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Dramatic Publishing

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CIRCUS! TIME!

Book by Robert Thomas Noll

Music by David Pogue

**Lyrics by Robert Thomas Noll
and David Pogue**

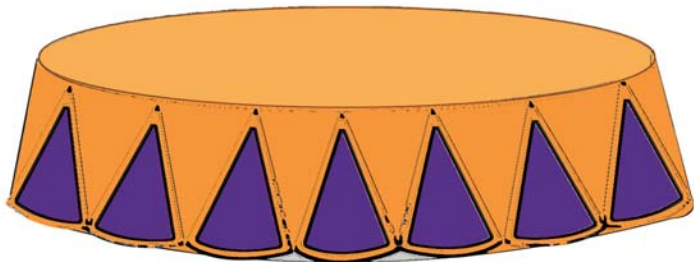


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CIRCUS TIME!

Musical. Book by Robert Thomas Noll. Music by David Pogue. Lyrics by Robert Thomas Noll and David Pogue.

Cast: Flexible cast of 14 plus extras as desired. Circus Time! is a tuneful and hilarious story about an irresponsible boy who would rather play with his circus toys than do as his mother says and clean his room. One day, his circus toys come alive and he becomes the circus master. This new role gives him the chance to become responsible by solving problems like those of a high-wire artist who's afraid of heights, a dancing circus elephant who can't remember steps, clowns who forget how to make people laugh, and a magician who has many tricks up his sleeve. This upbeat, fun-filled, colorful and highly theatrical musical gives actors of all ages a chance to join the circus and will give audiences a chance to go behind the scenes of the zaniest show on earth! *Unit set. Approximate running time: 50 minutes.*



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Circus Time!

Robert Thomas Noll/David Pogue

Dramatic Publishing



CIRCUS TIME!

A Musical

Book by

ROBERT THOMAS NOLL

Music by

DAVID POGUE

Lyrics by

ROBERT THOMAS NOLL and DAVID POGUE



Dramatic Publishing

Woodstock, Illinois • England • Australia • New Zealand

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Music by DAVID POGUE

Lyrics by ROBERT THOMAS NOLL and
DAVID POGUE

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(CIRCUS TIME!)

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IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

All producers of the Musical *must* give credit to the Author and Composer of the Musical in all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Musical and in all instances in which the title of the Musical appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Musical and/or a production. The names of the author and Composer *must* also appear on a separate line, on which no other name appears, immediately following the title, and *must* appear in size of type not less than fifty percent (50%.) the size of the title type. Biographical information on the Author and Composer, if included in the playbook, may be used in all programs. *In all programs this notice must appear:*

“Produced by special arrangement with
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY of Woodstock, Illinois”

CIRCUS TIME! had its world premiere at The Cleveland Play House on April 8, 1982, with the following cast:

Joey Leon Adato
Mother's Voice Cassandra Wolfe
Ringmaster David Natale
Fearless Freddie Fangoonee Robby Leatherman
Jeanelle Juli Ann Davis
Ellie Judy Crozier
Nellie Shawn Scheuer
Alison Leah Natale
Amazing Alan Andrew C. Watson
Clowns . . . Erin Branagan, Laura Meckler, Maura Murphy,
Amy Notley, Daniele O'Loughlin, Lee Unkrich

Director Kerro Knox 3 and Elisabeth Farwell
Choreographer Elisabeth Farwell
Music Director David Wolfson
Costume Designer Betsy Streeter
Lighting Designer Paul K. Wells
Magic Advisor Aaron Watkins
Properties James A. Guy
Stage Manager Rhona Nathan
Follow Spot Homer Farr
Cleveland Play House Artistic Director . . . Richard Oberlin
Director of The Play House Youtheatre . . Cassandra Wolfe

CIRCUS TIME!

A Musical in One Act

CHARACTERS

JOEY, a young boy
JOEY'S OFFSTAGE MOTHER
RINGMASTER
FEARLESS FREDDIE FANGOONEE, high-wire artist
JEANELLE, the elephant
ELLIE, her sister
NELLIE, her other sister
AMAZING ALAN, magician
ALISON, his assistant

CIRCUS CLOWN #1

CLOWN #2

CLOWN #3

CLOWN #4

CLOWN #5

CLOWN #6

(You can have as many clowns as you want.)

The ENSEMBLE is made up of the CLOWNS, plus, a LION, a LION TAMER, and maybe a BEARDED LADY, a STILT WALKER, HORSES, TIGERS, JUGGLERS, TRAPEZE ARTISTS, etc.

The ENSEMBLE backs up the singers throughout the production.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

- “Circus Time!” Ringmaster and Company
- “I’m Scared” Freddie and Joey
- “Elephants Sometimes Forget” Jeanelle
- “Your Own Beat” Joey, Jeanelle, Company
- “Magic” Alan and Alison
- “Make You Laugh” Joey, Clowns, Company
- “Farewell/Circus Time! Reprise” . . Ringmaster, Joey, Company

CIRCUS TIME!

SETTING: *Joey's bedroom. His bed is unmade. His bathrobe lies on the floor beneath its hook. His toys—a set of circus dolls and several stuffed animals are arranged on the floor.*

AT RISE: *JOEY is playing with his circus toys.*

MOTHER (*offstage*). Joey, are you cleaning your room?

JOEY (*reluctantly*). Yes, Mom.

MOTHER (*offstage, always pleasant*). We'll be having dinner soon. That room better be clean.

JOEY. Yes, Mom.

MOTHER (*offstage*). Put your toys away. Make your bed. And hang up your bathrobe.

JOEY. Yes, Mom. (*Throws his bathrobe on the hook. It falls to the floor. He doesn't bother. Instead of picking it up, he goes back to playing with his circus toys.*) In the circus nobody has to work. The clowns laugh. The animals dance. The trapeze artist flies through the air. And everybody has a great time! If I was in the circus... (*Picks up the ringmaster doll.*) All right, Ringmaster! Line up all the acts. We're ready to start the circus parade! Lion tamer, trapeze artist, bearded lady, elephants, a magician, tigers, and, of course, the clowns. (*Starts moving the dolls around the floor as he imitates an old*

circus pipe organ. He starts singing the “traditional” circus theme music:) “Da...da...da-da-da-da-da...”

(SONG #1: “CIRCUS TIME!”)

(Hear circus train whistle. As JOEY continues to sing like a circus pipe organ, a real one is heard—possibly on tape. The music gets louder and louder and brighter and brighter. Hearing real circus music surprises JOEY.)

JOEY. What’s happening? *(Pointing down the theater aisle or upstage behind him.)* And over there! Look what’s coming!

(Actors dressed as circus performers enter. They are lead by the RINGMASTER.)

CIRCUS ENSEMBLE *(singing)*.

CATCH THE TUNE.

FEEL THE BEAT.

IT’S THE CIRCUS PARADE

COMIN’ DOWN THE STREET.

HANG ON TO YOUR HATS

FOR A THREE-RING SHOW—

THIS SPECTACULAR DAY

IS ALL FOR JOE.

JOEY *(speaking under music)*. For me? *(JOEY sees that his circus toys and stuffed animals have vanished.)* Look! My circus toys have come alive!

(As they sing, the ENSEMBLE builds the circus area right in the middle of Joey’s bedroom. Now that the cir-

cus has arrived, we should see the circus risers upstage angled in a semicircle; colorful circus banners can be brought in or flown in. When the ENSEMBLE is not “on stage,” the ENSEMBLE should be seated on the risers. They become part of the circus audience. They also serve as the play’s stage crew and they back up the singers throughout the production.)

ALL.

**STEP RIGHT UP—DON’T BE SHY
WE’LL MAKE SMILES APPEAR
AND CAUSE SPIRITS TO FLY.
WE’LL BUILD AN ILLUSION
OR TWO OR THREE
YOU’LL BE GLUED TO YOUR SEAT
JUST WAIT AND SEE.**

RINGMASTER.

**YOU’LL SEE...
ELEGANT ELEPHANTS DANCING
STUNNING WHITE STALLIONS PRANCING
LIONS AND TIGERS ROARING
MEN ON THE HIGH TRAPEZE SOARING.**

ALL.

**IT’S CIRCUS TIME FOR JOEY.
WE’RE HERE AT YOUR COMMAND
ONE, TWO, THREE
AND WE’RE READY TO
STRIKE UP THE BAND.
IT’S CIRCUS TIME FOR JOEY.
WITH WIZARDRY TO DO.
DON’T YOU SEE
WE ARE RUNNING AWAY TO JOIN YOU.**

**CATCH THE TUNE
FEEL THE BEAT
IT'S THE CIRCUS PARADE
COMIN' DOWN THE STREET.
HANG ON TO YOUR HATS
FOR A THREE-RING SHOW
THIS SPECTACULAR DAY
IS ALL FOR JOE.**

RINGMASTER.

**YOU'LL SEE
COMICAL CLOWNS AND ACROBATS
MYSTICAL MAGIC AND BIG CATS.
COURAGE AND TALENT
AND SOME SPILLS
FIRE AND DAZZLE
AND NEAT THRILLS.**

JOEY. My very own circus!

RINGMASTER. Yes, Joey's Circus.

JOEY. How many rings?

RINGMASTER. How many do you want?

JOEY. Three... A three-ring circus!

RINGMASTER. You want three. Okay, a three-ring circus
is coming right up. You want three rings?

JOEY. Yes.

RINGMASTER. Then you'll have your three rings...
*(Magically takes out three large rings and hands them to
JOEY.)* One, two, three.

JOEY. Wow! My own three-ring circus! *(Puts the rings
down on the stage.)*

ALL (*singing*).

**IF YOU'LL BELIEVE IN MAGIC
IF YOU WILL COME OUR WAY
YOU WILL JOIN US—
IT'S CIRCUS TIME TODAY!**

(The entire ENSEMBLE bow and then take their seats upstage on the risers. JOEY and RINGMASTER move downstage.)

JOEY. Now, Mister Ringmaster, let's begin the show!
Let's start with one of your top acts, please. A real showstopper!

RINGMASTER. Anything you wish, you're the B-O-S-S.
(Hands JOEY a hat with a large "Boss" on it.)

JOEY. I'm the B-O-S-S. I'm in charge.

RINGMASTER. You're in charge.

JOEY. What do I do now?

RINGMASTER. I don't know, you're the B-O-S-S. How about giving some orders?

JOEY. Right. I'll give some orders. *(Looking puzzled.)*
What kind of orders?

RINGMASTER. May I make a suggestion, B-O-S-S?

JOEY. Sure.

RINGMASTER. How about telling me, your faithful Ringmaster, to start the show?

JOEY. Good idea. Thanks. *(To ENSEMBLE.)* All right, all you members of Joey's world-famous circus, let the fun begin! Announce the first act, Ringmaster.

RINGMASTER. Right away, sir. *(RINGMASTER moves DC into darkness.)* Hey, a...spotlight, please! *(Spotlight is R area.)* No, I'm over here. *(Spotlight moves to L*

area.) No, I'm over here! Here! (*Spotlight moves to R area again. RINGMASTER jumps up and down in frustration. Waving hands.*) I'm right here! Right here! (*Spotlight moves to JOEY.*)

JOEY. I'm not the Ringmaster. (*Proudly.*) I'm the owner. I'm the—

ENSEMBLE (*in unison.*) B-O-S-S, we know.

RINGMASTER (*waving hands like crazy.*) Joey, help me!

JOEY. Help you. How can I...? (*Gets an idea. JOEY moves DCR next to the RINGMASTER. The spotlight follows him.*)

RINGMASTER (*basking in the spotlight.*) Oh, finally. Thanks.

JOEY. No problem...

RINGMASTER (*to audience, regaining his composure.*)

Now, ladies and gentlemen, in the center ring, Joey's world-famous circus is proud to present the incredible, the fabulous, the breathtaking, the stupendous...

JOEY (*to audience, rubbing his hands.*) Gee, this ought to be something, eh?

RINGMASTER. ...The Fearless Freddie Fangoonee, Artist Extraordinaire of the High Wire...

(Lights come up on the "high wire" which is a long stick on the floor; no one is there.)

RINGMASTER (*louder, looking and shouting offstage.*)

...On the high wire the fabulous...the remarkable master of Balance and Nerve, Fearless Fangoonee. (*Still no one is there.*) Excuse me.

(RINGMASTER moves into wings. JOEY gives audience a perplexed look.)

RINGMASTER *(yelling offstage)*. Fearless Fangoonee, get your rear-end over here! Freddie, get your body on to that high wire right now!

(Moves to ENSEMBLE on upstage risers.)

CLOWN #1. Fearless isn't here.

CLOWN #2. We don't know where he went.

CLOWN #3. We haven't seen him.

CLOWN #4. He's not here. Sorry. *(RINGMASTER storms off.)*

JOEY *(to audience)*. Just what kind of circus do we have here? I'm beginning to wonder.

(RINGMASTER quickly reenters and starts pacing.)

RINGMASTER. Joey, maybe you can help me. Have you seen a little man wearing yellow leotards?

JOEY. Well... *(Starts looking around stage and sees a pair of purple shoes visible under one of the circus banners.)*
Have I seen a little man wearing yellow leotards and purple shoes?

(JOEY looks behind banner and sees FANGOONEE. FANGOONEE gets on his knees pleading with JOEY to say "No.")

RINGMASTER. Yes, have you?

(FANGOONEE makes a large “no” motion with his head shaking vigorously.)

JOEY *(shaking head vigorously)*. No. I haven’t seen any little guy wearing yellow leotards and purple shoes. And red trunks.

RINGMASTER. Oh, circus feathers! I wonder where that little runt went? *(Moving into audience.)* Boys and girls, have you seen a little guy wearing yellow leotards, purple shoes and red trunks hiding? Have you?

(FANGOONEE gets on his knees and pleads with the audience to say “no.” He shakes his head vigorously. FANGOONEE pleads with parents—adults—to say “no” too.)

RINGMASTER. Well, there’s only one other place to look. I’ll be right back. I bet he’s in the bathroom.

(RINGMASTER goes down the aisle into the lobby. FANGOONEE notices JOEY and audience looking at him. He comes from behind banner.)

FANGOONEE. All clear. *(Moves to JOEY.)* Thanks a lot, Joey. Pleased to meet you. *(JOEY shakes FANGOONEE’s hand as FANGOONEE’s glove comes off and into JOEY’s hand.)*

JOEY. Pleased to meet you. *(Hands FANGOONEE back his glove.)*

FANGOONEE. Thanks. *(To JOEY and audience.)* You’re probably wondering why I’m not up on the high wire thrilling you all, huh? Huh?

JOEY. Well...

FANGOONEE (*looking at children in audience*). Yes, I see that wondering look in your eyes.

JOEY. Well, the Ringmaster did call you “the incredible, the fabulous, the breathtaking, the stupendous, remarkable...”

FANGOONEE. Yes, stupendously remarkable.

JOEY. ...Master of Balance and Nerve.”

FANGOONEE (*disgustedly with his head down*). Balance and Nerve, huh!

JOEY. And brave and courageous.

FANGOONEE. But I’m not brave, I’m not courageous. I’m frightened. I’m scared to death.

JOEY. I don’t believe that.

FANGOONEE. Believe it. I used to be the best—my act *was* thrilling. I could do cartwheels and somersaults on the high wire. I could ride a bicycle or a tricycle, or juggle—I could even stand on my head—

JOEY. Way up high in the sky.

FANGOONEE. Hundreds of feet above, with no net.

JOEY. That *is* fearless.

FANGOONEE. How the audience would ooh...

ENSEMBLE (*looking up and pointing*). Ooh...

FANGOONEE. And ahh.

ENSEMBLE. Ahh...

FANGOONEE. They would clap and cheer. (*ENSEMBLE claps and then cheers.*)

JOEY. Then what happened?

FANGOONEE. Then one day, for the first time in my life, I made a big mistake. (*ENSEMBLE dramatically gasps in unison.*) A big, big, big mistake.

JOEY. What did you do?

FANGOONEE. Something I never did in all my years on the high wire.

JOEY. What?

FANGOONEE. I looked down. (*ENSEMBLE groans.*) I suddenly realized where I was...hundreds of feet up in the air without a net. And from that day on... (*Stops.*)

JOEY. From that day on, what?

FANGOONEE. Joey, I can't hide it any longer.

(*Music starts.*)

JOEY. You can't hide what?

FANGOONEE. My fear.

JOEY. Fear?

FANGOONEE. My fear of heights. (*Sings.*)

(SONG #2: "I'M SCARED")

**I'M SCARED! I'M SCARED! I'M SCARED!
JUST THE THOUGHT OF IT
CAN MAKE ME START TO CRY.
THOUGH OTHER MEN HAVE DARED
TO TIPTOE THROUGH THE SKY,
I'M SCARED.**

**I WASN'T REALLY CUT OUT FOR THE HIGH
WIRE.
THE TELEPHONE'S A LITTLE MORE
LIKE MY WIRE.
I'M PETRIFIED OF HEIGHTS.
JUST TO LOOK AT IT AND I BEGIN TO DOUBT
YOU WANT YOUR NAME IN LIGHTS?
NOT ME—I'VE CHICKENED OUT!**