

The Little League Drug Ring

A melodramatic educational children's piece in one act
A series of lies based on a fictional story

By: Will Hightower

CAST

(In order of ~~importance~~ appearance)

Narrator – The mysterious omnipotent person who... Well, narrates.

Detective Bravado (DB) – He is the ultimate detective for the city of AnyCity, USA. Women want him and men want to be him. He is intelligent, strong, and, of course, incredibly handsome.

Neil McNosey (voice) - The head of the neighborhood watch program. A nerdy worrywart.

Mom (voice) - The sweet yet forceful mother of Detective Bravado.

Brandon – A school child of about 10 years and he is a mere pawn in the much larger game of life. Slow for his age with a permanent dumb expression.

Schoolyard Children – A variety of school age children who occupy the playground area.

Colton – Age 11. The younger brother of DB and is extremely cool for his age. He is the typical skater punk with a sharp mind and tongue. The “leader of the pack”

The children can be played by females/males/little people if needed, such as in college productions. All “voices” can be recordings.

Setting

Just another day in the neighborhood in Anycity, USA.

Time: Present day

Scene 1: The Detective’s Apartment. Morning.

Scene 2: The local playground. Afternoon.

ACT I

Lights up and we see a typical apartment with a bed, nightstand, table, one chair and door to the “office.” The room is a glorious display of the very obvious lack of a woman’s touch. Slim to none decorations and only a sign on the door that says “The Office.” A phone and answering machine rest on the nightstand. The bed is unmade and clothes are scattered on the floor. The NARRATOR enters, possibly smoking. He/she is the mysterious/sexy and is either dressed in a trench coat and hat (male) or swanky little dress (female). Whenever he/she speaks, the action on stage should freeze or go dark unless stated otherwise.

Narrator- Now, let me tell you a story, a story about the greatest man who ever lived. This one man has done more for our safety than we, as normal humans, will ever comprehend. I know what you’re thinking, and no, sorry, it isn’t George W. Bush. This man was a mere detective and he single handedly defended America from the world’s craziest villains; Osama Bin Laden, Kim Jong-Il, and Britney Spears. *[Shudders]* He mainly dealt with large mafia cases on a state and federal level and was considered the greatest mastermind in undercover operations, but he will always be remembered as the man who arrested Paris Hilton. This proverbial “Ace” up our sleeve, this jack of all trades, this renaissance man of a million faces, the long arm of the law and the only man who beat up Chuck Norris was none other than Detective Bravado!

Enter Detective Bravado brushing his teeth while dressed in the most ridiculous pajamas a man has ever worn. Possibly a thong sticking out.

Narrator- Lights up on the lavish apartment of the man of every woman’s dreams. It was a day like any other day... *[Exits]*

Detective Bravado- Or so I thought! *[The phone rings] [Answering with speakerphone]* Detective Bravado speaking. *[goes into the “Office”]*

Neil (voice from the speaker) - Detective? This is Neil McNosey of the local neighborhood watch in Anycity, you got a minute?

DB (from offstage) - I’m in the office now, but I can talk. What do you need?

Neil- I call with you an urgent request. The parents and I are worried about a drug problem that might be affecting the local kids. We have noticed suspicious behavior such as kids huddled in the corners of playgrounds in small circles, but when we come to investigate, they scatter like cockroaches. Money left on counters, in purses, and spare change have mysteriously gone missing. Similar reports have been springing up in the nearby areas and the parents fear the worst. The future generation is at stake, can you help us?

DB- *[Coming from the office zipping up his pants, maybe a toilet paper trailing from his shoe]* What?!

Neil- I said, the parents and I are worried about---

DB- I heard what you said, but I said, “What?!” in order to vocalize my disbelief that children would be capable of such foul acts of indecency.

Neil- What?

DB- I said, that I heard what you said, but---

Neil- No, I heard what you said, but *I* said, “What” because I didn’t understand.

DB- Oh... I’ll take the case! *[Hangs up and exits]*

Scene 2:

Enter NARRATOR; scene change to the park takes place as he talks. The park has a few benches and trees maybe a scattered bike, skateboard or scooter. Kids gather in a tight circle.

Narrator- He knew what he had to do to crack this case. He was going to embark on his toughest mission yet and go undercover as a school age child! He put together the best disguise ever seen on stage or screen. He reminisced about this very neighborhood where just a few years ago he spent his own childhood. Being the smart cookie that he was, in order to not look suspicious himself, he had his mother drop him off at the local park.

Detective Bravado enters wearing overalls, a shirt, and a beanie with a propeller on top. All too tight and too small on him. Possibly a large lollipop.

Mom (offstage) – (sweetly) Where’s my goodbye kiss?

DB stops in his tracks but ignores the request

Mom (offstage) - I know you can hear me, where’s my kiss?

DB- Mom, come on, I’m 25---

Mom (offstage) - SHELDON! NOW!

DB- Yes mother! *[rushes offstage and reenters wiping off the kiss]*

DB does what is being described by the NARRATOR as he/she says it.

Narrator- He began to explore this breeding ground for miscreant minors and juvenile delinquents. He spotted one of the child clusters he had heard about and hurried over. These kids were probably strung out on whatever they could get their little prepubescent hands on.

DB approaches the circle and they disperse

DB- I know, I’ll open casual conversation with a member to get information. *[walks over to BRANDON]* Boy, 90 degrees in November? At this rate I don’t know what will kill me first, global warming or the fact that the stock market is showing signs of a second depression due to the falling price of housing. Do you think that the major corporations could really have long term business goals when all of their decisions involving the environment show a certain blind eye to the fact that we’ll destroy the world while trying to become rich and live eternally?

Brandon- Uh... huh?

Narrator- Stoned! He was probably higher than Cheech AND Chong if he couldn’t understand what was going on in the world. Or worse yet, he just didn’t care. Now he had to lure him away from the other kids, but how?

Beat

DB- I found a dead cat over there!

Brandon- Cool!

They walk away from the other kids to a bench

Narrator- Finally, they were alone and it was time to take off the kid gloves and take action. *[Exits]*

DB pushes BRANDON on the bench and handcuffs him to it. He takes off the beanie and BRANDON gasps as it becomes clear that DB is not a real kid.

Brandon- Hey, you're not a kid!

DB- Cat's out of the bag now! Your turn. Who is the leader of your organization?!

Brandon- The what?

DB- The leader! Who is the LEADER!?

Brandon- The leader? Uh... Well, I guess it could only be one kid that is the leader. All the kids follow him around in a straight line and do whatever he does. They even sing the theme song, "Follow the leader, the leader, the leader..."

DB- What's he look like?

Brandon- Long hair, skull shirt, backpack...

DB- A backpack, of course! A way to transport the goods without looking suspicious. Smart kid.

Brandon- Oh, he looks like that kid. *[Points to COLTON]*

DB- That's my mark. Thanks kid. *[DB leaves and starts to go over to COLTON]*

Brandon- Hey! What about me? Can I go home now? The political debate is coming on.

DB goes and unlocks the handcuffs

DB- Go home and stay out of trouble okay?

Brandon- *[Running to the other kids]* Look out! He's a cop! I know his appearance and demeanor are convincing but he's not a misbehaving adolescent like ourselves, he's a private detective contracted by the neighborhood watch to investigate our suspicious activities!

Kids (Together) - What?

Brandon- I said, Look out! He's a cop! I know---

Kids (Together) - We heard you, but we don't understand what you're saying.

Beat

Brandon- RUN!

They scatter and exit while COLTON hops on a scooter and takes off around the stage. DB hijacks a big wheel, tricycle or small bike and takes off after him. They chase each other for as long as you wish, be creative, it's fun! Finally DB tackles COLTON and they tumble to the ground, DB is on top holding him down. DB brushes the hair out of his eyes and realizes the truth.

DB- Colton?! My own little brother is the ring leader of this 5-star drug buffet of a kid circus?

Colton- Yeah, what of it, stupid face?

DB- Hey! Lay off the language, we have an audience out there. Now what's in backpack, huh? What's the local drug of choice?

Colton- None of your business, doo-doo head!

DB- *[Slaps (or punches, do as you would your own children) Colton]* What

did I tell you? Now give me that backpack. *[grabs for it]*

Colton- No!

They struggle with a tug-o-war type match until the backpack bursts open and cards go flying about the stage.

Narrator- *[Entering]* Now what was in the bag? What were these kids gathering around, obsessing over and buying, selling and trading in huddled masses?

DB- *[picking one up]* Pokémon Cards?! All of this over Pokémon cards?

Colton- *[Picking up the cards and putting them in his pockets]* You owe me a new Spider-Man backpack jerk! *[kicks DB in the crotch]* And I'm telling mom! *[runs off and exits]*

No freeze.

Narrator- Detective Bravado collected his... *[DB grabs his crotch as if to count his balls]...* Thoughts and walked off into the sunset. *[DB slowly walks up stage into the lights that look like a sunset until he hits the scrim or back wall] ...* Idiot.

Scene 3:

Scene goes back to the apartment while he speaks

Narrator- We should all worry for the youth of this great nation. Pokémon is a gateway game and only leads to bigger and harder games like Yu-Gi-Oh and Magic the Gathering. Disgusting. Now, Detective Bravado went back home-sweet-home to end the day. *[Exits]*

Enter DB who presses the button on the answering machine, he has a message.

Mom- *[Calmly]* Sheldon dear, this is your mother, you know, from dinner last week? I gave birth to you? Anyway, I talked to Colton... YOU'RE GROUNDED!

Lights outs

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