

# **HYPNOTIZED!**

**By Murray Austin**

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## CHARACTERS

### Dreamers

Keesha (F)  
Brandi (F)  
Roger (M)  
Doctor (M or F)

### Mall

Desiree (F)  
Jeanette (F)  
Sandy (F)  
Lost (M or F)  
Found (M or F)

### Classroom

Ms. or Mr. Brown (M or F. . . preferably female)  
Kelly (M or F)  
Jordan (M or F)  
Chris (M or F)  
Clarise (F)

### Pirate Ship

Pirate (M or F)  
Urchin #1 (M or F)  
Urchin #2 (M or F)

### Convenience Store

Customer (M or F)  
Clerk (F)  
Photographer (M or F)

### Wedding

Bride (F)  
Salesperson (M or F)  
Justice-of-the-Peace (M)  
Other Bride (M or F)

Any of "Mall" and "Classroom" characters may double as "Pirate Ship," "Convenience Store," and "Wedding" characters.

**PROPS LIST**

**ACT I**

SCENE 1

Piece of rope (Doctor)

SCENE 2

3 shopping bags (Jeanette,

Sandy, Desiree)

Bottled water (Desiree)

Piece of paper (Found)

SCENE 3

5 chairs or desks (students)

Test papers (Ms. Brown)

Marker (Ms. Brown)

2 pens (Chris)

2 pens (Brandi, Kelly, Jordan)

Piece of aluminum foil (Chris)

Roll of clear tape (Kelly)

Coins and a couple of dollars  
(Chris)

Coins and a couple of dollars  
(Brandi)

SCENE 4

4 chairs (rowers)

Sound effect of big splash

Bottle with lotto ticket inside  
(Pirate)

**ACT II**

SCENE 1

Taped-up lotto ticket (Roger)

2 pieces of paper (Clerk)

Party hat (Clerk)

Noise-maker (Clerk)

Confetti (Clerk)

Camera (Photographer)

Sunglasses (Photographer)

Pen (Roger)

4 quarters (Clerk)

Papers (Salesperson)

Several noise makers

Several envelopes

SCENE 2

Camera (Photographer)

## PRODUCTION NOTES

**COSTUMES:** In the mall scene, Jeanette, Sandy, and Desiree should wear nice, preppy-looking clothes. The shopping bags they carry should be from upscale-looking stores.

In the classroom scene, Brandi should wear hard-sole shoes for her attempted tap dance routine.

Clarise should wear a red ribbon; a peach dress wouldn't hurt, but isn't necessary.

Rowers in the Pirate scene should dress alike, with old shorts, matching black or white shirts (old, ratty, no writing on them), and a homemade or cheap paper hat. They should go barefoot throughout this scene. Pirate should be dressed either in full pirate attire or as close as possible; at least a pirate hat and/or eye patch. Pirate should also go barefoot.

Other Bride should dress in old wig and an old, ugly, out-of-date dress.

**NOTES ON PERFORMANCE:** In the mall scene, Desiree should have decorated paper taped around the entire water bottle. This way the audience can't tell it isn't full. Each time Keesha can appear to quickly down the entire bottle. It might be nice to have *some* water inside, in order to let a bit spill over onto Keesha's chin and shirt when she finishes, thus further giving the illusion of drinking it.

In the pirate scene, a plank can be extended from SR area to off stage, or the plank can simply be pantomimed. Even a long roll of paper, colored brown, can serve as the pirate plank.

Part of the humor of the wedding party should be in how quickly it takes place and is over. Everything there should go at a breakneck pace, with actors running on and off stage.

Other Bride can be any other character, as his or her face shouldn't ever be completely exposed. An old wig should cover eyes and much of the face. If a larger male is used, he can actually lift the horrified Roger in both of their scenes together.

At curtain call, a fun suggestion would be to have Desiree stand beside Keesha and continue offering her a bottled water.

*Dedicated to Laura, Hannah and Nathaniel*

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### ACT I

#### ACT I, SCENE 1

**SETTING:** At the psychiatrist's office.

*AT RISE: Doctor stands slightly left of center stage, facing audience. Also facing audience, standing center stage, is KEESHA, BRANDI, and ROGER. This may be played in front of curtain, if desired.*

DOCTOR: *(toward audience)* "To sleep, per chance to dream. Tis night, that most fateful time when dreams are struck."

KEESHA, BRANDI, ROGER: *(repeating)* "When dreams are struck."

DOCTOR: *(in a soothing voice)* You are very sleepy now.

KEESHA: Surprisingly sleepy, receiving a restful slumber.

BRANDI: Perfect sleep, so dreams can come.

ROGER: Think poison ivy on a hot summer's day.

DOCTOR: *(beat)* Count backward slowly.

KEESHA: Take your time.

BRANDI: Go backward.

ROGER: But count in Portuguese. I've always wanted to learn Portuguese.

DOCTOR: *(beat)* 100, 99, 98. . .

KEESHA: You're wafting in the air, back and forth.

BRANDI: Drifting along, floating on your own personal parachute. . .

ROGER: . . .until the strings are suddenly cut, plummeting you to earth at 200 miles an hour.

DOCTOR: *(beat)* 97, 96, 95. . .

KEESHA: You see a white, billowy cloud. . .

BRANDI: . . .as all worries slip away

ROGER: . . .except for fears of global warming, world poverty, and nuclear annihilation.

DOCTOR: *(beat)* 94, 93, 92. . .

KEESHA: You can barely hold your eyes open.

BRANDI: Eyelids are getting heavy now.

ROGER: Extremely heavy. . . like *you'll* all be in ten years.

***(Pause, while everyone slowly turns and gives ROGER a strange look. ROGER shrugs like, "What did I say?" Others slowly turn to original positions.)***

DOCTOR: 91, 90, 89. . .

KEESHA: You're reaching a state of transcendental consciousness.

BRANDI: A state of nirvana.

ROGER: The state of Kentucky.

DOCTOR: ***(beat)*** 88, 87, 86. . . In a moment, I'm going to snap my fingers.

KEESHA: You'll be fast asleep.

BRANDI: Finally dreaming. . . after all this time.

ROGER: Try not to completely mess it up.

***(CHRIS snaps fingers on both hands, and KEESHA, BRANDI, and ROGER's heads immediately sink, and each is asleep on his or her feet. DOCTOR carefully turns KEESHA to the left, then moves BRANDI up behind her, and places BRANDI's hands on KEESHA's shoulders, and ROGER's hands on BRANDI's shoulders, then places KEESHA's hands on own shoulders and snaps fingers on one hand. HE proceeds to walk toward exit, with others, heads still down and eyes closed. After a few steps, ROGER drops hands and starts veering off the other direction. DOCTOR stops, gets ROGER in position again, then once more leads them off. All exit.)***

***(Curtain opens and some different colored or styled lighting should be used; something otherworldly. All actors except DOCTOR, KEESHA, BRANDI, and ROGER are onstage. The actors move slowly over stage, looking around with a sense of awe and wonder, as if admiring a beautiful landscape. After a few seconds, actors should ad-lib, "Too cool," "I haven't seen this before," "Where am I," "What's going on," etc. Actors ad-lib for a few seconds before JEANETTE breaks through with the initial line.)***

JEANETTE: ***(looking around, in wonder and awe)*** It's just incredible.

It's like my eyes are opening for the very first time.

DESIREE: I feel so fresh and alive. It reminds me of deep-sea fishing in Florida.

CHRIS: It's off the chain, dude!

***(These next lines should overlap. As the first actor is finishing line, next actor should speak the underlined portion in unison with previous actor. Speakers should try to be somewhat in downstage area. All actors are still wandering about, looking around.)***

JORDAN: This place is other-worldly. Oh my! Who knows? Maybe, just maybe, this could be my destiny.

SANDY: Maybe, just maybe, this could be my destiny. Perhaps I'll meet a pirate. **(looks around)** Part of me floats on this grand stage of possibilities, and I hope against hope that I've reached the wonderful Camelot I seek. Surely this. . .

KELLY: . . .that I've reached the wonderful Camelot I seek. Surely this can't be the big test I'm supposed to take in the morning. I couldn't pass that test, even in my wildest dreams. (pauses, pondering) Dreams. . . huh. You know, I wonder if this is a dream. . . all a dream. . . nothing but a wild, fanciful dream.

ALL: . . .if this is a dream. . . all a dream. . . nothing but a wild, fanciful dream.

*(Long pause; One key person should be downstage to give a subtle signal to the other actors, so all may end the pause and say these next lines simultaneously. Each person should direct their lines to someone close-by.)*

ALL: But it's my dream. All mine. . . **(point)** . . .not yours!

*(Long pause, actors freeze, then suddenly everyone starts to leave. The pace should now be faster and more chaotic, as actors make their way to the exit furthest from them. On the way out, actors should ad-lib lines like "Are you crazy," "This is nuts," "Interfering in a person's dream," "Get out of the way," "Ewww, don't touch me," "What's your problem anyway," etc. All exit.)*

*(Lights down.)*

END OF SCENE

## ACT I, SCENE 2

SETTING: Shopping Mall

**AT RISE:** JEANETTE, SANDY, and DESIREE stand SL, miming conversation, with exaggerated, preppy gestures. Each has a shopping bag.

KEESHA: **(enters SR, frantically looking around)** Oooh. Oooh. Clarise! **(beat)** Clarise! This absolutely, positively can't be happening. **(louder)** Clarise! **(hands on hips, looking around; to herself)** She'd better not be playing games. **(long and drawn out)**

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C-L-A-R-I-S-E! (**approaches others**) Pardon me? I seem to have lost track of my little sister.

JEANETTE: Lost track? Does your sister have a GPS device? You can always track with GPS.

KEESHA: She isn't in a car. She's somewhere in the mall. Have you seen her? (**indicates**) She's this tall, has curly hair, blue eyes, a red bow in her hair. . . oh, and she's wearing a peach colored dress. She's six and her name is Clarise. (**yells**) Clarise! (**looks around**)

DESIREE: (**pulls water bottle out of her bag**) Oh my goodness. You're upset. You need some water. Drink this. (**hands bottle to KEESHA**) It'll calm you down.

KEESHA: Thanks. (**grabs, turns up and drinks all, returns water bottle**)

DESIREE: Did that help?

KEESHA: Yes, thanks, but. . .

DESIREE: Wait up. (**rushes off SL**)

JEANETTE: Have you read *Jude the Obscure*, by Thomas Hardy? Something similar happened to Jude. Of course, it wasn't a little sister, and it didn't happen at a mall, but. . .

SANDY: (**interrupts**) Nothing ever happens at a mall. That's the beauty of a mall. People shop. Love . . . harmony . . . matching outfits . . .

JEANETTE and SANDY: (**dreamily**) . . . expensive shoes!

**(DESIREE enters with a bottle of water.)**

KEESHA: (**to SANDY and JEANETTE**) Do you mind? My little sister is missing.

DESIREE: Here. (**offers water**) Have another bottle of water.

KEESHA: Wh. . . why? What for?

DESIREE: It'll calm you down even more. Water has great medicinal value.

KEESHA: But I'm not thirsty. My sister. . .

DESIREE: Just drink it. I promise you'll feel better.

KEESHA: (**hesitates, flustered, looks around**) Oh, fine. (**annoyed, grabs the bottle and downs it, gives it back**) This *isn't* helping me. (**looks around**) This is a nightmare. Where is she? C-L-A-R-I-S-E! (**to others**) Have you seen anyone that fits the description of my little sister?

JEANETTE: Do you know how many (**makes quote marks with hands**) "little sisters" are running around here? You can't swing a dead Gucci bag without hitting a little sister.

SANDY: Have a heart, Jeanette. Can't you see the girl is hurting?

JEANETTE: You're right. (**to KEESHA**) I'm sorry. What was your sister like?

KEESHA: Was?

JEANETTE: Is. . . What *is* your sister like? Poor choice of words.

**(DESIREE exits.)**

SANDY: What are her hobbies? Does she read?

JEANETTE: Is your sister on Facebook or MySpace?

SANDY: And the big question. . .

JEANETTE AND SANDY: Does your little sister blog?

KEESHA: **(confused)** I. . . I. . . How does that help?

**(DESIREE enters with water bottle.)**

JEANETTE: In the long run, it could be very beneficial. They have cool new missing persons' techniques these days. Don't you ever watch TV?

DESIREE: **(holds out water bottle)**. Here. You need some water.

KEESHA: I don't want more water.

DESIREE: **(insisting)** But you have to!

KEESHA: No, I don't. **(looks around, nervously)** This isn't helping me find Clarise.

DESIREE: If you drink this, you'll be calmer, and if you're calmer, you'll have a better chance of finding your sister.

KEESHA: I'm NOT thirsty!

DESIREE: **(begging)** P-l-e-a-s-e-e!

KEESHA: I'm full now. Why do you want me to drink more?

DESIREE: Well . . .uh . . . um. . . It's just that . . . **(beat)** . . . my family has a lot of stock in bottled water companies . . . and they're not doing so well.

KEESHA: The companies?

DESIREE: No, my family. They spend money like they're movie stars or politicians. We need your business. Drink up.

KEESHA: **(looks at JEANETTE, a questioning gesture)** I can't believe this.

JEANETTE: **(puts hands up defensively)** Don't look at me. My family invested all their money in typewriters. . . **(shrugs)** . . .thought computers would never catch on with the public.

SANDY: Mine bought large shares of a company that makes 8-track music tapes. They're still expecting an 8-track comeback.

DESIREE: **(pause)** I might be able to help. . . **(looks up innocently, taps foot, moves bottle in her hand)** . . .i-i-i-i-f. . .

KEESHA: **(throws arms up in surrender)** Give it here, for crying out loud. **(snatches and drinks water, hands to DESIREE; sarcastically)** Are you happy now?

DESIREE: (*means it*) Oh yes, very. Soon, you'll be hooked. . . a regular customer.

KEESHA: (*shakes her head, then sighs, looks around, thinking*) Clarise was with me. She was playing with her new red bow. I remember, she was at my side, and I turned to look at this tall cowboy guy, and when I turned back. . .

JEANETTE, SANDY, DESIREE: (*All have been bored during KEESHA's comments, maybe filing nails, looking at watch, taking a quick peek at cell phone for messages. When they hear the words "Cowboy guy," all perk up, and talk over her last couple of words; in unison*) Cowboy guy!

JEANETTE: Cowboy, you say? Boots. . . grey western hat. . . red plaid shirt?

KEESHA: That's the one.

JEANETTE: You know where he got those clothes, don't you?

JEANETTE, SANDY, DESIREE: Elmo's Western Wear.

JEANETTE: Fitting the wild, wild, west. . .

SANDY: (*adding*) . . .and Des Moines. . .

DESIREE: . . .since 1803.

JEANETTE: Not in the same location, of course. The *mall* hasn't been here since 1803.

SANDY and DESIREE: Duh!

JEANETTE: Do you think they, like, had wild west shootouts in Dillards?

SANDY: She does.

JEANETTE: She does?

SANDY and DESIREE: She does!

**(DESIREE runs off SL; comes right back on.)**

JEANETTE: (*beat, shaking head*) Yeah, like, gunfight at Neiman Marcus. (*girls laugh*) That's really, really dumb.

SANDY: That's sooo wrong.

DESIREE: (*cheerfully holds out bottle*) How about some water. . . fresh from a mountain stream.

KEESHA: (*yells*) I don't want water! Leave me alone!

DESIREE: (*hands up, defensively*) Okay. Don't get all testy. Just thought you might be thirsty! (*beat*) It really does come from a mountain stream. . . (*beat, thinking*) . . .At least I think it does.

KEESHA: (*looking around, calling out*) Clarise! Clarise! Where are you, Clarise? (*to others*) Are you sure you haven't seen a girl looking lost and confused?

JEANETTE: Come to think of it, there was a girl shopping at Abercrombie & Fitch. . . (*condescending*) . . .wearing a Wal-Mart pullover.

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SANDY and DESIREE: Very lost. . . *very* confused.

KEESHA: (***moving side to side, growing more and more desperate***)

Oh, I can't believe this. I promised my mom I would look after Clarise. . . not take my eyes off her for a moment. . . be responsible for once. . . grow up finally. (***pulling her hair, frustrated***) Aaah! I can't believe I lost my sister. . . AGAIN!

DESIREE: (***beat***) Have you tried the lost and found department?

KEESHA: (***light goes on; snaps fingers***) That's it. Lost and Found. Why didn't I think of that?

JEANETTE: Why didn't I think to buy that cute little pink top at Dillards?

KEESHA: Would you know where Lost and Found is located? (***girls point in three different directions; KEESHA throws hands up***) I'm so "out of here." (***starts off, SR***) Thanks for nothing.

DESIREE: (***catches up with her***) Have some fresh, delicious mountain water before you go. You might need it.

KEESHA: (***pushes DESIREE with arm***) Stay away from me! (***exits***)

DESIREE: (***shrugs***) Suit yourself. Somebody has to drink this junk. (***takes drink***)

***(JEANETTE, SANDY, DESIREE exit, SL. LOST and FOUND enter, SL, and walk to center stage. KEESHA enters, SR, and approaches them, still looking around. Except for appropriate pauses, LOST and FOUND dialogue should be rapid-fire.)***

KEESHA: Lost and Found?

LOST: (***expansive arm gestures***) I'm Lost.

FOUND: (***same gestures***) And I'm Found.

LOST: Together. . .

LOST and FOUND: (***arms crossed, standing back to back***) . . .we're Lost and Found.

LOST: If I lose it. . .

FOUND: . . .I find it. After I find it. . .

LOST: I lose it.

FOUND: And if I lose it.

LOST and FOUND: (***pause, glance at each other***) . . .then we're in deep trouble. (***assume normal positions***)

KEESHA: Pardon me. I've lost my sister.

FOUND: You've lost her?

LOST: (***to FOUND***) She's lost her. She's doing *my* job.

FOUND: (***to LOST***) Probably expects me to find her.

LOST: (***to FOUND***) Probably thinks I lost her.

FOUND: (***to KEESHA***) Listen here. I don't lose, I find.

LOST: I don't find, I lose.

FOUND: (***points to LOST***) Loses anything not attached.

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LOST: Lost my grandmother's wedding ring. . . (**looks around embarrassed**) . . .and all her good silver.

FOUND: (**beat**) You been to the pawn shop again?

LOST: (**still embarrassed**) Yeah. . . well. . .

FOUND: (**beat; points**) He(**She**) lost Super Bowl thirty-four.

LOST: (**indicates with hands**) Only one yard short.

LOST and FOUND: (**shake heads**) Tackled at the. . . (**both put one finger up**) . . .one yard line.

LOST: I've lost every sport known to mankind.

FOUND: Including air hockey.

LOST: Lost my house.

KEESHA: Your house?

LOST: Poker game. That Texas Hold 'Em's a killer.

FOUND: (**beat**) Remember you lost your mind once?

LOST: And you found it.

FOUND: That four years in the mental ward couldn't have been easy.

LOST: Easier than my eight years in the White House.

FOUND: Is that when we lost civility in Washington?

KEESHA: Excuse me. My sister. . . I can't find her anywhere. She was right behind me, and . . .

FOUND: Do you want to fill out a claim's form?

LOST: (**to FOUND**) Can't. I lost it.

FOUND: (**pulls out paper**) Found it!

LOST: (**beat, to KEEHSA**) See how that works?

FOUND: If Lost didn't lose everything, I'd be unemployed.

LOST: (**proudly**) That makes me valuable.

FOUND: (**sarcastically**) Yeah. . . about like a '76 Ford Pinto.

LOST: (**to KEEHSA**) If he finds one, I'll drive it. And I know he will. It's a trust issue, really.

KEESHA: That's what *I'm* concerned about. My mom trusted me to take care of Clarise. And now she's gone. . . vanished. I can't find her anywhere. I'm desperate!

FOUND: And that's our problem. . . because you're desperate?

LOST: If you can't find a date, that's your own affair. (**beat**) Pardon the pun.

FOUND: You see, we lose and find things.

LOST and FOUND: We're not Dr. Phil. We're not psychiatrists.

KEESHA: (**grabs LOST and FOUND by the collar, threatening**) Help me. . . now! (**turns the shocked pair loose**)

FOUND: (**pause, collects self, clears throat**) Yes. . . well. . .

LOST: Exactly what do you need lost?

KEESHA: I need my sister. . . (**yells**) . . .found!

LOST: Good enough. (**to KEEHSA**) Describe the lost item.

KEESHA: It's not an item. It's my sister.

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LOST: Describe. . .

FOUND: . . .in detail.

KEESHA: Well, she's (**indicates**) this tall, has curly hair, blue eyes, red bow in her hair, peach-colored dress. She's six, and answers to Clarise.

FOUND: That's good enough.

LOST: You did well.

FOUND: *Very well.*

LOST: (**shakes KEESHA's hand**) Congratulations.

KEESHA: For what?

LOST: (**looks at FOUND, confused**) I. . . I'm not sure.

KEESHA: Aren't you going to look for Clarise?

LOST and FOUND: Who?

KEESHA: (**yells**) My sister! My sister!

LOST: (**beat**) Sure. Come back next week.

KEESHA: Next week? I need results. I need results now!

LOST: Now. . . right.

FOUND: Fine.

LOST: Beautiful.

FOUND: Marvelous.

LOST: What does he look like, this uncle of yours?

KEESHA: (**pause, shakes head in disbelief**) Sister! My sister!!

LOST: Oh. . . right.

FOUND: Fine.

LOST: Beautiful.

FOUND: Marvelous.

KEESHA: (**anxious**) You've got to hurry. The minutes are passing.

LOST: (**looks intently at watch**) You know, you're right. (**to FOUND**) She's absolutely right.

FOUND: (**looking at watch; very conversational**) Those minutes are zipping right along.

LOST: Time really flies, doesn't it?

KEESHA: (**moves away from them, frustrated**) Can't you look for her or make an announcement. . . or something?

LOST and FOUND: (**light goes on; to each other**) Aaaah! An announcement.

LOST: That's perfect!

FOUND: We can't lose with an announcement.

LOST: (**proudly**) Well. . . I can. Speak for yourself.

FOUND: Ma'am, you can wait in the lobby. We'll make the announcement next Friday at. . . (**looks at watch**)

**(KEESHA grabs his shirt collar)**

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... in exactly one minute.

KEESHA: **(lets go of FOUND's collar)** Fine. That's better. Do you need any more information?

FOUND: I think we're good. She's **(indicates)** this tall, curly hair, blue eyes, red ribbon, peach dress, six years old, Clarise.

KEESHA: That's perfect. Thank you.

FOUND: **(while facing audience and speaking, unbuttons and removes shirt, to show t-show below. It should either be a store bought "I'm with loser" shirt, with arrow pointing toward Loser, or a homemade shirt done with a thick marker.)** Give me a moment to get into uniform, Ma'am, and we'll reunite you with your loved one. **(wearing t-shirt)** There. All ready. **(Both give KEESHA a little salute and move toward exit, SL.)**

LOST: **(to FOUND)** I resent this uniform, you know.

FOUND: You shouldn't. It's purely informational.

LOST: And a little demeaning.

FOUND: Not at all. It's just a simple loss of dignity. **(both exit)**

**(As KEESHA starts to exit, SR, DESIREE rushes in, SL, water bottle in hand, and follows KEESHA out.)**

DESIREE: **(both walk toward exit as they talk)** How 'bout a nice cold bottle of water for the road.

KEESHA: I'm not thirsty.

DESIREE: P-I-e-a-s-e! You're **(indicates)** this close to being hooked. Just one more bottle.

KEESHA: Go away!

DESIREE: It's great for your complexion. **(rubs stomach)** Mmm! Delicious! It'll help you get dates. I heard you're desperate.

KEESHA: You've got a water obsession. Stay away from me.

DESIREE: Come on, be a sport.

**(Both exit; pause, then slowly and clearly, FOUND makes announcement from backstage on a microphone.)**

FOUND: **(on microphone, backstage; slowly and clearly)** Attention mall patrons and patronettes. We have a missing person's report. The lost individual is this tall, has red eyes, blue hair, a curly dress, and was last seen eating a peach. This individual is 60 years old and answers to the name of Clarence. **(beat)** If you see this gentleman, please report to Lost and Found. Her little brother is waiting. That is all.

**(Lights slowly fade to black.)**

END OF SCENE

ACT I, SCENE 3

SETTING: Classroom.

**AT RISE:** *Two rows of chairs or desks, facing the audience but slanted partially to the left. Three chairs are in front, two in back. Students sit in chairs, with the front row made up of (left to right) KELLY, BRANDI, and JORDAN, with CHRIS and CLARISE in back. The teacher may be MR. or MS. BROWN, though MS. BROWN is used here. SHE should stand to the left of students, with her profile toward audience. MS. BROWN holds test papers in her hand. If extras are available, more students may be added.*

MS. BROWN: Students, this is the big test you've all been dreading; the one we teachers have been looking forward to giving. **(reads from test)** It's called the "If You Flunk This Test, You'll be Held Back Two Years, Never Go to College, and Get Laughed at by All Your Friends" test. **(beat)** Or for short, you can use the initials "IYFTTYBHBTYNGTCAGLABAYL" test. **(beat)** You may write either title on the top of your answer sheet. . . now.

KELLY: What's this "IYFTTYBHB. . ." **(forgets the rest)** . . .uh. . . whatever the rest is. . . what's the test cover?

MS. BROWN: Confidential. . . completely confidential.

JORDAN: Covert testing isn't legal.

MS. BROWN: In most states, no. In this state, yes. So stifle the pleas for mercy. . . **(laughs maniacally)** . . .although I would love to hear your pleas.

ALL STUDENTS: Mercy-mercy-mercy!

MS. BROWN: **(jubilant)** I love it. . . more!

ALL: Mercy-mercy-mercy!

MS. BROWN: **(sighs)** Ah. Thank you, class. I sincerely mean it. **(pauses, looking pleased)** Of course, it's fair to warn you that you've landed in the "No mercy zone." **(laughs maniacally again)**

KELLY: Ms. Brown, can't you give us a review first?

MS. BROWN: Not even a short one. This test covers everything we were supposed to learn this year. . . everything in the curriculum.

KELLY: Did you cover everything in the curriculum?

MS. BROWN: Are you kidding? I took sick days every Monday, showed videos on Fridays, offered "Sit quietly and read your stupid library book" day each Wednesday. That leaves Tuesday and Thursday.

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KELLY: But Tuesday was a free day and Thursday we helped put up posters for whatever holiday was coming up next.

MS. BROWN: So you'll all do great on any and all holiday questions. **(pause)** Psyche! There aren't any holiday questions. **(laughs, then sighs)** Oh, this is too much fun.

BRANDI: This isn't humorous, Ms. Brown. My parents will be furious if I fail this test. We're already looking at colleges. This could wreck my entire future.

MS. BROWN: And that's important to me how?

BRANDI: Very funny.

MS. BROWN: Yes, it is, isn't it? **(laughs)**

BRANDI: **(sarcastically)** Yeah, you're a real scream. Meanwhile, I'm trying to get out of school so I can quit my job at Short Juan Sliver's Fish and Chips.

MS. BROWN: Better hang on to that job, kid.

BRANDI: Come on, Miss. This test is vital to my future. Can't you give me at least one helpful hint?

MS. BROWN: Well. . . **(thinks)** . . .because I'm nice, sure.

BRANDI: Yes?

MS. BROWN: Go out and buy a plastic sword and an eye patch. **(laughs as SHE passes out tests to all students)**. Oh, and good luck to all of you. I mean it. **(suppresses laugh)** Not!

**(All begin test, but after a few seconds, KELLY shakes pen, obviously out of ink.)**

KELLY: **(leans over; in stage whisper)** Brandi, my pen ran dry. Do you have an extra?

BRANDI: **(annoyed, but gives KELLY her pen)** Here you go. **(digs out another pen from purse or pocket and continues with the test)**

JORDAN: **(shakes pen)** A little help here, Brandi.

BRANDI: Sssh!

JORDAN: My pen is bone dry. Yours has plenty of ink.

BRANDI: Ask someone else.

JORDAN: I'm asking *you*. **(motions with hands)** Gimme- gimme- gimme.

BRANDI: **(exasperated; hands pen to JORDAN)** Here. . . now leave me alone. **(searches, can not find another pen; looks around, not knowing what to do; taps JORDAN on shoulder)** Jordan, I need that pen back. It's my last one.

JORDAN: **(turning shoulder away from her)** Should have thought of that before you told me to leave you alone. You've got some nerve to insult me, then try to bum a pen.

BRANDI: But it's *my* pen.

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JORDAN: Then you'll get it back. . . remind me at lunch.

BRANDI: I need it right this minute.

JORDAN: Sssh! Leave me alone. (*smiles sarcastically*) See how it feels?

BRANDI: (*exasperated, turns to KELLY*) I need my pen back.

KELLY: What's up? You just gave it to me.

BRANDI: I know, but. . .

KELLY: (*holding palm out, indicating to stop*) I'm busy now. Can you catch me at lunch, maybe?

BRANDI: (*throws hands up; loudly*) But now I have no pen!

ALL STUDENTS: Sssh!

MS.BROWN: (*snatches BRANDI's paper, marks, and returns it*) Thirty points off for talking to another student.

BRANDI: (*shocked*) Thirty points!? I was trying to get my pen back from Kelly. Jordan has my other one.

MS. BROWN: Talking to Jordan too, eh? (*snatches, marks, and returns paper*) Another thirty points. . . for separate conversations.

BRANDI: Separate conversations? I'm just trying to get my pen back.

JORDAN: (*gives BRANDI pen, and takes out another pen*) I don't want any trouble. Take your lousy pen. I have another one. I just didn't want to dig it out.

KELLY: (*tosses pen on BRANDI's desk; produces another*) Same here . . . because of you, I'm down to one pen. Hope you're satisfied.

JORDAN: May I move my desk away from Brandi's, Ms. Brown?

KELLY: Same here. She won't let up about her stupid pens.

(*Both JORDAN and KELLY move their desks a foot or two away from BRANDI's.*)

BRANDI: (*unbelieving*) But Ms. Brown. . .

MS. BROWN: Hush! You've already lost 60 points off the top. You only have 40 points left. I wouldn't push your luck.

BRANDI: But. . .

MS. BROWN: (*puts hands up, indicating BRANDI to stop*) Quiet. Now finish the test. . . if you can.

(*All work for about five seconds, as MS.BROWN steps away a few steps and looks off, CHRIS puts the blunt end of a pen in each ear, then starts making "Beep, beep, beep, beep, beep, beep, beep, beep" noises, like a space alien might make. BRANDI looks around, incredulous. Everyone else continues to concentrate on their test, never acknowledging the proceedings.*)

BRANDI: (*in stage whisper*) What on earth are you doing? You crazy or something?

CHRIS: (*scoots chair or desk up even with BRANDI's; both speak in stage whispers*) Listen, I wouldn't share this with just anybody, but. . . (*looks around to make sure nobody is listening*) . . . I've had a breakthrough that could help me ace this test. . . and every test.

BRANDI: No thanks. I'm not going to cheat.

CHRIS: This isn't cheating. I've just tuned in to the outer reaches of space and time. . . the cosmos.

BRANDI: Sounds like you're nuts. (*tries to shoo away with hand*) Leave me alone before we get in trouble.

CHRIS: I'm sane as a great dane. All the answers are out there.

BRANDI: Out there? Out where?

CHRIS: (*points to audience and slightly above*) Out there.

BRANDI: (*looking, trying to see something*) Where?

CHRIS: (*like it's obvious*) There! It's coming to me, the answers. You can have the same insight.

BRANDI: I don't believe in space aliens, little ET's, or any of that far-out stuff.

CHRIS: I don't either. But energy isn't far-out. It's real.

BRANDI: Forget it.

CHRIS: Do you understand this test?

BRANDI: Not particularly.

CHRIS: Then what do you have to lose?

BRANDI: Only my sanity.

CHRIS: Fine. Fail the test. I'll visit you and order some fish-n-chips when I come home from college.

BRANDI: (*sighs*) Okay, okay. How do I get in touch with this. . . (*sighs, embarrassed to even discuss this silliness*) . . . cosmic energy?

CHRIS: All the answers will come to you. You just need an antenna to contact the outer regions of space.

BRANDI: I don't have any. . .

CHRIS: You got two pens? (*BRANDI lifts and shows them*) Great. Start by putting one in each ear. (*BRANDI hesitates, rolls eyes, finally does it*) Good. Good! (*pulls out a fairly large piece of aluminum foil and gives to BRANDI*) Now place this on your head. . . it gives you better reception.

(*BRANDI rolls eyes and shakes head, but CHRIS makes encouraging gestures, and SHE finally puts it on her head.*)

BRANDI: I feel ridiculous.

CHRIS: You'll feel pretty slick when you blow this test away.

BRANDI: You really think it will help?

CHRIS: (*shrugs*) Could it hurt?

BRANDI: (*concentrates*) I'm not picking up any brainwaves.

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CHRIS: You have to get in touch with the outer realm.

BRANDI: (**holding pen in each ear**) Hello? Hello? I don't hear anything.

CHRIS: Silly. You can't use English. Just beep.

BRANDI: Beep?

CHRIS: Beep. And move your head around, so you can find the incoming communications.

BRANDI: (**removes pens from ears**) This is just too nutty. I feel like a fruitcake.

CHRIS: Fruitcake? Good . . . That means you're getting warm. You're so close now, Brandi. Don't blow it.

BRANDI: (**sighs, frustrated, then places pens in ears and makes beeping noises, moving head back and forth, up and down; then stops**) I'm not feeling a bit smarter. . . dumber, maybe.

CHRIS: You have to be a little louder. The cosmos is far away.

(**BRANDI puts pens in ears and beeps even louder**) Louder!  
(**beeps**) Louder!

(**BRANDI gets louder and the other students look up, confused.**)

MS. BROWN: (**notices and comes over, upset; SHE snatches BRANDI's paper**) What are you doing, Brandi?

BRANDI: (**looks from MS. BROWN to CHRIS**) I . . . uh. . . I . . . I don't know. (**to CHRIS**) Tell her, will you?

CHRIS: (**defensively**) Don't involve me in this.

BRANDI: But, you. . .

CHRIS: I just made a suggestion. You're the one who followed it.

MS. BROWN: Don't you think I know what you're doing, young lady? That's another thirty points off. (**marks and returns paper**)

BRANDI: For what?

MS. BROWN: For trying to illicit outside help. I know all the scams, and they don't work with me. The Martians can't help you.

BRANDI: You've got to be. . .

MS. BROWN: (**cutting her off**) Shhh. . .

BRANDI: I didn't even get in touch with any. . .

MS. BROWN: Shhh. . . You're on thin ice, kid. If you keep losing points, you could even get demoted at Short Juan Sliver's.

KELLY: (**chuckles**) As if that's possible. How can you sink lower than fast food fish?

MS. BROWN: Oh, you can. Trust me. It would send shivers down Brandi's spine if only she knew. Now continue with the test, class.

(**BRANDI is flustered, throws hands up, then settles down to work on test. After five seconds, CLARISE stands and gives a long, loud**

**howl. This shocks BRANDI, who drops pen and grabs heart, clearly surprised. CLARISE pauses, smiles, and sits.)**

BRANDI: **(still holding heart; to CLARISE)** You nearly gave me a heart attack.

MS. BROWN: Is that you again, Brandi?

BRANDI: Me? I wasn't the one who squealed like a wolf.

MS. BROWN: It's not *squealed* like a wolf, it's *howled*. . . *howled* like a wolf! So much for your hopes of passing the biology section.

BRANDI: Who cares if it's *squealed* or *howled*? I can't concentrate with hungry wolf sounds in the classroom. **(looks around)** Nobody can.

MS. BROWN: Class, is Clarise bothering anyone else? **(Everyone shakes head, ad-libs, "No," "Of course not," "Never," etc. CLARISE smiles proudly. BRANDI is stunned. MS. BROWN again snatches and marks paper, then gives CLARISE's head a friendly pat)** Another thirty points off!

BRANDI: For what?

MS. BRANDI: Cruelty to animals. Everyone knows poor Clarise spent most of her formative years being raised by wolves.

KELLY: Why did Clarise ever return to civilization, Ms. Brown?

MS. BROWN: She didn't. When her sister grew up and finally got out of psychotherapy for abandoning her at the mall, she went to the woods and caught Clarise in a bear trap. Then she returned her sister to civilization and chartered the popular "Wolves Can Read" foundation.

KELLY: Can Clarise actually read?

MS. BROWN: Nope. . . not a word. But the foundation makes a great tax break. **(to BRANDI)** After all she's been through, you shouldn't make ugly comments about a poor, dumb animal. **(smiles at CLARISE, who smiles back)**

BRANDI: But Ms. Brown . . . Clarise isn't a . . .

MS. BROWN: Shhh. . . finish the test.

**(After a few seconds of all working on test, KELLY squats down at BRANDI's desk.)**

KELLY: **(in stage whispers)** Wanna hear about a great opportunity?

BRANDI: No! I've heard enough for one day.

KELLY: I know you've heard of e-Bay. I just started in the auction business.

BRANDI: Congratulations and goodbye.

KELLY: You have something of value? I can get top dollar for it. How about those clothes you're wearing? I could get you ten bucks for the entire outfit.

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BRANDI: Why would I do that? I paid a lot more than ten dollars. Now go away!

KELLY: Ten is just the opening price. If we can get customers into a huge bidding war, you could make ten, twenty, maybe thirty thousand off that one outfit.

BRANDI: Thirty thousand. . . for these clothes? Who would be that nutty?

KELLY: You'd be surprised. We can say they're the clothes Paris Hilton wore to prison. Her fans will be like sharks in the water.

BRANDI: I'll hang onto them, thank you very much. Would you get lost!?!)

MS.BROWN: (**notices them**) Kelly. . . Brandi. . . What's going on here?

KELLY: Brandi wants me to sell her clothes on e-Bay.

BRANDI: Me?!)

MS. BROWN: Talking during a test. . . that's thirty points off for both of you.

KELLY: (**raises hand and moves back to seat**) But Miss, I'm finished with the test.

MS. BROWN: Oh, well. . . you're okay then. (**marks BRANDI's paper**) But Brandi, that's another thirty for you. And trying to sell those garage sale rejects you're wearing? Tack on another thirty. We rarely get students who score a negative number on the test. (**as SHE returns BRANDI's paper**) Isn't this fun, class? It's the reason I became a teacher. (**looks at watch**) Looks like time is up anyway. So I guess we come to the big moment. Who wants to turn their test in first?

**(JORDAN stands and either does a ballet pirouette or mimes doing another dance, like the tango. This doesn't have to be good. JORDAN dances over and hands MS. BROWN test paper, with a curtsy or bow. MS. BROWN claps with much enthusiasm.)**

JORDAN: I hope I did well, Ms. Brown.

MS. BROWN: You did beautifully. Those ballet (**tango**) lessons are starting to pay off. On that basis, you pass with a hundred.

**(JORDAN gracefully exits, displaying more ballet or tango. KELLY then stands and sings a few seconds of any song or rap. It doesn't have to be good. KELLY hands the paper to MS. BROWN.)**

(**cuts KELLY off**) That's lovely. . . quite lovely. (**taps ear**) But you're hurting my ears. Run along. There's always an "A" in effort, so I suppose you get an "A," Kelly.

**(KELLY exits, singing or rapping.)**

BRANDI: But “effort” has an “E,” not an “A.”

MS. BROWN: **(angrily)** I say it has an “A.” Who’s the teacher here anyway?

**(CLARISE stands and howls; BRANDI covers ears, annoyed.)**

Guess it wouldn’t be fair to flunk our class mascot. **(beat; to CLARISE, loudly, claps)** Mush, girl, mush! **(CLARISE holds paws up, pants happily, acting as much like a canine as possible)** Don’t forget you have a check-up this afternoon. **(CLARISE exits; calling off)** Don’t keep the vet waiting again.

**(CHRIS rises, walks to MS. BROWN, turns in test, then takes some coins and a couple of dollars out of pocket, dropping them into MS. BROWN’s open hands.)**

Awww! That’s so nice of you. You pass.

**(CHRIS pumps fist in the air, happily exits)**

**(tapping her foot, looking grim)** Well, well, the kid stands alone.

**(BRANDI stands, looks around at empty chairs, gives nervous smile, thinks, then suddenly breaks out into an awkward attempt at tap dancing, complete with big finish, freezing with arms apart and big smile. MS. BROWN grabs paper and marks it.)**

BRANDI: **(suddenly, downcast)** Huh?

MS. BROWN: Another thirty big ones. . . for thinking you can tap dance. Trust me. You can’t.

BRANDI: **(digs in pocket or purse)** Wait a minute. **(pulls out some wadded dollar bills, looks at MS. BROWN questioningly. MS. BROWN marks paper again, angrily.)** Oh, come on.

MS. BROWN: **(shakes head)** Bribery is in poor taste, young lady.

BRANDI: **(unbelieving)** But, Chris just. . .

MS. BROWN: Chris has been paying out since the beginning of the year. . . a little late to start now, don’t you think?

BRANDI: But why? **(confused)** You passed all of them. They disrupt class, talk when they shouldn’t, and never turn in homework. When we read *Call of the Wild*, Clarise growled through the entire book. She even foamed at the mouth. I took rabies shots, for crying out loud. But look at me. I’m quiet, polite, and a hard worker. Why flunk me?

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MS. BROWN: It's nothing personal. Most of those goobers will wear paper hats in their careers. But you, with your good grades and hard work, could potentially become my boss some day. Frankly, I could never live with such a nightmare scenario. So I'm cutting you off at the knees while I can. . . while I hold the power, and you're totally at my mercy. *(laughs)*

BRANDI: But. . . this isn't fair.

MS. BROWN: Fair she asks me for. What's fair? Let me worry about fair. You keep those fries hot. I detest cold fries. Face it kid, you're stuck at minimum wage forever.

BRANDI: Not me. If I'm stuck at Short Juan Sliver's, I'll work hard and move into management.

MS. BROWN: That's where you're mistaken. With a score as low as yours, you'll no longer be eligible for work at the actual Short Juan Sliver's store. That's like being at the top. . . like the major leagues. You're headed for the minors, Brandi. Enjoy your career.

BRANDI: They've never said anything about a worse place than the actual fish-n-chips store.

MS. BROWN: They never do, kid. They never do.

*(MS. BROWN laughs maniacally, as lights go down.)*

END OF SCENE

ACT 1, SCENE 4

SETTING: A Short Juan Sliver's pirate ship.

***AT RISE: Four rowers sit on two benches, facing audience; BRANDI and ROGER in front two benches, URCHIN #1 and URCHIN #2 in back. All four should be barefoot, dressed in old shorts and ratty t-shirts (shirts should be matching, either black or white and no writing.) Each should wear a paper hat, and could wear shirts with crossbones or pirate logos drawn on, if desired. Be creative. The four rowers should row in unison. Off to one side, PIRATE stands and counts the rowing. HE or SHE may wear a full pirate uniform, or at least an eye patch, pirate hat, etc. PIRATE should speak as much as possible with a stereotypical pirate accent, and an English accent, if possible. On one side of the stage, near exit, wavy blue paper may be used to indicate the ocean. An actual plank can be used near the exit, propped up like a diving board.***

PIRATE: (**counts one time for each time they pull the mimed oar to their chest; loud and forceful**) Row. . . row. . . row. . . row. . .  
One. . . two. . . three. . . four. One. . . two. . . three. . . four. Now you count.

ALL ROWERS: (**in unison, but very weak, without enthusiasm**) One. . . two. . . three. . . four.

PIRATE: Aye! That's the kind of enthusiasm I like to see from me lowlife, blood-suckin' workers. (**URCHIN #1 passes out and either slumps to left side of bench, or falls off the left side. PIRATE comes over and claps loudly, pointing to get up and back to work**) Get back to your rowin', ya bloody reject, ya. (**URCHIN #1 slowly gets back to rowing, then immediately slumps on bench or falls out toward the right side.**) Get up! Get up, ya ugly snappin' turtle, ya. (**claps for obedience**) Start workin' or you'll pay the piper. I'll see to that. (**URCHIN #1 sits and rows again, all row**) One. . . two. . . three. . . four. . . You're getting soft on me, ya whiney, good for nothing slackers. Sing me the Short Juan Sliver's song. It'll keep up your energy. Ya still have ten hours a' rowin' before sunset tonight. . . so sing. (**all keep rowing, but none sing**) I said sing, blast your stinkin' hides. Sing! (**no one sings**) All right, mates. If ya don't sing, I'll make one of ya marry the captain's daughter.

**(All gasp, horrified, ad-libbing, "No, not that," "Anything but her," "We'll sing. . . we'll sing," etc. All sing as they row. It can be any tune, and the singing doesn't have to be good.)**

ALL ROWERS: (**singing any tune**) Short Juan Sliver's Fish-n- Chips,  
Fish-n-Chips,  
Fish-n-Chips,  
It's not real good for your hips,  
But who cares, buy some more.

We sell deep fried chicken planks,  
Chicken planks,  
Chicken planks,  
They taste just like rattlesnakes,  
But who cares, buy some more.

We of-fer a

ROGER: (**stands then sits immediately**) Twenty pack

ALL: A

BRANDI: (**stands**) Forty pack

ALL: A

URCHIN #1: (**stands**) Sixty pack.

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ALL: For a hundred dollars you can snack,  
Until you just explode.

Don't dare marry the captain's daughter  
The captain's daughter,  
The captain's daughter,  
It'd be like leadin' a pig to slaughter. . .

**(PIRATE interrupts by desperately making cut-throat motions to stop singing and puts one finger to mouth for quiet; puts hand to ear and looks around as if listening for something.)**

PIRATE: Arrrrr. . . What does me ears hear, maties? Me thinks it's those ugly rats again **(use body language)**, just scrougin' and scrougin' around in our delicious fish-n-chips, leavin' little presents no pirate wants to be receivin'. **(beat, yells)** Now put some muscle into it, ya bunch a' busted barnacles, ya. **(beat)** I'll be right back. Keep at it, lads, or you'll get the whip for sure. **(exits, SL)**

ROGER: **(stands and looks off, SL)** Hold up. . . I think the pirate is gone. We can stop rowing now.

**(All stop rowing.)**

BRANDI: I never knew Short Juan Sliver's had a real pirate ship. Ms. Brown wasn't kidding about a demotion. This is ridiculous.

ROGER: **(sits again)** When you've been here two years like I have, you'll forget you had an outside life.

BRANDI: But I was always a good worker. It's just that stupid test.

ROGER: Don't take it personally. This ship is probably a dodge to get around minimum wage laws.

URCHIN #1: **(stands and stretches)** It's bad enough rowing sixteen hours a day, but fish-n-chips morning, noon and night? I mean, come on.

ROGER: If I have to eat one more chicken plank. . .

URCHIN #2: **(too happy)** I love fish-n-chips. It's my favorite.

ALL: Weirdo!

ROGER: What about the deplorable working conditions? Never a day off, rats in our beds, and every Saturday night. . .

ALL: **(unexcited)** "Pirates of the Caribbean". . .

ROGER: . . .and. . .

ALL: "Pirates of the Caribbean, 2."

ROGER: . . .and. . .

ALL: "Pirates of the Caribbean, 3."

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ROGER: I'll run myself through with a plastic sword if I ever see Johnny Depp again.

URCHIN #2: **(beat)** I love "Pirates of the Caribbean."

ALL: Weirdo!

BRANDI: **(beat)** What are you guys complaining about? Unlike *you* mighty losers, I had a life. . . a great future. I was planning to attend college. Now my only dream is getting back to the home store again. I'll make sure Ms. Brown's french fries are *always* ice cold. She'll never eat another hot fry as long as she lives.

ROGER: **(takes off his hat and fans himself)** If they wanted us to be pirates, they could've at least sent us to Pittsburgh.

BRANDI: **(beat, shrugs)** I dunno. Have you seen their pitching staff lately?

URCHIN #1: Wouldn't know. I'm not a baseball fan.

ROGER: **(beat, mocks in high pitch voice)** "Wouldn't know. I'm not a baseball fan." Why don't you make yourself useful and ask the boss for some real food? We're going to die if we keep working like this and eating only fish-n-chips.

URCHIN #1: **(to URCHIN #2)** Why don't *you* talk to the boss?

URCHIN #2: Don't look at *me*. I love Short Juan Sliver's.

ALL: Weirdo!

ROGER: **(to URCHIN #1)** You have to do it then. You're our only hope. And ask for some Coca Cola. I'd die for an icy Coca Cola.

URCHIN #1: Why me?

ROGER: Why not? Try using a British accent. It seems to work in all the Dickens' novels. **(looks off, and quickly starts rowing)** Look out! Here comes Goober.

**(All row again.)**

PIRATE: **(enters)** One. . . two. . . three. . . four.

URCHIN #1: **(stands, in British accent)** Oh, sir. Excuse me, sir. We're starving to death. Could we please have some Pizza Hut. . . Taco Bell? Anything but fish-n-chips . . . whadaya say?

PIRATE: Pizza Hut? Taco Bell?! Why, you limey, lilly-livered, barnacle bustin' slob, ya. How dare ya be complainin' about me generous hospitality.

URCHIN #1: But sir, just a tiny slice of pizza . . . deep dish, preferably.

PIRATE: Who do you think ya' are, Oliver Twist? **(beat, yells)** You just ate lunch half an hour ago. **(URCHIN #1 looks confused, opens mouth to speak; can't find the words, PIRATE looks around)** Aye. . . what about the rest of ya blubber heads? Is ya starvin' to death? **(All except URCHIN #1 shake heads, ad-lib, "No," "Of course not," "Quite full, thanks," etc.)** Is ya all lovin' the fish-n-

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chips I feed ya? **(All except URCHIN #1 nod, ad-lib, “You bet,” “Wonderful,” “Delicious,” “Mmm. . . can’t wait till dinner,” etc. PIRATE grunts, then grabs URCHIN #1 by the ear and pulls toward exit, SR. Ear shouldn’t really be pulled, but URCHIN #1 just stands on tip toes and follows along like it was, yelling “Ouch,” “Oh. . . oh. . . oh,” etc. When close to exit, let’s go of ear.)** Now walk the plank, ya Short Juan Sliver’s hatin’ limey.

URCHIN #1: **(jumps like jumping onto the plank; balances and begins walking scared; carefully turns toward audience, glances down once, and puts hand on chest)** I gladly give my life for queen and country.

PIRATE: Yeah, yeah. . . you’re borin’ me now. The fishies are gettin’ hungry. Walk the bleedin’ plank already!

URCHIN #1: **(to PIRATE)** In a minute. **(to audience)** I’d like to leave a message for my dear old feeble mother . . .

PIRATE: **(cutting URCHIN #1 off)** Do you walk the plank, or do I make you marry the captain’s daughter?

URCHIN #1: **(horrified)** The captain’s daughter!? **(Quickly mimes walking plank and jumps off stage. Sound effect of a huge splash should be used.)**

PIRATE: **(leans over, as if watching, smiles, and nods happily)** Aye! The lil fishies like the taste of ya. Good riddance, I say. **(sees something, reaches for something off stage, and grabs a bottle with a lotto ticket accessible in the neck of the bottle; pulls out ticket)** What’s this? I found a paper in a bottle. Shiver me timbers, I shoulda learned to read. **(PIRATE walks back to rowers, tosses the ticket on the ground next to BRANDI, and drifts toward stage left, proceeding to peer into the neck of the bottle, clearly fascinated and distracted)**

BRANDI: **(picks up lotto ticket, stares at it, incredulous)** It’s a lottery scratch-off ticket. **(scratches furiously)** Oh, boy. I always wanted to win one of these. . . at least a dollar. **(keeps scratching)** But they go all the way up to a million. Come on, make it worth at least a dollar. Come on. Come on. Maybe it’s not too late to make a comeback. I can go back and bribe Ms. Brown to give me a passing grade. **(in shock)** I won. **(louder)** I won. **(louder still)** I won. I won the million dollars. I can’t believe it. Yahoo! **(jumps up and down, celebrates, does some type of celebration dance)**

PIRATE: **(notices celebration, walks over, angrily)** What kinda shark bait game is this , ya lazy, good for nothin’ landlubber?

BRANDI: I won the lottery! I nailed the grand prize! *One million dollars!* I’m rich! I’m rich! **(beat)** I’ll show Ms. Brown and her silly test. I’ll buy my own Short Juan Sliver’s franchise and refuse her service. Yahoo! Yeah, baby. . . yeah!

**(PIRATE goes to BRANDI, snatches ticket, and rips it up, with BRANDI staring in dismay, dropping to knees, and shaking head mouthing, "No! No!" as PIRATE goes to exit, SR, and tosses ticket overboard. Splash sound effect is heard, and PIRATE does a double-take, cocks head, and looks at the audience questionally.)**

PIRATE: **(as walks back to others)** Get back to work, or you'll be in for some ferocious punishin'.

BRANDI: **(still stunned, stands)** But my ticket. I was rich. . . filthy rich. My key to wealth. . . my key to happiness. . .

PIRATE: **(pushes BRANDI onto bench)** I got your key to wealth. I got your key to happiness. It's. . . **(yells)** Row! Row! Row! **(All row again, BRANDI looking sad and pouty)** Anyone else thinkin' a' bein' rich and startin' trouble on me ship, I'll make ya marry the captain's daughter. **(all gasp in horror; beat)** I thought not. Then again, I might make ya walk the plank. **(pauses, looks around)** Any takers?

ROGER: **(gets up and slaps BRANDI on the back)** So long, sucker. Fishies or not, I'm getting that lottery ticket. **(runs to where plank is, jumps up, and balancing, walks and jumps, yelling. Another splash sound effect is heard.)**

PIRATE: Aye. The fishies are really gettin' fed today. **(back to remaining rowers)** Row! Row! Row, ya stinkin' limeys. **(to BRANDI)** Row, ya wanna-be millionaire. Row! **(all row)**

**(Lights down)**

**END OF SCENE**

**END OF ACT I**

## ACT II, SCENE 1

**SETTING:** Back to civilization, at a convenience store.

**AT RISE:** All actors but the ones in the previous scene should be here. All are lined up in front of a clerk sitting at a desk, SR. The line should extend all the way to SL. As the conversation and the customers proceed, each person in turn mimes transacting with clerk, then exits. This should be timed so only CUSTOMER and ROGER are in line when their dialogue finishes. As the scene begins, the next to last in line, CUSTOMER, and ROGER, last in line, stand waiting impatiently, tapping feet, etc. Everyone should seem a little tired and impatient. ROGER's hair and clothes (same as on the pirate ship) look as unkept as possible. ROGER holds an obviously taped up lotto ticket in hand as HE and CUSTOMER talk.

ROGER: What's taking so long? Is this line never going to end? (**taps CUSTOMER, who turns to the side, facing audience**) This is a convenience store, right? How can a convenience store possibly have lines this long? There's nothing convenient about it.

CUSTOMER: (**shrugs**) So, get out of line.

ROGER: No way. We've been standing here for three days. I have to cash my lottery ticket.

CUSTOMER: You're lucky. At least you have some cash coming. I popped in to buy a chili dog, and I ate it the first minute and a half. Here I am three days later, waiting to pay for the dog, and my stomach is gnawing with hunger. We walked through highways, parking lots, and two huge cattle ranches to get to this spot in line. I stepped in so many cow patties, I'll never get my shoes clean. To make matters worse, I left my car running, so I'm obviously out of gas.

ROGER: That's nothing, dude. I was a slave on a Short Juan Sliver's pirate ship. I escaped with a winning lotto ticket, and I floated on a piece of drift-wood for three days until a giant cruise ship picked me up.

CUSTOMER: Cruise ship? (**rubbing stomach, looking hungry**) Don't those cruise ships all have huge buffets?

ROGER: Normally, they would. This ship had an outbreak of F-Coli.

CUSTOMER: F-Coli?

ROGER: Like E-Coli, only a bit worse. As soon as they found out I was a slave from a pirate ship, they gave me a bucket and mop. . . made me clean up vomit for the rest of the cruise.

CUSTOMER: So how much did you win in the lottery?

ROGER: (**excited**) A cool million bucks.

CUSTOMER: (**polite, but not impressed**) Hmm. I won three dollars once. A million dollars is better than three, I suppose.

ROGER: Whaddaya mean, better? I'm talking a *million* dollars.

CUSTOMER: (**shrugs, still unimpressed**) I bought a large milkshake with *my* winnings.

ROGER: Yeah, but a million. . . a million!

CUSTOMER: (**still unimpressed**) A million is okay, I guess. But there are a lot of hassles involved with a million. Mine was easy. I just took my three bucks and got a milkshake. It was chocolate, I believe.

ROGER: (**exasperated**) Fine then. Glad you enjoyed your shake.

CUSTOMER: (**next in line**) Well, good luck. I'm going to pay for my chili dog and gas, then I'm heading over to Short Juan Sliver's for some of those delicious fish-n-chips.

ROGER: (**doubles over in pain just from the sound of it**) Don't say "fish-n-chips." It's all I've eaten for the last two years, breakfast, lunch, and dinner. (**stands up partially**)

CUSTOMER: Suit yourself. I hear they also have some delicious chicken planks. Then it's off to the "Pirates of the Caribbean" film festival. Wanna come? Maybe Johnny Depp will show up.

ROGER: (**doubles over again, nauseous**) Just go away.

CUSTOMER: (**shrugs**) Whatever. (**goes to CLERK, then quickly off stage**)

ROGER: (**straightens up, walks proudly to CLERK**) Finally. . . I thought I'd never make it.

CLERK: (**sighs sarcastically, filing nails**) We're so thrilled you did.

ROGER: You don't understand. I'm the big winner. I'm the one you've been waiting for.

CLERK: (**unenthusiastic**) How thrilling . . . the one I've been waiting for. It's Prince Charming.

ROGER: (**points to ticket, excitedly**) Look. Look at this.

CLERK: (**looks, without expression**) Yeah, wonderful. Will this be paper or plastic, cash or charge, Spanish or English, dolphin-safe tuna or dolphin-hating tuna, biodegradable or . . .

ROGER: (**cutting off CLERK**) I'm not here to buy anything at all. I'm here to turn in my lotto ticket. I'm the million dollar winner! (**holds hands high, victoriously; pauses, waiting for response**)

CLERK: (**yawns**) Thrilling. So what'll it be; paper, plastic, Spanish, English, love dolphins, hate dolphins, biodegradable. . .

ROGER: (**cuts CLERK off**) Don't you know who I am? I'm finally here to collect my million. I'm going to spend it on my favorite person. . . ME! (**dances around**) Me, me, me, me, me! (**beat, as dances**) And more me!

CLERK: (**bored, files nails again**) I'm all chill bumps. . . really I am.

ROGER: I'm ready for fame and fortune. People will put up "Roger" websites. Maybe I'll do the Conan Show. . . (**elbows CLERK, good-naturedly**) . . .if he begs. (**laughs in a dorky manner, while CLERK looks at him in disgust**)

CLERK: You ever wonder why you were standing in a line six miles long. . . at a *convenience* store?

ROGER: Business is good?

CLERK: Not *that* good. The lotto ticket printers made a mistake, and one million winning tickets were printed.

ROGER: (**dismayed**) You're joking?

CLERK: Trust me. I joke funnier than that. But don't worry. It's our mistake so we have to pay out.

ROGER: (**greatly relieved**) Whew! That was a close one. I was worried for a moment I'd lose my million dollars. . . that I wouldn't be filthy rich.

CLERK: The money is split evenly amongst the lucky winners.

ROGER: How many winners?

CLERK: Told ya' already. . . one million. An even split makes your part of the winnings. . . (**consults a paper, then puts it down**) . . .exact-llyyy. . . (**looks up**) . . .one dollar. (**pause**) Would you like your winnings in cash or change?

ROGER: (**pause, in shock**) What? I almost died in the ocean, cleaned sick people's vomit for a month, and practically starved to death here in line, and all for a buck?

CLERK: (**pulls out a little party hat and noise-maker from sack, and puts hat on; blows noise-maker and throws up a small handful of confetti in the air; more unenthusiastic than ever, SHE reads off paper**) Congratulations, sir, ma'am, obnoxious teen, or small child. *You* are the winner of the million dollar jackpot. (**blows noise-maker again, throws up more confetti, looks very bored; again reads from paper**) Enjoy your wonderful new lifestyle, don't spend all your money in one place, and remember to thank all the little people. (**blows noise-maker one last time, throws confetti, then removes hat and puts everything up**) Would you hold up your lottery ticket, please. (**ROGER does so, looks confused**)

PHOTOGRAPHER: (**runs in with camera, SR, very excited, over the top; grabs ROGER and shakes him**) Congratulations, man! (**quickly, so ROGER can't get a word out**) I'm excited! Are you excited? I'm pumped! Are you pumped? Of course, you're excited!

Of course you're pumped! (*points*) You're the big winner! (*pushes ROGER and CLERK together*) Why don't you pose next to the happy clerk who sold you the winning ticket.

ROGER: But she didn't sell me the winning ticket. You see, there was this pirate ship. . .

PHOTOGRAPHER: (*starts snapping pictures from different angles*) Yes, I'm a Pittsburgh Pirates fan myself. Okay now, smile for the camera. B-i-i-i-i-g smile. B-i-i-i-i-g smile for the camera. (*ROGER holds up ticket and smiles mechanically, still confused. CLERK poses but still looks bored, filing nails even while PHOTOGRAPHER is snapping pictures*) What a shot! One in a million. (*shakes ROGER's hand, excited*) Congratulations, man. (*suddenly, very serious*) I'm not just saying that. I mean it from the bottom of my heart. (*puts on sunglasses*) Let's do lunch, babe. Ciao. (*slaps ROGER hard on back, exits, SR. CLERK returns to original spot*)

ROGER: (*points off, perplexed*) You guys are taking pictures of all one million winners?

CLERK: Nah. He's (*She's*) not even a photographer. . . just one of our regular customers. He seems to enjoy clicking pictures, so we let him. I don't even think he uses film. Where are we now? Oh, of course. May I see the winning ticket, please? (*ROGER hands ticket over*) Looks like it's been taped up, but I guess for a dollar, no big deal. (*pulls out paper and pen, points; speaks quickly*) Sign here. Initial there. Sign there. Initial here. Put next month's date. Initial here. Sign there. (*Annoyed, ROGER signs all quickly and gives to CLERK*) Hold out your hand. (*HE does*) And remember, don't let the money change who you really are. (*CLERK drops four quarters into ROGER's hand*)

ROGER: (*depressed; sighs, looking back in hand*) Four whole quarters.

CLERK: That's not so bad. Imagine being stuck *here*, at minimum wage, having to do all this for a million bozos.

ROGER: At least I have some money now. I've been dying for a huge, icy Coca Cola for two years. Oh, and how much is a candy bar? Do I have enough for both?

CLERK: No.

ROGER: Darn. At least I have enough for that beautiful, delicious Coke.

CLERK: No you don't.

ROGER: (*showing quarters*) It's not much, but yes I do.

CLERK: Wrong again. Did we forget about Uncle Sam?

ROGER: Uncle Sam?

CLERK: (**takes one quarter**) Federal taxes. (**takes another**) State taxes. (**takes another**) Social Security, Medicare, and Homeland Security.

ROGER: (**looks at remaining quarter**) One quarter. I won a million dollars and I can't afford a candy bar. (**CLERK takes remaining quarter**) What's that for?

CLERK: It's my cut for processing your winning ticket. (**drops a dime in hand**) But you get ten cents back. (**beat**) All done now. You want to purchase something with your winnings?

ROGER: Will a dime buy anything here?

CLERK: Matches. You smoke?

ROGER: No.

**(CLERK takes table and exits, SR. ROGER moves gloomily to center stage.)**

ROGER: (**looks at dime**) What do I do with ten cents?

SALESPERSON: (**enters, SL, a couple of papers in hand**) Feed a child in Indonesia for only ten cents a day. Feed a starving child in Indonesia for ten measly cents a day. Feed a . . .

ROGER: (**cutting salesman off**) Feed a child? Ten cents? What kind of scam is that?

SALESPERSON: It's no scam.

ROGER: Yeah? What kind of meal can they possibly get for a lousy dime?

SALESPERSON: It's a four-star dinner, actually. Begins with a chef's salad, then a nice, juicy rib-eye steak, baked potato with all the trimmings, and pecan pie for dessert. Oh, and they get Coca Cola to drink.

ROGER: Really? Sounds delicious. My stomach is growling just thinking about it. (**tries to give the dime**) Can't I just pay the dime and eat the meal myself.

SALESPERSON: Doesn't work that way. It's for the children.

ROGER: What if I promised to share my meal with one of the little brats?

SALESPERSON: The meal has to be eaten in Jakarta, Indonesia. They don't deliver. It'd cost you \$4,000 to fly there and eat your ten cent meal.

ROGER: Just my luck.

SALESPERSON: It only costs a dime a day. You can feed the kids. (**excited**) Just think of that.

ROGER: I'd rather not. (**showing dime**) I won the million dollar lottery, and this dime is all I have to show for it. I'm not giving it to some hungry kid.

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SALESPERSON: As you wish, sir.

ROGER: Isn't there anything else for a dime. . . maybe a huge, icy Coca Cola?

SALESPERSON: (**looks through papers**) Let's see. (**pulls out one**) Here we go. No Coke products, but we have mail-order brides from Europe. Only costs about ten cents a day.

ROGER: Mail-order brides. . . from Europe? Isn't that risky, not knowing whether your bride is nice or mean, pretty or ugly?

SALESPERSON: It says here each one is an *award-winning* bride-in waiting.

ROGER: Award-winning. . . wow!

SALESPERSON: What else can you do with a dime?

ROGER: (**hands over dime**) Good point. What are we waiting for? I hope she's nice.

SALESPERSON: I'm sure she'll be great. Sign here. (**ROGER signs**) Enjoy your award-winning bride. (**exits, SL**)

BRIDE: (**enters, SR; SHE is pretty and sweet**) Darling! (**SHE runs to ROGER and they embrace**)

ROGER: (**looks at her**) You don't look mean at all.

BRIDE: Because I'm *not* mean. I'm nice. . . and sweet. (**pinches his cheek, playfully**) . . .to my guy.

ROGER: Man alive! The salesperson told me you were award-winning.

BRIDE: (**embarrassed**) I *did* win sweetest personality and best cook in Belgium.

ROGER: (**throws hands up in thanks**) Unbelievable! I struck the jackpot.

BRIDE: (**shy**) There's one small thing you may not like about me.

ROGER: Oh? I knew there had to be a catch.

BRIDE: I'm actually a Belgian princess. Marrying into royalty might bother some guys. The celebrity life has its drawbacks.

ROGER: (**slaps hand to forehead**) Whoa! I'm a lucky, lucky, guy! (**beat**) But there's something you may not like about *me*.

BRIDE: I can't imagine such a thing.

ROGER: I'm dead broke. I spent my last dime. . . on you.

BRIDE: Aaawww. . . how sweet. But not to worry. My family is filthy rich. Daddy is the president of Coca Cola. You'll be expected to work in the family business, of course. And drive the company Jaguar. But be careful. It tops out at over 200 M.P.H.

ROGER: I've always wanted to drive a Jag. And I love Coca Cola. . . (**sad**) . . .but I'm not an executive.

BRIDE: Don't have to be. You'll become a prince when you marry me. Your job will be to travel to exotic ports and drink Coca Cola. . . lots and lots of Coca Cola. Being a good-will ambassador for Coke products isn't easy, but you'll start at a hundred grand a year.

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ROGER: (**astounded**) Holy moly! (**on one knee, takes her hand**)

I love you. I've always loved you. Darling, will you. . .

BRIDE: Yes! Yes! (**throws arms in the air**) This is the happiest day of my life. We'll live in the royal castle.

ROGER: I'll drink Coca Cola. . . and more Coca Cola.

BRIDE: We can sleep late every morning. . .

ROGER: . . .play video games. . .

BRIDE: . . .watch DVD's. . .

ROGER: . . .travel the world.

BRIDE: You're the best.

ROGER: (**takes her hands**) No, you're the best.

*(Enter everyone but the actors from the ship scene and CLARISE. Some are blowing noise-makers, and all move quickly, are festive, shaking ROGER and BRIDE's hands, ad-lib, "Congratulations," "You're the perfect couple," etc. In quick order, all take their places, ROGER and BRIDE in the middle, facing audience, and others separated equally on both sides. Justice-of-the-Peace stands in front and to the side of couple, giving the audience a profile view. PHOTOGRAPHER should be annoying, getting in people's way, snapping pictures.)*

JUSTICE: (**loud and clear**) Ladies and gentlemen, we are gathered here today. (**points to ROGER**) Do you. . .

ROGER: I do! I do!

JUSTICE: (**to BRIDE**) And do you. . .

BRIDE: Without a doubt. . . yes!

JUSTICE: Then I pronounce you prince and princess. Now you may kiss the bride.

ROGER: Oh boy! Hold up. (**takes out breath freshener and sprays mouth**)

*(ROGER and BRIDE move in for a kiss, but JUSTICE moves between them.)*

JUSTICE: You kids just met today. Shouldn't we leave it at a handshake for now? (**both shrug and shake hands**)

*(All clap and someone hands BRIDE a bouquet of flowers, SHE tosses it, and all applaud again. Several push stuffed envelopes into ROGER's hands, then all rush off stage, ad-libbing "Congratulations," "Good luck," "Beautiful ceremony," "Enjoy the honeymoon," etc. ROGER shoves the PHOTOGRAPHER away and PHOTOGRAPHER exits.)*

ROGER: Man! That was fast.

BRIDE: **(concerned)** Are you sorry?

ROGER: Of course not. I'll love being a prince. . . and drinking Coca Cola.

BRIDE: I promise I'll be a great wife. Can we honeymoon in Hawaii? Daddy is paying for the trip.

ROGER: In that case. . . sure. Why not live a little? And to think, I almost gave my dime to help a starving kid.

BRIDE: What are those envelopes?

ROGER: **(examining)** It looks like money. . . wedding presents, I guess.

BRIDE: I'm supposed to attend one of those boring award shows tonight. . . you know, walk the red carpet with all the movie stars. Would you mind accompanying me there? We don't have to stay for the parties afterward.

ROGER: No, No, No! We can definitely go. I don't mind making the sacrifice. . . for you.

**(ROGER and BRIDE move in for kiss again, but JUSTICE comes barely on stage and loudly clears throat. They notice, back off and shake hands again; ROGER is slightly exasperated, but JUSTICE nods head and smiles happily, giving thumbs-up sign. JUSTICE exits.)**

BRIDE: I forgot to tell you, I have a pet she-wolf. You don't mind, do you? She's really smart. She's even attending college next fall on a full scholarship for being half-wolf.

ROGER: Oh. . . um. . . yeah. . . right.

BRIDE: Oh, and don't forget to remind me, Leonardo DiCaprio is picking us up in his limo. I think Penelope Cruz is riding with us too. We like to car-pool to these events. . . saves the ozone.

ROGER: You're so thoughtful.

BRIDE: Let me grab some Purina Wolf Chow for Clarise. I'll be right back. **(starts off, comes back)** I'll miss you. . . true love.

ROGER: Don't ever leave me.

BRIDE: How could I?

**(ROGER and BRIDE move in for kiss, but JUSTICE steps back on stage and gets their attention by a couple of sharp claps. They look at JUSTICE, who shakes head strongly. As they back off and shake hands, JUSTICE smiles happily and exits. ROGER looks annoyed, throws hands up. BRIDE exits, SR, throwing kisses back at ROGER, who does the same.)**

SALESPERSON: **(enters SR)** Did you enjoy your big day?

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ROGER: **(starry-eyed)** I'll say! The first day of the rest of my life.

SALESPERSON: Glad you enjoyed it.

ROGER: **(concerned)** Where is my bride?

SALESPERSON: She flew back to Belgium.

ROGER: What?! Without me?!?!?

SALESPERSON: You just bought the bride package for a day. What did you expect for a lousy dime. . . lasting love?

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