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Dramatic Publishing

OVER AND UP

A One-Act Play

By

BILL MAJESKI



THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

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(OVER AND UP)
ISBN: 978-1-58342-487-2

OVER AND UP
A One-Act Play
for Six Men, Eight Women, One Extra

C H A R A C T E R S

HAMPTON officer on the Planet Apocryphal
LAGUNA Queen of the Planet Apocryphal
JONES (O.T.). junior officer on the Planet Apocryphal
SALISBURY agent for the Central Covert Action Agency
MYRTLE. female agent for the Central Covert Action Agency
BETTY, ELAINE, JUDY high school friends
CLAIRE Judy's aunt, owner of the Soda Shop
MABEL. Claire's mother
WILDWOOD secretary at Apocryphal Headquarters
OLLIE THURMOND, SENIOR publisher of the local paper
OLLIE THURMOND, JUNIOR editor of the local paper
OLLIE THURMOND, THIRD reporter for the local paper
JUDY'S MOTHER. offstage extra

TIME: The Present.

PLACE: The Planet Apocryphal and The Planet Earth.

PRODUCTION NOTES

Apocryphal Headquarters, at DL, is made up of a desk or two with a couple of chairs.

The *Central Covert Action Agency*, near UC, consists of two chairs and a desk.

The *Soda Shop*, at DR, has a table and several chairs.

Claire's Home is represented by a sofa located UR.

Judy's Home (front door only) is represented by a door UL.

During the times when O.T. is reporting back to Apocryphal, Hampton may be at his desk in Apocryphal Headquarters, and thus on the stage. Appropriate moves for Hampton and proper lighting use would be necessary if this method is preferred for your production.

At the end of the show, you may wish to use some special lighting effects to signify that extraterrestrial help has been given.

OVER AND UP

SCENE: Apocryphal Headquarters.

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: The lights come up on LAGUNA and HAMPTON, seated at their desks.

HAMPTON. I really don't see why you've selected Jones to go to Earth.

LAGUNA. Because he's been doing a good steady job for quite a while. I think he'll carry out our surveillance mission quite satisfactorily.

HAMPTON. But we only send someone down once every ten years. I don't think he deserves it. It *is* a special assignment.

LAGUNA. Hampton, I know you don't like Jones, but you know we never let grudges interfere with the operations here at Apocryphal.

HAMPTON. I know, but . . .

LAGUNA. No buts. We operate purely for the good of our society. Petty disagreements and personal rivalries have no place here. Got that?

HAMPTON. Well . . . yes, Chief.

LAGUNA. I know there's competition between you and Jones

for advancement and with some of the ladies . . .

HAMPTON. Well . . .

LAGUNA. Forget everything except doing what's right for your planet. Be civil to Jones when he gets here.

(JONES, in a space outfit, enters and reports to LAGUNA.)

JONES. Space Cadet Jones reporting, Chief. (He salutes with the back of his hand placed on his head above the ear.)

LAGUNA. At ease, Jones. You know why you're here, of course.

JONES. Yes, Chief.

LAGUNA. We expect you will carry out your assignment to the letter.

JONES. I will, sir . . . ma'am . . . er . . . Chief. (HAMPTON shakes his head disdainfully at JONES. It's obvious that he doesn't like him.)

LAGUNA. We expect regular reports on the Earth situation, particularly the military aspects and social goings-on. I want to know the progress they're making in space travel.

HAMPTON. Hah! Progress! They're puny and light years behind us.

LAGUNA. No snobbishness, Hampton. Earth is a young planet. Of course we're superior. We started earlier. We have been blessed with keen minds and inquisitive natures. That's why we do these research trips, to keep on top of things. (To JONES.) And you, Jones, be tolerant of the poor Earth people. They're struggling to advance. And they might if they ever stopped killing one another. Understand and accept their simplistic

ways.

JONES. Yes, Chief.

LAGUNA. Don't flaunt your intellect and try to contain your powers of anticipation.

JONES. Yes, Chief.

LAGUNA. You'll be there for six months. We want regular reports via satellite beam, followed by detailed written reports. Mingle. Get involved. Keep your eyes and ears open. You'll arrive as a teenager.

JONES. Yes, Chief. Oh, boy. Teenager!

LAGUNA. Steady. You will, naturally, be allowed some time for leisure, to be on your own. Have you thought about that?

JONES. Oh, yes. I figure I'd scoot out to Disneyland. Lots of fun, they say.

LAGUNA. Gets good press. Oh, by the way, your Earth code name will be O.T.

JONES. O.T.?

LAGUNA. Right. Go on . . . O.T.

JONES. Then the Washington Monument, Empire State Building, Grand Canyon . . .

HAMPTON (sneering). You wouldn't know the Grand Canyon from a hole in the ground.

LAGUNA. Enough, Hampton. Go on, Jones.

JONES (becoming enthusiastic). I'd like to see those "Walk" and "Don't Walk" street lights, check out parking meters, meet a flagpole sitter, watch a pig being milked . . .

HAMPTON (nastily). Hah! Pig being milked.

LAGUNA. I believe that's cow being milked.

JONES. Oh. Yes . . . right. What do pigs do?

HAMPTON (snorting). Oink. Oink.

JONES (genuinely concerned). That sounds bad, Hampton.

You ought to see the doc.

LAGUNA. Anything else, Jones?

JONES. Well, I'll visit their schools, throw a Frisbie, visit a wax museum and maybe eat one of those things they sell at fast food places . . . What is it . . . a whamburgerder?

LAGUNA. Hamburger.

JONES. Hamburger. Right. Hold the onions.

LAGUNA. Sounds good to me. Just make sure you get your job done. (She looks at her watch.) Well, I'm due for our Peace and Comfort Meeting. Hampton will fill you in on the details. First, go to Wardrobe and have Redondo outfit you with Earth clothes. Then go to the Ready Room where Hampton will fill you in. And . . . good luck, Jones . . . er, O.T.

JONES. Thank you, Chief. (He salutes, whirls on his heel, and exits.)

LAGUNA. Hampton, fill him in on everything from the Good Book of Rules. Above all, don't forget to tell him Earth's effect on aging.

HAMPTON. Right. He'll get it all.

LAGUNA. Remember the fractional ratio on growing older for us down there. He'll age one hundred Earth years in only six months. He must return before then or he stays on Earth forever, starting his Earth life as a one hundred-year-old man and . . . dying shortly after.

HAMPTON. Don't worry about a thing.

LAGUNA. I'm counting on you. Don't forget . . . tell him *everything*. (She exits.)

HAMPTON (looking around to make sure LAGUNA is gone). Fat chance. One thing I'm *not* going to tell him is the aging bit.

I'm gonna keep old Jonesy down on Earth for the rest of his life. And up here . . . I'll be home free. (The lights fade and he exits in the darkness.)

SCENE TWO

The lights come up on the Central Covert Action Agency. SALISBURY and MYRTLE sit, talking.)

SALISBURY. The Chief is hot on this one. There's some kind of alien on his . . .

MYRTLE (interrupting). Or her.

SALISBURY (sighing). Yes . . . yes . . . or her . . . way. We picked it up on our trans-world spectro-viewer.

MYRTLE. Any known destination?

SALISBURY. No, but the bleeps got big about forty miles from here. Then they faded.

MYRTLE. She could be anywhere.

SALISBURY. Anywhere at all. And we have to find him . . . her. Make it *it*.

MYRTLE. Plan B?

SALISBURY. Plan B. What *is* Plan B?

MYRTLE. You go your way and I'll go mine.

SALISBURY. Right. And we better come through if we don't want to be let go when those financial cutbacks come down.

MYRTLE. Gotcha. Let's move. (She and SALISBURY shake hands and head off in opposite directions.)

(The lights go out briefly, then come back up on JONES, now known as O.T., who stands on one side of the stage in his

spacesuit. He carries a suitcase and puts a little box to his mouth to speak.)

O.T. O.T. reporting. Arrived safely in middle-sized city along east coast of the United States. Am planning to work myself into a group of teenagers. The place down here is packed with them.

HAMPTON (offstage). Right. Stay in touch. Regular reports. Over and out. (The lights fade to black and O.T. exits in the darkness.)