

THE UNLUCKY LEPRECHAUN

by Megan Orr

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THE UNLUCKY LEPRECHAUN

A One Act Comedy

by Megan Orr

SYNOPSIS: Paddy O'Malley is quite possibly the most awkward, unlucky leprechaun that ever was! When Paddy's boss Lucky McSpud demands that he go to Hal Mark's Holiday Training School, Paddy reluctantly agrees, hoping for the best. But things go from bad to worse as Paddy nearly ruins several major holidays simultaneously. Can anything be done to help this poor, unlucky little leprechaun?

DURATION: 45 minutes.

TIME: Present day; January.

SETTING: Lucky's Laces and Hal Mark's Holiday Training School in Holiday World.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3-4 females, 1 male, 6-7 either; doubling possible; extras)

PADDY O'MALLEY (m/f)..... An awkward, bumbling,
unlucky young leprechaun.
(164 lines)

CLOVER KELLY (f)..... Paddy's best friend and
coworker; supportive, endlessly
patient, eternally optimistic.
(49 lines)

LUCKY MCSPUD (m/f) Paddy's no-nonsense, pragmatic
boss at Lucky's Laces, a
leprechaun shoe company.
(35 lines)

TONY / TONI CUPID (m/f)..... An edgy, tough-talking, trigger-
happy angel who makes people
fall in love by shooting them
with arrows; armed and
dangerous. *(39 lines)*

BOO (m/f).....	A playful, childlike trickster who is afraid of the dark. (28 lines)
GWEN KRINGLE (f)	An apathetic teenaged elf; eternally bored, impossible to impress, completely lacking the spirit of Christmas. (54 lines)
TOM TURKEY (m/f)	A prize-winning Thanksgiving turkey with an overinflated ego. (41 lines)
SKIP THE EASTER BUNNY (m/f).....	A neurotically nervous, overworked Easter bunny who has trouble sitting still. (28 lines)
HAL MARK (m/f)	Holiday Training School founder and head coach to all the holiday rejects. (96 lines)
GERTIE GROUNDHOG (f).....	Puxatawney Phil's loyal niece who has been secretly filling in for her uncle since he grew senile and died. (5 lines)
NEW YEAR NYA (f)	A fitness fanatic whose life goals include forcing the entire holiday world into healthier living for the new year. (16 lines)
DAVY JONES (m)	Infamous pirate who represents Talk-Like-A-Pirate Day but hasn't learned yet how to talk like a pirate. (21 lines)
EXTRAS (m/f).....	Lucky's Laces shoppers.

OPTIONAL DOUBLING

GERTIE, NYA, or DAVY could also play LUCKY, CLOVER, or the SHOPPERS (extras) in Scenes 1 and 3.

COSTUMES

PADDY O'MALLEY – Green suit jacket, green or black pants, white shirt; or green dress; green leprechaun top hat, optional

CLOVER KELLY – Green dress or green tracksuit with sneakers

LUCKY MCSPUD – Green suit jacket, green pants, white shirt; green leprechaun top hat, optional

SKIP THE EASTER BUNNY – Full rabbit costume or rabbit ears and tail on white sweats

TONY / TONI CUPID – Black jeans and black T-shirt; black moto boots or black sneakers; black leather jacket, optional; angel wings; a bow and a quiver of arrows with heart-shaped arrowheads

BOO – White ghost costume or white sheet with holes cut out for eyes or a scary face mask (wear white underneath)

TOM TURKEY – White turtleneck and shorts to go under turkey costume (can be found online); newspapers to stuff the costume

GWEN KRINGLE – Red or green leggings and holiday sweater; elf hat with jingle bells; red or green socks as shoes

HAL MARK – khaki slacks and a navy polo shirt; lanyard with name tag

GERTIE GROUNDHOG – brown pants, leggings, or sweatpants with a brown long-sleeved shirt or sweatshirt; headband with round brown felt ears; a short, round brown tail

NEW YEAR NYA – brightly colored leotard, bright leggings, sneakers; sweatband and arm bands, optional

DAVY JONES – red pirate jacket with black pants and a pirate captain's hat; eye patch; hook optional

SET

All scenes can occur with or without sets. In the script, a few key props are used to suggest the set. Suggestions for each have been included below:

SCENE 1: Lucky's Laces, a Leprechaun Shoe Store, display of shoes downstage; a telephone and cash register at a counter upstage; shoe sale signs; a large sign that says "Lucky's Laces" with a four-leaf clover

SCENE 2: Holiday Training School, a desk upstage left containing poster board and markers

SCENE 3: Lucky's Laces, a Leprechaun Shoe Store, display of shoes downstage; a telephone and cash register at a counter upstage; shoe sale signs; a large sign that says "Lucky's Laces" with a four-leaf clover

DIRECTOR'S NOTES

VOICE COACHING OPTION: You can direct actors who play characters with accents to YouTube to listen to and practice their accents. For Tony/Toni Cupid, I suggest a New York or Brooklyn accent, and for Paddy O'Malley, Clover Kelly, and Lucky McSpud, Irish accents.

LIGHTS: Standard indoor lighting can be used throughout. Lights fade and rise between scenes.

SOUND EFFECTS: Sound effects can be found on YouTube and recorded using the app Voice Memos in order to mix combinations of sounds (Like the smashing glass followed by a cat's meow in Scene 1).

PROPS LIST**SCENE 1:**

- Cash register
- Displays of shoes
- Telephone
- Medium-sized cardboard box with holes
- Tall ladder
- Several large sale signs
- Feather duster
- Brochure for Hal Mark's Holiday Training School
- Penny

SCENE 2:

- Clipboard
- Cupid's bow and arrows in a quiver
- Skip's Easter basket of plastic eggs
- Poster board and markers for Holiday Animals Protest signs
- Suitcase or wheeled carryon
- Cell phone for Paddy
- Laser tag gun or Nerf gun
- Amazon box
- Flashlight
- Paddy's diploma

SCENE 3:

- Cash register
- Displays of shoes
- Telephone
- Stack of sale fliers
- Paddy's diploma

SCENE 1**LUCKY'S LACES, A LEPRECHAUN SHOE STORE**

AT START: *Lights rise. CLOVER is adjusting a display of shoes at downstage right. A tall ladder sits just right of center stage, upstage of the shoe display and downstage right of the counter. The counter containing a cash register sits at upstage center. A penny is on the ground at downstage right, downstage of the shoe display. A bench for trying on shoes sits at downstage left with several shoe boxes on top of it.*

SOUND FX: *A telephone rings.*

CLOVER crosses to the telephone on the counter at upstage center. PADDY races in, stage left, carrying a medium-sized cardboard box with holes.

PADDY: Clover! Hey, Clover! Look at this!

CLOVER: One second, Paddy.

CLOVER picks up the telephone as PADDY moves downstage to wait.

CLOVER: *(Into telephone.)* Good afternoon, Lucky's Laces. What can I shoe for you today?

CLOVER rolls her eyes at PADDY and momentarily covers the receiver.

CLOVER: *(To PADDY.)* I can't believe Mr./Mrs. McSpud makes us say that. It's so corny. *(Into telephone.)* Yes, we are still running our promotion "It's My Lucky Day." Buy one, get one free. Yes, everything in the store. It runs through Saturday. *(A pause.)* You're welcome.

CLOVER hangs up the telephone and crosses to PADDY at downstage.

CLOVER: Boy, Saturday's going to be one busy day! What is it with leprechauns and procrastination??

PADDY: I don't think that's just a leprechaun problem, Clover. I hear humans do it too.

CLOVER: What?? No way. Now, what is it you wanted to show me, Paddy?

PADDY: I got a new pet!

CLOVER: Awww, you did?? What is it? A puppy? A hamster? A cute little bunny?

PADDY: Nope. Look!

CLOVER and PADDY peer into the cardboard box.

CLOVER: Paddy! (A beat.) That's a cat!

PADDY: I know!

CLOVER: A black cat!

PADDY: So?

CLOVER: Paddy! Black cats are bad luck!

PADDY: Really? This cute little thing? Are you sure?

CLOVER: Yes!

PADDY: Aww, come on. You don't really believe in bad luck, do you?

CLOVER: Paddy, we're leprechauns. Of course, I believe in luck! Good and bad luck.

PADDY: Nuts.

CLOVER: You have to get rid of it, Paddy.

PADDY: Get rid of her? But she's so cute!

LUCKY MCSPUD enters, upstage right, leaping through fliers, and crosses to CLOVER and PADDY at center stage.

LUCKY: Who's so cute?

PADDY hides the cardboard box behind his/her back.

PADDY: Nothing, sir/ma'am. I mean, no one.

LUCKY: Good. Last thing we need right now is any distractions. We've got a big sale going on! Now, I'm going to the back to get some

signs. You two make sure this front-end sparkles like gold coins, you got that?

CLOVER and PADDY: Yes, Mr./Mrs. McSpud!

LUCKY exits again, stage right. CLOVER pulls a feather duster out from behind the counter and begins dusting.

PADDY: Well. He's/she's a bit tightly wound today, isn't he/she?

CLOVER: Can you blame him/her? It is the biggest sale of the year.

PADDY: I know. That's what I'm afraid of.

CLOVER: What do you mean?

LUCKY begins to pace nervously with the box while CLOVER continues dusting.

PADDY: I mean, what if I mess up again? You know I'm about the most unlucky leprechaun that ever lived! I step on cracks, I spill salt, I always forget to say "bless you"—

CLOVER: *(Sneezing from the dust.)* Achoo!

LUCKY turns back to face her.

PADDY: Yes, exactly! And now I've gone and gotten the worst possible pet for a leprechaun. A black cat! *(Looking down into the box with a sigh.)* Then again, maybe it's the perfect mascot for me. The world's most unlucky leprechaun.

PADDY glumly sits on the bench at downstage left, cardboard box in lap. CLOVER crosses to PADDY and sits down beside him/her.

CLOVER: Awww, come on, Paddy. It'll be okay. So you're a little different. So what? It's what makes you special.

PADDY: You think so?

CLOVER: I know so! Haven't we been friends for like, ever?

PADDY: Yes.

CLOVER: Wasn't I the one who recommended you for this job?

PADDY: Yes, you did. And it's a good thing too. I don't think I would've gotten the job if it weren't for you. Not after the way I botched that interview.

CLOVER: Well, it's a tough question: What would you do if you were in charge of a pot of gold?

PADDY: I just said the first thing that came to mind!

CLOVER: Yes, but "give all the gold away to end world hunger"? You're a leprechaun, Paddy. Not Elon Musk. We're supposed to protect the pot of gold!

PADDY: Well, I know that now. But Mr./Mrs. McSpud still hasn't let me run the cash register.

CLOVER: Well, if the sale gets as busy as he/she thinks, you may have plenty of opportunities on Saturday. Come on. Let's start cleaning up.

CLOVER stands. PADDY follows her, looking down into the box with a sigh.

PADDY: Okay. But what am I supposed to do with Sophie?

CLOVER: Sophie?

PADDY: My cat.

CLOVER: Hmmm. Tough choice. (*A beat.*) Maybe you could give her away?

PADDY: To who? Do you know any other leprechaun dumb enough to take her? (*With a big sigh.*) Now I know why she was free.

LUCKY enters again from upstage right, carrying several large sale signs. He/She stops short, seeing CLOVER and PADDY still standing at center stage staring into the box.

LUCKY: Hey! What are you two kids doing?? You think I pay you to just stand around looking pretty like the guy they put on the Lucky Charms box?! Get to work!

CLOVER and PADDY: Yes, Mr./Mrs. McSpud!

CLOVER and PADDY instantly separate. CLOVER heads to the counter upstage and resumes dusting frantically. PADDY hurries

toward the upstage right exit with the cardboard box, walking under the ladder on the way. LUCKY reacts in horror.

LUCKY: Paddy O'Malley! What do you think you are doing??

PADDY stops short on the other side of the ladder and moves back downstage to talk to LUCKY.

PADDY: Ummm... Just taking this box to the back? I'm cleaning up like you asked!

LUCKY: You just walked under a ladder, Paddy! That's bad luck! Didn't you even notice??

PADDY: Well, to tell you the truth... no.

PADDY hangs his/her head in shame.

LUCKY: And what are you taking to the back room, anyway? I haven't received a shipment today.

LUCKY walks around the front side of the ladder toward PADDY. PADDY looks around frantically, as if looking for a place to hide the box.

CLOVER: Uh, Mr./Mrs. McSpud, I don't think you want to—

LUCKY looks in the box.

LUCKY: It's a cat! A black cat!

PADDY: (*Feigning surprise.*) What? Really?? Why would they ship us a black cat?? And in a cardboard box of all things! That truly is cruel and unusual, sir/ma'am.

LUCKY: (*Warningly.*) Paddy...

PADDY: Oh, all right. Yes, I know it's a black cat. And I know they're supposed to be bad luck. At least, I know that now.

LUCKY: Paddy, have you no sense of self-preservation? An ounce of thought from that green matter between your ears??

PADDY: Ummm...

LUCKY: Get rid of that cat, O'Malley. Immediately!

PADDY: Yes, sir/ma'am! Right away, sir/ma'am! You can count on me, sir/ma'am!

PADDY hurries off stage right with the cardboard box. LUCKY shakes his/her head.

LUCKY: I doubt it. What are we going to do with that boy/girl, Clover?

CLOVER: Offer him/her loving support and encouragement, sir/ma'am?

LUCKY: I'm a leprechaun, Clover. Not Cupid.

CLOVER: Yes, sir/ma'am.

From offstage right, PADDY'S frantic cry.

PADDY: Whoa! Whoa!!

SOUND FX: Shattering glass followed by a cat's meow. A moment later, PADDY enters without the box, upstage right.

PADDY: Good news. I took care of our cat problem.

CLOVER: Paddy! You didn't hurt that cat, did you??

PADDY: Of course not. She got away. I think it was the sound of the mirror that scared her off.

LUCKY: The sound of the mirror?? Paddy, what did you do?!

LUCKY hurries off upstage right.

PADDY: I don't know what he's/she's so upset about. I got rid of the cat.

CLOVER: Paddy? Did you by any chance shatter a mirror?

PADDY: Yeah? But it was an accident.

CLOVER: Oh, Paddy.

CLOVER slaps a hand to her forehead and shakes her head.

LUCKY: (Offstage.) That's it!! I've had it!

LUCKY storms back on stage from upstage right.

LUCKY: PADDY O'MALLEY—!

CLOVER: Please, sir/ma'am! Don't fire him/her!

LUCKY: Fire him/her? Fire him/her?? Oh no. I'm not going to fire him/her. That would be doing a disservice to the entire leprechaun community!

PADDY: Thank you, sir/ma'am. You don't know how much this means to me.

LUCKY: Seven years, Paddy. Seven years of bad luck! That's what you've brought on this place!

PADDY: I don't understand.

LUCKY: Of course, you don't. You have got to be the unluckiest leprechaun I have ever met! Which is why I am sending you to Holiday Training School! Immediately!

PADDY: Holiday Training School? Now?? But... the big sale on Saturday!

LUCKY: Clover and I will be fine running the store for one sale without you.

CLOVER: We will?

LUCKY: But you, Paddy, need some serious help. And I'm not just speaking for me! I'm speaking for leprechauns, cats, and mirrors everywhere!

PADDY: (*Sighing.*) Yes, sir/ma'am.

LUCKY pulls a pamphlet out of his/her pocket and thrusts it at PADDY.

LUCKY: Here. Be there at 9 AM tomorrow sharp!

PADDY: Oh. Look at that. You've... you've got a brochure and everything. It's like you've been thinking about this for a while.

LUCKY: (*A beat.*) Ever since your interview, Paddy.

LUCKY exits upstage right.

PADDY: (*Calling out after LUCKY.*) I just want to end world hunger! Is that too much to ask?!?

CLOVER: Oh, Paddy.

PADDY: You don't think I need Holiday Training School, do you, Clover?

CLOVER: Paddy... I want to be your friend. Really, I do. But you just keep messing up. Maybe... maybe Holiday Training School would be good for you.

PADDY: Clover... you too?

CLOVER: Come on, Paddy. Don't look at me like I killed your cat. You did that all on your own.

PADDY: I told you! I didn't kill the cat! She ran away!

CLOVER: Regardless, it's just a couple of weeks. What harm could it do?

PADDY sighs and studies the brochure in his/her hand.

PADDY: I guess it would be nice not to be known as the unlucky leprechaun anymore.

CLOVER: Exactly! You can do this, Paddy. I believe in you.

PADDY: Okay. Then I guess I'll give it a try. (*Looking down at the stage.*) Hey! A lucky penny!

CLOVER: Find a penny, pick it up!

PADDY: Yeah! Maybe my luck is changing!

PADDY bends over to pick up the penny on the ground.

SOUND FX: Fabric ripping.

PADDY freezes. CLOVER sighs and covers her face with her hand, shaking her head.

CLOVER: Oh, Paddy.

Lights fade.

SCENE 2

HOLIDAY TRAINING SCHOOL; THE NEXT DAY

AT START: *Lights rise. SKIP, BOO, GWEN, and TOM are standing around TONY at center stage, who is telling them a story.*

TONY: (*Gangster voice.*) So I looked at her, and I says, I says, "I've got two shots right here with your name on it." Her eyes got all big.

Before she could say a word, I fired. Wham!! Right between the eyes.

BOO: (*Awed.*) Did she die?

TONY: Of course not. She fell in love! I'm a Cupid, not a killer. What kind of criminal do you take me for?

PADDY enters downstage left, glancing down uncertainly at the brochure in hand.

PADDY: Um, excuse me? Is this the Holiday Training School? I'm... I'm looking for a Mr. Hal Mark? Or maybe it's a Miss Hal Mark? I'm not really sure.

TONY: Hey, look, Gwen. Another elf.

GWEN: (*Unenthusiastically.*) Yippee.

PADDY: Uh, no. I'm not an elf. I'm a leprechaun actually.

TONY: Oh. Good. We don't have one of those yet. Come on in!

TOM: Hallmark isn't in just yet. He/she should be here any minute, though.

PADDY: Wait, did you say "Hallmark"?

TONY: Yeah, well, you know Hallmark's got their finger in everything holiday. Even if it is just a training school for us holiday rejects.

TOM: Speak for yourself! I am not a reject. I took first place at the state fair this year!

GWEN: Not this again.

TOM: And I've been selected to lead the Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade.

GWEN: Does this guy have an "off" button?

TOM: Listen, you mean little pixie—

GWEN: Elf.

TOM: I'm just trying to explain why I clearly don't belong at a training school for holiday rejects.

BOO: I know why you're here. You're here because you're just like me!

TOM: Just like you? I'm nothing like you! You're dead!

BOO: What do you think you'll be come Thanksgiving?

TOM: What... what is she talking about??

TONY: All right, Boo, that's enough. Tom, give it a rest. Go cool your giblets.

TOM stalks off to downstage right to sulk. TONY turns to PADDY.

TONY: My name's Tony. Tony Cupid. Nice to meet ya.

TONY holds out a hand to PADDY, who moves to shake it. Instead of shaking his hand, TONY suddenly jerks his/her hand back and runs it smoothly through his/her hair.

PADDY: You're Cupid??

TONY: I'm one of 'em.

PADDY: I thought there was only one Cupid.

TONY: That's a common misconception. There's actually a whole bunch of us running around. Kind of like a... like a...

PADDY: A gang??

TOM: *(Piping up knowledgeably from downstage right.)* A group of turkeys is called a gang.

TONY: Hey now! We don't like throwing the G-word around here. We're more like... a family. Yeah, that's it. A family.

TOM: *(Under his breath.)* Like the mob is a family?

TONY turns aggressively to TOM, ready to fight.

TONY: Hey! Butterball! Are you talking to me??

SKIP: *(Nervously.)* Oh please. Not this again.

SKIP begins twitching nervously. PADDY looks over at SKIP.

PADDY: *(To SKIP.)* Hey... Rabbit. Are you okay?

SKIP: *(Wailing loudly.)* No, I am not okay!

PADDY jumps back in surprise.

GWEN: *(To PADDY.)* And that would be Skip, the world's most neurotic Easter bunny.

SKIP: Well, you would be too if you had a job like mine! Hide the eggs, hide the eggs! Hurry! Don't let them see you! No one should see the

rabbit who hides the eggs. Talk about pressure! Easter bunnies don't even lay eggs!

TOM: Egg laying is overrated. Don't give it another thought.

SKIP: Easy for you to say. All you have to do is strut around and suddenly, you're being invited to the White House!

TOM: I know. Isn't Thanksgiving grand?

HAL enters from upstage left, bright and cheery, holding a clipboard, and moves to center. BOO sneaks around behind him/her.

HAL: Good morning, everybody! And how are we all doing on this beautiful day?

HAL is met by a series of glares, with the exception of PADDY, who simply looks confused.

HAL: Oh. That good, huh? Well, we'll get started here in a minute and see if we can't lift those spirits. *(A sudden realization and suspicion.)* Spirits. Wait. Where's Boo?

BOO jumps out at HAL from behind. HAL jumps and lets out a little comical shriek.

HAL: Boo! Stop that! You're going to scare me to death!

BOO: Good. Then we can hang out all the time.

GWEN: That's not creepy at all.

TOM: It most certainly is creepy.

GWEN: It's called "sarcasm," Tom.

HAL: Yes, Gwen. And we are all aware that you speak it fluently. But that's not why we're here.

HAL suddenly notices PADDY at downstage left.

HAL: Ah! We have a newcomer. *(Consulting the clipboard.)* And you must be Paddy O'Malley, our unlucky little leprechaun.

SKIP: Unlucky???

SKIP slides not-too-discreetly away from PADDY.

HAL: Now, now. Let's not make our newcomer feel uncomfortable.

HAL turns to PADDY and extends a hand. PADDY shakes hesitantly.

HAL: Hi, Paddy. I'm Hal. Founder and head holiday coach of Hal Mark's Holiday Training School!

TONY: *(With a loud artificial cough.)* Hallmark.

PADDY: What exactly do you do at a Holiday Training School?

HAL wraps an arm around PADDY'S shoulders and walks him downstage center.

HAL: Well, you know how it goes, Paddy. Every now and then a holiday character gets a little bit... confused as to their role in the holiday. We're here just to get them straightened out.

PADDY: And it works? Straightening them out?

HAL: Of course! Let me tell you about our star pupil, our biggest success story!

TOM: *(With a sigh.)* Here he/she goes again.

As HAL narrates, GERTIE enters downstage left and begins to pantomime the actions HAL is describing.

HAL: Once upon a time in the town of Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania, there was a groundhog named Phil—

PADDY: *(Gesturing to HAL and GERTIE.)* Whoa, wait! He/she just said... and she just appeared... is anyone else seeing this??

TONY: It's Holiday World. Just go with it.

HAL: Well, one day Phil suddenly found himself on the verge of career catastrophe!

BOO: Why? Did he die?

TONY: Did he decide to open a Holiday Training School?

HAL: No! Now be quiet, all of you. You already know the story! Now where was I?

BOO: I think Phil just died.

HAL: No, Phil most certainly did not die!

TOM: I wish he would. I'm so sick and tired of hearing about this overgrown squirrel!

GWEN: Now you know how we feel when you talk.

HAL: May I continue??

TONY, TOM, GWEN, and BOO voice reluctant apologies.

HAL: Thank you. Well, Phil had been doing an admirable job of predicting the end of winter for a number of years. But suddenly one year he woke up a bit... confused. Instead of coming out only on February second to look for his shadow, he began coming out every single day!

PADDY: Hey! I think I remember this story!

TONY: Probably. It was all over the news.

TOM: A news story about a rodent who's gone senile. Riveting.

HAL: As you can imagine, Phil's unpredictable behavior confused the small town. The whole world, really! So, they sent him here, to Hal Mark's Holiday Training School.

TONY: *(With a loud artificial cough.)* Hallmark.

HAL: Within a week, we had reset Phil's internal alarm clock and he went back to predicting the end of winter just once a year: on February second.

GERTIE suddenly stops pantomiming and turns to HAL.

GERTIE: Uh, Hal? That's not exactly how the story went.

HAL: What—?! You... you can talk??

PADDY: *(To HAL.)* It's Holiday World; just go with it.

GERTIE: And the name's Gertie, not Phil. Phil's my uncle.

HAL: Gertie? But... where's Phil?

TOM: Yes. Where is this holiday miracle we've heard so much about?

GERTIE: *(Hesitantly.)* Well...

TONY: He did die!

BOO: See? I told you.

GERTIE: To be fair, Uncle Phil was getting up there in years. Shortly after he got back from his holiday training, he just keeled right over.

GWEN: *(Sarcastically.)* And they all lived happily ever after.

SKIP: The Holiday Training School killed him?!?

HAL: Now, Skip, let's not overreact. I'm sure that's not the case.

GERTIE: Yeah, well, regardless, I've been filling in for Uncle Phil on February second ever since. Just want to make sure you get the story straight.

GERTIE exits stage left.

TOM: So much for the Holiday Training School success story!

HAL: Never mind him. What we do here does work, Paddy, I assure you.

PADDY: So, you think you can fix my unlucky streak?

HAL: Please! A little bit of bad luck? Piece of cake! Now, let's get started. First, why don't we go around the room and introduce ourselves?

TONY: Why? We already know each other.

HAL: Yes, but Paddy doesn't.

TONY: Sure, he does. He's been standing around here listening to us for the last ten minutes while we were all waiting for you!

HAL: I do apologize for the delay. Unfortunately, I was dealing with a situation about an... applicant who had been rejected. (*Turning to PADDY.*) You see, Paddy, we can't take in every holiday character who applies. That makes you special!

GWEN: (*Mockingly to PADDY.*) Yes. You're special. I'm special. We're all special.

HAL: Gwen, since you seem so chatty today, why don't you start?

GWEN: You just gave him my name.

HAL: Then why don't we also go around and tell Paddy why we're here?

GWEN: (*Deadpan.*) Do we have to?

HAL: Yes. We'll call this activity number one today.

GWEN: (*Sighing.*) Fine.

GWEN turns to PADDY, dripping with sarcasm. BOO sneaks off upstage right.

GWEN: Hi, Paddy. I'm Gwen Kringle. I'm one of Santa's elves. And apparently, the fat man in red thinks—

HAL: (*Warningly.*) Gwen...

GWEN: Fine. Santa thinks, for an elf, I don't have enough Christmas spirit. *(To HAL, deadpan again.)* There. Happy?

HAL: Yes. I appreciate the effort. Thank you. Moving on?

TONY: I guess that would be me. I'm Tony. Tony Cupid. One of the Cupids. I shoot people and they fall in love.

HAL: But that's not why you're here, is it?

TONY: *(Sullenly.)* No.

HAL: Then why are you here?

TONY: I shot the wrong guy a few times. So, I have an itchy trigger finger. So, sue me.

GWEN: *(To PADDY.)* I wouldn't, if I were you.

TONY: *(To GWEN, borderline threatening.)* Hey! You wanna be next?

PADDY: So, you're here because you shot too many people to make them fall in love? I don't see how that's a problem.

TONY: How do you figure?

PADDY: Well, given the divorce rate nowadays, seems like we could all use a little more love. Maybe you should be shooting everybody.

SKIP: Excuse me?!

TONY: Yeah! I should be shooting everybody! Hal, I think this guy's/gal's got something!

HAL: No, he/she doesn't, Tony. And please don't force me to confiscate your weapon.

SKIP: You haven't confiscated his/her weapon yet?!?

HAL: Let's just move on, okay? Boo? That brings us to you.

HAL turns to BOO, but she has disappeared.

HAL: *(Looking around.)* Boo? ...Boo? *(Sighing deeply.)* Not again.

HAL exit upstage right.

PADDY: *(To GWEN.)* Did he/she just say "boo?"

GWEN: Yes.

PADDY: Boo... who?

GWEN: *(A beat.)* Are you kidding me right now?

TONY: Give him a break, Gwen. He's a leprechaun. His holiday practically coincides with April Fools' Day.

GWEN: I'll try to keep that in mind.

GWEN turns back to PADDY.

GWEN: *(With an irritable sigh and attitude.)* Boo is the resident Halloween ghost. She likes to jump out and scare people. And it's totally annoying.

PADDY: Isn't that what ghosts are supposed to do?

GWEN: Well, yes. But there's one problem...

The stage lights suddenly go out. BOO lets out an ear-piercing shriek from offstage. The stage lights come back on.

GWEN: She's afraid of the dark.

PADDY: Oh. Yeah, that would be a problem.

HAL re-enters from upstage right with BOO clutching onto him/her for dear life.

HAL: I'm sorry, Boo. You know I hate to do it. If you would only stop hiding during group activities—

BOO: You turned out the lights! I can't believe you turned out the lights!

HAL: I know. I'm sorry.

BOO: I may be a ghost, but you're a monster!

BOO rejoins the circle. PADDY turns to her.

PADDY: Afraid of the dark, huh? That's too bad. You're really gonna hate this Halloween then.

BOO: Halloween? Why? I love Halloween! It's my favorite holiday!

PADDY: Well, yeah, but there's supposed to be a total lunar eclipse this Halloween.

BOO: A total lunar eclipse? Is that where the moon disappears??

PADDY: Yeah! They're calling it the darkest night in three thousand years!

BOO: *(Clearly terrified.)* The darkest night?? In three thousand years?!??

HAL: *(Sharply.)* Paddy!

PADDY: Yes, sir/ma'am?

HAL: Maybe you should just... listen for the rest of this group exercise, okay?

PADDY: Oh. Okay.

NYA: Exercise? Did somebody say exercise??

SOUND FX: upbeat workout music, optional.

From the back of the house, NYA gets the audience to start clapping to the rhythm. A few of the characters onstage join in unenthusiastically. PADDY joins in, looking around in confusion.

NYA jogs down through the audience and up onto the stage. As she passes audience members, she can be encouraging them to "Keep that head up" and "Lift those knees higher" and "Come on! You can do it!" Once onstage, she comes to a stop at downstage center and gives a glowing smile to the audience.

NYA: *(Speaking to the audience.)* Hi there, everybody! Are we all ready to become the best versions of ourselves for the new year?

PADDY: *(To GWEN.)* Who is that?

GWEN: *(Groaning.)* That's New Year Nya. Hal just got rid of her.

PADDY: Who is she talking to?

GWEN: Who knows?

HAL hurries up to NYA.

HAL: Nya! What are you still doing here? I thought you left?

NYA: Hal, Hal, Hal. I'm gone for half a day and you've already forgotten your resolution to be more confident!

HAL: Hey! I thought we told you those resolutions in private!

NYA turns toward the rest of the characters onstage, hands on hips.

NYA: Fortunately, I'm back! And just in time to get you all whipped into shape for the new year!

ALL, except HAL and PADDY, groan.

TONY: Not this again!

TOM: Will somebody please tell her that round is a shape?

NYA: First things first. We need to make some serious dietary changes in this group. Boo?

BOO: Yes?

NYA: No more candy.

BOO: No more candy?!??

NYA crosses to SKIP and pokes him/her in the belly.

NYA: You too, Skip. Those marshmallow Peeps aren't doing you any favors.

SKIP: I beg your pardon??

NYA turns to TONY.

NYA: And, Cupid? Quit with all the chocolate, okay? Falling in love doesn't have to mean putting on the pounds together.

TONY: Who made this broad the holiday mob boss?!?

NYA walks over to PADDY.

NYA: And you. You're new.

PADDY: I'm Paddy.

NYA: Hi, Paddy. I'm New Year Nya. (*Circling PADDY, obviously examining his/her waistline.*) And what do you usually eat?

GWEN: (*To PADDY.*) Don't tell her.

PADDY: I don't know. I guess... potatoes, corned beef, and cabbage?

NYA: Corned beef?? Well, that's got to go. It'll clog your arteries!

PADDY: It will?

NYA: And you can lose the potatoes too.

PADDY: I can?

NYA: But the cabbage? Go ahead and eat as much cabbage as you want.

PADDY: Oh. Okay. Thank you?

NYA: (*Shouting at SKIP.*) Did you hear that, Whiskers? Maybe you should try eating some cabbage for a change.

SKIP: (*Offended.*) Is she talking to me??

NYA faces out toward the audience again at downstage center, hands on hips.

NYA: Okay! And now it's time for a ten mile run! Is everybody ready?

HAL: You go right ahead, Nya. We'll follow you.

NYA: Okie dokie! Try to keep up, okay?

NYA jogs offstage and down through the audience to the back of the house. The other characters sigh in relief. Some wave goodbye.

GWEN: Can we lock the door behind her this time?

HAL: Yes! Tony, can you take care of that?

TONY exits the stage, runs to the back of the house, and closes the door behind NYA. When finished, he/she returns to the stage.

HAL: Now. Where were we? Oh. Right. Introductions. Okay. Who's next?

TOM struts to downstage center.

TOM: I suppose that would be me. Thomas A. Turkey. State Fair blue-ribbon winner. Star appearance in this upcoming Macy's Thanksgiving's Day Parade. And special invited guest to the White House by the president himself.

GWEN: And a partridge in a pear tree.

TOM: A partridge?? Please. Look at these tail feathers! Don't insult me.

HAL: *(Under his breath.)* And I thought the NBC peacock was bad.

HAL joins TOM at downstage center, standing on TOM'S right.

HAL: Yes, Tom. That's all well and good. But why are you here?

TOM: I would assume I'm here so you can instruct me in the proper protocol for meeting such an important head of state.

GWEN: Not exactly.

HAL: (*Patting him on the shoulder.*) It's okay, Tom. We'll keep working on it.

PADDY joins TOM at downstage center, standing on TOM'S left.

PADDY: Wait a minute. Isn't somebody going to tell him?

TOM: (*Looking at PADDY.*) Tell me what?

HAL: It's not the right time, Paddy.

TOM: (*Looking at HAL.*) Tell me what??

PADDY: He has a right to know.

TOM: (*Looking at PADDY.*) Know what??

HAL: (*Warningly.*) You're out of line here, Paddy. I'm the head coach of the Holiday Training School, not you. I will tell him when he's ready.

TOM: (*Looking at HAL.*) Tell me WHAT?!??

PADDY: Thanksgiving is a day all about you.

TOM: Well, of course, it is.

HAL: Paddy!

PADDY: Because you're the main course!

TOM: The main course? I... I don't understand.

TOM looks around at ALL, who all avoid his glance.

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