

Wolf Pack, Mud Lake School, Mud Lake

presents

The Ticket

Cast

A poor man..... Carl Rumbolt

Various characters

on the street..... Tyler Rumbolt

Jeremy Broomfield

Teacher Advisor

Rodney Vokey

The Ticket

Scene One

(The scene takes place in a city park, during the day. There are many passers-by who frequent the park. An obviously depressed poor man arrives carrying a guitar in a case.)

Poor man I don't have any luck at all. How can someone be so unlucky? I was put out on the street ever since I was five years old, after my mother and father died. I guess it had something to do with that lighter incident. How was I supposed to know that propane was highly flammable? I couldn't read when I was five years old. Could you read when you were five years old?

This looks like a good spot to make some money. I hope I can make a few bucks here today. *(Notices an imaginary female passer-by)* hey miss, miss! You got a quarter? Sit down right here and I will play a song for you. Any song you like! *(She walks on by without noticing him. The poor man is obviously frustrated.)* Ahhh! *(Noticing an imaginary male passer-by)* Hey sir, sir! You got a quarter? Sit down right here and I will play a song for you. Any song you like! *(He walks on by without noticing him.)* Come back and sit down for a while. Sir, Sir! Ahhh! *An old man and a teenager enter. The poor man gets excited.)* Hey Pops! Got a quarter? I'll play a song for you!

Teen Hey man, can you play some Jackson?

Poor man Yeah! I know some Jackson.

Teen Hey, Pops, Give him a dollar. *(The old man searches for the money and then gives it to the poor man.)*

Poor man Wow! A dollar! That's four songs. Sit down right here and I will play you four songs. *(The old man and teen sit, while the poor man plays a country tune that is obviously not pleasing to the teen.)*

Teen That ain't no Michael Jackson!

Poor man Who is Michael Jackson? I thought you wanted Allan Jackson.

Teen Come on Pops, let's go. *(the old man and teen get up to leave.)*

Poor man Everyone knows this one. *(Poor man begins to sing "Row,Row,Row Your Boat" and "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry". Then he breaks down and actually cries, that is until a beautiful lady walks by and he sits up and takes notice.)* Hey Lady! Pretty Lady! You got a quarter? Sit down right here and I will

play a song for you. Any song you like! Except for some of that Michael Jackson. *(She walks on by without noticing him.)* Hey, come back! *(She exits)* What is it about rich people anyway? They got more money than they know what to do with. Why couldn't they give just a little bit to someone like me? I have needs too. Like beer, cigarettes....you know, a social life. Oh well, I don't seem to be having much luck with this spot today. Maybe I'll try over there, just over that hill. *(He packs up his guitar)* I hope I have better luck over there. *(He exits)*

Scene Two

(In another part of the same park, Poor man enters with his guitar.)

Poor man I am feeling so unlucky today. I must be the most unlucky man in the world. I'm sick of being unlucky. *(Kicking a discarded newspaper that lay on the ground and noticing something falling out of it.)* Hey, what's this? A lottery ticket. You know these lottery tickets ain't worth the paper they're printed on. I bet I could buy a million of these, *(as an aside to the audience)* as if I had a million dollars, and still not win. That's how much luck I have. But just in case, I'm going to put it in my front pocket. You never know, a man's luck could change - *(snapping his fingers)* Just like that. *(Looking over to a nearby yard with a lavish home and garden)* Man! See that house over there? I'm just going to take a peek. Just to see what they got. *(Peering in through the window)* Look at that furniture. Look at that chesterfield. Wow, they even got a la-z-boy chair! Look at that table. Chicken! *(Making a flapping motion like a bird with his arms)* I wish I had chicken tonight! They even have a cat. I hate cats. *(Looking outside the house and into the driveway)* Now, look at that there. Boy, a fancy car. Now, why do people have to waste their money on fancy cars? I can remember, in the old days when people were drivin' around in those old bugs *(A Volkswagon)*. They didn't need fancy cars. But these days they are going around in Lamborghinies and stuff. And look at that swimming pool and that tennis court. What kind of people need a tennis court in their back yard? *(Noticing sign on lawn)* hey, what's this? A "For Sale" sign. These people must be havin' some problems. They have to sell this fancy home and fancy pool and fancy tennis court to help pay off the bills. I wish I could buy this stuff. How much is it anyway? *(Reading the sign)* Four hundred thousand dollars. I got a dollar and this lotto ticket, but a lot of good it's going to do me. Now look at those dogs. They had to be Dobermans. They couldn't have a cracky or anything. They just had to be Dobermans without a chain. *(Looking the dogs over very carefully)* Dobermans without a chain!

Now that kind of rings a bell. *(He does a double take and starts to run off, fast. Barking noises are heard as the dogs apparently are in hot pursuit.)*

Scene Three

(Poor man enters a city street in search of place to check out the numbers on the lottery ticket. He notices a store window with the lottery numbers printed in it.)

Poor man Look at this store. Maybe they have the winning lotto numbers put up. This looks like the lotto numbers here. *(Checking the numbers against the ticket)* I got one right. Well, that doesn't mean anything. Hey, I got two numbers right. But anyone can have two numbers right. Three, three numbers right. Maybe my luck has changed after all. Four, I have all four numbers right! I won! I have won four million dollars. A guy like me! I never win! Four million dollars. I can't believe it, my luck has changed. It has finally changed. I'm going to buy that house and that fancy car and that fancy pool and that fancy tennis court. But I'm going to get rid of those Dobermans and that cat and get me a tom cat and a cracky. *(Poor man searches frantically to get someone to help him out. He has never had to cash in lottery winnings before. A man in a long trench coat walks by and notices the poor man obviously in some distress.)* Hey sir.....sir, could you help me. You see, you see, I have this lotto ticket and...and...I won so I need to get the money. L..I...already checked out the winning numbers over there and....*(before he gets to finish his statement, the man dressed in the trench coat suddenly stops him from going any further. The man is a cop. His name is Lieutenant Jones.)*

Jones Calm down my man. What's this about a lottery ticket? Start right from the beginning.

Poor man Well, I've been out on the street since I was five, that's when my mother and father died.....*(he gets cut off)*

Jones *(Showing signs of frustration)* Not back that far. Just tell me about that lotto ticket you are holding.

Poor man Well, I was on my way to just the other side of that hill in the park, when I kicked an old newspaper that was laying on the ground, and out pops this ticket. And as you can see a man like me can't be passing up an opportunity to change his lot. So I put the ticket in my front pocket just in case. Then I decided to come here to this street in front of this store to check out the winning lottery numbers. And I did. I got all four numbers right. I won four million dollars. I'm a four millionaire.

Jones *(Seizing the ticket from the poor man's hand.)* Well now, let's take a look now, right over here. *(Looking over the numbers carefully, one at a time)* One

number right. Ok. Two numbers right, that's pretty good. Three numbers right, that's great. Four, all four numbers right. You are a millionaire!

Poor man *(Seeming to contradict him)* A four millionaire!

Jones A millionaire!

Poor man *(Getting angry)* A four millionaire! *(He grabs back his ticket.)*

Jones *(Taken back a bit by the poor man's sudden bad temper.)* Okay, okay! A four millionaire. Just trying to help a man who's in need. Sorry! *(He turns to go.)* If you need any more help just call the precinct and ask for me, Lieutenant Jones.

Poor man *(Suddenly realizing for the first time that this man is a cop.)* Hey wait! Came back! I do need your help. *(There is a brief pause)* can you help me get my money?

Jones Sure I can help you, just let me see that ticket.

Poor man I know.... you can take it into that store and tell them to give me my money.

Jones Well, that's not exactly how it works. But there's no harm in just going inside and making a few phone calls. Wait here. I'll be right back. *(As Jones enters the store, the poor man begins to daydream about how he will spend the winnings.)*

Poor man Yes sir, with all that money a man can buy a lot of happiness, a house and enough food to eat. *(Jones returns from the store with a look of despair.)*

Jones Well, I got something to tell you. Something you're not going to want to hear. The ticket was a fake.

Poor man *(Wildly)* What do you mean a fake?

Jones You know, a counterfeit.

Poor man No it can't be! See, I told you I had no luck at all.

Jones I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to take this ticket down to the precinct and dust it for fingerprints.

Poor man But my fingerprints are on that ticket.

Jones yes I know. Mine, yours and the counterfeiters, I hope.

Poor man I knew it was too good to be true. What did I tell you? I have no luck at all.
(Jones turns to go, but before he does he makes a cash register sound to indicate to the audience that he has other plans for the so called "Fake" ticket.)

Scene Four

(The scene is a dark alleyway. Enters Jones who looks as though he is waiting for someone. Another man arrives. His name is George)

George Hey Lieutenant, what did you call me here for so late?

Jones Have I got something to tell you. You're not going to believe it, but I stole four million dollars from a stupid bum on the street and he didn't even suspect a thing.

George Yeah right!

Jones Oh yeah, it's true. Tonight I'm a millionaire and tomorrow you'll still be a dead beat cop on the street. *(Suddenly as if out of nowhere, a man dressed in black appears and hits Lieutenant Jones on the head from behind. George is astonished but is too slow to respond.)*

Mugger *(To George, brandishing a gun) Don't move or it will be all over for you too. Hands in the air. (George puts his hands in the air, as the mugger searches Jones for his wallet.) I want your wallet too.....and no funny stuff. (George reaches, as it seems, for his wallet but instead pulls out his revolver. The mugger sees this and shoots George before George has a chance to get his revolver positioned. George goes down. The mugger searches George's body for his wallet and the after throwing his revolver into a dumpster, exits. Enters the poor man in search of food. He spots the dumpster.)*

Poor man Hey, this dumpster looks good for pickin'. *(He reaches inside and feels around.)* Hey what's this? A gun. *(He examines it closely and smells it.)* This has been just used. *(He looks over for the first time to notice the bodies lying on the ground. He proceeds to the bodies, with the revolver still in his hand, in search of their wallets. He turns over one of the bodies.)* Jones. Is that you? *(Jones begins to groan and then speak.)*

Jones What happened? Where's George?

Poor man *(Noticing the other body just to the left.)* There is someone over there.

(Indicating the direction of the body with a waving motion. Jones manages to get up and make his way over to George.)

Jones George! George! George, what happened? *(Getting no response from George, Jones turns to the poor man and notices the gun for the first time.)* YOU! YOU! You killed him! *(Jones lunges after the poor man.)*

Poor man *(Trying desperately to plead his innocence.)* NO! No man, you got it all wrong. I didn't do it! I swear! *(Jones proceeds to arrest and handcuff the poor man. He takes the revolver and places it carefully into his coat, being careful not to destroy the fingerprints.)*

Jones Now this ought to be very useful. I'll just put it away for safekeeping. It will be just the evidence we'll need. Come with me fella. *(Jones takes the poor man in handcuffs and pushes him in one direction off the stage.)*

Poor man I'm innocent I tell you! Innocent!

Jones Tell it to the judge.

Scene Five

(Five years have passed by since George's death and the poor man's arrest and conviction. The scene takes place in a luxurious home, much like that one that the poor man saw near the park just a few years back. Jones is sitting in a la-z-boy chair.)

Jones I can't believe that it has been five years since that dreadful night. You would think that with all this around, *(indicating his luxurious surroundings)* that a man could be happy. It has been five years since Grace left me and took the children with her. I haven't been able to sleep without having nightmares about that night of the mugging and George. I wish I had never set eyes on that bum. I hope he rots in jail. *(After a pause)* I'd better get some sleep. *(After a brief moment a ghost appears. It's George's ghost. It has come to haunt Jones again. Jones awakes.)* GEORGE! Is that you again? This is the third time this week. I can't take it anymore. *(Jones leaves the room. He comes back with a gas can and begins to pour it all around the room.)* I have to get rid of this house and all this stuff or I'm going to go crazy. *(He lights a match and the flames surround him and we see him at the door attempting to open the door to escape the flames. The attempt to escape has failed and Jones is caught in the flames.)*

Scene Six

(This scene takes place in a jail cell with the poor man sitting down on a bed. The time is also five years since the night of George's death.)

Poor man This is the life. I guess when I was sentenced to life, I was set for life. This place isn't too bad. I have a roof over my head, three square meals a day and plenty of people who are willing to sit and listen to my songs. There is no need for money in here. I have everything I need. It certainly beats living on the street. At least the water is clean. *(He gets a glass of water. He is obviously enjoying his stay here.)* My only concern in life is...what would my life be like if I had actually won the four million dollars? You know, how my luck would have changed!!! *(He stares through the cell bars as the words of the song "If I Had A Million Dollars" by Bare Naked ladies is played. The lights go down and the music continues to play.)*