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*Dramatic Publishing*



A young boy with freckles and glasses is looking down at a tablet computer he is holding. The background is a dark blue space filled with many small, bright white stars. The title 'DON AND WALLY' is written in large, white, stylized letters with a red outline, positioned at the top of the image, partially covering the boy's head.

# DON AND WALLY

(A COMEDY  
OF AN  
ACCIDENTAL  
VISIT)

COMEDY BY GORDON LePAGE

© The Dramatic Publishing Company

Recipient of the Aurand Harris Memorial Playwriting Award  
from the New England Theatre Conference

# DON AND WALLY

## (A COMEDY OF AN ACCIDENTAL VISIT)

**Comedy. By Gordon LePage.** Cast: 4 to 7m., 4 to 15w.

Don and Wally, two low-level scouts of the Willandian spy service, are sent on a routine mission to a nearby moon. Through bad luck and very bad navigating, they wander way off course and touch down several galaxies away on planet Earth. Instead of landing on the desert moon and morphing into nomads, they crash-land in New Jersey and morph into fourth-graders who are forced to go to school. The misadventures start there and continue as they try to figure out human behavior with the help of the UBU-11, a powerful minicomputer that is supposed to be the database for all things in the universe. Unfortunately, it's not working quite as expected—and its battery is dying—leaving them with fewer and fewer choices as they try to make it out of fourth grade and back home to Willandia. *Area staging. Approximate running time: 80 minutes. Code: DF3.*

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# **Don and Wally** **(A Comedy of an Accidental Visit)**

Comedy by  
GORDON LEPAGE



**Dramatic Publishing Company**  
Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

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*Don and Wally (A Comedy of an Accidental Visit)* premiered as a staged reading at the New England Theatre Conference in October of 2012. The comedy then won the 2012 Aurand Harris Memorial Playwriting Award. The reading was directed by Christina Marin with the following cast:

#### CAST

Bonnie Abramsky  
Ricardo Chilaca  
Zohar Fuller  
Sharon Hart  
Daniel M. Hoffman  
Daniel Mahler  
D. Adriane Spunt  
Sarah Beth Weinberg

# **Don and Wally**

## **(A Comedy of an Accidental Visit)**

### **CHARACTERS**

**MOTHER MARTINE:** Head of the Willandian Intelligence Agency. She only appears as a voice, possibly amplified through a microphone system so she is calmly “everywhere” rather than distant or from offstage.

**AGENT K-12:** The chief of staff to Mother Martine.

**DON:** A Willandian scout.

**WALLY:** A Willandian scout.

**CAITLIN and LUCIE:** Two young Earth girls.

**MOTHER:** Caitlin and Lucie’s mother.

**GIRL SCOUT:** Girl Scout who is selling cookies.

**POLICEMAN:** A policeman in the park.

**AGENT K-13:** Chief of communications for the Willandian Intelligence Agency.

**MISS CLYDESDALE:** A fourth-grade teacher at Oakdale Elementary.

**SCHOOL SECRETARY:** Oakdale Elementary’s school secretary.

**SARAH:** A student in Miss Clydesdale’s class.

**SIMON SOUTER:** A student in Miss Clydesdale’s class.

**CHRISTIE:** A student in Miss Clydesdale’s class.

**MRS. WEISS:** Oakdale Elementary’s librarian.

**MRS. RANOR:** Oakdale Elementary’s cafeteria lady.

**PASSERBY 1 – 2:** Two individuals on the street.

**MUSCLE GUY:** A powerful Earth man.

**MRS. TROUT:** The principal of Oakdale Elementary.

**MRS. PAROLE:** Oakdale Elementary’s speech and language specialist.



## SETTING

1. The planet Willandia.
2. Somewhere in New Jersey.

## TIME

The present.

In this scene, Don and Wally—having accidentally morphed into 4th graders—are brought to school and have their first experience with the education system of this strange planet Earth.

## SCENE 4

*(The scene is a fourth-grade classroom at Oakdale Elementary. There may be as many pupil desks and chairs as desired. The scene may be played with only the speaking STUDENTS present or additional STUDENTS in extra roles.)*

*DON and WALLY enter L with the SCHOOL SECRETARY. MISS CLYDESDALE steps over to meet them.)*

SCHOOL SECRETARY. Miss Clydesdale, I have two new students for you.

MISS CLYDESDALE. Really? Oh . . . uh . . . what a nice surprise.

SCHOOL SECRETARY. Yes, I know. (*Taking MISS CLYDESDALE aside.*) I'm sorry about this. The principal's out this morning, and the police just brought them in.

MISS CLYDESDALE. The police?

SCHOOL SECRETARY. Yes, Officer Martin. He's so nice. Said he found them in the park. No parents around. They're perfectly polite boys, he says, although maybe a little quirky.

MISS CLYDESDALE. But do they live in town?

SCHOOL SECRETARY. They say yes—but they're pretty vague about where. Which is why we have to find out more. Especially who and where their parents are. Officer Martin's filing a report with human services, but with the principal out, I really didn't know what to do with them for this morning. So, do you think you could ...

MISS CLYDESDALE. Of course, of course ...

SCHOOL SECRETARY. Thanks, Carly.

*(The SCHOOL SECRETARY exits. MISS CLYDESDALE ushers DON and WALLY over to the classroom area.)*

MISS CLYDESDALE. Boys and girls, we have two new students today. Just arrived in our fourth grade. (*To DON and WALLY.*) Could you introduce yourselves to us?

DON. I am Don.

WALLY. I am Wally.

MISS CLYDESDALE. Well, welcome Don and Wally.

WALLY. Thank you, Earth teacher. We appreciate your hospitality. What is your name?

MISS CLYDESDALE. My name is Miss Clydesdale.

WALLY (*whispering, gesturing to DON and the UBU-11*). Check ... check.

DON (*reading the UBU-11, whispering back*). She is a large brown horse with four shaggy white legs.

WALLY. Here is a hospitality gift.

*(WALLY hands MISS CLYDESDALE a flat piece of cardboard, heavily chewed on one edge.)*

MISS CLYDESDALE. Well thank you, Wally ...

WALLY. I suggest you start your ingestion along this edge of the treat. The cellulose fibers here are still quite crispy. It makes for a better overall dining experience.

MISS CLYDESDALE. I'll remember that.

*(WALLY watches MISS CLYDESDALE, disappointed that she doesn't begin eating.)*

WALLY. You do not partake? Have you already had lunch?

MISS CLYDESDALE. Not yet ... maybe later.

WALLY. Understood. If you lack the appetite to digest the entire sample, we will gladly accept the leftover as reserve fuel.

MISS CLYDESDALE. I will do that.

WALLY. Thank you. You are very kind. *(Whispering quickly to DON.)* Earth compliment.

*(DON types quickly, then holds the UBU-11 discretely as WALLY reads.)*

WALLY *(cont'd)*. "You are the prettiest mutant horse we have ever seen."

SARAH. So, where are you guys from?

DON. We are from Willandia.

SARAH. Where's that?

SIMON SOUTER *(world's greatest know-it-all)*. I know where that is. It's that new real estate development off exit 26. My mom's real estate company is selling it.

WALLY. Actually, it's a well-established solar system off interstellar route B-501.

SIMON SOUTER. Oh ... yeah, I knew that, too.

MISS CLYDESDALE. Well, we were just about to start the weekly spelling bee. Why don't you two sit down over there and be good observers?

WALLY. We would like to participate in this activity.

MISS CLYDESDALE. But you haven't studied the words ...

DON. We are eager to learn all new customs.

MISS CLYDESDALE. Well ... all right ... it's always courageous to try.

WALLY. Are there rules of engagement?

MISS CLYDESDALE. Just the usual spelling bee rules that all classes follow. Nothing fancy, of course.

WALLY. Of course. (*Whispering to DON.*) Spelling Bee. Speed check.

DON (*reads, whispers back*). "A vicious wrestling match between stinging insects."

MISS CLYDESDALE. OK, Wally, you can stand here.

SIMON SOUTER (*hand shooting up*). I'm first. I'm current champion.

MISS CLYDESDALE. Yes, I know, Simon. Stand here, please.

(*SIMON SOUTER takes his place next to WALLY.*)

SIMON SOUTER (*to WALLY*). I'm class spelling bee champion.

WALLY. So I have recently heard.

SIMON SOUTER. Four years in a row.

WALLY. You must have excellent stingers.

MISS CLYDESDALE. All right. The first word is for Simon. "Carnival."

SIMON SOUTER. Carnival. C-a-r- ...

(*As SIMON SOUTER begins to spell, WALLY puts out his arm to DON, who, out of nowhere, produces a fly swatter and*

*slaps it in his hand. WALLY starts swatting SIMON SOUTER continuously on the shoulders. SIMON SOUTER screams in horror with [phony] pain and collapses on the floor.)*

MISS CLYDESDALE. Wally!

SIMON SOUTER. Help! Help!

MISS CLYDESDALE. Wally, what are you doing?

SIMON SOUTER. I'm being attacked! Mother! Help me, mother!

MISS CLYDESDALE (*stepping between them*). Stop this immediately!

SIMON SOUTER. Oh the horror! I think he broke my collarbone!

MISS CLYDESDALE. No, he did not. Now stand up. You're not hurt.

SIMON SOUTER. My carotid artery may be severed!

MISS CLYDESDALE. No, it's not!

SIMON SOUTER. That's the main artery carrying vital blood, oxygen and nutrients to my brain!

MISS CLYDESDALE. Simon, this is not the time!

SIMON SOUTER. The room is darkening. Call my mother, I'm losing consciousness!

WALLY. Would you like some assistance in reaching that state?

MISS CLYDESDALE. Wally, give me that fly swatter.

WALLY (*handing it over*). I am sorry, Miss Clydesdale. I have disappointed you.

MISS CLYDESDALE. Yes, you have.

WALLY. Perhaps you would have preferred that I use a strong insecticide spray instead?

MISS CLYDESDALE. No! You are not to use this again! I am keeping it.

WALLY. As you wish ... May I say you have very maneuverable hooves for a member of the equine family.

SIMON SOUTER (*hand to his wrist*). My pulse is 22 beats above its standing rate! I'm going into shock ...

MISS CLYDESDALE. Sit down, Simon. Don and Wally, you sit over there. We're going to postpone the spelling bee till later.

SIMON SOUTER. I'm too weak to participate. My brain is too starved of glucose to metabolize.

MISS CLYDESDALE. We're going to do some silent reading until lunch. Everyone, take out the book you picked from the library yesterday.

*(The STUDENTS begin to read. MISS CLYDESDALE sits at her desk to read. SARAH and CHRISTIE are writing something together, giggling.)*

CHRISTIE (*to DON and WALLY*). Psst! How do you spell your name?

*(DON points to himself. CHRISTIE shakes her head and points to WALLY.)*

CHRISTIE (*cont'd*). No, him ... How do you spell your name? With a "y" or an "e"?

*(DON and WALLY look at each other, confused.)*

CHRISTIE (*cont'd*). How—do—you—spell—your—name?!

*(WALLY motions to DON to check the UBU-11. He reads something to WALLY.)*

WALLY (*whispering to SARAH and CHRISTIE*). We prefer to use the thing called "pencil."

*(SARAH and CHRISTIE giggle again.)*

SARAH. So cute!

*(They finish writing the note and start passing it towards WALLY. WALLY crumples the note to eat it.)*

CHRISTIE. No! Read it!

*(WALLY uncrumples it, handing it to DON to read.)*

WALLY. Interpret.

DON *(reading)*. “Dear Wally, I think you are very—”

*(DON hesitates, shows WALLY the word and starts to spell.)*

DON *(cont’d)*. “K-U-T-E ...”

WALLY. Cut?

DON. I believe it is “cute.” *(Continues reading.)* “I like boys who can’t spell ... Simon is a know-it-all. Don’t worry about him. I think you are very, very K-U-T-E. XXXOOO, Sarah.”

WALLY. Is this an Earth compliment?

DON. I think so. I believe you are obliged to respond.

WALLY *(taking a pencil to write on the note)*. Find an appropriate Earth compliment. Dictate to me.

*(DON reads from the UBU-11 as WALLY writes.)*

DON. “Dear Sarah Earth Girl Unit, I, too, think you are very kute. You look like you’ve been working on the railroad all the livelong day. You have eyes like Cleopatra and a jaw like G.I. Joe. Do you live on Old McDonald’s farm? Eee-I-ee-I-OOO, Wally.”

WALLY. That is Earth poetic.



*(WALLY folds the note and relays it back to SARAH. She reads it, crumples it into a ball and throws it back at WALLY, hitting him in the head.)*

WALLY *(cont'd, to DON)*. Is there a significance to this gesture?  
DON *(reading)*. It means she likes you.

MISS CLYDESDALE *(looking up)*. Don and Wally, you need to put that cellphone away. You haven't got anything else to read?

WALLY. What else would we have?

MISS CLYDESDALE. A book ... Here, I'm writing you a pass to go to the library. You can stay there for the next 20 minutes with Mrs. Weiss and she'll help you find a book that interests you. Then you can meet us in the cafeteria at 11:30 for lunch.

DON. Who is Mrs. Weiss?

MISS CLYDESDALE. She's our librarian.

*(DON and WALLY cross, take the note from MISS CLYDESDALE and leave the classroom area.)*

## SCENE 5

*(Lights shift to another acting area with a prop bookshelf. MRS. WEISS is reshelving books as they enter.)*

MRS. WEISS. Can I help you, boys?

DON. You are Mrs. Weiss, Earth librarian?

MRS. WEISS. Well, I wouldn't say that.

WALLY. Are you the New Jersey librarian?

MRS. WEISS. Well ...

DON *(going to the bookshelf)*. Is this the shelf where all Earth knowledge is kept?

MRS. WEISS. Well, no, not all of it.

WALLY. Could you direct us to the “Shelf of All Human Earth Knowledge”?

MRS. WEISS. Well, that might be difficult. What kind of knowledge are you looking for?

DON. We need to send a transmission. We are looking for the tallest point on planet Earth.

MRS. WEISS. Then I suggest you look in the geography section.

*(MRS. WEISS points to the bookshelf. WALLY looks at it momentarily, then climbs it to stand on top.)*

DON. What do you see?

MRS. WEISS. What are you doing on top of my bookshelf?!!

WALLY. This gives me a greatly improved view on the library.

But I do not believe it is the tallest point on the planet Earth.

MRS. WEISS. I didn’t mean it that way.

DON. Sorry, Earth librarian, ma’am. Perhaps you could be more explicit next time.

MRS. WEISS. OK, let’s try it again. What exactly are you looking for?

DON. We are seeking a high place ... or a tower. For transmissions.

MRS. WEISS. A tower ...

*(MRS. WEISS pulls a book off the shelf and hands it to DON.)*

DON *(reading)*. “Famous Towers of the World.”

WALLY *(pointing to the tower on the cover)*. That one appears promising.

MRS. WEISS. That’s the Eiffel Tower. It’s very famous.

DON. How do we access it? Is it on the playground?

MRS. WEISS. No. It's in Paris.

WALLY. How do we access the place called Paris?

MRS. WEISS. You'll have to take a plane.

WALLY. Where do we buy a plane?

MRS. WEISS. You don't buy a plane. You buy a ticket.

DON. What part of the plane is the ticket?

MRS. WEISS. A ticket is not part of the plane.

WALLY. Does the ticket buy the plane?

MRS. WEISS. No. A ticket buys a seat on the plane.

DON. Do seats fly?

MRS. WEISS. No! The plane flies.

WALLY. Then we should definitely buy a plane instead of a seat.

DON. Absolutely. Flying seats are of no use to us.

WALLY. Could you tell us where the nearest plane store is so we may buy one?

DON. Are planes made of cardboard?

WALLY. That would be excellent. We could snack on pieces of the wings while on our way to Paris.

MRS. WEISS. Boys! Please stop.

DON. We are sorry, Earth librarian. Is our talk about cardboard making you hungry?

MRS. WEISS. No ... you're not making any sense! You don't buy your own plane to go to France. You pay money to a company so they fly their plane to France.

WALLY. Ah ... this is beginning to make sense ... but what is "money"?

MRS. WEISS. You guys are in the fourth grade and you don't know what money is?

DON. We know it buys protection from the Girl Scouts.

WALLY. Does it have any other importance?

MRS. WEISS. It's very important. Money is currency. You earn it by doing jobs for people. And you spend it on things you want to buy. Like food, or clothes ... or plane tickets to Paris.

DON. Then we must get some!

WALLY. A lot of it.

DON. Yes, so we don't eat it all at once and have none left over to buy a plane ticket to Paris.

MRS. WEISS. You don't eat money, boys.

WALLY. In what aisle of the Stop and Shop do we find money?

DON. Is it next to the plastic? If so, we may not find it very tasty.

MRS. WEISS. Maybe you boys should go back to kindergarten.

WALLY. We are not familiar with the place called "kindergarten".

DON. Do they sell better money in kindergarten than at the Stop and Shop?

MRS. WEISS. Boys, please ... listen carefully. There is no money in kindergarten.

WALLY. Oh ... are they expecting a shipment anytime soon?

MRS. WEISS. You don't buy money from kindergartners. You earn money.

DON. How?

WALLY. Perhaps you squeeze the kindergartners very gently like oranges and they ooze money.

MRS. WEISS. No ... no ... no. You get money from adults. Adults ... you know, big people.

DON. Logical. Big people would contain much more money than little kindergartners.

WALLY. But they must be much more difficult to squeeze.

MRS. WEISS. You don't squeeze anybody! You either sell them something they want to buy, or you do a chore for them. And they give you money in return. That's the way the economy works. It's called "goods and services."

DON. So, money is made when Earth people pay for goods and services?

MRS. WEISS. Exactly.

WALLY. What do we have that's good?

DON. What do we have that's serviceable?

*(A school lunch bell rings.)*