

DEUS EX MACHINA

By Forrest Musselman

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

(Minimum casting= 3 M, 8 F; Maximum casting=9 M, 15 F, 17 E)

DIRECTOR	SHE/ HE desperately needs a show.
MRS. BLUNT	SHE is a veteran, grizzled teacher.
PLAYER ONE	SHE just wants to do well.
PLAYER TWO	SHE is a senior, so do what she says.
PLAYER THREE	SHE is the brown-noser of the group.
PLAYER FOUR	SHE is always a bit behind the others.
PLAYER FIVE	HE / SHE is a trouble maker in class.
PLAYER SIX	HE / SHE is a dedicated actor.
PLAYER SEVEN	SHE is quiet.
PLAYER EIGHT	SHE loves to act and to be seen.
PLAYER NINE / DAVE	HE is confused and never knows where to be.

(Note: The nine players then play the following roles. You can certainly add more players to play the following roles. Only six of the players have lines as students.)

ROMEO (M)	JULIET (F)	OEDIPUS (M)
JOCASATA (F)	ISMENE (F)	ANTIGONE (F)
MESSENGER (E)	CHARLIE CHAPLIN (E)	COP ONE (E)
COP TWO (E)	DORKY (F)	STRANGE ONE (E)
SUPERHERO (M)	SISTER 2 (F)	PITA (M)
STRANGE TWO (E)	BROTHER (M)	SISTER 1 (F)
GOOD WITCH (F)	MR. SMITH (M)	MRS. SMITH (F)
LUCKY (E)	POZZO (E)	SPAM (M)
BEDELIA (F)	NUMBERS PRIME (M)	EDWARD (M)
CHORUS (E)	MACHINE ARMS (E)	

(Note: Mikaela is played by multiple female actors. Chorus is played by multiple actors.)

TIME

The Present

PLACE

A School Theater

PROPS LIST

Microwave	Bag of Candy
Mini-Fridge	Ruby Slippers
Frozen Dinner Package	Magic Wand
Bag of Chips	Newspaper
Pop Bottle	A Very Long Rope
Water Bottle	Coffee Container
Greek Tragedy Masks	An Extension Cord

PRODUCTION NOTES

Costumes for the original production were private school uniforms for the kids and formal attire for the teachers. Various costume pieces, mostly hats and coats, were worn to represent various characters in the parody scenes.

In the original production, I used actual name brand products for the running product placement jokes. This, however, requires getting permission from each company to do so, which can be a lengthy process, especially if the company says no. (And believe me, they do!) You can certainly pursue this option to help with the authenticity of the product jokes. But, whenever a product is mentioned in the script, I've intentionally left it blank. This allows the cast to come up with their own fake products and slogans, which might be more fun. You can also mispronounce the character names throughout for added humor.

Living in the upper midwest, we say pop. You may say soda. Others may say drinky-poo. Feel free to change the word usage to fit your area.

The pop machine is the most crucial piece on the set. The original production made a wooden frame with a fiberglass front, complete with fake buttons, etc. The front must have a door that swings open, and the back should be open or have a black curtain to allow actors to enter from backstage. The sides of the machine were made of black fabric with slits in the middle to allow actors to put their arms through the fabric for the last scene.

The following plays, characters and movies are parodied. It may be a good idea to watch clips or read sections of the original scripts to get some of the humor. They are as follows: *2001*, *A Space Odyssey*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Oedipus*, Charlie Chaplin, *The Wizard of Oz*, *Superman*, *The Lion*, *The Witch and The Wardrobe*, *The Bald Soprano*, *Waiting for Godot*, *Transformers* and *Twilight*.

The world premiere of this play occurred on January 16th, 2010, at the Three Rivers One-Act Competition in Wabasha-Kellogg, Minnesota. The cast and crew are as follows: Alex Courrier, Alex Kopperud, Freddy Scaife, Amy Bessler, Cara Lantz, Stephanie Wick, Hannah Kopperud, Elizabeth Wick, Kate Thelen, Elisa Vergani, Kate Mackenzie, Rebecca Munson, Jaci Adcock and Zach Nietzsche. The play took 1st place.

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(The curtain is closed. We hear scary, classical music and as the music builds in intensity, the curtain slowly opens to reveal a pop machine in the center of the stage. There are several tables downstage of the pop machine, with chairs. There is also a cabinet with a microwave and a mini-fridge. Various piles of papers, napkins, and pop cans litter the tables. ALL the ACTORS enter, wearing school uniforms and acting as gorillas, notice the pop machine and squeal excitedly around it. ONE dares to touch it and eventually works its way up to a button. The button is touched and a pop comes out. THEY panic and scurry away. Music ends. Now new classical music begins, which is more inspirational and uplifting. THEY pick up the pop and look at it. ONE manages to open it. The gorilla tastes it and presents the pop to the audience with a cheesy, commercial grin. The next gorilla repeats the process and presents the pop with the swell of the music. Another gorilla repeats the process. THEY ALL taste it, getting more excited. After a few more drinks, THEY ALL go into a standing position and stumble to center, ALL reaching high for the pop bottle, which is held high by the TALLEST ACTOR. As the music reaches the final few seconds, the DIRECTOR enters from stage left, waving her hands. The music stops and the ACTORS break character.)

DIRECTOR: Stop! Stop! Everyone stop for a second.

PLAYER ONE: What's wrong?

DIRECTOR: This isn't going anywhere. How is anyone going to take this seriously?

PLAYER TWO: We're doing the best we can. We don't even have a script.

DIRECTOR: That's not what I'm talking about. No one is going to get it.

PLAYER THREE: We get it. The discovery of pop causes the primates to walk upright. Therefore suggesting that this is the moment in history that humans came into existence.

(ALL agree.)

The symbolism is quite powerful.

DIRECTOR: Look, save the analytical hoop-la for the classroom. This is stupid. Who would have invented the pop in the first place?

PLAYER THREE: Aliens?

(Pause. ALL agree.)

DIRECTOR: No, we've got to start over again.

(ALL groan.)

DIRECTOR: Hey, if we want a great show, we're going to have to do better.

PLAYER TWO: It would be a lot better if we didn't have this stupid pop machine in the middle of the stage.

DIRECTOR: You know there's nothing we can do about that. Our school is small. We've run out of room. The teachers need a faculty lounge. This is the only "room" left that isn't being used on a regular basis.

PLAYER TWO: But it's a theater.

DIRECTOR: Not only that, but the school's budget is tight this year. A play costs money. That's why we're going to do some product placement.

PLAYER FOUR: *(Eating a bag of chips with the name blatantly showing.)* What's product placement?

DIRECTOR: Put the *(Insert product name here)* away. We are in middle of a rehearsal.

PLAYER FOUR: But they taste so good. *(Looks at audience for a moment and smiles.)*

DIRECTOR: Put it away please. I figure, why not make lemonade out of the lemons we've been given? I made a few calls and *(Insert product name that will go on the pop machine)* is more than happy to give us a little money to display their product. And, I've contacted a few other companies, so we'll be using their brands as well. *(Pause)*

PLAYER FIVE: Doesn't that make us sell-outs?

DIRECTOR: Okay, we're sell-outs. Who cares? Just show the product and smile. Now let's focus on the major obstacle. How can we incorporate this machine into our show? Think, people!

(ALL assume thinking positions. MRS. BLUNT enters from stage right.)

DIRECTOR: Oh, good afternoon, Mrs. Blunt.

MRS. BLUNT: What's good about it? *(Pause)* Why are there children in here?

DIRECTOR: We're in rehearsal.

MRS. BLUNT: Isn't it lunch? Did I forget what time it was again?

DIRECTOR: No, no, no, you're fine. We're just a little behind schedule, so the kids volunteered to meet during their lunch hour to work on the show.

MRS. BLUNT: Apparently you didn't get the memo at the beginning of year. The memo states that this is now a faculty lounge, which is where I eat my lunch.

DIRECTOR: I'm quite aware of the memo, Mrs. Blunt. You can certainly eat in here, but you'll have to bear with us as we rehearse.

MRS. BLUNT: The point of a faculty lounge is to get away from the children for a few minutes, especially you, Mr. Sanderson.

PLAYER FIVE: Sorry, Mrs. Blunt.

MRS. BLUNT: Shouldn't you be working on your homework anyway?

PLAYER FIVE: Yes, Mrs. Blunt.

DIRECTOR: Look, I understand your need for a few moments of composure, but we are desperately behind schedule.

MRS. BLUNT: That's not my problem, Miss Artsy-Fartsy, or whatever your name is.

DIRECTOR: It's Miss Artafarb. Farb. As I said, you can eat your lunch; just ignore us.

MRS. BLUNT: You new teachers are all same. Coming in here with your idealistic attitudes, thinking you can change the world, things are set the way they are for a reason.

DIRECTOR: Yes, whatever you say.

(MRS. BLUNT walks upstage to the fridge and pulls out her lunch bag.)

Okay, kids, let's get back to work. Since the first scene isn't going to work, let's move on. Let's try the Shakespeare adaptation.

(ALL groan.)

Yes, yes, yes. Shakespeare, groan, groan, groan. Places, please.

(ALL scramble quickly into their places. ONE STUDENT runs around confusedly and finally exits. JULIET climbs on top of the pop machine. ROMEO takes his place a few feet away from the machine.)

Music.

(A bit of "Shakespearian" music is played.)

Aaaaaand, begin.

(JULIET raises her head and steps forward on top of the pop machine. At this time, MRS. BLUNT has finished unwrapping her frozen, boxed dinner and has put it in the microwave. SHE enters in the time and starts the microwave. The machine begins to hum as the light comes on, so we can see the boxed dinner warming up.)

ROMEO: But, soft! What light through yonder window breaks?
(Distracted by the microwave, and decides to adlib.) It is the microwave...

DIRECTOR: No!

ROMEO: I mean, it is the east, and Juliet is the sun... on top of the pop machine.

JULIET: Ay me!

ROMEO: She speaks: O, speak again, bright angel!

JULIET: O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo? Deny thy
(*Insert product name*) and refuse thy name; Or, thou wilt not, be but
sworn my love, and I'll no longer drink (*Insert product name.*)

ROMEO: Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

JULIET: What's a pop? It is nor hand, nor foot, nor arm, nor face, nor
any other part belonging to a man. What's in a name? Romeo, doff
thy pop, and for that pop which is no part of thee take all myself.

ROMEO: I take thee at thy word: I never will drink (*Insert product name*)
again. (*Attempts to climb up to her.*)

JULIET: The machine walls are high and hard to climb.

OFFSTAGE VOICE: Juliet!

JULIET: Anon, good nurse! If that thy bent of love be honorable, send
me word tomorrow, by one that I'll procure to come to thee.

OFFSTAGE VOICE: Juliet!

JULIET: I come, anon!

ROMEO: (*HE frantically pushes on button of the machine.*) So thrive my
soul!

JULIET: A thousand times good night! Parting is such sweet soda.

(*A pop can comes out of slot.*)

ROMEO: A thousand times the worse, to want thy light. (*Drinks pop.*)

MRS. BLUNT: Wow. (*Begins to laugh.*) That really sucked.

DIRECTOR: Please, Mrs. Blunt.

MRS. BLUNT: Yes, I know. You're rehearsing. Forgive me, I'll just go
back to eating my (*Insert product name.*)

(*On the cue of the product name, ALL ACTORS appear out of nowhere,
stop, and give a cheesy smile to the audience.*)

DIRECTOR: Forget it.

(*ALL break the smile and groan.*)

Our time is almost up anyway. I'll see everyone later.

(*EVERYONE shrugs and leaves dejectedly. The DIRECTOR goes to the
fridge and grabs a sandwich. SHE sits at table next to MRS. BLUNT.*)

MRS. BLUNT: You're trying too hard, Mrs. Artafake. Just pick a
traditional play everyone knows and do it the best you can. I've
always been fond of Death of a Salesman.

DIRECTOR: Let's just sit in silence, shall we?

(*Short pause.*)

MRS. BLUNT: Eating in gloomy silence, shoulders slumped from the weight of world, dreading the ringing of the bell... now you're on your way to becoming a grizzled teaching veteran, Mrs. Artichoke. *(Pulls out a flask)* Want a shot of a little enthusiasm before heading back to class?

(The DIRECTOR stares at MRS. BLUNT in disbelief. Lights fade out. Transitional music plays. Lights fade back in. The CAST is ALL milling about the stage. The DIRECTOR is pacing back and forth.)

DIRECTOR: Okay, guys. We had a really good rehearsal yesterday after school.

PLAYER TWO: We were here for seven hours.

DIRECTOR: Yes, but it was productive. We made up a lot of ground.

PLAYER TWO: Then why are we rehearsing during lunch again?

DIRECTOR: I didn't say we were caught up. Now, look, we came up with a lot of good ideas last night, so I just want you to run through all of them again.

PLAYER THREE: I think this is an excellent idea. By doing them all in succession, you'll be able to decide which one to develop further.

DIRECTOR: Very good. It's nice to have at least one brown-noser here. Are we ready?

ALL: No.

DIRECTOR: Great. Let's get started. Places, please.

(EVERYONE scrambles around quickly. The SAME STUDENT as before runs around confused and finally exits.)

All right, aaaaaand.... begin.

(ENTIRE CAST enters wearing Greek masks. Acting as the chorus, THEY create a deep, low musical hum to set the mood.)

MESSENGER: Oh, great King, I come from Corinth with a message. *(Insert a product name as a question.)*

(MESSENGER shows the product with a cheesy smile. ENTIRE CAST has removed their masks for a cheesy smile. THEY place the masks back on in unison and resume as if nothing has happened.)

OEDIPUS: Speak, messenger from Corinth. *(HE is holding hands with JOCASTA.)*

MESSENGER: I come to tell you that the King Polybus of Corinth has passed away of natural causes.

OEDIPUS: Yes! I mean, wow, that's unfortunate. But this proves that the prophesy did not come true. I will NOT kill my father and marry my mother.

MESSENGER: But King Oedipus, Polybus was not your father.

OEDIPUS: What?

MESSENGER: Many years before I got the messenger gig, I was a shepherd in the hills about Thebes. One day I found an infant lying on the ground with an iron rod pinning its ankles together.

OEDIPUS: Who was this child? *(Says this line as HE limps toward the MESSENGER.)*

MESSENGER: The child was you.

(CHORUS hums dramatically. JOCASTA turns in alarm. Claps hands over mouth.)

OEDIPUS: I don't understand.

MESSENGER: That's pretty obvious. Not wanting you to die, I brought you to Corinth where Polybus adopted you as his own.

OEDIPUS: Well, if Polybus wasn't my dad, then who is?

JOCASTA: Nooooo!!!!!! *(Runs off stage.)*

OEDIPUS: What's her deal?

MESSENGER: Oh mighty, thick-headed king. Don't you see? The old man you killed many years ago was your father.

OEDIPUS: I don't understand.

MESSENGER: The woman you married was your mother.

OEDIPUS: I'm still not getting it.

MESSENGER: The prophesy came true, you moron!

CHORUS: Duh! *(Hold the "uh" part for a few seconds.)*

OEDIPUS: *(Thinking a moment.)* Excuse me for a moment. *(Exits. We hear him scream from off stage.)* Nooooooooo!

CHORUS: *(Lines can be divided up among the ACTORS. For fun, find words to say together.)*

And so Oedipus learns the horrible truth:
that the prophesy did indeed come true.

Wounded by this truth,
Oedipus went to find Jocasta,
but it was too late.

Jocasta had committed suicide.

Could things get any worse?

Probably,
because all men are destined to live miserable lives.
But the story doesn't end here.

Oedipus,
not wanting to see any more pain in his life,
found an object.

An object so terrible that it blinded him
for the rest of his life.

(The pop machine door opens. Blinding light streams from the machine. OEDIPUS slowly walks out, holding a pop can. His two daughters, ANTIGONE and ISMENE, are behind him.)

OEDIPUS: Nooooooooo! *(OEDIPUS opens can and splashes pop into his eyes.)* I am blind! I am blind!

(The CHORUS screams in unison, leading OEDIPUS offstage. The MESSENGER stays behind with the TWO CHILDREN.)

ANTIGONE: What happened to Daddy?

ISMENE: I'm not sure, Antigone.

MESSENGER: You guys are so screwed.

(Music from the silent film era begins to play. Some sort of silly, Keystone Cops sort of stuff. CHARLIE CHAPLIN enters, on the run, and runs completely across the stage and exits. TWO COPS are following and follow offstage. CHARLIE enters again, runs past pop machine, does a quick stop and hides behind the machine. TWO COPS enter, run past machine, stop and then slowly go behind it. CHARLIE creeps around opposite end and hides at the front. Then CHARLIE goes around the back as the COPS circle around to the front. The COPS shrug, point in opposite directions, bump into one another and eventually run offstage in opposite directions. CHARLIE comes around the pop machine and wipes his brow in relief. HE takes a water bottle out and takes a drink, but it is empty. HE tries to get the last few drops out with his finger, but gets it stuck in the bottle. After a few comic moments of trying to get the bottle off his finger, HE finally succeeds. HE digs in his pocket and pulls out a dollar. HE smooths it out and inserts it into the machine. There is a moment's pause and the dollar comes back out the slot. CHARLIE smooths out the dollar again, reinserts it, waits and reacts as the dollar comes out again. CHARLIE smooths it out again, stepping on it, rolling on it, etc., and reinserts it, waits, and shows frustration as it comes out again. HE crumples it up and shoves it into the slot. It does not come back out. CHARLIE presses a button and waits. Nothing happens. HE presses another button. Nothing happens. HE presses all the buttons. Nothing happens. HE gets down and inserts his hand into the dispenser hole. His hand gets stuck. HE tries to pull it out violently and then tries to pry it out with his cane. The cane gets stuck. At this moment, the TWO COPS come back on stage and laugh at CHARLIE's mishap. THEY tug at him and after a few comic moments manage to pull him out and THEY ALL fall to the floor. The COPS get up, pull CHARLIE up, and haul him offstage. Once THEY leave, a pop bottle pops out of the dispenser and rolls downstage. The lights fade out. There is the sound of a horrible wind and finally a large crashing sound. The lights fade back up and we see two legs sticking out from underneath the pop

machine, wearing ruby red slippers. The pop machine door opens and DORKY steps out.)

DORKY: Oh my! Where am I?

(SEVERAL STRANGE PEOPLE giggle and enter from various spots.)

Oh my! What is this place?

STRANGE 2: Are you a witch?

DORKY: Hey, watch it. I'm not making fun of how you look!

STRANGE 1: What is your name?

DORKY: Dorky.

STRANGE 2: All hail, Dorky!

ALL: *(From offstage)* All hail, Dorky!

DORKY: Hail me for what?

STRANGE 1: You saved us from the wicked witch of the general direction.

DORKY: I did?

STRANGE 2: Look.

(THEY point at the legs sticking out from underneath the pop machine. DORKY gasps.)

DORKY: Oh, my! Is she dead?

STRANGE 2: She's not dancing.

DORKY: I've never killed anyone in my life. Unless, you want to count the homeless bum that lived under the bridge, but that was for fun.

STRANGE 1: What can we do to repay you? Lollipop? We're part of a guild.

DORKY: Look, I just want to get home. Can you tell me how to get home?

(Before ANYONE can answer, the pop machine door opens, hitting DORKY in the back. A SUPER HERO enters, wearing tights.)

Excuse me!

SUPERHERO: Hmm, this is strange. I thought I was in Metropolis.

DORKY: What's going on? I was just in there and no one else was there.

SUPERHERO: What were you doing in a pop machine?

DORKY: I hid in one when the tornado came.

SUPERHERO: Tornado? Where?

DORKY: What were you doing in the pop machine?

SUPERHERO: I use pop machines to change into my Superhero clothes. Look, have you seen a woman with brown hair running around here?

STRANGE 1: She was crushed by the pop machine.

SUPERHERO: What? No... Lois! Lois is dead?! (*Runs to the legs and begins to weep.*)

STRANGE 2: I don't think her name was Lois. She was the wicked witch of the general direction.

SUPERHERO: Oh, thank god. Hey, nice shoes. (*HE puts on the ruby slippers and walks around a bit.*) Look, can you show me what direction Metropolis is in?

DORKY: And I want to go back to Kansas.

STRANGE 1: We don't know where any of those places are. We can tell you how to get out of here.

SUPERHERO: Fine. Which direction do I go?

(Before THEY can answer, FOUR prim and proper CHILDREN come out of the pop machine. THEY ALL speak with bad English accents and take great joy in saying the word "actually" with their accent.)

DORKY: Good grief, now what! Who are you?

PITA: Actually, I would ask you the same question.

DORKY: I'm Dorky and the dude in the tight tights is a superhero.

PITA: Actually, I'm Pita and this is my brother and my two sisters. Are you new to Narnia?

DORKY: This isn't Narnia. What's up with the fancy talkin' accent? Are you from New York or something?

PITA: Actually, sorry, no. We're from England... London... actually.

SISTER 1: Actually we don't live in London anymore, but outside of London. Actually, we were exploring the professor's house and found this pop machine.

SISTER 2: Actually, actually, actually.

(The GOOD WITCH of a Specific Direction enters, wearing a sparkly crown and waving a wand. The ENGLISH CHILDREN freak out.)

BROTHER: Actually, oh, no! It's a white witch. She's found us. Run for it! Run!

(NO ONE moves.)

Run?

PITA: Actually, we should call for a lion.

SISTER 1: Actually, there's no time. Run, run!

(THEY scramble back into the pop machine.)

SUPERHERO: Don't worry everyone. I'll take care of her.

STRANGE 1: Wait, wait. She's the good witch of a specific direction. It's okay.

STRANGE 2: Don't kill her. She makes good cookies. But not as good as *(Insert product name here)* available at a supermarket near you.

STRANGE 1: And they don't taste like crap.

(ALL STUDENTS enter from everywhere for the cheesy smile and pose.)

DIRECTOR: Stop. Stop, please. Where did that line come from?

STRANGE 1: I was improvising.

DIRECTOR: Stick to the script, please.

STRANGE 1: There is no script.

DIRECTOR: Listen, I...! Forget it. Let's just move on to the next play idea. This isn't going anywhere.

SUPERHERO: I don't know. I was kinda feeling it.

DIRECTOR: That's just your tights. Let's move on please. Aaaaaaand ... begin.

(STUDENTS scurry to set the next scene. SAME STUDENT scurries around, confused, and finally exits. A clock chimes 13 times. MR. and MRS. SMITH are sitting around the pop machine. MR. SMITH is reading a newspaper. There is a moments pause after the 13th chime. Feel free to play with strange voices with the characters... try to avoid the English accent.)

MR. SMITH: It says here that there's a sale on at *(Insert department store name here)*, Mrs. Smith.

MRS. SMITH: I've never been fond of corn chips, Mr. Smith.

MR. SMITH: Perhaps we should buy a puppy.

MRS. SMITH: The cold always sets into my bones in November.

MR. SMITH: What time were the Martins arriving?

MRS. SMITH: Yesterday, I believe.

MR. SMITH: And how was their visit?

MRS. SMITH: Boring, but exciting when the Fire Chief arrived.

MR. SMITH: I wouldn't know. I wasn't there.

MRS. SMITH: You never are, Mr. Smith.

MR. SMITH: That's the way I like it. Hot and full of gravy.

(There is a knock at the door.)

MRS. SMITH: I believe the alarm clock went off, my dear.

MR. SMITH: Then I will sleep in for seven more minutes.

MRS. SMITH: Perfect. I'll stare at my feet.

MR. SMITH: And I'll dream of sheep and pregnant cows.

(THEY do. There is a knock at the door.)

MRS. SMITH: I believe it's raining.

MR. SMITH: I'm not wearing a rain coat.

MRS. SMITH: Perfect. I'll stare at my belly button.

MR. SMITH: And I'll pretend there isn't a pop machine in our living room.

(THEY do. POZZO and LUCKY enter. LUCKY has a rope tied around his waist. POZZO is holding the other end of the rope. LUCKY continues offstage.)

POZZO: Stop! *(Jerks on the rope.)* Stop, I say!

(LUCKY stops, but HE remains offstage.)

I am Pozzo.

MR. SMITH: I am serious.

POZZO: Why didn't you answer the door?

MRS. SMITH: There was no one there.

POZZO: I was there.

MRS. SMITH: SO you were. So YOU were. So you WERE.

MR. SMITH: What can't we do for you, Pozzo?

POZZO: Don't bother. We're just passing through.

MRS. SMITH: We?

MR. SMITH: We we?

MRS. SMITH: We we we?

POZZO: My slave, Lucky, is in the kitchen touching your fruit. *(Tugs on rope)* Hurry up in there!

MR. SMITH: I do hope there's insurance.

MRS. SMITH: I think I'll dye my hair magenta.

POZZO: Why is there a pop machine in your living room?

MR. SMITH: There isn't, but if it were, it would be waiting for Godot.

POZZO: Who is Godot?

MRS. SMITH: That's the mystery.

POZZO: When will Godot arrive?

MR. SMITH: Only the pop machines knows. And we don't want to ask.

MRS. SMITH: We're very patient people.

(LUCKY enters.)

POZZO: Did you put away the groceries?

LUCKY: *(Shakes his head no.)*

POZZO: Speak slave.

LUCKY: *(Shakes his head no.)*

POZZO: I said, speak slave!

LUCKY: *(Lucky thinks deeply, attempts to speak, doesn't, then does.)*

Drink *(Insert brand name of pop here.)*

DIRECTOR: All right, that's enough. Everyone back out here, please.

(ALL enter.)

Let's try something with the whole robot movie thing. I'm really not sure who should play the beautiful woman.

PLAYER ONE: I can play her.

PLAYER SIX: I can play her too.

PLAYER THREE: I think I can play the part. A lot people say I'm beautiful.

PLAYER TWO: If you had plastic surgery, maybe. Look, I'm a senior. I should be able to play any part I want and I want the beautiful woman.

DIRECTOR: First of all, I make the decision on who plays what.

PLAYER ONE: Then who are you going to choose?

PLAYER TWO: Yeah, who?

DIRECTOR: Why don't all the girls play the part?

PLAYER THREE: What?

DIRECTOR: Just for today. It can be a chance for me to see who fits the part the best.

PLAYER SIX: Okay...

DIRECTOR: All right, let's get started. Places, please. Aaaaand, begin.

(ALL scramble about as usual. SAME STUDENT is confused. SPAM enters. There are SIX GIRLS playing the part of BEDELIA and THEY move and speak together as one person. PLAYER FOUR, however, is having difficulty and says the last word of every line a beat after the OTHERS.)

SPAM: Bedelia, come here. Please, I need to talk to you.

BEDELIA: What is with you? You've been acting really weird lately.

PLAYER FOUR: Lately.

SPAM: I know. I gotta cut back on the coffee. *(Poses with product. Says product name and slogan.)*

BEDELIA: So why do you need to talk to me? Did you want to tell me how much you love me? Are you finally going to turn me into a vampire?

PLAYER FOUR: Vampire?

SPAM: Yes... no... What?

BEDELIA: Are you worried about Jacob? Look, I just love him as a friend. You're the one I want.

PLAYER FOUR: Want.

SPAM: I... I... *(Looking at ALL SIX confused.)* I think you've got the wrong movie?

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