LOST IN SPACE AND THE MORTGAGE DUE

or

REVENGE ON THE LAUNCHING PAD

Olde Tyme Melodrama in the Future!

It is in
Two Acts,
Ten Scenes
&
One Sensational Tableau

By
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STORY OF THE PLAY

Zsounds! Shades of Luke skywalker! Here's an Olde Tyme Mellodrammer set in the future!

It's the Twenty-Fifth Century and that dastardly villain Commander Snivelling Snidely Backlash is stealing a farm from some old citizens because a falling mircometerorite has mashed their potato crop. Snidely knows that under the surface of the soil there's bubbling the richest source of rocket fuel ever discovered. With it he can control the galaxy! Enter the lovely heroine Rosa Budd - fresh from Metropolis City Poor House And Collection Depot For Used Space Suits, and Space Cadet Bob who hopes to pay off the mortgage with his latest invention - a rocket that goes sideways! Assorted weirdos arrive and depart the stage in a storm of funny lines, mad chases and zany complications that give the audience almost no time to pause between laughs. Watch what happens when Evilina Craven, 'the creature no man can resist,' ensnarls Bob in her spider's web. See Roberta the Robot vow to defeat Snidely, only to get traded for two transistor radios. Pity poor Rosa as she's tied to the rocket almost projected to another planet! The ending is sheer hilarity as Snidely's abandoned wife appears with his baby, identical to drooping moustache. See the villain collapse like a burned out star when all his plans backfire. As Snidely exclaims as he's led away, "Wait 'til Darth Vader hears about this!"

No production problems. This play can be done with just a few chairs for props. In fact, the 'tackier' the scenery and costumes the better. Many small roles, written for an easy rehearsal schedule. Under two hours.

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(And we do mean characters!)
8m, l2w, extras

GRANDMA HUMBLE: A good ol' soul.
FARLEIGH DIMM: Not the brightest one in town.
GRANDPA HUMBLE: Never forgets.
SPACE CADET BOB: An inspiration to the young.
IMA PUCKLE: A good upright citizen.
URA PUCKLE: Her sister, also upright - except when sitting.
FIRST SPACE TROOPER: Obeys orders.
SECOND SPACE TROOPER: Likewise.
COMMANDER SNIDELY BACKLASH: Breathes virtue but he's always out of breath, a villainous rogue. Beware!
ROSA: Nipped in the bud of fate.
ROBETTA THE ROBOT: Gone haywire.
EVILINA CRAVEN: The creature no man can resist.
PREACHER BLISS: One wedding too many.
MRS. SNOOP: Anything to oblige.
LADY WITH ASIGN: Just beginning her stage career.
SPACE POLICEPERSON: Servant of the law.
MEMBER OF SUPREME COUNCIL: Interested in a good deal.
CURLY HUMBLE: The prodigal returns.
OZMA: Revenge isn't sweet - it's therapeutic.
CITIZENS OF THE GALAXY: As desired.

SYNOPSIS OF LAVISH SCENIC EFFECTS

(In a style of splendor seldom appreciated by a paying audience.)

ACT I

SCENE I: Where Gentle Folk Reside.
SCENE 2: A road.
SCENE 3: Command Station of Snidely Backlash.
SCENE 4: Another road.
SCENE 5: In The Spider's Web.

ACT II

SCENE 1: The Glass Dome, Home of Space Cadet Bob and Spouse.
SCENE 2: A road.
SCENE 3: Where Gentle Folk Reside.
SCENE 4: A road.
SCENE 5: The Launching Pad - The Galaxy Is Saved!

COSTUMES: The funnier the costumes the better. Since the "heart-rending drama" is set in the future, costumes should somehow reflect this whenever possible. Gold and silver materials, boots sprayed gold or silver, crazy-looking uniforms, jumpsuits, etc. Remember the more "tacky" the costumes look, the funnier it will be. In the original production, for example, BACKLASH wore a wildly-colored shower curtain for his cape. The space helmet BOB carrIed was actually a motorcycle helmet. These "futuristic touches" should contrast with some standard "melodrama" garb. ROBETTA THE ROBOT'S costume should be as imaginative as possible.

Please see end of script for properties and additional notes and suggestions for production.

ACT I
Scene 1

(The miserable home of Grandpa and Grandma Humble - represented by a chairs SR and another SL. AT RISE: GRANDMA HUMBLE, in rags, is seated SL, weeping.)

GRANDMA: Oh, dear, oh, dear, what are we going to do? Lost in space and the mortgage due. *(Rubs HER arms.)* I'm freezing. Outside the wind is howling. *(SHE listens, hears nothing. Repeats line for benefit of stage crew.)* Outside the wind is howling. *(Still nothing. Loudly.)* The wind is howling! *(Sound of WIND HOWLING.)* Look at my space suit. Nothing but rags. There's no money to pay our solar energy bill. We've burned the last of our lucite furniture. It wasn't even paid for. Woe, woe, woe. *(FARLEIGH DIMM, the handyman, enters SR, carrying a hoe and rake. He observes GRANDMA, reacts. Note: When a character enters the Humble home, there's a howl of wind from the outside, as a door is supposedly opened and the person enters in a flurry of paper snow. Farleigh Dimm is 'not the brightest one in town.')*

FARLEIGH: What's this, Granny Humble ... tears!

GRANDMA: More like icicles, Farleigh. Soon as a tear hits my cheekbone, it freezes. If only my mother had been an Eskimo.

FARLEIGH: You're talking blubber, Granny. Mustn't give up hope.

GRANDMA: It's about the only thing I've got left to give up. *(With great emotion.)* I can't stand it anymore! *(SHE frantically bites at her nails.)*

FARLEIGH: Great stars in the galaxy, Granny, why are you chewing your fingernails?

GRANDMA: Have to. There's nothing else to eat.

FARLEIGH: I know what you mean. I'm so hungry I'd bite anything that didn't bite first.

GRANDMA: *(Arms up to the heavens.)* Woe, woe and woe again. What's to become of us?

(FARLEIGH steps DS, addresses audience.)

FARLEIGH: Farleigh Dimm here. A rustic and local bumpkin. Handyman to Grandpa and Grandma Humble. They're in a bad way. No heat, no food, no warm clothing. The crops failed because a micrometeorite blew up in the field and mashed the potatoes before they could be harvested. Sure, they're miserable right now ... the old folks as well as the potatoes ... but I ain't worried because I know and you know ... *(Chest out.)* when you're good and humble, you always win out in the end! *(Offstage applause.)*

GRANDMA: *(Unimpressed, to audience after applause fades.)* Farleigh Dimm isn't the brightest one in town.

FARLEIGH: *(Grins.)* Brains ain't everything and in my case they're nothing. *(Thumbs HIS chest in self-appreciation. Howl of WIND and GRANDPA enters SL in a flurry of paper snow. He has a long white beard and carries an empty sack over his shoulder.)*

GRANDPA: I'm so weak I won't live long enough to be as old as I look.

(FARLEIGH moves behind chair SR.)

FARLEIGH: Sit here, Grandpa.

GRANDPA: Thank you, Farleigh. You may be dim, but you've got a good heart.

FARLEIGH: *(Grins into audience.)* Kind words accepted at no extra charge.

(GRANDPA sits with a sigh of weariness.)

GRANDMA: Thank goodness you've returned with that food sack.

FARLEIGH: What are we going to have for supper?

GRANDPA: Same thing we had last night.

FARLEIGH: *(Scratches HIS head, recalls.)* We didn't have anything.

End of Freeview

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