

“The Beginning”

Narrator: In our modern world, science is advancing in many ways. In our play, we will focus on the science of medicine and biology, and how it affects two teenage boys in a place called Springdale, Canada. Stem cell research is being conducted by many scientists around the world, and in our play it is used on your not-so-typical stem cell research recipient: a mouse.

Scene 1

Scientists are in their lab and there is a mouse on the lab table, with a human ear growing on its back.

Scientist 1: Yes, finally. We’ve successfully produced a one hundred percent real and functioning human ear.

Scientist 2: True, but it will only start functioning as an ear once we are able to transfer it onto a person. Right now, it’s more looks than functionality!

Scientist 1: Ah, what does that matter, we’ve constructed an ear on a mouse! We are going to be famous! Famous I tell ya! Ours will become household names!

End of Scene 1.

Scene 2

Two teenage boys are walking down a street with spray-paint cans in their hands, drinking soda and chewing bubble gum.

Teen 1: Man, that gorilla you sprayed on that mini van was sick. Where’d you learn to make that?

Teen 2: Dude, all my mom watches is Animal Planet. I see gorillas all day long.

Teen 1: Sick!

The teens start spray-painting images on a wall when they notice a poster close by.

Teen 2: Hey dude, don’t paint that man. What does it say?

Teen 1: *[reading the poster]* It says, uh hum, “Have you ever wondered what it was like in an actual science la-bor-a-tor-y? Chances are, you haven’t. That’s why the city of Springdale is offering a once-in-a-lifetime chance for any two willing teens to have the opportunity to be given a tour of Final Medical Science Laboratory. Call 555-123-4567 for more information.”

Teen 2: Sick. What’s a la-bor-a-tor-y?

Teen 1: *[shrugging his shoulders]* I dunno. Must be where they make those 5-legged dogs or somethin’.

Teen 2: Wicked. Let’s call the number.

Teen 1 gets his cell phone out and dials the number.

Teen 1: Hey, me and my buddy wants to come and see where them dogs are made.

Operator: *[completely dumb-founded]* What?

Teen 1: We wants to come see the la-bor-a, la-bor-a, la-bor-a-tor-y.

Operator: To Final Medical Science Laboratory? Certainly. And, how old are you?

Teen 1: I’m 16.

Teen 2: *[puts his mouth to the phone]* I’m 16 too.

Operator: Sixteen and Sixty-two?

Teen 1: *[snickering]* Dude, she thinks you’re 62. What should I say?

Teen 2: Don’t say nuttin’. Just tell her I’m your grandpa or something.

Teen 1: Yeah, yeah, that’s right. Me and my grandpa want to come over.

Operator: That would be just fine, as long as you have an adult with you. You may drop by today at 5 o’clock. We are located on 10 Wood Street. It’s the Building of Science .

Teen 1: OK. Rad.

The call ends.

Teen 2: Haha dude, this is sick. She thinks I’m an old geezer.

Teen 1: YOLO.

End of scene 2.

Scene 3

The teen boys arrive at the laboratory where the mouse with an ear on its back is located. Teen 2 has a fake beard on but still dressed in his regular teen attire.

Scientist 1: Hello gentlemen. I expect you’re here for the tour?

Teen 1: Yeah. Me and old gramps here wants to see where it all happens.

Teen 2: *[waving his hand around attempting to brush away the odour that is penetrating his nostrils]* This building is more smelly than your grandma.

Teen 1 punches his 'grandpa' in the shoulder, and gives him an undeniable glance.

Teen 2: I mean, *[deepens his voice]* my wife.

Scientist 2: *[speaking in the proudest voice]* You see here in this room, we have many animal test subjects. Right here in front of us, we have our latest experiment. I would like for you to meet Monroe. Monroe is our mouse which we have been working with for several months now. As you may or may not have noticed, he has an ear growing from his back. The reason we did this is that today, with the technology and knowledge we possess, we will be able to remove this ear off of the mouse and place it on a person who may have lost an ear in an accident, was born without one, or is experiencing hearing loss.

There is a loud bang in the background and Scientist 2 exits to investigate.

Teen 1: That's pretty cool actually. *[looking at 'grandpa']* You won't see THAT on Animal Planet!

Teen 2 puts his finger in his mouth and give the mouse a wet willy.

Scientist 1: Please sir, no touching the mouse.

Teen 2: Back in my day –

Teen 1 punches Teen 2's shoulder. Scientist 2 returns all out of breath and summons Scientist 1 to come quickly.

Scientist 1: Feel free to look around if you wish. But PLEASE, don't touch *anything*. I'll be back as soon as possible.

Teen 1: Yeah, thanks. We'll look around for a bit.

Scientist 1 rushes out.

Teen 1: Dude, this is pretty gnarly, I mean, growing an ear on something's back!

Teen 2: It's just like my mom! But instead of an ear growing out of her back, she's got an extra eye growing out the back of her head. Maybe even more than one!

Teen 1: No way!

Teen 2: Way. She even told me so herself once. I'm like, mom, how'd you know I did that? And she's like, *[speaking in a mom-mimicking voice]* 'Didn't you know? I got eyes on the back of my head. I can see everything you do.'

Teen 1: Well, I think we should take it.

Teen 2: My mom's eyes?

Teen 1: *[gives that all-knowing stare again and shakes his head]* No dude, Monroe! It ain't normal for a mouse to have an ear growing on its back.

Teen 2: Yeah, you're right. Poor little guy. Reminds me of my dog that was born with an extra eyeball.

Teen 1: You had a dog that was born with an extra eyeball too?

Teen 2: No, but it would have been pretty cool.

Teen 1: Quick, while that guy isn't around. Put it in your beard.

Teen 2 grabs the mouse and puts it in his fake beard. The scientist comes back over and doesn't realize the mouse isn't on the table.

Scientist 1: I'm sorry but we are having a crisis in the other laboratory down the hall. I'm afraid we are going to have end your visit prematurely.

Teen 1: That's okay. We were just leaving anyway. It's the old man's nap time. And if he don't get down for his nap, there's no tellin' what might happen.

Teen 2 fake yawns and then the mouse squeaks.

Teen 2: Oh, uh, that was... uh, my beard. It gets a little squeaky coming close to nap time, you know what I'm sayin'?

Scientist 1: Yes, uh, of course. Well, the exit is down the hall to the left. Thanks for dropping by, I hope you had a good time. Sorry again about having to cut this short, but feel free to drop again.

The teens leave.

End of Scene 3.

Scene 4

The teens are in Teen 1's room with the mouse.

Teen 2: Look at him, poor little guy. He can probably hear his own thoughts with that big ear on his back.

Teen 1 looks at Teen 2.

Teen 1: It sure is pretty weird how people can grow ears on mice.

Teen 2: *[talking in his 'grandpa' voice]* Back in my day, the only purpose a mouse had was food for me wife's cat.

Teen 1: Weird stuff.

Teen 2: I wonder if he likes music.

Teen 2 plays a song on his phone and puts it to the mouse's ear. The mouse runs over next to an XBOX controller.

Teen 1: Looks like he likes games more.

The teens grab the mouse and the controller and play their game until they fall asleep. Teen 2 wakes up to the mouse nibbling on his finger.

Teen 2: Hey little guy, what's up?

The mouse squeaks.

Teen 2: What? Your ear is bothering you?

The mouse squeaks some more.

Teen 2: No way. You want me to cut it off?

The mouse squeaks more and rather excitedly as if he is saying yes.

Teen 2: Now you're just being silly. *[points to teen 1]* You want to cut it off and put it on his forehead?

The mouse squeaks and almost as if nodding in agreement .

Teen 2: Well... alright, you're the boss.

Teen 2 picks up a pair of scissors and super glue and the lights dim as soon as he's about to cut the mouse's ear off. One loud long squeak is heard. Moments later, the lights come back up and the mouse has no ear on its back anymore. Instead, Teen 1 has the ear glued to his forehead. Teen 1 wakes up, notices the two staring at him and feels his forehead. He grabs a mirror and looks at himself. Monroe turns and hides.

Teen 1: Dude, what the heck?

Teen 2: Haha don't blame me man, the mouse made me do it.

Teen 1: How in the world did you do this?

Teen 2: I cut the little guy's ear off with some scissors and super glued the ear to your forehead. Simple as that.

Teen 1: Cool, I guess. Goodness. Where is he now?

Teen 2: *[looks around]* I don't know. I guess he just fell asleep after I super glued it to your head.

The doorbell rings and Teen 2 answers the door. At the door are two police officers.

Police officer 1: Are you Joseph?

Teen 2: Joseph? Oh, you mean Joey. No, that's my fr- ...grandson. Did he do something wrong?

Police stare at each other looking very confused.

Police officer 2: Uh, grandson? Anyway, we believe that your grandson may have stolen a very important test subject from the medical science laboratory.

Teen 2: Yo, Joseph. Come here a bit.

Teen 1 comes to the door with an ear on his forehead, attempting to cover it with a baseball cap but to no avail. The police officers see it and their eyes widen.

Teen 1: What?

Police officer 1: Son, did you take this mouse from the Final Medical Science Laboratory?

The police officer shows him a picture of the mouse.

Police officer 2: It was Final's test subject that the lab had rights to conduct tests on, making it the first mouse on this planet with a human ear growing on its back.

Teen 1: There's no gnarly-looking mouse here.

Teen 2: Nope, not here and not even over there *[pointing directly at the mouse. Teen 1 shakes his head and punches teen 2 in the shoulder again, and again, gives him that familiar glare].*

Police officer 2: Would you mind explaining what that ear is doing on your forehead?

The mouse runs to the door.

Police officer 1: That's the mouse! But it doesn't have the ear on its back. That must mean that the one on your forehead must be-

Teen 2: The final front ear!

Scene 4 Ends.

Lights dim and come back up on the narrator.

Narrator: As a note to the public, no animals have been hurt in any way in the making of our play. Thank you.