

A MOST UNUSUAL PENCIL

By Ron Dune

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CHARACTERS

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(5f, 3m)

DAX	(M) Normal Kid
DAISY	(F) Dax's overbearing girlfriend
KIM	(F) A very good writer
DELBERT	(M) Very low intelligence
FONTE	(F) Sexy foreign exchange student
FLETCHER	(M) Tough, mean, bully
MRS. POPKINS	(F) The teacher, glasses, hair in bun
DONKEY	(F) Extremely peppy & happy

TIME

Anytime.

SETTING

A classroom setting. A teacher's desk or table and seven student desks or tables.

A MOST UNUSUAL PENCIL

by
Kamron Klitgaard

SCENE 1

SETTING: There are seven desks set up as a classroom. A teacher's desk opposite them with a small trash can clearly visible.

AT RISE: A school bell rings. DAX, DAISY, KIM, DELBERT, FLETCHER, and DONKEY enter and sit in the desks. THEY talk and carry on as high school students do. MRS. POPKINS enters and stands in front of her desk, facing the class. DAX and DAISY sit in the front. There is also an empty seat by DAX.

POPKINS: Alright class, settle down. Pull out your essays we started last time. I'll give you a few minutes to finish them up and then we'll read them in front of the class. *(SHE approaches DAX who sits in the front row with DAISY.)* We'll start with you, Dax. That is, of course, when you're ready.

DAX: I'll be ready, Mrs. Popkins.

POPKINS: I knew you would be, Dax. You're such a joy to have in class.

DELBERT: Yeah, I like having you in class too, Dax.

POPKINS: Close your mouth, Delbert, and finish your essay.

FLETCHER: Yeah, shut your face. Quit talking to the brown-noser.

POPKINS: Fletcher! *(SHE points to the corner.)*

FLETCHER: I know, stand in the corner. *(HE gets up and goes to stand Down Left.)*

POPKINS: Alright, the rest of you get to work on your essays.

DONKEY: I already started mine, Mrs. Popkins.

POPKINS: Whatever.

(SHE sits at her desk. ALL THE STUDENTS start writing. DAX seems bored. DAISY writes a note on a paper, folds it, smiles big, and then secretly, yet obviously, hands it to Dax. HE doesn't notice her so SHE coughs to get his attention. HE takes the note and opens it. HE reads it. HE smiles and then goes back to being bored.)

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DAISY: Pst. Psst! *(DAX looks at HER. SHE speaks in a loud whisper.)*
Write me one back!

(DAX secretly rolls his eyes and writes a note and passes it to her. SHE reads and smiles, folds it neatly and sticks it down her shirt. DAX goes back to being bored and DAISY goes back to her essay. Finally DAX lets out a SIGH, takes out a different pencil and a new piece of paper and starts writing something. HE reads it to himself then folds it up and puts it in his shirt pocket. HE looks off left as if HE were expecting something.)

(FONTE enters. SHE walks sexily over to MRS.POPKINS and hands her a note. Mrs. Popkins reads it.)

MRS. POPKINS: Class, please welcome our new foreign exchange student, Fonte.

DONKEY: Hi! Welcome to Creative Writing!

FLETCHER: She can sit by me.

DELBERT: Hi. Uh, which foreign exchange are you from?

FONTE: Que?

DELBERT: K? Why "K" is my favorite exchange.

KIM: Delbert, you're dumber than a bag of peanuts.

MRS. POPKINS: Sit anywhere you want, Fonte.

FONTE: Gracias.

(SHE sits next to DAX. DAX smiles at her but then feels DAISY staring into the back of his head. HE turns to look at her. SHE doesn't look happy. The smile drops off his face.)

MRS. POPKINS: Okay, Fletcher, back to your seat and finish your essay.

(FLETCHER goes to his seat but stops in front of DAX. HE subtly fakes a punch and DAX flinches. HE goes back to his seat. DAISY gives FLETCHER a flirtatious look. FLETCHER smiles back at her.)

DAISY: *(turning back to DAX and whispering)* Why do you let him do that to you? You need to stand up for yourself. You're such a wimp. I don't even know why I go out with you.

DAX: *(under his breath)* He's not real.

DAISY: What?

DAX: Daisy, I need to tell you something.

DAISY: Not more of your dumb character ideas.

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DAX: Daisy, listen, Fletcher isn't real. Either is Mrs. Popkins.

DAISY: What do you mean?

DAX: They're not real.

DAISY: They're not real.

DAX: They're not real.

DAISY: They look real.

DAX: Yes, they look real but they're not.

DAISY: I need to finish my essay.

DAX: Listen, you see this pencil?

DAISY: Yeah, so?

DAX: It's magic.

DAISY: Magic.

DAX: I know that sounds stupid but this pencil is magic.

DAISY: Just shut up and let me finish my essay.

DAX: Okay, look. What would Mrs. Popkins do if I just don't do my essay?

DAISY: She'd freak out and probably kick you out of class. This is an A.P. class, you know.

DAX: *(HE looks right into DAISY's eyes.)* Mrs. Popkins, I'm ready to read my essay.

MRS. POPKINS: Terrific. I knew I could count on you, Dax.

DAX: *(DAX gets up with a paper and stands in front of the class. HE reads.)* Mrs. Popkins is a stupid, dumb, lame, wench, with a big butt and eats her own boogers. And she likes to scratch her butt.

(THE STUDENTS stare with their jaws dropped.)

FLETCHER: Ha, ha, ha. I may have miss judged you, man.

MRS. POPKINS: Oh, thank you, Dax. That was wonderful, as usual. I give it an A+.

FLETCHER: *(stunned by her reaction at first but then adds. . .)* Yeah, me too.

KIM: What? An A+? Aren't you gonna send him to the Principal or something?

MRS. POPKINS: Kim, hold your tongue.

DONKEY: I liked it! Good essay!

DAX: *(taking his seat, HE looks at DAISY.)* See?

MRS. POPKINS: It was fantastic, Dax. How about you, Kim?

DAISY: What? How did you do that? Why didn't she get you in trouble?

KIM: You're gonna let him say that about you?

POPKINS: Now Kim!

KIM: Alright! *(SHE stands in front of the class with her essay. SHE reads.)* Violence Against Women by Kim Dim.

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FONTE: *(Spanish accent)* Excuse me?

KIM: What?

FONTE: Your name is Kim Dim?

KIM: Yes.

FONTE: What is Dim?

DELBERT: Uh, hu, hu, hu, not very smart. Hi, I'm Delbert.

FONTE: Oh, nice to meet you.

DELBERT: Uh, hu, hu, hu.

KIM: May I continue?

DONKEY: Please do, it sounds great.

KIM: Throughout the years, man has produced books, movies and television shows which glamorize violence against women. These products of Hollywood have caused our society to become more violent. Watching and reading such things create the desire in some to kill, maim, or otherwise injure the physically weaker other sex. Take the infamous Dracula, for example. Dracula's victims are all women. He puts them in a trance creating a kind of psycho-sexual hold over his victims and then commits violent acts against them. This kind of story only encourages the mentally deranged to act out on their own twisted fantasies. For this reason all entertainment should be banned. Thank you.

DELBERT: *(clapping ferociously)* Hurray! Nicely written!

KIM: Shut up, Delbert. Well, Mrs. Popkins?

MRS. POPKINS: D+.

KIM: D+? What do you mean? That's not fair.

MRS. POPKINS: Perhaps you're right. D-. *(KIM's jaw drops. DAX opens his notebook and writes something in it.)* Class, keep working, I'll be right back.

(POPKINS exits Left.)

DAISY: Alright, what's going on, Dax? The best writer in the class gets a D- and you get an A for insulting the teacher?

DELBERT: A+

DAX: I might as well tell you all. It's very simple, everyone. She's not real. I made her up.

FLETCHER: What do you mean?

DAISY: *(sarcastically.)* He's got a magic pencil. *(SHE gives FLETCHER another flirtatious look.)*

DAX: Look. . . *(HE shows the paper HE has been writing on.)* I simply write down a character description and that person appears. *(reads)* Mrs. Popkins. Strict creative writing teacher. Loves Dax. Hates the best writer in the class, Kim.

DELBERT: She does hate you, Kim.

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FONTE: Que pasa?

KIM: Yeah right . . .

DELBERT: So does she.

DAX: This pencil is magic and I'll prove it.

DONKEY: Okay, make a coin appear in my ear.

DAX: I was thinking more along the lines of this. (*HE erases something on the paper and then writes and reads.*) Mrs. Popkins. Fun creative writing teacher. Loves Kim. Hates Delbert and shows it often.

(*MRS. POPKINS enters.*)

DELBERT: Hates Delbert?

POPKINS: Kim, I believe that is the best essay I've ever heard. I am going to submit it to the national essay contest recommending it be considered for national honors.

KIM: What about the D-.

POPKINS: D-? Don't be silly. It's an A+. . . plus.

DELBERT: A++. Wow.

(*MRS. POPKINS leans over DELBERTS desk.*)

POPKINS: And what about you, Stinky? (*SHE slaps him.*) Is your essay ready? (*SHE slaps him.*)

DELBERT: Hey. You. . . (*SHE slaps him.*) . . .called me Stinky.

POPKINS: Get up there and read your essay, you freak. (*SHE slaps him.*)

DELBERT: Hey, easy on the name calling. (*HE gets up in front and reads his essay.*) I Always Wanted to Win a Trophy. By Delbert Hillidenbrowersonstein.

POPKINS: Stinky.

DELBERT: Once upon a time, I always wanted to win a trophy.

POPKINS: F-.

DELBERT: But I only read the first sentence.

POPKINS: Alright continue.

DELBERT: The End.

POPKINS: Double minus.

DAX: See? I told you.

DAISY: (*still skeptical*) Alright. Can you make her leave?

DAX: (*DAX writes on the paper*) Mrs. Popkins exits.

POPKINS: Alright everyone, I'll be right back.

(*POPKINS exits Left again.*)

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DONKEY: So you're saying you can control her by writing on that paper?

DAX: Not only that, I can make her vanish for ever.

FLETCHER: *(Gets up and walks to MRS. POPKINS' desk. While HE talks HE opens her purse and steals something from it.)* Don't get me wrong, I think all of this is very entertaining, but you ain't controlling her and you don't have the power to just wish her away. You two planned this or something. You're video taping us, and you're going to send it into one of those T.V. shows, like Candid Camera.

DAX: I'm telling you guys, this is a magic pencil. And I can re-write her character anyway I want to.

FLETCHER: *(wanders over to stand in front of DAX)* Alright, make her do something she'd never do in real life.

DAX: Okay. . . *(HE starts writing)* Mrs. Popkins. . . *(HE reads what HE's writing to himself and mumbles so that no one can understand what HE's saying. Then the last part is clearly audible.)* . . . She enters.

(MRS. POPKINS enters quickly and stops, looking directly at FLETCHER. SHE yanks off her glasses and rips the bun out of her hair and shakes it sexily. FLETCHER and DELBERT scream.)

FONTE: Hoochie mama!

(MRS. POPKINS deliberately knocks something off her desk. Then SHE positions herself to pick it up so that SHE is showing off her posterior to FLETCHER.)

FLETCHER: *(in terror)* Wish it away, Dax! Wish it away!

MRS. POPKINS: *(spinning around)* Fletcher! Let's stop pretending, shall we? *(SHE approaches FLETCHER and wraps her arms around him. SHE holds him tight.)* It's time we let our true feelings be known. We can't keep hiding them. *(FLETCHER dry heaves.)* Oh, Fletcher, I can sense that you're trying to keep something inside.

FLETCHER: I'm not gonna be able to keep it inside much longer. *(HE dry heaves again.)*

MRS. POPKINS: Oh, Fletcher, I must drink from your succulent lips.

FLETCHER: I give up! I believe you, Dax, I believe you!

DAX: You sure?

FLETCHER: Yes, just get her out of here!

(DAX starts writing on his paper and then looks at MRS. POPKINS.)

POPKINS: I'll be right back, class. *(To FLETCHER)* And I'll be seeing you later.

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(POPKINS exits.)

KIM: This is incredible.

DONKEY: This is impossible.

DELBERT: This is incrossible. Hey, Fletcher, I think she likes you.

DAISY: Why didn't you tell me you could do this before?

DAX: I don't know.

KIM: Now, if you really created Mrs. Popkins, then you can un-create her?

DAX: Yea, that's about the fifth version of her.

DONKEY: Why don't we remember the other versions?

DAX: I'm not sure. I think it might be that once the new version is created she becomes our reality. Plus, you weren't around when I created the other versions.

DAISY: I can't believe you kept this from me.

DONKEY: What happens when you un-create her?

DAX: You wanna see?

KIM: Yeah.

FLETCHER: Wait a minute! You're not bringing her back, are you?

DAX: Don't worry, Fletcher, she'll be altered.

FLETCHER: She better be or it's your hide.

(DAX starts writing on the paper again. While HE writes DAISY touches FLETCHER'S arm flirtatiously. HE smiles flirtatiously back at her.)

(POPKINS enters but SHE is completely silent. SHE just looks at the class.)

DAX: *(Standing and approaching POPKINS. HE holds the paper HE was writing on which reads in big bold letters on one side, "Mrs. Popkins.")*
I'm sorry Mrs. Popkins, but it's time for you to be leaving us.

(SHE just stares at him. HE rips the paper twice, wads it up and then walks over and drops it into the trash can. As soon as the paper hits the can a puff of smoke enters from Offstage and there is optional strange music. POPKINS is pulled backward into the smoke. SHE is gone.)

FONTE: Que Paso?

DONKEY: Don't worry, she just ceased to exist.

FONTE: Oh.

DAISY: Okay, Dax, I think you've convinced us all. Now, explain yourself.
Where did you get this pencil?

DAX: Well, it happened about three weeks ago. I was in Creative Writing class when the teacher told me that the characters I was writing in my

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stories were not very believable and that I wasn't a very good writer. That really bugged because you know how much I like to write. Anyway, I was walking home after class, and I saw the strangest thing. This pencil was just sitting on the sidewalk in front of me, balanced on its end.

DELBERT: Eraser end down or lead end down?

DAX: Lead end down. *(DELBERT opens his mouth to say something else, but DAX beats him to it.)* Unsharpened. I looked around to see if anyone had put it there and balanced it like that, but there was no one around. There was even a slight breeze, and I wondered how it could've stayed up like that.

DELBERT: Was it an easterly wind or a westerly wind?

KIM: Delbert, shut up. Go on.

DAX: I picked up the pencil and took it home. The next day, I used it to write a character description of a teacher who actually likes my writing. And Mrs. Popkins was created.

DONKEY: But we've had Mrs. Popkins all year.

DAX: That's the funny thing. Any time I make changes to her character, no one is aware of it. It's like she was like that the whole time.

DAISY: That's the funny thing? Let me get this straight. You're able to create our teacher out of thin air and then destroy her by throwing her description in the garbage can. But you think the funny thing is that no one notices any changes you make in her personality?

KIM: But we noticed the changes you just made.

DAX: I guess it's because I'm telling you about them as we go.

DONKEY: Why do you make up characters?

DAX: I guess it's because, when I was younger, I never really had any friends. In fact, everyday after school I was chased home by the other boys. So I guess I just try to create my own social circle.

FONTE: Why did they chase you?

DAX: My father was. . . well, let's just say he had a lot of enemies.

DELBERT: Did they ever catch you?

(DAX hangs his head.)

FLETCHER: A pencil that creates whatever you want. *(HE approaches DAX.)*

DAX: Well, it doesn't really. . .

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