



Purple Kangaroos

A short one act comedy for a young cast
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Purple Kangaroos

A short one-act play

The idea behind this short play is that (in varying proportions) we can all think, feel and move. In the dream landscape that the play is set in these aspects become characters. The main character is IZZY, who falls asleep whilst trying to write a short story for homework. IZZY has two 'guardians' - they are invisible to her and can be played however you like (they could be faery folk for example). When she falls asleep they pull her into a dream world where she can meet the characters that are essentially, aspects of herself. They all pull together to help her get a story on the go..... but will she remember it when she wakes up?

There are 15 speaking parts and you could easily add more non-speaking characters if you wish.

Izzy could also be male (just change the name) and is probably between 10 – 12.

Other characters can be played male or female as wished and within the age range 8 – 12 (although this is entirely up to the Director, if the play fits, perform it!)

CHARACTERS

IZZY - Our heroine. Izzy is a bit of a dreamer. Age 10 – 12

MUM – Izzy's Mum

ORPHILIA } Izzy's invisible guardians and entrusted with the job of inspiring her
SPARKLE }

PROF (PROF) }
DOCTOR } Mental processes, thinking and calculating
2 RESEARCHERS }

SWEETIE }
ARTIE } Romantic, emotional and artistic
2 TROUBADORS }

SPEED }
PEP } Physical and energetic
LISSY }

PURPLE KANGAROOS

The play is set in IZZY'S bedroom. You can organise the set however you like, but it needs to have lots of 'things' around (toys, books, teddies, clothes etc).

IZZY is lying/sitting on her bed listening to her ipod, playing games, taking calls etc. She has a school book nearby. Her guardians ORPHILIA and SPARKLE sit on either side of the bed looking fairly bored.

MUM (Offstage) Izzy!

Izzy grabs her book and pen and looks as if she's writing. Mum enters. ORPHILIA and SPARKLE continue to look fairly bored throughout the conversation. They move nimbly out of the way should Mum stray into their path. Mum does not (and cannot) see them.

What are you doing dear? Dinner will be ready in half an hour.

IZZY I'm doing homework Mum.....English We have to write a story.

MUM (*sits on bed*) Really, what are you writing about?

IZZY (*hiding book*) Oh ..errrm ... it's a fantasy story. It's going wellactually ... I'll tell you about it when I come down for dinner.

MUM Sounds fascinating Izzy. I'd better let you get on then!

IZZY I'll be down in half an hour then ...

MUM (*scary voice – pretending to be an evil queen*) Would you like a bite of this nice shiny apple?

IZZY (*Slightly shocked*) What?

MUM Never mind – just thought it might inspire you (*laughs*).

ORPHILIA and SPARKLE exchange a knowing look (they know how hard it is to inspire Izzy to write)

IZZY Oh right. Of course. Down in a bit Mum.

MUM leaves. IZZY goes back to doing nothing ... then reluctantly picks up the book again and sighs. She thinks.

SPARKLE (*whispers*) Orphilia, look. Something's happening.

ORPHILIA Why are you whispering?

SPARKLE Someone might hear us.

ORPHILIA Like who? The only person who could hear us is Izzy, and look at her. No chance. We're supposed to be her guardians, giving her inspiration and support.

SPARKLE We do our best and you never know, she might be storing all our inspiration and support for future use.

ORPHILIA You're such an optimist.

SPARKLE That's what I do.

ORPHILIA We might as well sink back into her subconscious and see if we can do anything there.

SPARKLE I don't like it there, it's so crowded.

IZZY I know!*(starts to write)*.

ORPHILIA What happened, did you do that?

SPARKLE Errr, maybe I did. What's she writing?

ORPHILIA Let's see *(reading)* "Henry is soooo cute" You inspired her to write that?

SPARKLE No, that wasn't me! Maybe she did it herself.

IZZY is exhausted by the effort and slumps on the bed

ORPHILIA No, don't let her go to sleep! We need to get her to write a story before dinner.

SPARKLE Ok, Concentrate.

*They close eyes and concentrate (humming is good)
IZZY lifts her head, props it up & picks up her pen*

IZZY Right. *(reading)* A story of your own choice in the fantasy genre....

ORPHILIA Oh, that should be easy. I have so many ideas about fantasy...

SPARKLE Lets get transmitting.

They think hard again

SPARKLE Is it working?

ORPHILIA Not sure, keep going.

IZZY looks confused

IZZY A story about kangaroos who live in a magic forest.

ORPHILIA Was that you?

SPARKLE It was the first thing that came into my head.

ORPHILIA Well, think again. In fact don't think at all. I have a better idea. A story about the dark underworld of the giant goblin spiders...

SPARKLE We should encourage her to write positive and jolly stories, not scary stuff.

IZZY Yep, kangaroos in the magic forest, I like that, it's...jolly.

SPARKLE looks smug, ORPHILIA is angry

IZZY I wonder how it starts.....*(she picks up ipod, plays some music, puts the book down and starts dancing on the bed).*

ORPHILIA Lost her again.

SPARKLE For a while we were making a difference.

ORPHILIA We gave her a few ideas.

SPARKLE What shall we do now? *(ORPHILIA shrugs)* We shouldn't give up.

ORPHILIA We could do the dream body thing.

SPARKLE She has to be asleep for that. And we'd have to time it really well, dinner is in half an hour.

ORPHILIA We could do it. I've made a study of these techniques. We get her just before she slips into a deep sleep and pull her dream body out. Then we take her on a tour.

SPARKLE Of what?

ORPHILIA Herself.

SPARKLE Which bits?

ORPHILIA Depends who's around at the time I suppose.

SPARKLE And that inspires her to write a story?

ORPHILIA It might. Well, she might get in touch with parts of herself she didn't know existed.

SPARKLE There could be a real writer in there somewhere. Let's give it a try.

ORPHILIA And I get to do the song..... the one that sends her to sleep.

SPARKLE Why you?

ORPHILIA It was my idea. When she falls asleep, you pull.

SPARKLE Ok.

ORPHILIA sings a haunting song that lulls IZZY to sleep. SPARKLE pulls her off the bed.

IZZY Oh... Who are you? What are you doing in my bedroom?

SPARKLE I'm Sparkle.

ORPHILIA I'm Orphilia. We're your guardians ...friends.

SPARKLE Helpers.

ORPHILIA Messengers from the depths of your ...

IZZY Ok, ok. I'm leaving, now.

SPARKLE No stay, we have things to show you.

IZZY Is this a dream?

ORPHILIA No.

SPARKLE Yes, it is.

IZZY Ok, cool.

ORPHILIA Ok. It is a dream, well, sort of. Only it's a real dream and we're here to introduce you to some inspirational aspects of yourself.

IZZY Why?

SPARKLE So you can be inspired?

IZZY Why?

ORPHILIA Because you have to write a story and we want to help!

IZZY This isn't going to turn me into a geek is it?

ORPHILIA Hardly.

IZZY Because I know this girl in my class and she's so clever and it's really not cool.

ORPHILIA I don't think you're in any danger.

IZZY Ok, could be fun then.

SPARKLE Where shall we start.

ORPHILIA Well, let's see who's about.

They wait, nothing happens. Then a sound starts – ticking, followed by mechanical sounds and people calling out numbers. Prof and Doc & the Research Assistants are busy taking notes. They have lab coats, clipboards and a large trolley full of equipment – the more things the better. When not speaking they tend to make observations, take measurements & write things on clipboards.

ORPHILIA Izzy, meet the Professor.

SPARKLE And Doc.

ORPHILIA And their team of research assistants.

IZZY There are only 2.

SPARKLE 2 what?

IZZY Research assistants.

ORPHILIA Your point being?

IZZY A team of 2? Can you have a team of 2?

RA1 & 2 *(The Research assistants always speak in unison)* Two or more can be a team I think you'll find.

RA1 & 2 Technically that is.

IZZY Oh, I see.

RA1 & 2 We doubt it.

IZZY *(Offended)* Excuse me!

PROF *(Notices IZZY)* Ah, good evening.

DOCTOR *(Looks at watch)* Not quite Professor.

PROF *(Checking his watch)* Are you sure?

DOCTOR Quite sure *(to RA1 & 2)* Are we in agreement?

RA1 & 2 *(check watches)* Agreed!

PROF I must check that.

DOCTOR I think you'll find my calculations are correct.

PROF You're right, my time-abulator must be out of phase.

DOCTOR I'm usually right Professor.

PROF *(To IZZY)* Ah, Good afternoon.

DOCTOR Actually Professor, I think you'll find it's now evening.
(To RAs) Check?

RA1 & 2 *(looking at watches)* Check. The evening has now arrived, please alter your speech-apparating function accordingly.

PROF Good grief, this is terrible. I must take a few measurements, as a precaution.

PROF starts to measure things and make notes, the RAs help