

**Mealy Mountain Collegiate  
Happy Valley-Goose Bay  
presents**

**Hypnotism For Dummies, When It's Up To The Humies and  
Pandora's Box**

**Cast for Hypnotism For Dummies**

**Harry ..... Daniel Windler  
Waiter 1 ..... Edward Harding  
Waiter 2 ..... Gladdale Matthews  
Audience Member ..... Lorraine Matthews**

**Written by: Karla Poole  
Directed by: Samantha Churchill  
Stage Manager: Jacqueline Melindy  
Manager: Allison Lamond**

**Cast for When It's Up To The Humies**

**George Bush ..... Joshua Vey  
Paris Hilton ..... Chloe Soroka  
Napoleon Dynamite ..... Jonathan Connell  
Ghost ..... Tom Niles  
Werewolf ..... Robert Richards  
Fairy ..... Samantha Lewis  
Narrator ..... Jennifer Mitchell  
Voice ..... Femi Oguntuase**

**Written by: Gladdale Matthews  
Directed by: Chrissy Chiasson  
Stage Manager: Brandon Ramey  
Assistant Manager: Jessica Lyall**

**Cast for Pandora's Box**

**Zeus/ Will Reader ..... Luke Crawford  
Mrs. Kathleen Hicks .... Karla Poole  
Pandora ..... Ashley Eddy  
Mr. Henry Windeler ..... Myron Baggs  
Mr. Leo Abbass ..... Junior Best**

**Written by: Daniel Windeler  
Directed by: Martina Lavallo  
Stage Manager: Jessica Gavin**

**Teacher Advisor ..... Brent Sharpe**

**Technical Crew ..... Kate Boland, Max Matthews**

**Running Crew ..... Kevin Cull, Matthew Lyall**

## Hypnotism For Dummies

Everyone is seated. There is a microphone and four seats on stage. Near the microphone should be a Dr. Suess book and there should be a guitar somewhere on set, but hidden. Candy Seller and usher go through the crowd tending to their business. Manager walks to the front of the stage.

**Manager:** Welcome ladies and gentlemen to this special presentation here at the Masonic Lodge. Tonight we have a special guest. Put your hands together for the mystical Harry the Hypnotist! (Claps and enters Harry) We would like to thank you tonight Harry, for joining...

**Harry:** (Interrupting) Yes, yes. (To the audience) Tonight prepare yourself, for what you are about to witness will shock, scare and amaze.

**Manager:** Alright then. Harry will need four volunteers, and remember...no faking it! (Exits off stage)

**Harry:** I will require four volunteers. If you would like to experience a mind boggling experience just come on up. (Pauses) If I do not get volunteers, they may be voluntold. (Starts to pick people from the audience. Once they get up on stage, they are seated facing the audience. Somehow Harry must notion to the volunteers to not act like they are hypnotized. This could be through whispering to them, or by a sign shown only to them and no one else) All right, we will begin. You come up here please. (Takes the first volunteer) Close your eyes and listen to the sound of my voice. Now take deep breaths. You will start to feel very sleepy. Very, very sleepy. (Takes a look for his "Hypnotism for Dummies" handbook) Now, in your mind I want you to picture a dog. Choose wisely, (emphasize) because the dog you picture will be the dog you become. Picture how it moves, how it acts, what it looks like, picture everything about it. Breath deep. When I clap my hands, you will fall into a deep sleep. When you wake up, you will think you are a dog. (Claps hands) 1, 2, 3. Alright. (Claps hands again) Wake up! (When Harry realizes that it did not work, he begins to panic and get nervous, thanks the volunteer for participating and asks him/her to return to their seat. As they return, Harry mumbles frantically to himself, contemplating why it didn't work. Once he realizes he is still on stage, he tries to continue the show. During this the Usher slowly starts to notice some doglike changes. He is in the back of the room and no one really takes notice, starts towards the stage, increasingly getting worse as he approaches the stage. Waiter 1 turns into a RABID dog)

**Usher:** (Lets out a fierce howl) Hhhhoowww...(Dog runs through the crowd, biting at people's ankles, smelling bums, etc. Harry realizes what has happened and takes an object of some sort and chases him out of the building)

**Harry:** (Returning to stage) Well, that was a pleasant turn of events. Let's go to our next volunteer. Please stand sir. Now this time I will need you to spin around three times. Twist your hips and snap your heels together. Think of Elvis Presley as you remember him. When I snap my fingers, you will fall into a deep sleep (Snaps)... deep sleep (snaps again) Why won't this work? (Cue music "Heartbreak Hotel". Candy Seller starts to dance and make his way to the stage. Once he gets on stage, he strips his velcro clothing to reveal a jewelled jump suit. Waiter 2 then begins to lip sync with the song. Mid way through the song he begins to discover stomach pains. The pain increases (He needs to poop). Once song is over he runs off stage and starts to Make groaning sounds.) I'm glad that's over. Oh my... (Interrupted by a scream and a large thump) Well, I guess Elvis just left the building. Let's Ummm.....move on then. Next volunteer please. Sir, Have you ever seen a beatnik poet? (Pause for answer) Well, you're about to become one. I want you to relax, sir. Close your eyes and picture in your mind what you think a beatnik poet looks like, how they act, what you think they would say. Recite rhymes in your head and when I count to three you will fall into a deep sleep. 1, 2, 3 (snaps fingers, nothing happens, snaps again, sighs, turns towards audience) OH MY GOODNESS, which one of you got it this time? C'mon, who are you?

**Audience member:** (Slow monotone voice, lots of hand gestures) Excuse me kind sir, (stands) I do not mean to interrupt but I feel I have something to share. There's something inside of me and hurts to bare. My soul needs to let out this vibe. So listen as you take this ride. Hush! Hush! (On stage now) Shhh, don't say a word. (Long pause. In deep thought) Thunder. Crash! (Pause) Water makes a splash. I don't want to be hung by your noose, so I'll tell my story like Dr. Suess. (Picks up a Dr. Suess book and begins to read "Green Eggs and Ham") Thank you. (Makes his way back to his seat, where he drinks coffee)

**Harry:** (Very worried and annoyed. Sits in the back, reading aloud some of the "Hypnotism for Dummies" handbook. Once he realizes the poet has finished, scrambles to hide the book and stands back on his feet) Okay, I think I've got it this time. I'll try just once more. I think it'll work out this time. My last, but not least volunteer, please remain seated. Relax, take deep breaths. (Starts to slowly pace back and forth the stage) Concentrate on your breathing. (Pauses) You are getting sleepy, very sleepy. When I clap my hands you will be under my control. It's all about me now. 1, 2, 3 (claps hands, falls on the floor, fast asleep.)

## When It's Up To The Humies

(George Bush has Texan accent; Paris Hilton has valley girl accent; Ghost has bad temper, slight Australian accent; Fairy is mysterious, graceful, slightly insane, soft spoken with loud outbursts, aware of her beauty; Werewolf is unpredictable, crazy, blood thirsty, slightly vulnerable moments; Narrator is half human, half paranormal, sarcastic)

**Scene 1** Opens to an extremely well protected government building. There is a huge red button on a table, center stage. The button has a sign on it saying "Do Not Touch. The sign is impossible to miss. George Bush enters the stage. He should be wearing a sash saying "President of USA" or something else that obviously identifies who he is. He picks up a sign on the table that says "Out To Lunch" which obviously means the government heads are out to lunch. He enters awkwardly, quietly. He doesn't really know if he should be there or not, when the big red button catches his eye. He walks to it, obviously curious, and silently considers whether or not he should push it. He finally pushes it and an alarm and red lights go off. Over the alarm, a recorded voice can be heard saying:

**Voice:** (Monotone) WARNING! WARNING! The human dissolving bombs, which the government was secretly hiding, have been activated. Way to go George Dubya Bush. We knew you would eventually destroy this planet. Don't worry, you are safe in this extremely well protected government building that cannot be destroyed by superman, spiderman, batman, the incredible hulk, super Mario Brothers, my mom and Stephen Harper put together. The human race will disappear in 5...4...3...2...1... ( loud exploding noise. Bush ducks)

(Black out. Narrator enters to upper stage, just above the table. Spotlight on him/her. The narrator should be wearing a costume of half a paranormal creature and half a human.)

**Narrator:** Good Evening. For what we just witnessed we can all assume that the human race is no more. But that wouldn't make much of a show would it? Be aware that two others were in the building when President Bush claimed his title as the world's biggest idiot for the twentieth time. Now these three people who are obviously hopeless of running a successful society on their own must do so.

**Scene 2** Bush gets up, a little disheveled, and looks around, worried.

**Bush:** (Slaps knee) God dang it George! Ya plum done did it this time! (Calms) Okay, okay. (Big idea) I got it! No one saw anything! There's no one here! Ye-haw! (Turns to see the audience, jumps back, surprised) Dang it! (Whispers) Ya'll didn't see anything,

right?

(Paris Hilton enters stage, distracted, twirling hair, etc)

**Paris:** (To Bush) Um...hey...what was that, like, big noise, just then?

**Bush:** (Turns around, surprised but happy to see someone else, especially a woman) A woman! (Grabs Paris who is obviously freaked out) I think I just destroyed the human race. It is now our civic duty to repopulate the earth.

**Paris:** (Repulsed) Ewww! As if! Aren't you like that old guy everybody hates or something?

**Bush:** (Shocked)Hates? (Hurt) Hates? (Turns to anger) Ya call one stinkin' war and all of a sudden you're the bad guy! (Calms, suspicion) What are you doing here anyway?

**Paris:** I didn't, like, get my picture taken in, like, a real long ten minutes, so I went looking for the pap (has trouble ) papar... paparazzi.

(Napoleon Dynamite enters)

**Napoleon:** Hey, did you guys hear that flippin' loud noise? That could have blown Nessy out of the water.

**Paris:** Yeah, we heard. (Points to Bush) He did it.

**Napoleon:** (Long sigh to Bush) How come?

**Bush:** MY BAD! We have more important things to deal with. I now appoint each of you as my personal government to assist me in running this planet. (Presidential speech) It is up to us to repopulate the earth, to form a new government, to...

**Napoleon:** (Cuts Bush off, looks hopeful) Who's gonna be president?

**Bush:** (Quickly raises hand) I call president! (Napoleon sighs, disappointed) First line of business. Adding my toupees to the federal budget.

**Paris:** Changing the sky from the color it looks to blue to, like pink!

(Both Paris and Bush look at Napoleon)

**Napoleon:** (Can't believe what he's hearing) Idiots!

(Blackout. Narrator takes stage again)

**Narrator:** (Sarcastically) Well, that looks promising. Now it's time for a little history lesson of which none of you are aware, so that means everyone has to listen. You, as humans, are not alone on this planet. Paranormal creatures such as ghosts, fairies, etc. live all around you. However, they have been forced into hiding due to the general unacceptance they receive from, well, you. A few years ago a group of humans and paranormal creatures had a competition to decide rightful ownership of the world. Obviously, (signals to audience) the humans won. But these creatures are now aware that their competition has lessened a great, (realizes who they are up against) great deal and are prepared (pause) for a rematch.

**Scene 3** Opens to the paranormal creatures sitting around the table. The button is gone. The ghost is pacing. The werewolf is scratching like a dog and the fairy is dancing around them. The werewolf should be wearing a glove to symbolize relationship to Michael Jackson. The ghost clears his throat to call the meeting to order. The fairy and the werewolf cease what they are doing and pay attention

**Ghost:** The time has come for us, (superiority in his voice) the paranormal creatures, to claim the world. The human race is gone... except for, unfortunately, three survivors.

**Werewolf:** What (twitch) are we waiting for? (Excited) Let's get 'em! (Gets up and spins, says "OW" like Michael Jackson)

**Fairy:** Yeah! (Gets up, dancing around again) Let us make them fear us, envy us, hate us. (Spins and jumps) Spin and jump and jump and spin! Let us not stop (evilily and loudly) until we do them in!

(Fairy and werewolf talk excitedly about the outcome of the three humans)

**Ghost:** (Holds up a hand to cease talking) SILENCE! (Werewolf sulks like a puppy, fairy crosses arms, upset) Although we can certainly take this planet by force, we will not do so. There is a tradition we must honor. We shall have a competition, a tournament, with these (disgusted) humans. But (pause and grins evilily) let us make it one we are sure we can win...

(All three laugh and giggle wildly and evilily. Blackout)

**Narrator:** The paranormals promptly make their way to the (looks annoyed, sighs, takes deep breath) extremely well protected government building that cannot be destroyed even by superman, spiderman, batman, the incredible hulk, super Mario brothers, my mom

and Stephen Harper put together. The sudden presence of the paranormals receives a variety of reactions.

#### Scene 4

**Paris:** Oh my Gosh! (Points to paranormals) More people!

**Ghost:** How dare you call us (disgusted) people! (Magically he pushes her)

**Werewolf:** (Spins) OW! We are the paranormal creatures of this world! (Turns to audience) Ha! (Twitch, accusatory voice) You thought we didn't exist didn't you!

**Napoleon:** Well, that's cool! We could use your guy's help.

**Fairy:** (Steps forward and begins to dance again) To aid you in your petty problems is not what we aspire. To claim this world forever is our true desire. Of course we could be clear of you with a simple wave of magic. Alas, we choose to relieve you of a fate so touchingly tragic. Instead, we wish to challenge you, a tournament of skill and talent. To decline our challenge and disgrace us, we forbid you to be so gallant. (Touches the shoulder of Ghost) To cook our way to victory, Ghost will surely succeed. (Touches shoulder of werewolf) Dancing with beat and rhythm, Werewolf shall do this deed. (Points to self) With grace and radiant beauty, my singing always wins. (Facing audience) And thus our worthy tournament officially begins!

**Narrator:** (Announcer voice) Let's get ready to rumble! Each team, pick a name!

(Paranormal creatures have a quick circle conference)

**Ghost:** We are "The Paranormies!"

(Bush and Napoleon get ready to have a quick circle conference, Paris hesitates and turns towards the paranormies)

**Paris:** (Superiority) Oh yeah! Well, we're gonna be "The Humies"!

**Napoleon:** (Annoyed) What? The Humies? What kinda flippin' name is that? That's not our name! Come on!

(Paris crosses arms, ready to fight back)

**Bush:** (Stops Napoleon and pulls him aside) Now son, I don't know much but there's one thing I have learned in my life. There are two theories to arguing with a woman.

Now here's the catch. Neither one works.

**Napoleon:** (Turns to Paris, smiling) Humies is just fine.

(Paris smiles, satisfied)

**Narrator:** Our first task will be...COOKING! Ghost, step forward. Paris, step forward, also. (Both step forward, then everyone freezes, narrator steps forward) This ghost isn't just any ghost. This ghost is, or was, "Take Home Chef's" grandfather who received the death penalty due to his many attempts to food poison random people. He is still currently an excellent cook. (Everyone unfreezes) To win, a team must win all three challenges. Any less, and well... let's just hope someone wins. Your challenge is to bake a cake ! GO! (Ghost begins to professionally flip and twirl cooking utensils. Paris is totally hopeless. She is unaware of what the cooking objects are. Fifteen seconds or so later) STOP! Okay, let's see what we have. (Paris and ghost stop. Ghost brings out a piece of cake to give to Narrator. Narrator tastes the cake.) Delicious! (He walks over to Paris. She gives him an empty pot, he tips it upside down, revealing nothing) Well, I think it's clear which team won the first challenge. The Paranormies! (Paranormies cheer while humies look disappointed, but still confident of the next challenge) The next task will be....SINGING! Fairy, please step forward. George W. Bush, you too. (George looks confident of singing until he hears the song choice.) You will each have to sing...THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER! (Whispers to George) Well, that's lucky huh? (Bush nods head nervously. Everyone but narrator freezes, he steps forward) This fairy is no ordinary fairy either. She has an evil pleasure. At night, when they are sleeping, she steals the voices of beautiful singers. She eventually gives them back, but sometimes they are never the same. To some, she is known as "The Strep Throat Fairy". (Everyone unfreezes, narrator steps back into scene) Fairy first, whoever sings this song the best wins the challenge. GO!

**Fairy:** Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light! What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming! Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight! O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming! And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air! Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say does that star-spangled banner yet wave! O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave! (Puts off a beautiful performance of the first verse of The Star Spangled Banner. Both groups clap proudly.

**Narrator:** (Still tearing up) Beautiful. That's certainly going to be hard to beat George. Are you ready? (Hand on Bush's shoulder, Bush tries to express uncertainties, Narrator cuts him off) Great! And ...GO!

**Bush:** (Begins to sing nervously) Oh say can you see! By the dawns..blinding light. What so proudly we hailed! At the ..... nightlight's bright gleaming! Whose broad stripes



and bright stars! Through the scandalous fight! O'er the... wall marts we watched!  
Were so gallantly... shopping! And the nostrils big flare! The bombs bursting in air!  
Gave proof through the night that we don't care what's fair! Oh say, does that  
star...spanking banner yet wave. O'er the land where I pee and the money I saved!

(Groups look kind of awkwardly at each other)

**Narrator:** (Hand on Bush's shoulder) Thank you, George. That was...um...really comforting. But I'm sorry, the correct lyrics had to be sung, so the winner is Fairy! (Paranormies cheer, high five. Humies look disappointed but again, confident about the next challenge) The last challenge that will determine the fate of the world is...DANCING! Werewolf, step forward. Napoleon, also step forward.

**Napoleon:** (Hesitates. His team has a quick conference) Guys I can't do this. I can't flippin' dance!

**Bush:** I don't care. (Indicating to him and Paris) We've already done our part! It's time to paint your butt white and run with the antelope son! (Pushes Napoleon over) Make us proud!

**Narrator:** Okay. You will both have to dance to the song played the best you can. Good luck. (Everyone besides narrator freezes, narrator steps forward.) As you are probably expecting by now, this werewolf is no ordinary werewolf. He is actually Michael Jackson's cousin who ran away in anger to a forest where once again being denied part in the Jackson family fame. While in the forest, he was bitten by a werewolf. Michael Jackson later took credit for werewolf's music video "Thriller" (Everyone unfreezes. Narrator steps back into the scene) and...GO! (Music plays. Both Napoleon and Werewolf dance extremely well. After about 30 seconds...) I don't think we can really declare a winner. Um...wow...this is unexpected. (Remembers the audience and gets an idea.) Oh! Why don't we let the audience decide! Both werewolf and Napoleon will have to... creatively convince the audience to vote for them. Werewolf first. GO

(Werewolf walks through audience. Rubs against people. Acts as cute as possible, basically like a puppy to get a few "aww's" out of the audience)

**Napoleon:** How am I supposed to flippin' compete with that? (Long sigh. Goes to a few random audience members) Can you vote for me? I can do this (Rubs belly, pats head the same time, only if a political person such as mayor is there) can you vote for me? I voted for you. (To whole audience) Vote for me and I will make your wildest dreams come true!

(Humies clap with pride)

**Narrator:** Well, let's see our results! Drum roll please! (Groups give drum roll. Narrator opens a piece of paper) And the winner of the 2007 Paranormies versus Humies tournament is ... (Opens paper, looks shocked and confused) a draw???

(All look up at the audience, confused. Blackout)

## Pandora's Box

- Past:** Pandora is on the stage picking flowers. The large box at the back of the stage out of the lights. Casket is behind the box out of sight. Box is in the darkness. Chairs off stage to the left. Zeus walks on stage left out of the light.
- Zeus:** (In a strong voice) Pandora.
- Pandora:** (Looking up at the sky in wonder) Hello? (Staring in every direction) Who's there?
- Zeus:** It is your God, Zeus. (Walking out into the light. Pandora walks over to Zeus in awe) I have a task for you.
- Pandora:** I will do anything your greatness.
- Zeus:** I need you to look after this box for me. (The lights go up to reveal the box. Pandora walks over to it in awe and slowly puts her hands on the lid. Zeus runs over to stop her) But you must NEVER open the box.
- Pandora:** But, why not?
- Zeus:** (In a deep and fearing voice) Because if you do, horrible things will happen! (Pandora now cowering below Zeus) So now you and your children must look after this box! (Zeus begins to walk off to stage left but stops.) Remember NEVER OPEN THAT BOX!
- Present:** Bring four chairs on stage. Lights on and the Will Reader is holding the will and watching Mrs. Hicks who is crying over a casket in the back. Mr. Abbass and Mr. Windeler watch in seats opposite the Will Reader. There is one more seat for Mrs. Hicks. The box is in the middle of the stage.
- Will Reader:** Now, Mrs. Hicks, if you would kindly come back to your seat and I will begin to read your Great, Great Aunt Pandora's will.
- (Mrs Hicks walks over to the empty seat and sits down, wiping her eyes with a tissue or handkerchief)
- Will Reader:** (reshuffling papers) Now, most of the things were given to charity, but this box. (Gesturing over to the box)
- Mrs. Hicks:** What's in it?

**Will Reader:** I don't know, it doesn't say. (Mrs. Hicks gets up to open the box) But there is a note that says not to open it!

**Mrs. Hicks:** Why not? It's my box now.

**Will Reader:** There was a note left with it. It says ( In an old lady's voice) My last request is that you never open that box. (Mrs. Hicks turns to look at the box.) NEVER! (He gets up) Now I will leave you to grieve.

(Mrs. Hicks cries loudly. Mr. Abbass walks over to comfort her)

**Mr. Abbass:** There, there, your aunt is most likely in a better place.

**Mrs. Hicks:** Most likely?

**Mr. Abbass:** You never know. (Mrs. Hicks cries louder)

**Mrs. Hicks:** I have to get more tissues. Leo, Henry, please look after my new box. ( She walks off toward stage left and turns) And don't open the box. (Walks off stage. Henry gets up and walks towards the box. Off stage) HENRY WINDELER, YOU BETTER NOT BE STARING AT MY BOX!! (Henry moves back)

(A moment of silence. Mr. Windeler and Mr. Abbass look at the box. Mr. Windeler looks in the direction of where Mrs. Hicks left and slowly goes towards the box.)

**Mr. Abbass:** What are you doing?

**Mr. Windeler:** Just going to take a closer look at the box.

**Mr. Abbass:** (Walks over between the box and Mr. Windeler) No! You want to look inside the box!

**Mr. Windeler:** So, I'm just curious! Don't you want to look in the box?

**Mr. Abbass:** (Starting to stutter) N...NO!

**Mr. Windeler:** (Obviously not convinced) Well, taking a small peek wouldn't hurt. Besides, who would tell her?

**Mr. Abbass:** (Looking around for someone else, then pointing to the casket) Her aunt will!

**Mr. Windeler:** You are not serious? (Mr. Abbass doesn't answer) To think I voted for you.

**Mr. Abbass:** Why do you want to open the box so much?

**Mr. Windeler:** Well, I want to know what's in the bloody thing! It could be anything! Maybe old Pandora left all her jewelry in it and we could sell it off for thousands of bucks!

**Mr. Abbass:** We could use the money on the auditorium!

**Mr. Windeler:** (In a sarcastic voice) Yes, we'll buy some light bulbs for the pile of dirt outside the school.

**Mr. Abbass:** (Thinking a moment) I do need a new truck.

(Both men look at the box and slowly move towards it. Mrs. Hicks enters stage left. Mr. Abbass and Mr. Windeler turn quickly.

**Mrs. Hicks:** What are you two doing?

**Mr. Windeler:** Nothing!

**Mr. Abbass:** Yeah! We weren't trying to open your box! (Mr. Windeler stares angrily at Mr. Abbass)

**Mrs. Hicks:** Liars! I told you not to open my box! ( Walking in front of the box) NO ONE IS OPENING IT! (Staring longingly at the box) Even if the box is so appealing.

Now begins the freezing light part where the lights go on and off for a few seconds and comes back on and the players are in different positions. There will be some sort of music showing time going by, like ticking.

1. All players are looking away, but having a hard time not to look at the box.
2. Mr. Windeler reading a book. Mr. Abbass is leaning on the box. Mrs. Hicks is blowing her nose.
3. Mr. Windeler is trying to get to the box while Mrs. Hicks and Mr. Abbass are holding him back.
4. All players are staring crazy-eyed at the box. Keep lights on after this change.

**Mr. Windeler:** Want to open the box?

**Mrs. Hicks & Mr. Abbass:** (Simultaneously) YEAH!

(All players run at the box and open the top. When the box is opened the lights are lowered, except on the box. Slowly, Paul McCartney rises to his feet, smiling)

**Mr. Windeler:** Who are you?

**Paul:** I'm Paul McCartney.

**Mrs. Hicks:** Who?

**Paul:** I was in the band Wings. (No One answers) We did the WINGS OVER EUROPE Tour. (Still no answer) I married the woman with the wooden leg. (The three other players get it now) So where am I?

**Mr. Abbass:** You're in Newfoundland and Labrador.

**Paul:** (Looking horrified) I was afraid I might end up here. (Puts his hand in the box and pulls out a sign with some strange green peace sign like "Club Baseballs Not Seals" and starts walking around the box.) STOP THE HORRIBLE SEAL HUNT!

**Mrs. Hicks:** (Shocked) What are you doing?

**Paul:** Don't talk to me, barbarian! (Continues to walk around the box)

(The three teachers huddle to the side)

**Mr. Abbass:** What are we going to do?

**Mr. Windeler:** We have to figure out a way to get him out of here.

(The three stop for a minute to think. Then Mrs. Hicks has an idea)

**Mrs. Hicks:** I have an idea! Wait here! (Runs off stage. Paul keeps walking around the box)

**Mr. Windeler:** Are you going to keep doing that?

**Paul:** I will until you stop the seal hunt!

**Mr. Windeler:** You'll be there a while. (Mrs. Hicks runs back in with a stuffed baby seal)

**Mr. Abbass:** Where did you get a baby seal?

**Mrs. Hicks:** John wanted another pet and it cost less to take care of a seal than a dog. (Walks up

to Paul with the seal and starts showing it to him) Look Mr. McCartney! It's a seal!

**Paul:** What are you doing with that seal? (Dropping the sign and starting to stress out)  
Give me that seal!

**Mrs. Hicks:** Go get it! (Throws the seal into the box)

**Paul:** NOOO! ( runs and dives into the box)

(The three run to the box and close the lid. The box starts to shake and Paul begins to yell to let him out. Then he stops, but the box still shakes)

**Mr. Windeler:** What do we do with it now?

**Mrs. Hicks:** We'll send it as far away as possible.

**Mr. Abbass:** So, to Lab City?