SAMPLE SCRIPT

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SUMMARY

Oliver Bloom's day is about to take a turn for the peculiar when he accidentally swallows the seed of a grape and worries it will take root in his belly, sending grapevines growing through his body and out his ears! His zany grape theory gets him branded "the biggest oddball in town" by his know-it-all teen sister, Priscilla, who challenges him to a bet — Find three bigger oddballs before sundown or do three weeks of Priscilla's chores! With the help of his two younger siblings, Oliver sets out on a madcap quest to prove Priscilla wrong by digging up some real oddballs. There must be at least three of them out there in the world …. right? As the Bloom kids' mission unravels, a bevy of bona fide oddballs slowly rise to the surface. But can the kids tag three of them before sundown? And will the oddballs be odd enough to win the approval of prickly Priscilla? Or will Oliver, Sonny, and Lola get stuck doing three-weeks-worth of her teen-level chores?

CHARACTER LIST

- Oliver Bloom (m) a 12-year-old boy with a determined mind and an adventurous spirit
- Priscilla (f) his trouble-making teen sister
- Sonny (m) his mellow, slang-slinging younger brother
- Lola (f) his scrappy little sister
- Captain Rizzo (m) a gray-whiskered fisherman (or is he a fruit farmer?)
- Clock Walker (f) a woman who walks in heels
- Sandwich Eater (e) a cranky customer with a powerful growl
- Server (e) a café worker who doesn't get paid enough for this

Note: Sandwich Eater and Server are roles that can be creatively cast using actors of different ages/genders. Captain Rizzo and Clock Walker also are also flexible with ages.

SCRIPT

Scene 1 – Bloom Home
It's morning in the Bloom Family home. A breakfast table DOWNSTAGE CENTER is set for breakfast. There is a fat overstuffed chair in the nearby living room and an UPSTAGE LEFT entry to the hallway leading to the bedrooms. The front door to the house is visible STAGE RIGHT. Sonny and Lola are seated at the table eating waffles.
Priscilla and Oliver ENTER from the UPSTAGE LEFT hallway. They are both dressed for the day, and Priscilla, as always, wears her signature fuzzy bedroom slippers with her outfit. Priscilla walks backwards in front of Oliver, facing him, blocking his progress. He tries to get around her, but she blocks his moves. Oliver is not amused. He tries to get around her, but she quickly moves again to block his way. Oliver stops and stands with arms folded across his chest, glaring at her, waiting for her to move out of his way. Priscilla shatters the silence with her shrill voice.

PRISCILLA: (without taking her eyes off of Oliver, she yells) Mom! Oliver's looking at me with that face again!

OLIVER: I've told you a million times, Priscilla, this is the only face I have.

PRISCILLA: Well, that's unfortunate for the rest of us.

Oliver quickly slips around her, and they both race toward an overstuffed easy chair in the living room. In their rush to be the first to sit down in it, they land together, squeezed into the same space, and not happy about it.

PRISCILLA: Get off, Oliver! MOM!

OLIVER: (jumping up off the chair) Never mind. I'm out of here.

Oliver makes his way toward the breakfast table. Priscilla stays in the chair. She picks up a magazine and pages through.

LOLA: Oliver, we're having waffles!

SONNY: Dude, these are more like AWFULS!

LOLA: Hey!

SONNY: Sorry, Lola, but you didn't toast them enough. They're floppy instead of crunchy. (He dangles a squishy waffle in front of Oliver.) See?

OLIVER: Never mind, I'll just have some grapes. (He plucks a few from the very large bunch that rests atop the fruit bowl and starts eating one.) Hey!

SONNY: What's up, O-man?

OLIVER: Your waffle may not be crunchy, but this grape sure is. It's got seeds!

LOLA: Oh yeah, I forgot to warn you. The grapes have seeds today.

OLIVER: Thanks for the information.

SONNY: Man, it's like this whole day is upside down. The waffles are floppy when they should be crunchy and the grapes are crunchy when they should be .... uh...they should be...

LOLA: Should be what, Sonny?

OLIVER: (Gulp! He grabs his throat.) Gaaaar!

SONNY: (looking up, thinking, not noticing Oliver) Hmm, what's the word I'm looking for?

LOLA: Squishy?

OLIVER: (eyes wide, pointing to his throat.) Gaaaar!

SONNY: (still thinking, still not noticing Oliver) No, not squishy.

OLIVER: (louder now, to get their attention) Gaaaar!

SONNY: Gaaar? No, not gaaar. That's not even a word.

LOLA: I think Oliver's trying to tell us something.

SONNY: Really?

Oliver drops his mouth open, sticks out his tongue, and points down his throat making more gaaaaar noises.

LOLA: What is it, Oliver?

OLIVER: I just swallowed a grape seed!

LOLA: (handing him a cup) Here, drink water!

OLIVER: No way! Water makes grape seeds grow.

SONNY: So?

OLIVER: So grape seeds grow into grape vines!

SONNY: Epic!

OLIVER: No, not epic! I don't want grapevines growing in my stomach!

Priscilla peers over the top of her magazine like a secret agent, watching the scene at the table and listening in.

SONNY: Dude, could that really happen?

OLIVER: That's what I've heard. You add even one gulp of water to a grape seed and it grows out of control. It doesn't care if it's in your stomach or not. Grape seed plus water equals grape vine!

LOLA: What if it's true?

Priscilla slides out of the chair and scuffs in her fuzzy slippers over to the table. She wears a mischievous smile and an air of authority.

SONNY: It can't be true. (pause) Can it?

LOLA: Don't ask me. Hey, Priscilla, is that true about grape seeds?

PRISCILLA: If you're asking if it's true that grapevines can grow in a human's stomach, then yes. It's totally true. (She eyes Oliver up and down.) Although it's debatable whether Oliver is actually a human.

SONNY: Whoa, that's shocking!

PRISCILLA: I know it sounds shocking, but it's absolutely a fact. And, honestly, the only thing that shocks me is the fact that Oliver's finally right about something. It's just a shame it has to be about something like this!

OLIVER: (sarcastically) You're hilarious, Priscilla.

LOLA: What are you going to do, Oliver?

PRISCILLA: What can he do...except sit and wait?

LOLA: Wait for what?

PRISCILLA: For the vines to start growing, of course! (She pulls up a chair, plants her elbows on the table, props her chin on her hands and stares intently at Oliver) This is going to be good.

Priscilla continues staring as if waiting for something to happen. Lola and Sonny are mesmerized, watching Priscilla watching Oliver. All are quiet.

PRISCILLA: (finally breaking the silence) You know what'll happen next, don't you?

SONNY: No, what?

LOLA: Tell us!

OLIVER: I'm feeling a little purple. Sonny, do I look purple to you?

Priscilla turns her attention to Sonny and Lola; they are a captive audience.

PRISCILLA: The vine will grow inside Oliver's stomach. Then it'll spread through his whole body until purple grapes start popping out his nose!

LOLA: (Peering up Oliver's nostril) I think I see one.

OLIVER: Is it purple? It's purple, isn't it?

PRISCILLA: And then... the vines will grow longer and longer. Like slimy ... snakes!

SONNY: Snakes aren't slimy. That's a myth. I saw it on the Internet.

PRISCILLA: Pretty soon, those slimy, snake-y vines will dangle from Oliver's ears all the way down to his ankles. (She scuffs her fuzzy slippers across the floor in a slow steady rhythm. Scuff. Scuff. Scuff. She bends over as if she's in pain from lugging long grapevines behind her.) Do you have any idea how heavy grapes can be? Especially the purple kind … like those! (She points to the grapes in the fruit bowl.) It'll be such a pain dragging grapevines everywhere.

LOLA: Oliver, you'll have to quit baseball! You won't be able to run the bases.

SONNY: But look on the bright side ...you'll get to quit school too!

LOLA: No fair!

Oliver's stomach growls.

OLIVER: Did you hear that? I think the seed is starting to grow.

LOLA: I heard it, too!

PRISCILLA: That's how it starts. That's the sound of grapevines sprouting.

Oliver's stomach growls again.

LOLA: There it goes again!

SONNY: Dude, this is off the hook!

OLIVER: Ugh, they're sprouting right now! (Oliver presses a hand against his stomach.) I think I feel the roots digging into my pancreas.

Priscilla doubles over laughing as Oliver, Sonny and Lola look at her, not quite sure what to make of her outburst.

OLIVER: This isn't funny.

LOLA: Don't laugh, Priscilla, this is serious.

PRISCILLA: (mocking Oliver, still doubled over, she gasps) Oh no! The seeds are sprouting! I can feel them in my pancreas! Oh no! There are leaves in my liver. Help! There's a grapevine growing inside me! Am I turning purple?

LOLA: Did you swallow a grape too, Priscilla?

SONNY: No way, dude, not Priscilla too!

PRISCILLA: (abruptly stopping her act) Are you two for real?

SONNY: What are you talking about?

OLIVER: Lola, Sonny, she's just making fun of me ... it's what Priscilla does.

PRISCILLA: I'm not just making fun of you, Oliver. I'm making fun of you… AND Lola… AND dude over there! (Priscilla points to each of her siblings as she calls them out.) You all believed that wacky grapevine story. Face it, you're nothing but a trio of oddballs!

SONNY: What's that supposed to mean?

PRISCILLA: It means you're ridiculous! You'd have to be a complete oddball to believe a grapevine could actually grow inside your body.

SONNY: I once heard about a guy that had a bug living in his ear for like two weeks.

LOLA: No way!

SONNY: Dude, it's true. It was on the Internet.

PRISCILLA: Even if it's true, a bug living in your ear is totally different from a grapevine growing in your stomach. It's so obvious.

OLIVER: Look, I didn't really believe the grape thing.

SONNY: Neither did I.

LOLA: Me neither.

PRISCILLA: Hah! You all believed it! You're the three biggest oddballs in the entire town! And I can prove it.

OLIVER: That's impossible. (beat) How?

PRISCILLA: I bet by the end of today you can't find three people more ridiculous than the three of you. If you can, I'll do all your chores for a whole week.

OLIVER: Deal!

PRISCILLA: (holding up her hand) Not so fast. If you CAN'T find three bigger oddballs, you guys get to do my chores for THREE weeks!

LOLA: Three weeks! That's practically forever!

SONNY: And plus you're the oldest!

PRISCILLA: So?

SONNY: So your chores are bigger than ours. You know Mom slams us with bigger, badder chores every year.

Oliver pulls Sonny aside for a private conversation. Priscilla eavesdrops.

OLIVER: Look, if you ask me, believing a grape seed can grow in a person's stomach isn't so silly. It's practically a scientific fact that it could pretty much happen.

SONNY: What's your point?

OLIVER: My point is that finding someone sillier than us shouldn't be too tough.

SONNY: But Priscilla she said we have to find THREE someones sillier than us ... in one day!

OLIVER: That's not much time, I know. But I think we can do it.

LOLA: Wait a minute. Doesn't Priscilla have to scrub the bathroom as one of her chores? I'm not doing that.

SONNY: Scrubbing? That's the easy part. Priscilla's got all that girly, perfume-y, lotion-y stuff all over the bathroom. Dude, we'll reek for weeks if we touch that stuff!

PRISCILLA: Look, Sonny boy, I'm grossed out just by the thought of touching your hideously sticky bedroom doorknob, not to mention actually cleaning the germ-fest that lies beyond the door. (She shifts her attention to Lola.) And don't even get me started on your smelly socks. They're so stiff with stink they could get up and walk around by themselves! (Priscilla moves closer to Oliver and takes on a more dramatic tone. By the end of her speech, she is practically nose to nose with him.) Then when I get to Oliver's room, I'll have the added bonus of cleaning out Ringo's disgusting rat cage... (a wicked smile spreads across her face) oh, wait, there is no Ringo anymore, is there... oddball?

Oliver shakes his head and clenches his fists. He looks like he is going to explode with anger.

OLIVER: We'll take it!

LOLA: Take what?

OLIVER: We'll take Priscilla's bet.

PRISCILLA: I had a feeling you would.

LOLA: What's Ringo got to do with this?

OLIVER: Never mind! We're taking Priscilla's bet.

SONNY: Oliver, are you sure?

LOLA: Three weeks of Priscilla's chores?

SONNY: Dude, we're gonna be hurtin'!

PRISCILLA: Then you guys can keep the Oddball title all to yourselves as far as I'm concerned.

SONNY: Okay, in that case, we're in.

PRISCILLA: Excuse me?

OLIVER: You heard him. We accept your little bet ... right, guys?

SONNY: For sure.

LOLA: I’m in!

PRISCILLA: Then, that settles it. We have a deal.

OLIVER: It's a deal, all right. And I can hardly wait to see you doing my favorite chore – dusting the living room!

LOLA: You'll have to dust the ceiling fan, too. That's part of it, Priscilla!

PRISCILLA: Oh, I'm not worried. But you should be. The clock is ticking, kids! (She taps her wrist as if she's wearing a watch.) I'd be on my way by now if I were you. (Oliver, Sonny and Lola exit via the hallway as Priscilla picks a grape off of Oliver's plate, holds it up to eye level and examines it. She smiles.) Hah! Good luck… oddballs.

Scene 2 - Oliver's bedroom
Oliver is writing on a notepad as Sonny and Lola look on.

SONNY: Hold on, Oliver. Before you start assigning duties... what should we call our mission?

LOLA: Oh yeah! We need a name?

OLIVER: A name?

LOLA: Of course! How about something like PRISS BUSTERS! Get it? Like the TV show ... except we're busting Priscilla!

SONNY: What about... THE ODD SQUAD.

LOLA: No way! That makes it sound like we’re the odd ones.

SONNY: The kid's got a point. How about... (noticing Oliver quietly writing something on the notepad) ... Dude, what's that say?

OLIVER: Operation Oddball.

LOLA: What’s Operation Oddball?

OLIVER: The name of our mission. I think we should call our mission Operation Oddball.

LOLA: Operation Oddball. (pausing to consider it) I like it!

SONNY: Yeahhh. It sounds important. And official. Operation Oddball.

OLIVER: Then Operation Oddball it is!

Oliver, Sonny and Lola sit and stare at the words written on the page for a few beats before Lola finally breaks the silence.

LOLA: Now what?

OLIVER: I'm not sure.

SONNY: Dude, come on.

OLIVER: Hey, I came up with the name. Do I have to do everything around here?

SONNY: This whole thing was your idea.

OLIVER: My idea? Priscilla put us up to it, not me.

SONNY: Maybe it wasn't your idea, but it is your fault.

LOLA: Yeah, Oliver, if you hadn't swallowed that dumb seed, we wouldn't be here now.

OLIVER: Whoa, guys. Is this an uprising already? We haven't even started yet. Look, you two have been saying how bored you are for the past two weeks. This gives us something different to do. Something important! This is a mission, guys. A real mission! And, by the way, it gets us out of the house and away from Priscilla for an entire day.

SONNY: Okay, we agreed to do this with you. Just tell us how.

OLIVER: Here's the plan. The first thing we do is gather some supplies. Sonny, you take this notepad, and find a pencil that's sharp enough to get us through the day. You'll be taking notes and writing clues to help us track down our oddballs.

SONNY: Roger, dude!

Sonny gives a salute, picks up Oliver's notepad and tucks it into his pants pocket. He begins searching for a pencil. His search leads him to a crawling position on his knees, checking under Oliver's bed.

LOLA: What about me?

OLIVER: Lola, go get your camera. We'll need you to take pictures ... as proof to bring back to Priscilla. How else is she going to believe us that we've actually found three oddballs? It's not like we can drag them home with us.

LOLA: I'm on it! (She starts to exit but Oliver stands and blocks her way.)

SONNY: (holding up an oversized pencil) Found a pencil!

OLIVER: Not so fast, little sister. Taking pictures is a big job. It's probably the most important part of this whole mission.

LOLA: Whoa. I get it. I'm like the one that's in charge of proving the whole case.

OLIVER: Exactly! It's a big responsibility, Lola. Can you handle it?

LOLA: Definitely! (She runs off to find her camera.)

SONNY: (to Oliver) What about you?

OLIVER: What about me?

SONNY: What are you doing in all of this? Just giving orders?

OLIVER: No ... I'm bringing the ... uh ... (He looks around his room and spots a flashlight on his bed.) ... the flashlight!

SONNY: But it's day time.

OLIVER: Right! But Priscilla gave us until the end of the day to find the three oddballs, right? So, think about it ... the end of the day ...it gets dark. What if the sun goes down and we're still hunting for oddballs? (He switches on the flashlight. Nothing.) Or ... what if our mission takes us into dark and shadowy places? Did you ever think about that?

He bangs the flashlight against the palm of his hand and tries the switch again. No light.

SONNY: Okay, I'll find some batteries.

As Sonny exits, Lola re-enters wearing a small but bulging backpack strapped to her shoulders.

OLIVER: What's all this? Where's the camera?

Sonny enters with the batteries.

LOLA: I packed up a bunch of gummy worms and some water ... to get us through the day.

OLIVER: And the camera? Where's the camera?

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