*The Heist*

**A:** C’mon. What’s the worst thing that could happen?

**B:** We could get caught and go to jail, and end up punched in the gut by a guy who wants our French fries.

**A:** That’s not going to happen.

**B:** It certainly could.

**A:** Naw. They don’t serve French fries in jail.

**B:** Very funny.

**A:** Anyway, we’re not going to get caught. There are no security cameras in there. The back door’s unlocked, and there’s no one home. No one will ever know.

**B:** That’s what every criminal says right before they get arrested.

**A:** It’s not a crime when you steal something that actually belongs to you.

**B:** What about breaking and entering?

**A:** Again, unlocked door.

**B:** What if they come home right in the middle of us searching for it? You know, like in those movies where they show the person sneaking into someone’s apartment and then they cut to the other person on their way home?

**A:** This isn’t a movie. And they are out of town. Listen, you need that diary back. He lied about having it in the first place. It’s in there.

**B:** l know. It still feels wrong.

**A:** Well, that’s what’s wrong with the world. Good people like you are afraid to stand up for themselves, while bad people do whatever they want with no remorse.

**B:** You know, you’re right. Let’s do it.

**A:** Finally! And while we’re in there, let’s take something of his!

**B:** Too far.

**A:** Okay, okay. Just the diary. Let’s go! (They start walking off-stage.)

Luck

by Scott Mullen

SAM crawls around the stage on hands and knees, searching. ALEX comes out and drops down and searches as well.

**ALEX:** What are we looking for?

**SAM:** Four leaf clover.

**ALEX:** Okay...

**SAM:** I need luck.

**ALEX:** Why?

**SAM:** I have an audition today.

**ALEX:** You really think that will help?

**SAM:** Millie Bobby Brown found a four clover once - same day, she got cast in Stranger Things.

**ALEX:** And you think it’s because of a four-leaf clover?

**SAM:** Absolutely. I have a system. I’m working my way through two-foot squares. Just to make sure I don’t miss anything. That’s the secret, you know.

**ALEX:** What?

**SAM:** Putting in the effort, to find a four- leaf clover - that’s what helps make the luck. Because you’ve earned it.

**ALEX:** How long have you been out here?

**SAM:** I don’t know...four hours, maybe. It’s a process.

**ALEX:** If I find one, you can have it.

**SAM:** Thanks. That means a lot.

**ALEX:** Can I make one suggestion, though?

**SAM:** I’m listening.

**ALEX:** Wouldn’t it help if we actually searched in a field, and not on an empty stage [in a classroom]?

*Slowsand*

by Scott Mullen

QUINN stands on the stage, not moving. BAILEY enters. Eyes QUINN.

**BAILEY:** What are you doing?

**QUINN:** I read about the secret to escaping quicksand -- you need to lie down.

**BAILEY:** And then what?

**QUINN:** I guess you crawl out. Or roll. I can’t wait to find out.

**BAILEY:** This is quicksand?

**QUINN:** Supposedly. Though I’ve been standing here for an hour, and I’ve barely sunk at all.

**BAILEY:** Maybe it’s slowsand.

**QUINN:** There’s no such thing as slowsand!

**BAILEY:** Well it’s not quick.

**QUINN:** I’m expecting it to speed up any time now.

**(**They wait.)

**BAILEY:** What happens if it doesn’t work? The lying down thing?

**QUINN:** I may need to be pulled out with a rope.

**BAILEY:** Did you bring a rope?

**QUINN:** I did not.

**BAILEY:** I’ll go get one.

**QUINN:** Bring some snacks, too!

**(**Quinn’s feet wiggle, trying to sink lower.)

**QUINN:** Hurry up! I might be in danger!

**BAILEY:** Um, I kind of doubt it. I’ll be back in an hour with a pizza.

**QUINN:** An hour?!!!

**BAILEY:** Yeah, we’re going to be here for a while.

*Detective Dog*

A talking detective dog seeks human help in cracking a big case.

**A:** You can talk?

**B:** I sure can.

**A:** You’re a dog. **B:** Ruff!

**A:** That’s a first.

**B:** We can all talk, but we know humans would freak out. Better to just bark and ruff around you all.

**A:** So why are you talking to me?

**B:** Thing is, I’m a detective dog.

**A:** Uh-huh. Okay, a talking detective dog.

**B:** I’m on the case of a stolen bone. Very important stuff.

**A:** You checked with the other dogs in the neighborhood? **B:** I interrogated them pretty hard core, yeah.

**A:** Birds?

**B:** Don’t figure any of them could lift the bone. It’s heavy.

**A:** Good point. What about the raccoons?

**B:** Everybody is always on the raccoons. They didn’t much appreciate being accused, believe me.

**A:** I don’t know. I give up.

**B:** Do you?

**A:** Yeah. I gotta go. It was nice meeting you talking, detective dog.

**B:** What’s in your back pocket there, buddy?

**A:** Nothing.

**B:** (Barks. Growls. Loudly. Fiercely.)

**A:** Okay, okay. You caught me. I was taking it home to my Sparky.

**B:** I’ll take that.

**A:** You’re good.

**B:** Don’t you forget it.

*Book*

by Scott Mullen

TERRY stands, holding a book. Terry slams it shut, happy, as ROBIN enters.

**TERRY:** Done!

**ROBIN:** Whatja do?

**TERRY:** I have now read every single book ever written. Every one.

**ROBIN:** Really.

**TERRY:** Never thought I’d be caught up, but here I am. Caught up!

**ROBIN:** Yeah...that’s impossible.

**TERRY:** And yet here I am. Doing the impossible. **ROBIN:** How do you know you’ve read every book? **TERRY:** It says so.

**ROBIN:** What says so?

(Terry opens the book. Robin looks.)

**TERRY:** Right here. Other books by this author. I’ve read ‘em all.

**ROBIN:** All... seven.

**TERRY:** Every one.

**ROBIN:** You realize there’s more than one writer, right?

**TERRY:** What?

**ROBIN:** Quite a number, actually.

**(**Terry looks at Robin.)

**TERRY:** To the library! (They run off)

*Cat*

By Scott Mullen

KIP sits in a chair, (miming) playing a video game. JAN enters.

**JAN:** Have you seen the cat?

**KIP:** Hmmmm?

**JAN:** That cat is an amazing hider. She’s like a ninja.

**KIP:** We have a cat?

**JAN:** Funny.

**KIP:** No, seriously.

**JAN:** Yes, we have a cat!

**KIP:** Are you sure?

**JAN:** You’ve never seen the cat?

**KIP:** What does it look like?

**JAN:** Like a cat!

**KIP:** Nope.

**JAN:** You didn’t wonder about the litter box in the corner?

**KIP:** Is that what that is?

**JAN:** The bowls of food on the floor?

**KIP:** I thought those were snacks.

**JAN:** You’ve been eating the cat food?!?

**KIP:** I guess that’s why the dog was giving me that dirty look.

**JAN:** We don’t have a dog!

**KIP:** Small, furry thing? (Jan just looks at him.)

**JAN:** I’m going to my room.

**KIP:** Can you bring me some of those snacks before you go? (She leaves. He plays.)

*Fierce Beyonce Face*

by Scott Mullen

CHRIS stands on the stage, cellphone raised. JESSE enters.

**CHRIS:** Stop! Give me your fierce Beyonce face! (Jesse poses. Chris snaps the picture. Laughs.)

**CHRIS:** Awesome! Posting on Instagram! Hashtag Fierce Beyonce Face.

**JESSE:** Let me see it first!

**CHRIS:** Too late - it’s already up! And... trending! Whoa! You’re viral!

**JESSE:** That was fast.

**CHRIS:** It’s being shared all over. And the likes - over a million!

**JESSE:** Oh my lord -

**CHRIS:** You’re a star!

**JESSE:** I always wanted to be a star!

**CHRIS:** I’m getting requests for your e-mail address -

**JESSE:** Give it to them!

**CHRIS:** From photographers - and movie producers!

**JESSE:** This is it! I’ve made it!

**CHRIS:** Oh wait - Beyonce doesn’t like it.

**JESSE:** She doesn’t?

**CHRIS:** You’re done. Oh well. Pose - Happy Keanu Face!

**(**Jesse poses.)

**CHRIS:** And posting!

*Ice Cream*

by Scott Mullen JAN sits in a chair, reading. KIP comes in, angry.

**KIP:** I can’t believe you. I can’t believe you.

**JAN:** Here we go.

**KIP:** You ate all the ice cream. I mean...ALL the ice cream. I can’t even understand how you were able to do that without me noticing. Because there was so much of it.

**JAN:** It was butter pecan.

**KIP:** I know it was Butter Pecan, which mom got because it’s your favorite, but I like it too!

**JAN:** She got two cartons.

**KIP:** I’m aware. One for you, and one for me! But no! You ate it all!

**JAN:** It’s my favorite.

**KIP:** What did you do, sneak a carton into the bathroom with a spoon, just eating it in the bathtub, while listening to make sure I didn’t catch you? Which by the way is gross - you should never eat anything in the bathroom, it’s not good for you!

**JAN:** I suppose you never eat in the bathroom?

**KIP:** NO! And then what? Maybe you took the cartons, and cut them into tiny little pieces, buried them at the bottom of the trash so I wouldn’t see them. The deception! I mean - how can I ever trust you? After this, you could do anything!

**JAN:** Did you look behind the bag of ice?

**KIP:** What?

**JAN:** In the freezer. Behind the bag of ice.

**(**Kip heads off.)

**KIP:** There’s nothing behind the bag of ice! (A pause.) (Then...)

**KIP** (OFF STAGE): Jan, do you want some ice cream?

**JAN:** Yes please!

*Journey to the Center of a Video Game*

One gamer tries to rally video gaming troops for a battle with an enemy of gaming technology.

**A:** I know you. You’re Pac Man.

**B:** Get in line if you want an autograph.

**A:** No, I need your help.

**B:** Let me guess, you got a great video game idea. Everybody’s a game designer these days.

**A:** You and your video game friends are in danger. All of them. The space invaders, the streetfighters, the Italian plumbers. Your days are numbered.

**B:** Even…Mrs. Pac Man?

**A:** Yes, all of you.

**B:** Okay, I’m listening.

**A:** A bad guy named Mr. X is trying to destroy all video game technology.

**B:** That’s not good.

**A:** That’s terrible. If he succeeds, I won’t be able to play video games anymore. No more lovely worlds in Minecraft. No more Nintendo Switch. No more…

**B:** No more me!

**A:** Yeah, I don’t want to lose you, Pac Mac.

**B:** I don’t want to lose me, either!

**A:** You have to tell all of your video game friends, old school and new, retro and contemporary Gather them up. We need to build a team.

**B:** For what?

**A:** War!

**B:** You know I’m not much of a fighter. There’s plenty of other gaming characters that fit that bill. I mostly like to eat and run from ghosts.

**A:** Okay, maybe not war. Perhaps we can trick him. What do you say? There’s plenty of yellow pellets in in for you to eat.

**B:** And no ghosts? Fine. I’ll try.

**A:** There is no try. Only do. We must take action. But first. Can I have your autograph?

*One Chip*

by Scott Mullen

CHRIS and JAMIE stand on the stage, Chris holding a big bag of potato chips.

**JAMIE:** Are those potato chips?

**CHRIS:** Yes. These are the most amazing potato chips in the world.

**JAMIE:** Yeah? What makes them so special?

**CHRIS:** It’s a new brand, and the bag says it’s the crisp technology.

**JAMIE:** That doesn’t make sense.

**CHRIS:** Try one.

**JAMIE:** There’s only one chip in there.

**CHRIS:** Eat it. (Jamie does.)

**JAMIE:** That is good. Are there any more?

**CHRIS:** No.

**JAMIE:** No?!?

**CHRIS:** It’s part of my experiment, to prove that we can eat just one. See the audience? Earlier, many of them were given one chip to eat, with the promise that there would be many more chips later. (loud) There are no more chips! (to Jamie) Now we’ll see what happens.

**JAMIE:** I know what’s going to happen.

**CHRIS:** What?

**JAMIE:** They’re going to hurt you!

**CHRIS:** I think they’ll be fine.

**JAMIE:** They are moving toward the aisles. And growling. So. Much. Growling.

**CHRIS:** It’s just a potato chip!

**JAMIE:** Give me more chips!

(Jamie starts strangling Chris, who finally breaks away and flees offstage, Jamie in pursuit.)

*Stormy Weather*

by Scott Mullen

KELLY stands looking up, holding a towel. PAT comes out. Looks up.

**PAT:** What are we looking at?

**KELLY:** Here. Help me hold this.

(Kelly has Pat hold on to two corners of the towel, while Kelly holds on to two. Kelly looks up again. Pat looks up.)

**PAT:** Well?

**KELLY:** The weather report said it’s going to rain cats and dogs.

**(**Pat laughs.)

**KELLY:** It’s not funny!

**PAT:** It’s just an expression! Cats and dogs don’t really fall out of the sky.

**KELLY:** Things becomes expressions because sometimes they are true.

**PAT:** It’s never true!

**KELLY:** My dad said it happened once when he was little.

**PAT:** I think he was pranking you.

**KELLY:** Are you saying my dad is a liar?

**PAT:** No. I’m saying that animals don’t fall out of the sky when it rains.

**KELLY:** Then what is that? Up there.

**PAT:** Oh my goodness.

**KELLY:** See?

(They move. Trying to get under it.)

**PAT:** Back this way!

(They back up, offstage. Then they CHEER. And then a DOG barks.)

**KELLY** (O.S.): Good boy!

*Those Time Travelling Kids*

Two friends can’t agree on a time travel destination.

**A:** What if I told you I built a time machine? Where do you want to go? It can be anywhere

**B:** Take me back to last Thursday.

**A:** Five days ago?

**B:** Yeah, I failed Mr. Brown’s math test. I really want another chance.

**A:** You don’t want to back to the Jurassic period?

**B:** Too dangerous.

**A:** Or Medieval times? You could ride with the Knights of the Round Table?

**B:** Way too dangerous.

**A:** Wouldn’t you like a bird’s eye view to some great moment in history?

**B:** I’m not the most adventurous person you could have asked. I really just want another crack at that math test.

**A:** Okay. If you’re sure.

**B:** Wait! No. I’m wasting the opportunity of a lifetime, aren’t I?

**A:** Yes, you really are.

**B:** Take me back to last Wednesday.

**A:** Six days ago.

**B:** Yeah, Wednesday was pizza day at school, but my dad didn’t know that and he brought pizza home for dinner. So, like all I ate all day was pizza. It was the greatest day ever.

**A:** That was the greatest day ever.

**B:** By far. Take me back to last Wednesday so I can live through that again. And then the math test will be the next day, so I can kill two birds with one stone. Brilliant.

**A:** Fine, but while you’re wasting your time hop, I’ll be at the Globe Theatre four hundred years ago watching a live performance of Shakespeare’s Romeo and Juliet in a way that none of our peers will ever get to. Then, maybe I’ll travel to see the pyramids being built. Then, to hear the Beatles in concert.

**B:** Okay.

**A:** You’re really not going with me to any of those things, are you?

**B:** No, but if you could drop me off at last Wednesday on your way, that would be awesome

*Ice to Meet You (3)*

(3 characters)

Kid superheroes and kid supervillains battle it out in this imaginative, off the wall fantasy.

**A:** Why can’t we work together?

**B:** Because I’m the villain. We’re naturally on opposite sides, kid superhero.

**A:** But…why?

**B:** One of us must fall…or freeze.

**A:** It’s getting cold in here.

**B:** Of course, it is. This is Kid Popsicle you’re talking to.

**A:** Cut it out, Kid Popsicle.

**B:** My parents always told me, you are what you eat. But I just kept on downing those Tasty- Freeze treats, one after another.

**A:** I’m freezing. I can’t move.

**B:** One day I eat fifty-seven of them. And my mom and dad were right. That’s the day I became…Kid Popsicle.

**A:** Can’t…move.

**B:** Now I freeze all that gets in my way. In my unquenchable thirst for more popsicles.

**A:** (Frozen still, solid)

**B:** Sorry, Kid Superhero. Looks like you’ve met your match.

**C:** I don’t think so.

**B:** Who are you?

**C:** Your worst enemy, Kid Popsicle.

**B:** Ha! Ice to meet you. You’re with this one, I assume. Come a little closer. Feel the cold.

**C:** You don’t want me to get too close, Kid. You see, my parents told me the same thing. You are what you eat. But I didn’t go for the frozen treats. I prefer a little spice in my diet. I’m Kid Jalepeno.

**B:** No. Stay back.

**C:** What’s the matter? Getting a little hot under the collar.

**B:** I’m sweating. I don’t sweat. I freeze.

**C:** I’m afraid you’ve met your match.

**B:** I’m outta here.

**C:** You better be.

**B:** But this isn’t the end. You haven’t seen the last of me.

**C:** Good riddance, Kid Popsicle.

**A:** I’m…melting.

**C:** Are you okay?

**A:** I’m…feeling better…he froze me.

**C:** Well, Kid Jalepeno will warm you back up again.

**A:** Thanks. I don’t know what else to say.

**C:** Say, I think we’d make a pretty good team.

**A:** I think we will.

*Writer (3)*

by Scott Mullen (3 characters)

JANE sits typing on a laptop. Jane has no lines, but she actively portrays the process of writing (pausing to think, becoming amused, etc.) She does not look at the other actors. CHRIS a PAT enter, and eye her.

**CHRIS:** There she is.

**PAT:** Who is she? **CHRIS:** The writer.

**PAT:** Writer of what?

**CHRIS:** Of us! Of this! Everything we do, it’s because she wants us to do it.

**PAT:** That doesn’t sound fair. What if I want to dance?

**CHRIS:** If she doesn’t want you to dance, there’s no dancing. **PAT:** I’m going to dance.

**CHRIS:** Don’t.

**PAT:** She can’t stop me.

**CHRIS:** She can.

(Pat tries to dance. Can’t even get started.)

**CHRIS:** See?

**PAT:** Wait a minute. We’re having this whole conversation! That proves we have control over our lives!

(Chris pulls a copy of the script out of his back pocket. Eyes it).

**CHRIS:** Nope. It’s all here. Even you not dancing.

**PAT:** What do we do now?

**CHRIS:** We walk off.

**(**They walk, Pat fighting it.)

**PAT:** I don’t want to walk off! Why won’t my legs listen to me... I want to dance.... (And they are gone.)