

Daycare Breakout  
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CHARACTERS

**Timmy:** An innocent, well-behaved three year old. He is lonely because no one wants to play with “the teachers pet.”

**Tommy:** A four-year-old rebellious troublemaker, who is misunderstood and lonely because no one wants to play with “the bad kid.”

**SETTING:** A daycare, present time, in the afternoon

**AT RISE:** Lights up on a daycare. There is a playpen on one side and a door on the other. There are toy bins by the walls and blocks strewn on the floor, along with miscellaneous other toys (eg train tracks, hot wheels, dolls, play kitchen, legos, etc). Everything is oversized so that the actors are proportional to the set and props - as if they were actually toddlers. TOMMY is in the play pen, unseen.

*(TIMMY enters through the door, dejected. While the door is open children playing together can be heard. After a moment standing alone, TIMMY goes to a toy bin. He takes out a toy plane. He begins playing with the plane, at first unenthusiastically but soon gets more into it and twirls around the stage, making his own sound effects. He trips on a block and falls down. He turns to see what he fell over and sees the blocks. After a moment of deliberation, he drops the plane and begins playing with the blocks.)*

*(Beat)*

TOMMY

Psssst.

*(TIMMY stops and looks around. He doesn't see anything, so he returns to his blocks.)*

TOMMY

Hey buddy! Psssssssst!

*(TIMMY gets up this time and walks around, trying to find the source of the voice. TOMMY now reveals himself, trapped in the playpen.)*

TOMMY

Hey kid.

TIMMY

AH! Who are you?

TOMMY

The names Tommy. You've probably heard of me.

TIMMY

No, I haven't

TOMMY

Really? Seriously? "Naughty Tommy?" I spent two hours in time out once?

TIMMY  
*(Gasps)*

Time Out Tommy?

TOMMY

There ya go! I knew you heard of me, everyone has.

TIMMY

Of course! You are the naughtiest kid at Miss Sandy's! My mommy says I can't talk to you because you're a-"a bad in-flence"

*(TIMMY backs away from the playpen)*

TOMMY

Wait! No, kid! That's just what every mom says, they don't know me for real. Come back!

*(TIMMY stays back a few steps, but continues to talk with TOMMY, intrigued)*

TIMMY

What do you want?

TOMMY

Look kid, I don't know if you've noticed, but I'm kind of stuck here. Mind helping a guy out?

TIMMY

What? Help you? No! You were bad, that's why you're in the pen. I can't help someone who was naughty.

TOMMY

Really? What did I do? Do you even know why I was put in here?

TIMMY

No, but you must have been naughty if Miss Sandy put you in there. Only bad kids get put in the pen.

TOMMY

I didn't do anything! My mom left me with that awful woman and she put me in here as soon as my mom left. I didn't even get to grab my ball first!

TIMMY

That doesn't make any sense. Are you sure you didn't do anything naughty this morning?

TOMMY

Kid, I had barely said "bye mommy" before Miss Sour-Face put me in here.

TIMMY

Why would Miss Sandy do that?

TOMMY

Because she's EVIL man, I'm telling you!

TIMMY

Well I know that's not true. Miss Sandy is really nice. She's my friend! She plays with me!

TOMMY

What? Are you serious kid? That woman isn't your friend, your mommy and daddy pay her to play with you.

TIMMY

Stop it!

TOMMY

And I mean, who even wants to play with a grown up? Adults are the worst at playing, seriously.

TIMMY

I said STOP IT!

*(TIMMY, fighting back tears, goes to leave)*

TOMMY

Wait! Kid! I'm sorry, ok? Please don't leave me! You're the only one who has even talked to me all day! Please stay!

*(TIMMY stops. He turns around and looks back at TOMMY)*

TIMMY

Are you telling the truth? Has no one talked to you all day?

TOMMY

Not anyone. I guess my "friends" don't want to be seen conversing with a criminal.

TIMMY

*(Contemplating this, clearly not understanding all of the words that TOMMY just said)*  
HmMMM.

TOMMY

I just want to get out of here, man. Even if I'll still be alone, at least I'll be free.

TIMMY

You've really been all alone in there this whole time?

TOMMY

Yes.

TIMMY

And she hasn't let you out all day?

TOMMY

Not even for snack time. That's why I need you, kid?

TIMMY

Need me? What do you mean?

TOMMY

I need you to help me escape, I thought that I had made that pretty clear.

TIMMY

What?

TOMMY

Come on kid, I'm being wrongfully punished! I'm all alone here! Help me out of this!

TIMMY

I'm still not sure that you don't deserve to be in there.

TOMMY

I promise kid, I am innocent. I admit, I've made some bad decisions in my past. But, seriously! I'm four now! I've grown out of it! Yet prejudiced people like Miss Judgy-Pants don't accept that people can change. She just assumes I'm naughty because of my past! C'mon man, you know it's not right for me to be kept here! Fight the system! Let me out!

TIMMY

I don't even know what you are talking about! And I still just don't know if I can trust you. Are you just trying to get me in trouble?

TOMMY

No! Kid, look...

*(TOMMY starts to show a little vulnerability. Perhaps he even starts to tear up and sniffle)*

I have been here all day with no toys and no friends and I didn't even do anything. Everytime I tried to do as little as talk to anyone through this cage they would run away without saying a word. Then you come alone, you listen to me, you seem so nice, and yet you still...you don't...Please, kid, help me get out of here.

*(Beat)*

*(TIMMY slowly steps up to the playpen and puts his hand on the wall)*

TIMMY

I'll help you

TOMMY

Wait, really? Seriously?

TIMMY

Yes, I-I guess I trust you.

*(TOMMY begins crying with joy.)*

TOMMY

Thank you kid, thank you!

TIMMY

*(With a nervous, awkward smile)*

You're welcome.

TOMMY

Thank you so, so much. Man, I don't know why you decided to help but I'm not going to question it.

TIMMY

*(Seriously)*

No one deserves to be trapped with no friends and no toys all day.

TOMMY

I can't believe you see my side of it all. Seriously man, you are saving my life.

TIMMY

I know.

*(They look at each other and smile.)*

*(Beat)*

TIMMY

So...um...how do I get you out?

TOMMY

Oh. Uh, I hadn't actually thought about that. I never thought I would actually get you to help me.

TIMMY

Maybe you can jump out? I can put pillows over here for you to land on!

TOMMY

I've already tried jumping. It's just too high.

TIMMY

Hmmmm, maybe you can crawl under? I can try and lift it up!

*(TIMMY grabs the walls of the play pen and begins trying to lift it with much effort)*

TOMMY

Kid! Kid, give it up, that won't work! The walls are connected to the floor on this thing!

TIMMY

You're right. I just don't know what else we could try!

TOMMY

I don't know either. I guess it's hopeless. Thanks anyway kid, it was a great thought. I mean, just knowing you were willing to help me really does make me feel almost ok trapped here in this awful pen...

TIMMY

*(Cutting off TOMMY)*

Wait! I've got it!

*(TIMMY runs over to the blocks and grabs an armful)*

TOMMY

Kid? What are you...

*(TOMMY is cut off as TIMMY begins throwing the blocks over the wall of the playpen, hitting TOMMY with a few)*

TOMMY

Ow, ow! Kid, what gives?

TIMMY

This is it! This is how you can escape! Take the blocks and start building yourself some stairs! I'll also build stairs for you on this side, and then you can just climb over the wall!

TOMMY

Oh...OH! Oh kid, that's genius! Quick, I-I need more blocks! BIG Blocks! So much more blocks!

*(TOMMY starts laughing hysterically as he builds his stairs. TIMMY cheerfully giggles as well, as he goes back and forth grabbing armfuls of blocks, alternating tossing them over and building his own stairs)*

TOMMY

There...There! I'm done! Kid, how is your side coming?

TIMMY

I'm putting the last block in place now!

TOMMY

Ha! HA! I can't believe it, I'm about to be free! I'M GOING TO BE FREE!

TIMMY

Come on Tommy, climb over!

*(Slowly and suspensefully, TOMMY takes the first step. Then the next, and the next. Finally, he has climbed over and once his feet touch the ground TIMMY begins to jump up and down cheering. TOMMY stands still, shocked)*

TIMMY

You're free, Tommy! You're free!

TOMMY

I...I am. I'm free. I'm-I'm free! I'm free kid, I'm FREE!

*(TOMMY ecstatically engulfs TIMMY in a big hug. After a moment, they break apart awkwardly.)*

*(Beat)*

TOMMY

So...uh...kid. Thanks.

TIMMY

You're welcome, Tommy.

TOMMY

Huh. It's been a while since anyone here has called me Tommy - just Tommy I mean, not "Naughty Tommy" or "Time out Tommy" or...you know. It's nice.

*(Pause)*

Hey, uh, kid. I never actually asked. What's your name?

TIMMY

My name's Timmy.

*(TIMMY extends his hand for a handshake. TOMMY looks at it, shocked.)*

TOMMY

Timmy? As in, the Timmy that won Miss Sassy's "Best behaved Kid" award?

TIMMY

*(A little ashamed)*

Yup, that's me.

TOMMY

Oh geez. I can't believe that the perfect kid, Timmy, is the one who broke me out! How on earth did I get YOU to break the rules? Wow. I mean, I'm not complaining obviously. Thank you again. I just can't...Look, I-I won't tell anyone about this. I'll tell Miss Sucky Sandy that I broke out myself! I'll make sure you don't get in trouble, man. I owe you that.

TIMMY

No. I don't care if Miss-Miss Sucky Sandy knows that I helped you. I think she was naughty for keeping you in there.

TOMMY

But...Kid! Think of what would happen! If you associate yourself with me, you'll lose your award! You won't be that silly woman's favorite anymore! Even your mom says I'm a bad influence, remember?

TIMMY

I don't care. And my mom's wrong, you're not a bad influence. You're nice. And...you're my...my friend.

TOMMY

Wait...what? We are...We're friends?

TIMMY

Can we be, please?

TOMMY

Can we - Of course kid! I just - I mean, I've never had a real friend before.

TIMMY

Me either.

TOMMY

Really?

TIMMY

Really.

TOMMY

Wow, well, ok then! Let's be friends - good friends. We'll always have each other's backs. We'll play together all the time. We'll keep each other out of trouble - This is going to be great!

*(Clears throat and acts official)*

Well, what should our first act as official friends be?

TIMMY

Can we play with the blocks? You are really good at building blocks.

*(With a big grin, TOMMY grabs TIMMY's hand and pulls him over to the blocks. They sit down and start building with blocks. Ad lib talking to each other, playing pretend and making sound effects. Lights fade on the two boys playing together.)*

*End of Play.*