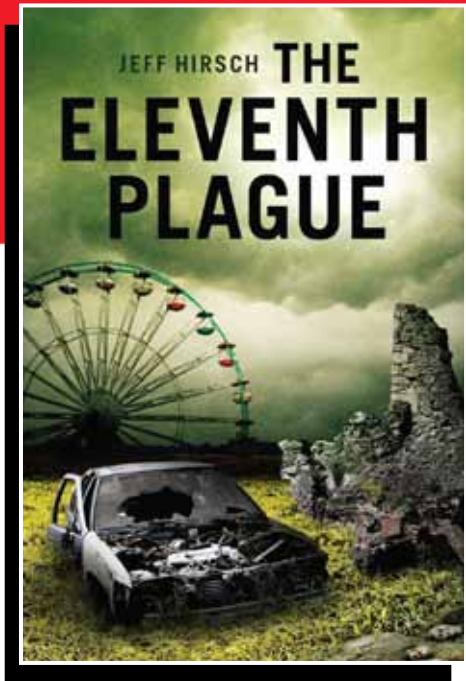


# Booktalk!



## The Eleventh Plague Script

### *For this Book Talk you will need:*

- A male volunteer
- A copy of *The Eleventh Plague*
- A desk, a piece of paper, and a pen/pencil

*(Stephen is sitting at the desk writing a letter to his father)*

Stephen: *(Read out loud while you write)*

Dear Dad,

Life has been so strange and confusing without you around. I don't know what to do without you telling me what's real and what isn't. I'm so sorry about the accident *(pause for effect)*...I would do anything to go back and fix things.

You told me once that before The Collapse, people would write in journals to sort out the confusing things in their head. That's what I'm trying to do, and I hope you were right.

For so long I thought that The Collapse had ruined all of my chances at leading a 'normal' life. After so many people died...and so much was destroyed *(look off to the distance as if distracted)*. We lived day to day, collecting what we could to survive. Just us. And then we found Settler's Landing. What a crazy surprise that was! I thought that finally life could be everything I had hoped for. But nothing makes sense anymore. Could this be real? Nothing seems real. If I could just concentrate. You remember what Grandpa used to say, "Pay attention to what you're doing Stephen. It doesn't take a genius to just concentrate." If only he were here now — or you. I feel so alone.

I thought I found a friend in Jenny, but she doesn't fit in here either...I don't want to go back to that life on the road. I want to belong somewhere.

Please help me. I don't know who to trust, Dad. I need you.

Love always,

Stephen.



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