

Excerpt terms and conditions



This excerpt is available to assist you in the play selection process.

You may view, print and download any of our excerpts for perusal purposes.

Excerpts are not intended for performance, classroom or other academic use. In any of these cases you will need to purchase playbooks via our website or by phone, fax or mail.

A short excerpt is not always indicative of the entire work, and we strongly suggest reading the whole play before planning a production or ordering a cast quantity.

Dramatic Publishing

Junior High School One-Act Comedies



Comic anthology
by
Ruth Kelsey, Anne Coulter Martens
and *Jewell Bothwell Tull*

Junior High School One-Act Comedies



THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

*** NOTICE ***

The amateur and stock acting rights to this work are controlled exclusively by THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be given. Royalty fees are given in our current catalogue and are subject to change without notice. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed any time it is acted before an audience. All inquiries concerning amateur and stock rights should be addressed to:

DRAMATIC PUBLISHING
P. O. Box 129, Woodstock, Illinois 60098.

COPYRIGHT LAW GIVES THE AUTHOR OR THE AUTHOR'S AGENT THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO MAKE COPIES. This law provides authors with a fair return for their creative efforts. Authors earn their living from the royalties they receive from book sales and from the performance of their work. Conscientious observance of copyright law is not only ethical, it encourages authors to continue their creative work. This work is fully protected by copyright. No alterations, deletions or substitutions may be made in the work without the prior written consent of the publisher. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, videotape, film, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. It may not be performed either by professionals or amateurs without payment of royalty. All rights, including but not limited to the professional, motion picture, radio, television, videotape, foreign language, tabloid, recitation, lecturing, publication and reading, are reserved.

For performance of any songs and recordings mentioned in this play which are in copyright, the permission of the copyright owners must be obtained or other songs and recordings in the public domain substituted.

On all programs this notice should appear:

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

©MCMXXXIX by
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

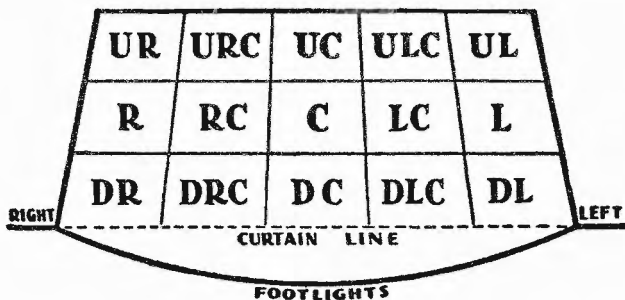
Printed in the United States of America
All Rights Reserved
(JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL ONE-ACT COMEDIES)

ISBN 0-87129-271-8

Contents

SELMA GOES PSYCHIC.	7
by Ruth Wilson Kelsey	
YELLOW TULIPS.	25
by Anne Coulter Martens	
THE WHITE ELEPHANT COMES HOME.	41
by Anne Coulter Martens	
MIDGE GOES TO THE MOVIES.	55
by Jewel Bothwell Tull	
THE CASE OF THE GLASS SLIPPERS.	71
by Anne Coulter Martens	

CHART OF STAGE POSITIONS



STAGE POSITIONS

Upstage means away from the footlights, *downstage* means toward the footlights, and *right* and *left* are used with reference to the actor as he faces the audience. R means *right*, L means *left*, U means *up*, D means *down*, C means *center*, and these abbreviations are used in combination, as: U R for *up right*, R C for *right center*, D L C for *down left center*, etc. One will note that a position designated on the stage refers to a general territory, rather than to a given point.

NOTE: Before starting rehearsals, chalk off your stage or rehearsal space as indicated above in the *Chart of Stage Positions*. Then teach your actors the meanings and positions of these fundamental terms of stage movement by having them walk from one position to another until they are familiar with them. The use of these abbreviated terms in directing the play saves considerable time, speeds up rehearsals, and reduces the amount of explanation the director has to give to his actors.

Selma Goes Psychic

by

RUTH WILSON KELSEY

THE attention of all purchasers is directed to the following: This work is fully protected under the copyright laws. Violations of the Copyright Law are punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both.

The copying by hand, by typewriter, or by any other process, of "parts" or of any portion of a copyrighted play is dishonest and illegal.

This play may be performed by amateurs without payment of royalty fee until further notice given in our catalogue. No radio broadcast of this play of any nature may be given without special arrangements being made. This applies also to all readings, recitations, professional performances, etc. All rights reserved.

COPYRIGHT, 1939, BY
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

[SELMA GOES PSYCHIC]

Selma Goes Psychic

A Comedy in One Act

FOR THREE BOYS AND THREE GIRLS

CHARACTERS

SELMA GRANT.....*who goes psychic*
ALLEN GRANT.....*her brother*
CARL WILLIAMS.....*his chum*
HARRY BROWN.....*who wants to quit school*
GLADYS WEAVER.....*a victim of Selma's psychic power*
MAZIE GROVES.....*who giggles*

PLACE: *The living-room of the Grant home.*

TIME: *The present. Fall. Early evening.*

Selma Goes Psychic

SCENE: *The living-room of the Grant home. It is a nice, cozy room, tastefully furnished. A door to the front hall of the house is in the L wall at center. In the R wall at center is another door leading to the rest of the house. There is a fireplace in the rear wall, U C, with a low fire burning in it. On the fireplace mantel are a book, a box of matches, and two unlighted candles in holders. In front of the fireplace is a small table—a card table will do—with straight chairs on either side of it. The table is covered with a large dark cloth which falls almost to the floor. Back and a little upstage of the chair right of the table is a shaded floor lamp. An overstuffed easy chair is D L. Against the wall R, below the door, is a settee. By the door L is a light switch. Other furnishings may be used as the size of the stage permits, but the furnishings listed above are sufficient to carry out the action of the play.]*

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: *It is early evening, fall. There is no light on the stage except that from the shaded floor lamp. (Use a small bulb here, so as not to give much light.) A faint glow also comes from the low fire in the fireplace. Incense is burning in a small bowl on the table U C. SELMA is seated right of the table, while GLADYS is seated opposite her. SELMA and GLADYS are in their teens. SELMA is considerably taller than GLADYS and much more grown-up. She wears a dark-colored lounging robe which has loose-flowing sleeves and trails on the floor. GLADYS wears ordinary school clothes suitable for fall. As the curtain rises, SELMA is bending toward GLADYS. GLADYS is weeping softly.]*

GLADYS. Oh, Selma, is that all you can tell me? What kind of an accident do you think I am going to be in?

SELMA. As far as I can see it has something to do with an auto-

mobile. I could see bandages, and—and—oh, a doctor, and——

GLADYS [*wailing anew*]. Oh, dear, I'm so scared! What shall I do?

SELMA. You shouldn't feel that way, Gladys. You should be glad you found out—so you can be careful.

GLADYS. Oh, I *am* glad! I'm so glad, and I'll not get in an automobile the rest of my life, or a bus, or anything. I'll walk everywhere I go.

SELMA [*hastily*]. Oh, I—I—didn't mean that! I said the accident would be some time this year.

GLADYS. Well, yes—but I'm not taking any chances. [*She rises and crosses to the door L.*] Oh, dear, I'm even scared to cross the street!

SELMA [*rising, crossing L C*]. Now, don't you worry, please! I'll tell you—you come back again real soon, and perhaps the vibrations will be better—and I can see more.

GLADYS [*frightened*]. More? [*She starts to weep again.*]

SELMA. I mean—something more definite. Maybe it isn't so bad. My book says the mind should be relaxed when you have a reading like this. Then the psychic powers can—uh—can work better.

GLADYS. Oh, Selma, I think you're just wonderful! I'll be back tomorrow night. Good-bye.

SELMA. Good-bye. Try to take a nap before you come.

GLADYS. I will!

[GLADYS goes out L.]

SELMA [*crossing U C, taking the book from the mantel, seating herself again and leafing quickly through the book*]. M-m-m . . . astrology . . . numerology . . . palmistry . . . psychic power! [*She begins to read the section on psychic power.*]

[ALLEN enters L and switches on the lights from the switch by the door L. ALLEN is a year older than SELMA. He wears a sweater and dark trousers.]

ALLEN [*crossing to left of the table U C*]. Selma Grant, what under the shining moon is this stuff you're trying to pull!

SELMA [*indignantly*]. I'm not trying to pull anything!

ALLEN. I heard what you told Gladys. You let her go away from here scared stiff, thinking she was going to be hit by an automobile. And Leta Brown has quit school because you told her she was going to have a nervous breakdown if she didn't. Where did you get the idea that you can tell people what's going to happen to them?

SELMA. I can! Didn't I tell Agnes Bowman she was going to get two new dresses—and she got them the very next day. I told Florence Ryerson her folks were going to get a new car, and you saw it yourself, didn't you?

ALLEN. So you have turned fortuneteller, have you?

SELMA [*angrily*]. I'm not a fortuneteller. I'm a clairvoyant. [*She resumes her reading.*]

ALLEN. A what?

SELMA. A lot you know! Madame La Vonte told me I'd be great some day.

ALLEN [*thoughtfully*]. So you have been to Madame La Vonte's again. And now you're seeing things!

SELMA. Madame La Vonte says I have psychic power, and she told me to use every chance I could get. She even gave me this book to study.

ALLEN [*taking the book from SELMA'S hand, reading the title aloud*]. "How to See Tomorrow." Say, that sounds rich! Don't tell me you really believe that stuff? [*He laughs.*]

SELMA [*rising, taking the book from him*]. You give me back my book! Of course I believe it.

ALLEN [*playfully*]. Say, Sis, while you're seeing things, look into my tomorrows. What's going to happen to me? [*He becomes mock dramatic.*] Is there any romance in my life, or am I going to commit suicide—or something? [*He puts his face close to hers.*] Come on, look through me, please.

SELMA [*turning away from him*]. I wouldn't even try to read your future.

ALLEN. Why not?

SELMA [*crossing to the door R*]. Because you don't have any faith in me. Therefore, the vibrations wouldn't be right.

ALLEN. Vibrations, my foot! You'd better forget about your vibrations and get after that algebra quiz you're going to have tomorrow.

SELMA [*disdainfully*]. Huh! Algebra! Anyone can do algebra.

ALLEN. You couldn't last month. And if you don't get a better grade this time you'll flunk the term.

SELMA. I'm not worried.

ALLEN. We'll hear plenty of vibrations then—when Mother and Dad find out you've flunked.

SELMA. I don't care—'cause I'm going to be a great clairvoyant, and they don't need to know algebra. So there!

[*SELMA hurries out R with her book. Just then the doorbell rings offstage L. ALLEN goes out L, calling back to SELMA as he does so.*]

ALLEN [*as he goes out L*]. Here's another one of your victims now!

[*CARL enters L, followed by ALLEN. He is about the same age and wears a jacket or sweater and sports trousers.*]

ALLEN [*joyfully, as they enter*]. Say, Carl, you're just the guy I want to see!

CARL. What about?

ALLEN. I have a hunch I'm going to need you. Have you heard about my sis seeing things?

CARL [*laughing*]. I heard that Leta Brown has quit school because Selma told her——

ALLEN. Leta isn't the only one. Selma's just setting up in business as an oracle! Why, she's as crazy as a bedbug. And the worst of it is, she really believes she can tell what is going to happen to you.

CARL. Well, what's the difference! Let her rave!

Yellow Tulips

by

ANNE COULTER MARTENS

THE attention of all purchasers is directed to the following: This work is fully protected under the copyright laws. Violations of the Copyright Law are punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both.

The copying by hand, by typewriter, or by any other process, of "parts" or of any portion of a copyrighted play is dishonest and illegal.

This play may be performed by amateurs without payment of royalty fee until further notice given in our catalogue. No radio broadcast of this play of any nature may be given without special arrangements being made. This applies also to all readings, recitations, professional performances, etc. All rights reserved.

COPYRIGHT, 1939, BY
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
[YELLOW TULIPS]

Yellow Tulips

A Comedy in One Act

FOR TWO BOYS AND FOUR GIRLS

CHARACTERS

JUDY.....*who tends the hat shop*
GWEN.....*who buys a hat*
MARJORIE.....*who also buys a hat*
BARNEY.....*who delivers hats*
JED.....*who stops in*
CHRISTINE.....*who changes her mind*

PLACE: *Miss Dabney's Hat Shop.*

TIME: *Saturday afternoon before Easter.*

Yellow Tulips

SCENE: *Miss Dabney's Hat Shop. In the R wall at center is a door leading to the store window and then on to the street. Upstage of the door R is a small table with a mirror on the wall above it, and a straight chair before it. On the table is a large hand mirror. At L stage, running up- and downstage, is a large table with a display of hats for the junior miss. These hats are mounted on little hat stands. Against the rear wall, U C, is a smaller table on which are some hatboxes. Above this table, on the wall, is a neat sign reading, MISS DABNEY'S HATS FOR THE JUNIOR MISS. Here and there about the stage may be chairs.*]

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: JUDY, *a competent girl of fourteen, wearing a sports dress, picks up a couple of hats which have been left on the table R and returns them to their places on the long table at L stage. She is carefully arranging them on the stands when BARNEY comes in R. He is a cheerful, impudent boy of about fourteen, dressed in slacks and a sweater.*]

BARNEY [*coming C, giving JUDY a flip wave with his hand*].
Hi-ya, boss! Any more hats to be delivered?

JUDY [*pointing to the hatboxes on the small table U C*]. Plenty of them. [*She glances at her wrist watch.*] And it's only about fifteen minutes till closing time.

BARNEY [*crossing U C*]. Gee, girls certainly do go for Easter bun-nets in a big way. [*Turning.*] Say, Judy, is *your* hat still here?

JUDY. My hat?

BARNEY. You know—the one Miss Dabney promised you for taking care of the store for her.

JUDY. Well—yes—she said I could have my choice of any hat that wasn't sold by closing time.

BARNEY [*as he checks over the hatboxes to be delivered*]. Lucky break for you on the day before Easter.

JUDY. Don't I know it! I just love a hat shop! [*She continues to arrange the hats.*] And I'm so glad that Miss Dabney felt she could depend on me—when she had to go away.

BARNEY. Well, how about it? Is it still here—the hat you picked out?

JUDY. Why, Barney, I didn't pick it out—not exactly. How do I know it won't be sold? But I do have my heart set on one in particular.

BARNEY. Just like a girl, getting all worked up over a piece of straw. Has it been sold yet?

JUDY. Not yet. But I hold my breath every time anyone stops by the window.

BARNEY. You mean—your hat's in the window? [*He points toward the door R.*]

JUDY. Yes. Didn't you notice it? A little dark blue one with powder-blue flowers on it. It'll go perfectly with my last year's spring suit. [*The description of this hat should fit that of the hat used in the play.*]

BARNEY. Listen, why don't you put it away where no one can see it? Leave it in the window, and it'll be sold sure.

JUDY. Oh, I couldn't do that! It wouldn't be fair to Miss Dabney.

BARNEY. Why not? She promised you a hat for working here.

JUDY. She promised me my choice of any hat that isn't sold.

BARNEY. Yes—but you can at least put some other hat in the window, can't you? You don't need to draw people's attention to the hat you like best.

JUDY [*hesitatingly*]. Do you think I would be keeping my part of the bargain if I took it out of the window?

BARNEY. Sure!

JUDY [*going to the door R*]. I don't believe it would be wrong, because the hat will still be in here if anyone decides to buy it—which I *do* hope they won't.

[JUDY goes out R.]

BARNEY. Atta girl! [He glances around the shop, and for his own amusement puts on a little act. He assumes a mincing walk and a high falsetto.] Good afternoon, Modom! What can I show you today? [Then he speaks as if he were a customer replying.] I should like to see a little numbah for Eastah. Something very chick, don't you know. [He goes over to the table L, selects a hat, and seats himself before the mirror at the table R. This time he speaks as if he were the saleslady.] Such a darling little model, Modom! Let's see how it looks on. [He tries on the hat.] A trifle lower over the right eye, Modom. [He tilts the hat and studies it in the hand mirror.] What an adorable feather! Such chick! [Louder.] Such chick, chick, chick! [Amused at himself, he bends down and begins calling, as if feeding chickens.] Here, chick, chick, chick! Cock-a-doodle-doo!

[JUDY comes in R with the blue hat in her hand. She pauses by the door R.]

JUDY [indignantly, though she tries hard not to laugh]. Barney! Take that hat off!

BARNEY [rising, one hand on his hip and the other girlishly adjusting the hat]. I have decided on this little numbah to go with my Eastah outfit. I don't care so much for it off, but it's reah-ally chick on!

JUDY. Take it off, Barney! Miss Dabney would be furious if she caught you.

BARNEY [crossing L and replacing the hat]. Okay!

[JUDY sits at the table R and eagerly tries on the hat. It is very becoming to her. BARNEY crosses to behind her.]

BARNEY. So that's the hat. Not bad. Not bad at all.

JUDY. I didn't expect to get an Easter hat at all. Mother was going to fix over my last year's sailor. But now——[Rapturously, gazing at herself in the mirror.] I have this!

BARNEY [*dryly*]. You hope! Better put it out of sight. Then you'll be sure of it.

JUDY [*rising and taking off the hat*]. I'll put it at the very back of the table. [*She places it on a little stand at the very back part of the table L.*] Right here. In fifteen more minutes it will be mine.

BARNEY [*crossing U C*]. Well, I better get going with my deliveries. All these? [*He points to the hatboxes on the table.*]

JUDY. All those! Business has been rushing.

BARNEY [*as he picks up a hatbox*]. Say, do you know who has moved into that basement room across the street—the one under the candy store?

JUDY. No. Who?

BARNEY [*picking up another hatbox*]. An old friend of yours. Remember, she used to live in that small house just out of town. Little Miss Abbott.

JUDY [*surprised and pleased*]. Miss Abbott? Of course I remember her! I haven't seen her since I was a tiny girl, and she used to give me peppermint drops.

BARNEY [*picking up another hatbox*]. She hasn't any peppermint drops now. Even lost her little house last year.

JUDY. What a pity!

BARNEY [*adding another hatbox to his load*]. Well, I guess we can't all have a happy Easter. [*He tries to add another hatbox to the pile on his arm, which now hides his face. He totters perilously.*]

JUDY. Barney, don't take a lazy man's load! You can't carry them all. [*She goes toward him to take one or two of the hatboxes from him.*]

BARNEY [*backing away from her toward the door R*]. Sure I can. Save time this way.

JUDY [*following him*]. You'll drop them. [*She tries to grab a hatbox.*]

BARNEY. Huh-uh! [*He continues to back away.*]

JUDY [*still pursuing him*]. Barney!

The White Elephant Comes Home

by

ANNE COULTER MARTENS

THE attention of all purchasers is directed to the following: This work is fully protected under the copyright laws. Violations of the Copyright Law are punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both.

The copying by hand, by typewriter, or by any other process, of "parts" or of any portion of a copyrighted play is dishonest and illegal.

This play may be performed by amateurs without payment of royalty fee until further notice given in our catalogue. No radio broadcast of this play of any nature may be given without special arrangements being made. This applies also to all readings, recitations, professional performances, etc. All rights reserved.

COPYRIGHT, 1939, BY
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
[THE WHITE ELEPHANT COMES HOME]

The White Elephant Comes Home

A Comedy in One Act

FOR FIVE GIRLS

CHARACTERS

SALLY.....*who receives the picture*
MADGE.....*her friend*
ADA.....*a visitor*
ELLEN.....*who sells cupcakes*
NETTIE.....*the maid*

PLACE: *Sally's living-room.*

TIME: *The present. Washington's Birthday. Morning.*

The White Elephant Comes Home

SCENE: *Sally's living-room. There are two entrances to the room. In the L wall at center is a door leading to the kitchen and the back part of the house, while in the R wall at center is a door leading to the outside. The only furnishings necessary are a library table at C stage, with chairs on either side of it, and a small writing desk and chair below the door L. On the desk are a fountain pen and paper. There is an occasional rug just inside the door L. Other furniture may be used as the size of the stage permits, but the furniture listed above will be adequate to carry the action of the play.*

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: SALLY, a pretty girl of fourteen, is sitting at the desk D L, making a list of supplies. She wears an attractive school frock.]

SALLY [*aloud, to herself*]. Cheese—olives—brown bread—cupcakes—Oh, the cupcakes haven't come yet!

[NETTIE comes in L. She is a gawky country girl of thirteen. She wears a cotton house dress and an apron. Her shoes should be too big for her, and she is always tripping over something. Just now she trips over the small rug by the door L as she comes in.]

NETTIE. Oops! [*She recovers her balance awkwardly.*] Excuse it, Sally. Seems like I'm always tripping over something. [*She ambles awkwardly to L C and stands in a slouched position, her arms folded.*]

SALLY [*turning in her chair to face her*]. Nettie, have the cupcakes come?

NETTIE. Not that I know of. Want I should bake you some?

SALLY. Oh, no, no! They're ordered from Ellen. Anyway, you have enough to do getting that kitchen in order. At the rate you're going, you should have come last week to start cleaning up for my party.

NETTIE. I'm slow but I'm thorough, Sally. Slow but thorough. Want I should clean up in here now?

SALLY. And the kitchen not half done? Oh, dear, I wish Mother hadn't had to go away, today of all days.

NETTIE. That's how things happen. But I'll get everything done, see if I don't. I help around at lots of houses in town, and they all say——

SALLY. I think the right thing to say now is—*get busy*.

[*The doorbell offstage R rings.*]

NETTIE. Want I should answer it?

SALLY [*rising*]. No, I will. You go on with the kitchen work.

[NETTIE goes out L, tripping over the rug as she goes. SALLY starts for the door, but MADGE, an attractive, vivacious girl of SALLY'S age, comes in R just as SALLY reaches the door R. She wears a winter coat and hat over a neat dress.]

MADGE. Well, I'm here!

SALLY. Oh, Madge, I'm so glad you could come! Can you spend the whole day with me? [*She puts her arm about MADGE and comes C stage with her.*]

MADGE. Every minute of it. And I'll do all I can to help. Happy birthday, Sally!

SALLY. Thanks. It's so silly to have a birthday on February 22, isn't it? I feel like George Washington.

MADGE [*jokingly*]. Do you act like him? I mean, do you always tell the truth—at least on your own birthday?

SALLY. As much of the truth as a polite person ever can tell, I suppose. Well, take off your coat and hat. Mother's away, Nettie's in the kitchen, and I've been planning the refreshments for my party tonight.

[MADGE takes off her coat and hat and puts them on the chair right of the table C.]

MADGE [as she removes her wraps]. Oh, by the way, the mailman was just coming up your steps as I came in! He had a package in his hand.

SALLY [joyfully]. A package! I bet it's from Aunt Matilda. She always sends me something for my birthday!

MADGE [pushing her toward the door R]. Hurry! I'm dying to see what it is.

SALLY [going R]. Last year it was a locket, and the year before—Oh, I just can't wait to see it!

[SALLY goes out R. MADGE sits in the chair left of the table C. SALLY enters R with a large flat package wrapped in brown paper. It is stamped and addressed, having come through the mail.]

SALLY. Look, Madge! What do you suppose it is this time?

MADGE. From your Aunt Matilda? [She watches SALLY, all agog.]

SALLY [laying the package on the right side of the table]. It's marked "Fragile, Handle With Care." [She takes off the outside wrapping paper.] I do believe it's glass. [After the outer wrapping is removed the gift is still in a large brown envelope. She pulls it out carefully. She speaks in tones flat with disappointment.] Oh, a picture!

MADGE [jumping up, crossing above the table and down to right of SALLY, looking over her shoulder]. Yes, a picture. [She is obviously disappointed, and her voice drops.] Glass, frame, and all!

[NOTE: This picture is never held in such a position as to be viewed by the audience.]

SALLY [with forced enthusiasm]. Isn't it lovely? Such—such color!

MADGE [falteringly]. Yes—there's color—as you say.

SALLY. So sweet of Aunt Matilda to remember me. I think it's the prettiest thing! [*She holds it away from her, trying hard to admire it.*]

MADGE. Oh, do you really?

SALLY. Don't you?

MADGE [*with an embarrassed laugh*]. It's your picture. From your aunt.

SALLY. Yes. [*After a pause.*] Of course, those big red roses, alongside of a bowl of purple plums—and all that fuzzy green stuff—what *is* that green stuff, Madge?

MADGE. You've got me there. But, as you say, the picture certainly has color.

SALLY [*shaking her head sadly*]. Too much color, I'm afraid.

MADGE. But I thought you liked it. Didn't you say you thought it was the prettiest thing?

SALLY [*laying the picture face down on the table*]. Yes, I guess I did say that. What does a person usually say about a gift? That it's simply lovely, and all that. [*She sighs.*]

MADGE. Why the sigh?

SALLY. Usually Aunt Matilda sends lovely presents.

MADGE. Then you don't really like the picture?

SALLY [*giving up the pretense*]. Could anybody like that picture? Oh! [*She shudders.*] I think it's simply hideous! Flowers and fruit and vegetables all mixed up together. Why, it looks like an atrocious fruit salad!

MADGE [*dryly*]. All it needs is a dab of mayonnaise. You're right. [*She crosses behind the table and down to her chair left of the table.*] I didn't like it from the moment I saw it, but I thought you did. [*She sits.*]

SALLY. I was just being polite. [*She slips the picture back into the brown envelope.*] I can't bear to look at it. Imagine hanging that up on the wall!

MADGE [*shuddering*]. I can't!

SALLY. But what on earth can I do with it?

MADGE. There's no accounting for taste. Perhaps to some people it would seem beautiful.

Midge Goes to the Movies

by

JEWELL BOTHWELL TULL

THE attention of all purchasers is directed to the following: This work is fully protected under the copyright laws. Violations of the Copyright Law are punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both.

The copying by hand, by typewriter, or by any other process, of "parts" or of any portion of a copyrighted play is dishonest and illegal.

This play may be performed by amateurs without payment of royalty fee until further notice given in our catalogue. No radio broadcast of this play of any nature may be given without special arrangements being made. This applies also to all readings, recitations, professional performances, etc. All rights reserved.

COPYRIGHT, 1939, BY
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
[MIDGE GOES TO THE MOVIES]

Midge Goes to the Movies

A Comedy in One Act

FOR FIVE BOYS AND FOUR GIRLS

CHARACTERS

BILLY BAXTER.....	twelve years old
WANDA BAXTER.....	his younger sister
ALICE BAXTER.....	his older sister
PETE OLSEN.....	Billy's chum
JANE OLSEN.....	Pete's older sister
GEORGE BROWN.....	Jane's friend
MIDGE OLSEN.....	Pete's younger sister
DICK HOLMAN.....	who nearly goes to the masquerade
ART SUMMERS.....	who finally goes to the masquerade

PLACE: *The living-room of the Baxter home.*

TIME: *The present. Early fall. A Friday evening, after dinner.*

NOTE: The masquerade costumes worn by *Wanda* and *Dick* may be any attractive costumes that are available. *Wanda's*, preferably, should be long and one that can be slipped on over her other dress.

Midge Goes to the Movies

SCENE: *The comfortable and pleasant living-room of the Baxter home. In the L wall at center is a door which leads to the front hall. In the R wall at center is a door which leads to the rest of the rooms. The only furnishings needed are a divan U C, an easy chair D R, a radio right of the easy chair, a small telephone stand D L, and a small stool or hassock right of the telephone stand. There are several pillows on the divan, one on the easy chair, and a telephone, telephone directory, and a pad on the stand D L. Other furniture may be added as the size of the stage permits, but the furnishings listed above will be sufficient to carry out the action of the play.]*

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: *It is Friday evening, just after dinner. BILLY BAXTER is lying on the divan U C, his feet propped against the right end of the divan, reading a magazine. BILLY is twelve, and a bit contemptuous of everything—especially sisters. He wears school clothes. WANDA BAXTER, thirteen, is curled up in the easy chair D R, listening to the radio. It is turned on softly. Dance music is being played. WANDA is quite pretty—prettier than she thinks. She wears a school frock. The telephone rings. Neither one makes any move to answer it. It rings again.]*

BILLY [*without looking up from his reading*]. Wanda, answer that, can't you?

WANDA [*crossly*]. Answer it yourself! It won't be for me, anyhow.

BILLY. Well, it won't be for me, either.

[*At the third ringing of the telephone, BILLY bangs down his magazine and ambles across to the stand. He lifts the receiver.*]

BILLY. Hello! . . . Oh, hi-yuh, Pete! . . .

WANDA. You see! It was for you.

BILLY [*hollering across to WANDA*]. Shut off that radio! [*Into the telephone.*] No, I was just talking to the kid sister. . . .

Oh, nothing—just reading! . . . Show? Gee, I'd like to. . . . Oh, gosh, Pete, I can't! The folks are away tonight, and I got to stay with the baby.

WANDA. Baby! [*She picks up the pillow from behind her and throws it at BILLY.*]

BILLY [*ducking the pillow*]. Hey, cut that out! . . . Oh, the baby's just getting rough. [*This last is spoken into the telephone.*]

[*WANDA dives across the room and grabs BILLY by the hair.*]

BILLY [*squirming to get away from her*]. Ouch! [*He kicks out at her.*] Cut the rough stuff!

WANDA [*letting him alone*]. You're not going anyplace and leave me here alone, Billy Baxter.

BILLY [*into the telephone*]. You hear that, Pete? Baby says no. She's afraid a bogey man'll get her. . . . Alice? Oh, she's going to the high school party! . . . Yeh, masquerade—Girls' Choice. . . . Yeh. Well, you come on over here, Pete, and we'll see. . . . Sure. Come ahead. 'Bye. [*He hangs up.*]

WANDA. Billy Baxter! You're not going to have that Peter-Pumpkin-Eater hanging around here all evening! And you're not going away and leave me alone.

BILLY. What are you scared of? Nobody's going to walk off with you. Why don't you go visit some of your friends, or have them come here? [*In disgust, crossing up to the divan, picking up his magazine, and sprawling out again.*] Haven't you any friends?

WANDA [*sitting in the chair DR and beginning to cry a little*]. Nellie's helping her mother. She's entertaining her club tonight. And Sue's helping Nellie. And Jane Olsen's got a date! [*Contemptuously.*] She's just my age! And I'm not go-

ing to have anything more to do with her. She's too silly! [*In utter disgust.*] All she can think of is boys!

BILLY. You're just jealous. You'd like to have a date, yourself.

WANDA. Billy Baxter, I would not! I hate boys—all boys!

[ALICE BAXTER comes quickly in from the hall L. She is an attractive girl of sixteen or seventeen, but not much taller than WANDA. She wears clothes suitable for early fall.]

ALICE [*cheerfully, crossing to WANDA*]. 'Lo, kids. Dad and Mother gone already?

WANDA. Yes. Where you been all afternoon?

ALICE. We were late getting out of the show, so Martha and I had a sandwich and malted milk at the drugstore. Now I've got to rush. [*She begins peeling off her hat, coat, and gloves as she hurries toward the door R.*]

WANDA. Aren't you the social butterfly, though!

ALICE [*coming back to WANDA*]. Listen, honey. Do something for me, will you? Get out my costume while I take a bath, and press it if it needs it. That's a darling!

BILLY [*with a loud laugh*]. She's a darling, all right!

WANDA. Listen, Alice. Bill's going to a movie with that Pete Olsen—and leave me here all alone.

ALICE [*turning to BILLY*]. Bill, you're not going to do any such thing!

BILLY. Who said I was?

WANDA. Well, Pete's coming over here. And either I got to stay alone—or spend the evening with those two adolescents.

ALICE. Well, I can't take time to bother with your problems now. You'll just have to settle them yourself. Get the dress, please, Wanda, and hurry. [*She starts for the door R again.*]

WANDA. Gee, I wish I was sixteen—or a boy. Boys always have everything their own way.

BILLY. Oh, yeah? Who says so?

[*The doorbell rings offstage L.*]

ALICE [*pausing at R*]. Oh, dear! I hope he isn't here already.
Go to the door, Wanda. Tell him I won't be a minute.

[ALICE runs out R. WANDA goes out L and calls back in a moment.]

WANDA [*from offstage L*]. It's just Pete Olsen. Billy's in there.
BILLY [*calling*]. Oh, hello, Pete! Come on in!

[PETE enters L. He is about BILLY'S age—all boy—and wears school clothes.]

BILLY [*sitting up*]. Hi, Ol'-timer!

PETE [*ambling up to the left end of the divan*]. Can't you go to the show?

BILLY. Not unless we can think of something.

[PETE sits beside BILLY on the divan. They both sit with chins in their palms, and think hard for a minute.]

PETE [*mournfully, after a thoughtful pause*]. We might take her along.

BILLY. Gosh, no! We don't want any ol' girl tagging us.

PETE. No, that's right. Jane tried to get me to stay with Midge, 'cause Mom's going to club. But nothing doing! I skipped out. Now Jane'll have to take the kid to the show with her and George.

BILLY. That's a good one on ol' Jane!

[PETE and BILLY giggle at what they consider a good joke.]

BILLY [*suddenly*]. Say! Why couldn't Midge stay here with Wanda?

PETE. Wanda wouldn't want her.

BILLY. That doesn't matter. She'd be company. [*He jumps to his feet.*] Say! Call Jane up and tell her Midge can stay here.

PETE. All right. [*He crosses to the telephone.*] Seven-one-J. . . . Well, ring 'em again. . . . Nothing doing. Guess they must have gone already. [*He hangs up.*]

BILLY. Well, let's go get 'em. They can't have gone very far.

The Case of the Glass Slippers

by

ANNE COULTER MARTENS

THE attention of all purchasers is directed to the following: This work is fully protected under the copyright laws. Violations of the Copyright Law are punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both.

The copying by hand, by typewriter, or by any other process, of "parts" or of any portion of a copyrighted play is dishonest and illegal.

This play may be performed by amateurs without payment of royalty fee until further notice given in our catalogue. No radio broadcast of this play of any nature may be given without special arrangements being made. This applies also to all readings, recitations, professional performances, etc. All rights reserved.

COPYRIGHT, 1939, BY
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
[THE CASE OF THE GLASS SLIPPERS]

The Case of the Glass Slippers

A Mock Trial

FOR SIX BOYS, FIVE GIRLS, AND EXTRAS

CHARACTERS

JUDGE FUSS.....	<i>in charge of the case</i>
WILLIAM WINDY.....	<i>attorney for the kingdom</i>
SAMMY SHOOSTER.....	<i>the accused</i>
CINDERELLA.....	<i>herself</i>
THE PRINCE.....	<i>her husband</i>
MRS. MEANY.....	<i>her stepmother</i>
ARAMINTA }.....	<i>her stepsisters</i>
ESMERALDA }	
FEARLESS.....	<i>a guard</i>
LITTLE OLD WOMAN.....	<i>guess who?</i>
COURT CLERK.....	<i>who opens court</i>
THE JURY.....	<i>twelve boys and girls</i>

PLACE: *A courtroom.*

TIME: *A day or two ago in the morning.*

The Case of the Glass Slippers

SCENE: *A courtroom. There is only one entrance to the room, and that is in the R wall, downstage. The judge's desk is U C, against the rear wall of the courtroom. A high-backed chair, on a platform, is behind this desk, while a gavel, several legal-looking books, a pitcher of water, and a glass are on the desk. Left of this desk (and on a slightly-raised platform, if possible) is a chair, the witness stand. The twelve people on the jury sit in two rows of chairs at L stage. These chairs face R stage. Below the jury, D L, is a small table with a chair left of it. Against the R wall are three straight chairs facing L stage. At R C is a fairly large table, with two chairs back of it and one right of it.]*

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: *The JURY has already assembled. MRS. MEANY, ARAMINTA, and ESERALDA are seated in the chairs at R stage. MRS. MEANY is short and stout. ARAMINTA and ESERALDA are tall and thin. But all three are fashionably dressed. Their faces are overly made up, to give the impression of ugliness. They may even wear long false noses. (Unless otherwise stated, all the characters are dressed in modern clothes.) WILLIAM WINDY, the attorney for the kingdom, is seated in the chair right of the table R C, looking over some important papers from his brief case. He is a very dapper, officious little man. He wears glasses with a black cord attached to them. The CLERK is standing left of the witness stand, a large book of fairy tales in his hand. As the curtain rises, the CLERK is announcing the opening of the court.]*

CLERK [*in a loud voice*]. Oyez, oyez, oyez! Order in the court! His Honor, Judge Fuss!

[**JUDGE FUSS**, *short, fat, and pompous, wearing a white wig and*

glasses, enters D R and seats himself at his desk. ALL stand up as he comes in. He raps on the desk with his gavel.]

JUDGE. Court is declared in session. Bring in the defendant.

[*The JUDGE sits. ALL sit as before. SAMMY SHOOSTER is escorted in D R by FEARLESS, the guard. SAMMY is small and mild. FEARLESS is tall and ferocious-looking. He wears a tall hat, with the word "Guard" printed on it in bright letters, and he has a very long beard. But FEARLESS is not as ferocious as he looks. He is troubled by a terrific case of shyness the moment anyone addresses him.*]

FEARLESS [*with a silly giggle, hanging his head and twisting his feet about*]. The defendant, your Honor. Sammy Shooster, the shoe man.

SAMMY. Good morning, Judge.

JUDGE. You'll soon find out if it's a good morning. Where is the counsel for the defense?

SAMMY. I'm a poor man, your Honor, just starting out in the shoe business, and I can't afford a lawyer. I will defend myself.

JUDGE. Very well. Defendant be seated.

[*SAMMY sits at the small table D L. FEARLESS crosses D L and stands behind him, guarding him vigilantly. The JUDGE clears his throat.*]

JUDGE. H'r'm! [*He looks around the room.*] It appears that our royal visitors are—h'r'm—delayed.

MRS. MEANY [*simperingly*]. Cinderella has no idea of time, your Honor. Don't you remember how the dear girl stayed too late at the ball, three years ago?

ARAMINTA. Everyone was talking about it. You know how people are. [*She laughs shrilly.*]

JUDGE [*clearing his throat again*]. H'r'm!

ESMERALDA. The Prince is the soul of punctuality, himself. But

I'm sure he doesn't mind waiting for dear Cinderella. [*She laughs shrilly.*]

[*Just then CINDERELLA and the PRINCE enter by way of the audience. She is quite charming in a rather old-fashioned full-skirted dress which falls to her ankles. She carries a huge knitting bag on her arm. The PRINCE is in modern sports clothes. He is handsome, and always the gentleman. CINDERELLA holds on to his arm as they walk down the aisle. She looks quite apprehensive. A few paces behind, and unnoticed by them, there comes a LITTLE OLD WOMAN. She wears a long black dress and a funny little black poke bonnet which hides her face. She is fat and dumpy, altogether undistinguished. She carries an umbrella. When CINDERELLA and the PRINCE go up on the stage, she takes a seat in the front row of the audience.*]

PRINCE [*soothingly, to CINDERELLA, as they come down the aisle and up on to the stage*]. Now, now, my dear. Don't be so upset. Anyone forgets to look at the clock once in a while. I'm sure his Honor will understand.

[*CINDERELLA and the PRINCE cross to the table R C and sit in the two chairs behind the table.*]

JUDGE [*when they are seated*]. Are your Highnesses ready for the trial to begin?

PRINCE. We are.

CINDERELLA [*to the PRINCE*]. Do you suppose he'll mind if I knit? I feel so nervous.

PRINCE. Knit if you want to, my dear. *I'm ruler of this country!* But there is no reason why you should feel nervous. You're not on trial.

CINDERELLA. No. That's right, I'm not. [*She takes her knitting from the bag and begins to knit nervously.*]

JUDGE [*coughing loudly and adjusting his spectacles*]. The clerk may read the docket.

CLERK [*reading from a slip of paper in the book of fairy tales*]

he carries]. Case No. 13: The Kingdom against Sammy Shooster, the shoe man. It is charged as follows, to wit, i.e., viz.: that he did steal from the castle on Wednesday last one pair of glass slippers belonging to the Princess Cinderella.

JURY [*leaping up suddenly and cheering as at a football game*].
Rah, rah, Cinderella!

[*The BOYS and the GIRLS of the JURY sit as before.*]

JUDGE. The defendant may now come forward.

[*SAMMY rises and comes to the JUDGE's desk.*]

JUDGE. How do you plead?

SAMMY. Not guilty, your Honor.

JUDGE. Very well. You may return to your seat.

[*SAMMY sits D L again.*]

JUDGE. Kingdom's attorney.

[*WILLIAM WINDY comes forward.*]

JUDGE. State your case.

WINDY [*taking a position at L C*]. Your Honor, and ladies and gentlemen of the jury, you all know that the famous glass slippers belonging to our Princess Cinderella have been stolen. I am going to prove to you that Sammy Shooster— [*He points his finger sternly at SAMMY.*—that black-hearted rascal, that base archfiend, stole the slippers to copy the design that he might use it in his silly little shoe shop.

JUDGE. Proceed with your case.

WINDY [*crossing to in front of the JUDGE's desk*]. My first witness is the Prince himself.

JURY [*jumping up as before and yelling, then sitting again*].
Rah, rah, Prince!

[*The PRINCE crosses to the witness stand. The CLERK holds out the book of fairy tales. The PRINCE raises his right hand and places his left hand on the book.*]



Junior High School One-Act Comedies

Comic anthology. By Ruth Kelsey, Anne Coulter Martens and Jewell Bothwell Tull.

The White Elephant Comes Home (5 girls). One of Sally's birthday presents is a horrible picture. Sally gets rid of it but it doesn't take long for it to return home again. Poor Sally! ***Midge Goes to the Movies*** (5 boys, 4 girls). Nobody wants to take care of the nuisance of a kid sister who wants to go to the movies. In the comical mixup, a romantic misunderstanding gets straightened out and Midge goes to the movies! ***Selma Goes Psychic*** (3 boys, 3 girls). Selma fancies herself a medium and neglects her lessons to forecast the future. ***Yellow Tulips*** (2 boys, 4 girls). Judy loves the new hat she has earned, but she sacrifices it for a pot of yellow tulips to bring Easter joy to a lonely old lady. ***The Case of the Glass Slipper*** (6 boys, 5 girls, extras). In this amusing mock trial, there is much excitement over who stole the family glass slipper.

Cover design by Susan Carle

ISBN 087129271-8



Visit us at: dramaticpublishing.com

Code: J13



Printed on Recycled Paper