

PLAY 4 ME!

Original Plays for children, teenagers, youth theatre and special needs groups by Emer Halpenny

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THE NUTTY PROFESSOR
Part I of The Maisie Trilogy
By Emer Halpenny

AGE: Teen or advanced from age 10
GENDER: male
PARTS: 2
RUNNING TIME: 5 mins

Note: Although part I of the Maisie Trilogy, this can be played as an independent piece.

Parts : A Nutty Professor and A Science Student

Set : The lab of the Nutty Professor. The PROF is busy working on an experiment, pouring a colourful substance from one test tube to another. Every so often, he puts the experiment down and writes numbers on a blackboard behind him.

PROF: Igor! Where is that creature? *(he concentrates some more on his experiment, then, annoyed, goes to the side of the stage area, calling upwards.)* Igor! What kind of a servant are you? Why do I pay you? Oh yes, that's right – I don't pay you...oh well – Igor! Get down here to my secret lab now!

STUDENT: *(calling from off stage)* Professor! Are you there? Professor!

PROF : *(stopping in his tracks)* You're not Igor! Who are you? Show yourself!

STUDENT : *(appearing on stage)* How do you do Professor? *(he puts out his hand to shake the Prof's but is ignored)* My name is –

PROF : I don't care who you are. Where's Igor?

STUDENT : Igor has gone to his Aunty Maisie's house for two weeks. I'm taking over from him.

PROF : Aunty Maisie?

STUDENT : Yes sir. I'm a science student and it's an honour to be here.

PROF : Igor hasn't got an Aunty Maisie. He's a monster! I created him with my own bare hands!

STUDENT : I say, that's impressive.

PROF : I don't have time for this – I must get this experiment finished.

STUDENT : May I help you Professor?

PROF : I'm not sure. Time is of the essence. Are you intelligent?

STUDENT : Very

PROF : Are you prepared to risk your life?

STUDENT : Well I –

PROF : For the sake of the experiment...

STUDENT : I'm not sure I –

PROF : Excellent! This way lad.

(the PROF leads the STUDENT to his lab desk)

PROF : Now, these tubes contain some of Igor's brain cells. Lad! Write this equation down!

STUDENT : Certainly Professor! I'll just clean this mess off the board first.
(Using the duster he cleans the blackboard)

PROF : Noooooooooooooo! What are you doing?! That's a lifetime of experiments! You have just wiped out the only copy of my achievements! The formula for ever-lasting life!

STUDENT : Ooops!

PROF : Ooops? That's all you have to say?!

STUDENT : Yes. And I'm sorry.

PROF : You said you were intelligent!

STUDENT : I am! Highly intelligent! *(changing his tone and removing his woollen tank-top to reveal that he is also wearing a scientist's lab coat)* So intelligent in fact that at a quarter of your age I have conducted this same experiment – to find the formula for ever-lasting life!

PROF : You - ?

STUDENT : Yes, me. But I couldn't come up with the final solution. Then your slave Igor came to me.

PROF : Igor? My faithful servant?

STUDENT : Not so faithful I'm afraid. You see Professor, you have been treating poor Igor so harshly for such a long time that he is no longer faithful to you. He has gradually been selling off all your family silver while you have been down here shouting abuse at him.

PROF : *(shouting)* I? Shout abuse?

STUDENT : Yes Professor. And Igor is not at his Aunty Maisie's.

PROF : I knew it!

STUDENT : He is on a world cruise. He has given me the keys to the castle *(holding up a large set of keys)* including the key to this lab.

PROF : *(distraught)* Igor! How could you? You have ruined me! *(to STUDENT)* Aha! But you have wiped away the secret formula! *(pointing at the blackboard)*

STUDENT : Not before memorising the entire blackboard – I am so intelligent you see, that I have a photographic memory.

PROF : I don't believe you. *(picking up a piece of chalk)* Call it all back to me so I can be sure you're telling the truth.

STUDENT : I won't fall for that I'm afraid, Professor.

PROF : What is it you want, lad?

STUDENT : To live forever! And now, with the secret formula, I can!

PROF : Not quite.

STUDENT : What do you mean?

PROF : You may have the secret formula, but you still need these! *(holding up test tube)*

STUDENT : Of course! Igor's brain cells – the missing link! Help me Professor! We can be brilliant together! Two insanely intelligent beings *and* we'll live forever!

PROF : *(appearing to give in)* Alright then. Lie down here and I'll inject you with them.

STUDENT : You would do that for me? After all I've done to you?

PROF : Of course! Two brilliant minds are better than one, after all.

STUDENT : Hurrah! Do your worst Professor! (*as he lies down on the lab desk*)

(*The PROF's expression suddenly becomes dark and dangerous as he injects the STUDENT*)

PROF : This is *really* going to hurt!

STUDENT : Who cares! I'm going to live for- for- for- ughhh I feel very odd...

PROF : Forever? Indeed you are, lad. Now, sit up. (*The STUDENT sits upright, like a zombie. The PROF lifts each arm and inspects the movement of each joint in his arms, wrists, fingers etc.*) Excellent! EXCELLENT! I think I'll call you – Igor II!

STUDENT : Yes Master.

PROF : Well, run along Igor II, you must have work to do.

STUDENT : Yes Master. I think I'll go and polish the silver.

PROF : You do that Igor II. Off you go. (*IGOR exits with his arms stretched out. The PROF works on for a moment, then looks up with a look of horror*)

PROF : The silver?! Perhaps that's not such a good idea. (*running off stage*)
Igor! IGOR!!

T H E E N D

PRODUCTION NOTES

The PROFESSOR should wear a lab coat, have his hair as grey and wild as possible, maybe even a little goatee beard stuck or painted on. Large round spectacles would look good. The lab coat should be open over an old tank-top type jumper with a pattern that might have been seen on a 1970's tea cosy, or my husband in the early 90's. Trousers, not jeans, and shoes.

The STUDENT should be dressed impeccably, in a shirt (which is in fact a lab coat tucked in) and tie, with a tank top. Hair neatly combed – preferably greased down with a strong side parting. He should wear neat trousers, well polished shoes and large round spectacles, the larger the better.

The LAB : Place the lab desk (any sturdy table) DSC and cover it with scientific looking things – fill jars with coloured water and try to borrow anything out of a science lab. A freestanding blackboard would be perfect behind the Prof but to the right. If not, a child's freestanding blackboard could be placed on the table. Cover the board in hundreds of fractions and formulae in tiny writing – none of it has to make sense. When the Prof shouts to Igor off stage, he should look up, to give the illusion that his lab is down in the basement area of the castle.

Of course, both characters are mad professors, but the Student appears normal at first. He should be pleasant and eager and humble in the presence of the Professor, who is rude and abrupt. Each should be dramatic about his own brilliance.

The other plays in this trilogy are: World Cruise and Aunty Maisie's Diner

WORLD CRUISE
Part II of The Maisie Trilogy
By Emer Halpenny

AGE: Teens or advanced from age 10. Note: the waiter's part is a smaller role with fewer lines but some comedy in mimed actions and gestures.

GENDER: male

PARTS: 3

RUNNING TIME: 5 minutes

Note: Although part II of the Maisie Trilogy, this can be played as an independent piece.

CHARACTERS:

IGOR, a man-made monster who has run away from his Master 'The Professor'.

BRET, a drop dead gorgeous actor/model spending some of his millions on a world cruise, on the run from his life, looking for peace and quiet.

CHAD, a waiter who knows which side his bread is buttered on.

The deck of a cruise ship. Enter IGOR, walking a little robot-like. He leans on the rail and stares off into the sea (facing audience). He sighs heavily. Enter CHAD the waiter, who walks past him without hesitation, as if IGOR is not there.

IGOR Waiter! *(as the waiter walks on, ignoring him)* I say! Waiter! *(he sighs heavily again).*

Enter BRET, out of breath, as if being chased by someone. He nervously joins IGOR.

BRET Mind?

IGOR Eh?

BRET Mind if I join you? I'm *(he glances around nervously)* trying to avoid some people.

IGOR Oh...please, be my guest. *(they both stare off into the sea and sigh heavily. CHAD the waiter enters again) Waiter! (CHAD exits, ignoring him completely).*

IGOR Tell me it's my imagination, but I could swear that waiter is completely ignoring me.

BRET Oh it's not your imagination. He did completely ignore you.

IGOR Oh right. So it's not just me then.

BRET No, no. He walked right past you.

IGOR Now why is that?

BRET You want the truth?

IGOR Please!

BRET Well, you're pretty ugly. No offence.

IGOR None taken I'm sure. But that can't be the reason.

BRET That's people for you. Now, you look at me. I'm a good looking guy.

IGOR Are you? I wouldn't know.

BRET Oh yes. I was voted the second most handsome man in the world.

IGOR Who was voted the first?

BRET *(begrudgingly)* Hunky MacSamson. But I think he bribed the judges.

IGOR I can't believe that how you look affects how people treat you.

BRET It SO does! I know what I'm talking about. Here he comes again. Try calling him.
Enter CHAD the waiter again.

IGOR I say WAITER! *(CHAD walks right past him and is almost gone when -)*

BRET *(in a quieter voice)* Waiter?
CHAD stops immediately and about turns with military precision.

CHAD Sir? May I help you Sir?

BRET Yes, my friend here would like to order - ?

IGOR - just a glass of water please.

CHAD Certainly. And for yourself, Sir?

BRET Oh nothing for me...well maybe a cup of coffee...simple...

CHAD *(heading off)* Yes Sir.

BRET ...a diet baby cappuccino with frappy lappy & organic sweetener.

CHAD Coming right up Sir!
(CHAD exits whistling chirpily)

IGOR How did you do that?

BRET Just happen to be good looking.

IGOR I think you're right about that. Imagine.

BRET That's people for you.

IGOR I'm beginning to see that.

BRET Anyway, what's your story? Who are you and where do you come from?

IGOR Well, my name is Igor.

BRET Igor! You sound like something that was man-made in a mad scientist's lab!

IGOR I was! How did you know?

BRET Eh?

IGOR I was something that was man-made in a mad scientist's lab!

BRET & IGOR Hence the ugliness!

BRET That is so far out! What are you doing on a world cruise?

IGOR I betrayed my master. I gave his formula for ever-lasting life to another mad scientist.

BRET Oh that's not good.

IGOR I'm not proud of it. And I sold all his silver.

BRET & IGOR Hence the cruise.

BRET Wow, that's some back story. What are you going to do when we dock in Hawaii?

IGOR I don't know. I get lonely. You're the first person I've spoken to in weeks. People don't seem to want to come near me.

BRET Hang out with me Igor and that will all change. Believe me. Want to hear my story?

IGOR Yes. What's your name and where do you come from?

BRET Well, my name is Bret Dazzle. You may have seen me in the movies?

IGOR I don't normally get out much. You know mad scientists.

BRET I'm an actor slash model. Everyone loves me. Everyone wants to be with me. Everyone wants to be seen with me.

(enter CHAD with the order.)

CHAD Here you are Sir, your diet baby cappachino.

BRET With frappy lappy?

CHAD I frapped it myself Sir. With my bare fingers.

BRET Oh good. And the sweetener? Organic?

CHAD Only the best for you Sir.

IGOR And...my water?

(CHAD's sweet expression changes to sour)

CHAD I forgot the water.

IGOR *(to BRAD)* See?

BRET My friend's water?

CHAD Of course Sir. *(to IGOR, very sarcastically)* SOOOO sorry.

(exits)

BRET My life seems wonderful but it's not. I can never be alone. This is the longest conversation I've had with anyone for years!

IGOR People don't talk to you either?

BRET Only to tell me where to sit, what to wear, who to date, what to be seen eating...We've probably only got seconds before they find me.

IGOR Who finds you?

BRET My posse. My "people". My publicist. My director. The press. My make-up lady.

IGOR You're wearing make-up?

BRET You bet I am. Without it I'd probably look like you!

IGOR Well... at least life is peaceful when you're ugly...if a little lonely.

(enter CHAD with the water and a little paper umbrella)

CHAD *(smiling falsely)* I brought your friend his water Sir. *(he has his hand out for a tip)* And look, it has a little paper umbrella in it. See?

BRET Very good waiter. *(he puts a note into his hand. CHAD looks at it, not pleased)*

CHAD I opened the umbrella myself Sir, with these fingers that were worn away from frothing your frappy lappy.

BRET puts another couple of notes in his hand. CHAD nods and walks away.

BRET I'm so tired of this life, Igor.

IGOR Then leave it.

BRET Where would I go? What would I do?

IGOR Come with me to this place. *(he takes out a crumpled piece of paper)*

BRET *(reading)* "Aunty Maisie's Diner, Main Beach, Hawaii. Help wanted." Igor, are you suggesting I work for a living?

IGOR Well...yes.

BRET I'll do it Igor! I'll come along with you. Together we'll work for Aunty Maisie and live in peace.

IGOR You could teach me how to put on that fancy make-up.

BRET I'm not really wearing make-up Igor.

IGOR I'm feeling really good about myself Bret. I feel confident. Here comes that surly waiter. I say! You lad.

CHAD *(confused by IGOR's sudden assertiveness)* Yes...Sir?

IGOR Your name, lad?

CHAD Chad, Sir.

IGOR Chad, eh? Well Chad. We'll be needing someone to carry our bags and that sort of thing when we dock at Hawaii. I imagine you could do with the work?

CHAD Yes Sir! Delighted Sir!

IGOR Very good. Well off with you! We'll whistle for you when we want you. *(CHAD exits.)* It's nothing to do with looks Bret; it's about confidence.

BRET Feeling confident, Igor?

IGOR You betcha!

BRET To Aunty Maisie's Diner!

IGOR To Aunty Maisie's Diner!

They clink glasses and face back out to the sea. Both sigh again at the same time, but the sigh is happy and peaceful. Music.

T H E E N D

PRODUCTION NOTES:

The action takes place on the deck of a ship. If you have a free standing bar to suggest railing that would be great, or you could tie some rope between both wing spaces.

COSTUMES:

Igor wears an ill fitting suit, with trouser legs and arms way too short.
 Brad wears a tuxedo.
 Chad wears black trousers, a white shirt and a black bow tie. He always carries his tray.

The other plays in the trilogy are: The Nutty Professor and Aunty Maisie's Diner

AUNTY MAISIE'S DINER

Part III of The Maisie Trilogy

by Emer Halpenny

AGE: 9 – 12 or young teen

GENDER: 7 female, 1 male (can be played by a female)

PARTS: 8 with 3 minor appearances from part II.

RUNNING TIME: 10 minutes

Note: This final part of the trilogy won't always make sense without part I and II.

AUNTY MAISIE, proprietor of Aunty Maisie's Diner

MAURICE, her lazy caretaker

ROSIE, a ghost

MAUD, a ghost

DAISY, Maisie's twin sister

HANNAH, a customer

GABRIELLA, a customer

KARLY, a customer

IGOR, BRET and CHAD (from part II) make a guest appearance towards the end of the play

Very early morning at Auntie Maisie's diner. Music for intro as AUNTY MAISIE is up and about, putting tablecloths on the tables, setting them for breakfast etc. A large sign says "AUNTIE MAISIE'S DINER – BEST WAFFLES IN HAWAII". Another smaller sign dsl says "HELP WANTED" and another dsr says "REST ROOMS : LITTLE GIRLS this way / LITTLE BOYS that way". Three table: one where the diner stuff (serviettes, cutlery, menus etc) is kept and two for customers. MAISIE gets the vacuum cleaner out and tries to turn it on but it appears to be broken. She calls out.

MAISIE Maurice! The hoover's busted. Again! *(she tries the button but nothing happens)* Maurice! Some handyman you are! Maurice!

MAURICE *(Coming on from sr and yawning)* Yes, Maisie, what is it? *(another yawn)*.

MAISIE Were you asleep in the Little Boys' Room?

MAURICE I didn't sleep a wink all night. All I could hear were those pesky ghosts. All night long.

MAISIE Maurice, I really think it's all in your imagination. There are no ghost's in Aunty Maisie's Diner.

MAURICE Oh yeah? Were you blaring *Mamma Mia* at 3 o'clock this morning?

MAISIE No...I thought you were. I was going to talk to you about that actually.

MAURICE I don't like *Mamma Mia*. I don't like music. I'm not a happy person. I don't do cheerful things.

MAISIE Yes, that's true. Then who was it?

MAURICE The ghosts!

MAISIE Humph! Nonsense.

MAURICE And last week there was that episode with the chocolate fountain.

MAISIE Yes...what a mess.

MAURICE I'm telling you...we've got ourselves a ghost problem.

MAISIE Never mind that now. The hoover's on the blink.

MAURICE Again? *(he tries the button)* I'll get my toolbox. *(he exits SL and MAISIE exits SR. After a few moments, ROSIE and MAUD tiptoe on. They are dressed in white, with white faces and hair - the ghosts. They press something under the vacuum cleaner and sit down. NOTE: no one can see the ghosts when they are on stage with them, so make sure this is acted clearly. MAURICE comes back on with his toolbox.)*

MAURICE Pesky ghosts. *(The GHOSTS nudge each other and giggle. MAURICE pulls the end of the vacuum cleaner off and looks into the tube. He takes a tool out and pokes down it a bit. Then, looking into it, he turns it on. Of course it comes on now and MAURICE's face is sucked into the tube. The GHOSTS crack up laughing and skip off)* Aghhhh! Help!
DAISY enters from SL- almost identical to MAISIE except she is wearing a different coloured outfit.

DAISY What are you doing? *(as she helps him and switches it off)*

MAURICE *(presuming she is MAISIE)* It surprised me! It was the ghosts again!

DAISY You poor man. You must be overworked.

MAURICE Eh?

DAISY Go and get yourself a nice cup of tea and have a bit of a rest. You've had an awful shock.

MAURICE Okay...if you're sure. *(he exits SL)*

DAISY I insist. *(she packs up the vacuum cleaner and walks off SL. Immediately MAISIE enters from SR.)*

MAISIE Now where's he gone? And he's taken the hoover with him. Maurice! *(she exits SL)*

There is a little bell from door SL and GABRIELLA, HANNAH and KARLY enter from there.

HANNAH I just love Aunty Maisie's Diner! It has like, the BEST waffles!

GABRIELLA I hope so Hannah, because I'm starving.

KARLY Me too. Where is everyone?

KARLY Let's sit here. *(they sit)*

GABRIELLA *(as ROSIE and MAUD tiptoe past)* Uhh-hh, I just got shivers up my spine.

HANNAH Yeah...it's kinda cold in here.

KARLY This place is deserted.

GABRIELLA As deserted as a ghost town. *(the GHOSTS give each other a high 5)*

MAISIE *(entering from SL)* Ah! Our first customers of the day!

HANNAH Morning Aunty Maisie!

MAISIE Morning Hannah. What'll it be?

HANNAH Waffles of course! Aunty Maisie's waffles with um, *(looks at menu)* blueberry sauce and toffee cream.

MAISIE And for you ladies?

GABRIELLA Well, I guess I'll have waffles too, with um, *(looks at menu)* chocolate surprise.

KARLY I'll have what she's having.
(MAISIE puts three glasses on the table)

MAISIE Coming right up. Back in just a second.
MAISIE exits SL. ROSIE tiptoes up to the table and taps HANNAH on the shoulder. She looks around.

HANNAH Huh?

KARLY What's wrong Hannah?

HANNAH Did you just tap me?

KARLY No.
(MAUD tiptoes up and taps GABRIELLA on the shoulder)

GABRIELLA Yes Karly?

KARLY What do you mean yes Karly?

GABRIELLA You tapped me.

KARLY I didn't.

HANNAH This is weird.

KARLY You two are weird if you ask me. *(they both turn from her in a huff. ROSIE tickles KARLY under her arms. KARLY jumps up giggling)*

KARLY Hey! Cut that out!

HANNAH Cut what out?

GABRIELLA What's up with you?

KARLY One of you just tickled me.

HANNAH & GABRIELLA We did not.

HANNAH Oooh. I don't like this. *(she stands up and walks around a bit. MAUD walks directly in front of her waving into her face. Of course HANNAH doesn't see her.)* I've got the spookiest feeling.
(Enter DAISY from SR. She sees the girls and stops to chat.)

DAISY Well hello there. First customers of the day.

KARLY Uh, yeah.

GABRIELLA That was quick.

DAISY What's that dear?

GABRIELLA Um...the food? Our breakfast?

DAISY Oh of course. Let me take your order. *(she finds a notebook and pen).* Now, what'll it be?

HANNAH Well...like I already said, I'll have the waffles, with –

DAISY Hold it dear. The pen's not working. *(she looks around for another on the table.)* I could have sworn there was a pen here earlier. It might have fallen under the table. I'll just check. *(she gets right in under the table and is hidden from MAISIE who appears from SL. The GIRLS don't notice who has come on/gone off from where)*

MAISIE Now, I'm having a bit of a problem with the toaster...it's very embarrassing. Your blueberry and your chocolate waffles are on the way...as soon as I get my hands on that lazy handyman. Maurice! Maurice! *(She exits SL.)*

HANNAH What is going on around here?

KARLY I'm feeling very uneasy.

GABRIELLA Sit down Hannah.
(ROSIE and MAUD start playing with the glasses on the table, moving them around. The GIRLS at the table jump up and scream. ROSIE and MAUD run off. DAISY crawls out from under the table.)

DAISY I've found one! What's all the screaming about?

GABRIELLA The glasses were moving!

KARLY All by themselves.

DAISY I probably knocked the table when I was moving about under it. Calm yourself dear.
 Now, what did you want to order? Waffles, did you say?

KARLY You're just weird.

HANNAH Are you feeling okay?

DAISY Never better. Now, why don't I just go and get you all a nice bowl of porridge?

GIRLS Whatever.

DAISY Lovely! Back in a jiffy. *(she exits SR. Enter MAURICE with MAISIE)*

MAURICE But you told me to rest.

MAISIE Maurice, I would never tell you to rest. I wouldn't need to.

MAURICE You said, 'go and have a nice cup of tea and a little rest'.

MAISIE I did not!

MAURICE You did! And why do you keep changing your clothes?

MAISIE Pardon?

HANNAH Is there any chance we could get our porridge?

MAISIE Oh, you want porridge now?

GABRIELLA I'm not so hungry anymore.
DAISY enters from SR with a tray of porridge bowls.

DAISY Now here we are...nice tasty porridge.

MAISIE Daisy!

DAISY Maisie!

MAISIE What are you doing here?

MAURICE Two Aunty Maisies?

MAISIE This is my twin sister, Daisy.

DAISY I decided to visit and give you a bit of a hand.

MAISIE But why didn't you tell me you were coming?

DAISY I wanted it to be a surprise. And I arrived so late last night, I just quietly let myself in and slept in one of the guest beds.

MAURICE Oh...I think I get it!

HANNAH But there's still something weird going on.

MAURICE There IS something weird going on. Ghosts!

GIRLS Eeek!

(ROSIE and MAUD run in with the vacuum cleaner and chase everyone around with it, making ghostly-sounding noises. Music could also add to the confusion. There is chaos until -)

MAISIE QUIET! *(everything stops. The vacuum cleaner is turned off)*
If there are ghosts here, knock three times. *(there are three knocks. Everyone screams)* Show yourselves.

ROSIE We can't.

MAUD We can see you, but...

ROSIE You can't see us!

(There are three knocks again.)

MAUD That's not us by the way.

MAISIE Maurice, get the door!

(The door opens and in come IGOR and BRET with CHAD carrying their bags. They have come about the "help needed" notice)

BRET Greetings common people! We have come about a job!

MAISIE What job?

DAISY I put an ad in the paper for you. You need to take a break. You're coming on holiday with me.

MAISIE But who will look after things?

MAURICE I'll look after things for you.

MAISIE I'm not going.

DAISY Look, if you hire these two odd-bods, they can help him.

IGOR And you already have cleaning ladies.

MAISIE Eh?

IGOR These two pale ladies holding the vacuum cleaner.

HANNAH You can see them?

IGOR Yes. Can't you?

EVERYONE No, we can't. They're GHOSTS!

MAURICE Where are they? Let me at them!

ROSIE Oh no. If he can see us, our fun is over.

MAUD What will we do now?

IGOR Might I suggest you haunt the large cruise ship that's docked in the bay just outside? Hundreds of people – lots of fun.

ROSIE But when the cruise is over?

BRET There's an actor slash model on board called Hunky MacSamson. You could make his life hell?

ROSIE Maud, let's do it!

MAUD Okay Rosie, what have we got to lose?

ROSIE Which way?

DAISY Oh we'll show you. That's what I have planned for us, Maisie: a cruise around the world. I've even packed your bags.

MAISIE Maurice, can I trust you for two weeks?

MAURICE On my honour, you can trust me.

BRET And we'll help him.

DAISY That's settled it then. Off we go! Goodbye everyone! Enjoy the porridge!

MAISIE Goodbye everyone! Maurice! Don't forget to Hoover the place.

MAURICE Yes! Yes! Goodbye! Take the ghosts with you! (*MAISIE & DAISY exit with MAUD & ROSIE*) I thought they'd never go!

IGOR So, where shall we start?

MAURICE Here, I think. (*he sits down at the other table and puts his feet up.*)

BRET Ah yes, (*as he does likewise*) I've played this part: The lazy bum.

IGOR (*joining them*) This is my kind of work.

GABRIELLA Eh, hello? Any chance we could get our waffles now?

MAURICE Sorry. We're closed for renovations.

HANNAH But –

MAURICE Come back in two weeks.

HANNAH I've never been so insulted in my life!

KARLY I've never been so hungry in my life! Come on!

GABRIELLA We're out of here!
(the GIRLS storm out of the place. MUSIC up as the three BOYS settle in for a nice long snooze.)

T H E E N D

PRODUCTION NOTES:

The roles of the ghosts are great for quiet children as their part has few lines but a lot of humour, which is easy to perform. Ensure there is plenty of attention given during rehearsal to little details and it will really be a boost to confidence.

Have a real vacuum cleaner backstage for a convincing sound effect for the on stage vacuum cleaner.

COSTUMES:

Maisie and Daisy wear the same thing, but in different colours. We had identical twins in our play but if you don't have twins, I would suggest identical wigs, on children of similar height and build.

Maurice wears overalls or a boiler suit. If played by a girl, dungarees would be fine.

Rosie and Maud should dress in similar white (preferably flowing style) dresses, long and old fashioned. White face paint and talc in hair. Barefoot or wear white pumps.

Hannah, Gabriella and Karly wear own choice clothes

Igor, Bret and Chad as in part II.

ONE ROOM WONDER

By Emer Halpenny

AGE: 12 to 15

CAST NUMBER: 6

GENDER: 5 female, 1 male although SAM, SUZANNA and GORETTI could be either

DURATION: 12 minutes

CHARACTERS:

TRACY, an image conscious schoolgirl

MIRANDA, her image conscious friend

CHARLIE, a tomboy, quiet and keeps to herself

SUZANNA, super intelligent

GORETTI, her super intelligent friend

SAM, school boy, class leader

2 X JANITORS, small roles, can be played by teacher/group leaders.

Introductory music. A bench, long enough to comfortably seat 6. Facing the audience. Two girls (TRACY and MIRANDA) are seated on it in a freeze frame: they are looking at a photo on MIRANDA's phone. When the music fades they break out of the freeze.

MIRANDA : Aren't they just so, like, uhoooh, mygod?!

TRACY : Sooo!

MIRANDA : I just saw them and I had to have them and I said to Mum, Mum, I have to have thoose, like, now!

TRACY : Uhoooh...

MIRANDA : Like, snap snap, mother!

TRACY : My –

MIRANDA : And she's like, "uh, whatever if it'll stop you talking my head is killing me."

TRACY : God!

MIRANDA : Yah!

TRACY : Designer Uggs*.

MIRANDA : Yah hah.

TRACY : Were they like – soooo expensive?

MIRANDA : Well, because they say 'Designer Ugg', instead of just like 'Ugg' they cost like, twice the price, which is like,

MIRANDA & TRACY : fair enough yah!

TRACY : So, why aren't you wearing them, like, now? For the school tour?

MIRANDA : Well, my mom wants to get the price tag embroidered on first, so like, everyone at least knows that they're like, you know

TRACY : Really really expensive

MIRANDA : The real thing. I mean, we're supposed to be (*inverted commas in the air*) cutting back.

TRACY nudges her as another girl enters, CHARLIE. CHARLIE is a bit of a tomboy, and a bit distracted. She is rummaging through her school bag and stops centre. MIRANDA and TRACY are sniggering.

MIRANDA : Look who it is.

TRACY : Who is it?

MIRANDA : Well, I don't know her name. I mean I don't sit near her, but she's in our class.

TRACY : She is so...

MIRANDA : So...

TRACY : So, like... *(TRACY whispers something to MIRANDA – we don't hear, but it's animated and lasts a good 10 seconds. MIRANDA breaks from the whisper and looks aghast at TRACY. TRACY whispers for another 5 seconds then they both turn and look at CHARLIE. MIRANDA looks back to TRACY and TRACY gestures 'shhhh'.)*

MIRANDA : That is like so, like...

TRACY : Yah.

CHARLIE has found what she is looking for – a large scrapbook full of stamps. She shyly shows the page to the girls.

CHARLIE : Hi! My stamp collection. This page is all limited edition...*(she goes to explain)*

MIRANDA and TRACY look at her, mouths hanging open as if to say, 'is she actually communicating with us?' They break out of it and continue to look at the phone photos. CHARLIE is embarrassed by their reaction and starts sticking stamps in frantically. Two more girls enter upstage – GORETTI and SUZANNA. They are each checking their own pedometers.

SUZANNA : Simply not so, Goretta! I have walked exactly the same number of steps from precisely the same spot at 800 hours GMT every morning this week!

GORETTI : But did you take into consideration all the variables, Suzanna?

Hmmm? I mean, did you factor in the wind velocity this morning, for example? It would have slowed down your pace by *(she quickly calculates on the calculator on a watch strap)* by.... Zero point 17 percent!

SUZANNA : Impossible! Show me that! *(she tries to grab the calculator from GORETTI's wrist)*

GORETTI : Not violence, please Suzanna!

SUZANNA : I'd hardly call my action 'violent'. A little forceful, perhaps but – *(they stop as SAM enters. He is chirpily whistling to himself. As he passes them, he nods hello, and continues to the notice board positioned on the back wall. They look at him suspiciously. GORETTI whispers into SUZANNA's ear, animated, for 10 seconds. They break off and SUZANNA reacts in a shocked manner. GORETTI whispers again, about 5 seconds. They both turn and look at SAM who's whistling stops for a second on an upbeat, he nods a hello again and walks around to the bench, where he'll sit next to CHARLIE.)*

SUZANNA : Who told you that?

GORETTI : *(earnestly)* The one and only.

SUZANNA : The Source! Dear God! That's –

GORETTI : Absolute gospel.

SAM sits and takes out a brochure for the museum. GORETTI and SUZANNA make their way to the bench.

CHARLIE : Hey.

SAM : Ho.

CHARLIE : Huh?

SAM : What ya got there Charlie?

CHARLIE : *(very shy and embarrassed)* Oh, oh um, it's my stamp collection. You probably don't want to see it.

SAM : Sure I do. Hey are these limited editions?

CHARLIE : Yes! See here...this one was for the centenary of the National Stamp Federation itself!

SUZANNA and GORETTI and TRACY and MIRANDA have stopped in their own conversations and are gawking at SAM and CHARLIE. SAM and CHARLIE slowly notice them. SUZANNA and GORETTI and TRACY and MIRANDA begin their whispering over again. CHARLIE gets embarrassed and puts the book away. SAM changes the subject.

SAM : Look, this is the tour programme for the museum. Mrs. Granger asked me to look after this group.

CHARLIE : Gosh! She asked you to look after a whole group? How come?

SAM flashes a badge inside his jacket, it is pinned on his jumper.

SAM : You're looking at the new head prefect for our year.

CHARLIE : Absolutely awesome! *(gets embarrassed at her own reaction)* I mean, you must be very proud.

SAM : *(he shrugs)* Meh... maybe.

CHARLIE : *(looking around)* Why don't you wear the badge, Sam? I mean, no one will know you're in charge otherwise.

SAM : I'll wait for the right moment. Meanwhile, we've got to meet up with the rest of the year. We should go.

CHARLIE : This is going to be fun!

SAM : *(Standing up, getting ready to go).* OK everyone, all set for the museum?

TRACY : What's it to you?

GORETTI : We don't have to answer him, Suzanna.

CHARLIE : I'm ready to go Sam. *(she stands up, her bag on her shoulder)*

SAM : OK, let's move out! *(as everyone passes by, he winds them up –)* Lift those feet – left, left, left-right-left! *(everyone disgusted, except CHARLIE, who enjoys the joke)*

MIRANDA : You think you're great.

SUZANNA : We can report you for attempting to demean us.

MUSIC as everyone exits. Set up the museum .

THE MUSEUM

GORETTI and SUZANNA enter first, marveling at the dimensions of the room etc. Next MIRANDA and TRACY who are really bored. Finally, CHARLIE and SAM.

GORETTI : Suzanna! Do you realize what you are standing in?

SUZANNA : I think so Goretti, I think so! *(as she grabs for GORETTI's wrist calculator. GORETTI grabs her wrist back)*

GORETTI : No need to calculate – I can sense the perfection...the dimensions of the room – why they're –

SUZANNA : Perfect: it's the Golden Ratio, Goretti!

GORETTI & SUZANNA : Bliss! *(they go about, feeling the walls and measuring how far it is from one thing to the next)*

MIRANDA : Like soooooo boring!

TRACY : We never go anywhere interesting. *(sarcastically)* Oh look! It's a golden brooch worn by Queen Maeve – whoever she is.

MIRANDA : Oh I've heard of her. She's this shoe designer my mom's always going on about.

TRACY : Queen Maeve?

MIRANDA : Maybe it's someone else...

TRACY : Jimmy Choo?

MIRANDA : Yah! That's the one! *(they drift off, looking at the exhibits in a detached way).*

CHARLIE : *(looking through the pages of something similar to the Book of Kells)* Absolutely amazing...absolutely awesome...I'm – I'm awe-struck. I'm amazed. I'm – I'm ...

SAM : ...probably going to get into trouble if you keep smudging those pages, Charlie. *(closes the book)*

CHARLIE : Oh, um, yes – I see...

SAM : *(reads)* Book of Kerry...extreme antique...please do not touch the pages. Look, this cabinet is cold – it's like a sort of fridge. They must be keeping the book chilled to preserve any further damage.

CHARLIE : Please don't report me – I didn't mean it...I just love the craftsmanship...

SAM : Charlie, I'm not going to report you – don't be daft! *(she gets a bit embarrassed but relaxes)* Let's have a look at the sword that Cuchulain is supposed to have used.

Suddenly TRACY screams in panic. They all turn around. MIRANDA is standing over her protectively.

MIRANDA : There's no mobile phone signal! Dear God! What IS this place?

SAM : Well, we are pretty far down in the basement. We should probably be getting back anyway.

MIRANDA : Come on Tracy, just a few more steps...to civilization.

She tries the door but it won't budge. She turns around, panic-stricken. She tries to speak but no words come out.

TRACY : What? What is it Miranda? You're scaring me, and I've just had a shock as it is.

GORETTI : *(trying the door)* It doesn't appear to open – hence, no access to the outside world.

SUZANNA : *(gasping)* You don't think –

GORETTI : No need to panic yet Suzanna. Just breathe deeply, and run some calculus through your head.

CHARLIE : It's locked Sam.

SAM : Can't be.

CHARLIE : Try it. *(He tries the door. He knocks on it, calling)*

SAM : Hey! Hello? Can anyone hear us? *(he turns to look at the group, puzzled. Everyone slowly takes out their mobile phones to check them.)*

CHARLIE : Dead.

MIRANDA : Dead.

SAM : Dead.

GORETTI : *(checking several phones)* All dead.

TRACY : *(losing it)* Dead! All dead! We're ALL DEAD!

SUZANNA : Wait! I've got a bit of life...*(they all crowd around her phone)*

Oh, no, it's dead too.

General panic, banging on the door, ad-libbing in character.

SAM : CALM DOWN! *(They stop mid panic)* Now listen...we need to check for other exits. Goretti, Suzanna, you two do that –

GORETTI : Come on Suzanna, we're good at this sort of thing.

SAM : Tracy, Miranda –

TRACY : Save your breath –

SAM : What?

TRACY : I know that's what you're going to tell us. Save our breath. Just lie down here and do nothing to conserve energy. Come on Miranda, you're as delicate as I am.

MIRANDA : You're right Tracy. The others have a stronger constitution.

SAM : Actually, I was going to say, see if you can find anything like a stepladder – I'm going to check the ceiling.

MIRANDA : A stepladder? I don't even know what that is!

TRACY : We're not likely to find a –

SUZANNA : You won't believe what we found!

GORETTI : A stepladder, here in this old utility room.

SAM : Great! Charlie, see if you can find a torch in there.

CHARLIE : Oh, I have one here in my bag actually. *(she rummages around as the others look on, puzzled)*

SUZANNA : You keep a torch in your bag?

CHARLIE : You never know when you might need a torch! Here you are.

SAM : Well done Charlie. OK, I'm going to climb up here and have a look. The sound of my voice might travel towards another room.

GORETTI : Be careful! Now that you have assumed the leadership role, you must come to no harm.

SAM : Thanks Goretti, I'm sure I'll be fine.

GORETTI : All the same, I shall hold the stepladder.

SAM : I don't think there's room for us both –

GORETTI : *(panicking)* Make haste! The sooner we have you down from there the better. *(in her panic she knocks them both off the stepladder. Shouting and reactions)*

SAM : *(from the floor)* I think I've broken my ankle!

SUZANNA : Goretti, is that blood trickling down your forehead?

TRACY & MIRANDA : Aghh! Blood! *(they faint).*

SAM : Quick, Charlie, check out the utility room – see if there's anything to –

CHARLIE : *(rummaging)* I always carry a spare bandage – I'll wrap it around your ankle to reduce the swelling. Goretti, here's some antiseptic cream and

a plaster for your cut. Suzanna, wave these smelling salts under their noses
(*TRACY and MIRANDA*) it'll revive them.
(*everyone is looking at CHARLIE amazed*)
CHARLIE : What? Come on, let's all get moving! (*everyone snaps into action. CHARLIE finishes strapping SAM's ankle and stands up, confident*)
OK Sam, the phones aren't working, right?
MIRANDA (*who has just been revived*) : Oh no! The nightmare continues!
SAM : No signal, we're too far down in the basement.
CHARLIE : But the electricity's still working – the lights and more importantly – (*she looks towards the book of Kerry*)
SAM : (*sees where she's going*) Brilliant!
TRACY : What?
CHARLIE : The Book of Kerry is being kept at a constant temperature to preserve it – see the wire at the back of the cabinet?
GORETTI : I know what you're saying Charlie, you're a genius!
TRACY & MIRANDA : What?!
SAM : We pull the plug on that – it might set off an alarm.
SUZANNA : And help will come! Charlie, you really must join our group.
CHARLIE : Thanks. What's it called?
SUZANNA : I cannot tell you until you are initiated.
SAM : Go on Charlie, give it a try. If the alarm doesn't go off straightaway, plug it back in.
MIRANDA : Wait! What if it – like – blows up or something?
CHARLIE : Why would the Book of Kerry blow up?
MIRANDA : Why would a room lock us in?
TRACY : Yeah! We could be – like – on a space ship or something.
SAM : They're delusional. Quick Charlie, pull the plug.
CHARLIE : OK, but it could be loud. I happen to have (*she rummages*) earplugs for everyone. (*she hands them out*).
CHARLIE : OK, here goes....(*she pulls the plug and nothing happens. They wait for a few seconds.*)
SUZANNA : Nothing happened. (*Suddenly the alarm kicks in and they all react holding their ears. Eventually the door opens and two JANITORS appear. CHARLIE plugs it back in.*)
JANITOR 1 : What's going on?
SAM : We got locked in. We don't know how. It was Charlie's idea to attract help by setting off the alarm.
JANITOR 2 : Well done young lady. That was very clever of you.
JANITOR 1: Come on everyone, you've all had a shock. Let's get you back to your group.
JANITOR 2 : You'll probably have to take the rest of the week off school after this.
MIRANDA : Charlie, like, like, you know, like...thanks – and all.
TRACY : Yeah. What she said.
GORETTI : I shall never ridicule you again. Well done.
SUZANNA : Thanks Charlie. You saved the day.
CHARLIE : (*as she helps SAM out. The others have left the stage*) You never told anyone you were in charge.

SAM : I think you were the one in charge, Charlie. Way to go.
CHARLIE : Thanks. It felt really good. But you know what I can't understand?
SAM : What's that?
CHARLIE : (*taking a key from his jacket pocket*) I can't understand what this key is doing in your pocket. Is this the key to this room? Did you lock us in Sam?
SAM : Yes, you've found me out. Sorry Charlie.
CHARLIE : Why?
SAM : I was asked by Mrs. Granger to do it.
CHARLIE : What?
SAM : She said it would be a good exercise to unite the group. She said being in trouble together would bring the best out in everyone.
CHARLIE : Do you think it worked?
MIRANDA & TRACY : (*running back in*) Sam! Charlie! Free desserts in the restaurant – come on, we've saved you a seat!
GORETTI: Miranda, tell me about those designer Ooogs again.
SUZANNA : Yes, and Tracy, I'm very interested in learning your fashion tips. Come on you two!
CHARLIE : Yes, I think it worked.
SAM : OK, let's go eat all the dessert we can. We've had a shock after all!
MUSIC up as they exit.

THE END

* Change Ugg Boots to whatever the current design craze is!

PRODUCTION NOTES

Scene 1: School corridor

Six chairs or a long bench, downstage centre, with a noticeboard or freestanding white/blackboard upstage centre – this can have some posters and notices on it, including e.g. "School tour to the National Museum".

Scene 2: The museum

Several levels with e.g. black velvet fabric over them upon which there might be any kind of 'museum type' objects – statuettes, jewellery etc. The Book of Kerry (large hardback old looking book) should be centre, on the highest level, perhaps with a different colour fabric, and a flex and plug visible.

Costumes: If students are going to wear a uniform, allow each character to adapt it to suit, e.g. Tracy and Miranda will have adapted their uniform to be as fashionable as possible, and include designer style bags etc; Suzanna and Goretti can have fun being nerdy and Sam and Charlie can be fairly normal, though Charlie is a tom boy.