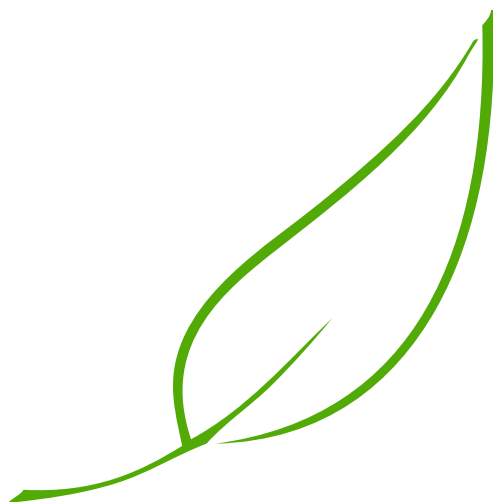


THERE ARE NO SMALL PARTS

by Ken Bradbury
and Robert L. Crowe



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ACT ONE

(for all scenes, a suggestion of furniture and props can be used to facilitate the quick change of setting)

Scene One: ACTING UP

SADIE: *(to audience)* I don't know if you've ever been in this situation ... I guess everyone has at some time. I needed a job and I was aggressive, No, wait ... I was desperate. Oh, I'm an actress, so I guess I don't have to say that I was desperate. That's redundant ... again. I finally got an interview with the Margaret Whipple Agency. It was the first whiff I had at an acting job in months. I prepared for days. I was determined that I was going to be poised and sophisticated. *(She turns and joins Maggie on the set.)* *(Maggie is seated behind a desk; Sadie stands over her.)* Please! Gimme a break! Just this one break and I won't bother you again. Ever!

MAGGIE: Look honey, we've been through this before. I just don't have any work for you. It's a tough economy right now. Everybody's cutting back on their advertising.

SADIE: But I'm good! I'm really good! Just give me a chance!

MAGGIE: They're all good, believe me. Look kid, I've got a one o'clock appointment. *(beginning to exit)* Just leave your number with my secretary.

SADIE: *(jumping in front of the door, blocking Maggie's exit, shouting dramatically)* The dragon must die!

MAGGIE: Huh?

SADIE: Oh thou most wretched of beasts! Doest thou not know that even now my sword lies claim to thy ugly heart!

MAGGIE: What sword? Are you crazy?

SADIE: And the world cheers as the noble Galahad slays the beast! (*makes a sword-ish lunge at Maggie*)

MAGGIE: I need help in here!

SADIE: How'd you like it?

MAGGIE: Am I dead? What was that?

SADIE: "Sir Galahad and the Green Dragon of Miller's Pond."
I was in third grade and I played Sir Galahad. What'd you think?

MAGGIE: I think you're nuts.

SADIE: But you believed me! I'm an actor because you believed me! You were scared. I could see it in your eyes.

MAGGIE: I believed you'd lost your mind. Being crazy doesn't make you an actor. I thought you'd lost your mind.

SADIE: I can do that, too. Wanna see my "Claude the Crazy Little Gopher"?

MAGGIE: I wanna see your "Nutty Actor Who Walked Out the Door."

SADIE: I've never heard of that one. You got the script?

MAGGIE: Look, if I give you a quick audition will you leave me alone?

SADIE: Oh, yes! Yes! Yes! But I won't be leaving you alone, I promise. You'll be after me to make movies and plays and TV shows and ...

MAGGIE: Yeah ... whatever. Look, the only thing I've got right now is a commercial.

SADIE: (*jumping into an imaginary car*) "The open road! The wind in your hair! The power at your fingertips! Drive the new 2003 Lincoln Mercedes Toyota! You'll never drive that same old road again!" (*Sadie looks hopefully at Maggie who simply stares a moment*)

MAGGIE: (*finally*) Get out of the car.

SADIE: What?

MAGGIE: Get out of the car. It's not a car commercial.

SADIE: (*begins to get out, then*) Can I leave it parked here?

MAGGIE: Get out!

SADIE: Jewelry? (*hitting a pose*) “A girl’s best friend ... Love comes and goes but diamonds are forever!”

MAGGIE: Dog food.

SADIE: (*a pause, then*) Say what?

MAGGIE: Dog food. It’s a dog food commercial.

SADIE: That’s all? Dog food?

MAGGIE: Honey, if you’re a dog, it means a lot. (*taking a paper from her desk*) Here. Take a look at the script.

SADIE: Oh, I don’t need a script. Just tell me what I’m supposed to feel.

MAGGIE: You’re supposed to feel a burning desire to read the stupid script! Now here! (*shoves the script at Sadie*) It’s a thirty-second spot. We open with a wide shot of a nice little home with a nice little yard in a nice little town.

SADIE: With a nice little dog?

MAGGIE: You’re one sharp cookie, you know that? Okay, the happy music comes in under ... (*Sadie begins to hum*) ... Not you! (*Sadie stops*) The music begins and the camera pans in on this dog in the front yard. He’s sitting there ...

SADIE: How can you know it’s a “he?”

MAGGIE: I saw his drivers license! Would you just read the script!? The dog sits there bored to death then he sees this girl dog walk by ...

SADIE: It’s a romance!

MAGGIE: It’s a commercial! It’s a dog food commercial! He sees the girl dog. The girl dog sees him ... his eyes light up! His tail begins to wag! He gets up and takes a step toward her ...!

SADIE: Can you show this on television?

MAGGIE: (*angrily*) THEN ... you step out of the front door with a bowl of Frisky-Wiskies ...

SADIE: I don’t like the name.

MAGGIE: Too bad. They’re paying the bill. You step out and say, “Here boy!” The dog looks at you, he looks at the girl dog, then he comes running to the dog food while a voiceover says, “Sometimes you just gotta decide.”

SADIE: That’s it?

MAGGIE: That's it.

SADIE: I say "Here boy?" and that's it?

MAGGIE: That's plenty. The dog does the rest.

SADIE: So how do I say it.

MAGGIE: You say it like you've got a stupid bowl of dog food in your hands! Whatta ya mean, "How do I say it?"! This is not the Gettysburg Address!

SADIE: I need motivation.

MAGGIE: You're fired.

SADIE: But I gotta have this job.

MAGGIE: There. There's your motivation. Now let's give it a shot.

SADIE: Right now? Without preparation?

MAGGIE: You don't need preparation to say, "Here boy!"! Believe me, it's easy.

SADIE: (*pouts a moment, then goes across the room to "prepare"... going through several dramatic contortions in the process*)

MAGGIE: What are you doing?

SADIE: I'm getting ready...

MAGGIE: I said ...!!

SADIE: I'm not preparing! I'm just ... getting ready.

MAGGIE: You're ready! You're ready! Okay, the boy dog looks at the girl dog, then you say ...

SADIE: What kind of dog is he?

MAGGIE: What?

SADIE: What breed. After all, he's my dog, not yours.

MAGGIE: He's a hungry dog! That's what kind he is! The kind that belongs to actors who've been fired!

SADIE: If you were an artist, you'd understand these things.

MAGGIE: If I were an artist I'd paint the ceiling. I'm an agent and I try to get artists' heads on straight. Now say the stupid line.

SADIE: Okay! Okay! (*"gets ready" again, then a pause...*)

MAGGIE: Now what?

SADIE: Would you ... I mean, it really help me if ... would you play the dog?

MAGGIE: What?

SADIE: The dog. I need a dog. I ... I can't focus my concentration ... my energy ... without someone to play to.

MAGGIE: Have you ever thought about a career in real estate?

SADIE: Would I get more lines?

MAGGIE: (*drops to the ground*) Arf! Arf!

SADIE: Dogs don't really say "arf."

MAGGIE: This one does! Arf! Say the stupid line!

SADIE: Okay ... do your part again. I'm ready now.

MAGGIE: Fine! Arf!

SADIE: Could you tell me what the dog's thinking?

MAGGIE: He's thinking he'd like to bite your leg! (*as the dog*) "Oh look! A pretty little girlie dog! I think I'll go ask her out for a Coke!" Okay ... say your line!

SADIE: (*overdramatically, opens the doors, looks out into the yard in a heroic pose, looks this way and that ... begins to sob a bit ... finally takes control of herself, then in an explosion of emotion*)

Here!.....Boy!!!!!!!!!!

MAGGIE: (*collapses onto the floor, a long pause, then*) I don't believe this.

SADIE: (*sobbing a bit, overwhelmed with emotion*) I know ... it was marvelous, wasn't it? I was moved. Were you?

MAGGIE: Oh, yes. Yes. No doubt about it.

SADIE: (*again, choked with emotion*) I think ... I think this may bring dog food commercials to a whole new level.

MAGGIE: Believe me, it has. It already has. (*gets up*)

SADIE: Then I get the part?

MAGGIE: You've got the part. Believe me, you've got the part. (*handing her a card*) Here. Here's the director's address. Show up at nine in the morning. And tell him I sent you.

SADIE: (*hugging Maggie*) I can't say enough!

MAGGIE: (*gently prying herself loose*) Yes, you can.

SADIE: (*just before she exits*) Today ... dog food! Tomorrow! Hollywood! (*she exits*)

MAGGIE: Yeah. Go get 'em, Rover. (*picks up the phone*) Mary, call Steve Shyster and tell him I'm sending him

and actress for the Frisky Wisky commercial. *(listens)*
What? Yeah, I know I said I'd never work with that
deadbeat again. The jerk owes me for the last three jobs.
But believe me Mary, tomorrow ... tomorrow he'll get
everything he deserves. *(smiles as she hangs up the
phone)* *(exits)*

(lights down and up again on Babette)

THE END

Scene Two: Dear John

BABETTE: *(to audience)* Have you ever noticed that good luck comes in twos. When something good happens there is usually another good thing that comes along immediately. It's the same with bad luck, only it comes comes in hundreds. So something bad happens and ... bam! ... ten more follow. Good can happen anytime. Bad usually happens at the least opportune moment. Like when you're in a hurry to do something important. For a teenage girl ... can there be anything more important than a big first date when the school male heart-throb? Well, the answer is "no." Not too long ago, my girl friend Rickie was staying with me. My parents were in Chicago on a trip. Rickie and I were getting ready ready for a double-date to the school dance ... when it happened.

(Babette is in the bathroom putting on final touches and Rickie is in the other room.)

RICKIE: Would you hurry up? They're going to be here any minute!

BABETTE: Hold your horses, Rickie. It takes time to create real beauty.

RICKIE: You don't have that much time.

BABETTE: Very funny.

RICKIE: Come on girl, they said they'd be here at six and it's five 'til.

BABETTE: *(singing to herself)* "I feel pretty! ..."

RICKIE: *(singing)* "Pretty slow."

BABETTE: Darn! It always happens! The very night you've got the biggest date in the world and your hair won't cooperate!

RICKIE: Just tie it in knots or something. *(entering the bathroom and shutting the door behind her)* Come on, Babette, I mean it. Mark's always on time.

BABETTE: Richard is not. Richard was born late. Do you think I should wear it up or over my shoulders?

RICKIE: Drop it around your face for all I care. Just hurry! Man, this is some bathroom. How long have your folks lived here?

BABETTE: Couple of weeks. It's the dream home Mom always wanted. Still got a few bugs, though. When you take a shower the toaster comes on.

RICKIE: Hurry up.

BABETTE: Okay! (*with a grand gesture to her mirror*) Viola! The Queen is ready!

RICKIE: Then move it, your majesty. (*stops suddenly*) Listen! They're here!

BABETTE: (*a moan/whimper of terror*) How do I look?

RICKIE: Gorgeous. Let's go. (*she moves to the door and takes hold of the knob*) Hey. Something's wrong.

BABETTE: (*turning to the mirror*) My makeup? Don't tell me my makeup is smeared!

RICKIE: It's not your makeup, Babs, it's the door. It's locked.

BABETTE: What?

RICKIE: Door. Locked. Tight.

BABETTE: Oh, no! Dad said the locks were all fouled up. Why'd you lock the door with only two of us in the house?

RICKIE: I didn't lock the door! I shut the door. The door locked the door. Call for your folks.

BABETTE: They're in Chicago.

RICKIE: Then shout loud! Listen! They're knocking! (*shouting through the door*) Stay away from the doors! They're boobie-trapped!

BABETTE: (*grabbing Rickie*) What're we gonna do, Rickie?

RICKIE: This is so embarrassing! The biggest dance of the year with the coolest guys in school and we're trapped in your john!

BABETTE: The window!

RICKIE: We can't crawl through that! Besides, it's probably locked like everything else.

BABETTE: They're ringing the doorbell!

RICKIE: Keep calm! Keep calm!

BABETTE: (*shouting*) I am! I am!

RICKIE: Let's try the window! (*crawls up on a chair and struggles with the window as Babette holds onto her*) I have never climbed up on a toilet in my life.

BABETTE: Don't slip!

RICKIE: If I do, don't touch that handle! I can't ... (*struggling still*) I can't quite ... It's stuck, Babs! I don't think it's even made to open!

BABETTE: They're knocking again!

RICKIE: (*jumps down and runs to shout through the door*) Come on in! We're stuck in the john!

BABETTE: (*clamping her hand over Rickie's mouth*) Don't tell them that! They'll think something's wrong.

RICKIE: Think something's wrong? Bab's, when they get to the park and have to dance with each other, they'll know something's wrong.

BABETTE: But we can't let them know we're in here!

RICKIE: You wanna explain this to everybody Monday morning at school? Uh ... we missed our dates with the hottest guys in school because we were both in toilet all night. (*turns to the door and shouts*) If you can hear me, come in! We're in the john!

BABETTE: We need a weapon! (*looking around*)

RICKIE: They're not gonna attack us, Babs!

BABETTE: I mean to open the door. (*sees something and grabs it*) Yes!

RICKIE: A hairbrush? You're gonna attack the door with a hairbrush? Are you sure that thing is loaded?

BABETTE: Get out of my way! (*draws back the hair brush to hit the door...then stops*) No. I'll chip the paint.

RICKIE: (*picking something up*) How about toothpaste? I could grease you up with it and slide you under the door.

BABETTE: Listen! Somebody just opened the front door!

RICKIE: Good!

BABETTE: Bad! They can't find us here!

RICKIE: Somebody had better find us here. I can only live so long on mouthwash and dental floss.

BABETTE: We've got to make up a good story.

RICKIE: We've already got one. It's called the truth.

BABETTE: Okay, okay ... how about this? Robbers! We were getting ready for the dance when two thieves broke into the house ...

RICKIE: ... and for some unexplained reason didn't steal a thing then locked us in the john. Really great, Babs. You should write soap operas.

BABETTE: I was brushing my teeth when a hurricane came up and slammed the door shut!

RICKIE: And then blew me right through a window that won't open and I ended up in your bathtub. Look Babs, let's just tell them what happened.

BABETTE: But I feel like such a fool, Rickie!

RICKIE: We are fools, Babs! Face it! (*hears something*) Listen! They're coming this way. They're looking for us!

BABETTE: They just walked into my house?

RICKIE: I hollered for them, Babs! They've come to save us! (*through the door*) Hey ... uh ... guys. We're ... you know ... back here ... in the john. They heard me! They're coming!

BABETTE: (*on her knees, leaning into the chair*) Oh

RICKIE: What are you doing? Babs, you can't drown yourself in a toilet! There's not enough water! (*through the door*) Back here, guys! Right next to the potted ferns! (*suddenly, in hushed terror*) They're here! Babette, get your hairdo out of the toilet and help me.

BABETTE: (*standing*) What do we tell them?

RICKIE: How 'bout we tell them to open the door?

BABETTE: I'm scared.

RICKIE: Me too. (*through the door*) Uh ... Mark, if you wouldn't mind, could you ... uh ... come in the bathroom and get me out.

BABETTE: That sounded really awful.

RICKIE: I know.

BABETTE: Uh ... Richard. This may seem like a strange request, but I need to see you a minute.

RICKIE: That sounded worse.

BABETTE: I know. (*through the door*) Just ...you know ... jiggle the handle. I think ... I think it may be stuck. (*looking at the doorknob*) It's moving. But nothing's happening. (*hugs Rickie desperately*) Oh, Rickie! This is awful! It's just ... (*suddenly both girls look at the door which is now open, and their faces go from shock to embarrassment, to a very unbelievable matter-of-factness*) Richard. Uh ... you look ... you know ... really nice.

RICKIE: (*smiling through her embarrassment*) Nice shirt, Mark. Is it new? Us? Uh ... we were just ... you know ... getting ready ...

BABETTE: ... and stuff.

RICKIE: Yeah. So ... you ready?

BABETTE: (*still in a daze*) ... and stuff?

RICKIE: Cool. Let's go ... (*and the two girls exit the room*)
What? I don't know. It was just ... you know ... stuck.

BABETTE: ... and stuff.

RICKIE: No, don't bother with it. We've got to get to the dance. Babette's Dad will ... no really, you don't have to ... Don't shut the ...

BABETTE & RICKIE: ... Door!

RICKIE: They're stuck.

BABETTE: I know that. (*pulls on door*) And it won't open.

RICKIE: (*listening at the door*) They're banging on it with my hairbrush. Don't chip the paint!

BABETTE: The dance is starting.

RICKIE: We've gotta do something!

BABETTE: Mark! Mark, can you hear me! Look, there's a tube of toothpaste on the sink. Rub it all over Richard's body and ... (*lights down and they exit*)

THE END

Scene Three: ROAR

(As lights come up, four lions ... Roary, Tab, Fang, and Mortimer are found lying around their den. Mortimer is snoring viciously.)

ROARY: *(waking)* Excuse me. *(a long pause, then)* I said
EXCUSE ME!

TAB: *(waking)* What's the problem?

ROARY: *(pointing to Mortimer)* Him. How can I sleep with
that racket?

TAB: It's always after he eats a Frenchman. Italians don't
seem to bother him but one good French meal and he
roars all night.

ROARY: Mortimer! Mortimer, wake up! *(Mortimer continues
to snore)*

FANG: *(waking)* Is it morning?

ROARY: It's the middle of the night, for goodness sakes. But I
can't sleep with him snoring! Mortimer, wake up!

TAB: Put something over his muzzle. Stuff your paw in it.

FANG: I'm going back to sleep. Too much supper. How many
did we eat tonight, anyway?

TAB: Seven men, two women. Counting the little guy.

FANG: I wish they'd take their armor off. I nearly broke a
molar. *(Mortimer snores a blast)*

ROARY: Oh good grief! I can't take this anymore! *(crawls
over to where Mortimer is sleeping)* Hey! Mortimer!
Wake up!

MORTIMER: *(slowly rising ... a not-too-bright lion)* Uh ...
(yawns) ... Is ... is it time to eat again?

ROARY: Would you be quiet when I'm trying to sleep?

MORTIMER: Uh ... aren't you the one who woke me up?

ROARY: Your snoring, you idiot! You probably woke up the
king! Roll over or something. We've got a big day
tomorrow and I need my rest!

MORTIMER: Tomorrow?

ROARY: Twelve prisoners thrown into the lions' den in one day! And some of them are extremely large. We'll be eating 'til nightfall. Now shut up and go to sleep.

MORTIMER: (yawns) Okey-dokey ... *(immediately falls asleep and begins to snore)*

ROARY: I'm going out of my mind!

FANG: Hey! You hear something?

ROARY: Of course I hear something! That's why I can't sleep!

FANG: Up there. Voices.

TAB: They've got another prisoner!

ROARY: At this hour?

TAB: Midnight buffet!

ROARY: This is beginning to wear on me, you know that? I mean one or two meals a day, fine, but the king is getting carried away. He must hate everybody in the kingdom.

FANG: Hey, it's a job. We're well fed. All we do is sit here and eat whoever gets thrown our way.

ROARY: I know. I know. But it's all so ... I mean ... well, I mean where's the challenge? In the jungle we got to stalk our prey ... it took cunning and courage. This ... this smorgasbord is ruining my spirit.

TAB: You are starting to put on weight.

ROARY: Just once! Just once I'd like to have a little challenge! Something to work for instead of having all our meals handed to us.

FANG: Too late! Here he comes! (*"dropping" into the lions' den comes a startled Daniel ... the lions scramble out of the way as he comes crashing through their home ... He rolls to a stop then stares at them. They stare back. The lions smile an evil smile. Daniel's eyes widen. Slowly ...very slowly the lions approach Daniel, inching their way toward him. Just when the tension becomes unbearable, Mortimer lets out with a mighty snore and Daniel screams.*)

ROARY: Oh good grief. Mortimer, wake up!

MORTIMER: (*slowly waking at the foot of Daniel*) Huh? ... oh. Dessert. (*Mortimer belches loudly*)

ROARY: Mortimer!

MORTIMER: *(to Daniel)* Are you new or are you a leftover?

ROARY: Mortimer, take your position!

MORTIMER: Okay. *(he falls asleep)*

ROARY: I give up. I really give up.

TAB: Are you wearing armor? If you are, please take it off. It hurts our teeth.

DANIEL: No. No armor. You can talk.

ROARY: What do you think we are, beasts? Just because we rip human beings to shreds and swallow their body parts in vicious displays of bloody carnage, that's no reason to think we aren't civilized.

DANIEL: Oh.

TAB: "Oh." We sit here discussing gastronomy, philosophy and the intricacies of the digestive system and you say "..... Oh." So much for the superior race.

DANIEL: Are you?

ROARY: Are we what?

DANIEL: Are you going to eat me?

ROARY: Of course we are. What a ridiculous question.

DANIEL: I'd rather you wouldn't.

FANG: *(a pause, then)* No one's ever said that before.

TAB: You're right.

FANG: I mean we've had a few *(screaming)* Oh no! Oh help me! Help!!!! *(calmly)* and a couple of rather good *(screams, then calmly)* but we've never had anyone actually come out and ask.

TAB: In their defense, they're usually distracted.

FANG: And hysterical.

TAB: Yes, and hysterical. You know this is the first time we've actually had a conversation with one of our meals. I think it's a delightful change of pace.

FANG: Sort of like dinner theatre.

TAB: Exactly.

DANIEL: I ... I mean, it seems logical. Someone wants to eat you, you ... I don't know ... it's just something you'd like to discuss.

FANG: Point well taken.

TAB: Exactly.

FANG: So ... what do you want to say? I mean, where do we start this little ... appetizer?

DANIEL: Well, to begin with. Why do you want to eat me?

ROARY: Now that's a ridiculous question.

FANG: Then answer it.

ROARY: Uh ... you answer it.

DANIEL: Are you hungry?

TAB: Not particularly.

DANIEL: Do you hate me?

FANG: We hardly know you. In fact, you seem a nice enough chap.

DANIEL: Then why do you want to eat me?

ROARY: Well ... because it's out JOB for goodness sakes! Why do birds fly? Why do kings king? It's just what we do! We're lions!

TAB: Well put.

FANG: Yes, quite well put. We're lions. That settles it. Let's get it at it. *(they start toward Daniel)*

DANIEL: Wait!

ROARY: Now what?

DANIEL: Is that a good enough reason?

TAB: I know men who kill lions!

DANIEL: And that's just the point! I don't! We aren't all alike!

FANG: You wouldn't be saying this just to avoid becoming a little Israeli sushi, would you?

DANIEL: Well, I must admit that being swallowed whole leaves a lot to be desired, but no ... no, I'm not just saying that. I mean it. We aren't all alike! And you don't have to be like all other lions!

ROARY: I'm not, thank you very much.

DANIEL: Then act like it! Strike out on your own! Be an individual! Take a stand for independence!

FANG: If he starts singing, I may get sick.

DANIEL: How can you live with yourselves, being fed and cared for without having to hunt your own prey?

TAB: Okay. I'll give you count of three. Take off running and we'll make a sport of it.

ROARY: He's got a point.

TAB: Roary!

ROARY: How can we respect ourselves when we're ... kept like this. How can I call myself the king of the beasts when I get room service every day? Look at you, Fang! A lazy lion! You couldn't catch a lame antelope if your life depended on it! And you, Tab! Growling if your supper is a mere two hours late! Think of your cousins out there in the wild who must hunt and track and ambush just to stay alive! How can we call ourselves lions if we live like kitties? You sir! Your name?

DANIEL: Daniel.

ROARY: Well said, Daniel! Well said! Tomorrow when the king comes to view your bones he shall see a young man ... well, healthy, and completely undigested!

TAB & FANG: (*shouting*) Here! Here!

MORTIMER: (*waking at the shouts*) Huh? (*sees Daniel*) Why didn't somebody wake me? Lunch! (*and he pounces upon Daniel as the other lions try to pull him off*) (*lights down*)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Scene One: I'M REALLY GOOD AT THIS STUFF!

DEREK: Social Studies! I'm going crazy! I don't even see why I have to take it. Mom says that since I never shut up I'm the most social kid she's ever seen and I can study ... if I wanna. I'm really good at this stuff!

Oh, geesh, there's the bell. Great. Like I need that. Stuck here in my worst class with a teacher who hates me. I know she does because she always calls on me. My problem is, there's no big kids who sit here in the back. In math I can scrunch down behind Justin 'cause he's like six foot twelve and nobody ever sees me but all we got here in Social Studies are a bunch of little twerps ... like me. (*scratches his head*) What? No, Mrs. Miller, I didn't raise my hand. I just scratched my head! Honest! Because I was tryin' so hard to think of the answer! Really! The question? Uh ... maybe that's what I was tryin' to think of. Pay attention? Yes Ma'am. Social Studies is my favorite subject. I'm really good at this stuff!

(*aside*) I think that Mrs. Miller is the lumpiest teacher I've ever seen. No kiddin'. She's sort of shaped like Africa if you turned it upside-down. Or maybe a squash. I wonder if everybody gets that lumpy when they get old. Now what's she talkin' about? American Heroes? What M'am? No, I am not daydreaming! No way! I'm really good at this stuff. No, Ma'am ... no day-dreaming ... no ... (*and he goes into a sort of haze*)

Private! I need those boats this moment! What? Well tell them that I'm General Washington and I've got to get across that river! Sergeant, what's the forecast? Oh, no! Did you check the Weather Channel? Shoot! Get extra fuel for the motors! Motor! The thing that makes the boat go! (*climbing into the boat and striking the traditional pose*) Okay men, pull the starter! It's time to kick some British patootie! Anybody bring potato chips? That's a long ways across there. Car lights! Everybody duck! Just my luck! They've got 40 British sports

cars lined up on the bank. Sergeant, call in the Air Force! Give those Brits a good thunkin'! No airplanes? What kind of Continental Army is this? Somebody hand me my cellphone. I've got to call Mom.

(suddenly jerked out of his reverie) What Ma'am? George Washington! See! I knew the answer! Oh ... No, Ma'am, I guess he didn't write the Gettysburg Address. He was busy crossing the Mississippi. Yes, Ma'am, I'll pay attention ... sorta. *(aside)* Geesh. How did I know she switched to Lincoln? No, Ma'am, I won't daydream. I promise! I'm really good at this stuff! Really ... I'm ...*(again drifts off)*

"Four Score and Seven Years ago, our forefathers brought forth on this Continental that when in the course of human events it becomes necessary by the dawn's early light what so proudly we hailed. Uh ... forever and ever, Amen." Boy! Great speech, eh, Ulysses? Gosh, I never realized how short you were, General! And you're still on your horse? Well, get out there and win this war! I heard on CNN this morning that the Spanish troops were marching on St. Louis! We can't have that, now can we General? I mean, where would the Cardinals play? Look out, General! It's the French! They're climbing over the top of the Statue of Liberty! I better give another speech real quick and stop 'em! "Conceived in Liberty and dedicated to the prepositions and adjectives and dangling participles! Glory, glory Hallelujah over the land of the free and the home of the brave!" Yes! Look at 'em run! Just look at 'em run! *(in his excitement his hand again goes into the air)*

(back to reality) Yes, Ma'am? My hand? *(sees his upraised hand and slowly lowers it)* Uh ... It was an itch. Honest Abe! I was just scratchin'. You see, we went campin' last weekend and ... pay attention? Yes, Ma'am, I will. I just love to hear about Abraham Lincoln ... Johnny Appleseed? You switched the subject while I was fightin' the Civil War? ... I mean ... scratchin' my skeeter bite? Sorry Ma'am. Yes, Mrs. Miller, I'm really good at this stuff!

(beginning to get distracted again) I'm really good at ... Hey! Don't step on that apple! I planted it there! Whatta you mean you didn't know it was an apple bush? Good grief, what

boat did you get off of? Look, you take these apple leaves and plant ‘em in the ground then the next day there’s this little apple bush and you pick the apples. Don’t you ever watch the Food Channel? It’s an ancient Chinese plant that the first settlers brought over on the Titanic. Honest. And when the boat went down at the end of the movie, all these little apple leaves came floatin’ up from the bottom and they looked around for a place to land, then one apple leaf said to the other, “Hey! Look! There’s California! The place we oughta be!” So they loaded up their truck and they sailed across the sea. That is, too, the truth! I oughta know ‘cause I’m Johnny Appleseed and I’m the one who built the Titanic. That’s the truth! Made it out of wood and gopher bark! And we sailed for forty days and forty nights then I sent this dove out and he came back with an apple leaf in his mouth and that’s how I got my name. Gosh, don’t you know nothin’ about history? *(as he shrugs, he puts his hand in the air)*

(back to reality) What Ma’am? My hand again? *(slowly bringing hands down)* Uh ... it was excitement! Yes, Ma’am. Pure excitement. Every time I hear the story of Johnny Appleseed I just get so excited that I ... Daniel Boone? You were talkin’ about ... Oh. Sorry. It must have been the apples. Yes Ma’am, I’ll pay attention. I’m really good at this stuff!

Okay men, this is your first trip to the Alamo and I want you to pay attention. This here’s Al, and this is Mo. They’ll be our tour guides and they’re in charge of volleyball. The swimming pool is over there and the Jacuzzi is right through that door. Hurry up guys! We’ve only got this resort rented for three nights then we move on to London for the World Series. What? What army? They’re attackin’ us now? Oh great! Just when the ping pong tournament is about to get started? Quick! Somebody give me that paddle! Okay, when I say fire, start servin’ those ping pong balls over the net. That’ll stop ‘em! One! Two! *(raises his hand)*

(back to reality) What? Oh. I did it again, didn’t I? Huh? Test? How can we have a test on this stuff when we haven’t talked about it in class? Good grief! What’s this school comin’ to? Mrs. Miller, I’m not ready for this... *(and he stops as she hands a test paper to him and he takes it)* ... test. A hundred

questions. That's ridiculous. I don't even know a hundred things. Heck, I know all about American Heroes anyway. This oughta be easy. (*reading*) "Name the father of our country." (*writing*) Bill Gates. Shoot, I thought this was gonna be hard. (*reading*) "Name the commanding general in World War II." Got it! (*writing*) General Motors. (*reading*) "Who invented penicillin?" Easy! (*writing*) "Dr. Seuss." (*to his classmates*) Man, I can't believe you guys don't know this. I'm really good at this stuff! (*exits as lights dim*)

THE END

Scene Two: TRY AGAIN, PLEASE

LARS: *(to audience)* Did you ever go to the dictionary and look up the word “absurd?” Well, neither did I until recently. It means “ridiculous” and “unreasonable.” Yes, that’s exactly what it means. If you’ve ever been in a situation that is ... wait. It’s easier to show you what happened to me.

(Mik sits at his/her desk as Lars enters)

MIK: Next!

LARS: *(entering, hesitantly)* Uh ... I’m not next. I think I’m first.

MIK: *(shouting)* First!

LARS: Actually, I’m the only one.

MIK: *(shouting)* Only!

LARS: Is this where I ...

MIK: Next!

LARS: But I’m not done.

MIK: Then have a seat.

LARS: Which one?

MIK: There would be good. It’s the only seat.

LARS: Ah.

MIK: Ah.

LARS: So ... I mean, what do I do?

MIK: When?

LARS: Now. What do I do now?

MIK: Now?

LARS: Now.

MIK: Oh.

LARS: *(a pause, then)* Well, what do I do?

MIK: You mean ...?

LARS: Now. Am supposed to do something?

MIK: Thank you. *(he slaps the desk)* Please try again. *(Lars quickly rises, exits, turns then enters)* Next!

LARS: Me. I’m next.



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