

**Taylor Made Players**  
**St. Peter's School, Black Tickle**  
present

**“Beneath the Surface”**

**Cast**

**Bobbi ..... Melissa Dyson**  
**Manager, Clown 1 ..... Amy Hudson**  
**Ms. Sutter, Clown 2..... Samantha Holwell**  
**Penny, Debra ..... Cathy Keefe**  
**Mr. Nickoles, a construction site worker..... Jerome Keefe**  
**Himey ..... Sylvia Keefe**  
**Bart ..... Wendy Keefe**  
**Mother (Bertha), A construction site worker..... Sandra Neville**

**Teacher/Advisor**

**Brenda Roberts**

**This play introduces us to a fine young man, who is lacking certain social skills when it comes to finding his niche in the work place. Follow his escapades as he sets out to prove himself.**

## “Beneath The Surface”

### SCENE 1

*(The kitchen of a hotel, A pot of soup simmers on the stove. Himey sings a little song (Oscar Myers Weiner). He looks into the pot, continues to peel carrots. Sings another song (Zestfully Clean) during which he slips and falls on a fallen carrot peel. The noise brings in the hotel manager.)*

**Manager:** Himey, what’s going on in here this time?

**Himey:** Sorry Mame, I hurt my arse. I mean my butt-ocks. *(Rubs his backside as he gets up)*

**Manager:** I told you last week about lying around on the floor.

**Himey:** But.....but.....but.....well.....I.....I...

**Manager:** Guests are waiting for their meals.

**Himey:** I’m sorry Mame, but I...I....I fell.

**Manager:** Sorry again Himey? It seems to me the only thing I hear you say is sorry. And if you’re not saying you’re sorry, you are explaining why you’re late.

**Himey:** I didn’t mean to be late this morning Mame. I accidently loc-locked my uniform in the b.b-athroom, and it took me longer to get dressed for work. I just couldn’t wear any old thing you know.

**Manager:** Himey, I can’t take anymore of your sick lame excuses. This time you pushed your luck a little too far. I need a clean and efficient kitchen, along with a reliable cook.

**Himey:** Yes, I agree Mame, and I’m gonna try to do better.

**Manager:** No Himey, I’m sorry, but I have to let you go.

**Himey:** That’s OK Mame. I could see it coming really. I...I....d...don’t mind really. You taught me a lot I can use on my next job sure. I got to thank you for that.

**Manager:** OK Himey. I wish you luck on the next job.

*(Himey leaves the room talking to himself)*

**Himey:** *(speaks slowly)* Mudder is gonna blow her top when she hears this story again. I thought when I started this job last week, it would last forever.....Boy.....was I ever wrong. Still when they sent me back the cherry cheesecake and said it was salty, I might have known cookin' wasn't my style. *(Sits on bench and notices a newspaper)* Oh look, someone left their newspaper behind. Well I must look into the job section. NOW! If I can only get a job, before I get home to Mudder, I'd be all set. *(S he reads the paper, he squirms and twitches)* Hum, wanted a secretary. Can't type, and don't look too good in a skirt. What else is new? And the next one? Computer repair man? The last one of them I was working on blew up in my face, then I had to buy a new one for the customer. That's too expensive. Ah, look right there. Construction worker on a housing project. All you need is a good pair of hands and a strong back. *(Looks himself over)* I fits that bill to a dollar. *(Jumps up)* I got to go with home to get my recipe ready and send it in. Be no time and they'll be calling me up for an interview. Won't Mudder be proud of me. HIMEY KNUCKLEHEAD: MASTER CARPENTER *(Goes on home. Walks into his home)*

**Mother:** Himey, you're home already? I thought that you had to work until eleven.

**Himey:** Oh ah oh Mudder, I ah, changed occ-u- pations.

**Mother:** Changed occupations Himey? Tell me the truth, you've been fired again haven't you?

**Himey:** Ah come on Mudder. You knows I can't cook and I H-A-T-E-S doing dishes. In the hotel they were always stacks and stacks high. *(Makes an appropriate gesture)*

**Mother:** And - what - are - you - going - to - do - now - Himey?

**Himey:** Mudder I came home to get my recipe ready for the job at Blow Me Down Construction Site.

**Mother:** Himey, a recipe. It's a resume, NOT A RECIPE!!!

**Himey:** Well all right, OK, I got to get it done.

**Mother:** Yes, you be sure to get things ready, because I got to run a few errands. *(Himey sits at table with paper and pencil)*

**Himey:** *(Speaks to himself)* Hum, work experience. Where should I start?

*(The song "Iris" plays through the scene change)*

## **SCENE 2**

*(Himey is pacing back and forth, chewing his fingernails and talking to himself)*

**Himey:** Oh my, oh my, I can't leave the house because I knows as soon as I leaves, the phone will ring. They had my recipe, I mean my RESUME for three days. I just know they'll call me soon. *(Phone rings)* That's it! That's my call. *(Goes to the phone which is not there)* Where is the phone? *(Spins and falls on the floor)* There's the phone under the chair. Don't stop ringing. *(He stretches to get the phone. When he gets it, he puts it to his ear upsidedown)* Hello. Hello. *(Fixes phone position, speaks louder)* HELLO *(softer)* I mean hello. Yes this is Himey Knucklehead. I'm home. Yes Mr. Nickoles. You liked my r.e.c.e. my res....u....m.e? *(Pause)* Could I come for an interview? Tomorrow? Sure I can come for an interview tomorrow, I got nutin' to do tomorrow sure. At 11:00? I'll be there sir. Well, good bye, I'll see you tomorrow. *(Does a dance, swinging his arms)* Himey got a job, oh yea. *(His mother walks in)*

**Mother:** Himey, what's the meaning of this?

**Himey:** *(Grabs his mom)* I got a job Mudder.

**Mother:** A job Himey?

**Himey:** Yep, I got the job. They just called me to come down for an interview tomorrow.

**Mother:** Himey you don't have a job, you have an interview.

**Himey:** Yes Mudder, that's what I said. He's gonna give me a job. He wouldn't call me down there for an interview if he's not gonna give me the job. Sure he sounded so nice. I'm sure he's not gonna call me in for nutin'.

**Mother:** Himey, you got to watch yourself in that interview. Half of the people interviewed don't get the job. First of all you got to be there early. If you're late, you won't get the job for sure. Oh, and sit straight, don't stutter, stay still, don't pick your nose, look 'em in the eye, and oh yes, don't stutter.

**Himey:** I...I.I wo....wo.. Won't stud....stud.....stutter Mudder.

**Mother:** poor baby, am I making you all nervous? I'm so sorry, you'll be fine. And if you don't get the job, Mama will still love you.

**Himey:** Don't you worry, Himey Knucklehead won't let you down. (*Kisses his mother on the forehead*)

**Mother:** How about if I help you practice for the interview. I'll be the employer and I will interview you. Now you need to sit up real straight (*reaches out to him*) no don't slouch and look me straight in the eye. (*Mother's voice begins to go down as the lights fade out. The song "Iris" plays through the scene change*)

### SCENE 3

*(Mother is in the kitchen making coffee. A knock is heard)*

**Mother:** Come in. (*A woman enters. Mother looks up*) Oh, it's you Penny. You're just in time for a cup of coffee. Wanna cup?

**Penny:** Thanks Bertha. That would be nice. I came to see if you want to go shopping with me today?

**Bertha:** No maid, I can't. I need to stay home and have lunch ready for Himey. He'll be home by twelve thirty.

**Penny:** And ..... where is Himey? Is he out bird watching?

**Bertha:** No Penny. Himey's got a job interview.

**Penny:** At a what? A job interview? Where is it? At the pet shop?

**Bertha:** The pet store? (*Laughs*) No, he has an interview with Blow Me Down Construction. They're putting up new housing on the West Side. They want at least fifty workers.

**Penny:** Oh, fifty workers? He might have a chance, about as many as one in a million now.

**Bertha:** Now Penny, you're always hard on my Himey. He might do real well down there. Sure, he loves the outdoors, making things with his hands.

**Penny:** Especially a mess.

**Bertha:** Well, Penny, he's not like the rest. He needs a chance. He's different from the other fellas around. You know he lost his father when he was five years old.

**Penny:** Yes I know, Bertha. You got to admit it though, he is kind of klutzy. You need to stop babying him for once. That's half his problem.

**Bertha:** I can't help it Penny. You should have seen how excited he was when he got the interview. My Himey got his heart and soul set on getting that job.

**Penny:** What will Himey be like in the interview? You know what he gets like under pressure Bertha.

**Bertha:** Oh I got him all prepared. We practiced interviews last night and again this morning. I got him sitting up straight, talking slow and staying still, and the last thing I said to him was not to be late.

*(Scene fades to Himey's interview. Himey is pacing back and forth the stage)*

**Himey:** I can't be late, gotta sit still, can't pick me nose, gotta look him straight in the eye. I got to talk slow, got to be calm. Good God, look at the time. I'm twenty minutes early. Won't Mudder be proud. I should go on in so I don't keep him waiting. He probably wants to get home to his dinner anyway. *(Walks past the secretary, to the door)*

**Secretary:** Excuse me sir, do you have an.....

**Himey:** *(knocks on door and opens it on Mr. Nickoles who is in an interview. They look up at him.)* Mr. Nickoles, I'm here, ready and waiting. Oh, Mr. Nickoles, you're already do...do...doin' an inter....interview. That's alright, Mr. Nickoles. You go ahead. I'll just talk to the nice lady you got out here.

*(Himey closes the door and speaks to the secretary.)*

**Himey:** Gosh, girl, the least you could have done was warn me.

**Secretary:** Excuse me, Sir. My name is Ms. Suttle. I would have liked to warn you that Mr. Nickoles was busy if I could have caught you. Would you give me your name, please?

**Himey:** Himey Knucklehead at your service, m'am. *(He takes a bow and hits his head on the table.)*

**Ms. Suttle:** Yes, Mr. Knucklehead. *(Looks down at her chart.)* I believe your appointment is eleven. Would you kindly sit down and wait for your appointment? When Mr. Nickoles is ready, we'll call you.

**Himey:** I think I'll do that! I need to gather me nerves before the interview. I wonder what Mudder is doin' now? Well, she don't need to worry about me. I got here lots early anyway.

*(Ms. Suttle turns to leave him. Himey picks up a bird made out of paper towel and begins to play with it. Ms. Suttle takes it.)*

**Ms. Suttle:** Mr. Knucklehead, please don't play with this. My boys made it for me.

**Himey:** Yes, m'am. I'm sorry. I won't touch it anymore. *(He gets a cup of coffee off her desk. The interviewee leaves Mr. Nickoles' office.)*

**Ms. Suttle:** Mr. Knucklehead, Mr. Nickoles will see you now. *(Himey passes her his pop and in doing so, spills it on her dress.)*

**Himey:** Oh, I'm sorry! Can I wipe that off?

**Ms. Suttle:** No! Go in and see Mr. Nickoles. NOW!!

*(Ms. Suttle walks off stage.)*

**Mr. Nickoles:** Mr. Knucklehead, come in, please and sit right down here. *(Himey sits.)*

**Himey:** Good day, Mr. Nickoles. How are ya?

**Mr. Nickoles:** Very well, Mr. Knucklehead...*(Himey interrupts.)*

**Himey:** You can call me Himey. All me buddies calls me Himey. I could never get used to all that "Mr." stuff.

**Mr. Nickoles:** Yes, Mr. Knucklehead, I'm sure they do. I must say I was very impressed with your resume. It shows some interesting qualifications.

**Himey:** Thank you, Mr. Nickoles. I had lots of different kinds of jobs. I like to work, sir.

**Mr. Nickoles:** Well, sir, lets get to the point. We have a shortage of workers and are eager to hire dependable employees. By the look of your resume, you're just the man we need.

**Himey:** If I understand you right, I got the job.

**Mr. Nickoles:** Yes, congratulations, Himey. You start work right away. Right after dinner.

**Himey:** *(jumps up)* Yahoo!! Thanks, sir. You won't regret this, sir! *(Himey bends over to shake Mr. Nickoles' hand, knocks over a pencil jar on his desk, trying to pick it up while apologizing.)* Oh gee. Sorry, Mr. Nickoles. I didn't mean to do that, sir. Let me pick it up, sir.

**Mr. Nickoles:** Don't worry about that, Himey. Just get ready to go to work. *(Himey walks to the door to leave. Mr. Nickoles watches him go.)* Hmmmm, I wonder what Debra will think of him on the work site. *(Mr. Nickoles picks up Himey's mess.)*

*(The song "Iris" plays through the scene change.)*

#### SCENE 4

*(At the work site; Himey is carrying a piece of lumber, turns around and bumps two co-workers on the backside, each in turn .he apologizes)*

**Debra:** Himey, climb up the scaffold on that house over there and start putting on the vinyl siding.

**Himey:** Well Debra I want to do that but I'm scared of heights. Put me up there mame and me guts will start to turn and before you know it, I'll be puking on all the ones down below me. Now you don't want me to do that do you?

**Debra:** Get up here Himey, now. Give it a try boy.

**Himey:** Well, Mam, I thought you were a better person than that you know. I didn't think you'd make someone do something they couldn't do.

**Debra:** OK Himey, go help Bart saw that lumber in two foot lengths. Be sure you measure it Himey.

**Himey:** OK mame, I likes doin' that. Heh Bart me ole fart! I'm comin' to give ya a hand. *(Pats him real hard on the back making Bart cough)*

**Bart:** She sent you over to help me did she Himey? *(Looks away, talking to himself)* I got to have a talk with that woman. *(Louder)* Since you're here, get on the other side and take the saw and push when I say OK, okay? *(Himey then pushes and knocks Bart over)* Himey! I meant when we get started!

**Himey:** Sorry B.....Ba.....Bart. *(They try again)*

**Bart:** We start on the count of three.....one....



**Himey:** Plus two is three.

**Bart:** two and three. *(Then they start to saw.)*

**Himey:** Boy, this is pretty easy. I should have been doing this all me life. I bet I could do this with me eyes shut. *(Starts to sing and dance while sawing)*

**Bart:** Himey, go back to Debra for something else to do. You're sawing the wood crooked and tearing me arms outta their sockets.

**Himey:** Okay Bartie. *(Himey goes to find Debra)* Heh, Deb. I got the wood sawed. What do you want me to do next?

**Debra:** I know one thing I don't want you to do, and that's step in that cement.

*(Himey steps sideways.)*

**Himey:** What cement?

**Debra:** *(Puts her head in her hands.)* Oh, Himey!! That cement!

**Himey:** Gosh, m'am. I got my boots all full of cement now. You don't got another pair now, do ya?

**Debra:** Nooooo!

**Himey:** I have to call Mother to bring over my other pair. This construction work is awful messy!

**Debra:** Himey....never mind your mother. Just go over there in the drain and rinse your boots.

**Himey:** Well, I gotta fix the cement, m'am.

**Debra:** You've done enough with the cement, Himey. I'll fix the cement. *(Louder)* Just go.

**Himey:** Ok, Deb.

*(Walks awkwardly off the stage. Construction work carries on. Himey comes back on with his boots clean.)*

**Himey:** Okay, Deb, I'm back. What do you want me to do now?

**Debra:** Maybe you can help the boys put in that window. *(Himey heads off to the back of the stage. Short pause, then Debra talks to herself.)* Oh, no. He'll break the window. Himey! Come back. I gotta another job for you.....that only you can do. Go over and hold the ladder while Bobbi paints the eves.

**Himey:** How about I paint the eves?

**Debra:** Hold the ladder first. Worry about painting the eves later.

**Himey:** Oh, working up to your respect. I'm proving myself to ya like.

**Debra:** Go on, Himey. Go on.

*(Himey goes to the ladder and begins to put it up with Bobbi. Bobbi climbs the ladder.)*

**Bobbi:** Hold the ladder steady, Himey. I don't want to fall off and break my neck.

**Himey:** No prob, Bob. Just leave it to me.

**Bobbi:** *(talks to herself)* Yeah, that's what I'm afraid of. Now you hold it tight, Himey.

*(A kid walks down the street playing music. Himey starts to dance.)*

**Himey:** Oooh, I loves that tune. *(Himey lets go of the ladder and uses the ladder as a set of drums.)*

**Bobbi:** Himey, what's going on down there?

**Himey:** Nothing much. Just keeping up a beat.

**Bobbi:** WHAT!! Keeping up a beat. You're supposed to be keeping up me. *(Pause)* Himey, cut that out!

**Himey:** But that was my favorite song.

**Bobbi:** Tighten up your grip. I don't want to fall down.

**Himey:** Sure. Sure, I'll be better.

*(Bobbi continues to paint. Hears a meow sound coming from off the stage. Himey starts to look around. Meow gets louder.)*

**Himey:** What's that.

**Bobbi:** You say something???

**Himey:** Hey, kitty, kitty. Here kitty, kitty. *(Himey leaves to get the kitten.)*

**Bobbi:** Himey. Himey, come back. Hey, Himey. Ah, forget it. I'm safer with him gone.

*(Himey circles around, then comes back with a kitten.)*

**Debra:** Himey, what have you got now?

*(Himey shows Debra the kitten.)*

**Himey:** Isn't she cute? I rescued her from the roof. Want to hold it? *(Puts the cat up to her face. Debra begins to sneeze.)*

**Debra:** Noooo! *(Sneeze)* I'm allergic to cats! *(Ah-choo)* Get that ball out of here.

**Himey:** Alright, I'll put her in my lunch box 'til I get home. Lots of air in that. *(Puts cat in the lunch box)* What do you want me to do now, Debra?

**Debra:** Just nail these boards together to make a thrust. *(Debra sneezes again. Himey nails a couple of them together, and then hits his thumb nail. He jumps around screaming and yelling.)*

**Debra:** Himey, what's wrong?

**Himey:** Look at me thumb!! I bet it's broke. Yeah, it's killing me. It's hurting...ohhhhh!  
What do I do?

**Debra:** First thing for you to do is to go home. Himey, this is not the job for you.

**Himey:** Deb, I think you're right. *(Takes his lunch box and leaves.)* Whatta day. Broke me thumb. Lost me job and got me a cat.

*(Himey walks off the stage. The song "Iris" plays through the scene change.)*

## **SCENE 5**

*(Himey walking home, talking to kitten.)*

**Himey:** Don't mind Debra calling you a fur ball. She's really not a mean person. She can't help if she's allergic to kittens. But I'm sure not. *(Kisses and mauls the cat.)*

You know something? I wish I could get along with people the way I can with animals. I'd have no problem gettin' and keepin' a job. *(He passes two clowns.)*

**Clown 1:** Hey, did you hear what that fella said?

**Clown 2:** What'ya mean, what that fella said?

**Clown 1:** Over there. That guy playing with the cat.

**Clown 2:** Yeah? So? What about him?

**Clown 1:** Hello?? Earth to Simon. Can't you remember our lion trainer fell in love at our last town and stayed to get married?

**Clown 2:** Yeah? And...??

**Clown 1:** Well, we need a lion trainer, don't we? He looks like he gets along good with animals.

**Clown 2:** Why don't we go and ask him, then?

**Clown 1:** Hello, young man. What's your name?

**Himey:** Hello. My name is Himey, and this is my cat, Put-Put.

**Clown 2:** Himey? Now what a nice name. Tell me Himey...where are you working?

*(Pats Himey on the back.)*

**Himey:** Well, at the moment, I'm between jobs.

**Clown 1:** Perfect. We've been looking for someone like you all week.

**Clown 2:** Tell me...what experience do you have with animals?

**Himey:** Animals? I love animals. My son, I get along better with animals than I do with my own mudder.

**Clown 1:** What animals are you familiar with?

**Himey:** Cats are my favorite, but I used to have a pet snake when I was a boy. We had to get rid of it when he ate all my pet gerbils. But I still had two rabbits, a monkey and a budgie bird. It took very little for Mudder to tell me the snake had to go.

**Clown 2:** REALLY?

**Himey:** He was a nice snake. So nice and silky. I used to bring him to school curled around my neck. I'd only make it to the front entrance when the girls would scream and run. *(The two clowns look at each other and nod.)*

**Clown 1:** Himey, how do you feel about lions?

**Himey:** Well, to me a lion is only a big cat. *(He rubs down the cat, Put-Put.)* I think I'd like a lion, but Mudder would never let me bring it home. I thought she'd go through the roof when I brought home the monkey.

**Clown 2:** Do you have a girlfriend?

**Himey:** Well, to be honest, I'm not all that interested in girls. Now a date here and there would be nice. Why do you want to know about that, huh?

**Clown 2:** So, you got nothing holding you back, do you?

**Himey:** Holding me back from what?

**Clown 2:** Himey, how would you like to work with a friendly lion?

**Clown 1:** *(butts in)* Now, it would mean travelling the country.

**Himey:** Why, I'd love it. Work with a lion. What would I have to do? Feed him and stuff?

**Clown 2:** No, my partner and I would like you to be a lion trainer in our travelling circus.

**Himey:** What? You...you...you're...you're asking me....Himey Knucklehead, to do something I love...WORKING WITH ANIMALS? My own lion? You're not jokin' are ya? You don't want to change yer mind?

**Clown 2:** No, sir, Himey! We are dead serious.

**Himey:** Are you absolutely sure? Maybe you should get someone else.

**Clown 1:** No way, Himey. Simon and I can tell you're just the type of person we're looking for.

**Himey:** Great! Can I take my little kitty cat?

**Clown 2:** Yes, but you can't go falling in love in some town and staying there to get married.

**Himey:** No sweat with that, my pal. (*Himey pats him on the back very hard and Clown 2 coughs.*) Come home with me, gentlemen, so we can give my dear old Mudder the good news over some coffee. (*The three walk off stage together.*) I can hear Mudder telling Penny now..."My boy, Himey Knucklehead - Master Lion Trainer". He is a nice lion...isn't he?

*(The song "Children" plays as the scene ends.)*

**Lights Fade**

*Juliana Lidd  
Grade 7  
John Christian Erhardt*