

MAGIC MEMORIES

By
Dana Hall

MAGIC MEMORIES

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MAGIC MEMORIES

*Dedicated to my children
Shawn-Michael, Greyson, & Avalene*

“We must all do theatre, to find out who we are,
and to discover who we could become.”

- Augusto Boal

MAGIC MEMORIES

Magic Memories was originally produced by 23 Mile South Theatre in Illinois. It was directed by Dana Hall. Featuring the following cast:

Yaffa Segal.....	Amy
Alexandria Crowe.....	Sam
Max Beck.....	Mark
Abbey Fitterman.....	Adrianna
Victoria Tran.....	Cindy
Adelyn Cole.....	Jeff/Julie
Nicholas Hipple.....	Mr. Feinberg

Magic Memories has been adapted into a book for young readers under the name: The Adventure Club: Case of the Missing Principal by Dana Hall.

CAST: 7 (3 Boys/3 Girls 1 Adult Male)

**All students are middle-school aged. Genders may be altered to best fit actors.*

AMY: Female, head of the yearbook committee, adventurous.

SAM: Male, yearbook committee member, artistic.

MARK: Male, athletic, photographer, wants to find his place.

ADRIANNA: Female, popular, enjoys gossip, starts to let her guard down.

CINDY: Female, a reluctant spy, academically focused.

JEFF: Male, class-clown, having fun is his life, loves pranks.

MR. FEINBERG: 25+, male, principal of middle school, going through a lot.

Dialogue: Slash (/) indicates overlapping dialogue.

Time: Current day

Place: A Middle School

Set: Simple staging. A conference room at school. A classroom.

Synopsis: As middle school ends, Amy is desperate to make lasting memories before high school. Unfortunately, nothing exciting happened until the principal went missing! Can Amy organize a secret group of students to uncover what happened to him before the bullies discover he's gone!?

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ACT 1
SCENE 1

AMY and SAM are meeting in the yearbook committee room after school. There are yearbook materials spread out on the table. Sam is drawing in a sketch pad as Amy looks through photographs on the table.

AMY. So dull.

SAM. Really?

AMY. Lifeless.

SAM. I thought it was rather warm with a medium intensity. *(He shows her a sketch of the yearbook cover page with the words 'Magic Memories' in brown font.)*

AMY. Not the font color! This school year. Nothing exciting happens.

SAM. Well, Amy, if we don't finish this yearbook, there'll be some drama! We haven't even gotten to the photos from the musical yet. *(Exasperated) Uh. (He buries his head.)*

AMY. *(As she comforts Sam.)* It's nearly the end of eighth grade, and nothing worth remembering has happened. They should call this thing 'Boring Memories' instead of 'Magic Memories.' At least, it wouldn't build expectations.

SAM. Come on, don't be like that. Don't you remember Tuesday?

AMY. What are you talking about?

SAM. *(Perks up.)* Tuesday. At lunch...

AMY. *(Guessing.)* Chicken nugget day? *(Sarcastic.)* Woah, look out!

SAM. Would you let me finish?

AMY. Go on...

SAM. Adrianna snuck up to hug Tommy while he was leaning over to order/

AMY. *(Teasing.)* How many pages should we reserve for this shocking news?

SAM. It wasn't Tommy...*(building suspense)* It was Mr. Feinberg!

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AMY. (*Shocked.*) The principal?

SAM. Yup. You should've seen her face when Mr. Feinberg turned around. (*He imitates Adrianna's face of shock and horror.*) Now **that** was a Magic Memory! (*They both laugh.*)

AMY. How could she not know!?

SAM. It was 'casual Tuesday,' all the teachers were dressed normally. Get this- she said they even had the same shoes!

AMY. Oh my! (*Sam goes on explaining the events.*)

SAM. Troy laughed so hard that chocolate milk shot out of his mouth and nose. It landed all over Jeff's biology homework. Jessie had their fake home economics baby on the table. Jeff grabbed the diaper right off of it in desperation to wipe the chocolate milk.

AMY. Geez! What a mess.

SAM. Yeah, you're not kidding. Adrianna got detention, Tommy is jealous, Jeff lost points on his assignment, and Jessie lost custody of his fake baby for not changing its messy diaper. Ha! How's that for exciting?

AMY. I mean, that's something... but not *some* thing/

SAM. I don't hear the difference/

AMY. These are not memories that people will hold on to forever!

SAM. I think Beth might disagree. She was sitting across from Troy. (*He makes a 'yikes' face.*) Her sweater was covered in booger milk.

(*Realizing.*) Hey, you know what? It was the color of this font. (*He holds up the sketch again.*) Ha! Guess I was inspired—art imitating life.

AMY. Our middle school days are practically over, and all we have is spilt milk!?

SAM. (*Clarifying as he doesn't understand how Amy does not find this exciting.*) Mouth **and** NOSE--

AMY. You mentioned that-

SAM. (*To self.*) I don't think I can look at this sketch the same way now.

AMY. (*Disappointed.*) I don't want to have gone through middle school with nothing but ordinary - this is supposed to be the best years of our lives.

SAM. (*Trying to cheer Amy up.*) Well, then I want a refund because intro to algebra is sucking the joy right out of mine.

AMY. I'm serious. There are movies made about kids our age having

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adventure, romance, mysteries/

SAM. (*Sarcastically finishing Amy's thought.*) Yearbook committees that have gone into the witness protection program because the school revolted against them when they didn't make their deadline...

AMY. It's hard to be motivated to finish this stuff. Sam, doesn't working on these images for, "Magic Memories [*enter current year*]" feel empty? (*She holds up various photographs.*) I mean come on look at this- Oh, look Cheryl getting a book from her locker, Tim giving a speech, Jacklyn walking down the hall- (*Bored tone.*) Are these the memories of our life? (*She puts her head down while she fakes snoring.*)

SAM. Too bad we didn't get one of Adrianna's face or better yet, Troy! I'm gonna tell my grandkids about that! (*Imitates the chocolate milk coming out Troy's nose.*) PSHSHHHHHH-- like a hose.

AMY. Are you done?

SAM. (*Tries to be serious.*) Yes. (*Laughs.*) Ok. Now I am. (*He smiles with a slight giggle.*)

AMY. (*She's looking down at her phone.*) Seriously!?

SAM. I'm doing my best here-

AMY. No, not you- Mark. He's asking if we've added his pictures yet from wrestling. He's on his way here.

SAM. (*Picking up some of the pictures and shoving them into his sketchpad.*) Oh great! We've clearly been avoiding him for this very reason. Ugh. We are weeks behind on this deadline. I'm still sketching the pages out.

AMY. Why are you still all up in your sketch pad? We need this digital- ASAP.

SAM. I am an old-school artist. What can I say? I'm like Picasso.

AMY: Picasso didn't draw anime.

SAM. (*Mocking Amy.*) "Picasso was too good for anime." Blah...Blah-

AMY. Well, I guess we can break the news to him together. Nice and gentle.

SAM. (*Admiring his artwork.*) I think Picasso would've liked it.

AMY. Come on, I need you to focus. Let's at least make it look like we have this under control. (*Amy and Sam prepare by looking busy. MARK knocks and enters.*)

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AMY. (*Nervous but covering.*) Hey Mark-

MARK. Hey, how are things/

SAM. (*Bursting with confession.*) WE ARE SO FAR BEHIND! WE ARE DOOMED-

AMY. So much for, nice and gentle.

MARK. I did my job. I got you all these great pictures. What have the two of you been doing all this time? If the layout isn't done soon the whole release will be thrown off, if that happens, we might as well consider switching schools/

AMY. Oh, and I didn't even pack/

MARK. For what?

AMY. For your 'guilt' trip!

SAM. Nice! (*Amy and Sam fist bump.*)

MARK. Funny. Fortunately for you the yearbook is not the only reason why I'm here. I've got some interesting information/

AMY. What?

MARK. (*Teasing it out.*) It's *very* interesting...

SAM. (*Sarcastically.*) Well, it's not like we have a yearbook to finish or anything, so please take your time.

MARK. Something that you can't tell anyone else/

AMY. (*Excitedly.*) Ok! Ok. Spill it. (*Mark pulls them in close.*)

MARK. Principal Feinberg...is missing.

AMY. What? Are you sure?

SAM. I saw him Tuesday at lunch-

AMY. How do you know he's missing?

MARK. He's my wrestling coach and didn't show up for practice today- I asked a few teachers I ran into, and they didn't seem to have a clue where he was either.

SAM. Today is only Thursday, maybe he took some time off. We'll probably see him Monday morning bright and early handing out tardy slips.

AMY. But what if we don't? Teachers don't like to use up those vacation days. He might really be missing.

MARK. That's what I'm thinking! I ran into Cindy, from the chess club, we were both waiting for the late bus. I told her Feinberg was a no-show

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and she said she wasn't surprised. Get this- she saw him climb out his office window Tuesday after school/

SAM. And he hasn't been back on campus since...

MARK. Yup!

AMY. Odd. Just gone. Why would he climb out his window? That's so strange.

SAM. Maybe he had an emergency, you know? (*Makes farting noises.*)

Hey, it can happen to the best of us, you know what my cousin always says- *never trust a fart.*

AMY. A man is missing- I'm not sure your pearls of wisdom will come in handy.

SAM. They might-you'd be surprised.

MARK. Now I can see why you're so far behind on the yearbook.

AMY. So, what do we do?

SAM. Do we know where he lives? We could stop by. See if his car is there.

AMY. Really? Do you have a license I don't know about?

SAM. Well, no not technically. (*A bit of a brag.*) I have driven a golf cart; my dad gets too upset to drive when he's ten over par.

AMY. Not. Helpful.

SAM. Correct. His game is much worse when he's upset. But he tips great.

MARK. I've got something that might help.

AMY. What?

MARK. (*Reveals.*) His cell phone.

SAM. Nooo... We can't unlock the principal's cell phone. (*Considering.*) Can we?

AMY. What if he's in danger? This could give us the answers.

SAM. What are the questions?

MARK. Where is Principal Feinberg?- For one!

AMY. We can just look at the last number called or his emergency contacts and ask if they have seen him.

SAM. (*Pretends to call and have a conversation.*) Hi. Complete adult stranger? Yeah- it's, Sam Kurtuz, I'm an eighth grader and I have my missing principal's cell phone. We think he may be in trouble; do you

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know the whereabouts of this fine fellow? Feel free to call me back, I'll likely be serving a lifetime of detentions, so I'll be easy to find. (*Pretends to hang up phone. He glares at Mark and Sam.*)

MARK. It could work.

SAM. (*Bold.*) I'm not incriminating myself! How did you get the phone anyway?

MARK. I found it in the parking lot in Mr. Feinberg's parking spot.

AMY. (*Concerned.*) Oh no! Maybe we should call the police. File a missing person's report.

SAM. Does anyone even know his first name?

MARK. Kevin?

AMY. Joe?

SAM. Nick?

MARK. Pretty sure we just named the Jonas brothers. (*They all look defeated.*)

SAM. Do we know any of our teachers' first names?

ALL. No/Nope/Not a one. (*Mark is looking down at the cell phone pressing buttons.*)

AMY. What are you doing?

MARK. (*Calming.*) Settle down. It's locked anyway.

SAM. Go figure.

MARK. Yup. Password protected.

AMY. What could his password be?

SAM. (*Guessing.*) Detention? Hallpass? NoRunningInTheHall. Try that last one all as one word.

MARK. It's a number code.

AMY. (*Realizing.*) His birthday!

SAM. We don't even know the guy's first name; pretty sure we don't know his birthday.

AMY. Good point.

MARK. Cindy works in the office during study hall. Maybe she could get Mr. Feinberg's personal information.

SAM. (*Concerned.*) Isn't that a crime? I've got perfect attendance this year. I'm not blowing it with jail time.

AMY. Mark, talk to Cindy tomorrow and see if she would be willing to

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help.

MARK. Ok. I have science with her- I'll bring it up then.

SAM. And I will not do anything because I don't need conspiracy charges on my transcripts going into high school. *(He goes back to his sketch pad.)*

AMY. Come on Sam! Don't you want to be a part of something that matters?

SAM. I walk dogs at Animal Welfare. I always return the shopping cart for my mom. I once helped a little old woman cross the street. I've done my civic duty- thanks. *(Mark and Amy stare at Sam until he gives in to them.)*

SAM. *(Forfeiting.)* FINE! I guess, I've not done anything social this year...

AMY. So that's a, yes? *(Sam reluctantly nods.)* Great- glad you're in! No one says a word to anyone else about this, besides to Cindy-

MARK. Right, because if the other students find out Mr. Feinberg is gone, they'll realize there isn't anyone around to write them up! Bullies will have free rein!

SAM. That's not good.

AMY. We won't let that happen. We'll figure this out and keep the bullies in check. Right Sam?

SAM. You can count on me, I'm like a vault locked up tight. *(Burps.)* Ok. Now I am.

MARK. This is definitely the most interesting thing that has happened this year!

SAM: Thanks!

MARK/AMY. Not the burp!

AMY. So, it's settled. We'll meet back here tomorrow after school. Looks like we've got a mystery to solve.

SCENE 2

The next day. It's a Friday after school. Sam and Mark are in the yearbook committee room with ADRIANNA, CINDY, and JEFF.

SAM. *(To Mark.)* Amy should be here any minute. She asked me to start the meeting.

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MARK. *(To Sam.)* Interesting. I wasn't expecting new faces. What happened? *(He gestures to ADRIANNA as she looks at her phone.)*

SAM. *(To Mark.)* Well, Adrianna was supposed to have detention on Tuesday, and I heard her in class say Feinberg never showed and it wasn't rescheduled/

ADRIANNA. *(Overhearing.)* Yeah, then Sam asked me if I had seen him since the cafeteria incident - and I said, "Ewww no." Then I thought to myself, 'Wait-that's totally weird.' So, I started asking a few people, "Where's Feinberg?"

SAM. *(To Mark.)* She was literally asking everyone!

ADRIANNA. Principals love detention. I think it's the only reason they come to work- to make kids' lives miserable.

MARK. *(Under his breath to Sam.)* So much for keeping it between us...

ADRIANNA: *(Cont.)* So, I was like kind of glad he was gone but also like, 'Does this mean I still have detention?'

SAM: *(Under his breath to Mark.)* I didn't have a choice - she would've blown our cover!

ADRIANNA. Anyway- So Sam told me if I stayed quiet, I could meet here after school, and he'd let me in on some juicy info. So here I am. Ready for the gossip. So- spill the tea.

SAM. *(To Adrianna mockingly.)* Your concern for him is admirable.

ADRIANNA. *(Sincerely.)* I know. Thank you. So where is he?

SAM. Well-- we have some theories/

MARK. Maybe we should wait for Amy before we get to that/

ADRIANNA. Fine. Whatever...*(Sam moves to CINDY who is obviously uncomfortable.)*

SAM. *(In a sweet voice.)* Hey Cindy.

CINDY. *(Cold.)* Sam.

SAM. Still mad? *(Cindy glares at him.)* I told you I was sorry. *(There's awkwardness between them.)*

MARK. *(After observing the long silence.)* You could cut the tension with a knife. What's up with you two?

SAM. I apologized. I just couldn't help myself.

MARK. What did you do?

SAM. Well, you know how I read the school's morning announcements?

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MARK/CINDY/ADRIANNA: (*Overlapping.*) Yes/Unfortunately/ Yeah.

SAM. Well, Cindy really dominated at the chess tournament, so I thought I'd share the news.

CINDY. You totally embarrassed me, Sam!

SAM. All I said was- (*Clears his throat.*) Knock, knock...(*Sam looks around for someone to say the next line of the joke.*)

MARK. (*Reluctantly.*) Fine. 'Who's there?'

SAM. Queen.

MARK. Queen who?

SAM. Cindy Madison really 'Queen-ed' up at the tournament. You should 'check' her chess game skills out. (*He waits for someone to laugh. They do not.*)

CINDY. (*Pleading.*) We use a point system. Can't you just read the numbers Sam?!

SAM. I won't apologize for being proud of you Cindy- I just "**rook.**" (*All groan at Sam's play on words.*)

MARK. (*To Sam.*) Hey, did you tell anyone else about our meeting today?

SAM. Nope. Not a single soul. (*There's a knock at the door.*)

MARK. Oh really. (*He opens the door.*) Jeff? Hi- Uhhh-What are you doing here? (*JEFF pushes past Mark. Jeff has his backpack and another bag full of his pranks/tricks/gags.*)

SAM. (*To Mark.*) Oh yeah, I forgot. I told Jeff.

MARK. (*To Sam.*) You're terrible with secrets. Amy is not going to like this...

JEFF: Sup party people?! What's this all about? Are we planning some pranks? Cuz, you know that's Jeff's specialty.

MARK. Hey Jeff, we're actually having a private meeting sooo... (*He tries to shoo Jeff out, but he does not budge.*)

JEFF. Jeff is here to stay my friends. (*He starts unpacking his bag. The next lines overlap with each other.*)

CINDY. I'm leaving.

ADRIANNA. Can we get Frappuccinos?

MARK: (*To Jeff.*) No one is pranking anything.

SAM. Are you *still* mad Cindy?

ADRIANNA. (*To Mark.*) I'll take a venti.

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MARK. (*Frustrated.*) Stop! Everyone just, stop. No one is going anywhere. We are waiting on Amy- ok. So, settle down. Jeff, grab a seat- and remember this is a “no prank zone.”

CINDY. Haven’t your pranks got you in enough trouble?!

JEFF. (*Coy.*) I don’t know what you’re talking about.

CINDY. You almost gave our biology teacher a heart attack!

ADRIANNA. (*She loves gossip and scoots over.*) What did you do?

JEFF. (*Smiles as he loves attention.*) Who, me? Oh, nothing.

SAM. (*Explaining.*) You know how Mrs. Cooper has two mice in the bio room?

ADRIANNA. Yeah, Mickey and Minnie.

SAM. (*Impressed with Jeff.*) Well, Jeff added a name tag to their enclosure. Monica, a mysterious third mouse. When Mrs. Cooper went on maternity leave, he convinced the sub that Monica was on the loose.

MARK. (*To Sam.*) THIS is who you invite to help us! He’s going to ruin everything!

JEFF. (*To Sam as he gloats.*) You forgot that I snuck the fake mouse into her purse!

SAM. (*To Mark.*) He’s creative, you got to give him that.

ADRIANNA. (*Laughs.*) So that was the scream I heard. I remember that! I hate that I’m in the other section, nothing fun ever happens!

CINDY. (*Disturbed.*) He’s terrible. Absolutely terrible. Whoopie cushions, fake vomit, farting machines. Remember the remote-control frog during dissection?

ALL. (*Remembering.*) Zombie Frog!

MARK. Who can forget?

CINDY. Me- hopefully. I had nightmares for a week.

JEFF. My brand is not for everyone. (*He’s showing off the fake mouse and other gags i.e., glasses with a nose, a wig, fart button, fake puke etc. Adrianna and Sam love these gags. Cindy does not.*)

SAM. (*To Mark.*) Look, I know you don’t think he should be here, but he’s got the most motivation to help us! Mr. Feinberg will be so grateful he’ll let Jeff off the hook – he’ll be free to prank.

MARK. (*To Sam unenthusiastically.*) Great. Just great- for all of us. (*He looks over to see Jeff demonstrating a gag.*)

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JEFF. *(To Mark and Sam.)* Oh I get it! I know why I'm here! You want to feature me in the yearbook! *(He is too busy admiring his bag of pranks to listen.)*

SAM. *(To Jeff trying to explain.)* Well actually, I thought you could help us/

JEFF. This will be great publicity for my end of the year prank! *(Mark sighs loudly. Sam shrugs and smiles. He tried.)*

ADRIANNA. Ohh! Tell us about it!

CINDY. I don't want to be involved! *(She holds her ears and moves away from him. There's a knock at the door. Amy enters.)*

SAM. Perfect timing, Amy's here.

AMY. Hey Sam, Mark. *(Confused.)* Uhhh, everyone else... *(They bombard her with questions.)*

CINDY. Sam said you wanted to ask me something?

ADRIANNA. Where's Feinberg?

CINDY. Is this an approved school meeting?

ADRIANNA. Did you bring my Frappuccino? *(Jeff pulls Amy over to him to show her his best yearbook pose.)*

JEFF. This is my good side. I'd prefer a full color photo.

AMY. *(Confused.)* What?

JEFF. Sam said you were going to feature me and my pranks in the yearbook.

AMY. *(To Sam)* What did you do Sam?

SAM. *(To Amy with guilt as he shrugs.)* Helped?

AMY. *(Indicates Sam's mouth.)* So much for the vault.

MARK. *(To Amy.)* Vault? It's more like a lock, and everyone has a key.

AMY. We might as well get down to business and talk about the serious reason that's brought us together.

JEFF. It's good to finally hear some appreciation for the art of pranking.

AMY. That is *not* the reason we are here, but I suppose we could use your *creative perspective.* *(Reluctantly.)* So welcome Jeff-

JEFF. *(In a disguise.)* Glad to be here folks. *(He sits on a whoopie cushion.)*

AMY. Like I was saying, since we are all here let's get started.

CINDY. *(Unenthusiastically.)* Great.

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AMY. We're all in this together now. As you may know, Principal Feinberg has gone missing/

ADRIANNA. This is getting good.

AMY. Together we are going to find him and solve this mystery before the bullies realize he's gone.

JEFF. Oh yeah! Trust me, I'm in detention a lot and you don't want those bullies thinking there aren't any consequences!

SAM. Exactly.

ADRIANNA. I don't have a bully problem. Why should I help Feinberg after he gave me detention for no good reason!?

SAM. You skipped your lunch to see Tommy and got caught- again!

ADRIANNA. Don't remind me. Hugging your principal in front of the whole lunchroom is punishment enough.

AMY. I'm sure if you help out, he just might forgive that detention you haven't served yet. You know, after four they put it on your permanent record. How many is that for you?

ADRIANNA: *(Reluctantly.)* Fine. I'm in.

SAM. Cindy, what about you?

CINDY. Well, I guess since I was the last person to see him alive-

AMY. Whoa! Let's not jump to conclusions.

CINDY. I just mean I feel obligated to help.

SAM. Exactly how I feel about every group project.

AMY. So, are we all in? *(The group reluctantly nods and a mix of 'yes, sure, I guess' are heard. Jeff squeezes a rubber chicken, realizes it's too much and puts it away.)* Excellent. I drew up this timeline. *(She clears the table and takes out a timeline with drawings of what they currently know. She is in 'detective mode.')* As you can see Feinberg was seen during

Tuesday's lunch when he was hugged by Adrianna/

ADRIANNA. *(Disgusted.)* I hugged a dead man.

SAM. He wasn't dead then!

MARK. No one is dead!

JEFF. *(Realizing)* Oh- Zombie Feinberg!

CINDY. Can you take this seriously for once?

AMY. Cindy is right, we have to get serious. Like I was saying, Tuesday afternoon- Cindy saw him climb out of his window before detention. Then

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he never showed up for Mark's wrestling practice on Thursday. No one saw him today [Friday] either. (*A dramatic pause.*) Do you know what Monday is?

SAM. Of course!

AMY. Then you know why we have to find him this weekend!

SAM. Wait. I was thinking it was Meatloaf Monday, but your thing sounds way more serious/

MARK. (*Realizing.*) The all-school assembly!

AMY. No Feinberg means *everyone* knows he's missing-

JEFF. Bullies!

AMY. Ding, Ding! Winner.

CINDY. Ok. Do we have a plan/ (*Jeff raises his hand.*)

JEFF. Ohh! Ohh! I've got one!

CINDY. Does it include zombies?

JEFF. (*Jeff slowly puts his hand down.*) I do **not** have a plan.

AMY. Cindy, do you still have chess practice on Saturday mornings?

CINDY. (*Hesitantly.*) Yeah/

AMY. Ok. Here's what we do, after practice Cindy gets Feinberg's file from the office.

CINDY. What if someone catches me?

MARK. They won't suspect a thing since you work there during study hall. If someone catches you just say you had to finish some filing.

AMY. (*To Mark*) Great cover story! (*Amy returns to reviewing her clipboard.*)

JEFF. You could borrow one of my disguises? (*He offers a ridiculous option to Cindy.*)

CINDY. No thanks.

AMY. Now, I'll put you into teams. Meet with your team and come up with ideas of what could've happened to him. This will help Cindy know what to look for in his file. Remember we'll all meet back here tomorrow at noon. Ok? (*The group agrees.*)

SAM. What are the teams?

AMY. Uhhh, Sam and Adrianna you are team one. You can meet in the science lab. Then Cindy and/

CINDY. (*She is crossing her fingers.*) Don't say Jeff/

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AMY. Mark/

CINDY. Phew/

AMY. And Jeff are team two, you can meet in the math room. I'll go between groups and keep us on track. (*Excited.*) Are we ready to make some memories?!

ADRIANNA. What?

AMY. (*Seriously.*) I mean find Principal Feinberg? (*The group nods.*) Alright - let's get working, go meet with your teams and I'll be by shortly to check in. (*They all gather their things and head to their meeting rooms. Sam and Amy stay behind a moment.*)

SAM. Hey Amy-

AMY. Yeah Sam.

SAM. I'm glad we're doing this-

AMY. Me too.

SAM. (*A real moment.*) It feels nice to be a part of something. (*Amy and Sam share a smile and head out.*)

SCENE 3

A little later that day. Science lab. We see the progress of team one, Sam and Adrianna. They're discussing what they drew up as a possible explanation for Feinberg's disappearance. Sam is showing a picture he drew of Feinberg with pooped pants.

ADRIANNA. Did you have to actually draw the... poop?

SAM. Life is messy Adrianna. If this happened to you, wouldn't you climb out the window too?

ADRIANNA. I guess? So, then we're saying because of "stomach issues" he leaves urgently and drops his phone. Ok. Then why hasn't he been back for 3 days?

SAM. Stomach flu. BAM! (*Sam shows a picture he drew of Feinberg on the toilet and reaches for a high-five.*)

ADRIANNA. Not sure we should celebrate that... (*Amy knocks and enters.*)

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SAM. Hey Amy-

AMY. Hey- so what do we have? I see you have your sketch pad out Sam this should be good/ (*Sam turns the sketch pad around.*)

AMY. (*Referring to the poop color.*) Warm with medium intensity. Nice.

SAM. Thanks.

AMY. If this is the case, I would think he'd still be at home sick. We can see if Cindy finds any evidence of him calling off. Keep up the good work.

SAM. Aye aye captain!

ADRIANNA. (*Bored.*) Will do.

AMY. I'll see you both tomorrow afternoon for the team meeting. (*AMY exits.*)

SAM: (*Realizing.*) Ohh. If it's stomach flu, you know what that means?

ADRIANNA: What?

SAM: (*Holds up green marker excitedly and draws it as he says it.*)
Vomit.

ADRIANNA. Sorry I asked. (*Adrianna goes back to texting and Sam keeps drawing in his sketch pad.*)

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS –
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