

# IT'S A SMALL WORLD, LITERALLY!

By Teresa and Anabel Schenk

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Characters:

- Narrator
- Townspeople
- Grandpa
- Grandma
- Spot
- Speck
- Dot
- 
- Splat (Bully 1)
- Splosh (Bully 2)
- Slosh (Bully 3)
- Mayor Hamish
- 
- Prudence
- Edwin
- Roderick
- Baldwin
- Mary-Frances-Elizabeth (Mayor's daughter)
- Wise Women
- Miss Thompson
- Miss Twitchett
- Miss Trotter
- Miss Tipton
- Miss Totterdell
- Germs
- Bacterius (germ king)
- Coughus
- Feverius
- Infectia
- Migrainia
- Crampus
-

## Scene 1

**NARRATOR:** On a pebble in the midst of moss many microbes nestled. (*A loud crash is to be heard.*) The whole pebble wobbled! Dot, Spot, Speck and their grandparents stared aghast at the huge object which fell on the moss, any closer and they would have been as squashed as a squashed microbe.

**DOT:** What is that, grandpa?

**GRANDPA:** It is called a meteorite, more commonly known as a sand grain.

**SPOT:** Well that does sound frightening!

**GRANDPA:** Yes Spot, say your prayers to Lord Splodge that our lives were spared at this unfortunate event.

**SPECK and SPOT:** Thank you Lord Splodge for sparing our lives at this unfortunate event. Amen.

**DOT:** Amen.

*GRANDMA comes out of the house*

**GRANDMA:** Oh dear, did you hear that earthquake? I dropped my jam tart with fright!

**GRANDPA:** (*Straightens his collar*) Actually it was a sand grain.

**GRANDMA:** Yes, yes darling whatever you say. (*Mutters under her breath*) Mr Know it all. Come on now children let's eat those jam tarts I made!

*Children look up excitedly*

**GRANDPA:** Erm... Belinda! I don't think you understand the seriousness of this situation! I mean a sand grain just landed on pebble earth and usually Lord Splodge protects us from such things, we need to find out what's going on! This is not a time to eat jam tarts!

**DOT, SPOT and SPECK:** (*Looking disappointed*) What???

**GRANDMA:** But if we don't eat them now, they'll be cold later – and nobody likes cold jam tarts!

*MAYOR HAMISH appears on the stage*

**HAMISH:** My fellow companions, I understand you witnessed the landing of a meteorite on our beloved pebble earth. I am sure I need not tell you about the possible consequences of its appearance today. We all know that this means our entire existence and that of pebble earth is endangered. Hence, I am announcing a town meeting at 6 o'clock sharp. I trust you shall be present, farewell! (He turns to go)

**GRANDPA:** (*Calls after him*) Of course we will, Mayor Hamish.

**GRANDMA:** Why is everyone making such a fuss? Now it's too late to eat my jam tarts. Do you know how many hours I spent in the kitchen making those? (Walks away shaking her head)

**GRANDPA:** Come on now microblots, into bed and remember to brush your teeth.

**DOT:** But I'll have nightmares grandpa!  
**GRANDPA:** Try not to think about it. We're lucky the germs didn't attack!  
**SPOT:** What's a germ?  
**GRANDPA:** Well, that's a story for another day. Night, night.

*GRANDPA, GRANDMA, SPOT, SPECK and DOT go off the stage*

*SPLAT, SLOSH and SPLOSH come onto the stage laughing*

**SPLAT:** *(Sneering)* Aw how cute, grandpa's little microblots might have nightmares about the big scary sand grain. Well at least they've got their cuddly toys to comfort them.

**SLOSH:** Yeah we wouldn't want poor little dot to have bad dreams!

*SPLAT, SLOSH and SPLOSH start laughing again*

**SPLOSH:** Wait, I have an idea! They never ate those jam tarts. *(He raises his eyebrows)*

**SLOSH:** I know what you're thinking; I mean those jam tarts aaaall alone in the kitchen with no one to eat them...

**SPLAT:** Yeah come on crew. Let's go get 'em.

*SPLAT, SLOSH and SPLOSH go off stage*

## Scene 2

*The TOWNSPEOPLE gather on stage*

**NARRATOR:** The next day the microbes gathered in the town square, to hear what their mayor had to say.

**HAMISH:** Microbes and microblots, we have gathered here today to discuss a very important matter... the landing of a meteorite. As I'm sure you all know this is very rare because Lord Splodge usually protects us from objects as such. I am asking you, my dear people, if you have an answer to this unheard of phenomenon.

**PRUDENCE:** *(Waves her hand in the air)* I know I know!!!! It must have fallen from the sky.

**RODERICK:** *(Rolls his eyes)* Well everyone knows that Prudence, the question is why Lord Splodge let it happen!

**HAMISH:** Quite right Roderick, now let's have some ideas!

**BALDWIN:** What does it even matter, all I care about is my playstation game and you drove me away!

**MARY:** Oooh, that reminds me daddy, the 76<sup>th</sup> wish on my Christmas list is a new playstation – and a pink one thank you very much, I hate the colour black!

**HAMISH:** Alright Mary-Frances-Elizabeth, I'll be sure to write it down. Now back to the meteorite.

**SPECK:** Why don't we just ask Lord Splodge himself??

**GRANDMA:** Oh Speck dear, if only it were that easy.

**PRUDENCE:** Well it can't be that hard, we just need to think. (*Balls her fists and scrunches her eyes together*)

**RODERICK:** I shall do some press-ups to help me think (*gets down on the ground*)

**EDWIN:** (*Stutters*) Wait! I might just have an answer. Well erm, it all comes to this. Lord Splodge didn't prevent the meteorite from landing on our pebble. And Lord Splodge would never let us down without reason.

**BALDWIN:** What are you trying to say Edwin? I don't have all day you know!

**EDWIN:** Well, Baldwin I believe that... Well, what I'm trying to say is that Lord Splodge must have been distracted.

**PRUDENCE:** That is just what I was going to say!

**HAMISH:** Yes! That's it! Excellent work Mr Wilkinson. Now we must discover the explanation as to why Lord Splodge was distracted. I must ask you all to think.

**MARY:** No daddy! I'm tired, I want to go home!

**HAMISH:** Yes, yes Mary-Frances-Elizabeth treasure, just hold on a minute.

*MARY-FRANCES-ELIZABETH starts counting on her fingers*

**DOT:** I have an idea! Maybe there was a pink dinosaur.

**SPLOSH:** Sure, sure, there was a pink dinosaur.

*SPLAT, SPLOSH and SLOSH start laughing*

**SPLAT:** Or maybe it was a purple dragon!

**SLOSH:** Or a silver unicorn!

**MARY:** I'm going home now daddy; it has been a minute!

**HAMISH:** Yes, yes sweetums. I suppose you could go home.

**MARY:** But I need someone to drive me, if I walk, my shoes might get dirty.

**GRANDPA:** (*Sighs*) I'll drive her, as long as we can concentrate on the meteorite afterwards.

**HAMISH:** Thank you, Mr Collins. I am much obliged. (*GRANDPA and MARY-FRANCES-ELIZABETH exit the stage*) Now back to the matter at hand...

**RODERICK:** Oh my Lord Splodge, I have just had a mind blasting thought: we need to think of WHO distracted Lord Splodge!

**BALDWIN:** No really!?

**EDWIN:** (*Points his finger in the air*) Well, perhaps it was the germs!

**PRUDENCE:** You took the words right out of my mouth!

**GRANDMA:** Golly gosh, you're right Edwin...

**PRUDENCE:** *(Interrupting)* It's Prudence actually, it's spelt P-R-U-D-E-N-C-E!

**HAMISH:** Yes, the germs are always to blame when there is trouble. Well it's getting late. Today we have got a lot further in our quest to find the answer to this mind blowing phenomenon. Let's take a night to sleep on it and tomorrow a town meeting is scheduled for 8 am, where we will ponder about what the germs could have possibly done.

- Scene 3

*A loud booming sound is to be heard*

**SPOT:** What's that, grandpa?

**GRANDPA:** Oh my Lord Splodge! That is a very rare creature, Spot – not many microbes ever get to see it in their lives. It is called a woodlouse!

**DOT:** Woooooooooooooooooooooooooah!!!!!!

**GRANDMA:** Shhhhh! Be quiet Dot – woodlice are very timid creatures, you know. You are very lucky to see one, so don't drive it away now, dear.

**SPOT:** Really? It's so big! What does it have to be afraid of?

**GRANDPA:** You're right there son. The woodlouse is the biggest creature on pebble earth!

**DOT:** You mean it's even bigger than me?

*Woodlouse with COUGHUS comes closer*

**GRANDMA:** What a question! Look at it! Of course it's bigger than you! What your grandpa was saying though is that woodlice are very sensitive creatures. Oh dear (takes in a sharp breath).

**SPECK:** Grandma, What's wrong?

**GRANDMA:** Well if my vision isn't deceiving me (takes off her glasses to check) on that woodlouse is a...

**PRUDENCE:** *(Running on stage)* GEEEEEEEEERM!!!!!!!!!!

*TOWNSPEOPLE rush out to see what is happening*

**GRANDPA:** Quick, hide behind the sand grain everyone!

*Everyone rushes towards the sand grain*

*FEVERIUS, INFECTIA, MIGRAINIA and CRAMPUS come on stage with woodlice*

**FEVERIUS:** It's too late to hide now! We've got you cornered.

**CRAMPUS:** Yeah he's right!

**COUGHUS:** There's no escaping now! We are here to declare war!

*TOWNSPEOPLE gasp in shock*

**HAMISH:** Stay back!

**MARY:** Daddy! Make them go away, they smell!

**INFECTIA:** *(Laughs)* You wish! *(She walks towards the TOWNSPEOPLE)*

**PRUDENCE:** *(Her voice shaking)* Don't come any further, I'm warning you! *(She pulls RODERICK in front of her)*

**INFECTIA:** *(Raises her eyebrows)* I see, you're warning me, and what exactly is it that you're warning me of?

**PRUDENCE:** *(Pointing at RODERICK)* He does kick-boxing.

**RODERICK:** *(Sighs)* How many times do I have to tell you? I do karate! Believe it or not, I have the blue belt!

**MIGRAINIA:** *(Sarcastically)* Oooh, karate, how impressive! So it's you and your karate against us. Well surprise, surprise, no one can defeat us.

**SPECK:** I bet I could wipe you out with one swipe of my mossy light sabre. *(He starts towards the GERMS)*

**SLOSH:** Defeat the germs? You? You have got to be kidding!

**SPECK:** *(Taking another step forward)* You'll see!

**GRANDPA:** Nooooooooooo, germs are much more powerful than us microbes; nobody has been known to survive a fight with them...

**SPECK:** Well that was before the time of Speck the 1197856<sup>th</sup>! Don't worry grandpa...

*Dramatic music in the background, SPECK charges toward the GERMS swinging his light sabre but COUGHUS grabs the light sabre and holds a knife to his throat*

**COUGHUS:** You think you're clever do you?

**GRANDMA:** Speck!

**INFECTIA:** We shall give you three days for you to decide if you want to surrender.

**FEVERIUS:** Make a wise decision, there's no saying what will happen to this one *(points towards Speck)* if you go to war...

*The GERMS ride off into the distance with SPECK*

**GRANDPA:** No! We'll save you. *(weeping)*

**PRUDENCE:** I told you the germs had something to do with the meteorite landing here!

**BALDWIN:** 'Course you did.

**HAMISH:** Oh dear, we are in a very grave situation – the germs have always been looking for trouble but now they have the means to get here: they have the woodlice.

**GRANDMA:** But how could they have the woodlice in their power? The woodlice are such strong, brave, clever creatures, why don't they just run away?

*TOWNSPEOPLE start babbling*

**HAMISH:** We shall discuss that in the town meeting tomorrow. There are a lot of unsolved problems and unanswered questions to be considered.

*Townspeople go off stage, leaving grandpa, grandma, spot and dot*

**GRANDMA:** We can't wait that long to save speck!

**SPOT:** Come on guys, what are you waiting for? Let's save Speck!

**DOT:** Yes let's! I'll just get my tricycle and we can go!!!

**GRANDPA:** Can't you remember the lessons I gave you about the stonlar system? There are different stones in the stonlar system and the space between each stone is so big that as far as microbekind knows only woodlice can cross them. Speck has surely left pebble earth by now.

**GRANDMA:** Well what shall we do?

**GRANDPA:** OK, I have an idea. This is a case for the wise women. *(He starts walking off stage with GRANDMA)*

**SPOT:** *(To DOT)* Who are they?

**DOT:** I don't know, but they sound clever! *(Goes off stage with SPOT)*

• Scene 4

**NARRATOR:** After walking through forests of moss, grandpa finally stopped and pointed at a little cottage, where five elderly women were hosting a tea party.

*GRANDPA knocks on the cottage door*

**MISS TOTTER:** Come in, come in.

*They enter*

**MISS TIPTON:** Marvellous, what a lovely surprise. You have come just in time for our tea party.

**MISS TWITCH:** Would you prefer black or green tea?

**GRANDMA:** I don't think we have enough time for idle tea drinking.

**MISS TROTTER:** Oh, but there's always time for tea. Please take a seat.

**GRANDPA:** Well, if you insist, I'll have black please with two sugars! *(He sits down along with GRANDMA, SPOT and DOT)*

**MISS THOMP:** I'll go put the kettle on and I'll see if I can find some biscuits for you two sweethearts. *(Goes off stage)*

**DOT:** Yay biscuits!



**MISS TWITCH:** I always find that tea calms the mind in prickly situations.

**MISS TOTTER:** I believe you are here about master Speck.

**SPOT:** How do you know that?

**MISS TROTTER:** Ah my dear, we have our sources.

**DOT:** Can you help us rescue him?

**MISS TROTTER:** We will do our best.

**SPOT:** Are you going to use a crystal ball?

**MISS TWITCH:** Oh no, we don't use such high-tech methods, when tea is just as good and it's bio-degradable!

**MISS THOMP:** *(Coming in)* Tea is ready! Be careful, it's still hot.

*They start drinking tea*

**MISS TIPTON:** So you are trying to find a way to cross the stonlar system, isn't that right?

**GRANDMA:** Yes, our grandchild Speck has been taken away by the germs.

**MISS TIPTON:** Yes, yes we know. But are you sure that you are ready for such a journey? You do realise that no microbe has been known to survive a trip that far.

**GRANDPA:** Of course, but what choice do we have? Speck could be on the gravel by now.

**SPOT:** I don't understand! What is the gravel?

**MISS THOMP:** That is where the germs house.

**MISS TOTTER:** *(To MISS TROTTER)* Oh Agatha, I see you've drunk your tea, let me have a look!

*MISS TROTTER hands her the teacup*

**MISS TOTTER:** *(Gasps)* I see a dark omen!

**MISS TWITCH:** *(Grabbing the teacup)* Ah yes, I see it too; a shadow is looming over you, it's the black bear.

**MISS THOMP:** Are you sure? The black bear? Oh dear Agatha!

**MISS TROTTER:** Don't be silly it's a pig! A sign for luck. Now give me back my teacup.

**GRANDPA:** OK, I have finished my tea.

**MISS TWITCH:** Very good, very good. Let me see please.

*GRANDPA hands over his cup*

**MISS TWITCH:** I must say I can't quite make out what it is. *(Hands it over to MISS THOMPSON)*

**MISS THOMP:** Hmm, well one thing's for sure: it's a living thing.

*The WISE WOMEN pass it around, looking puzzled*

- MISS TOTTER:** In all my years of being a wise woman, I have never come across the likes of this!
- MISS TIPTON:** Well, I guess there's just one way to find out... I'll get the book. (she leaves the stage and comes back with an old tattered book under her arm) Ok, now let me see the teacup so I know what we are looking for.
- MISS TOTTERDELL hands her the teacup and MISS TIPTON opens the book*
- MISS TROTTER:** (*Looking over MISS TOTTERDELL'S shoulder*) Ah here it is! The... fly!
- SPOT:** A fly, what is that?
- MISS TIPTON:** Well my mother used to tell me about this legend; I never thought it might be true.
- MISS THOMP:** According to Legend, a fly is a huge, black creature, with great wings and black beady eyes. There was once a microbe town called Rakjowitch, the fly was never seen, the townspeople could merely see its looming shadow. The town lived in fear until one day....
- MISS TOTTER:** There was a woman called Kayisha, She was the mayor's daughter. One day when she was walking along the cliff on a stormy day, a gust of wind swept her off her feet towards the depthless ocean...
- MISS TWITCH:** But suddenly out of the blue, a giant black creature flew towards her. At first Kayisha thought it was death coming to greet her but then she felt a strong wing beneath her and she knew that the creature was her saviour.
- MISS TOTTER:** As the creature gently placed her on the ground and flew off into the distance she recognised its shadow as the fly's.
- DOT:** (*Gasps*) So the fly is good!
- MISS TIPTON:** From then on, the townspeople didn't live in fear of the fly anymore, they lived in awe of it.
- GRANDMA:** Well the legend's all fine and good, but how is that supposed to help us?
- MISS TROTTER:** I suppose it's your way of travel.
- GRANDPA:** What do you mean? Is the fly waiting outside for us to board?
- MISS TROTTER:** Almost, yet you still have some time, it is known that the fly comes at the break of dawn.

- Scene 5

*BULLIES come on stage*

- SPLOSH:** Come on, over here!
- SPLAT:** Look, there's the cottage.
- SPLOSH:** (*Holding his ear to the door*) Shhh! I'm trying to listen.
- SLOSH:** What's happening? What are they talking about?
- SPLOSH:** Something about a fly? They're... They're leaving tomorrow.

**SPLAT:** Yess! Good riddance!

**SLOSH:** You know what? Why don't we play a little trick on them?

**SPLAT:** What do you have in mind?

**SLOSH:** I don't know...

**SPLOSH:** I do, let's slip a stink bomb into Dot's jacket!

**SPLAT:** Great idea, let's get to work. *(They go behind the cottage and off stage)*

*GRANDMA, GRANDPA, DOT and SPOT come out of the cottage and start talking*

*MARY-FRANCES-ELIZABETH and MAYOR HAMISH come on stage*

**MARY:** No daddy, No, how many times do I have to tell you? A pink playstation, not purple, not fuchsia, pink! And with sparkles, I mean how hard can it be?

**MAYOR HAMISH:** I'm sorry, darling; daddy is very stressed right now, though that's no excuse for not finding a pink playstation with sparkles.

**MARY:** Well, you can say that again, anyway I'm stressed too you know, it isn't easy for me that my 30est favourite Barbie Prissy has just lost the handbag that matches her swimming costume!

**GRANDMA:** *(Spotting MAYOR HAMISH)* Good evening Mayor!

**MAYOR HAMISH:** Ah Mrs Collins, I expect to see you at the meeting tomorrow.

**GRANDMA:** Actually no...

**SPOT:** We're going on a rescue mission to save Speck.

**DOT:** We're going to fly there, too.

**MAYOR HAMISH:** Mr Collins is that right?!

**GRANDPA:** Yes, my grandchild is in trouble.

**MAYOR HAMISH:** Well, I don't know what to say. I guess I should wish you luck.

**MARY:** Shouldn't you be occupying yourself with something else, like finding my play station and Prissy's handbag. Sometimes I just don't know where your priorities lie, daddy.

**GRANDMA:** *(Outraged)* Mary! Don't be so rude to your father.

**MARY:** What have *you* got to say to me? Take me away daddy.

**MAYOR HAMISH:** Alright Pumpkin. Goodbye and good luck!