

Find The Music Within

(Sample Script)

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E.K.Productions Musical

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Find The Music Within

1.

Opening

Song: Heaven and Earth (Sung by angels.)

(Main curtains are closed. Drum roll to signal angels to enter. Angels enter in a silent and holy manner, from front and side entrances. Once in position on stage, music begins. Spotlight appears on both Charlotte and Cyril who enter at side of stage oblivious to each other, then stand frozen on the stage looking directly ahead to the audience. When song finishes, Charlotte and Cyril exit stage followed by angels.)

Main Curtain Opens -

*(On stage is the school choir and their teacher. Sr. Maud. She has lined her students up to sing. One of the students gives a loud yawn and is admonished by Sr. Maud. (Eg: **Henry stop your yawning.**) They begin to sing but there is one child who is singing and playing the triangle out of time. Sr. Maud stops the choir.)*

Choir: There's a track winding back to an old fashion shack.....

(Much to everyone's horror, Charlotte prances around the stage, tinging the triangle and singing out of key.)

Sr. Maud: Stop! Stop! Just wait a minute everyone. Charlotte, dear, you're playing the triangle with such, um.... gusto today. I was wondering if you could possibly try hitting the triangle in time with the music?

Charlotte: *(Steps forward quite proud of herself.)* But I was hitting the triangle in time with the music Sr. Maud.

Sr. Maud: *(Surprised!)* You were? Oh to be sure you were. Well, maybe you could play the..... kazoo!

Student 1: Don't you remember Sr Maud? Charlotte tried the kazoo last music lesson and you took it off her.

Sr. Maud: Oh so I did.

Student 2: *(Exasperated.)* And the lesson before that you asked if she could mime rather than sing, because she had such a lovely strong voice, she was drowning the rest of us out.

Sr. Maud: Well, be that as it may, I think we might call it a day for choir practise. You can all just head off home now, and you, Harold. Don't you be forgetting your maths homework again, or it will definitely be a call to your Mum and Dad.

Harold: *(Whinges.)* Awh, but Sr. Maud, I've got footy training and then I have to.....

Sr. Maud: *(Sternly)* Harold.

Harold: *(Resignedly)* Yes Sister Maud.
(Choir exit stage. Charlotte is left behind with Sr. Maud.)

Charlotte: *(Downhearted)* I'm sorry I'm not very good at music Sr. Maud. I know how much you want to win the Choral Festival this year.

Sister Maud: *(Puts her arm around Charlotte's shoulders.)* Ah the Choral Festival is not that all important. Charlotte, I'm a great believer that everyone has the music within, but for some of us, *(sighs)*, it just takes a bit longer to find. Now don't you be worrying about it. I have great faith that things will work out. They always do.
(Charlotte with her head down, exits the stage and Sr. Maud is left on stage to say a little prayer.)

Sr. Maud: *(She looks upward and makes the Sign of the Cross.)* Now, I hate to be bothering you, but a little help and assistance wouldn't go astray. If you could be seeing your way clear, to give poor wee Charlotte a helping hand to find the music within, I'd be truly grateful. Amen.
(Sr. Maud goes to exit stage and then stops and looks up towards heaven again) PS. A little help in winning the Choral Festival wouldn't go astray either. A double Amen. *(Sr. Maud exits stage.)*

Lights go down/ Lights come up

(Angels enter stage. Some stay in the background pretending to talk to each other and show off their instruments. Angels Monique, Flo and Charlie enter and walk to centre stage. They're very excited about auditioning for the Heavenly Choir. One angel is holding a harp, another a trumpet.)

Angel Monique: *(Singing the scales)* Me me me me! It's all about me!

Angel Charlie. Monique, you sound great. You're a shoe in.

Angel Monique: Really Charlie? Nah, you're just saying that.

Angel Charlie: No really. You sound awesome. The Heavenly Choir & Ensemble are going to love you.

Angel Flo: I'm so nervous I'm moulting. *(Throws a small handful of feathers into the air)* It's not often a place opens up in the top angels' choir, let alone four of them.

Angel Charlie: Yeah, and they're not only looking for singers, but angels who can play instruments as well, so you and I have got it covered. You play the meanest harp in heaven and just wait until they hear me on the trumpet. Man! We're gonna blow their halos off.

Song 2. Waiting For Eternity to Show our Stuff. *(Sung by angels.)*

(After the song Angel Monique looks a little sad and thoughtful.)

Angel Flo: Why so glum, chum?

Angel Monique: I'm worried about Cyril. He's got his heart set on being part of the choir and ensemble. He's been practising for centuries.

Angel Charlie: Yeah, he definitely loves his music. Just a pity he's not very good at it.

(Angel Cyril enters singing loudly and off key.)

Cyril: "Yeah, it's a long way to the top if you want to get to heaven. Oh yeah!" *(The other angels cringe and block their ears. He's oblivious to the fact that he sounds dreadful.)* Brilliant! I sound brilliant! Are you guys pumped or what? I have a repertoire of songs ready to sing for the audition and just in case, wait for it... I've decided to play the harp and trumpet!

Angel Flo. *(Astonished and worried.)* But you don't play the harp or trumpet Cyril.

Cyril: *(Happily)* Not until this morning Flo, but seriously, I'm an angel, how hard can it be?

(Cyril exit stage, followed by the other 3 angels who seem a little concerned.)

Lights go down/Lights go up

(The Heavenly Choir & Ensemble remain on stage and get into their positions ready to perform. Angel sets up a music stand for the conductor. Choir Conductor and Angel Millicent enter. Reggae Mike swaggers in, clicks his

fingers to the audience. Choir Conductor taps his podium, raises his baton ready to start. Angel Millicent spots that Reggae Mike is wearing sunglasses. She goes to the Choir Conductor and whispers to him about Reggae Mike and his violation of the uniform code.)

Choir Conductor: *(In frustration.)* Reggae Mike, this is the third time this millennium you have flagrantly flaunted the rules of Heavenly Choir uniform. First, it was wearing your halo back to front. Next, you decided to let your feathers grow in some sort of weird, feathery style. Oh Millicent, what did he call it?

Angel Millicent: *(With disdain looking straight at the audience.)* A mullet!

Choir Conductor: Yes a mullet. Now what sane type of being would be caught wearing such an atrocity? And now. Now you've decided that you need sunglasses.

Reggae Mike: Choir Conductor, Man, I prefer to call dem shades.

Choir Conductor: Well, I don't care what you call them, they're not part of The Heavenly Choir uniform. Millicent, check what it says in the Heavenly Golden Scroll.

Angel Millicent: *(Smugly reads from the scroll)* Uniform. The uniform for all Heavenly Choir members is gown, floor length. Wings, standard issue, and halo to be worn in the appropriate and fitting manner of an angel.

Reggae Mike: Here let me look!

(Angel Millicent overreacts - with a hi yah! Karate motion.)

Angel Millicent: Hi Yah! No one touches Heavenly Golden Scroll. So, hands off.

Choir Conductor: Tell me Millicent. Is there any mention of sunglasses?
(Angel Millicent scans down the scroll.)

Angel Millicent: No sunglasses are mentioned anywhere. Have a look, but don't touch!

Choir Conductor: *(Reggae Mike, puts his hands behind his back after a look from Millicent.)* See. Nothing, nada, zip! Now. Take them off.

Reggae Mike: *(Tries to sweet talk the Choir Conductor around.)* Ah come on. Does it hurt to be a little bit different? Be an individual? You know, break out of da mould? So how about it, man? *(He starts to talk the conductor into having a go. He temptingly holds out the sunglasses, and the Choir Conductor mesmerised, reaches for them.)* How about being da coolest angel in heaven? Come on, you know you want to try dem on. *(The conductor nearly succumbs to temptation but snaps out of it.)*

Choir Conductor: No! No! Now that is quite enough. If you weren't one of the best singers in the choir, why I'd.....

Choir Angel: *(Enters with the little angels)* Choir Conductor, the angels are ready to audition.
(Reggae Angel Mike tries to sneak off, but the conductor has the last word.)

Choir Conductor: And I am so not finished with you yet.
(Reggae Angel Mike goes and stands back with the rest of the choir. Little angels are looking very nervous but excited.)

Choir Conductor: Welcome angels, I'm guessing you're all here to audition for the choir and ensemble?

(Little angels all nod their heads.)

Choir Conductor: So, who's first?

Angel Monique: *(Hand goes up and steps forward. She sings "Swing Low Sweet Chariot" beautifully and finishes with a lovely alleluia.)*

Choir Conductor: Well, done. Next.

Angels Charlie and Angel Flo: *(They have their turns at the harp and trumpet. Both are brilliant. Pre-recorded music of harp and trumpet are played.)*

Choir Conductor: Most impressive. Next. *(Cyril steps forward with loads of confidence.)*

Cyril: Hold onto your halos everybody. *(Angels grab their halos.)* I can guarantee you'll never have heard anything like this before. *(He lets loose, singing, "Row, row, row your boat, up amongst the clouds. Listen to me play and sing rocking way out loud. Yeah." Everyone is standing frozen with mouths open, thunderstruck!)* So, what do you think?

Choir Conductor: *(Absolutely flabbergasted and horrified at what he has just heard, but unsure how to tell Cyril just how terrible he was.)* Well. Well. I simply have to agree with you. You were absolutely right. I can definitely say that none of us have ever heard anything like that before. Now just wait here, while we have a chat for a moment and we'll make our decision.

(Choir Conductor goes and discusses the situation with other choir members and then returns with an answer.)

Conductor: Congratulations Angels Monique, Charlie and Flo, you are now part of The Heavenly Choir and Ensemble. Please step forward for your choir badges.

(The 3 angels step forward and are presented with their choir badges.)

Cyril: *(Is left standing by himself, looking very bewildered.)* But what about me? Wait, I know my audition wasn't unique enough. Here, let me try the cymbals.

(He grabs the cymbals off one of the angels and starts to clang, bash and sing, making another dreadful noise. Another angel wrestles the cymbals off Cyril.)

Choir Conductor: *(Trying to break the news gently.)* Cyril, Cyril. You just haven't quite got what we're looking for. You lack, how can I say this, so you'll understand? You lack..... What's the word I'm looking for?

Cyril: Originality?

Choir Conductor: No.

Cyril: Flair?

Choir Conductor: No.

Cyril: Expression?

Angel Millicent: *(Bluntly.)* Oh, for heaven's sake. Talent. What he's trying to tell you is that you ain't got no musical talent.

Cyril: *(Completely thrown.)* Ain't got no musical talent? But I'm an angel. I've got to have musical talent. Whoever heard of an angel with no musical ability?

Another Choir Angel: *(Bluntly.)* Truth? There's actually never been an angel with no musical ability, but I guess there's a first time for everything.

Song 3: Got No Rhythm, Got No Rhyme *(Sung by angels.)*

Cyril: *(Despairingly.)* But all I've ever dreamed of my whole existence was to be part of the choir. Please let me join? *(He grabs the conductor's gown and begs.)* I'll do anything.

Choir Conductor: *(Pauses and considers an idea.)* Well, there is an opening in the musical instrument maintenance department.

Cyril: *(Very excitedly.)* Musical instrument maintenance department! Yay! I'll take it..... *(Stops and asks.)* What's the musical instrument maintenance department?

Angel Millicent: *(Bluntly.)* You polish the instruments.

(They all leave their instruments with Cyril and go off stage. Cyril is left with his friends and Reggae Mike who is standing to one side listening. His friends give their condolences.)

Angel Monique. I'm so sorry Cyril.