

**B L Morrison School
Postville
presents**

“911”

Cast

**Andy Jacque
Jenny Ford
Rebecca Jacque
Janelle Gear
Hilary Edmunds
Hayward Sheppard**

Teacher Advisors..... Nancy Hall, Ingrid Rose

This play takes you through the humorous, yet exciting day in the life of two Paramedics. The people of Postville must really be having a rough day. As we go with Mike and Nathan on their incredible job as paramedics we discover cases that are too dumb to require the help of professional paramedics.

"911"

SCENE I (*Lights appear on Mike and Nathan, sitting eating lunch*)

Mike: Hey Nat, this day sure has been slow, hasn't it?

Nathan: I know. It's lunch time and we haven't had one call yet. I'm thinking about taking the rest of the day off to go fishing.

Mike: (*Picks up sandwich, puts it to his lips*) Boy, this sandwich looks so good, I can't wait to taste it.

(Beeper goes off)

Nathan: Well you'll have to wait. The beeper just went off and you know what that means.

Mike: Oh man! Oh well, it was bound to go off sometime. (*Puts sandwich down*) Let's go!

(Holly enters, clip board in hand)

Holly: Hey guys, I'm doing a report on people with exciting jobs in Postville. I've chosen you guys. Do you mind if I follow you around for a while? I promise to stay out of your way and not get in trouble.

Nathan: This ought to be fun! Who is it, anyone I know?

Mike: I don't think so. It's a woman named Mrs. Taylor.

Holly: I know her. She's the woman that always wears dresses that are too small for her. What's wrong with her anyway?

Nathan: I don't know. I guess we'll just have to go and find out.

(All exit. Lights dim, reappear on Mike, Nathan and Holly outside the house)

Mike: I think this is the place. (*Knocks on the door, pauses*) No answer. Let's go in.

Nathan: (*Finds Mrs. Taylor on the floor*) Mrs. Taylor, are you alright? (*Helps her up*) What happened?

Mrs. Taylor: (*Coughs*) Get me out of this thing and I'll tell you.

Mike: *(Takes giant scissors out of a bag)* Hold on Mrs. T, We'll have you out of there in a second. *(Cuts the skirt)* There, now are you alright?

Mrs. Taylor: Oh, bless you dear. What would I have ever done if you hadn't come?

Holly: *(Writing on clipboard)* What were you doing, putting on a skirt that size? Anyone can see that it doesn't fit.

Mrs. Taylor: I thought I could fit into it. It fit perfectly when I got married 20 years ago.

Mike: 20 years ago! Don't you think you've put on a bit of weight since then?

Mrs. Taylor: Maybe a few pounds. Would you like a cookie? I have twelve different kinds.

Nathan: *(whispering to Mike and Holly)* So, this is how she out grew that skirt.

Mike: No thanks, I have a sandwich at the office, that I can't wait to get back to. *(Turns to Nathan and Holly)* Let's go. I'm starved.

(Beeper goes off)

Nathan: Looks like you'll have to wait longer for that sandwich. We just got another call.

Mike: Oh man, bye Mrs. Taylor. Try to be careful what size you put on. I don't want to have to come back and cut you out of any more clothes.

(Mike, Nathan and Holly exit.)

SCENE III *(Lights dim, reappear on Ms Brown, standing on a table, swinging a broom)*

Ms Brown: I wish those paramedics would hurry up and get here. I can't stand on this table forever.

(Holly, Mike and Nathan run in)

Mike: We're here, what's the problem?

Ms Brown: Mouse, mouse. There's a mouse in here somewhere!

Nathan: Where is it?

Ms Brown: There, by the table leg. *(Points to table leg)* Here, use the broom. *(Hands Nathan the broom)* There are two other brooms by the door.

(Holly and Mike pick up brooms)

Holly: Where is it now?

Mike: I see it, by Nathan's foot. *(Hits Nathan's leg with broom)* Did I get it?

Nathan: *(Hops around on one foot)* No, bone head. You got me!

Mike: Oh sorry. I'll keep looking. *(Bends over to look for the mouse)*

Nathan: I'll give you sorry! *(Raises broom to hit Mike.)*

Holly: *(Shouts)* NATHAN! Never mind that. We got to find the mouse.

(Everyone starts looking again.)

Ms Brown: There it is. By the girl.

Holly: I'll get it. *(Hits the floor wildly)* Hey, I think I got it.

Mike: *(Comes over for a look)* Boy, I think she did get it. Come and see Nathan.

Nathan: *(walks over to see)* That's not a mouse, look.

(Holly and Mike look down and bang heads.)

Mike: *(Falls to the floor)* Ouch!!!

Holly: *(Rubs her head)* Sorry, that was my fault. Here, let me help you up. *(Reaches out to help Mike up)* Look, it's the mouse! *(Drops Mike to the floor.)*

Mike: *(Sarcastically)* Don't mind me. I'll just stay here on the floor and look for the mouse. It's not like I could get bitten or anything.

Holly: Oh sorry. I just got scared when I saw the mouse again.

Nathan: It's alright now. I killed it. You can get down now, Ms Brown.

Ms Brown: Oh thank you. How can I ever repay you?

Mike: *(Holds on his head)* Don't ever call us again.

Nathan: Oh he's just kidding. We were glad to do it.

Holly: Good job boys.

(All exit. Lights dim, reappear on Nathan, Mike and Holly, sitting at the office.)

Mike: Oh boy, it's good to have a break. All that running around made me hungry.

Nathan: Yeah, I'm beat!

Holly: So am I. I never knew that chasing a mouse could be so tiring.

Mike: *(Picks up sandwich, holds it to his lips)* I've waited long enough for this sandwich. It had better be good.

(Beeper goes off)

Nathan: Will that beeper ever be quiet?

Mike: I'll never get to eat my sandwich if it doesn't.

Holly: Here we go again. Who is it this time?

Nathan: Aunt Mary. We'd better hurry. At her age, any accident could be serious.

Mike: Oh well, I guess I don't mind leaving my sandwich for Aunt Mary. She's always been so nice to me.

Holly: Let's go!

(Lights dim, reappear on Mike, Holly and Nathan entering house)

Mike: Aunt Mary, we're here. Is everything alright?

Aunt Mary: *(Off stage)* I'm stuck in my pantyhose!

Nathan: Sorry Auntie, but we can't help you there.

Holly: I'll go. *(Walks off stage, waits for a minute, then comes back out, shaking her head)*

Nathan: She's not dead?

Holly: *(Shaking her head)* You'd think that a woman 90 years old would know that pantyhose are worn on the bottom half of the body.

(All exit)

SCENE V *(Lights dim, reappear on Mike, Holly and Nathan, sitting at the office)*

Mike: Finally I can get back to my sandwich. *(Picks up sandwich and looks at it.)*

Holly: What are you doing?

Mike: I'm waiting for the beeper to go off. Every time I try to eat my sandwich, it goes off and we have to go.

Nathan: We only have 1 hour left to work. Maybe there won't be any more calls. Go ahead and eat.

Mike: I hope you're right. *(Picks up sandwich, puts it to his mouth. Beeper goes off. Puts sandwich down)* With all the exercise I'm getting, I'm surprised that you can't see right through me. Especially since I don't get anything to eat around here.

SCENE VI *(Lights dim, reappear on two sisters fighting)*

Rachel: You are so stubborn, Kim. Why can't you just admit I'm right?

Kim: Because that never happens, Rachel.

Rachel: I'm so mad I could throw this phone at you! *(Picks up phone)*

Kim: Oh yeah? I'm so mad at you I could throw this pie! *(Picks up pie)*

Rachel: You wouldn't dare!

Kim: Don't tempt me!

(Mike, Holly and Nathan enter. Kim throws pie. It lands in Mike's face.)

Nathan: *(laughs)* hey Mike, this is the best I've seen you in a long time.

Holly: *(Writes on clipboard)* If I don't win for the best report, at least I'll win for the funniest.

Mike: That's it, I've had it! I've been slapped with a skirt, hit with a broom. I banged heads with Holly and now a pie in the face and if all that's not bad enough, I still didn't get to eat my sandwich. Nathan, you and Holly can split up this fight, I'm going to wait in the car. *(Walks off stage)*

Nathan: Is this fight over?

R & K: *(nod)*

Nathan: Good, let's go Holly. Mike wants to get back to his sandwich. *(Holly nods. Both exit)*

SCENE VII *(Lights dim, reappear on Mike, Holly and Nathan, sitting at the office)*

Mike: What a day! I can't wait to get home to relax.

Holly: I know. I never thought I'd miss school this much, but after spending the day with you guys, I'm sure I'd much rather be in class than working. Is your job like this everyday?

Nathan: It's just as busy, but the cases today have been ridiculous.

Mike: You got that right. What kind of nut calls the paramedics because of a mouse running around the kitchen? Boy, Holly, you've got one hard head. *(Rubs his head)*

Holly: Sorry about that.

Nathan: Don't forget about the pantyhose incident with Aunt Mary. Thanks for your help, Holly. If it weren't for you, she'd be stuck in those pantyhose. I wasn't about to go in on that one.

Holly: No problem. Hey, thanks for letting me come with you today. I got my report written and now all I have to do is present it to the class tomorrow.

Nathan: Great, maybe we'll be so interesting that you'll win.

Mike: Nah, if she wins, it will be because of all the funny stuff that happened to me.

Holly: If I win, it will be because of my good writing skills.

Mike: Yeah, right, sure.

M & N: NOT!!!

Nathan: Since your report is finished, how about letting us hear it?

Holly: Oh, I don't know. I'm kind of shy.

Mike: *(Turns to audience)* How about it folks? You wanna hear the report?

Holly: *(Moves to center stage)* My name is Holly Peterson and I did my report on the paramedics of Postville. Their names are Mike Jacque and Nathan Edmunds. Their job is to answer the calls to 911. To make my report more interesting, I followed them around on a few cases yesterday. We went on one case where Mike got whacked with a broom while trying to kill a mouse. Another good one was when a woman got stuck in her skirt. I liked that one because I got to watch Mike use the big scissors to cut her out of it. I even got to help on one case. It was when one woman got her head stuck in her pantyhose. I had to go in because Mike and Nathan weren't about to go in on that one. But of all the cases we went on, my favorite was the one where two fighting sisters were throwing things at each other and Mike got a pie in the face. Well, that's my report about the paramedics. I hope you enjoyed hearing about it as much as I enjoyed writing it.

(All exit. Lights dim.)