

# ARE WE THERE YET?

by Ken Bradbury  
and Robert L. Crowe



GREEN ROOM PRESS

[greenroompress.com](http://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.

# **Are We There Yet?**

*A Play in Two Acts*

**By Ken Bradbuy and Robert L. Crowe**

ISBN: 0-9748830-8-5

# **Are We There Yet?**

*A Play in Two Acts*

**By Ken Bradbuy and Robert L. Crowe**

## Contents

### ACT ONE

Scene 1: The Prize  
Scene 2: A Slight Adjustment  
Scene 3: The Wizard  
Scene 4: A Grave Situation  
Scene 5: Elevation  
Scene 6: Spacey  
Scene 7: Phantom Electron

### ACT TWO

Scene 1: Do Not Delete  
Scene 2: Gimme an M  
Scene 3: Boys Night Out  
Scene 4: Girls Night Out  
Scene 5: Nature's Way  
Scene 6: The Guide  
Scene 7: Exit Stage Right

## Characters: (41)

Pierre  
Boy  
Sidney  
Riley  
Quinn  
Wanter  
Barker  
Morey  
Jacob  
Grover  
Tolliver  
Landis  
Whistler  
Ralph  
Wickett  
Captain  
Lauren  
Smedley  
Parsons  
Chris  
Ronnie  
London  
Sir Richard  
Peggy  
Girl  
Michael  
Brennan  
Granger  
Joe  
Andrew  
Laura  
Annie  
Carrie  
Kate  
Jackie  
Manager  
Camper  
Guide  
Vanessa  
Michael  
Vladimir

## ACT ONE

## Prologue

*(An actor enters. He is wearing an ascot, a beret, black slacks and white shirt. His accent changes regularly.)*

PIERRE: Buenos Dias, mademoiselles and seniors. What ... I think that should be seniors. The print on these cue cards is so small. Welcome to the First International 3D Film Festival. I am Pierre Schultz, your host this evening. The technology is so advanced, many of the film actors will appear to be real. Other film exhibitions have a cumbersome selection process, composed of nominations, membership voting and secret envelopes. Not so with these, my bambinos. We accepted every film that anyone had the courage to send. To further accelerate the evening we are not giving out any awards. This is a festival, not a popularity contest, mah-ya pa-droog-ah .... That's Russian. And so will I ... rush right into our first film. This entry is from a high school in the foreign land of Indianola, Iowa. It was shot in 3D by a single stationary camera which is why there is no movement. But ... see for yourself ... in "The Prize."

## Scene 1: The Prize

*(The speaker is pretending to get an award and pretending that all school students have come to hear his speech. Only at the conclusion does the real audience know that this is a practice run.)* Thank you. Thank you. I am humbled by that introduction, even though everything he said about me was true. I am especially proud to be the first recipient of this award and it makes my little heart go pitty-pat to know that everyone in this school was considered ... but it is my name that goes at the top of the trophy. There sits Maynard Kelp, King of the May Dance and captain of the Sudoku team. And over there is Mary Lou Regis, the prettiest girl in the second row of our social studies class. And there are so many other deserving candidates.

While I have the microphone, I would beg a few minutes of your time to reflect upon my academic career. There have been some ups and downs and perhaps some of you choose to dwell on the negative ... those of you who choose to look at the world as a glass 3/4ths empty instead of half full. Perhaps some notes of explanation will help.

First, there was the unfortunate incident about me not being able to get my locker open. Of course, the fact that I was inside the locker at the time added to my difficulty. I was not ... as some suggested ... hiding from algebra. I was conducting a stake-out to see if I could catch the thief who has been pilfering Milk Duds

from my locker. I strongly suspect that it was the thief who gave me the final nudge that wedged my hips against the sides of the locker. Luckily, the night custodian finally heard my scratching ... and I did have the Milk Duds for nourishment.

The panic in the cafeteria is easily explained. When I went through the lunchroom yelling, "Code Orange. Code Orange" it had nothing to do with national security as hundreds of you believed. Perry Whitmore threw an orange at me because I wouldn't trade him my peanut butter sandwich for his aluminum-foil-wrapped cold broccoli casserole. His mother, as you know, is an award winner with that recipe but that gives him no right to force a trade.

It is true that I ran for class president and didn't win, which makes today's recognition even more sweet. I think I could have pulled off the election if the county underwater search team had come at a different time. It was when I stopped my campaign speech to get a drink, that the water fountain got stuck. I truly believe the school secretary over-reacted to my somewhat incoherent yelling about the possible basement flood. The authorities did arrive quickly, though, didn't they? Let's give it up for the underwater search and rescue team. (*gives a few feeble claps.*)

Perhaps the most surprised in this school about me receiving this top award are my classmates in Science class. I have explained numerous times that I was trying to create Eggs Benedict to serve as a mid-morning treat. However, I created a new learning situation. It would be many years before we would ordinarily learn how to make hydrogen sulfide gas....  $H_2S$  ... for those who like crossword puzzles. The smell of rotten eggs would have been confined to the classroom if there had not been a strong wind from the south. I learned ... we all learned ... that hydrogen has many uses. I'm pleased to be part of your learning process, however uncomfortable it might have been for a few hours.

Finally, I want you to know that I still have the firm conviction that rules are there to be followed. Having said that, I agree that the campus lock-down was unfortunate. That happened the afternoon that I saw Larry Litchfield with the chewing gum. We all know that chewing gum is strictly against the rules and we all know why. Just think if everyone was smacking chewing gum and spitting it on the floor for the entrapment of our shoes. When I saw Larry pop that stick of gum into his big mouth, I simply wanted to point out that fact when I yelled, "He's got gum. He's got gum!" The 911 operator said that 534 of you called in about the same time. The resulting alarm cannot be blamed on me. I think the FBI swat team caused a lot of the confusion.

I want to thank you, the people ... the learners ... for selecting me as all-around outstanding citizen, scholar, athlete, music and drama student. I do not wish to dwell on my accomplishments. Those are known to you only too well. If you are not familiar with my resume, I will have it posted with an autographed picture on my professional web site.

Even though it may be disappointing to you, I will close now. Again, my appreciation for the life-sized statue and the nice plaque. Coming to this award ceremony was optional and I'm flattered that the entire student body chose to attend. Thank you and good night. *(starts to walk away, then looks at the actual audience.) (The speech was in high style. This ending is conversational.)* Practice makes perfect. Well, there you are. That's my acceptance speech. Now ... if I ever win anything, I'm ready.

PIERRE: To accelerate your life a bit, we have snipped the beginning and ending credits. The names of the actors are listed in your programs. Everyone else has asked to be anonymous. Our next exhibition is from Yugoslavia, or what used to be Yugoslavia. Some years ago they mailed this film to us and it just arrived. The story depicts a day in the life of an owner of a Yugo automobile. You would have to go back a long way to remember these cars but this picture will give you ... well ... the picture. *(exit)*

## Scene 2: A Slight Adjustment

*Cast: Sidney, Riley, Quinn*

*Scene: A table serves as a counter with two chairs at the side. Quinn is busying himself at the counter.*

SIDNEY: *(entering)* Oh ... hello.

QUINN: Good morning! Could I help you?

SIDNEY: I'm just waiting ... you know ... while they work on my car.

QUINN: Ah! Steering? Tires?

SIDNEY: Yeah. Pretty much all that. Everything needs adjusting.

QUINN: Ah! It does. It truly does ... everything needs adjusting.

SIDNEY: I've, uh ... I've never seen this department before. I've been to the brake adjustment place and the wheel adjustment. Is this new?

QUINN: Yes, yes. And already it's our most popular adjustment department.

SIDNEY: No kidding. What do you do here?

QUINN: Attitude.

SIDNEY: Excuse me?

QUINN: Attitude adjustment. We adjust your attitude.

SIDNEY: You're kidding.

QUINN: That's a strange attitude. You want an adjustment?

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

SIDNEY: I mean ... I mean you adjust people's ... you know ... attitudes?

QUINN: Some folks say it's changed their lives. We even have regular A-A meetings.

SIDNEY: A-A?

QUINN: Attitude Adjustment. Want to sign up?

SIDNEY: Well ... I don't know ... I've always thought I had a pretty good attitude.

QUINN: Sure. You say that now.

RILEY: (*entering ... a rather slovenly mechanic, prone to a great deal of scratching and slouching*) You Sidney?

SIDNEY: Yes. Is my car done?

RILEY: Got a problem.

SIDNEY: I hate those words.

RILEY: Your brakes. Pretty bad. Need major adjustment.

SIDNEY: What's it gonna cost? (*Riley shows him a piece of paper*) What? That much! Good grief! That's terrible! I had no idea that ...

QUINN: Sit down.

SIDNEY: What?

QUINN: Just sit down. Calm down a minute and listen to me.

SIDNEY: (*sitting*) But did you see what it's going to cost to adjust my brakes?

QUINN: Work with me, okay? (*sits beside Sidney*) You have kids?

SIDNEY: Two. Oscar and Mabel.

QUINN: Ah ... great names. I'll bet they're pretty special to you.

SIDNEY: You kidding? They're my whole life!

QUINN: Let's say you're approaching a train crossing ...

SIDNEY: What's this got to do with ...

QUINN: Work with me. Work with me, Sidney. As you approach the crossing with little Oscar and Margaret ...

SIDNEY: Mabel.

QUINN: Mabel ... with little Oscar and Mabel riding along with you, singing songs ... on the way to the park, the sun shining ... then suddenly you see the gates come down on the train crossing.

SIDNEY: There's a train coming!

(*Quinn nudges Riley*)

RILEY: Whooo! Whooo!

QUINN: Sharp boy! There's a train coming. What do you do?

SIDNEY: I ... well, I stop and let the train go by ...

QUINN: But your brakes ... your brakes need adjusting ... you can't stop. Riley!

RILEY: Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding!

SIDNEY: No!

QUINN: Maybe.

SIDNEY: I've got to get those brakes fixed!

QUINN: Fix the brakes, Riley. (*Riley scratches and exits*) Well done, my friend! Your family is safe! You're their hero!

SIDNEY: Wow! That's great! Thank you!

QUINN: All you needed was a bit of attitude adjustment.

SIDNEY: What a great service!

QUINN: We've found it to be quite helpful. Life is more than gears and transmissions.

SIDNEY: It certainly is.

RILEY: (*entering*) Got a problem.

SIDNEY: Now what?

RILEY: Gears and transmission. You're leakin' oil pretty bad.

SIDNEY: But it's practically a new car! (*Riley shrugs*) How much will it cost to ... (*Riley shows him/her a paper*) Oh, my gosh! That much? That's awful!

QUINN: You like vacations, Sidney?

SIDNEY: Yeah, we take one every summer, but what does that ...

QUINN: The mountains? Colorado? The Grand Canyon?

SIDNEY: That's our favorite. We're going again this summer.

QUINN: Ah! Excellent! Excellent! You are truly a wonderful father. Lots of steep roads in the Rockies.

SIDNEY: Oh, yeah. Up and down and ... it's gorgeous.

QUINN: And dangerous. Right, Riley?

RILEY: Yep. Dangerous.

QUINN: I can just imagine the fun you'll have. "Oh look, Daddy! A mountain!" (*Quinn nudges Riley*)

RILEY: (*with very little enthusiasm*) "This is really fun. Whee."

SIDNEY: I love the mountains!

RILEY: Me too.

QUINN: You're just heading down Pike's Peak after a wonderful day of playing in the snow, drinking hot chocolate, and taking a thousand pictures you'll never look at. (*nudges Riley*)

RILEY: Click. Click.

QUINN: Digital.

RILEY: Zpp ... zpp.

SIDNEY: The time of our lives!

QUINN: You're driving down the mountain when you hear a noise!

RILEY: Clank.

QUINN: It's the transmission! That darned transmission! They warned you about this back at the adjustment center but you thought it was too expensive to fix! And now your car is out of control!

SIDNEY: Oh, no!

RILEY: Hang on, kids.

QUINN: If you'd just adjusted your transmission before you took off, but now ... now ...

SIDNEY: No! No! Fix the transmission! Do whatever it takes! Fix it!  
Fix it!

RILEY: Okay. (*Riley exits*)

SIDNEY: Oh, thank goodness! I'm glad you opened this place. Just think ...

QUINN: No ... don't. No need to even think about such things. All it takes is a slight adjustment in your attitude.

SIDNEY: Gosh, I feel so bad that I've neglected these things. Poor little Oscar and Mabel ... I guess I'm not a very good father.

QUINN: Hey! Hey! Don't be so hard on yourself! You see any other parents in here this morning?

SIDNEY: Well ... I guess not.

QUINN: While thousands of neglectful parents are out bowling or getting their hair done or sleeping in, you ... you, Sidney, are here caring for the safety of your children! Don't berate yourself! Be proud! You are a model! A hero! The gold standard of American parenthood!

SIDNEY: (*standing*) Wow! I really am! I'm ... I'm wonderful! I'm fantastic!

QUINN: (*helping Sidney stand on his chair*) Take your throne, your majesty! Survey your kingdom! Look upon all the good and wonderful deeds you have done for the sake of your family, your nation, and mankind!

SIDNEY: I'm the best!

QUINN: You're the best!

SIDNEY: I'm king!

QUINN: You're king!

RILEY: (*entering*) We got a problem.

SIDNEY: Huh?

RILEY: Your chassis's sprung.

SIDNEY: My what?

RILEY: Chassis. The frame. It's bent. Car goes crooked down the road.

SIDNEY: That's impossible! My car was working perfectly well when I came in here this morning! All I needed were a couple little adjustments and now you tell me everything's wrong.

RILEY: Not everything. Wipers work pretty good.

SIDNEY: Good.

RILEY: One of 'em, anyway.

SIDNEY: (*getting down from his "throne"*) So what's it gonna cost to

...

RILEY: (*handing him a paper*) Here.

SIDNEY: Oh my gosh!

RILEY: Big job.

SIDNEY: But that's high! That's ... that's awful! Why didn't I notice it?

QUINN: We get used to our faults, Sidney.

SIDNEY: But what will ... I mean, what harm will a bent chassis do to ...

RILEY: Sideways.

SIDNEY: Huh?

RILEY: Makes you go down the road sideways.

QUINN: Have you noticed any stiffness in your neck, Sidney?

SIDNEY: Well ... yeah, I guess I have ...

QUINN: Ah-ha.

RILEY: Ah-ha.

SIDNEY: What? Ah-ha what?

QUINN: That means your car is going this direction ... (*demonstrates*) ... while you're facing slightly this direction.

SIDNEY: But is that dangerous?

QUINN: Dangerous? Not terribly.

SIDNEY: Good.

QUINN: It's embarrassing.

SIDNEY: Embarrassing?

QUINN: You pull up to school in the afternoon to pick up your precious little Oscar and Meyer ...

SIDNEY: Margaret ... I mean ... Mabel.

QUINN: They see you coming! (*nudges Riley who goes to one side*) They wave with the excitement of seeing daddy! (*Riley gives a very unenthusiastic wave*) They shout to you!

RILEY: (*monotone*) Yo, daddy.

QUINN: Then, they see your car! A whole line of other parents waiting to pick up their children ... all the cars parked neatly in a line ... facing perfectly straight down the sidewalk. Then they see you ...

RILEY: Your car is crooked, mister.

QUINN: Your children are humiliated.

RILEY: He ain't my daddy.

QUINN: The other children laugh!

RILEY: Hee-hee.

QUINN: Your children grow up with severe personality disorders and are doomed to a lifetime of psychiatric counseling and anti-depressants.

SIDNEY: Oh, no!

QUINN: Then it really gets bad!

SIDNEY: How bad?

RILEY: It's hard to park a crooked car.

SIDNEY: Fix it! Fix it! Straighten my chassis! (*falling to the floor, sobbing*) I'm a terrible father! I don't deserve to live!

RILEY: Gotcha. (*Riley exits*)

SIDNEY: Oh, what did I ever do before my attitude adjustment? How did I survive?

QUINN: I think we caught your problems just in time. Why don't you just rest there a minute while I figure your bill? (*Quinn goes behind the counter to work on bill as Sidney takes a seat*)

SIDNEY: I'm so grateful. I'm so very grateful. When I think of what I might have done ... the train ... the mountains ... the parking problems. I came in here today thinking life was just great ... that I was in control ... and then you saved me ... you saved me from ...

QUINN: (*handing Sidney the bill*) Here you go ...

SIDNEY: What's this?

QUINN: Your charges ...

SIDNEY: This is ... this is unbelievable! Brakes, transmission, chassis ... and Attitude! That's the highest charge on the bill!

QUINN: And worth every penny of it.

RILEY: (*entering*) Gotcha ready to go.

SIDNEY: I can't pay this!

QUINN: What?

SIDNEY: I don't have this much money! I had no idea ...

QUINN: Riley, if you'd escort Mr. Sidney down the hall to the next department?

RILEY: Sure.

SIDNEY: Next department?

QUINN: Financial adjustment. They'll set you up on a payment plan over the next thirty years and you'll be feeling better in no time.

SIDNEY: Financial adjustment?

QUINN: You know, children are a valuable asset. Have you considered mortgaging little Oscar for say ... maybe twenty years? Does Mandy have an old piggy bank lying around gathering dust? Sidney, everything can be handled, believe me. It just takes ...

RILEY: ... a little adjustment. (*Riley walks a shattered Sidney out the door*)

PIERRE: It is truly fitting that the next film comes from England. For one thing, it is in English with American sub-titles. To find a literary equivalent, we have to go back to King Arthur and the days of Merlin the Magician. At least I assume that's the content. I haven't seen this one yet, so maybe it isn't about a round table. It may not even have a table in it. Better withhold judgment until we see, "The Wizard."

### Scene 3: The Wizard

(*At open, WANTER, stands directly in front of BARKER. WANTER is first in line of the people waiting to see the Wizard. BARKER is a cross between an overly-dramatic game show host and a carnival barker. WANTER is like a new puppy dog, active and animated*)

BARKER: (*steps around WANTER and yells at those in line*) All right. Let's get this line straightened out. You towards the back! Stand up straight and get directly behind the person in front of you. We like straight lines and discipline. You want to get in to see the Wizard? Then, follow the rules. It's for your own good so no one gets trampled. OK. Who's next?

WANTER: (*overly excited and hyper*) Me! Me! I'm next. Right here. I've been waiting a long time and I'm ready to go in. Is that the door I use? I'm ready! Here I go.

BARKER: Hold it! You think you just walk in to see the Wizard?

WANTER: Don't you? I mean, I saw other people walking in and coming out with all kinds of stuff.

BARKER: Now, think about it for a moment. Is that how you'd run this organization, buster? Would you let everyone who wants something just walk in with their hand out?

WANTER: I don't know. Never thought about it. But I'm ready. It's my turn ... Isn't it?

BARKER: Well ... you're next in line. But you have to go through the screening process.

WANTER: What's the screening process?

BARKER: Me.

WANTER: Oh.

BARKER: Here's how it works, kid. I control the door. You explain to me what you want. If I approve, then you get to go through that door.

WANTER: And then I get to see the Wizard? Inside is the Wizard?

BARKER: Inside is a committee.

WANTER: A committee? But, what's that noise I hear when the door opens? It sounds like the committee is snoring.

BARKER: It's chain saws. Workers are cutting down trees to make the paper to make the application for you to fill out.

WANTER: Oh, there's an application?

BARKER: Yep. Proposals are limited to one tree per person. You then take your application to the committee. If they approve, you get to see the Wizard. If the Wizard approves, you get your wish.

WANTER: Sounds complicated. But I'm ready. I've been practicing for weeks. Ready, Teddy, that's me.

BARKER: Your name is Teddy?

WANTER: No, my name is ...

BARKER: Never mind. Just remember it so you can put it on the application.

WANTER: Right. So after I do the application, how long does it take before I get my wish?

BARKER: That depends upon the project. Could take up to a year.

WANTER: A year! I have something that I need right now. I don't think I can wait. I mean, I've gotten a lot older just since I started in this line. A year? What takes so long?

BARKER: Let's say, for example, Amelia, that you want to start a new airline. If the Wizard approves, then we have to create all the rules and regulations ... limit of one tree. Then there's an oversight committee to implement and inspect. An audit committee to ...

WANTER: Excuse me. I don't want to start an airline. I have a simple request.

BARKER: OK. What is it?

WANTER: I want power.

BARKER: Power? You mean like a jet-ski or a Caterpillar road grader?

WANTER: No, personal power. (*excited and emotional*) I want to be in control. For all my life I have been a follower. If I make the team at all I'm last chosen. Nobody asks my opinion about anything. Sometimes when I exert myself and give an opinion, people laugh at me. Do you have any idea how it is to go through life never getting to make the final decision? I'm not in charge of my life. Someone else is! Other people have (*looking for right word*) ... sculptured what I am and who I am. I don't care what I'll be, I just want to have the personal power to make decisions and make pronouncements that other people will respect. Is that too much to ask?

BARKER: (*pauses and considers*) Yes.

WANTER: Yes?

BARKER: Yes! No one can give you power, not even the Wizard. Power comes through leadership and strength, chum. That request will never get you in the front door.

WANTER: OK. How about fame?

BARKER: The Wizard does not distribute fame. Fame comes from accomplishment, good or bad. You need to think more practical, pal.

WANTER: OK. What about success?

BARKER: Too nebulous. Success can be achieved by the very rich and the very poor; the very powerful and the meek. No one can define it, so no one can give it away. You really should have researched this a bit before you came to request something. Sorry. The Wizard can't help you. (*down the line*) NEXT!

WANTER: Wait! Wait! Let me try again.

BARKER: Quickly, then.

WANTER: What about wealth? What if I wanted wealth?

BARKER: That would be different.

WANTER: It would?

BARKER: Yes, the Wizard hands out money. It depends on what you want it for.

WANTER: Myself.

BARKER: Of, course. Everyone does, no matter what the disguise. But you have to be a little more precise. What's your project? What do you plan to do with the money?

WANTER: Let me think. Uhhhh, a question first. What if I plan to do one thing, then when I get the money I change my plan?

BARKER: We probably won't even notice. You see, the Wizard's motives are pure. The Wizard wants to help people with their dreams. The question is "what do you plan to do with the money"... not what you actually do.

WANTER: This is all very confusing. I mean, I get confused easily but even if I didn't get easily confused ... I would still be confused.

BARKER: I understand very clearly. You know the old saying: The wealthy will confuse the earth.

WANTER: I never heard that. But I've heard a lot today that I've never heard before.

BARKER: You can see from the line that there are many who want to see the Wizard. Have you decided what you want?

WANTER: I've always had this love for bicycles but I've never had one of my own. Maybe if had enough money to buy ...

BARKER: How much?

WANTER: There is one at Bike-Mart that has a basket and a chain guard and streamers on the handle grips ...

BARKER: How much?

WANTER: (*meekly*) \$89.95

BARKER: No.

WANTER: Too much?

BARKER: Not enough. That's too low. The Wizard deals in bigger numbers.

WANTER: \$137.50? (*BARKER pushes his thumb up to indicate "higher"*) \$207? (*higher*) Oh ... I saw a beauty on the Energy Channel for \$346.25. (*Barker indicates higher and the exasperated Wanter says*) ... 14,000 dollars!

BARKER: That's more like it, champ.

WANTER: \$14,000 for a bike? That's pretty expensive.

BARKER: Not for the Wizard.

WANTER: Well ... OK. Let me ask you something. Does the Wizard know what's going on outside this palace? Instead of paying that much for a bike, there is a lot of good that could be done for the people in line.

BARKER: Don't worry about other people, bozo. Look out for yourself. So, what's your project?

WANTER: I've got it all prepared. I've been working on this proposal for a long time. I need \$14,000 for the bike

BARKER: Now, we're making some progress, Pilgrim. OK, how many do you want?

WANTER: I only need one bike. (*BARKER puts thumb up*) Five bikes? (*higher*) 14,000?

BARKER: That will do for a starter.

WANTER: Why would anyone want 14,000 bikes?

BARKER: Think of it this way, Arnold. What if everyone in Los Angeles had a bike? Think of the traffic jams that could be avoided; it ends

our dependence on foreign oil; the noise is greatly reduced; traffic accidents at a minimum. And, the smog will clear in 8 or 10 years. I think you have a great project. But I forget how many people are in Los Angeles. 10 million people in the county? Probably. Now, let's see. 10 million bikes at \$14,000 a bike is .... 140 billion dollars. That a pretty hefty request you have here, Rockefeller.

WANTER: No, I don't want 10 million bikes. And that's not my project. It's not even my request. I just want one bike.

BARKER: That's very selfish of you. You could help mankind a great deal with your Los Angeles plan. I'm sorry to see you give up on that so soon. Please reconsider, cowboy. I think you have a very good chance for 140 billion dollars but no chance for \$14,000.

WANTER: (*Throws hands in air*) All right! Make it 140 billion. I'll take one bike for myself and send the rest to Los Angeles.

BARKER: That's the spirit. Now. I need to know about your experience. Have you ever owned a business?

WANTER: Yes.

BARKER: Did it lose more than 50 million dollars?

WANTER: No.

BARKER: Sorry, then, chief. You don't qualify.

WANTER: What? I don't qualify? What do you mean?

BARKER: You must have had a business that lost more than \$50 million to qualify for a gift from the Wizard. What kind of business was it?

WANTER: I was in ... Lemonade. Let me see if I have this right. You want me to ask for \$14,000 a bicycle for 10 million people and I have to have lost over \$50 million in a previous business to qualify?

BARKER: Exactly. And I thought you weren't paying attention. Look, if you have no experience operating a losing business, do this. Try your Los Angeles bicycle project. When it fails, then come back and ask for money from the Wizard.

WANTER: I've been in line a long time and I saw a lot of people that got through the door. You mean to tell me they all had ... credentials?

BARKER: Of course, otherwise it would be favoritism. Look, I like you. And I don't know why ... you're kinda like a rabid squirrel. But you've got gumption. You think big! But, it is obvious that you are a newcomer to the process, baby. Most of these people have been here before and know how to answer the questions.

WANTER: I guess so! Look, I know you're just doing your job, and that you don't make all the rules but you know what I've noticed? It seems to be very difficult to get any help from the Wizard.

BARKER: It's supposed to be. Otherwise, we'd just be helping everybody. Look, Einstein, I've enjoyed our little chat but there are quotas to meet. We gotta move this along.

WANTER: So, is that the answer? Huh? I don't get to write an application?

BARKER: No, Hemingway. Not today.

WANTER: (*turns away*) OK. I guess I should look on the bright side. I didn't get to apply but I saved a tree.

BARKER: (*down the line*) OK. Let's keep the line moving. Hey! No sneezing down there.

WANTER: Thanks anyway. Goodbye.

BARKER: Look. Inflate your proposal, kid. Then come back to see the Wizard.

WANTER: Sure. (*waves meekly*) Goodbye. (*sigh*) I guess I'll just have to do my own work to make my wish come true.

BARKER: (*loudly, to anyone listening*) The Wizard knows all and sees all! He can make your dreams come true. Step right up! Who wants to see the Wizard? (*exit*)

PIERRE: Please stay seated. It is not time for the intermission. Do not start asking, "Are We There Yet?" I will notify you when the time arrives. What you smell is the popcorn being prepared for the intermission and it won't be ready for a while so we have to kill some more time. By the way ... the price of the popcorn is directly adjusted by the number of people who attend each showing. For example, if 1000 people attended, the popcorn price would be 10 cents. However, looking around tonight, it appears that the price of a box of popcorn will be around 34 dollars. The next showing at our festival is from Transylvania ...no, not Pennsylvania ... Transylvania ...Dracula and that crowd. Although no blood is spilled, it is about life ... and death. It is .... "A Grave Situation."

#### Scene 4: A Grave Situation

Cast: Jacob, Morey

MOREY: (*enters, looks around, sighs*) Why do I keep doing this? (*sees something on the ground and kneels down reverently*) How you doing, Jacob? It's me, Morey. Back again. Not sure why I'm here again, but ... you know ... we were such good friends ... back when you were still alive. (*sighs again, then*) Some good times, old buddy. I guess I just can't quite say goodbye to you so I come back to your grave every Saturday morning just to ... I don't know ... talk. Silly isn't it? I mean it's not like you can hear me.

JACOB: (*entering, standing behind Morey*) Of course I can hear you.

MOREY: You know, that's funny. Must be the wind or my imagination playing tricks. I just imagined I heard you say ...

JACOB: ... of course I can hear you.

MOREY: You said it again. This is weird. Maybe it's my cold medicine.

JACOB: You don't have a cold.

MOREY: You're right. (*It hits him*) Jacob! Jacob, is that really you?!

JACOB: We've got the cemetery to ourselves. Who else could it be?  
MOREY: It's like ... it's like you're right here with me!  
JACOB: I am.  
MOREY: But how ... his is so unbelievable! I mean, how can I believe you?  
JACOB: You might try turning around.  
MOREY: (*he does, then jumps to his feet*) Oh, my gosh! Jacob! I can't believe this! Jacob, you're dead!  
JACOB: Yes.  
MOREY: Yes? You really are dead?  
JACOB: Weren't you at the funeral?  
MOREY: I gave a speech! I carried your body out here! I was there and you should be ... you know (*pointing to the grave*) ... here.  
JACOB: Oh I am.  
MOREY: You are?  
JACOB: Right there. Haven't moved.  
MOREY: But you're ... you're standing right here.  
JACOB: I'm a ghost.  
MOREY: (*a very long pause, then*) Noooooooo ... I don't believe in ...  
JACOB: Then who do you think you're talking to, an ATM machine?  
I'm a ghost.  
MOREY: But I thought ...  
JACOB: Stop thinking. I'm a ghost. We prefer the word "specter," of course.  
MOREY: Specter?  
JACOB: "Ghost" sounds like ... well ... you know ... Halloween and bad movies. "Specter" has a certain noble sound, don't you think?  
MOREY: I don't know what to think.  
JACOB: You never did.  
MOREY: Huh?  
JACOB: I always had to do the thinking for you. To tell you the truth, that's why I came here today. I wanted to know how in the world you were managing without me. I've been the brains of our friendship ever since we were little boys.  
MOREY: That's, uh ... that's harsh, Jacob.  
JACOB: That's the downside of being dead. I mean, other than the fact that you actually are dead ... you're completely honest. Once you're dead, what's the use of lying?  
MOREY: I miss you, Jacob. And I feel really bad about your ... you know ...  
JACOB: Death? You can say the word. I do it all the time. After all, I'm dead, dead, dead. Finis. La Muerte. Kicked the old bucket. Sold the farm.  
MOREY: It was such a needless ... I mean, maybe all death is needless, but yours ...

JACOB: Tripping over a cat and falling down the stairs wasn't how I imagined passing on to the great beyond.

MOREY: A cat.

JACOB: One stupid cat. How is the cat by the way?

MOREY: She's doing fine.

JACOB: Pity. I've come to hate that cat.

MOREY: I can't blame you.

JACOB: She was my downfall, so to speak. Morey ... remember when we were young? Just kids entering pre-school?

MOREY: Oh, how could I forget it? You were my best buddy! We did everything together! (*goes to his knees, becomes a pre-school boy*) Look at it, Jacob! School! Ain't this great?

JACOB: (*dropping to his knees beside Morey, joining him as a very young boy*) Pretty scary, Morey. You got your pencils?

MOREY: Pencils? I can't even write yet!

JACOB: You gotta have pencils, dummy. Everybody goes to school got pencils.

MOREY: Pencils are silly!

JACOB: Morey!

MOREY: Can I borrow a pencil?

JACOB: Just sit beside me and we can share. Uh-oh ... the other kids got crayons. I forgot about crayons.

MOREY: You think we'll flunk out? Do kids without crayons get kicked out of school?

JACOB: They just can't color as well. Darn. I had a list all made. How could I forget the stupid crayons? I've got milk money and ...

MOREY: Milk money? We gotta buy milk?

JACOB: Didn't you read the instructions?

MOREY: I'm only four! How can I read?

JACOB: Okay. I got two nickels. You can borrow one.

MOREY: You're my buddy, Jacob. (*standing and become himself as does Jacob*) Great times, Jacob! Even from the beginning ... and then we started dating.

JACOB: Don't remind me.

MOREY: We had a blast! Remember prom? (*becoming a teenager*) Yo! Jake! You ready?

JACOB: You kiddin'? I've got a date with the most gorgeous girl in school!

MOREY: Next to mine.

JACOB: Hey, it's a double date. We can compare.

MOREY: So ... you got the car?

JACOB: What?

MOREY: The car! We gotta pick up the girls in ten minutes!

JACOB: Morey, you were supposed to get the car! I arranged for the restaurant and the flowers and the after-prom party. YOU were supposed to get your dad's car!

MOREY: Look, me and the old man ... we've sort of had a bad week.

JACOB: Don't even tell me you don't have your dad's car.

MOREY: Nobody has my dad's car. It's sort of sick ...

JACOB: Sick?

MOREY: Yeah ... I was backin' out at the mall and this parked truck just came out of nowhere and ...

JACOB: A parked truck? A parked truck was moving?

MOREY: Yeah. I moved it about two feet when I hit it.

JACOB: Idiot!

MOREY: Hey!

JACOB: Moron!

MOREY: Come on, it's just a car ... you can get your dad's can't you?

JACOB: On ten minutes' notice? Are you crazy? Morey, you've ruined our prom! We're gonna have to walk all the way to Carrie's house then walk to Annie's, then to the prom! And it's raining!

MOREY: Man, it's great to make memories together, isn't it?

JACOB: Memories? You mean nightmares! Why did I ever trust you? Why did I every trust you?! (*dropping out of the teen character and resuming the specter role*) Why did I ever trust you?

MOREY: Oh geesh. One or two little foul-ups. Come on, Jacob. We had some great times. Besides, you're dead. I'm not around to bother you any more.

JACOB: You're bothering me right now, friend.

MOREY: Look, I don't know much about this being dead business.

JACOB: It's not a business. Death is a way of life.

MOREY: Okay, okay. But I mean ... if you're gonna be dead for the rest of your life ...

JACOB: What?

MOREY: Forget I said that. If you're gonna be stuck being ... you know ... dead, then shouldn't you sort-of drop these old memories? You know ... forgive me a little?

JACOB: Rest in peace?

MOREY: Yeah. Great way to put it.

JACOB: Thanks. I saw it on a stone somewhere. Morey, that's the real reason I came back to see you today. I couldn't rest in peace knowing that you'd managed to ruin so much of my life.

MOREY: That's uh ... harsh.

JACOB: Good. That's the way I meant it. I had to find a way ... I had to find a reason to forgive you for causing me so much grief. The last thing I remember when I stepped on that cat on the stairs was, "At least this is something the cat caused. At least it wasn't Morey." And you know

something, Morey? That made me feel better ... just to know that there was some part ... some small part of my life that you hadn't fouled up.

MOREY: (*a very long pause, then*) So ... I mean ... you feel better now? You forgive me?

JACOB: (*a pause, then*) I think I do. I really think I forgive you. (*smiles, takes a breath*) You know, I feel so much better now. I feel about as good as a person can feel considering the fact he's dead.

MOREY: Hey ... you gotta admit it, Jacob. I could always make you smile.

JACOB: (*smiling*) Yes, Morey, no matter what happened you could always make me smile.

MOREY: (*a pause, then*) Friend?

JACOB: (*a small pause*) Friend. (*they two hug*)

MOREY: (*still in the hug*) Now, even the cat can be happy.

JACOB: (*still in the hug*) You know where that stupid cat is?

MOREY: Hey, Fluffy sleeps right under ... uh-oh.

JACOB: Fluffy? You know the name of the cat that killed me?

MOREY: (*moving away from Jacob*) Uh ... no! I just made that up! All cats are fluffy aren't they?

JACOB: How do you know that cat, Morey?

MOREY: Did I say I knew the cat? What do I know about cats? Cats make me sneeze! It was just a figure of speech, Jacob!

JACOB: That was your cat!?!? I tripped over your cat and fell down the stairs and died?

MOREY: Look, Mom said I had to get him out of the house and I didn't know where else to put him and ...

JACOB: You killed me with your cat!?!?!???

MOREY: How'd I know he'd try to climb the stairs! He's afraid of heights! It was just gonna be for the weekend!

JACOB: You murdered me with ... with ... Fluffy!?

MOREY: It was accident, Jacob!!

JACOB: It's always an accident, Morey! You are one big, life-long, never-ending, eternal accident and now you've killed me!

MOREY: You're dead! You can't hurt people!

JACOB: Really? (*kicks Morey in the rear*)

MOREY: Hey! I felt that! I've been kicked by a dead man! That can't be legal!

JACOB: That's just the beginning!

MOREY: Get away from me! Get away from me, dead man!

JACOB: (*coming at him with real furry*) We're about to have two dead men, Morey!

MOREY: (*running to get away from him*) Don't take another step! Okay, don't take another step! I can't believe I'm about to be killed by a dead

...

JACOB: Ahhh! (*Jacob suddenly goes down*) Oooh! Oooh! Oooh! (*holding his ankle*) I stepped on my own tombstone! I think I broke my toe!

MOREY: Uh ... now that you're resting ... I've gotta go.

JACOB: You did it! You did it again! Even when I'm dead you ... you haunt me! I cannot believe you!

MOREY: See ya 'round, buddy!

JACOB: Morey!

MOREY: Later!

JACOB: Morey, you are an idiot!

MOREY: I'll give your love to ... uh ... Fluffy! (*he exits as Jacob remains on the ground, grimacing with pain*) (*exit*)

PIERRE: Our next 3D picture is from the Swiss Alps. This will be a good time for me to clarify some of ze nasty PR that was unfortunately generated by some of my remarks. The headline-hungry press misunderstood my description of this piece. I did not say it was a "dog." I said that there was a dog in it! As a character. You will see for yourself as we watch the scene unfold in the entertainment capitol of the world, Zurich. The characters are in one atch and you will see ..."Elevation."

#### Scene 5: Elevation

*Cast: Ralph, the dog; Whistler, his owner; Grover, an elevator operator; Tolliver; Landis, a precocious child*

*The scene: an elevator. Grover, the elevator's operator stands at semi-attention. The imaginary doors open.*

GROVER: Going up!

TOLLIVER: (*rushing in from the side*) Oh! Wait! Wait! I'm going up! Hold the elevator!

GROVER: No problem. (*as Tolliver boards holding Landis by the hand*) What floor ma'am?

TOLLIVER: How many do you have?

GROVER: All of them.

TOLLIVER: I've forgotten. It's where they're casting the commercial.

GROVER: 22<sup>nd</sup> floor. Been hauling folks up there all morning.

TOLLIVER: You mean there are others?

GROVER: Half the state, I'd guess. Mind the door ... we're going up.

LANDIS: I'm hungry.

TOLLIVER: You're not eating until the audition is over, Landis. Remember your figure.

LANDIS: I'm still hungry.

TOLLIVER: (*grabbing his hand as he touches the wall of the car*) And don't touch anything! You don't know where this car has been.

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

GROVER: *(a long look, then)* Huh?

TOLLIVER: *(grabbing Landis and shielding the child)* See ... you just never know.

GROVER: Listen lady, I ... *(looks up)* Got a call. Look out. Door's opening.

LANDIS: I'm hungry.

GROVER: *(as the doors open)* Going up!

WHISTLER: *(entering with Ralph on his leash)* Come Ralph. Come on, sweetheart.

TOLLIVER: A dog. You have a dog in this elevator.

WHISTLER: I know he's a dog. What's that with you?

TOLLIVER: This is Landis. He's my child.

WHISTLER: Does he fetch?

TOLLIVER: Fetch? You're taking him to the auditions for the commercial, right? Landis is going to get the leading part in the commercial!

LANDIS: I'm hungry.

WHISTLER: That's impossible. The leading role is the dog and this is the world-famous Ralph the Wonder Dog. He's going to get the role.

LANDIS: Does he have any food?

TOLLIVER: Keep away from the beast, Landis. Dogs have germs.

WHISTLER: Germs! Ralph has been washed, dried, groomed and manicured three times just morning! Can you say the same for your little Loomis?

TOLLIVER: Landis! And he's perfectly clean. Landis, get your finger out of your nose. Besides, I've never heard of Ralph the Wonder Dog!

WHISTLER: Ahh!

RALPH: *(in a rather doggie voice, grabbing his chest in horror)* Ahh!

GROVER: Ahh. We've stopped.

TOLLIVER: What do you mean we've stopped?

GROVER: I think that pretty much covered it. The elevator's stuck between floors.

LANDIS: Are we going to die, Mommy?

TOLLIVER: Not when you've got an audition! *(to Grover)* Please fix it. Landis hyperventilates easily.

LANDIS: I'm hyperventilating.

WHISTLER: Oh, I wish this were a movie! Ralph always saves the day in his movies.

LANDIS: I can't breathe.

WHISTLER: Good. Ralph, remember your first picture ... Ralph the Wonder Dog in Space? Oh, it was simply breath-taking! *(all five inhabitants of the elevator begin moving in slow motion, becoming characters in the movie as Whistler relives the scene)* Young Luke Skywalker was being attacked by the Klingrays from the Dark Planet! *(Grover becomes Luke with an imaginary laser sword as Tolliver and Landis attack him ... all in slow motion)* He called out for help!

GROVER: (*as Luke*) Oh help! Help!  
WHISTLER: But Barth Nader, the evil Lord cried out!  
TOLLIVER: (*as Barth*) Die, earthling! Die!  
WHISTLER: And little R2-DDT shouted...  
LANDIS: (*as R2-DDT*) Do you have Twinkies on earth?  
WHISTLER: Then just as the forces of evil were about to overtake poor Luke he screamed..  
GROVER: Oh! If I only had a Wonder Dog to save me!  
WHISTLER: The evil forces responded ...  
TOLLIVER: "Not Ralph the Wonder Dog!"  
LANDIS: Does he come with mustard?  
WHISTLER: And suddenly through the haze on intergalactic smog, Ralph appeared!  
RALPH: Ruff!  
WHISTLER: He attacked the forces of evil!  
RALPH: Ruff! Ruff! Ruff! (*Ralph lays siege to Tolliver and R2, karate chopping, laser-swishing, and a bit of leg biting ... all in slo-mo*)  
WHISTLER: He chewed! He bit! He fetched! He begged! He rolled over! He slashed! He ... won!  
RALPH: Ta-Dah! (*Ralph bows and the actors return to real time and their original characters*)  
TOLLIVER: I never saw that movie.  
GROVER: (*pushing buttons*) It must be the main power. I can't get anything to work.  
LANDIS: When's lunch?  
TOLLIVER: We're going to be late. I just know we're going to be late and someone else will get the part. (*to Grover*) Can't you hurry up?  
GROVER: Hurry up doing nothing? There's nothing I can do until somebody fixes the elevator, lady.  
WHISTLER: Oh, remember Ralph ... you had a situation just like this in Towering Doghouse Inferno!  
RALPH: (*smiles*) Ruff! (*strikes a noble pose*)  
WHISTLER: The hundred-story doghouse was on fire and the people were trapped in the elevator!  
RALPH: (*begins making siren noises*)  
WHISTLER: (*as the other actors assume their positions*) Flames were everywhere and President was stuck in the elevator with his family!  
GROVER: (*as the President*) Keep calm, everybody! Just keep calm!  
TOLLIVER: (*as his aide*) Sir! We're trapped in a hundred-story burning dog house and your poor little son is asthmatic and allergic to smoke!  
LANDIS: And hungry. Very hungry.  
GROVER: Keep calm! Keep calm! Call the Marines!  
TOLLIVER: (*poking a few buttons on an imaginary cell phone*) Their line is busy!  
GROVER: The air force!

TOLLIVER: (*poking buttons, then*) They've flown off to the Bahamas for the weekend!

GROVER: Then call my mother. She has an answer for everything!

TOLLIVER: (*poking buttons*) Hello? Mrs. Mother-of-the-President? Your son is trapped in a hundred-story burning doghouse and the elevator's stuck! (*listening*) Uh-huh, uh-huh.

GROVER: What's she saying?

TOLLIVER: She wants to know why you never call anymore.

GROVER: I'm busy! I'm President! (*grabbing the phone*) What do I do, Mama? Whistle? Whistle while the dog house burns? That's crazy! Okay, Mama! Okay, I heard you, Mama. Yes, Mama. I'm sorry, Mama. I'll whistle ... I'll whistle. (*closes the phone*) This is ridiculous. (*he whistles*)

WHISTLER: And miles away in his secluded den under the Alpo factory, Ralph the Wonder Dog hears a sound!

RALPH: (*listening*) Huh???

TOLLIVER: It's a whistle! It's the President's whistle!

RALPH: Ru-ro!

WHISTLER: He puts in his flying cape and he's off! (*Ralph dons an imaginary cape and leaps into the sky ... sort of. He soars, dips and dives as Tolliver narrates.*) He flies over hills and dales and mountains and ... ooh out! Skyscraper!

RALPH: Ooops! (*he dodges just in time to avert the collision*)

WHISTLER: He sees the burning doghouse! He hears the whistle again! (*Grover whistles*)

TOLLIVER: I hear a dog flying through the sky!

LANDIS: Does he have any cheetos?

WHISTLER: He senses danger! (*Ralph sniffs*) He dives down! Down! Down! (*he does*) Right through the elevator shaft.

GROVER: What's that noise!?

TOLLIVER: It sounds like a dog in a cape diving down through an elevator shaft!

GROVER: It must be ... It must be ... (*Ralph crashes through the ceiling*) Yes! Yes, it's Ralph the Wonder Dog! The hero of the free world and everything that's right and true and politically correct! Oh, Ralph! You have saved us!

RALPH: Ta-Dah! (*taking his bow*)

GROVER: (*as the characters resume their original personas, he punches buttons*) Weird. Even the emergency alarm doesn't work. Must be a problem with the whole building.

TOLLIVER: Wait! I heard something!

LANDIS: That's my stomach grumbling. Got any crumbs in your pockets?

WHISTLER: Oh, the shame if Ralph's glorious show business career would end in a stuffy elevator with an indulgent mother and a gluttonous little rug rat!

RALPH: Ohh! (*hits a dramatic pose*)

TOLLIVER: What?

GROVER: (*still pushing buttons*) I said it must be a problem with the whole building.

TOLLIVER: What did you call my little darling?

RALPH: (*ala dog*) Rughh-Rattt.

TOLLIVER: See here, you over-stuffed.....!

WHISTLER: When I think back on all his greatest dramatic triumphs! That documentary about Washington and his dog crossing the Delaware! (*The group immediately jumps into a "Cross the Delaware" tableau with Grover playing Washington, his faithful dog Ralph beside him and the others crowded into a rocking and swaying boat around them.*)

GROVER: I can't see the shore, Ralph! Whatever shall the Father of the Country do?

RALPH: (*sniffs, then points "That way!"*)

GROVER: Over there! (*Ralph agrees*) You can smell the cooking fires of the British? (*Ralph nods with excitement*) Good boy, Ralph!

LANDIS: What are they having for supper?

WHISTLER: And the days when Ralph would act as Lassie's stunt double!

TOLLIVER: (*becoming a fretting mother*) Timmy! Oh Timmy! Where are you, my lovely child?

LANDIS: (*Timmy*) Down here, Mama! I'm in the well!

TOLLIVER: Again? Oh, however shall I get you out?

GROVER: (*ala fireman*) That kid of yours fall in the well again?

TOLLIVER: Yes!

LANDIS: I fainted from hunger!

WHISTLER: And Ralph came to the rescue! He surveyed the situation! (*Ralph runs to "well" and waves at Timmy*) He looks around! (*Ralph does*) He has an idea! (*Bingo!*) He quickly begins to remove all the thread from the dress of Timmy's mother! (*Ralph pulls on a loose thread and Timmy's mother begins twirling around*)

TOLLIVER: Hey!

WHISTLER: He winds and winds the thread around his heroic paws!

TOLLIVER: (*still turning*) I'm getting very cold.

WHISTLER: He quickly gathers up the thread and begins to knit the fabric into a rope!

GROVER: Now that is cool!

LANDIS: The water's rising! Could somebody throw me an Oreo before I die?

WHISTLER: The rope gets longer and longer.

TOLLIVER: (*her twirl coming to an end*) My dress is gone. Is the camera on?

WHISTLER: He throws the rope into the well!

LANDIS: (*getting hit on the head and falling down*) Ouch.

WHISTLER: He motions for Timmy to grab onto the rope! *(Ralph does)*  
The fireman helps! *(Grover joins in on the tugging)* His mother grabs the rope!

TOLLIVER: Not without my dress!

LANDIS: But Mama!

WHISTLER: They pull! *(Ralph and Grover grunt together)* They pull!  
*(again the grunt)* Timmy is so heavy!

LANDIS: I can't help it! My pants are full of water!

WHISTLER: And with one final tug ... *(Ralph and Grover give a mighty tug, Timmy pops out of the well, and the dog and fireman fall to the ground)* ... The Climax! Roll the credits! *(Ralph bows and bows and bows. He indicates his fellow actors who also bow as Grover moves again to the elevator operator's position)*

GROVER: Hey! We're movin'! We're movin'!

TOLLIVER: What'd you do?

GROVER: Nothin'!

WHISTLER: It must have been Ralph! *(hugging the dog)* Oh, you did it again, you wonderful dog, you!

TOLLIVER: He didn't do a thing!

WHISTLER: It's his powers! It's his mental powers! He willed this elevator to begin moving!

GROVER: Look out! Door's opening! *(the group reacts with relief to the doors opening)*

TOLLIVER: We're saved!

WHISTLER: Freedom!

RALPH: *(howls with joy)*

LANDIS: Let's eat!

GROVER: Is that all you think of, kid?

LANDIS: Look! *(and this time with a fierceness and determination that we've not seen so far..the others stop immediately at his outburst)* I've had just about all I'm gonna take from you guys! I've got a mother who cares more about my career than my stomach! *(growing in intensity)* I haven't eaten anything for three days to get ready for this stupid commercial! I've been cooped up in a stuffy elevator with a weird parent, a crazy dog-person, an elevator operator who doesn't know everything except how to operate an elevator, and a dog who I think has given me fleas in my shorts! *(marching up to Grover)* So get off my case, fella! *(to Whistler)* Get a life, not a dog! *(to Whistler)* Gimme my space, mom/dad! I think I'm goin' nuts! *(They all stare at him a long moment, astounded at the outburst)*

GROVER: *(finally, after a very long pause, reaching out to him)* Hey kid, I'm ...

LANDIS: Don't stick that hand out unless you're prepared to loose it!

GROVER: Sorry!

WHISTLER: *(to an unseen person outside the elevator)* What? You want him to what?

LANDIS: Who's the dude?

WHISTLER: He's the director of the commercial. He said that your anger is just what he's looking for! He thinks you're great, Loomis!

LANDIS: Landis.

TOLLIVER: You got the part! Landis, you got the part! (*they hug*)

WHISTLER: Well, I suppose that's good enough for you. (*to the director*) Now, where are you auditioning the dogs? What? You're done? You can't be! You gave it to a poodle! You gave the part to a stupid, air-headed, blow-dried poodle!

RALPH: Aaaaah! (*he faints*)

WHISTLER: (*trying to revive him*) Ralph! Ralph, speak to me! It's okay, honey! (*whispered angrily to the director*) You can't possibly mean a poodle! I thought you wanted a real dog.

LANDIS: (*right in Tolliver's face*) I got a poodle. Want to make something of it?

RALPH: (*coming to and growling at Landis*)

LANDIS: You want some of this, Fido?

WHISTLER: (*grabbing Ralph and backing into the elevator*) Come on, Ralph, let's go home. We'll never associate with these people again!

TOLLIVER: (*moving Landis toward the elevator*) Come, Landis. Let's get home and work on your lines.

WHISTLER: This is our elevator!

TOLLIVER: This is the star's elevator! The has-been's can take the stairs!

WHISTLER: Has-been's?!!

GROVER: Going down!

WHISTLER: Keep your monster away from my dog!

GROVER: Door's closing!

TOLLIVER: Monster! Listen, you....

GROVER: Uh-oh. (*they all stop*)

TOLLIVER: What?

GROVER: Got a little problem here.

WHISTLER: It's not....?

GROVER: 'Fraid it is.

TOLLIVER: I'm going crazy!

WHISTLER: (*to Ralph*) I'm going to make it okay!

LANDIS: I'm going to be a star!

RALPH: (*barks, then faints*)

GROVER: I'm ... going down. (*exit*)

PIERRE: Yes. Don't you feel that the entire evening is going down. But here is one to lift your spirits. The next film is "out of this world." That's because it was filmed aboard a space craft. I was going to say that it was "circling in outer space" but I think all space is outer and circling is

better than straight line when you're in space. I have previewed this film and concur with the title. It's called "Spacey."

### Scene 6: Spacey

Characters: Wickett, Captain, Smedley, Lauren, Parsons

*(A space ship. 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-stabilizer 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!

SMEDLEY: Oh. Well, then, maybe I don't know who it is.

LAUREN: *(goes berserk)* I can't take it anymore. I can't take it. The idiotic conversations. The confinement. The loneliness. The lousy food. This experience has tested my resolve and I have lost. I'm lost. Lost forever.

SMEDLEY: Oh, jolly well done! Soap opera stuff! *(gives reserved applause)*

CAPTAIN: Wait. I think I have some response from the steering system. Yes, Yes, I do. Now, I'll bring the ship around and head due north.

WICKETT: There is no north.

CAPTAIN: Of course there is. Look, there. I'm headed directly for the North Star.

WICKETT: That is the Death Star.

PARSONS: Hear that noise? It sounds like a problem in the animal storage hold. I'd better go take a look. *(exits)*

LAUREN: You know ... I thought I was lucky when I won this trip on American Idiot. I was amazed because it is the only thing I've ever won. I've lost at everything else I've every done. And come to find out that in winning the contest ... I lost again. *(He looks into the distance.)* Lost... Lost.

*(SMEDLEY gives little applause for the performance.)*

CAPTAIN: You're not lost. We're headed north!

LAUREN: This voyage has gone to the dogs. I've changed my mind. I will put on the suit and go outside to inspect the ship. If I'm truly lucky I will float away ... toward Pluto.

SMEDLEY: You're not that lucky, old chap. You'd probably orbit around the space ship. And we'd have to watch you rising every 13 minutes. Wait! I think I'm getting contact on our communication console.

*(entire group hums theme from "Close Encounters ...)* Dum, dum, dum ... dum dum.

SMEDLEY: Yes, I'm getting an intergalactic message. (*brief pause*) We seem to be intercepting a message from some strange civilization. Good show!

(*entire groups hums theme from "Close Encounters ..."*) Dum, dum, dum ... dum dum.

WICKETT: What does it say?

SMEDLEY: I can only get part of it. Something about ... "bring ... milk ... and bread." That's it.

(*entire groups hums theme from "Close Encounters ..."*) Dum, dum, dum ... dum dum.

SMEDLEY: That's it. They signed off. Very strange.

PARSONS: (*returns*) Yes, I was right. There was a ruckus in the animal cages. It was all caused by one bird.

CAPTAIN: Which one was it?

PARSONS: The whooping crane.

(*they all pause but no one comments as Parsons coughs*)

LAUREN: Hey! What's that blinking light?

WICKETT: Attention Captain and crew. Intruder alert. Intruder alert! The biosphere gyroscope indicates an alien presence!

CAPTAIN: Oh, good. I like presents. I remember when I was a boy and got my first jet bike. It was ...

WICKETT: Red alert. The alien force is inside the space ship!

PARSONS: Maybe I could inject it with an anti-toxin. But, where is it?

LAUREN: I don't see nothin'.

WICKETT: That's double negative.

LAUREN: This is no time for good grammar!

CAPTAIN: (*his grand style*) Attention alien forces ... and beings. We come in peace! We believe in all humanity ... even if it isn't human. We are friends of all in the universe!

SMEDLEY: I say ... what if it's a boo-boo and wants to kill us?

CAPTAIN: Uhhh ... and we are enemies to our enemies ... but since we can't see you we would rather be friends. This is a monstrous occasion and on behalf of ... of ... the World ... and its moon, I would ...

WICKETT: The alien is gone. The gyroscope no longer finds an invader. The red light is still on so it must be broken.

LAUREN: Hey. I know how the alien feels. I wouldn't stay here either if I didn't have to. Lucky invaders, They get to just disappear.

SMEDLEY: In the same spirit, I would like to return to my summer home. I think I have squeezed all the fun out of this trip that I'm going to get. I don't want to play anymore.

CAPTAIN: (*his grand style*) Just think of how many people wish they were in your sterilized boots. You are the envy of millions of space groupie teeny-boppers. Remember that the early worm, is the same thing as a penny if it is earned. You will be one of the first to travel to the ends of the universe, to sacrifice yourself for science and mankind.

SMEDLEY: Look ...El Cap-i-tan. No one told me we weren't coming back. That came as a surprise. I was just out for a weekend jaunt.

PARSONS: I wonder. I wonder what each of us would do differently if we had the chance to return to earth. Personally, I have devoted my life to medical science. I wonder what I might have done to improve the medical profession.

LAUREN: You could improve the medical profession by resigning from the medical profession.

SMEDLEY: I have often thought about giving away all my money. I've learned that there are places in the universe where money has no value. I could dedicate my life to being poor.

CAPTAIN: I've already done that. I think I would run for political office. Smedley, you could donate your money to my campaign.

SMEDLEY: I would, old chap, but I'm afraid you would win.

WICKETT: I would join another space exploration. It is my calling to travel forever in space. I would float among the stars and never call one place home..

LAUREN: Wait a minute. I get it now. It's you! The intruder alarm went off because of you. And, you're the one who broke the steering so we would wander in space forever. You did it!

WICKETT: (*in his unemotional deliberate voice*) Yes. Yes, I did it. And I'm glad, glad, glad. Now, I won't have to wander the universe alone. You will all be with me! Ha, ha, ha!

SMEDLEY: You are an alien invader?

WICKETT: Yes, and you would have never found out except the double A battery on my gyroscope blocker has run down.

SMEDLEY: Get him! (*He backs away, still pointing at Wickett as the others overpower Wickett and tie him*)

PARSONS: I will inject his veins with super glue. That way we will be sure he sticks around! (*looks out at audience and says*) I didn't write this stuff. (*then, goes back into character*) Now, you ... you, whatever ... you will leave your alien family behind and be our prisoner!

WICKETT: I regret that I have only one wife to give ... (*Parsons ties a gag over his mouth*) Gah, gah, gulp.

PARSONS: Captain, we must quit this voyage. Look for the closest planet and land!

ALL: I agree. Me, too. Yes, yes, yes.

CAPTAIN: There's one coming up. It ... looks familiar. (*entire groups hums theme from "Close Encounters ..."*) Dum, dum, dum ... dum dum.

LAUREN: It's Earth. You have steered us around in a circle. We're going to land on earth!

CAPTAIN: (*his grand style*) And so ends another venture into the fabric of the universe. (*crew hums theme from Star Wars under the Captain's speech*) It is a calling for only the most fit and brave. Many are called but



# GREEN ROOM PRESS

*Thank you for reading this free excerpt from:*

*ARE WE THERE YET?*

*by Ken Bradbury and 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