

SPACE SHENANIGANS

A Star Trek inspired play for children aged 6 – 12

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CAST

Captain		
First Officer		
Moon	-	<i>(Helm)</i>
Zock	-	<i>(Engineer)</i>
Starr	-	<i>(Communications officer – she has an amazingly soothing voice)</i>
Biff	-	<i>(Security officer)</i>
Neeb	-	<i>(Master mind behind mutiny attempt)</i>
Zeb	-	<i>(Comic relief. Acts the stupid sidekick...till the end of the play when tables are turned)</i>
62C	-	<i>(A competent robot)</i>
34A	-	<i>(A cute small robot with emotions)</i>
Other Crew	-	<i>(Lines labeled 'Crewman' can be given to other cast members)</i>

SCENE:

*Crew on a Space Ship Busy on the bridge. There is a battle and the ship is being fired upon.
(All being flung around and bounced by hits to the ship)*

CREWMAN

We've taken a hit, Captain! Deck Five.

MOON

Shields down twenty percent!

ZOCK

She can't take much more, Captain!

ALL

You ALWAYS say that!

CREWMAN

Why are the Targons attacking? It just doesn't make sense! Our special cargo is worthless to them!

CAPTAIN

Emergency stations. Number One, enforce Protocol Seven.

(All stop and look shocked at Captain)

FIRST OFFICER
Protocol Seven! But that means....

CAPTAIN
I know what it means. Are you questioning my authority?

FIRST OFFICER
No Captain.

STARR
All decks. Initiating Protocol Seven

FIRST OFFICER
Biff, prepare the anti-matter.

(Everyone moves into position, ADLIB about their fear at 'Protocol Seven'.)

MOON
Another impact coming! Brace!

(Another volley of strikes against the ship, everyone falls around again)

Damage reports coming in from all over the ship!

BIFF
The anti-matter is ready!

FIRST OFFICER
Not a moment too soon! Start the countdown.

ALL
10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4...

STARR
(Starr screams in a horribly loud voice)
WAAIIIIIT!!!....
(all look at her shocked. She returns to her usual calming voice)
The Targon ships are retreating. Checking long range scanners....They have gone.

CAPTAIN
(Wiping his/her brow) Cancel Protocol Seven.

(Crew rush to their previous stations, relieved Protocol Seven has not been enforced)

CAPTAIN
62C – report! What do you know about Targons?

62C

Targons are peaceful aliens. They attack only when frightened.

CREWMAN

Who frightened them?

62C

It appears we did.

CREWMAN

But we are on a peace mission.

ALL

Everyone knows that!

62C

A communication message from their ship has been intercepted by 34A.

CREWMAN

They have sent a message to 34A? How did they do that?!

CAPTAIN

Do a level 3 diagnostic on 34A.

ZOCK

Will do, Captain!

*(Zock turns to 34C and starts checking wiring – it tickles 34A and the robot giggles and wriggles.
Zock tries in vain to get 34A to stand still. Everyone rolls eyes.)*

CREWMAN

Why they HAVE to give robots emotions these days, I'll NEVER know!

CREWMAN

Remember to GOOD old days....when robots were nothing but tin cans!

CREWMAN

That did your every bidding, no questions asked!

MOON

The defense shield is back up and working at full power Captain.

CAPTAIN

Good. That will give us time to make a plan. Number One – damage report.

FIRST OFFICER

Yes Captain. All decks, prepare to report.

Area One....

CREWMAN

The plasma generator has had a direct hit. I need to replace the flux capacitor.

FRIST OFFICER

Area Two...

CREWMAN

Damage is limited to storage pod Two.

FIRST OFFICER

Area Three....

ZOCK

Minor damage to the Port nacelle. The remote robot is already repairing it, but until then we have no power to the engine.

(While crew continue to discuss repairs and damage, Neeb drags Zeb to DS Center to have a private conversation.)

NEEB

(gleefully rubbing hands together) Yes! Plan A has been successful!

ZEB

Yeah! Plan A!.....Er...which one was that again?

(Neeb slaps Zeb across the back of the head)

NEEB

The plan to make the Captain to THINK the Targons are attacking.

ZEB

Oh! THAT plan A

NEEB

Time to start Plan B!

ZEB

Wait...I know that one....it's.. er....it's....

(Neeb slaps Zeb again)

NEEB

Re-program the robots! They are the only ones that will pick up that the Targon attack is a ruse!

ZEB

When it's really the Ferengi attacking!

NEEB

Yes.

ZEB

And they can steal the cargo of prized Xindi crystals meant for the Illirian's peace talks.

NEEB

(Getting irritated) Yes! Is the Immobilizer Program ready?

ZEB

(holds up small disk) Right here!

NEEB

Excellent. The ship will be ours by the end of the day!

(All return to stations. Biff and Captain now come to the front for a private conversation to front)

CAPTAIN

Biff, what do your Brenari senses tell you?

BIFF

Neeb does not suspect we know of his plan, and Zeb is playing [his/her] role admirably.

CAPTAIN

Excellent, Biff. *(They return to stations)*