

SPACEY

by Robert L. Crowe



GREEN ROOM PRESS

greenroompress.com

Copyright Notice

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Green Room Press. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Green Room Press. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Green Room Press. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Green Room Press.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: *Produced by special arrangement with Green Room Press.*

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Green Room Press.

SPACEY
by **Robert L. Crowe**

SPACEY

by Robert L. Crowe

(The script is written with male pronouns but with a few text changes all parts can be played by male or female. At open, Smedley has his back turned and is out of the initial conversation. The rest of the group is busy doing various tasks. They are humming in unison, the theme from Star Wars. Music fades out as Wickett speaks)

WICKETT: *(Wickett is not a robot but he speaks in very concise, clipped language.)* Captain. We need to adjust steering. Alter the course of the space ship three degrees left.

CAPTAIN: *(working w cell phone)* Just a minute. This thing won't work. I thought that my cell phone would get better reception in outer space. No trees, no buildings. I wonder what the problem is. *(into phone)* Can you hear me?

WICKETT: If the course is not adjusted immediately, we will miss the planet Jerry by 2.7 billion miles.

CAPTAIN: Oh, all right. *(Says into the phone that doesn't work)* Hold on. *(Puts phone away and adjusts the steering of the ship.) (To Wickett)* There. That ought to keep you quiet for a while.

LAUREN: *(to Captain)* Hey, Dude. How comes you're always picking on Wickett? He's only doing his job. If it weren't for him, instead of the Zenix Galaxy, you'd have us in Cleveland.

CAPTAIN: I must remind you again. *(holds up two fingers in a victory sign, ala President Nixon.)* I am the Captain! This space ship goes where I say it goes.

PARSONS: That's what frightens us. As the medical doctor, veterinarian and chef on this voyage, I am responsible for the physical and mental health of everyone.

WICKETT: Good ... luck!

PARSONS: The stress of starting on a voyage from earth for 17 years is bad enough but with you *(the captain)* bordering on incompetent, it adds to the pressure on all of us.

LAUREN: He's not bordering on incompetent. He crossed the border years ago.

CAPTAIN: Whatever. (*picks up phone and pushes buttons*) I wonder if I need a connection to play battleship.

LAUREN: Look, Dude, I know how I got to be part of this crew. I won it fair and square on The American Idiot game show. But how did you get to be Captain? I was under the impression that maybe there were qualifications.

WICKETT: He is a political appointment.

SMEDLEY: (*enters, stretches, yawns*) Hi-ho, everyone. I just finished my nap ...

LAUREN: Your third of the day.

SMEDLEY: (*sophisticated, upper crust*) ... so if anyone else wants to rest, I'll take your responsibility.

LAUREN: We are still waiting to find something you can do.

SMEDLEY: Look, I am on the voyage as the average American citizen. All I have to be is myself. I represent the common man. I don't have any qualifications.

LAUREN: Oh ... you want to be Captain?

PARSONS: Tell us again how you got chosen.

SMEDLEY: (*pause*) I paid 18 million dollars ... cash.

PARSONS: Yeah. That's about average.

LAUREN: (*with back to audience he says, "Boom. Boom. Boom" to represent something hitting the ship*)

CAPTAIN: Hey, what was that?

LAUREN: Sounds like someone at the door. I'll get it.

WICKETT: (*looks at imaginary screen*) The ship has been struck by space debris.

CAPTAIN: Heeeeey! Who's bumping my ship?

WICKETT: Source unknown. Probable damage to the exterior.

CAPTAIN: Well, someone is going to have to go out and fix it.

SMEDLEY: Can't we just hire someone? A space ship mechanic?

CAPTAIN: Lauren and Smedley. Suit up. You two go out and see what the problem is. (*goes into one of his grand*

speeches) It is only at certain points in history that a person is called upon to make a difference. All of the hopes and dreams of millions of people on earth are wrapped up in your ability to keep our voyage on course. The future of this expedition depends upon you. The future of mankind depends on you.

LAUREN: I ain't going out there. There's a good chance we won't get back in.

SMEDLEY: I just don't do manual labor. That's what servants are for.

LAUREN: You'd probably drive off and leave us.

WICKETT: Ship is turning. An asteroid must have hit a steering stabilizer. Adjust course!

CAPTAIN: I can't! The de-stablizer isn't stable. We're adrift!

LAUREN: Oh, in that case I know exactly what to do. (*pushes imaginary drink cart and walks through group.*) Coffee, tea, Sprite? Duty free purchases?

PARSONS: I'll have an apple juice. (*to group*) Apple juice has Vitamin A. That's why apple starts with an A.

LAUREN: Who is Captain of this ship?

CAPTAIN: I am.

LAUREN: That's why idiot starts with i.

PARSONS: Although the space ship is gyrating out of control and we may wander through the heavens forever, I do have some good news. I finished all of the laboratory tests and I'm pleased to report that the whooping cough epidemic is finally at end. Now, the bad news. Since all of us were checked before we got on board I have only one conclusion to draw about the epidemic. One of us brought the whooping virus on board and released it. Someone in here is an attempted mass murderer.

(*they all react in unison and freeze in place*)

SMEDLEY: I say! I think I know who it is.

(*entire group reacts in unison and stares at Smedley*)

WICKETT: Who. Who is it?

SMEDLEY: It is ... Watson.

(*pause as they look around*)

CAPTAIN: There's no one here named Watson!

*This perusal script is for reading purposes only.
No performance or photocopy rights are conveyed.*



GREEN ROOM PRESS

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from:

SPACEY

by Robert L. Crowe.

*For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script,
please contact us at:*

GREEN ROOM PRESS, INC.

customerservice@greenroompress.com

www.greenroompress.com