Booktalk

The Eighth Day Script

For this Book Talk you will need:

- 3 actors (Jax, Evangeline, Riley)
- Jax: button-up short-sleeved shirt, jeans, running shoes, fake tattoo on inside left wrist
- Evangeline: 1980's retro jeans & top, small can or atomizer (to simulate pepper spray)
- · Riley: black t-shirt, black pants, running shoes, motorcycle helmet
- · Additional props: 2 lawn chairs, copy of The Eighth Day, motorcycle sound effect

(As scene opens, Jax is flat on his back; Evangeline has her knee on his chest & is aiming a

can of pepper spray at his face; she's facing the audience)

Evangeline: (speaking in a low, stern voice) Don't move.

Jax: (speaking in an even tone) Not. Going. To.

Evangeline: (sounding somewhat panicky) Show me who you are.

Jax: I'm Jax. Jax Aubrey. Didn't you get my note? (Evangeline grabbing his left hand & turning)

over his wrist so she could see his tattoo; once she sees it, she holds the spray can even

closer to his face)

Jax: (sounding apologetic) I'm sorry... I was wrong to get in your way. I wanted to say hello...

but that was a dumb way to do it. If you let me up, I'll leave.

Evangeline: (thinking over Jax's request, then standing up and backing away from him)

Jax: (turning to leave) I'm sorry I bothered you. I was just trying to be friendly. Maybe that

breaks some kind of rule. I didn't know.

Evangeline: You don't know much, do you?

Jax: (shaking his head) Not really, no.

continued on next page...





Booktalk

Continued

Evangeline: (arms crossed, nodding head in direction of

imaginary house behind Jax) Why hasn't HE

explained things to you?

Jax: He told me not to bug you...but I'm not a good

listener.

Evangeline: (smiling) You don't have to leave. I haven't

talked to anybody in a long time. I'm out of

practice. (tucking pepper spray into her back pocket)

Jax: Hang on. I'm just going to grab some chairs. (going off stage briefly to grab 2 lawn chairs;

Evangeline hearing sound of motorcycle motor & dashing off opposite side of stage; Riley walking onstage with helmet in hand just as Jax arrives with 2 chairs; Jax looking around for Evangeline, realizing she's disappeared; looking obviously frustrated, he opens 2 chairs and

flings himself into one of them)

Riley: (Riley approaching Jax, looking puzzled) What're you doing?

Jax: (sounding mildly annoyed) Nothing.

Riley: (glancing at other (empty) chair) Two chairs doesn't look like nothing to me! (looking in

direction of where Evangeline ran offstage; a look of realization coming over his face) No. Way.

Jax: We were talking... And, for all I know, she may have had some answers for me...

Riley: (sitting down in empty chair) Like what? What exactly do you want to know?

Jax: (glancing in the direction of Evangeline's house) For starters, why can't we see her every day of

the week; why only on the eighth day?

Riley: (pausing) She only has ONE day for every seven in the Normal world.

Jax: (speaking slowly as he digests what Riley just told him) 0...kay... (turning over his left wrist)

And why do I have this mark?

Riley: (hesitating momentarily) Like all marks, yours has meaning. Among other things, it shows that

you have inquisition powers.

continued on next page...





Booktalk

Continued

Jax: (nodding in direction of the other house)

Does SHE have one?

Riley: (starting to get up) I've answered enough

questions for now... You'll find out at the right time. For now, stay away from her... (taking a book out of his helmet and dropping it on the

chair he just vacated)

Jax: (mockingly to Riley) I can introduce you, if you like.

Riley: (staring at Jax) NO. (picking up his helmet, tucking it under his arm & shaking his head) She

doesn't want to meet me.

Jax: Why not?

Riley: I'm her jailer. (exiting offstage)

Jax: (looking puzzled, then addressing audience) It's bad enough trying to wrap my head around

having an extra day in the week. But I still have so many questions...and no time to wait for answers. I'm sure you do, too...which is why I'm leaving this (walking over to the lawn chair where Riley dropped the book and holding up a copy of The Eighth Day) behind for you, at your

Scholastic Book Fair. Take my advice: grab it before YOU run out of time.



