)**

SCIENTIST 2

Do you think we could use an image of the body in the new ad on the consequences of crossing Cricket Wireless?

SCIENTIST 1

Perhaps.

SCIENTIST 2

**(looks around)** The firemen will come later to destroy any potentially incriminating evidence and this... thing **(gestures at book)**.

**(scientists share a look)**

We should tell them to take pictures. **(pauses, glances around once more, then starts walking briskly SR)** I think we are done here. To the lab.

**(Exeunt SR)**

**FIN**