

hurlyburly

by Michael Olsen

Characters: Marcus, the boy, (M)
 Jennifer, the first sister, (F)
 Lisa, the second sister, (F)
 Adara, the devil's daughter, (F)

Lights come up on an empty stage—empty except for a large wooden box inscribed with wild swirling patterns on it.

MARCUS enters. He is engrossed in a game on his iPad.

MARCUS: Gotcha!

Marcus bumps into the box, then works his around it and sits down on it. He doesn't lose a moment on the game.

JENNIFER enters with her iPad—playing the same game as Marcus.

JENNIFER: You cannot go around that mountain, you bastard! I know what you're trying to do!

MARCUS: But I have my magic lasso. There's no way you're going to make it.

JENNIFER: Just a moment longer...

MARCUS: And I'll have you.

JENNIFER: Gotcha!

MARCUS: No way! I got you! See?

JENNIFER: You cheated!

MARCUS: Cheated? How the hell can you cheat in Minecraft Duel of Destruction?

JENNIFER: You did! You got that lasso when you shouldn't have!

MARCUS: That's bullshit. I won it fair and square from the dead goblin. If you defeat him you get the lasso. So there.

LISA enters—on her iPad. She looks up as she comes in.

LISA: Stop fighting you two.

JENNIFER: He's a cheater.

LISA: He's a damn good player, that's what he is, and you just can't accept it.

JENNIFER: I—I—

LISA: Accept it. It makes life easier. And why are you playing that ridiculous game anyway? It's so last year.

MARCUS: I'm bored. There's nothing to do.

JENNIFER: It's the same every school holidays.

LISA: Well you know what? I've got something here that'll rock your socks off.

MARCUS: Really?

JENNIFER: What is it?

LISA: It's a new website. It's called hurlyburly. They've got a spell. A special spell.

MARCUS: For what?

LISA: To raise the devil.

MARCUS: Come on! The devil?

JENNIFER: What do you have to do?

LISA: It's a little chant. You just have to repeat it three times and he comes.

MARCUS: Is that all?

LISA: That's all. Let's try it.

JENNIFER: It's different.

MARCUS: It's moronic. Why do you want to raise the devil anyway? "Hi Satan, how's it going? Lay a few lovely demons on me."

JENNIFER: Let's have a look.

Jennifer reads the webpage on Lisa's iPad.

LISA: You said you were bored.

MARCUS: I didn't say I was desperate to raise the devil.

JENNIFER: Let's do it.

LISA: We can't.

JENNIFER: Why not?

LISA: We all have to do it. The power of three, apparently, according to the website.

The girls look at Marcus.

MARCUS: OK OK. But if you wind up with little horns on your heads and tails out of your bum it's not my fault.

JENNIFER: So what's the chant?

LISA: It's simple. All we have to say is: "from beneath the earth / we summon thee"

MARCUS: Is that all?

JENNIFER: Simple enough.

LISA: Got it?

Marcus and Jennifer mime the phrase a couple of times to themselves, then nod.

LISA: OK. Ready? Move back. *(They hold hands, and slowly move around)* One, two, three:

The three of them close their eyes and recite the phrase together three times: "from beneath the earth / we summon thee"

They stop.

Jennifer looks around.

Nothing has happened.

MARCUS: Well, that was fun. What next? *(Pause)* Maybe we did it wrong?

Lisa checks the website, scanning the instructions again.

LISA: We did everything right. I don't know what went wrong.

JENNIFER: Maybe we should do it again.

LISA: They say you should only do it once.

JENNIFER: Bloody hell!

Jennifer kicks the box. There is a slight glow from the box that none of them see.

JENNIFER: What were you thinking when we were doing it?

MARCUS: I was—doesn't matter. What were you thinking?

JENNIFER: I was thinking of having a billion dollars. All mine. *(to Lisa)* What were you thinking?

LISA: I was thinking—I was thinking of being the most famous person in the world.

JENNIFER: What were you thinking Marcus? You were about to say...

MARCUS: I was about to say it's none of your business.

JENNIFER: OK OK.

Jennifer again kicks the box. Again, a slight glow from the box that none of them see.

JENNIFER: I think the experiment is over.

Jennifer leaves.

MARCUS: Let's try and raise Frankenstein next time.

Marcus leaves.

LISA: *(calling out)* Frankenstein was a fictional character! He wasn't real! Unlike the devil. He's real isn't he?

*Lisa again checks the website as she leaves
The box breaks open. ADARA crawls out, stands, stretches her arms, takes in the day.*

ADARA: You called, I came. *(She locks up the box, fondly stroking the symbols on its side.)* I'm here, father. I won't be back until I've got them all. I'll make you proud of me. You'll see. What powers do I have? Lightning? *(Adara extends her hands as if to shoot a bolt of lightning, but nothing happens.)* Can I fly? *(Adara strains as if to take off from the earth, but remains on the ground.)* Nothing? You give me nothing? You've abandoned me! *(falling to her knees)* My father, my father, why hast thou forsaken me?

Adara cries. Lisa enters.

LISA: *(calling out)* Marcus! Jennifer!

Lisa sees Adara, and approaches cautiously.

LISA: Are you OK?

ADARA: Why do people always say that when quite clearly, no, one is not OK?

LISA: It's polite. Come on it's not all that bad, surely?

ADARA: No, no I suppose not. *(Pause)* Why would you want to help me?

LISA: It's the normal thing.

ADARA: Well then, help away.

LISA: OK, well, sit up.

ADARA: Sit up?

LISA: Here.

Lisa pats the top of the box. Adara sits beside Lisa.

LISA: I haven't seen you around here before. Are you new?

ADARA: Very. My father is interested in this area and we moved here very recently.

LISA: I'm Lisa.

ADARA: Adara.

LISA: Where's that name from?

LISA: My parents gave it to me. That's the done thing, isn't it?

LISA: Yes. I suppose. So what's the matter?

ADARA: I don't know if I should tell you, you being the most famous person in the world and everything.

LISA: What?

ADARA: You are so modest. You should check your Twitter account. You have 200 million followers. Go ahead. Check.

Lisa checks her iPad.

LISA: OK but I know I don't have—I do have a Twitter account. I don't believe it.

ADARA: The world is listening to everything you say. People everywhere want to know about you and what's happening in your life.

LISA: I can't believe it. *(Lisa laughs, not believing it)* Wait, I'll do this.

Lisa types into her iPad.

LISA: I typed in that I just farted.

Lisa laughs. Adara laughs too—but only for a moment.

LISA: 200 million people now know that I just farted! *(Pause)* Did you do this?

ADARA: No. You did.

LISA: hurlyburly. You're from hurlyburly.

ADARA: I told you I'm not from around here.

LISA: But this is—unbelievable.

ADARA: It's your heart's desire. Everyone cares about you, everyone wants to know what you're thinking, what you're feeling. It's what you've always wanted: fame.

Lisa suddenly hugs Adara.

LISA: Thank you thank you thank you.

ADARA: For what?

Jennifer enters. She comes up to Lisa and Adara.

JENNIFER: *(to Lisa)* Who's your friend?

LISA: This is Adara.

Jennifer and Adara shake hands.

JENNIFER: Jennifer.

ADARA: What will you do with all your money?

JENNIFER: Excuse me?

- ADARA:** Your money. What will you do with it? A billion dollars is a helluva lot of money.
- JENNIFER:** A billion dollars? I don't have anywhere near that much money.
- ADARA:** I could be wrong, but maybe you should check your account.
- JENNIFER:** Check my account?
- LISA:** Do it, Jen. I have a feeling you won't be disappointed.
- Jennifer checks her account on her iPad. Her jaw drops when she sees her balance.*
- JENNIFER:** This has to be wrong. A computer error or something.
- LISA:** How much is there?
- JENNIFER:** *(reading)* One billion three hundred thousand dollars.
- ADARA:** I repeat my question: what will you do with it?
- JENNIFER:** I—I don't know.
- ADARA:** I thought you always wanted some new shoes and the most expensive dress in the world.
- JENNIFER:** That's right. I did think that when—how did you know that?
- LISA:** Adara knows so much. I think she's from hurlyburly.
- JENNIFER:** Really? So it worked, did it? But you're not the devil.
- ADARA:** Do I look like the devil?
- JENNIFER:** No.
- ADARA:** Well then. What's keeping you?
- JENNIFER:** Nothing. Nothing. So who are you?
- ADARA:** No-one. Just someone who knows what you want, and wants you to have it.
- MARCUS:** *(taking it all in)* OK. OK.
- ADARA:** So off you go. It's OK. We'll still be here when you get back.
- JENNIFER:** Right.

Jennifer rushes off.

LISA: You did know a lot about Jen.

ADARA: I know a lot about you. I know the world loves you. I know you've always thought that if only you had the means, then everyone would want to know about your life and how you feel.

LISA: That's true.

Adara puts a hand on Lisa.

ADARA: It's been at least two minutes since you Tweeted. People are so desperate to hear from you.

LISA: I don't know what to Tweet.

ADARA: It's not *what* you Tweet that matters, it's that you Tweet at all!

LISA: *(smiling)* You're right.

Lisa Tweets on her iPad.

LISA: There. Done it.

Marcus enters, laughing.

LISA: What's so funny?

MARCUS: You, silly. Your Tweet: *(reading)* "Breathing. Something I never want to forget."

LISA: What's so bad about that? That's what I felt.

ADARA: Isn't that what matters?

MARCUS: Who are you?

LISA: This is my friend Adara. She's from hurlyburly.

Adara puts her hand out. Marcus shakes it, but holds hands a little too long.

MARCUS: It—it didn't work.

ADARA: What's that?

MARCUS: Your chant. It didn't work. We did it and it didn't work.

ADARA: How do you know?

- MARCUS:** I don't see the devil anywhere. Do you?
- LISA:** I think Adara knows that.
- MARCUS:** So you better change it.
- ADARA:** Yes. We better change it.
- MARCUS:** Where did you say you were from?
- LISA:** She said hurlyburly.
- MARCUS:** No, you said that.
- ADARA:** I've always lived in a place called Infernus.
- MARCUS:** Never heard of it.
- ADARA:** It's a new development. Well, it's old now, but when we moved in it was new.
- MARCUS:** And now you're here.
- ADARA:** Yes. I'll take you there some day if you like.
- MARCUS:** I'd like that.
- Jennifer enters wearing the most expensive dress in the world, and new shoes.*
- ADARA:** Jennifer looks happy.
- MARCUS:** Jen looks ridiculous.
- JENNIFER:** I am happy and you're all jealous. What do you think? I got what I wanted. Looks good, huh? New shoes and the most expensive dress in the world.
- Adara goes up to Jennifer.*
- ADARA:** I bet you'd do anything to hang onto your money.
- JENNIFER:** Of course.
- ADARA:** What about your soul?
- JENNIFER:** What about it?
- ADARA:** Would you give that up to hang onto all that money?

LISA: Hey! What kind of a question is that?

ADARA: A direct one.

MARCUS: Don't answer her Jen.

JENNIFER: Why not?

LISA: Because she's the devil!

ADARA: I am not!

MARCUS: You mean the chant worked?

LISA: Who are you? What do you want?

JENNIFER: I could do a lot of good with all that money.

MARCUS: But what have you done? Just buy clothes and shoes.

LISA: *(to Adara)* If you're not the devil, then who are you? That's a direct question.

ADARA: He's my father.

MARCUS: What?!

JENNIFER: Your father? But—

ADARA: I had no say in it. What about your dads? There's always a story there.

MARCUS: *(defensive)* What about him?

JENNIFER: He's a drunk. You said so ages ago.

LISA: *(to Jennifer)* And yours hit you.

ADARA: *(to Jennifer)* Really?

JENNIFER: *(touching her face)* I'm getting stronger.

MARCUS: So—so the chant worked?

ADARA: We only come when we're called. We don't create anything. You create it yourself.

MARCUS: That's all you want, isn't it? You just want our souls. You want us to hand them over like so much loose change.

JENNIFER: So what do I have to do? Tell me!

ADARA: It's simple, you just have to say yes when I ask you.

LISA: Don't do it.

MARCUS: Don't you get it? You'll only hang onto your Twitter fame if you give up your soul.

ADARA: It's such a small thing, a soul. *(holding up her hand, rubbing her thumb and forefinger)* I can hold it here it's so small. You won't miss it at all, I swear.

JENNIFER: Exactly.

ADARA: Jennifer, will you give me your soul?

Lisa clamps a hand over Jennifer's mouth. Jennifer twists away from Lisa.

JENNIFER: Don't do that! Do you want to get rid of your Twitter fans? Do you?

MARCUS: What about me? What am I being tempted with?

ADARA: You know what.

LISA: What?

ADARA: He hasn't told you, has he?

LISA: What is it?

ADARA: He loves me.

LISA: He does?

ADARA: *(to Marcus)* You know it's true.

MARCUS: Yes.

ADARA: You know I offer you everything.

MARCUS: Yes.

ADARA: And you've never felt that before, have you?

MARCUS: No.

ADARA: Someone to come home to. Someone who knows what you feel.
Someone who can't wait to see you.

MARCUS: Yes, and there's one thing you ask.

ADARA: The only thing I ask.

LISA: Oh boy.

ADARA: It's all so simple.

MARCUS: Do you really love me?