



By

MARK LANDON SMITH

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

CYRUS GRANVILLE

THEODORE RUNE

CHRISTIAN LASZLO

BERTRAM CORAL

HAZEL AMITY

ANSEL PALADIN

OONA BLISS

THAT OTHER WIZARD SCHOOL

(In the beginning, we hear a loud explosion followed by music and a booming voice announcing...)

BOOMING VOICE: PREPARE TO BE SPELLBOUND, CHARMED AND BEWITCHED! TRANSPORTED TO A WORLD OF MAGIC AT THE INSITUTE OF IMPOSSIBLE FEATS BY TRICKS, ABRACADABRA AND HOCUS POCUS. OTHERWISE KNOWN AS...

ALL ACTORS: THAT OTHER WIZARD SCHOOL!

(The music rises as the actors take their places.)

CYRUS: Our story begins...

THEODORE: As most stories do...

CHRISTIAN: At the beginning.

BERTRAM: But since we are beyond the beginning...

THISBE: We'll have to employ a bit of magic...

ALL: AND WE ALL LOVE MAGIC!

HAZEL: To take us *back* to the beginning.

ANZEL: Which is where our story begins...

OONA: So everyone raise your wands and repeat after us...

ALL: BACKWARD, REARWARD. BACK TO FRONT.

(Audience repeats.)

ALL: TIME ANTIPODE!

(Audience repeats. There is a sound effect as the actors cast their wands, twirl in a circle and into their places.)

CYRUS: The time?

THEODORE: A long, long time ago.

CHRISTIAN: Okay...last Thursday.

BERTRAM: And a boy sat alone in his room, daydreaming.

THISBE: About being a wizard.

CYRUS: Sigh. How alone I am in my room daydreaming about being a wizard.

HAZEL: Suddenly there was a knock on the door.

(The actors stomp their feet three times. Then turn their backs to CYRUS.)

CYRUS: Ah! A knock at my door!

(CYRUS crosses to the actors who have created a wall with one being the door, behind which stands ANZEL.)

ANZEL: Hello, there, Cyrus!

CYRUS: How did you know my name?

ANZEL: Simple pimple. I'm Anzel Paladin! A wizard/witch and I come bearing glad tidings! I know through my wizardy/witchy ways you've been here alone in your room, daydreaming about being a wizard. Therefore I've been sent to invite you to attend...

CYRUS: Wait! Wait! You mean I've been invited to attend the world famous magic school known as...

ANZEL: Okay. Hold on. No, no, no, no, no. I am afraid you haven't been invited to THAT prestigious school. BUT, you have been invited to TOWS.

CYRUS: TOES? T.O.E.S.?

ANZEL: Not "toes"... "tows"... T.O.W.S... That Other Wizard School. The one down the street and around the corner of that *other* one. The one you momentarily thought you were being invited to and were very excited about. Sorry.

CYRUS: That *is* disappointing.

ANZEL: Oh, please, pretty please come to TOWS! You'll learn to be a wizard. Sorta. And we have ping pong. And we're trying to beef up our enrollment.

CYRUS: I dunno. I *do* want to be a wizard. Going to TOWS *will* get me away from here. Where I live under a stair.

ANZEL: Don't you mean "stairs".

CYRUS: No. Stair. Just one stair. This place is *really* small.

ANZEL: Well say "ta-ta" to the stair, because we are flying off to TOWS on sub-standard brooms!

CYRUS: Ta-ta stair!

ANZEL: And I brought one for you, too. Thanks to the BOGO special.

CYRUS: BOGO? Is that a magical term?

ANZEL: It is for a frugal consumer like me. Buy One Get One Free. Wheee!

(And with a flourish they find themselves on their brooms.)

CYRUS: We don't seem to be flying very fast. And we don't seem to be flying very high.

ANZEL: "Flying" is a technical term.

CYRUS: How high *can* we fly?

ANZEL: How long are your legs?

CYRUS: Are we actually stuck in traffic?

ANZEL: Think of this as magical exercise. It's not so much flying as it's jogging with a broom between your legs.

(OONA "swops" in.)

OONA: Anzel? As I live and have trouble breathing, due to my asthma. How are you?

ANZEL: Oona Bliss! I am well, thank you! Let me introduce you to the newest member of our student body. Cyrus Granville! Cyrus, this is Oona Bliss.

OONA: *(To CYRUS)* Charmed, I'm sure.

ANZEL: Oona is in Month Seven.

CYRUS: Don't you mean Year Seven?

OONA: No. Month Seven. We cram everything in our TOWS. What takes that other school seven years to teach, we teach in seven months.

ANZEL: Which is how we earned our moto: TOWS...

OONA and ANZEL: The Home of Mediocre Magic.

ANZEL: And we've arrived!

CYRUS: That was fast and not very far to travel.

ANZEL: Being electric brooms, we can only fly as far as extension cords are long.

(OONA, CYRUS and ANZEL "land", as THEODORE, CHRISTIAN, EVENGELINE and THISBE enter excitedly.)

ALL: Happy Return Day!

ANZEL: Thanks, everyone. *This* the newest member of our divine student body, Cyrus Granville. Say "Hi, Cyrus!"

ALL: Hi, Cyrus!

CYRUS: Howdy.

ANZEL: Hey kids, let's make Cyrus' first day super enchanting and introduce ourselves!

ALL: Yay!

THEODORE: Greetings and felicitations. My name is Theodore Rune and I am painstaking polite bordering to the point of irritation.

ALL: Great job, Theodore!

CHRISTIAN: What's happenin'? I'm Christian Laszlo, the cool kid with cool clothes and cool stuff.

ALL: Cool!

BERTRAM: Good afternoon! My name is Bertram Coral and I possess some mean dance moves!

ALL: Get down!

HAZEL: How-do-you-do? My name is Hazel Amity. And I'M THE QUIET ONE!

ANZEL: And you met Oona on the broom jog over here.

OONA: *(To CYRUS)* Charmed, I'm sure. People call me crafty.

CYRUS: Because you are clever at achieving your aims by indirect or deceitful methods?

OONA: Uh. No. Because I'm super good at using a hot glue gun. And glitter.

CYRUS: It's nice to meet all of you, and I'm excited to be at TOWS and become a wizard.

ALL: (*Unenthusiastically*) Yeah. TOWS.

CYRUS: You don't sound very enthusiastic...

THEODORE: Sorry. We aren't. Really.

CHRISTIAN: He means we ARE, really.

BERTRAM: But, not really at the same time.

CYRUS: I'm confused.

HAZEL: You know when you were fly-jogging here, and you passed that other school up the street?

CYRUS: The one with the fancy castle, and bridge and observatory ? The one with the owlery , and the bell towers and the playing field where they play that game?

HAZEL: Yes.

CYRUS: No. I don't know it.

HAZEL: Each year they challenge us to a friendly game of ...

CYRUS: Scrabble?

BERTRAM: No, but don't I wish!

THEODORE: They challenge us to a friendly game of Magic Moments.

CYRUS: That sounds like a greeting card line.

ANZEL: Magic Moments is a competition where moments of magic are performed.

OONA: That makes sense as it's called Magic Moments.

CHRISTIAN: And whoever does the best, wins.

OONA: Again, that makes sense.

BERTRAM: Because that's how it works.

CYRUS: What kind of Magic Moments are scored?

THEODORE: Spell-casting!

CHRISTIAN: Broom-riding!

OONA: Potion-making!

HAZEL: Snitching!

THEODORE: And we've lost every year to that other school.

ANSEL: But I have a feeling this year is going to be different!

BERTRAM: Because we now have YOU, Cyrus Granville!

THEODORE: But before we beat the ever livin' nightlights out of that other school...

HAZEL: You, Cyrus, need to undergo the Ceremony of Arrangement at the Institute of Impossible Feats and Tricks and Abracadabra and Hocus Pocus.

CYRUS: *(As EVANGELINE brings out a stool).* What is the Ceremony of Arrangement?

THEODORE: *(Guiding CYRUS to the stool).* It's the ceremony which decides the place you'll be living for the next seven months.

CYRUS: What are my choices?

ANSEL: There is the Place of Cheese Its. The Place of Yogurt. The Place of Stuffy Nose. The Place of Apple Butter.

CHRISTIAN: Now sit here and put on the Glove of All-Knowing.

(CYRUS puts on the glove which instantly comes to life.)

ANSEL: *(In a voice as the Glove of All-Knowing)* Greetings and felicitations, Cyrus Granville.

CYRUS: How did you know my name?

ANSEL: *(In a voice as the Glove of All-Knowing)* I am the Glove of All-Knowing, therefore I know all.

OONA: Tell us, dear glove, where will Cyrus be living for the next seven months?

ANSEL: *(In a voice as the Glove of All-Knowing)* I see a small place.

CYRUS: I hope it's not under a stair.

ANSEL: *(In a voice as the Glove of All-Knowing)* A small place with two entrances. And a bridge.

THEODORE: YES!

ANSEL: *(In a voice as the Glove of All-Knowing)* The Glove of All- Knowing knows - you'll be in The Place of Stuffy Nose!

ALL: *(Excitedly)* YAY!

THEODORE: I knew it! *(To CYRUS)* Hi, roomie! Here's a tissue.

(CHRISTIAN produces a toy trumpet and performs a rather unimpressive fanfare.)

CYRUS: What's that?

BERTRAM: That's the first fanfare!

ALL: BEDTIME!

ANSEL: *(To CYRUS.)* And you need to get a good night's sleep for tomorrow's competition!

CYRUS: Tomorrow? But don't I get time to prepare?

BERTRAM: Of course you do!

CYRUS: When?

BERTRAM: Tonight.

ANSEL: So, good night, Cyrus. Sleep tight, don't let the bed bugs bite.

HAZEL: Not that we *have* bed bugs.

OONA: Well, not too many, at least.

THEODORE: We like to think of them more as pets instead of pests.

ANSEL: Nevertheless, get a good night's rest so you can win back the honor of our TOWS!

BERTRAM: And remember, if you don't win for us tomorrow...

OONA: TOWS will be forced to close.

ANSEL: No pressure. Good night, Theodore.

THEODORE: Good night, Ansel. Good night, Hazel.

HAZEL: Good night, Theodore. Good night, Ansel.

ANSEL: Good night, Hazel. Good night, Oona.

OONA: Good night, Ansel. Good night, Hazel. Good night, Theodore. Good night, Bertram.

BERTRAM: Good night, Oona, Ansel, Hazel, Theodore and Christian.

CHRISTIAN: Good night, Ansel. Good night, Bertram.

BERTRAM: Good night.

OONA: Night.

(ALL exit except for CHRISTIAN and CYRUS.)

CHRISTIAN: *(To CYRUS.)* Psssstttttt...pssssttttt!

CYRUS: Sorry?

CHRISTIAN: C'mere.

CYRUS: Me?

CHRISTIAN: Si. So, listen, about tomorrow's competition.

CYRUS: Yeah. That was kind of a surprise to me! Wow.

CHRISTIAN: Hey, I'm the coolest cat around here...

CYRUS: I love cats.

CHRISTIAN: They call me Frostie, spelled with an "I", "E".

CYRUS: Oh, how bewitching.

CHRISTIAN: So I'm gonna help you, right?

CYRUS: Oh, thank you! I need all the help I can get!

CHRISTIAN: And by "help" you, I mean I am going to help you cheat.

CYRUS: Cheat?!? I can't do that! I don't cheat. Haven't you ever heard the saying "winners never cheat and cheaters never win?"

CHRISTIAN: Actually cheaters *DO* win, because they cheat.

CYRUS: I don't feel right about this.

CHRISTIAN: Look, you can't win this relying on your wits and wisdom! You just arrived! And if you *don't* win, the school will close.

CYRUS: What if we get caught?

CHRISTIAN: Don't worry about that! Besides, I won't get caught. Only you will.

CYRUS: Oh. That makes me feel better.

CHRISTIAN: And if you *don't* do it, I'll make certain you are back living in that drawer.

CYRUS: I was living under a stair.

CHRISTIAN: I'll make certain you're living in a drawer under the stair. *(Beat.)* Good night, sleep tight, don't let the bed bugs bite.

HAZEL: *(From off stage.)* WE DON'T HAVE BED BUGS!

CYRUS: Heavy sigh. I'm so confused. I wish I had someone to talk with about my confusion.

(OONA and THEODORE in the picture frame enter with ANSEL and CHRISTIAN holding the sides of the frame.)

OONA: Top of the morning, Cyrus.

CYRUS: It's night.

OONA: Top of the evening, Cyrus.

CYRUS: Who are you?

THEODORE: Don't you recognize us?

OONA: We're literally your parents.

CYRUS: Are you serious?

THEODORE: No, I'm, Reginald. Serious is associated with that other school.

OONA: And I'm Bettina.

OONA and THEODORE: Otherwise known as Mummy and Daddy.

THEODORE: We sensed from the other side you are confused.

CYRUS: The other side?

OONA: Yes, the other side of this wall. Literally.

THEODORE: How can we help, son?

CYRUS: I'm confused. The entire school is relying uponst me to win the competition tomorrow. And this other student, Christian...

OONA: Christian Lazlo?

CYRUS: Yes.

THEODORE: He's the coolest cat in school.

CYRUS: He wants me to cheat to win, which makes me really nervous.

OONA: You know what they say about cheaters?

THEODORE: They cheat!

CYRUS: What should I do ?

OONA: Well, son...?

THEODORE: We have no idea.

OONA: Good luck tomorrow!

CYRUS: Thanks?

(THEY exit. CYRUS exits as the music rises. After a moment, THEODORE and BERTRAM enter. THEODORE has his trumpet, with which he performs another sad fanfare.)

BERTRAM: The second fanfare.

HAZEL: *(Entering.)* RISE AND SHINE. TIME TO MAKE SOME MAGIC!

(EVERONE enters excitedly.)

ALL: IT'S COMPETITION DAY!

CYRUS: That was the shortest night ever!

THEODORE: Let's all meet on the Snitch Pitch!

HAZEL: We're here!

OONA: We have a really small campus.

THEODORE: We must now let the Bowl of Glowing decide who will be opponents!

ANSEL: The Glove of Questionable Knowledge will decide.

(ANSEL puts on the glove.)

OONA: Do tell us, Glove of Questionable Knowledge, who will be opponents.

ANSEL: *(As the glove)* Good question! The opponents will be...

HAZEL: Please don't let it be me. Please don't let it be me.

ANSEL: *(As the glove.)* Christian Laszlo and Cyrus Granville!

ALL: Yay!

OONA: And remember, Cyrus, as Christian is representing that Other School by default, if you lose, this school will close.

ALL: No pressure!

BERTRAM: Hear ye! Hear ye! Let the games begin! The first challenge is Spell Casting!

HAZEL: The rules of the challenge are as follows!

ANSEL: *(As the glove.)* The opponents will turn their backs, take ten steps then turn and cast a spell of magic acts!

ALL: Yay!

(CYRUS and CHRISTIAN take their places standing back-to-back.)

THEODORE: Annnnnnnnnndddddd...go!

(CYRUS and CHRISTIAN begin to step away from each other as they count the steps out loud. When CYRUS reaches step number four, he turns and casts his spell. CHRISTIAN is caught off guard as he is still counting.)

CYRUS: FREEZO NOW-O!

(CHRISTIAN turns to cast his spell.)

OONA: No! That's wrong! Use Spell Checker!

CYRUS: FREEZO RIGHT NOW-O!

CHRISTIAN: OH! NO-O!

(CHRISTIAN freezes.)

ANZEL: *(As the glove.)* And the winner is TOWS! One point and five dollars for TOWS!

ALL: Yay! We're on our TOWS!

HAZEL: Challenge number two!

THEODORE: Broom riding!

(OONA and HAZEL bring out the brooms, which CYRUS and CHRISTIAN take.)

BERTRAM: The rules of this challenge are as follows!

ANSEL: *(As the glove.)* Ride your brooms through the course! Don't fall off and use the Force.

HAZEL: Uh. Wrong film series.

(CYRUS and CHRISTIAN mount their brooms. The other STUDENTS scatter themselves on stage.)

ANSEL: *(As the glove.)* On your mark! Get set! GO!

(To the cheers of the OTHER students, CYRUS and CHRISTIAN ride their brooms in between and around them. As CHRISTIAN rounds the corner, CYRUS sticks out his foot and trips CHRISTIAN, who stumbles and falls.)

CHRISTIAN: I'm okay! I'm okay! I *meant* to do that. It was cool.

ANZEL: *(As the glove.)* And the winner is TOWS! Two points and ten dollars for TOWS!

ALL: Yay! We've got one TOW over the line!

THEODORE: The next challenge is potion making!

BERTRAM: *(As OONA presents a tray upon which are a few ingredients.)* The rules of this challenge are as follows!

ANSEL: *(As the glove.)* Steady hands, don't cause a commotion. Use your smarts to make a potion!

ANSEL: *(As herself.)* What did you make?

CHRISTIAN: It's an emulsion.

BERTRAM: A what?

CHRISTIAN: A poultice.

THEODORE: Come again?

CHRISTIAN: A formula.

HAZEL: Do what?

CHRISTIAN: An elixir.

OONA: Sorry...?

CHRISTIAN: A potion.

ALL: *(Realizing.)* Ahhhhhh!

ANSEL: Why didn't you say so in the first place?

THEODORE: And what does your potion do?

(CHRISTIAN thinks for a moment and turns his back to the CYRUS who steals his potion.)

CHRISTIAN: Absolutely nothing!

HAZEL: *(To CYRUS.)* And what does YOUR potion do?

CYRUS: *(Presenting both bottles.)* Twice as much of nothing!

ALL: Nice!

ANSEL: *(As the glove.)* And the winner is TOWS! Three points and fifteen dollars for TOWS!

ALL: We're the best from our heads to our TOWS!

BERTRAM: And now for the fourth and final challenge.

ALL: SNITCHING!

HAZEL: I'm telling!

BERTRAM: The rules for this challenge are as follows.

ANSEL: *(As the glove.)* Mount your brooms without a glitch! Soar and fly to catch the snitch!

(CYRUS and CHRISTIAN "fly" around the space chasing HAZEL, the snitch, as the other STUDENTS cheer and chant "Get the snitch! Get the snitch!" CHRISTIAN catches the snitch.)

CHRISTIAN: Now that I've got the snitch, you have to snitch!

HAZEL: Ok. Fair enough. I am a snitch, after all. Okay. Here goes. Cyrus has been cheating!

ALL: NO!

HAZEL: Yes! He has been cheating throughout this entire challenge series.

ALL: NO!

HAZEL: Yes!

ANSEL: *(As the glove.)* Cyrus, is this true?

CYRUS: Well, sorta...kinda...yeah.

HAZEL: *(Trembling.)* Oh! I feel another snitch coming on! Christian bullied him into it!

ANSEL: *(As the glove.)* Christian, is this true?

CHRISTIAN: Well, sorta...kinda...yeah.

(ALL make a gasping noise.)

ANSEL: *(As the glove.)* As you know, our tolerance for such behavior at TOWS is zero! And because the rules have been decomposed, TOWS, I fear, must now close!

ALL: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

(OONA and THEODORE in the picture frame enter with HAZEL and BERTRAM holding the sides of the frame.)

OONA and THEODORE: *(Ad libbing.)* "Excuse me. Sorry. Pardon me, etc."

OONA: *(To CYRUS.)* Hello again, son.

CYRUS: Mum and Dad?

THEODORE: Long time, no see.

OONA: We just remembered how we can help you.

THEODORE: We know you're in a pickle!

OONA: Well, not literally. That would be weird.

THEODORE: Anywho, you remember your Twice as Much of Nothing potion?

OONA: The one you made literally less than two minutes ago?

CYRUS: You say literally a lot.

OONA: I literally do!

THEODORE: And your Twice as Much of Nothing potion can make all of this go away.

OONA: Literally.

CYRUS: How do I do that?

THEODORE: Simple. Click your heels together and say with us...

THEODORE and OONA: BACKWARD, REARWARD. BACK TO FRONT.

ALL: TIME ANTIPODE!

(There is a sound effect as the actors cast their wands, twirl in a circle and into their places.)

CYRUS: The time?

ANSEL: Very recently.

BERTRAM: And a boy sat alone in his room, daydreaming.

HAZEL: About being a wizard.

CHRISTIAN: Which over time.

ALL: He became.

CYRUS: Once I got my TOW in the door.

ALL: TOWS!

THE END