

Squeak!

By
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SYNOPSIS

Adam, a teenage boy, is hearing squeaks in the walls of his room, so much squeaking, in fact, he's losing sleep. How can he get rid of the problem? He consults with two rats who advise him to use everything from a chain saw to a blow-up doll dressed to look like a rat, to the ultimate solution, playing Michael Bolton CDs! But will any of these ideas really get the rats out, or make Adam's problem worse? It doesn't look good, and time is running out as the lovely Rachel will be stopping by at any moment!

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

1 m, 2 w, 3 flexible (Doubling possible)

ADAM: A teen who feels overwhelmed.

MOTHER: May have a few problems of her own.

RACHEL: Adam's understanding girlfriend.

RAT 1: Offers a few solutions to Adam's problems.

RAT 2: Another.

NARRATOR

(Doubling possible: Rat 1/Mother and Rat 2/Rachel.)

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SETTING/PROPS/SFX

Set: The entire play takes place in Adam's bedroom which may be as simple or complex as desired. Necessary furnishing include a bed raised high enough off the floor so that Adam can crawl under it, and some kind of trunk or chest of drawers at SL to hold most of the props. Behind the bed is a large wall. Many art forms with a rat theme can be found scattered over the stage, as well.

Props: Cordless phone; rat masks for both Rats, Rachel and Mother; covers for bed; snack food; rope; chain saw; sledgehammer; blow-up doll and stickers; stereo and CDs; baseball bat.

SFX: Phone ringing and squeaks which could be rats or a bed.

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(AT RISE: ADAM is on his bed trying in vain to rest after many sleepless nights. Suddenly we hear the tumultuous sounds of rats, inciting Adam to bolt up.)

ADAM: Obviously, I have a little bit of a problem here. *(Another rat squeak is heard.)* Uh, a rather large problem. It all started two weeks ago, and if my calculations are correct, that was the last time I slept through the night. Though playing the role of insomniac has been a delightful experience, I'm running out of ways to occupy my nights. I mean, I've already painted a masterpiece, and sculpted, and written a novel, and a song, and poetry. Heck, I've pretty much done everything there is to do, and I all want *(Pleading)* is just a little bit of rest. *(Beat)* And it's all thanks to those stupid rats in the walls. I just can't take it anymore. You may think I'm crazy, you know, big guy, afraid of cute, fuzzy little creatures in the walls, but I swear I'm not. Those things are huge, six feet long, big yellow eyes staring at you from the electrical sockets ...

NARRATOR: *(Appears at side of stage.)* So naturally, you understand just what our friend Adam's been going through.

ADAM: ... with big shiny teeth stained with the blood of small children, desperate to take a bite out of ...

NARRATOR: It's amazing what a few weeks without sleep will do to you. Heck, a week without sleep, and I'd start seeing--

ADAM: Rats, wearing bras and thong bikinis, parading around the room in a seductive striptease ...

NARRATOR: Well, maybe I wouldn't see that, but give the kid a break, he needs some sleep. I mean, don't get me wrong, the kid is crazy, but let's give him the benefit of the doubt, shall we? He's not just obsessed about rats...

ADAM: That's right ...

NARRATOR: He obsesses about girls he could never have in his wildest of dreams ...

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ADAM: Hey! *(NARRATOR gives ADAM a questioning look.)*
Yeah, you're right. What am I thinking? What would Rachel ever see in me? What do I have to offer? Man, all I got is rats in the wall. *(Suddenly sad.)* Oh, I'm so pathetic ...
(Flops back on to bed.)

NARRATOR: It's still a touchy subject. But this Rachel could do some pretty powerful things to our friend Adam, seeing that he never talked to her ...

ADAM: I almost did ...

NARRATOR: Yeah, and you almost don't have rats in the walls either. Anyway, Rachel has Adam wrapped around her little finger, so to speak, if you ignore the fact Adam has never been within fifty feet of that little finger. I mean, here we have Adam who was almost starting to like these rats ...

(ADAM attacks his invisible enemy after a rat sound.)

ADAM: You dirty rats!!! Get outta my walls!!! I don't crawl around in your walls, do I? Go back to your home! *(An aside.)* Or wait, is this their home? *(To rats.)* I mean, find another home, and go there! *(An aside.)* But what's wrong with this home, is it too good for them? *(To rats.)* Blast it, you rats, you're too smart for me, you win again...

NARRATOR: I guess you could call it a love-hate relationship, without the love and with more hate. But it seemed as though these rats would never leave, and I suppose Adam just didn't know what to do to get rid of them. I guess at first he thought they might leave on their own, but, here we are, two weeks later, and it seems as though the two rats which started the new civilization have created a little rat country club in the walls, at the expense of poor old Adam. But then one day, something strange occurs in Adam's room ...

(SFX: Phone rings.)

ADAM: Aagghh, you rats! Now you're making strange, high-pitched ringing noises to make my life even more miserable.
(HE looks for the source of the ringing.)

End of Freeview

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