HOW THE GEEK SAVED THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, RESCUED HER BEST FRIEND AND VALIDATED THE IDENTITY OF GEEKS EVERYWHERE

A comedy in two acts

by R. Eugene Jackson

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- 2 -

STORY OF THE PLAY

Lucille, a classic geek, and her grumpy friend Elly are visiting New York City with their college classmates. Through a series of Polaroid photos, Lucille deduces that the Empire State Building is slowly tilting over. The mysterious "Contact" kidnaps Elly when she mentions the presence of "foreign agents" in the city. In no time, Contact's accomplice, Prof. Hippersnipper, demonstrates how he zapped the famous building and now the city's in a panic! Not only is the skyscraper bending into a "U," but Lucille's college classmates are dangling from the top! How can Tereeze, a student spying on Lucille for Contact, and a blimp save the Empire State Building? And how can Lucille find and rescue Elly? The answer's easier than you think - if you think like a geek! This play contains comedy, physical action, and an exciting "split stage" rescue scene.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 m, 2 w, 12 flexible; extras as desired; doubling possible)

SHELL MAN*

NEW YORKERS

JOAN*

BETTY*

PAUL*

NANCY*

ZEEBA*

OTHERS as desired

LUCILLE, the geek, a college senior

ELOQUENCE (Elly), a young, bitter grumpy girl, but not a geek

CONTACT*, a secret agent

COLLEGE GIRLS

JAVA*

SHERONE*

BERRIE*

COLLEGE BOYS

TEREEZE

RAYMOND

PROFESSOR HIPPERSNIPPER*

BLIMP PILOT*

^{*}These roles may be either male or female. You may change the names and pronouns to correspond to your choice.

Time: The present. **Place:** New York City.

Sets, costumes, props, etc., may be as elaborate or as simple as you wish.

SET

Act I: Time Square in New York City. There is a park bench and a street sign at center stage that says "Broadway" on one part and "42nd Street" on the other. Act II, Scene1: The cockpit of a blimp is represented by two chairs facing front on a small platform. Act II, Scene 2: A hotel room is represented by two chairs. Use of a window frame is optional.

COSTUMES

Costumes are, for the most part, contemporary street wear. CONTACT wears a jacket with U.S. Post Office on the back. He will later change into a street cleaner's outfit. The SHELL MAN wears a long coat with watches on half of the inside and photographs on the other half. In the pocket is a map to the stars. LUCILLE is dressed as your version of a nerd; most specifically, she wears glasses. ELLY wears sunglasses and gaudy shoes and socks. The PROFESSOR wears glasses and has big, white hair.

PROPS

Portable table, pea, three walnut halves, Polaroid camera, purse with mirror, \$200 bill, \$50 bill, \$20 bill, Polaroid photos, push broom, metal trash barrel on a dolly, cloth, handkerchief, a length of rope at least as long as the stage is wide, business case with laser gun inside, bag of chips, three very strange pairs of glasses, rope to tie Elly to a chair, a gag, more rope, a candy bar, three \$10 bills, a shredded handkerchief.

SOUND EFFECTS

Traffic, car horns, metal stretching and bending, blimp motor, loud buzzing/laser fire.

ACTI

(AT RISE: The sound of traffic. A GROUP of people – JOAN, BETTY, and PAUL and OTHERS if desired – stand around the SHELL MAN, who stands at center behind a small, portable table that contains three half-walnut shells or something similar. He wears a long coat and holds one pea in his hand. At left is a man – CONTACT – in a solid blue outfit with his back to the audience standing very still. Across his back is written in white: "U.S. Post Office." The traffic sounds fade out as the dialogue begins.)

SHELL MAN: All right, people, watch very closely, very closely; because I have a pea in my hand — (HE shows it.) — one ordinary pea like you cook up in your pea pot for dinner. One pea and three shells. I'm going to place the pea under one of the shells, move the shells around, mixing them up, and let you choose the shell that contains the pea. If you can follow the shells as fast as I move them from place to place, you can win a crisp, new two-hundred dollar bill. Did I say a fifty dollar bill? A hundred? No. I said two hundred dollars. Now, who wants to play? Ten dollars is all it costs. Ten dollars for a chance to win two hundred. Who wants to play? Who wants to ...?

(From off right THEY hear a ruckus, an argument, a scream.)

NANCY: (Off right.) Yeek – a geek! A geek, a geek!

(Two New Yorkers, NANCY and ZEEBA, enter right walking briskly toward stage left. The OTHERS on stage stop to watch.)

NANCY: *(To ZEEBA.)* Can you believe that? A geek! Right here in New York City.

ZEEBA: We should ban all geeks from the city.

NANCY: Block the tunnels, barricade the bridges, close off the airports.

ZEEBA: Ban all geeks!

NANCY: Make them wear signs saying, "I'm a geek!"

ZEEBA: Why bother? We all know them when we see

them.

NANCY: And I saw one – a real one. Headed right this way. ZEEBA: Come on. I don't want to have to look at her again! (THEY quickly exit left.)

SHELL MAN: (Trying to get HIS audience's attention.) So, people. Who wants to bet? Who wants to wager a mere ten dollar bill for a crisp, new two-hundred dollar one? All you have to do is pick the shell that has the pea under it. The hand is quicker than the eye. Or is the eye quicker than my hand? Who'll be first? Who'll be the first to win?

(LUCILLE enters from DR with a particularly silly grin plastered on her face. She stops at right. ELOQUENCE joins her from right. Looking like a tourist, she wears sunglasses and carries a Polaroid camera on a strap around her neck.)

LUCILLE: Did you hear those two? (SHE points off left.) How can they say that? How can they call you a geek?

ELLY: They weren't calling me a geek, Lucille.

LUCILLE: You're not a geek, Elly.

ELLY: I'm not a geek, Lucille.

LUCILLE: Anyone can look at you and see you're not a geek.

ELLY: I'm not a geek, Lucille.

LUCILLE: Then who were they calling a geek?

ELLY: You, Lucille. LUCILLE: Me?

ELLY: Yes, you. They were talking about you.

LUCILLE: (SHE poses awkwardly.) Gee! How could

anyone make a mistake like that?

ELLY: (Pause.) It wasn't a mistake, Lucille.

LUCILLE: It wasn't?

ELLY: No. Just look at yourself.

LUCILLE: Okay. (SHE quickly pulls a mirror from her purse and glances at her face. She smiles.) Not bad.

End of Freeview

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