We Need A Bigger Stage!

by Emilio Regina

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STORY OF THE PLAY

Imagine this: A high school P.E. teacher who does not have a gym facility for his students, and a high school drama teacher who has it all and wants more! Mr. John Brief's proposal to the school administrators for the construction of a gym, and Mr. Lawrence Hacker's proposal for additional seating for his very extravagant theater takes an interesting turn in We Need a Bigger Stage! About 25 minutes.

CHARACTERS

(5M, 2W, 6TB)

MR. JOHN BRIEF: Gym teacher.

ALEX LIVINGSTONE: Science teacher. MRS. KLEIN: A concerned grandparent. LAWRENCE HACKER: Drama teacher.

DAVE FORBES: Superintendent.

MR. ED HENDERSON: School principal.

SAM: Basketball/hockey player. LEE: Basketball/hockey player. ROY: Basketball/hockey player. JORDAN: Basketball/hockey player.

BASKETBALL AND HOCKEY PLAYERS: Minimum 2, Non

speaking parts. SECRETARY:

NOTES

Here are some alternatives for the facsimile lighting bar and lights that dangle above stage: director may choose to have props delicately stacked off stage in a couple of areas and have a player throw a ball at them for the loud crashing sounds to alert John and Ed. The original idea is more effective, however.

Also, instead of having a nearly all male cast, a more moderate mix would be fine. For example, an interesting cast would be to have females for the science teacher (Alexis.), administrator (Emmy.), and superintendent (Donna.) since they are very much a minority at the secondary school level. It could even be a girls basketball team and a boys hockey team. The author is open to these types of experimental casting.

WE NEED A BIGGER STAGE!

(The scene opens with the school basketball team playing on the stage. There are two basketball hoops on either side and three players to a side. One basketball hoop could do the trick too. What becomes noticeable about the players is their tattered uniforms. The GYM TEACHER is on the stage and also wears a tattered uniform. There are a couple of spare balls to one side. After ten or fifteen seconds of playing, the gym teacher blows his whistle.)

JOHN: Defense! Defense! Look at Lee there, he's wide open. Who's covering him?

SAM: Sorry coach.

JOHN: Cover your man. (Blows the whistle and the players resume with a jump ball.) Carry on, I'll be right back.

(The STUDENTS begin playing again for about fifteen seconds or so until Sam shoots too high and has a stage light come crashing down on the stage. All the others stop playing.)

ALL: Oh, oh!

SAM: Oh, Oh? I'll show you some real oh, ohs

(SAM furiously proceeds to shoot high until a lighting bar comes down and dangles on a safety chain with other stage lights dangling from it. [The bar should be above the actors' heads. It is hoped of course that these props are facsimiles made of light weight material].)

ALL: Don't do it Sam! Don't be stupid! Oh, great, just great! Now we've had it! Here we go again. Etc

(Sam proceeds to throw ball and hits some props offstage causing loud crashing sounds. JOHN enters.)

JOHN: This is great, just great. Someone has some explaining to do here.

LEE: Well, here's the scoop, coach. I was going deep and Jordan shot a little too high and ...

JOHN: Baloney! I want the truth. Well?

JORDAN: It was Sam again, coach. He's had one of his tantrums, again.

SAM: That's right, coach. What are they going to do now? Do you think they'll get the message this time?

JOHN: This is not the way to go about it. I told you this before

SAM: Sorry, coach, but I just can't take it anymore. This whole set up, it sucks!

(SAM walks out furiously. The PRINCIPAL enters with a pair of pajamas and a robe.)

ED: What the...what is going on here? (*Pause.*) Let me try this again. (*Calmly.*) As the principal of this school I want to know WHAT IN THE WORLD IS GOING ON HERE!?

JOHN: It's happened again, Ed.

ED: Again!

JOHN: Look, you can't blame them.

ED: (*Pretentiously.*) You're right. We'll put the blame where it belongs - on you! What do you think about that, Mr. Brief!

JOHN: Look Ed, you know it goes deeper than this. Let me explain. This has been going on since...

ED: Oh, I'll let you explain all right. As you well know, the department heads for science, and drama were going to have a school budget meeting in room 214, and you were going to be part of it. Instead of having the meeting there, we'll have it here on the stage and you can explain to your colleagues exactly what went on here. I'm not going to take the flack this time. Get your 'team' to set up some chairs and a table.

(STUDENTS begin to set the stage for the meeting.)

LEE: Sam's right, coach. This whole set up sucks. **JORDAN:** It's not your fault, coach. It's just a rotten deal.

ROY: What do we do now, coach?

JOHN: I don't know. I'll think of something.

ED: (Offstage and through an intercom.) The budget meeting will now be held on the stage and not in room 214.

JOHN: O.K. guys, you can go. And don't forget, there's a practice tomorrow after school at 3:30 sharp.

ALL: See you, coach. Do you think there'll be a practice tomorrow? Good luck. Etc...

(Enter drama TEACHER wearing a tee-shirt and shorts. STUDENTS begin to exit.)

ROY: Mr. Hacker, don't you usually wear a tie with a pair of...

LAWRENCE: (Angry.) It's casual day. Did you forget!

ROY: All right, chill out already.

LAWRENCE: (Furious.) I knew it! Oh, this is very good. Very creative, John. You and your goons can find another place to practice. (Picks up a ball and throws it at John.) Stay off my stage! As the drama teacher of this school, I want you to STAY OFF MY STAGE! That's it! (Throws another ball at him.) No more. Finito! Get the message!

(Other TEACHERS enter, shocked and commenting on the situation. They also wear casual attire.)

JOHN: Chill out, Lawrence.

LAWRENCE: Chill out!? This is coming out of your budget. YOUR BUDGET!

JOHN: What budget?

LAWRENCE: (On his knees in despair, holding the broken stage light.) Look at this! There's just no respect. The first time was fine. It was just an accident. But this, this doesn't look like an accident to me, It looks like...

ED: Let's all have a seat. Now, Mr. Brief, would you please inform your colleagues about this fiasco.

JOHN: Good word, Ed. Dear colleagues, what you see here is a fiasco.

End of Freeview

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