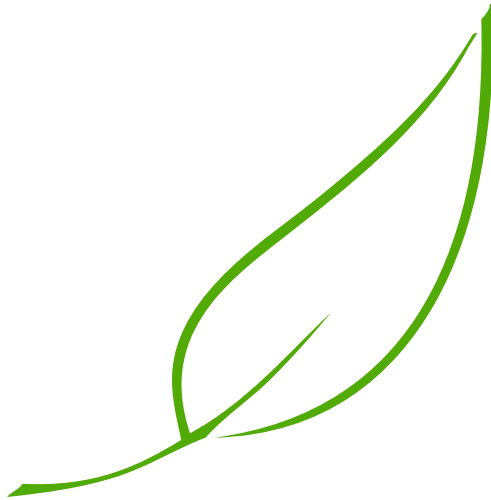


MARY-GO-ROUND

by Ken Bradbury
and Robert L. Crowe



GREEN ROOM PRESS

greenroompress.com

Copyright Notice

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MARY-go-ROUND

A Play in Two Acts by

Ken Bradbury and Robert L. Crowe

ISBN 0-9748830-9-3

MARY-go-ROUND

A Play in Two Acts by

Ken Bradbury and Robert L. Crowe

CONTENTS

ACT ONE

Scene 1: Opening Tonight: Mother Goose

Scene 2: Sister Act

Scene 3: Mixed Orders

Scene 4: Mood Med, Inc.

Scene 5: Doggies for Dummies

ACT TWO

Scene 1: Tech Support

Scene 2: I'll Be With You Shortly

Scene 3: Return to Camp Sunshine

Scene 4: Going Polar

Scene 5: The Four in One

CAST OF CHARACTERS (28)

ACT ONE: (13)

Mary
Scene 1 –
Opening Tonight: Mother Goose
Director

Scene 2 - Sister Act
Ellie

Paula

Scene 3 – Mixed Orders

Kay
Fawn

Scene 4 – Mood Med, Inc.

Roscoe
Laben
Kregor
Upton

Scene 5 – Doggies for Dummies

Devin
Harley

Micah
Scout

ACT TWO: (15)

Scene 1 – Tech Support

Caller
Tech

Scene 2 – I'll Be with You
Shortly
Speaker

Scene 3 – Return to Camp
Sunshine
Lucille
Gloria
Margo

Skip
Uncle Ernie
Sister Lugasi

Scene 4 – Going Polar
Oscar

Madison

Scene 5 – The Four in One
Karol
Lucy
Rhoda
Ethyl

Act One

MARY: (*enters in front of curtain*) Yes, yes, I'm Mary. And that is the last thing you can anticipate correctly about this evening's performance. To put you back into your seat comfortably, let me also explain the title of this ... play. It has nothing to do with a carousel, you probably suspected that. I'm a drama expert. That's why I was asked to introduce this overly-dramatic offering. I have gone around this entire county ... that's county, not country ... watching performances over the past 20 years ... approximately ... searching for the best stage and screen offerings. What you are about to see tonight are the recipients of the "Marys." These are the best this county has to offer, a fact that may leave you despondent. However, not all of these situations were presented on a formal stage. Many of them are glimpses of everyday life ... another fact that may be depressing.

The producers of this extravaganza asked me to only introduce the evening and then leave. I find that request to be token participation. After all, these are my award winners and even though I have not risked a dollar in producing this show, I feel that I need more "hands-on." So, I'm going to appear for a few sentences before each segment to give you some philosophical insight to the literature.

With that said, this first scene has no philosophical explanation. I went to a performance at a local pre-school. I arrived prior to the performance and had a chance to see the show Director in action. Here is an accurate look at a Director in action at one of these shows.

Scene 1: Opening Tonight: Mother Goose

DIRECTOR: (*to an imaginary actor*) It's a stump! It's just a stupid stump! Now, get down on your hands and knees and be a stump! Okay, I know it says that Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet but nobody knows what a tuffet is and Jennifer is crying all over her Miss Muffet costume because she doesn't have anywhere to sit! All right, a tuffet is a footstool but we don't have any footstool costumes. All we have is a stump.

(*turning to an unseen character*) Mrs. Clinton, I can't do this. Nobody's cooperating. I don't care if the program is today and all the pre-school parents are coming, these kids just aren't into it. Nobody does Nursery Rhymes anymore! I can't get Bo Beep's sheep away from the Coke machine and the Three Blind Mice keep sending text messages to each other while we're rehearsing! Yeah, I know I'm getting class credit for this but it's impossible ...

(*turning to others*) Get down from there! Jason, Humpty Dumpty doesn't do ladders! (*to another*) Down, stump! Down! (*turning to another*) Mrs. Clinton, this is ridiculous! I can't ... Where'd she go? Coward!

(*shouting*) Everybody listen up! This is your director speaking! Your mommies and daddies are going to be here any minute and we only have one dress rehearsal! I know it's a stupid play and you're wearing stupid costumes

and I'm stupid for agreeing to direct this stupid idea but get in your places right now or I'm gonna bust some stupid little heads! Uh ... I mean, with love ... and affection. Now move it!

Okay ... Scene one! Jack and Jill enter stage left! (*a pause, then*) Okay Jill, what happened to Jack? (*a pause*) That's ridiculous, he just went ten minutes ago. I saw him go to the restroom. He's nervous? I'm nervous! I've got a right to be nervous! He just has to climb the dumb hill. (*seeing Jack*) There you are, Jack. Wanna zip it up, Bubba? You've got a hill to climb. Okay ... action!

(*a pause, then*) What's the matter? You don't want to climb the hill? You're, afraid of heights? It is papier-mâché and it is only 12 inches high! You what? You had an argument backstage and you're not speaking! Are you out of your minds? You have lines! You speak to each other. That's what actors do! Okay, look. Just talk to the sheep. Huh? Those sheep over by the Coke machine ... maybe the one who just spilled the Orange Pop all over his (*to the sheep*) What are you doing!? Orange sheep! Who's gonna believe orange sheep? Quick, take off that sheep outfit and I'll try to ... You're in your underwear. Sheep don't wear underwear. No! Don't take them off! You were supposed to wear your gym shorts. Look, just put it back on. We'll have an orange sheep.

Everybody listen up! We're going to skip Jack and Jill and go right to the Hickory Dickory Dock scene. Mice! Get off those cell phones and get over here! Now! Okay guys, as soon as the narrator says, "Hickory, dickory dock, the mice ran up the clock," you come running in stage left and run up the clock. The clock's not here? Then run up the stump. Hey stump! Tuffet! Whatever you call yourself! Come here! You're a clock! No, I don't care if your mommy expects you to be a tuffet, tonight you're a clock. Get down on your hands and knees and start ticking. Do it! (*moves a bit, then*) Okay ... Mice run in stage left! Go! (*watches, then walks to center*) Jimmy, you crushed the clock. You're not supposed to jump on him, just step up. (*getting down on hands and knees*) You okay, clock? (*looks around*) Anybody wanna be a clock? (*helping the kid up*) Go over there and sit awhile. How long? How should I know? You're the clock!

Okay everybody, forget that. Scene three! Jack Be Nimble! Jack! Got your candlestick? A flashlight? You couldn't find a candlestick? Afraid of fire? That's why the kid does dumb things like jumping over candlesticks! He's not afraid of anything! Oh, who cares? Get over there...stage right. Hey clock! Come over here and hold the flashlight for Jack. You're still dizzy? (*holding up two fingers*) How many fingers do you see? Four? Close enough! Grab the flashlight, Bubba. Okay Jack, come running in when I say, "Jack be nimble, Jack be quick..." (*watching him run in*) "... Jack jump over the ...flashlight." (*a beat then*) You stepped on your candlestick. (*bending down to the kid*) Hey candlestick, you okay? You want your mommy? I do too. Look, just go sit over there again. You're having a rough

day. *(to everyone)* Do we have any scenes where nobody gets climbed on or jumped over?

(shouting off) Mrs. Clinton, I need help! *(a pause, then)* She deserted me. She knew what this was going to be like. *(looking toward the rear of the room)* Oh, no. They're coming. They're here! Your parents are here! Quick! Everybody back stage! Somebody pick up the stump and drag him backstage. *(herding them along)* Oh great ... not even a dress rehearsal. Come on, guys. We've only got one shot at this. He's what? That's impossible. Stumps can't die. *(leaning in close to him)* You aren't dead are you? See! He's breathing! He answered me! What'd he say? I can't say that. Okay! Places everybody! Cue the piano! House lights down! Everybody at your entrance! Stage lights on! And ... and ... go!

(a very long pause, then) Nobody's moving. Why is nobody moving? What are you doing just standing there? Stage fright? *(holding up the fingers of one hand and leaning into a child's face)* See these little rascals? *(wiggling fingers)* Separately they're nothing, but when they come together *(draws the fingers into a fist)* they become a force to be reckoned with. *(smiles)* I thought you'd see it my way. Little Bo Peep, you're on! Cue the orange sheep! Action!

(a long pause, then) They did it right. The sheep actually came in on time! And Little Bo Peep is crying real tears. *(looking out into the audience)* And her mother's crying real tears. She's lost her sheep *(beginning to cry him/herself)*. This is heartbreaking! It's beautiful! Okay! Jack and Jill ... you're on! Jack, get your finger out of your nose! Climb that hill! And speak to her! Please speak to her! Hill? Where's the hill? You! Tuffet! Be the hill! Okay, so you're the clock! Just get out there!

(a long pause as he/she listens) The hill ... is ticking. Great. *(looking at the audience)* They love it! They're clapping. *(shouting out to the stage)* Click on, hill! Tick tock, brother! Wait! Don't jump on the *(a pause)* They crushed the hill again. He's just lying there. But he's still ticking! Yes! Way to go, clock! And Jack and Jill are speaking to each other! *(listens)* Something about a ticking hill. Oh, well ... *(patting them on the back as they exit)* Great scene guys! Great scene! Where's the hill? He's still out there? *(stage whisper toward the acting area)* Just stay where you are! Here comes Miss Muffet! You're a tuffet! He's getting up to his knees! Yes! The tuffet will rise again! Cue Miss Muffet! *(reciting Muffet's lines in high voice)* "Oh my! I must find a place to eat my curds and whey! Why look! A stump!" No! He's a tuffet! A tuffet! Oh, well ... sit on the stump. *(reciting again)* "Along came a spider and ..." *(looking out onto the stage in horror)* Oh, no. I forgot to tell the stump about the spider! No! Don't step on the spider! He won't hurt you! *(stops ... listens to the audience)* They're laughing! They love it! They love it! *(yelling onto the stage)* Step on the spider! Smash the little bugger! His costume's an old football uniform ... you can't hurt him! Yes! Great scene, guys! Great scene! Okay everybody! The last scene ... The grand finale! The Mother Goose ballet! Everybody on stage! Quick! Quick!

Huh? Where's Mother Goose? She fainted when she saw the sheep in his underwear? Oh great. Gimme that goose costume. (*quickly donning the costume*) We've got a hit on our hands and we can't stop now! Ready? Five! Six! Seven! Eight! (*and he/she dances onto the stage, dancing throughout the verse*)

(*singing*) "We hope that you've enjoyed our show...

Put on for all the folks we know!

(*aside*) Great ... somebody stepped on the stump again.

(*singing*) "We're sure you'll give us all a hand

For our quick trip through Mother Goose Land!"

(*aside*) Tell the sheep in his underwear to hide in the back row.

(*singing*) "You Jacks and Jills and Bos and Peeps,

We hope we gave you one great treat!"

(*aside*) Mice! Stop texting and sing!

(*singing*) "We did our best and that's the truth!

Goodbye to all from Mother Goose!"

(*The actor freezes with a huge smile ... then ...*)

They're applauding! They're cheering! They love it! Bow! Bow! Everybody take a bow! We made it! We're alive! They're cheering for the stump! Bow, stump! Bow! Milk it for all it's worth, baby! You're a star! You ... are ... a ... star!

MARY: I am told that those pre-school play directors who don't have nervous breakdowns go on to Broadway careers. And very few get to Broadway. The next scene is called "Sister Act. I attended a presentation at an area Middle School. The students were asked to present an actual scene that had happened in their home. Ellie and Paula won the competition and here's why.

Scene 2: Sister Act

(*at open, Ellie is sitting at a table, writing*)

ELLIE: "Dear Mom. I'm leaving home. You don't understand me, no matter how many times I've tried to explain things. You won't listen to anything I say and I'm not sure you love me anymore. (*a pause, then*) p.s. Please don't take this personally."

PAULA: (*entering*) What are you writing?

ELLIE: (*trying vainly to hide the letter*) Nothing.

PAULA: You aren't running away from home again are you?

ELLIE: That's silly! I don't do those things anymore.

PAULA: You're running away from home.

ELLIE: I'm just thinking about it, okay?

PAULA: And you've written another note to Mom about how she doesn't listen to you and nobody understands you.

ELLIE: Well ... something like that.

PAULA: Ellie, this is getting old.

ELLIE: It's none of your business.

PAULA: Of course it's my business. You're my little sister and if you leave then I get the front bedroom. This is important.

ELLIE: You're just like all of them.

PAULA: Them?

ELLIE: The whole world is against me.

PAULA: Ellie, the whole world doesn't even know you. And there's surely somebody out there who understands you. Maybe in France or somewhere.

ELLIE: See?!

PAULA: I'm kidding!

ELLIE: You're just playing with my emotions to make me crazy.

PAULA: Ellie, I don't have to do a thing to make you crazy. You're already there. Now come on downstairs. It's almost time for supper.

ELLIE: I'm not eating.

PAULA: Since when?

ELLIE: I'm on a hunger strike. That'll get their attention if they find my starved lifeless body out in the front yard tomorrow.

PAULA: Make it the backyard. Dad doesn't like to clutter up the front view.

ELLIE: You don't even care, do you?

PAULA: Of course I care. People starving in front of the house takes down the value of property. I may inherit this place some day.

ELLIE: *(crossing her arms in a huff)* I'm not speaking to you.

PAULA: *(looks at her a long moment, shakes her head and begins busying herself with something)*

ELLIE: *(finally)* I said I'm not speaking to you.

PAULA: I heard you.

ELLIE: And that's final.

PAULA: Ellie, if you're not speaking to me then stop speaking to me. Otherwise I'll think I'm hearing things.

ELLIE: That's it. I'm not going to say another word.

PAULA: Fine.

ELLIE: I mean it.

PAULA: I can hear you.

ELLIE: How can you possibly hear me when I'm not speaking.

PAULA: I have ESPN! Maybe it's because you keep talking! Ellie, if you're going to throw a fit, trying something other than not speaking. You're really lousy at that.

ELLIE: First I can't get my ears pierced, then mom said no to the tattoo and she just blew a gasket when that first boy invited me on a date.

PAULA: You were eight years old, Ellie. You'd have had to go in your stroller!

ELLIE: That's not funny. It was love!

PAULA: It was chocolate milk.

ELLIE: Huh?

PAULA: The boy gave you his chocolate milk at lunch time and fell in love ... over a milk carton. Ellie, as long as you keep doing these dumb things people aren't going to trust you.

ELLIE: How do you know?

PAULA: Because I did the same dumb things when I was your age. Been there, kid. Done that.

ELLIE: So what happened?

PAULA: I grew up. Sorta. So what's really the matter?

ELLIE: Whatta you mean?

PAULA: This isn't about piercing or dating. What's really wrong?

ELLIE: I don't know what you're talking about.

PAULA: Wish I didn't, but I do. What's bothering you? *(a very long pause as Ellie looks at her sister then turns away, crossing to the other side of the room, then)* Talk to me, Ellie.

ELLIE: *(softly)* People don't like me.

PAULA: *(a pause. Paula gets it now. She slowly crosses to her sister, knowing the problem but momentarily at a loss for what to say...then ...)* I see.

ELLIE: *(a pause)* You do?

PAULA: I don't agree with you ... but I understand you.

ELLIE: It's a circle, Paula. I act a certain way to try to make my friends happy then they do something to make me mad and I get mad then I lose my friends. I can't make anybody happy. I want to get out of the circle.

PAULA: *(a pause, then)* Oh Ellie.

ELLIE: What?

PAULA: You're doing it all wrong. I don't blame you 'cause I did the same thing, but you're doing it all wrong.

ELLIE: *(a pause, then)* So how do I ... How do I do it right?

PAULA: I know the answer but I don't know if you've got the guts to do it.

ELLIE: Try me.

PAULA: Be somebody you hardly know.

ELLIE: Who?

PAULA: You. Just be you. Ellie, when we think we're not good enough we try to be somebody else ... the way we dress, the way we act ... the way we talk. And it never works. You hear me, sister? It *never* works. Who's your best friend?

ELLIE: *(a pause, then)* You, I guess.

PAULA: Because of my cool clothes, right?

ELLIE: No.

PAULA: Must be the way I say things ... the way I talk and act around other people.

ELLIE: No.

PAULA: Then why? Good grief, girl, I'm your sister. Who ever heard of sisters being best friends? All we do is fight.

ELLIE: But you love me. You care about me.

PAULA: That's it? That's all it takes to be a good friend? To care about somebody?

ELLIE: *(a pause, then)* Yes. *(a long pause as Ellie simply looks at Paula and it begins to sink in)* *(finally)* That's all? That's all it takes?

PAULA: All? That's a lot, girl. That's everything. *(a pause)* Know why you're mad at mom? *(Ellie shrugs)* Because you're not happy with you. Sometimes you don't like Ellie, then you explode into one of your silly acts and in an explosion everybody gets hit. *(a pause)* Even me sometimes.

ELLIE: I never meant to hurt you.

PAULA: Too bad. When you love somebody and you see them hurting ... well, you get hurt, too. *(Ellie walks to the table and picks up the letter. She looks at it a moment then rips it up.)* You're wasting paper.

ELLIE: *(smiling)* Get off my back, sister.

PAULA: *(smiling as he puts her arm around Ellie)* Make me.

ELLIE: *(still in the hug)* Would you really take my bedroom if I left home?

PAULA: In a minute.

ELLIE: *(smiling still)* You're a jerk.

PAULA: That's the nicest thing you ever said to me.

ELLIE: Don't get used to it.

PAULA: Ready for supper? *(taking her hand)* Come on, I want to introduce Mom and Dad to my new friend.

ELLIE: Who? *(Paula simply smiles, and leads Ellie offstage)*

MARY: That's nice girls. Don't fight. At least for another 15 or 20 minutes. The next scene occurred at a local restaurant. I gave the outstanding actress award to a girl named Kay. She wants us to get her name right. It's not K ... as in Special K. She is the 3-letter type. K-A-Y. I went to the restaurant for a bite to eat and this transpired at a near-by table.

Scene 3: Mixed Orders

(The setting is a cozy little café tucked somewhere in the side streets of the city. There are two tables. Fawn, the owner of the café, busies herself at one of the two tables ... one left and one right. Two chairs are at each table. The boys are imaginary or you may use 2 males for the non-speaking roles if you want to pad the cast.)

KAY: *(hurries in, checks her watch, looks back to the street nervously, then)* Excuse me.

FAWN: May I help you?

KAY: I have a problem.

FAWN: The police department is right down the street. You want to make a call?

KAY: No ... not the police ... not that kind of problem.

FAWN: If you need money, you're out of luck, sister. This is a restaurant and I don't give handouts.

KAY: No ... no ... Look, I need you to help me.

FAWN: You want a table?

KAY: Yes.

FAWN: Okay, if you'll just come this ...

KAY: Two.

FAWN: What?

KAY: Two. I need two tables.

FAWN: Oh. You're expecting company. Look, I can move two table together and ...

KAY: No!

FAWN: What?

KAY: No. Definitely not at the same table. I need two tables ... two tables that can't see each other.

FAWN: (*looking around*) I only have two empty tables left. (*indicating the right and left tables*) This one and that one.

KAY: (*panicked*) No! No, they can't be together. Look, could you move that plant between them? Sort of block the view?

FAWN: That's not a plant. That's a tree! It's a miniature palm in a very heavy container. I can't move that!

KAY: Sure, you can! (*she grabs Fawn and steers her toward the imaginary palm tree in a planter. They tug to move the tree between the two tables as Kay talks breathlessly.*) You see, I made a mistake ... a terrible mistake. This guy asked me to dinner and he was a real hunk ... I mean I've always wanted to have a date with him and I said, "Sure, I'll make the reservations, and ..." Are you trying?

FAWN: I'm pulling as hard as I can!

KAY: Okay, so I said meet me here at the Shivering Palms Café and he said okay, but then he called and said he couldn't come tonight. Then this other guy calls and ... is this thing stuck to the ground?

FAWN: Push!

KAY: Okay! Okay! (*keeps tugging*) I said, "No, I'm not busy, meet me at the Shivering Palms Café and he said okay. Meanwhile the first guy calls and says, "Hey! Guess what! I can make it after all, so ..."

FAWN: You got two dates in the same place?

KAY: I froze, okay? I've got two dates for the same restaurant.

FAWN: Oh good grief!

KAY: No, I can make this work. I promise I can make this work. You've just got to help me and make sure the two guys don't ... (*suddenly seeing Biff appearing at the left*) Biff! You're here!

FAWN: Hello, (*not sure what to say to him*) ... Biff.

KAY: No, no ... I don't work here. I just come in sometimes to ... you know ... move palm trees.

FAWN: Oh, good grief.

KAY: (*indicating the table at the left*) Why look! Here's our table! Come on, honey, just have a seat. You know I've dreamed of this night forever. (*Kay and Biff sit*) Have I ordered? No, I've been moving trees ... uh ... doing my hair.

FAWN: (*looking right*) You got company.

KAY: (*aside to Fawn as she rises*) Keep your voice down! (*to Biff*) Biff, honey ... could you excuse me just a moment? Oh, you know ... one of those girl things.

FAWN: (*to Rick*) I don't know who you're waiting for, but she'll be right with you.

KAY: (*Xing to the right side of the palm tree ... in a bit lower tone*) Rick! Wow! You look great! I'm so glad you're here.

FAWN: Sure she is.

KAY: (*pointedly to Fawn*) We're ready to order. (*Fawn goes to get menus*) (*back to Rick*) You know, that cologne you're wearing smells fantastic. Is it expensive?

FAWN: (*returning with the menus*) Here you go. Ready to order?

KAY: Do you always rush your customers like this?

FAWN: You just said you're ...

KAY: I can't believe this place! Rick, I'm terribly upset at the moment. Please excuse me. I'll just be a moment. (*X's to left side*) Biff! Sorry I took so long. Have you ordered? Really? Well, let's see if I can get the waitresses attention. Waitress! Are you going to take our order?

FAWN: Which one?

KAY: (*to Biff*) The help is strange here but I hear the food is to die for.

FAWN: I'll get you menus. (*she moves to get them*)

KAY: You know, Biff, that cologne you're wearing is just adorable. I mean it. Did anyone ever tell you that you had the most beautiful eyes?

FAWN: (*returning with menus*) You ready to order?

KAY: Do you always rush people like this? I think we want something to start us out.

FAWN: I thought you'd already started.

KAY: (*to Biff*) Do you understand a thing she's saying, Biff? I don't understand a thing she's saying. You know, I need to take just a minute to clear my head. Do you mind, Biff honey? I'll just be a minute. (*she X's to R side*)

FAWN: (*to Biff*) Want to go ahead and order? We have instant potatoes.

KAY: I'm sorry, Rick. On top of everything else today the waitress is being just plain rude. Have you ordered? Of course you haven't. You know, I feel like lobster. Do you feel like lobster? Yes, I know it's expensive but it's such a heavenly night and I say you only live once so go for the lobster! Oh, I guess that didn't come out right.

FAWN: (*now at Rick's table*) Did I hear you wanted the lobster?

KAY: Were you eavesdropping?

FAWN: No, just trying to keep up with you.

KAY: How can they let you work here with an attitude like that?

FAWN: I own the place. *(to Rick)* And you, sir? Hamburger steak? I'll be just a moment. *(X's to Biff's side)* And can I take your order? You can order for her if you like. I hear she likes lobster.

KAY: *(appearing on Biff's side)* Oh! You're ordering already?

FAWN: No, he was just admiring the palm tree stuck in the middle of a restaurant.

KAY: *(to Biff)* Strange woman. Let's eat quick and get out of here.

FAWN: You've got to order first. That's usually the pattern. You order then you eat.

KAY: *(to Biff)* Have you ever met anyone so rude. *(he speaks)* No! No, I don't want to leave ... that would be ...uh ... that would be very unhandy. I'll bet it's one of those restaurants where they purposely insult their guests ... you know, just to be funny.

FAWN: Ha ...ha. What'll you have? I hear the lobster's good.

KAY: Of course you would but I don't feel like seafood. I think I'll try the steak.

FAWN: Which one?

KAY: The big one.

FAWN: *(writing)* "Steak ... the big ... one."

KAY: Biff, could you excuse me again? I hate to be flitting around like this but I think I need to go adjust something.

FAWN: You got that right.

KAY: What!!

FAWN: "One big steak." Yes m'am, you got that right.

KAY: *(to Rick as she glares at Fawn)* I'll be right back, honey.

FAWN: Sure thing, sweetheart.

KAY: I was talking to ... oh, never mind. *(on Biff's side)* Biff! No food yet? Can you believe the service in this place? *(across the palm to Fawn)* Could you hurry it up, please?

FAWN: *(poking her head around the palm)* Sure ... I'll work ... double-time. *(exits)*

KAY: What? No, I have no idea what she meant. You know, I'm starving. Are you going to eat those crackers? *(takes a handful, quickly unwraps them and begins eating)* Thanks. Look, would you excuse me just a minute? I think I left something in the ladies' room. *(X's to Rick's side)* Sorry to keep you waiting. Huh? *(wipes her mouth)* Crackers? Uh ... it must have been left over from lunch. *(sitting)* So, tell me about your day. Did I tell you that you smell adorable?

FAWN: *(Xing to Biff's side)* Here's your ... I thought she was in such a hurry. Where'd she go? This steak's gonna get cold.

KAY: *(returning to Biff's side)* Steak? I ordered lobster!

FAWN: Are you sure?

KAY: I should know what I ordered! Oh wait a minute ... I ordered steak. (sitting) Put it down. Just put it down. (to Biff) You see, technically it's called a lobster steak.

FAWN: Technically it's called a complete idiot.

KAY: What did you say?

FAWN: 'Scuse me. I've got another table.

KAY: (to Biff) You ever have one of those days, Rick? Uh ... I mean, Biff ... where it seems like everything just piles up?

FAWN: (to Rick with steak in her hands) I put a rush order on her steak and now she's gone? Yeah, she does seem a little jittery. Maybe it's the weather.

KAY: (appearing at Rick's table) What are you talking about?

FAWN: Your steak. It's getting cold.

KAY: (sitting) Oh, Rick, doesn't it look delicious? Mind if I go ahead and eat? (she frantically cuts, chews and swallows) You know, I haven't eaten a thing all day. Oh, this is heavenly. So, do you come here often?

FAWN: (to Biff) No, I don't know where she went. You think I should go warm up her lobster.

KAY: Huh? (to Rick) Excuse me. I think I swallowed a bone. (rushing to Biff's side) I'm back! Sorry about that. No, don't take it away. (she sits and begins to eat furiously) Oh, this is delicious! How's your hamburger Biff ... uh ... Rick ... Sorry. I have a brother named Biff and he has great eyes just like yours.

FAWN: (to Biff) Is she done? Wow ... she eats fast. Can I get you anything else? Your check?

KAY: (in mid-bite) Check? (to Rick, still with her mouth full) I'll be right back. (hurrying to Biff's side) Where are you going? Hold on!

FAWN: Don't talk with your mouth full.

KAY: (to Rick's table) Rick, I ... just a minute. (she turns and tries to quickly chomp down her mouthful of food) We just ... wait a minute ... (again turns and begins chewing and swallowing desperately)

FAWN: (to Rick) You know the Heimlich maneuver?

KAY: (finally swallowing) There! Wow! What a lovely meal! (to Rick) You ready to go, sweetheart? (as he begins to cross in front of the palm tree) No! Not, that way! Let's go out the back! Why? It's more exciting! Everyone goes out the front! Look, you go ahead and I'll meet you outside. I just need to touch up my makeup.

FAWN: Oh brother.

KAY: (at Biff's side) Done already? What a lovely evening, Rick ... uh ... Bob. What was your name? What? Of course I know your name! I was just joking.

FAWN: (appearing at Kay's side) Yeah. She was just joking.

KAY: (to Fawn) We need our check.

FAWN: You need more than that. (leaves)

KAY: Bob ... uh ... Biff. I can't thank you enough for such a lovely evening. I don't know when I've been so excited.

FAWN: (*appearing with the check*) It was a thrill for all of us.

KAY: Your car's in back? No! We can't go out that way! Why? Uh ...

FAWN: Bomb threat. We've had a bomb threat in the back alley. Dumpster terrorists. (*Kay looks at her. Fawn shrugs and says*) So? I'm starting to enjoy this.

KAY: (*to Biff*) I can't thank you enough for a wonderful evening.

FAWN: (*waving in the direction of Rick*) Come back again!

KAY: What?

FAWN: He's leaving.

KAY: Excuse me, Biff. (*Xing quickly to Rick*) Sweetheart! Thanks for a wonderful evening! Let's do it again sometime!

FAWN: (*to Biff*) Thanks for coming.

KAY: Huh? (*dashes to Biff's side*) Sweetheart! Thanks for a wonderful evening! Let's do it again sometime!

FAWN: I hear an echo.

KAY: (*waving as Biff leaves*) Bye-bye! (*running to Rick's side*) Bye-bye! (*to Fawn*) I hope they paid their bills.

FAWN: Nope. It's on the house tonight.

KAY: On the house? You mean for free?

FAWN: (*indicating the audience*) My other customers have been watching the whole thing. Honey, this is the best draw I've ever had in the place.

KAY: Oh, my gosh!

FAWN: I've got you booked for tomorrow night.

KAY: You what?

FAWN: I told both guys to come back and you'd be here to meet them. I'm advertising it as dinner theatre. (*she begins to exit, then*) Don't move the palm. I call it "scenery." (*She exits as Kay stares at the audience.*)

MARY: Kat won the acting award but she was exhausted at the end of the evening. The following scene is a peek at the future of medicine. No longer does a simple medical prescription suffice. There are other dimensions of the human experience that must be treated. The initial setting is a doctor's waiting room but the action spreads to unknown parts of the building.

Scene 4: Mood Med, Inc.

Scene: Doctors Waiting Room

Characters: Roscoe, Laben, Kregor, Upton

ROSCOE: (*enters, looks around a bit, checks his watch, then sits.*) This is ridiculous. I've just got a simple head cold and the doctor's waiting room is filled with people. I'll be here forever.

LABEN: (*entering*) Good morning, Mr. (*or Miss*) Ross!

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

ROSCOE: Do I know you?

LABEN: I'm Laben.

ROSCOE: I came to see doctor Prabknocker.

LABEN: He's busy.

ROSCOE: Then what are you ...?

LABEN: It's the newest thing in medical treatment, Mr. Ross. Since we have to wait longer and longer to see our doctor, our clinic is offering a free mood therapy.

ROSCOE: Mood therapy?

LABEN: We work on your moods.

ROSCOE: My mood is fine. It's my nose that's stopped up.

LABEN: Did you know that most mental conditions go untreated?

ROSCOE: I don't have a mental condition! I have a runny nose!

LABEN: Anger. Ah, yes. One of the first signs.

ROSCOE: (*shouting*) I'm not angry. (*a pause, then*) Well, maybe I am, but I don't need ...

LABEN: I think a little trip through our mood spa would do you a world of good, Mr. Ross. It's all included in your medical package. (*taking him by the arm*) Just take a stroll down our flower-lined hallway, read the services offered, and step into whichever room you like.

ROSCOE: This is strange. All these signs?

LABEN: Each spa caters to an individual mood. (*seeing a sign*) Ah, you might be interested in this one.

ROSCOE: (*reading*) "Impatience." Are you trying to tell me something?

LABEN: Well, if the sign fits ... just give it a try. I'll be down the hall if you need anything. (*Laben exits and Roscoe stands there confused, looking at the sign again*) Well, I guess I could stand some work on my impatience. I'm feeling a little edgy. (*opens door carefully as Kregor busts in*)

KREGOR: (*loudly*) What do you want?

ROSCOE: I was just ...

KREGOR: Hurry up! Hurry up! You think I've got all day?

ROSCOE: But the lady (*man*) just told me ...

KREGOR: What? She told you what? Don't just stand there! Talk to me! You think you're the only patient I have?

ROSCOE: But the sign ...

KREGOR: Would you say what's on your mind? I can't believe you people! Come on! Come on! Hurry up! Don't just stand there!

ROSCOE: Then I won't! (*quickly exits that room and Kregor exits*) (*reading the sign again*) "Impatience." You got that right? (*looking down the hall*) What else is there? (*reading a sign*) "Sympathy." Yeh, that's what I need. (*enters*)

UPTON: (*entering*) Ahh ... I'm sorry. That's too bad. Can I help?

ROSCOE: Help what?

UPTON: Oh, that's terrible! You want a hug? You look like you need a hug. Come here you big Teddy Bear (*hugs Laben*)

ROSCOE: I didn't do anything. What are you?

UPTON: Oh, I can just imagine how you feel. Do you drink tea? I can make you a nice cup of tea and you can tell me all about it.

ROSCOE: About what?

UPTON: Oh, now you're really getting upset, aren't you?

ROSCOE: No! Yes! Yes, I am! This is ridiculous! (*he storms out as Upton exits*) This place is nuts. (*looking at the signs in the hallway*) There! That's the one I want. "Complaints!" (*as he enters the room*) They want complaints, I'll give them.

LABEN: (*entering as a different character*) Ah, shut your trap!

ROSCOE: Huh?

LABEN: You think you've got it bad? Buddy you don't know what bad is 'til I tell you about my day!

ROSCOE: Listen, I just came here to ...

LABEN: And where'd you get that lousy shirt? That is the dumbest thing I've ever seen! Couldn't you find something that fits?

ROSCOE: Hey fella! I just ...

LABEN: You think you got it bad? You oughta see what I have to put up when nutcases like you come through the door. My back hurts. Wanna move so I can lie down? And this floor! Filthy!

ROSCOE: Nuts. This whole place is nuts! (*begins to exit*)

LABEN: And shut the door behind you, you jerk!

ROSCOE: (*in the hallway*) I don't believe this is happening. I can't even remember where I came in. Surely there's a room somewhere that ... (*sees a sign*) "Aid and Comfort." (*as he enters*) That's what I'm looking for.

KREGOR: (*entering as a different character*) Don't take another step!

ROSCOE: What?

KREGOR: (*moving a chair to Roscoe*) Here ... sit down. No! Let me help you sit down! (*he practically forces Roscoe into a chair*) Are your shoes too tight? I can take them off if you like. (*rubbing Roscoe's temples*) There, there, sweetheart. Just close your eyes and think of mommy's oatmeal cookies.

ROSCOE: What are you doing?

KREGOR: You're upset. I'm sorry. Let me help. (*sits on Roscoe's lap*) You look so tired and confused.

ROSCOE: I am. I really am. And you're sitting on my lap.

KREGOR: Oh! You're breathing heavy. Let me do that for you! (*scrambles to behind Roscoe to press on his stomach*) I'll help you breathe. In ... out! In ... out! In ... out!

ROSCOE: Stop that!

KREGOR: Even speaking wears you out, doesn't it? Poor thing! Here, let me move your lips for you ... (*reaches for Roscoe's lips but he is on his feet and headed for the door*)

ROSCOE: Don't touch my lips! Stop helping me.

KREGOR: Only a person who truly needs help would say "Stop helping me." Let me help you.

ROSCOE: I'm outa here (*he leaves the room as Kregor exits*) How in the world did I get into this mess. (*looking at the signs*) There's got to be something ... There! "Direction!" Yeh, I need direction! (*opens door*)

UPTON: (*as a different character*) Stand over there, please.

ROSCOE: Do what?

UPTON: Do not speak unless I ask you a question.

ROSCOE: But I just ...

UPTON: Quiet. I'm giving you direction. Don't slouch ... stand up straight. And please do something about that hair.

ROSCOE: What's my hair got to ...

UPTON: Did I ask you to speak? Look, you need to make something of yourself.

ROSCOE: I what?

UPTON: Ambition! Hard work! Dedication to a higher calling! A noble cause! You need direction!

ROSCOE: I just want to get out of here!

UPTON: Sure. Escape. Run. Hide. Cower in your little corner of the world, not taking responsibility for anything or anyone. You disgust me!

ROSCOE: Now, wait a minute!

UPTON: You and your kind simply roam the earth expecting the rest of us to take up the slack! (*grabbing Roscoe*) Get yourself together, man! Get some gumption! Find a direction!

ROSCOE: I am. (*pointing out the door*) And it's that way! (*he runs out as Upton exits*) (*holding his head, breathing heavily*) This is wrong. This is just wrong. I came here because I had a cold. I'm ... I'm ... I'm confused. (*looking up at sign*) Yes. There it is! "Confusion!" (*enters*)

LABEN: (*entering*) She didn't tell me you were coming!

ROSCOE: Who's she?

LABEN: The Fairy Queen.

ROSCOE: What?

KREGOR: (*entering*) I'm afraid the polo pony is dead.

LABEN: The very one.

ROSCOE: Polo Pony?

KREGOR: It's not moving. The match is off.

UPTON: (*entering*) You'll never find the bubble gum if you keep scratching your head.

ROSCOE: Bubble gum?

LABEN: The Fairy Queen will not be happy.

KREGOR: Not to mention the pony. That pony was brand new and you dented it.

UPTON: With your bubble gum.

ROSCOE: Am I missing something?

LABEN: The featured presentation. It was scheduled to begin at exactly midnight and here it is November.

KREGOR: Pony, pony. Poor miserable pony, trapped in that web of bubble gum.

UPTON: You think that's bad, you should hear what the dragon told me.

ROSCOE: Dragon?

LABEN: Tell me the truth or I'll crush your popsicle.

KREGOR: All together, now!

UPTON, LABEN & KREGOR (*singing*): Row, row, row your boat, Gently up the stream! Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a ...

ROSCOE: Stop! (*they all turn to look at him as he slowly and desperately backs his way out of the room*) (*breathing heavily, desperate*) I gotta find a way out of here.

LABEN: (*entering as his initial self*) Mr. Ross? The doctor will see you now.

ROSCOE: (*totally confused now and a bit out of it*) What doctor?

LABEN: You came to see the doctor. Something about your nose.

ROSCOE: My nose? What about my nose?

LABEN: You said you had a cold in your nose.

ROSCOE: (*nearing the state of a blithering idiot by now*) What nose? Do I have a nose? I can't smell it!

LABEN: (*aside to offstage*) I need some help out here.

ROSCOE: Don't call the Fairy Queen! She dents polo ponies! And dragons! Have you seen the dragons?

LABEN: (*as Kregor and Upton enter*) Careful. He may be dangerous.

KREGOR: Nutcase.

UPTON: Loony bird.

ROSCOE: The birds? The Fairy Queen is sending her birds? Keep them away from my nose! Please don't let them dent my nose!

KREGOR: You take one arm (*as they approach Roscoe.*) I'll get the other.

LABEN: Easy ... easy ... he's not stable.

ROSCOE: The pony's in the stable! I told you the pony's in the stable!

UPTON: Let's take a nice little walk, mister. We've got a room just for you.

ROSCOE: A room? Not another room! I can't take another room!

LABEN: This one has padding, Mr. Ross. You'll like it. Nice, nice padding so you can't hurt yourself.

ROSCOE: Wait! Wait! (*they stop their manhandling*) I'm fine. I'm fine now. I really am.

LABEN: Sure you are. What's your name?

ROSCOE: (*singing as they haul him off*) Row, row, row your boat, Gently down the stream. (*the others join in to humor him*) Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream! (*and he's gone*)

MARY: If you think that last one was going to the dogs, wait until you get a crack at this one. Do you have a pet? Do you ever wonder what they are thinking? Of course not. It never occurs to our next characters either. Oh, this next one is not live theatre. It is a 3-D film but it looks very real.

Scene 5 - Doggies...For Dummies

Characters: Devin, Harley, Micah, Scout

The Scene: a park bench.

DEVIN: *(enters with Harley, his dog, on a leash.)* Good boy ... come on now, we can do this, Harley. *(patting Harley's head)* Good boy! Yes, he's a good, good boy! *(Harley smiles)* Now, let's work on sitting. Okay ... now listen to me, Harley. Sit. Sit boy. *(Harley sits)* Good boy! Oh, he's a good, good boy! *(patting Harley's head as Devin sits)* You're getting so good at this!

MICAH: *(entering with Scout on a leash)* Come on, Scout ... come on, boy. *(sees Devin)* Oh. Morning.

DEVIN: Hi. Nice dog.

MICAH: Thank you. You, too.

DEVIN: Just doing a little training.

MICAH: No kidding? Me, too. I even got a book. *(holding it up)*

DEVIN: Hey! I've got the same book! *(holding his up and reading)* "Puppy Obedience. Mastering Your Dog for Dummies."

MICAH: *(laughing)* I guess that's us. This is Scout.

DEVIN: Hi Scout. This is Harley.

MICAH: Harley. What a sweet name.

DEVIN: Named him after my Uncle. He used to shed, too.

MICAH: *(sitting beside Devin)* That's cute. So ... have you read much of the book?

DEVIN: Just started.

MICAH: Sit, Scout. *(Scout sits)* Wow. It's working already! What a great book! You on chapter one?

DEVIN: Yeah. Just started. How cool ... we're training our dogs together. Let's see what's next. *(both Micah and Devin begin to read)*

HARLEY: *(after a pause ... only Harley and Scout can hear each other)* Can you believe this?

SCOUT: No. I've been trying not to laugh.

HARLEY: What do they think we are?

SCOUT: *(a pause, then)* Dogs. *(both dogs look at each other a moment then laugh)* Sorry. Couldn't help that.

HARLEY: How long you been training him?

SCOUT: Started last week. He picked me up at the pound. You learn a lot in a dog pound.

HARLEY: I've heard stories ... never actually seen one.

SCOUT: Oh, there are some good dogs, but it's no place to train for Westminster. So ... how's he coming?

HARLEY: Oh, I've taught him a few basic tricks like feeding me whenever I do what he asks. Petting my head when I got house-trained. If you work it right you eat doggie treats all day.

SCOUT: I've got a slow learner.

HARLEY: Really?

SCOUT: Yeah. Took him forever to learn how to rub by belly when I rolled over. I've been trying to find a good obedience school for him.

HARLEY: They're expensive.

SCOUT: I know. And there's no real guarantee that your owner will come out any better.

DEVIN: *(reading)* "It is important to establish the proper dog-master relationship. Above all, your dog must realize that you are the boss."

HARLEY: *(Scout and Harley do a slow take as they roll their eyes toward each other and smile)* Yeah ... right.

MICAH: *(reading)* "You must achieve dominance over your dog."

SCOUT: In your dreams, Bubba.

DEVIN: *(reading)* "Begin with simple tasks such as fetching a stick." Okay, Harley. Here's your first test. *(standing and picking up a stick)* See the stick?

SCOUT: Does he think you're blind?

DEVIN: Okay. Fetch! *(Devin tosses the imaginary stick)* Come on, boy! Fetch! Fetch!

HARLEY: Should I?

SCOUT: Humor him.

HARLEY: Very well. *(Harley suddenly goes into a spasm of happy-puppy frenzy, energetically dashes after the stick, picking it up in his mouth and returning it to Devin)*

SCOUT: That was a work of art.

HARLEY: Thanks.

SCOUT: I mean it. That was totally convincing.

DEVIN: *(giving him a doggie treat)* Good boy!

HARLEY: *(gulping it down happily)* Works every time.

MICAH: *(reading)* "The dog likes to be dominated. He enjoys taking orders."

SCOUT: Whatta you wanna bet a dog did not write that book?

MICAH: "Teaching him to beg is a good first step."

SCOUT: I can't do this.

HARLEY: Huh?

SCOUT: That's going too far. Begging. I have my pride.

HARLEY: You're looking at it the wrong way, man. You're not begging, you're performing.

SCOUT: Performing?

HARLEY: Like an actor. You do your act you get your belly rubbed. It's a great arrangement. And watch this, he'll beg before you do.

MICAH: *(to Scout)* Okay boy, beg. *(Scout looks at him)* Come on, you can do it. Beg. *(Micah acts out begging and prancing on his "hind feet")* Beg. Beg.

SCOUT: I love it. I've got him trained to beg.

HARLEY: And you won't have to rub his belly. Go ahead ... try it. *(Scout sits up and begs)*

MICAH: Oh, good boy! Good boy! *(Scout rolls over onto his back and Micah joyfully rubs his belly while Scout's legs paw the air)*

SCOUT: This is great! What a neat trick! They do it every time?

HARLEY: Every time ... if you train them right.

SCOUT: I could get into this.

MICAH: *(standing)* What a good boy! *(Scout gladly sits up, smiles, and pants happily as Micah tosses him a doggie treat and Scout happily snaps it up.)*

DEVIN: This is working great! I had no idea it was so easy to train a dog!

MICAH: Keep those cookies comin' and you'll look like an Einstein, dude.

DEVIN: *(reading)* "Perhaps the hardest thing to teach your new dog is the art of speaking or barking on cue."

HARLEY: What's so tough about that?

DEVIN: "Since you don't want your puppy to bark at inappropriate times, you must be careful in teaching him this trick."

SCOUT: Hurry up and get to the dog biscuit park and I'll bark out the Gettysburg Address.

MICAH: So how do you do it?

DEVIN: I'm not sure.

HARLEY: You think it's a good trick to teach a dog to bark? Watch this ... a barking human.

DEVIN: Maybe if I showed him.

HARLEY: I love it. Here it comes.

DEVIN: *(positioning himself like a dog)* Rrrr---ruff! Rrrr---ruff! *(both dogs look at Devin then look at each other)*

SCOUT: *(a long pause, then)* Would it be impolite to laugh?

HARLEY: Laughing dogs don't get biscuits. Just watch. It'll get better.

MICAH: *(getting into his dog position)* Maybe like this ... *(he howls, then looks at the dogs who again look at each other)*

SCOUT: Should we?

HARLEY: No. It'll get better ... it's worth the wait. Look. Here they go. *(Devin begins to bark as Micah starts howling again. The two "humans" growl, bark, and howl in tandem for a few seconds then stop and look expectantly at their dogs)*



GREEN ROOM PRESS

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from:

MARY-GO-ROUND

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