

THE DROWSY PROFESSOR

By B. Dwayne Craft

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ISBN: 978-1-60003-800-6

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PUBLISHED BY BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS

1-888-473-8521

THE DROWSY PROFESSOR

A One Act Comedy

By B. Dwayne Craft

SYNOPSIS: The greatest mind of science has discovered something world changing, but unfortunately he's a narcoleptic who can't stay awake long enough to tell anyone about it. His sultry secretary, who just happens to have a crush on her boss, is left to defend his discovery from a zany cast of characters including bumbling secret agents, a nagging wife, two of the world's creepiest girls scouts and everyone else who thinks that they have a reason to control this important new, yet undefined, discovery. This play is a subtly political and always hilarious commentary on how the different parts of society attempt to alternately exploit, suppress, hype and redefine scientific discoveries.

CAST OF CHARCTERS

(10 female, 10 male, 1-6 either, 0-1 extra; gender flexible, doubling possible)

- PROFESSOR (m) Absent minded and narcoleptic. This character should be played very physically with broad choices. *(29 lines)*
- AGENT 1 (m) He is the straight man secret agent. As earnest and dedicated as Joe Friday on *Dragnet*, he is ultimately ineffective. *(64 lines)*
- AGENT FINKELSTEIN (m) The nerd turned secret agent. He obviously has a history with Marisol. *(58 lines)*
- DIRECTOR (m) A Cecille B. Demille type complete with beret and riding crop. *(5 lines)*
- POLITICIAN (m) Slick and always calculating for the most votes. He has a little bit of the used car salesman in him. *(9 lines)*
- NARRATOR (m) This character should channel Edward R. Murrow. *(1 line)*

WIFE (f).....A joyless shrew of a woman. Primarily interested in the professor's ability to provide something of value. In the original production she starts drinking in the middle of the play and gets increasingly intoxicated. This, however, can be omitted if produced by a school for obvious reasons. (40 lines)

MARISOL (f).....A beautiful secretary with a crush on her boss. Kind and dedicated, but not overly bright. (94 lines)

ASSISTANT (m/f).....A toady to the politician. (5 lines)

GIRL SCOUT 1 (f)Adorable but creepy little robots that are dressed as Girl Scouts. (35 lines)

GIRL SCOUT 2 (f)Adorable but creepy little robots that are dressed as Girl Scouts. (26 lines)

CAMERAMAN (m/f)(Non-Speaking)

SISTER LURLEEN (f)The archetypical church lady, but she is the do-gooder who does too much! (14 lines)

SISTERS: Five Sisters who blindly follow Sister Lurleen.

SISTER 1 (f)(10 lines)

SISTER 2 (f)(9 lines)

SISTER 3 (f)(9 lines)

SISTER 4 (f)(12 lines)

SISTER 5 (f)Half Blind and half deaf she mishears everything and provides commentary at exactly the wrong time. (2 lines)

SCIENTISTS: Four typical nerdy Scientists. They shouldn't be played as absent-minded professors, but as completely archetypical science types.

SCIENTIST 1 (m).....(28 lines)

SCIENTIST 2 (m).....(16 lines)

SCIENTIST 3 (m/f)(15 lines)

SCIENTIST 4 (m/f)(14 lines)

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REPORTERS: Five hard-hitting 1940's reporter who is only worried about deadlines.

REPORTER 1 (m)(11 lines)

REPORTER 2 (m)(10 lines)

REPORTER 3 (m/f).....(9 lines)

REPORTER 4 (m/f).....(10 lines)

REPORTER 5 (m/f).....(18 lines)

DOUBLING OPTIONS: The roles of SCIENTIST 3 and 4 can be combined with SCIENTIST 1 and 2. The roles of REPORTER 3, 4, and 5 can be combined with REPORTER 1 and 2 to accommodate a smaller cast

CUTTING: If the play is being performed at a festival or competition, it must be entered and listed in all programs and advertising under its real title. Directors are allowed to cut or alter characters as necessary to accommodate festival or competition rules.

DURATION: 45 minutes

SETTING

Simple interior. A 1940's mad scientist's laboratory. Stylized interpretations are encouraged. In the original production rear projection was used for the parts of the professor's machinery and to project the newsreel later in the play. This is not entirely necessary, but encouraged as it adds a dimension. Other required items are some sort of scientific looking machinery or equipment and some sort of shrine to the professor with a life sized doll of him for Marisol to use. This can be rolled on from offstage if necessary.

COSTUMES

As much as possible stereotypical 1940's dress is used. Stylized 1940's costumes would also be very effective for all other characters. Suggestions: Steam punk style can be used for the professor's outfit if desired. Consider incorporating makeup simulating Roy Lichtenstein pop art images. Above all else the designers and director of your production have complete freedom to interpret as desired.

PROPS

- Clipboards for Scientists.
- Notepads for Reporters and Secret Agents.
- Cookies for Girl Scouts. Consider using a little red wagon for them to pull behind them loaded with cookies.
- A life sized doll of the Professor character (as close as possible in size and dressed like the professor).
- Bibles for the church ladies.
- A microphone for the narrator if he appears on stage.
- A megaphone and
- Riding crop for the Director.

AUTHOR'S NOTES

Feel free to paint with broad brush strokes. The more extreme choice is usually better for the characters as well as the set, costumes and makeup. This can be played campy, slapstick or tongue-in-cheek as desired. The professor's physicality is of utmost importance. He should be a ragdoll when in his fugue state and highly animated when awake.

THE DROWSY PROFESSOR

PRODUCTION HISTORY

The Drowsy Professor premiered on November 3rd, 2011 at The Edward Zompa Auditorium at Bob Jones High School in Madison, Alabama with the following cast.

THE PROFESSOR -----	Brandon Mallette
MARISOL -----	Olivia Skillern
WIFE -----	Mallory Glover
AGENT 1 -----	Isaac Espy
AGENT FINKELSTEIN -----	Zach Fitzgibbon
GIRL SCOUT 1 -----	Hannah Diamant
GIRL SCOUT 2 -----	Marissa Kennard
SCIENTIST 1 -----	Nick Mecikalski
SCIENTIST 2 -----	Aaditya Madhwesh
SCIENTIST 3 -----	Alex Stratton
SCIENTIST 4 -----	Zaylin Yates
REPORTER 1 -----	Josh Mayfield
REPORTER 2 -----	Lauren Payne
REPORTER 3 -----	Carter Palek
REPORTER 4 -----	Darien Harris
REPORTER 5 -----	Alaina Boukedes
SISTER LURLEEN -----	Kendall Kingsford
SISTER 1 -----	Kaylie Vinson
SISTER 2 -----	Emily King
SISTER 3 -----	Alecia Benson
SISTER 4 -----	Tori Weldon
POLITICIAN -----	Brigham Parker
ASSISTANT -----	Mark Parsons
DIRECTOR -----	Ladarius Prince
NARRATOR -----	Michael Herbeck

AWARDS

- BEST IN SHOW AWARD: Alabama Conference of Theatre - State Festival 2011
- RUNNER UP BEST SHOW: Southeastern Theatre Conference Secondary Play Festival 2012
- STARRED PERFORMANCE: Minnesota State Theatre Festival 2012

FESTIVAL ADJUDICATORS' COMMENTS

“What a strong piece. What a charming show.”

–Kristy Meanor, Alabama Conference of Theatre Festival Adjudicator

“Bravo!”

–K. Martin, Southeastern Conference of Theatre, Festival Adjudicator

“What a fun, intelligent premise.”

–Elaine Hubbard, Alabama Conference of Theatre Festival Adjudicator

“Very well written farce.”

–Lee Sochocla, Alabama Conference of Theatre Festival Adjudicator

“Very accomplished playwrighting...themes developed underneath the textual repetition and farcical action.”

–David G. Muller, Alabama Conference of Theatre Festival Adjudicator

“How totally fun was this!”

–John Spiegel, Alabama Conference of Theatre Festival Adjudicator

Dedicated to Mary Davis, my sister and partner in the theatre always.

THE DROWSY PROFESSOR

AT RISE: *In the Professor's laboratory. The PROFESSOR is working his machinery frantically when MARISOL enters.*

PROFESSOR: Oh my...oh my...there it is...yes, yes I see it...I see it clearly.

MARISOL: Professor?

PROFESSOR: Ssshhhh! Please stop that infernal racket Marisol, can't you see I'm on the verge of the greatest discovery in all of science ...and all you do is interrupt!

MARISOL: Professor, aren't you ready for dinner? You have been at it for hours.

PROFESSOR: Shhhhh I say! The cyclotron is only stable for the duration of...oh my...there it is again.

MARISOL: But professor, I made your favorite...and it's getting cold while you—

PROFESSOR: And they said it couldn't be done...they said it was impossible...

MARISOL: Now don't excite yourself too much...you remember what happened the last time you made a discovery professor? Now we don't need to let that happen again do we?

PROFESSOR: Indeed. Oh my! And they said it was impossible, well we certainly have showed them Marisol! My discovery is...why it's simply...

MARISOL: I'm sure it's a very nice discovery professor...I think ALL of your discoveries are nice professor? But, you know what happens when you get excited. You have one of your "sleeping" spells.

PROFESSOR: You see, by using a charged hydrogen ion accelerated to a fraction of relativistic speeds, I can produce a field of charged particles which can be used to...oh never mind...I can see you aren't quite ready for that level of thought, you can't possibly understand. I've made a discovery Marisol! A discovery!

MARISOL: I understand perfectly well professor! I am your secretary, and I read all of your mail, I also watch you work every day, those long, lonely hours in the laboratory, just you, working, and me, watching...watching you measure this, watching you adjust that, watching you calibrate, and investigate and calculate...I like it when you calculate...sometimes, when you take a nap in the laboratory, I even watch you sleep.

The PROFESSOR is thoroughly engrossed with his machinery and only occasional utters an "oh my" and "yes, yes, yes".

PROFESSOR: But this time Marisol I have made a discovery using radio astronomy, R.A.D.I.O astronomy, that's astronomy via the radiographic lines of the universe. *(Working furiously at the knobs on his telescope device.)* The cyclotron is working and all I have to do is adjust the frequency here and I will have it...proof of my discovery! My discovery of...*(Falls asleep.)*

MARISOL: Professor, I know that I slaved over a hot stove for hours making a *(Over-enunciating and spelling it out with special emphasis.)* m.e.a.t.l.o.a.f. and all you want to do is stare at some fancy radiowhatsit and cyclo-sumthinornother...it's meatloaf, you love meatloaf!

PROFESSOR: Hmmm, meatloaf, I do love meatloaf...oh my, stop distracting me Marisol! Don't you know what this discovery will mean? Can you possibly comprehend?

MARISOL: I know that the meatloaf is getting cold professor, and we all know that cold meatloaf can do to a man. We've all seen it in the newsreels before.

PROFESSOR: Oh my, Marisol, give me my slide rule, why according to my calculations this discovery Marisol could potentially be the most important of all time.

MARISOL: YOU saw it in the newsreels too...our brave boys facing the cold, unrelenting guns and bayonets of the enemy...*(Shudders visibly.)*

PROFESSOR: And they said that those boys at Los Alamos were smart, they merely discovered an atom bomb, not nearly the importance of MY discovery.

THE DROWSY PROFESSOR

During the next speech MARISOL works her way over to the other side of the room and retrieves the slide rule, she keeps the rousing WWII propagandaa-like speech building throughout until reaching the crescendo as the PROFESSOR reaches his.

MARISOL: ...and then returning to camp to find only the harsh, bitter, evil of a cold baked meat dish...

PROFESSOR: Oh my...simply incredible! Simply amazing! This will make all other discoveries before mine obsolete...Marisol! Call the institute... Oh My

MARISOL: Why, making a stand for meatloaf is like making a stand for truth...

PROFESSOR: Oh my there it is! Yes I see it!

MARISOL: *(Aside, on the phone.)* Yes, this is the professor's office calling, connect me with the Director of the Institute.

PROFESSOR: Marisol, the Justice department! They'll need to prepare the legal briefs...Wait! THE PRESIDENT!! He'll have to preside over the announcement of this discovery...stop everything! The POPE, we'll need prayers if I've really found...

MARISOL: *(Aside on the phone.)* Why of course it's important, the professor says it involves the president, the justice department and the POPE!

PROFESSOR: Oh my, Marisol, why, according to my calculations...this is... *(Overcome by what he is seeing on his slide rule, this is his last gasp before passing out.)* discovery...this could mean...you had better call my wife...*(Collapses.)*

MARISOL: *(Reaction to the mention of his wife.)* Call your wife? I'd rather call Stalin? *(To the phone.)* Oh, hello, this is the Professor calling for the Director, Can you hold one moment. *(Sets down the phone and tries to wake the PROFESSOR.)* Professor?...Oh, professor?...Professor, I have the Institute on the phone.

PROFESSOR: *(Wakes for a moment and grasps at MARISOL.)* Don't you understand? I've discovered...*(Passes out again.)*

MARISOL: Professor! This is not the time for one of your sleeping spells...*(Goes back to the phone, imitating the PROFESSOR and talking very quickly.)* oh my, oh my...Director, it's good to hear from you, I've just been making some discoveries and wanted to tell you about them, but...um...oh my...the cycloradiofrequency machinethingy is on fire...I'll call you back!

MARISOL: *(Tries to rouse the PROFESSOR.)* Professor? You should not tell me to call the Director of the institute if you are going to take a nap. You know he said not to call unless you had made a discovery.

Checks him over again...checks his pulse and breathing, concludes that he is all right.

MARISOL: Well fine I guess it's ok if you take your nap then

Another knock on the door.

Well, now professor, it simply isn't dignified for a man of your stature to nap at a time like this. What if it's the committee from the institute coming to see your work? If they knew you had sleeping spells every time you got excited, why they would...they can't find you napping!

MARISOL sits the PROFESSOR up where he immediately falls back into a heap. She tries at least one more time.

They'll never take your discovery serious if you are napping when they come.

Knocking again. She straightens herself, brushes off her costume and then, casually strolls over to opening in the set. She leans toward the opening and in her best "professional" voice.

Professor's laboratory.

AGENT 1: Open the door Ma'am.

THE DROWSY PROFESSOR

MARISOL: The professor is currently taking a...um, the professor is currently engaged with his most recent DISCOVERY, he can't be interrupted by anyone from the institute currently...

AGENT 1: We aren't with the institute, we are with the government ma'am, and we interrupt everyone.

MARISOL: The Professor is busy right now.

AGENT 1: We know that the professor is currently napping

MARISOL: He is not he is using his slide rule to work on his new "discovery" (*She goes to the unconscious professor and forces the slide rule into his hands and operates it violently.*) and he can't be distracted. You don't want to take him away from his DISCOVERY do you? (*Imitating the PROFESSOR'S voice and operating him like a puppet.*) Um...oh my, oh my, oh my...my discovery is not yet finished and you should come back another day, but my secretary, Marisol, has a lovely meatloaf in the kitchen if you are interested...

AGENT 1: We see you doing that too.

MARISOL: Really?

AGENT 1: Yes, really, and there is a window by the door.

MARISOL: Oh...yeah...well...ok, I'm coming.

Enter AGENT 1 and AGENT FINKELSTEIN.

AGENT 1: Good evening ma'am, I am Agent 1 with the OSS. You are the professor's secretary...correct?

MARISOL: OSS?

AGENT 1: Office of Scientific Services

MARISOL: Oh.

AGENT 1: SS...just to verify, your name is Marisol, you were born October 22nd at 7:18 in the evening, you are left handed, prefer vanilla ice cream over chocolate, have no allergies, dated Freddy Finkelstein in the 8th grade, but only kissed him once although he promised you his undying love, You wear a bra size—

MARISOL: Ok, you guys really do see everything.

AGENT 1: Uncle Sam and the OSS know everything there is to know about you ma'am. (*Menacingly.*) EVERYTHING!

MARISOL: So, are you some sort of G-man?

AGENT 1: *(Laughs.)* Hardly! We don't have to play by the same rules as G-men. Enough chitter-chatter. *(Introducing G-man 2 as he enters)* Junior Agent Finkelstein here will ask the rest of the questions.

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: Now?

AGENT 1: Yes, now!

MARISOL: Freddy? But...you are so thin...you used to be, well—

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: That's agent Finkelstein to you ma'am.

MARISOL: But Freddy, don't you remember me?

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: The federal government remembers you, that's all that matters.

Remembering AGENT FINKELSTEIN and their first date, she steps on the PROFESSOR either getting closer to AGENT FINKELSTEIN, or moving away from him.

MARISOL: Well, I remember you Freddy...you were a little fresh with me for a first date, how could I forget...only you aren't "FAT Freddy Finkelstein" anymore.

The PROFESSOR roused by her stepping on/over him gasps out a word and then collapses.

PROFESSOR: My Discovery!

Realizing that she stepped on him, she rushes back to his side and cradles his head vigorously against her bosom.

MARISOL: Oh, Professor! It's okay. It's not the institute. They aren't here for your discovery!

AGENT 1: Actually, that is exactly what we're here for. The Professor's discovery is of a sensitive nature...

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: As I am sure you are already aware...

AGENT 1: And must be treated as a matter of national security. Individual security doesn't matter nearly as much as national security when it comes to discoveries that may have.

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: Military applications.

AGENT 1: Political ramifications.

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: Economic implications.

AGENT 1: Or in the case of discoveries that may cause.

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: Social Destabilization.

AGENT 1: Monetary inflation.

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: Class stratification.

AGENT 1: No, individual security is far outweighed by national security in cases such as these...

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: And since the Professor is an individual...

AGENT 1: And the nation has entrusted us with its security...

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: We must secure him...

AGENT 1 and AGENT FINKELSTEIN: ...and his discovery.

AGENT 1: Particularly his discovery.

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: You wouldn't, by chance, know what the Professor's discovery is, would you? Because the manual is very clear about drowsy Professors.

AGENT 1: Junior Agent Finkelstein here is still in training.

MARISOL: Oh, him, of course...sometimes he gets so excited that he just, kinda nods off a little...or if it's really exciting, he just takes kinda takes a little nap right where he is.

AGENT 1: Hmmm...I see, naps.

MARISOL: It's really cute when he does the nap thing. (*Longingly.*)

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: You don't know what his discovery is? Do you?

MARISOL: Well...I'll only tell you, if you promise to keep the Professor safe.

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: Affirmative!

This sequence needs to be a series of revelations to MARISOL, and with each one the AGENTS get hopeful, then lose hope, get hopeful again, lose hope again etc.

MARISOL: I let the Professor know that the meatloaf was ready...then I think he said he heard something on the radio...then I let the Professor know that the meatloaf was getting cold...then I think he said something about astrology...that's when he asked me to call the Pope.

At this point the two AGENTS simultaneously grab the PROFESSOR underneath his arms and begin to drag him offstage.

WIFE: MMMMMAAAARRRIIISSSSOOOOLLLL!

AGENT 1: We'd better take the Professor with us.

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: For security sake.

MARISOL: You've met his Wife too?!

From Offstage, obvious in this woman's voice is that she is neither pleasant, nor easily pleased by anyone. She is in fact a gold-digging, shrew of a woman.

WIFE: MMMMMAAAARRRIIISSSSOOOOLLLL!

MARISOL: Do you two carry guns?

Both AGENTS nod, MARISOL is visibly relieved at this. From Offstage.

WIFE: MMMMMAAAARRRIIISSSSOOOOLLLL! *(Entering, and removing her expensive fur coat and gloves and hat, she strolls around the lab inspecting things and not noticing the two AGENTS or MARISOL.)* Marisol, where is that good for nothing husband of mine? I simply can't stand it when he doesn't leave me any money when he knows I am going shopping.

MARISOL: Um...ma'am...

WIFE: Oh, there you are Marisol. Why on earth didn't you say anything sooner? You really are the worst secretary in the world. Do you know that? I get so tired of you making goo-goo eyes at my husband. I simply can't stand it.

MARISOL: Um...ma'am...

MARISOL points to the PROFESSOR and the two AGENTS holding him up. WIFE seeing her husband for the first time.

WIFE: And what in heaven's name is he doing napping in the middle of the day?

AGENT 1: Maam, we—

WIFE: And who do you two dullards think you are?

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: Well, we—

WIFE: Don't tell me my scientist, Professor, so called genius of a husband has started drinking during the day now, not that it would surprise me. If he was such a genius, well then, you would think he could do something useful...I bet you Mrs. Einstein never had to wait for a sale to buy a new dress.

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: Ma'am, we are—

WIFE: And wouldn't you know it, then he enters into a binding commitment with the government (*Looks at them like they are idiots.*) WITH THE GOVERNMENT! "Why would anyone ever trust a government with your discoveries or your paycheck?" I told him. Did he listen?

MARISOL: Ma'am...the Professor—

WIFE: Why, governments are notorious for stealing the thoughts right out of intelligent peoples' heads, just look at what happens to all of the politicians when they get elected, they become as dumb as the people who voted for them

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: But ma'am we are the government!

WIFE: Well, government or not, the Professor had better make some sort of discovery soon, especially if he's going to lie around napping or spend the day drinking his dimwit friends here, why they look almost stupid enough to work for the government too.

Dropping the PROFESSOR to pull their coats aside to display the very obvious pistols concealed underneath.

AGENT 1: Ma'am, we are the government.

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: And we don't believe in fun.

MARISOL: (*Encouraged by the presence of the AGENTS, but hiding behind them because the WIFE still scares her.*) And for your information, the Professor has made the most amazing discovery of all time!

WIFE: Is that so?

AGENT 1: That's correct ma'am, a truly remarkable discovery.

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: One of dramatic importance to the country.

AGENT 1: Possibly the world.

MARISOL: (*Topping the two AGENTS and happy to let the WIFE know.*) It may even be important to the whole solar system.

AGENT 1: I saw it with my own two eyes.

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: And I heard him describe it.

WIFE: So, this Discovery he's made, it's important?

AGENT 1: Important enough to involve the Pentagon.

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: And the President.

MARISOL: And the Pope.

WIFE: *(Entire mood changes, she is thinking dollar signs.)* Well, well, well...I always knew there was a chance he might stumble onto something worthwhile. *(Walks over to the phone and dials as she gives the following speech.)* Why, just the other day I was saying to my husband, "We live in the modern world now, where smarts are measured in dollars not sense!" *(Aside to phone.)* Harvey Finkelbaum please.

AGENT FINKELSTEIN and AGENT 1 grab PROFESSOR under the arms and drag him over towards WIFE and the phone.

AGENT 1: Ma'am, who is Harvey Finkelbaum?

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: According to the manual all discoveries deemed to be of national security importance MUST remain secret!

MARISOL: Oohh, they've got you there. You can't go against the manual.

WIFE: Oh, posh, we can't keep this secret, such an amazing discovery, I simply have to let our patent lawyer know. *(Aside to phone.)* Harvey, darling, yes, he's finally done it, a major discovery, that's right, what did you say he discovered?

MARISOL: Um...it's...something major.

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: Something important.

AGENT 1: Something mysterious.

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: And something vvvveerrrrryy secret!

MARISOL: Tittle tattle lost the battle!

WIFE: SHHHH! *(Back to the phone.)* Yes Harvey, I'm here...of course I know secret discoveries are harder to sell. *(Aside to phone overlapping lines, back to AGENTS.)* You wouldn't believe it, but Harvey already has the press on their way over...good then ta ta!

AGENT 1: Ma'am, please hang up the phone

MARISOL: I think you may have to shoot her.

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: According to the manual, if she doesn't hang up on the third try, then we can shoot her!

AGENT 1: Ma'am, please hang up the phone.

MARISOL: What does the manual say about me shooting her, Freddy?

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: That's Agent Finkelstein to you!

MARISOL: Just trying to help...geez...touchy! And "feely" if I remember...

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: That's Agent...wait a minute...I did not!

AGENT 1: Ma'am, please hang up the phone!

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: That's Three!

He goes for gun in jacket, but is stopped by AGENT 1.

AGENT 1: There are exceptions to the manual.

Knocking at the door, everyone freezes.

MARISOL: *(Brightly.)* I'll get it!

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: No! New discoveries are always dangerous.

AGENT 1: Especially when they are first made.

MARISOL: But a knocking door is an invitation to discover who is on the other side of it.

AGENT 1: We only have personnel to handle one discovery at a time.

Knocking again.

MARISOL: It could be someone important.

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: Or it could be a spy!

WIFE: Or it could be the press.

AGENT 1: This discovery is more important than a "someone".

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: It's not something we need to share with the average Joe.

AGENT 1: It's not that we don't value every citizen.

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: We just know how these things go.

MARISOL: It could be the Pope!

AGENT 1: First someone discovers something. Then someone learns how to use it.

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: The next thing you know, it's all out of control.

AGENT 1: And the public starts to abuse it.

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: We can't have discoveries being shared by everybody who has a good idea.

AGENT 1: That's just not the American way.

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: We have to control discoveries like this for your own good.

AGENT 1: And as long as we have the guns [May use Badges in place of guns.], we have the say!

This prompts the two AGENTS to take the PROFESSOR by the arms and begin dragging him to the other side of the room to hide him. MARISOL exits SR and immediately two small prototypical GIRL SCOUTS rush in with MARISOL chasing behind.

GIRL SCOUT 1: Greetings!

GIRL SCOUT 2: Hello, homeowner.

GIRL SCOUT 1: Is the lady of the house in?

GIRL SCOUT 2: If not, may we speak to the man of the house?

GIRL SCOUT 1: We represent Lady Adventurer Troop 308.

GIRL SCOUT 2: We are the lady tigers.

GIRL SCOUT 1: *(Growls ferociously.)* Gggrrrrr!!!!

GIRL SCOUT 2: And we hoped we could interest you in the greatest discovery of all time.

AGENT 1 and AGENT FINKELSTEIN look at each other knowingly, and drop the PROFESSOR again as soon as they hear "discovery". When they drop the PROFESSOR, he exclaims.

PROFESSOR: My discovery!!

They immediately move to take up menacing positions around the little GIRL SCOUTS. MARISOL hurries to the PROFESSOR'S side.

AGENT 1: What would you know about discoveries little girl?

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: They know more than they are letting on.

GIRL SCOUT 1: *(Completely unfazed by the two AGENTS.)* You too, can own a box of the greatest discovery...

GIRL SCOUT 2: In flavor and texture...

GIRL SCOUT 1 and GIRL SCOUT 2: ...to ever be baked into a cookie!

GIRL SCOUT 2: Every box helps troop 308.

GIRL SCOUT 1: Be the best lady tigers...

GIRL SCOUT 2: Gggrrrrrrrr!

GIRL SCOUT 1: That we can be!

WIFE: See, that's how you make a discovery work for you! You sell it! You don't keep it secret!

AGENT 1: Some discoveries need to be kept secret no matter how well they sell.

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: Or who buys them!

GIRL SCOUT 1: Our troop mother says some discoveries...

GIRL SCOUT 2: Can open your eyes...

GIRL SCOUT 1: But that others...

GIRL SCOUT 2: Just add pounds to your thighs.

Both GIRL SCOUTS look directly at WIFE'S thighs and she reacts.

WIFE: Children always think cookies are the greatest discovery ever made.

GIRL SCOUT 1: How many boxes would you like Mr.?

Knock at the door.

MARISOL: Maybe that's the Pope? *(Exits to answer the door.)*

AGENT 1: *(To agent FINKELSTEIN.)* I don't like the looks of those two

AGENT FINKELSTEIN: They do look suspicious.

GIRL SCOUT 1 and GIRL SCOUT 2 star off into space with completely blank looks or big, over the top smiles, they obviously have drank the Kool-Aid and are completely brainwashed into cookie selling robots.

BY B. DWAYNE CRAFT

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