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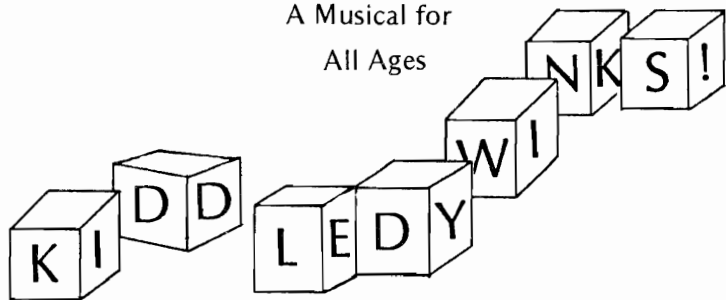
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Dramatic Publishing

A Musical for
All Ages



Book & Lyrics
JOSEPH ROBINETTE

Music
KARL JURMAN



THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

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(KIDDLEDYWINKS!)**

KIDDLEDYWINKS!
A One-Act Musical
for Four Men, Three Women, Extras*

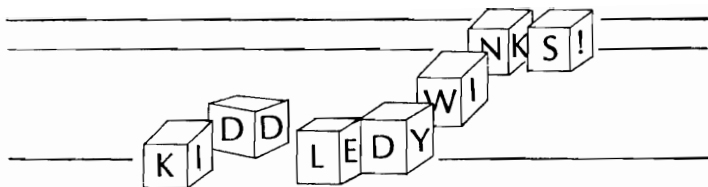
C H A R A C T E R S

<i>DEDE</i>	a busy, popular girl
<i>HERSHEL</i>	an intelligent young man
<i>SEYMOUR</i>	a daydreaming lad
<i>MINDY</i>	a cute, feisty young lady
<i>WALTER</i>	a very insecure boy
<i>CLARICE</i>	a shy girl
<i>ARTHUR</i>	an enterprising youth

TIME: The Present

PLACE: In and Around a School Playground

**See Production Notes on use of extras.*



SCENE: The “homes” of DEDE, HERSHEL, MINDY, SEYMOUR, WALTER, CLARICE and ARTHUR. They are silhouetted as they sleep at various points downstage. A chime strikes seven times as the lights slowly come up.

(SONG: “SEVEN O’CLOCK IN THE MORNING”)

DEDE.

I HATE SEVEN O’CLOCK IN THE MORNING!

HERSHEL.

I DON’T LIKE EIGHT O’CLOCK, NINE O’CLOCK, TOO!

SEYMOUR.

I DON’T MIND TEN O’CLOCK AND ELEVEN!

MINDY.

TWELVE O’CLOCK ISN’T SO BAD!

WALTER.

I’M HONESTLY GLAD WHEN IT’S ONE O’CLOCK –
TWO O’CLOCK!

CLARICE.

THREE O'CLOCK IS THE BEST TIME OF DAY,

ARTHUR.

'CAUSE THE REST OF THE DAY WE CAN GO OUT
AND PLAY!

(A buzzer alarm sounds and ALL groan.)

ALL.

BUT PLAYING COMES AFTER OUR HOMEWORK
AND CHORES.
CLEANING OUR ROOMS AND SWEEPING THE FLOORS,
FIGHTING WITH BROTHERS AND LIKewise WITH
MOTHERS,
AND ALL OF THOSE BOTHERS LIKE DEALING WITH
FATHERS,
AND THE REST OF THE STUFF THAT MAKES LIVING
SO ROUGH AFTER SCHOOL!

BUT AS A RULE WE CAN SAY
WE CAN HANDLE MOST ANY OLD TIME OF THE DAY
EXCEPT SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING!

(ALL are now awake. They take off their robes and pajamas under which they are fully-clothed in jeans, T-shirts, etc. DEDE and WALTER gather up the discarded nightwear, sheets, blankets and pillows and take them offstage. The OTHERS mime combing their hair, brushing their teeth, etc.)

MINDY. I'm *warning* you, Michael. If you use my toothbrush again, I'm gonna spit toothpaste all over your Star Trek T-shirt. I hate my *brother*.

ARTHUR. *Mother* . . . please fix me some extra peanut butter and marshmallow sandwiches. Boy, mothers sure are lucky. After we leave for school, they don't have anything to do till we come home again.

(DEDE and WALTER enter.)

ALL.

SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE A.M.!

DEDE. *Grim* . . . it's positively grim. I forgot to do my homework. But it wasn't my fault. I had to bring home my clarinet and my art project and my Girl Scout uniform and . . . well . . . there just wasn't any room left for my books.

CLARICE. *Looks* . . . I just don't have good looks. I'm so plain. My father says I'm a sleeping beauty. But something seems to happen when I wake up.

ALL.

SEVEN O'CLOCK IS THE HOUR!

WALTER. *Power* . . . if I just had a little more muscle power, that big bully in the sixth grade wouldn't pick on me anymore. He's always bugging me. Well, if he thinks I'm gonna take it from him today . . . he's right. He's very capable of rearranging my *features*.

SEYMOUR. *Teachers* . . . school wouldn't be so bad if we could just get rid of teachers. And classes. And books. Yeah, with just a little reorganization, school could be really great.

ALL.

SEVEN O'CLOCK, IT IS HERE — IT IS NOW!

HERSHEL. *Wow . . .* I love school. It's where we acquire knowledge and truth and wisdom. At school, I've learned almost all there is to know . . . except one thing . . . why we still have to get up so *early* every day.

SEYMOUR.

YES, IT'S SEVEN O'CLOCK!

MINDY.

TIME TO GET OUT OF BED!

ARTHUR.

I CAN'T FEEL MY PULSE, SO MAYBE I'M DEAD!

CLARICE.

ALL I CAN SEE IN THE MIRROR'S A GHOST!

WALTER.

WHO ATE THE LAST PIECE OF CINNAMON TOAST?

DEDE.

I CAN'T DO A THING WITH MY LONG, CURLY,
(STRINGY) HAIR!

HERSHEL.

WHERE ARE MY BOOKS – NOW I PUT THEM
RIGHT THERE!

(ALL are ready for school. They meet and greet each other half-heartedly as they leave their “homes” and move into the playground area.)

KIDDLEDYWINKS!

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SEYMOUR.

I'M SO GROGGY!

MINDY.

I'M SO FOGGY!

ARTHUR.

I'M LAZY!

CLARICE.

I'M HAZY!

WALTER.

I'M CREEPY!

DEDE.

I'M SLEEPY!

ALL.

FOR SURE WE ARE SOUR ABOUT THIS DUMB HOUR!
WE'RE HISSING AND SCORNING THIS HOUR OF

HERSHEL and MINDY.

SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE

HERSHEL, MINDY and DEDE.

SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE

(The following lyrics are sung simultaneously.)

MINDY and DEDE.

SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE
SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE

SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE
SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE
SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE
SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE
SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE
SEVEN O'CLOCK.
TRY ELEVEN,
BUT NOT

SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE
SEVEN, SEVEN,
SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE
SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE
MORNING.

HERSHEL.

SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE
SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE
SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE
SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE
SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE
SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE
ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT,
NINE, TEN O'CLOCK.
TRY ELEVEN,
BUT NOT

SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE
SEVEN, SEVEN, SEVEN, SEVEN,
SEVEN, SEVEN, SEVEN, SEVEN,
MORNING.

WALTER and SEYMOUR.

I HATE SEVEN O'CLOCK

IN THE MORNING!

I HATE EIGHT O'CLOCK,

NINE O'CLOCK, TOO!

SEVEN, SEVEN, SEVEN, SEVEN!

SEVEN, SEVEN, SEVEN, SEVEN!

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT,

NINE, TEN O'CLOCK.

TRY ELEVEN,

BUT NOT

SEVEN, SEVEN, SEVEN, SEVEN,

SEVEN, SEVEN, SEVEN, SEVEN,

MORNING.

ARTHUR and CLARICE.

I'M SO

GROGGY!

I'M SO

FOGGY!

WHY NOT

TRY FOR

ELEVEN,

BUT NOT

SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE

SEVEN, SEVEN,

SEVEN 'O, SEVEN O',

SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE

MORNING.

ALL. I wish we could go back to bed! (ALL are now at the playground. ARTHUR exits.)

MINDY. Hey . . . it's still a few minutes before the bell. Who wants to play a game of tag?

DEDE. Not me, Mindy. I've gotta go over my lines for the school play today.

HERSHEL. I'll help you, Dede . . . since I'm the official prompter.

DEDE. Thanks, Hershel.

HERSHEL (somewhat dejected). Since I didn't get a part in the play.

DEDE. Now, Hershel . . . Miss Reitenour made you the prompter because you're so smart. She knew you'd have all the lines memorized.

HERSHEL. I suppose. Outstanding intelligence carries a certain responsibility. (He and DEDE exit.)

MINDY. Tag, Walter?

WALTER. No . . . I've gotta get my box. (He exits.)

MINDY. Oh, you and your stupid box. Seymour . . . let's play tag.

SEYMOUR. I'm going to Mr. Burlingame's room and see if the letter from my pen pal came.

MINDY. The pen pal letters came yesterday. You just didn't get one.

SEYMOUR. Maybe my letter was coming by Pony Express . . . and it got held up by outlaws.

MINDY. Oh, Seymour . . . you and your wild ideas. Now stop daydreaming and let's play tag.

SEYMOUR. Oh, all right. Not it.

MINDY. Yes, you are it. The person who calls the game is automatically not it. You can't catch me, Seymour. (She runs off.)

SEYMOUR. She's always making up new rules. Mindy! (He

runs off after MINDY.)

(ARTHUR enters with a small tray of sandwiches strapped around his neck.)

ARTHUR. Mindy! Seymour! Wanna buy a sandwich? Peanut butter and marshmallow. Ten cents apiece. (He exits, following MINDY and SEYMOUR. CLARICE is now alone on stage.)

CLARICE. Nobody ever asks me to play tag . . . or buy a sandwich. (A pause as she looks offstage.) Oh, there's bus number six pulling up. There's the boy who lives across the street from me getting off. (Hopefully.) I wonder if he'll speak to me. He's looking at me. (Disappointed.) He's walking away. (She looks off in the other direction.) There's the girl I'm doing my science fair project with. (A pause.) She didn't notice me, either. Oh . . . people are usually nice to me . . . once they *see* me. But they just don't seem to realize I'm around very much. (A pause.) I wish I were popular like Dede. Or pretty . . . like Mindy.

(SONG: "PLAIN")

CLARICE.

IT'S AS PLAIN AS THE NOSE ON MY FACE
THAT THE NOSE ON MY FACE IS, IN FACT,
SIMPLY PLAIN.

SPEAKING QUITE PLAINLY, I'M MAINLY
A DULL-LOOKING GIRL
AND THAT'S WHAT I'LL REMAIN.

OH, MY MOM SAYS I HAVE REAL NICE FEATURES.
AND MY TEACHERS ALL SAY I'M QUITE BRIGHT.
AND MY FATHER, A REAL GOOD PAL TO ME,

SAYS I HAVE PERSONALITY.
AND I HOPE THEY ARE QUITE RIGHT.

But we know what words like that mean, don't we . . . "nice features," "bright," "personality."

I DON'T THINK I HAVE TO EXPLAIN.
WORDS LIKE THAT JUST MEAN YOU'RE PLAIN.

OH, I DON'T MEAN TO MENTION THIS LACK OF
ATTENTION,
I'M NOT REALLY ONE TO COMPLAIN.
BUT I WOULD LIKE TO BE CHARMING AND WITTY,
FANCY AND PRETTY, AND ALL OF THAT STUFF.
BEING PLAIN'S KINDA TOUGH.

(ARTHUR enters with the sandwiches again.)

ARTHUR. Sandwiches . . . sandwiches.

CLARICE. Hi, Arthur.

ARTHUR. Oh, Clarice . . . I didn't see you. Say, Clarice . . .
you know the school square dance Friday night?

CLARICE (hopefully). Yes?

ARTHUR. Would you be willing . . .

CLARICE. Yes, Arthur?

ARTHUR. . . . to ask Dede if she would be my partner?

CLARICE (crestfallen). Sure, Arthur.

ARTHUR. Thanks, Clarice. Oh . . . and if Dede won't be my
partner . . .

CLARICE (hopefully). Yes, Arthur?

ARTHUR. . . . I'll take Mindy as a last resort. (He exits, calling
out.) Sandwiches! Sandwiches!

CLARICE.

WELL, I WON'T LET IT GET TO ME.
I WON'T LET MYSELF GET UPSET, YOU SEE
THERE MUST BE LOTS OF GIRLS JUST LIKE ME.
SO I MUST BE IN VERY GOOD COMPANY.
I WILL JUST SIMPLY SAY "I'LL STAY JUST THIS WAY."
I KNOW THAT IT'S CRAZY FOR A DAISY TO LOOK
LIKE A ROSE.
SO, I'LL BE WHO I AM, MORE OR LESS.
I'LL NO LONGER COMPLAIN. I CONFESS
IT'S NOT BAD TO BE PLAIN, I GUESS.

Well, anyway . . . it's going to be a nice day. There's not a cloud in the sky. And they're having my favorite food in the lunchroom . . . fish sticks and tartar sauce. I may just write a little poetry before school starts. And this is the perfect spot. Poetry should be written in a secluded area . . . a place of beauty where nothing can disturb the elements of nature.

(As CLARICE begins to write, WALTER, a large box over his head and torso, enters. He sits and the box covers him completely.)

CLARICE. Walter . . . you're disturbing the elements of nature.
(CLARICE exits.)

(A moment later, DEDE enters, followed by HERSHEL.)

DEDE (reciting). "Is proud to present the story . . ."

HERSHEL. "Is proud to present the *patriotic* story."

DEDE. I always leave that word out. (She knocks on Walter's box as she and HERSHEL pass.) Hi, Walter. How's the weather in there?

HERSHEL. Okay . . . let's go over it one more time.

DEDE (as she and HERSHEL start to exit). "Good afternoon, students, teachers and parents."

HERSHEL. Parents and *then* teachers. (He and DEDE complete their exit.)

(MINDY runs on, chased by SEYMOUR.)

MINDY. Time out!

SEYMOUR. I almost had you.

MINDY. Why do you think I called time out? Hey . . . there's Walter. (She speaks slowly and a bit loud.) Seymour . . . do you know where Walter studies?

SEYMOUR. No. Where does Walter study?

MINDY. In a *box office*! (She and SEYMOUR laugh.) And you know what he sits on?

SEYMOUR. No, what?

MINDY. A *box seat*! (She and SEYMOUR laugh again as she inches away.) Time in! (She runs off.)

SEYMOUR. Hey, that's not fair. Mindy! Mindy! (He runs off after MINDY. A moment later, WALTER opens a door in the box and cautiously comes out. He looks in both directions.)

WALTER. It's easy to make fun of a boy in a box. But I don't care. Maybe you're wondering why I walk around in a box at school. I can tell you in two words. Why not?