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*Dramatic Publishing*



# WANDA THE PSYCHIC WOMBAT

**COMEDY  
BY  
VICTORIA  
SAYEG**



# WANDA THE PSYCHIC WOMBAT

**Comedy.** *By Victoria Sayeg.* **Cast:** 4 to 11m., 6 to 13w., 7 either gender.

Wanda is the last psychic wombat on Earth, and she is struggling to run her fortune-telling business. Desperate for an assistant, Wanda places an ad in the paper, yielding her such applicants as Joe, a hillbilly opossum who thinks he can probably be a psychic medium if he cuts back on the glazed donuts, and Jack, an energized rabbit with a large, TV-game-show-host personality but absolutely no clairvoyant certainty. Her skeptical sisters are of no help either—her parents roll their eyes and wish she were a doctor, and the Traveling Institute of Psychic Detection Services, LLC, shows up just in time to make a complete mockery of her life's work with their phony Telekinetic Telephone (patent pending) and Sixth Sense Shooter 6000 (batteries not included). As if Wanda's day couldn't get any worse, the mayor announces that she now needs a psychic license to do business within the city limits! With nothing left to do, Wanda considers selling her business to some shady-looking businesspeople who are planning to open another 24-hour Floormart location—after all, what could be better than buying umbrellas, underwear and basketballs in bulk?! The applicants would even be hired on the spot! While looking for a place to clear her mind, Wanda meets a mysterious wombat sleeping on the bench outside her shop. He seems to “know” exactly how she is feeling, and he has some visions of his own about these Floormart people that send chills up his fur. With the deed to her shop in hand, Wanda rushes into the town hall meeting to discover that things aren't always as they seem and that, with a little help from her friends, she just may be able to change what's in the cards. *Simple set, flexible staging. Approximate running time: 60 minutes. Code: WH7.*

*Cover photos: Young Artists Ensemble, Thousand Oaks, Calif., featuring (top left, l-r) Samantha Demogenes and Samantha Green, (top right) Andrew Maga, (bottom, l-r) Samantha Green, Alley Lockrey, Kieran Moore, Kaige Moore, Kai Moore and Samantha Demogenes. Photos: Paul Cranmer. Cover design: Jeanette Alig-Sergel.*

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# Wanda the Psychic Wombat

By

VICTORIA SAYEG



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*Wanda the Psychic Wombat* was produced by Young Artists Ensemble in 2013 with the following cast:

Wanda.....	Samantha Demogenes
Willy.....	Logan Grizzle
Customer/Ouija.....	Will Frillici
Wendy.....	Kylah Kennedy
Walter.....	Wyatt Eaton
Penelope.....	Jenna Wilson
Petunia.....	Haleigh Nicole Love
Jo.....	Alley Lockrey
Lola.....	Samantha J. Green
Jack.....	Andrew Maga
Detector 1.....	Kai Moore
Detector 2.....	Kaige Moore
Detector 3.....	Kieran Moore
Mayor.....	Michelle Elhai
Victor.....	Charles Oliner
Lexi.....	Michelle Rothman
Large Gorilla.....	Cameron Love

# Wanda the Psychic Wombat

## CHARACTERS

WANDA: a psychic wombat.

WENDY: Wanda's stern yet loving mother.

WALTER: Wanda's father.

PETUNIA: Wanda's skeptical sister.

PENELOPE: Wanda's other sister, lover of caviar and other fine things.

JO: hillbilly opossum with a knack for misinterpretation.

LOLA: giggly girl whose life revolves around a Magic 8-Ball.

JACK. ouija board reader with big game show personality.

OUIJA: a human posing as a dog with a ouija board.

DETECTOR #1-3: door-to-door salesman of scammy psychic detection supplies you definitely don't need.

FLOORMART EMPLOYEE #1-3: gloriously showcases everyday items.

VICTOR: a slimy, two-faced businessman.

LANCE: in cahoots with Victor to hide a big, big secret.

WILLY: a sleepy wombat who reveals a big, big secret.

MAYOR: just trying to make sense of it all.

LARGE GORILLA



## PRODUCTION NOTES

These roles are all created gender-flexible. The original production included a female Lance, who was renamed Lexi.

SETTING: A psychic shop, park bench and town hall.

A list of props can be found in the back of the book.

## PROP LIST

3-4 telephones

Laptop

Bell

“Caviar” (chocolate chips work)

Magic 8-Ball

Crystal ball

Spray bottle

“Gas station hot dogs”

Nerf gun

Sewing machine

Journal

Floormart supplies: (oversized and made of cardboard)

    Peanut Butter

    Saw

    Bananas

    Umbrella

    Underwear

Deed to shop

## Wanda the Psychic Wombat

AT RISE: *WANDA* sits in her office *DR. WILLY* is sleeping on a bench countering her office *DL*. There are multiple phones on her desk and they are all ringing at once. She is juggling all of them. The tone throughout is quick, witty and light.

*WANDA*. Wanda the psychic wombat, please hold. *(Another phone.)* Wanda the psychic wombat, can you please hold? *(Pause.)* I knew you were going to say that! *(A third phone.)* Wanda the psychic wombat, you wonder, I Wanda, please hold— *(Back to the first phone.)* Sure! Come in tomorrow at noon!

*(WANDA hangs up the first phone. She now holds two phones, one to each ear.)*

*WANDA (cont'd, into the left phone)*. I'm seeing a divorce in your future, very messy, you take the kids. *(Right phone.)* Is that wedding bells I hear?

*(More phones ring.)*

*WANDA (cont'd, into the left phone)*. I'm getting the sense you're not happy at your job. *(Right phone.)* No not you, please don't quit! *(Left phone.)* No you absolutely need to quit. Tomorrow! *(Right phone.)* No I'm sensing you should keep going to work at the peanut factory. *(Left phone.)* No professor, I'm not calling your classroom a peanut factory. *(Right phone.)* Oh what's this?! I'm sensing the presence of some really old spirits, like really really old and decrepit, wrinkly, smelly—

*(Enter WANDA's mother, WENDY, and her father, WALTER.)*

WENDY. Well, I never!

*(WALTER smells his arm pits.)*

WANDA *(into both phones)*. I'll bill you.

*(Hangs up both phones at the same time.)*

WANDA *(cont'd)*. Mom! Dad! Aw Ma, Pa, you guys know I didn't mean it! You actually smell nice today! Like cupcakes! DAD, are you seriously wearing polyester?! You KNOW I can't have premonitions when polyester is in the room! It offends my psychic vision. I can't see anything!

WALTER. Sorry, dear. *(Removes his jacket and throws it downstage.)*

WANDA. Ah. That's better.

WENDY. Well, well, lots of ringing phones and they all just go to voicemail. Voicemails don't pay rent, Wanda.

WANDA. Come on, lighten up a little. I'm the only psychic wombat around. It's hard. It's either this or nothing.

WALTER. Nothing?! Wandalyn Wyndallyn Wombat, I offered to pay for a formal education for you to go off and practice medicine, but instead, you told us you wanted to follow your dreams and carry out the family name. You told us that you could do it. But what have you done?

WANDA. I've helped people out. I love what I do. I can't help it. Isn't that the point of it all?

WENDY. The point, Wanda, is to make enough money to be happy. It's really very simple.

WANDA. I guess I'll never understand.

*(PENELOPE and PETUNIA, WANDA's sisters, enter. PENELOPE is eating caviar and acting exceedingly wealthy. PETUNIA is highly skeptical of this whole psychic thing and makes no attempt to hide it.)*

PENELOPE. Petunia, I can't believe they dragged us to this dive again. It doesn't even have air conditioning. I think my caviars are wilting.

PETUNIA. It doesn't even have Wi-Fi either. Oh! Penelope! You know what else it doesn't have? Psychics. Because they don't exist.

PENELOPE. Pathetic. Look, her crystal ball isn't even crystal. It's Swarovski. I wouldn't be caught dead gazing into one of those knockoffs.

PETUNIA. I wouldn't be caught dead gazing into anything. *(Grabs crystal ball.)* Oh oh wait, let me try. *(Mocking the process, including hand motions.)* Wanda will make Petunia's bed when she gets home and make her a sandwich and give her all her money and—

WALTER. Girls! Cut that out right now. Wanda is your sister and you will treat her with respect.

PETUNIA. But Dad, she's a paw reader. As if strokes in our fur have anything to do with our future.

PENELOPE. Oh, oh, let me try! *(Grabs PETUNIA's paw and "reads" it.)* Wanda will take out the trash, and buy me a new car, and give me back massages every day, and save me all the marshmallows in the cereal, and—

WENDY. Wanda honey, since this is going nowhere fast, we will get straight to the point. We came here to tell you that you need an assistant. You can't keep up and you're cutting corners and therefore, you're letting the psychic wombat name get dragged through the mud. In my day, psychic wombats were respectable creatures and now you're the last one with the gift, and you are the laughing stock of the town!

WALTER. If you're not careful, you will lose your business and your home.

PENELOPE. Dibs on her room.

PETUNIA (*to PENELOPE*). Dibs on yours!

WALTER (*to PETUNIA*). Dibs on yours!

WENDY. Young lady, put an ad in the paper tonight. If you have not hired an assistant by tomorrow, I am sorry, but you will no longer have a place to live. I'm afraid your father and I cannot let you stay under our roof if you refuse to take the family business seriously. Our ancestors worked too hard for this to happen.

WANDA. Shouldn't they have seen it comin'?

WALTER. Tomorrow, Wanda. We're serious.

*(WENDY, WALTER, PETUNIA and PENELOPE exit.)*

WANDA. Ad in a newspaper. HA! They are so old fashioned. *(Takes out a laptop and starts typing.)* We live in an instant world, a world where everything has to be immediate, where we never stop to enjoy the poetry of our simple existences. *(Typing, says words slowly out loud as she types.)* "Looking for psychic medium. *(With one final key stroke.)* Send." A world where you can't even finish one thought before—

*(In bursts JO, an opossum in overalls with a Southern accent.)*

JO. Hi, I'm applyin' for the job as a medium. I mean my here overalls are usually a one size fits all deal, but I'm purdy sure I can do medium. Just not small or I gotta lay off the glazed donuts, if you know what I mean. I hope I'm not too late.

WANDA. You're just on time. I have a few interview questions to ask you, if you don't mind. Please, take a seat.

*(JO physically takes the nearest chair and begins walking out the door with it.)*

WANDA. Please, put that chair back and then please sit in this one.

JO. Obligated.

WANDA. What is your name?

JO. My name is Jo Opossum. From what I hear, I was named after my Uncle Joe *(Sits in the chair and hangs upside down.)* or was his name Robert?

WANDA. His name was Joe.

JO. HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT?! *(Sits right-side-up.)*

WANDA *(flatly)*. I'm psychic.

JO. Wow!

WANDA. You seem impressed by that. Are you not psychic yourself?

JO. I am full-fledged psychic, and I can prove it to ya.

WANDA. OK, tell me what I'm thinking. *(Puts her hands to her head, as if to telepathically communicate.)*

JO *(puts his hands to his head, as if to communicate telepathically)*. You're thinking about ... tractors!

WANDA. No.

JO. You're thinkin' about ... cornbread!

WANDA. No.

*(Enter LOLA, a young wombat girl with a Magic 8-Ball. She enters the shop, runs up to the bell on WANDA's desk and rings it excitedly.)*

JO. You're thinkin' I'm saved by the bell!

LOLA. You must be Wanda. I am Lola, and I applying for the job as a psychic. *(To Magic 8-Ball.)* Wait, should I apply for this job? *(Shakes the ball.)* What do you mean, "Reply hazy, try again"? *(Shakes the ball.)* What do you mean, "Concentrate and ask again"? *(Shakes the ball.)* What do you mean, "Cannot predict now"? *(Shakes the ball. Pause.)* Oh. Never mind.

*(LOLA exits the shop, shakes the ball a few times and enters the shop again. Ecstatically, LOLA holds the Magic 8-Ball an inch before WANDA's face.)*

LOLA. IT IS CERTAIN!! See if you keep shaking it, you'll eventually get something good.

WANDA. I see. Please take a seat, Lola.

*(LOLA sits down.)*

WANDA *(cont'd)*. To test your qualifications, I am going to pretend to be a caller, and you will answer the phone, as if you worked here at my shop. Sound good?

LOLA *(shakes ball)*. Yes.

*(LOLA and WANDA pick up phones on the desk.)*

WANDA. OK. Hello, best psychic business in town. I am hoping you can help answer a question. I was wondering—

LOLA *(shakes ball)*. My reply is no.

WANDA. I haven't really gotten to my question yet, I was just thinking—

LOLA *(shakes the ball)*. Very doubtful.

WANDA. Would it be in my best interest to—