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# Chris Thomas

## - *King Bling*

A one act play – teenage/young adult

**Running Time:** approx. 20 minutes

**Period:** Now.

### Synopsis:

*King Bling* is designed for a young adult/teenage audience, highlighting the message of how to manage their money. Given the subject matter, *King Bling* has been written with an urban edge in a hip-hop context, to capture their attention, matching education with entertainment. Other quirky characters are included, also providing occasional moments of comedy. It's envisioned this play easily be done on a standard stage but also a school gymnasium floor, almost as if it's done in the round – it has been written so the director can freely adapt the piece to wherever it's being staged.

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AND CAN NOT BE PRINTED  
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## About the Playwright: Chris Thomas



Born in Perth, Western Australia, Chris Thomas is a writer, actor, journalist and broadcaster who has developed diverse experience in these areas over several years.

He has many eclectic acting credits to his name and broad journalistic experience, working for mainstream newspapers, independent publications and freelancing for numerous titles, as well as extensive work in media relations and flexing his dulcet tones as a radio announcer. He is also the author of the novel *Journo's Diary* and the plays *Which One?*, *Reality Matters* and *Appetite for Destruction*.

*Which One?* received an encouragement award for writing at the 1994 Bunbury One-Act Drama Festival and Chris himself won an excellence in performance award at the 2001 South West Drama Festival for his role in the play *Disposal*.

### About the Play:

*King Bling* has not been performed. Be the first.

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# KING BLING

By Chris Thomas © 2006

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## CHARACTERS:

- KING BLING:** Hip hop master, covered in chunky bling jewellery. The epitome of the over-the-top rap guy. He might also have a crown, long robe and cane.
- HIPPY DUDE:** A vegan anti-whaler with long hair (possibly dreadlocks), feral-looking.
- GEEK GIRL:** Computer nerd, slightly Gothic-looking but attractive in a cute sort of way.
- RICH BITCH:** A Paris Hilton-type. More money than sense – an airhead but she makes the occasional poignant comment.

**STAGE SETTING:** There should be a throne for KING BLING, centre, which sets him higher than the other actors, ready before they all emerge. The director is free to move the actors around this central point as he/she sees fit. It's envisioned this could easily be done on a standard stage but also a school gymnasium floor, almost as if it's done in the round – it has been written so the director can freely adapt the piece to wherever it's being staged.

*[Hip hop/funk beats fill the room. They start off quietly, getting louder. If possible, there should be an accompanying light show of different colours. Within 10-20 seconds, it should all build to a crescendo as KING BLING emerges centre stage, taking complete command, as if he was a ringmaster in a circus. The spotlight is well and truly on him, as he begins to speak to the crowd – inviting, but taking complete control to win them over from the word go.]*

**KING BLING:** *(he groovily raps out these lyrics over the funky beats that have continued)*

Yo, word! Listen up and listen good!  
Gotta story to tell from my own 'hood  
The name is Bling – where all is King  
And I busta rhymes all over time

*(HIPPY DUDE, GEEK GIRL and RICH BITCH emerge on stage as KING BLING trumpets to the audience and they come up to him, becoming his audience as well, interested in what he has to say)*

But life ain't always been so dope  
At times I was livin' without hope

There was no bling; I was all broke  
'Til I found the rhymes that I spoke

*(The three characters starting joining in, repeating after KING BLING)*

If you want the bling (if you want the bling)  
If you wanna be king (wanna be king)  
If you want the bling (if you want the bling)  
If you wanna be king (wanna be king)

Get outta the ghetto, get outta the hood  
You gotta listen up, listen up good!

KING BLING: *(as he sits down in his throne)* What's ya flava, peoples? You came to see the King? *(the other three are hesitant, slightly in awe)* Don't be shy, I'm totally fly!

GEEK GIRL: *(approaching cautiously)* We want to know how you made your money.

HIPPY DUDE: Yeah man. How you got all the "bling-bling" as you call it.

RICH BITCH: Diamonds are a girl's best friend.

*(The others stare at her briefly, not quite sure what to make of her comment.)*

KING BLING: And what makes you think I have all the answers?

HIPPY DUDE: Hey man, we just said. You got the bling. You're the king.

KING BLING: And what makes you think you can't do the same?

GEEK GIRL: We aren't rappers.

RICH BITCH: But we need to go shopping every day.

*(They all stare at her again)*

KING BLING: You don't need to be a rapper to have bling. You think it's always being like this for me? With a full-on posse? I remember 50 Cent when he were less than a dime.

HIPPY DUDE: Hey man, don't come down all heavy on us. Peace out. *(To the others)* I knew we shouldn't have asked a meat-eater.

GEEK GIRL: You must have done something to be so rich.

KING BLING: I think you're friend there might argue the point. *(to RICH BITCH)* Hey girlie girl, where are your little friends Paris and Nicole?

RICH BITCH: They're taking part in a new breeding program. But they're getting eyelash implants first. I'm flying to Paraguay next month for mine.

KING BLING: Wealth ain't about who can rock the decks the best every Saturday night. Or give out the best party shouts.

GEEK GIRL: *(going up to him)* What are you talking about? Doing those things made you King Bling.

KING BLING: You think so?

HIPPY DUDE: Hey man, why else you got coin? You weren't born into it like Rich Bitch over here *(indicates RICH BITCH)*.

RICH BITCH: *(remaining in her own little world)* I think my Afghan chihuahua needs a pedicure.

*(They pause before KING BLING speaks again)*

KING BLING: I might be the best flava of the month but it ain't been Hammer time for a long time. And while there's an occasional Prodigy, sometimes they just disappear off the face of the earth.

GEEK GIRL: What do you mean, exactly? Could you dumb it down a little for Hippy Dude and Rich Bitch? Well, enough for the dude anyway – I don't think you could make it simple enough for RB.

KING BLING: Remember MC Hammer? *(brief pause as they stare blankly at him)* Totally old school, part of R'n'B history. He were the dog and he said: *U Can't Touch This*. And you couldn't for about a year... he was on top of his game, gunning out the grooves left, right and centre. And after he declared he was *Too Legit To Quit* we never heard of him again.

HIPPY DUDE: Oh wow man. What a freakout! You mean he vanished into thin air? Like some sort of ghost or weird flashback?

GEEK GIRL: Cosmic... So this spanner guy was sucked off the planet?

RICH BITCH: *(looking around)* Shoes... need shoes.

KING BLING: *(tapping his cane)* What I'm saying peoples is that he didn't stay king and he lost all his bling. Just like his icy vanilla friend. And I ain't talkin' ice cream, you know what I'm saying?

*(They murmur dissent, unsure of what he's talking about)*

HIPPY DUDE: *(whispering to GEEK GIRL)* I think he's been, you know, taken over by Mark Holden or somethin'.

KING BLING: *(rises from throne)* What I'm saying is that MC Hammer was bankrupt just four years later. He didn't manage his bling. You can be the best at what you do – rapping, sports, computers, making threads – but if you don't look after the bling somewhere along the line, you got no future.

**This is not the end of "King Bling"  
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