

Academy Grimm



Dean L. Dyer

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*To Jeanette,
my wife and best friend,
with whom life has truly been a fairytale –
and not the creepy kind of fairytale
where the characters are all mental patients –
but the good kind,
where everyone just lives
happily ever after.*

Feadzmy Grimm

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Feadzmy Grimm was performed on April 26-28, 2012 by Western High School at the Western Community Arts Center: Dean Dyer, director; Kellie Wollett, technical director; Amanda Baker, stage manager and head technician; Becca Shalkofske, assistant stage manager; Alex Sponsler, lights; Nathan Smith-Timlin, sound; Hannah Weeks, Adam Hatzopolous, and Bailey Shepherd, stagehands.

MR. GUTEMATER: Ben McGill, Eric Osborne

EVE: Jacquelyn Marks, Emily Giffin

GLEN: Jared Spice, Daniel Rauch

BILLY: Abby Kono, Audrey Febres-Cordero

STACIA: Alyssa Tippens

MARISSA: Aly Fransted, Aubrey Bills

VINCENT: Craig Campbell, Josh Rennell

ABBY: Haley Glinz, Meghan Eddy

BUZZY: Derek Skrzyński, Chester Chan

JACK: Harold Devine, Preston Swarthout

DUMMERLY: Parker Brue

ROSE RED: Savannah Adams

CLEVER ELSIE: Sarah Ellis

STEPMOTHER: Chloe Herl

PRINCE: Parker Ykimoff

WOODCUTTER: Anthony Reinker

QUEEN: Felicia Pulver

GRETEL: Grace Coffey

MISS MUFFET: Brittany Bice, Jenna Grannan

DANCING PRINCESS 1: Rachel Barnes

DANCING PRINCESS 3: Hannah Starr

DANCING PRINCESS 5: Samantha Rivera

DANCING PRINCESS 7: Hannah Riley

DANCING PRINCESS 9: Calla Tisdale

DANCING PRINCESS 11: Alyssa Benn

Academy Grimm

COMEDY. A group of students on their way to a drama festival get lost in an enchanted forest where they encounter some fairytale characters who escort the students to Academy Grimm. At Academy Grimm, the students meet Miss Muffet, the staff psychologist who suffers from arachnophobia; Generic Queen 4455, who has delusions of grandeur; a stepmother with anger-management issues; a prince who is tired of kissing princesses with morning breath and bed head; a woodcutter suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder after killing too many wolves; and Dummerly, who thinks he's "Hans," a dragon slayer. The characters tell the students Academy Grimm is a fairytale training academy, but the students soon discover that Academy Grimm is more like fairytale rehab!

Performance time: Approximately 90-120 minutes.



Wilhelm and Jacob Grimm, 1847

About the Story

The brothers Wilhelm and Jacob Grimm began collecting tales in 1807 and published their first collection of tales in 1812 entitled *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* ("Children's and Household Tales"). Some of their most famous tales include "Cinderella," "Little Red Riding Hood," "Snow White," "Rumpelstiltskin," "The Tortoise and the Hare," "Hansel and Gretel," and "Beauty and the Beast."

Characters

(8 M, 17 F)

MISS MUFFET: Staff psychologist at Academy Grimm who suffers from arachnophobia; wears a dress and petticoat; female.

QUEEN: Generic Queen 4455 who is the leader of Academy Grimm and has delusions of grandeur; female.

DUMMERLY/DOUG: Character from “The Golden Goose” who pretends to have a split personality and assumes the character of Hans, a dragon slayer; doubles as Doug; male.

JACK: Demanding drill instructor at Academy Grimm and character from “Jack and the Beanstalk”; male.

ROSE RED: Snow White’s jealous sister who has a crush on Glen; female.

CLEVER ELSIE: Obscure Grimm character who killed her husband with an axe and becomes instant best friends with Marissa; female.

STEPMOTHER: Generic evil stepmother with anger-management issues; female.

PRINCE: Generic prince who laments having to kiss princesses with morning breath and bed head; male.

WOODCUTTER: Generic woodcutter who suffers from PTSD after having killed too many wolves; male.

GRETEL: Character from “Hansel and Gretel”; doubles as Kelsey; female.

MR. GUTEMATER/FAIRY GODMOTHER: Drama and literature teacher nearing retirement; wears a jacket with elbow patches or a sweater vest; as Fairly Godmother wears a frilly dress; male. Note: A fairly quick costume change occurs between the last two scenes.

EVE: Student who used to date Glen and is jealous because Rose Red kissed him; female.

GLEN: Philosophical senior and an aspiring writer who has a crush on Rose Red; male.

BILLY: Tomboyish junior, a techie; female.

STACIA: Stuck-up senior; wears more fashionable clothing than the rest of the students; female.

MARISSA: Ditzzy sophomore who believes in the “time-texter guy” and becomes instant best friends with Elsie; female.

VINCENT: Senior techie who has a crush on Billy; male.

ABBY: Junior who is obsessed with vampires and is always carrying her iPad; not overly Goth-looking but wears a black cape; female.

BUZZY: Nerdy, quiz-bowl freshman who hates physical education; wears a tucked-in shirt, bowtie, pocket protector, etc.; male.

DANCING PRINCESS 1: One of the Twelve Dancing Princesses; female.

DANCING PRINCESS 3: One of the Twelve Dancing Princesses; female.

DANCING PRINCESS 5: One of the Twelve Dancing Princesses; female.

DANCING PRINCESS 7: One of the Twelve Dancing Princesses; female.

DANCING PRINCESS 9: One of the Twelve Dancing Princesses; female.

DANCING PRINCESS 11: One of the Twelve Dancing Princesses; female.

EXTRAS (opt.): As Students or Characters.

Costumes

The Students wear normal student apparel unless otherwise noted. The Characters wear white T-shirts and sweatpants or athletic shorts. The T-shirts should have a letter designating their respective roles: "Q" for queen; "S" for stepmother; "D" for Dummerly; "G" for Gretel; "R" for Rose Red; "W" for Woodcutter; "M" for Muffet; "J" for Jack; "P" for Prince. For the Dancing Princesses, they should each have a "P" and their number 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11 on their shirt.

Production Note

The characters are definitely crazy and should be portrayed as such. They talk about tomorrow and "the schedule" while fully realizing that time never moves at Academy Grimm. Likewise, they act surprised when they discover that Miss Muffet and the Fairy Godmother are tale-breakers while it's obvious that they've known all along. Their emotional highs and lows should be extreme and displayed in unison (e.g. enthusiasm about going back in the tale, the loathing of the idea that it could be eternally Monday, etc.) The Dancing Princesses should be constantly grooming, gossiping, etc.

Setting

Academy Grimm, a facility for characters who are tale-breakers.

Sets

Trail in a thick woods. This can be achieved with a few trees and/or bushes, rocks, etc. in the foreground and a backdrop of a forest.

Academy Grimm. A long castle-like building with a large wooden door at the center. The words “Academy Grimm” are painted above the entrance. In the foreground, there is an array of odd exercise equipment.

Synopsis of Scenes

ACT I

Scene 1: The forest, late afternoon.

Scene 2: Academy Grimm exercise yard, later that afternoon.

Scene 3: The forest at exactly the same time.

Scene 4: Therapy Room at Academy Grimm, later but not really later.

Intermission

ACT II

Scene 1: Academy Grimm exercise yard, later but still the same time.

Scene 2: Academy Grimm exercise yard, still the same time.

Scene 3: The forest, just after they were “lost.”

Props

Stick
iPad (a fake will do)
Cell phone, for Stacia
Stump or rock (large enough to sit on)
Sweatshirt, for Billy
Cell phone, for Vincent
Short sword, for Dummerly
Hans hat, for Dummerly
Dummerly hat, for Dummerly
Chair
Chair or throne, for Queen
Assorted weapons (plastic swords, spears, etc. for Characters)
Plastic axe
Long heavy rope
Log
Teddy bear
Dummerly hat
Wand with a star on the tip
2 Swords, for Jack, Prince
Gown, for Mr. Gutemater/Fairy Godmother
Whistle
Flask
Clipboard
Pen
Apple
Princess outfit, for Billy
Jacket, for Mr. Gutemater

Sound Effects

Roll of thunder
Animal roar
Engine revving
Horror music

“This isn’t
a fairytales training academy.
This is fairytales rehab!”

—Glenn

ACT I

Scene 1

(AT RISE: The end of a trail deep in a thick woods. Eve, Glen, Stacia, Billy, Vincent, Abby, Buzzy, and Marissa enter DSR. They slow down and move DSC, fanning out to look over their surroundings. Buzzy wanders USL, poking at the forest floor with a stick, occasionally studying the flora and fauna. Abby drifts DSL, staring at the screen on her handheld video player or iPad and sits. Clearly distressed, Mr. Gutemater enters behind them, looking back over his shoulder. and is clearly distressed. Marissa stops CS in front of the others.)

MARISSA: *(Raising her hands, dismayed.)* Oh, great. The trail stops right here. Now what?

(Stacia looks at her cell phone as she coasts past Marissa.)

STACIA: Still no signal. This is ridiculous.

EVE: *(To Glen, acidly.)* It was sure a great idea to take the...
(Making air-quotes.) ..."road less traveled" when we came to that fork a couple of miles back. Why did we listen to you?

GLEN: Hey, it worked for Robert Frost. *(Turns in a circle, appreciating all the nature around him.)*

MARISSA: *(Looking around, confused.)* Robert Frost? Is he that chubby kid who runs the spotlights? I don't think he came with us.

(Ignoring her, Glen crosses DSR.)

GLEN: Besides, it's a beautiful day, and we've had a great chance to commune with nature.

(Eve, Stacia, Vincent, Billy, and Abby cluster DSC. Mr. Gutemater remains USR, looking back where they entered and counting on his

fingers as if trying to figure something out. He holds his jacket over his arm. Buzzy moves USL, analyzing their surroundings.)

(Vincent swats his forehead and looks at his palm.)

VINCENT: Yeah, I just communed with this horsefly. *(Shows it to Billy.)* Hey, Billy, you want first lick?

BILLY: Drop dead, Vincent.

VINCENT: Just tryin' to be polite.

(Vincent wipes the "horsefly" off on his pants.)

STACIA: I want to know what you're going to do about this, Mr. Gutemater. You're the teacher here. This whole mess is *your* responsibility.

BILLY: Oh, stuff it, Stacia. It isn't Mr. G's fault that our school's too cheap to buy us a decent van.

(Mr. Gutemater crosses DSC and begins pacing at the edge of the stage.)

GLEN: "Stuff it, Stacia." Nice alliteration, Billy!

(Mr. Gutemater stops, turns to the audience, and puts his hands over his ears.)

MR. GUTEMATER: *(Losing it.)* No, no, no! We can't have all of this arguing! I must be able to think! *(Closes his eyes with his hands still covering his ears.)*

MARISSA: *(Loudly, gesturing to get through to him.)* You can't think with your hands over your ears like that. Your brain won't be able to get any air.

STACIA: It's pretty obvious that you've never had that problem, Marissa.

MARISSA: *(Brightly.)* Thanks, Stacia. Boy, I always worried that you guys thought I was stupid.

(Eve gestures to the others for calm and crosses to Mr. G's right.)

EVE: It's all right, Mr. Gutemater.

(Glen crosses to Mr. G's left.)

GLEN: Yeah, we're fine, Mr. G. *(To others.)* Just getting warmed up for debate season, right, guys?

(Opening his eyes and removing his hands from his ears, Mr. G begins pacing animatedly.)

MR. GUTEMATER: *(Talking to himself out loud.)* Just three more months. That's all I needed. A mere 90 days with no disasters, and I'd be headed for that condo on Myrtle Beach. They didn't even have to be good days—better that they weren't, in fact. *(Conspiratorially, stops and turns to the audience.)* Excellence draws too much attention. Better to stay just marginally below average. No one ever bothers you if you're just marginally below average.

EVE: *(Looking to the others and raising her voice to encourage them to chime in.)* You're not below average, Mr. Gutemater. You're a great teacher, right, guys?

(Oblivious, Mr. Gutemater starts pacing again.)

MR. GUTEMATER: *(With rising intensity.)* I could have just played it safe, taught my six classes each day, and gone home. But no! Not me! I had to show everybody that I've still got it. Let's go win that one-act competition one more time and put another trophy in our showcase. Why, we only have to travel halfway across the state in a worn-out poorly equipped van...what could possibly go wrong? Thirty-three years of dealing with teenagers and all their rebellious attitudes and raging hormones, and I was...

(Stops, turns to audience. Gesturing with his finger and thumb.) ...that close.

(Vincent and Billy cross down and bracket Mr. G., guiding him USC to a stump or rock and easing him down gently. Marissa and Eve cross to them and help soothe Mr. G.)

VINCENT: Easy now, Mr. G. It's all good.

EVE: No one can blame you for the van breaking down, Mr. Gutemater. *(Loudly.)* Isn't that right, Stacia?

STACIA: Whatever.

EVE: *(To Mr. G.)* And like Glen said, it's a beautiful day to be out in the woods. Things could be a lot worse.

MR. GUTEMATER: *(Starting to regain composure.)* Yes, I guess they could. Thanks, kids. *(Shakily stands and scans the surroundings.)*

BILLY: It's no big deal, Mr. Gutemater. I've been camping with my folks since I was three. There's gotta be tons of grubs and worms to eat under all these rocks and stuff, and we passed a little creek about a mile back, remember? *(Rolling up her sleeves and surveying the surroundings. Confidently.)* We can survive out here for at least a month.

(Mr. Gutemater stops abruptly.)

MR. GUTEMATER: *(Stunned.)* A month?! *(Pause. Begins to hallucinate.)* Children! Where are your costumes?

EVE: Children?

GLEN: Costumes?

(All turn to Mr. G and close in, wondering what has happened to him. He pushes through them and crosses purposefully to DSC.)

MR. GUTEMATER: Well, we certainly can't perform "Peter Pan" without our costumes now, can we? No, that won't do at all.

STACIA: Since when are we performing "Peter Pan"?

MR. GUTEMATER: How can you ask that, Katie? You're Wendy, for Pete's sake. (*Looks at Eve*). And Mary Jean, where are your Tinker Bell wings? I hope you didn't forget them at home again. (*Looks at Billy*.) At least the alligator is ready.

BILLY: (*Hurt*.) Hey!

Mr. GUTEMATER: Now, costumes, everyone!

EVE: He thinks he's back teaching fourth grade again. (*Leans in, trying to reach him*.) Mr. Gutemater, it's me, Eve.

MR. GUTEMATER: Ahhh! It's too late! (*Looks around at the group, stage whisper*) They're already here. (*With a horrified expression, points to the audience*.)

BILLY: (*Holding up her stick defensively, following his gaze*.) Who? Who's here?

MR. GUTEMATER: (*Waving them in and continuing to stare downstage. Whispers fearfully*.) The audience!

(*Mr. Gutemater backs up defensively, freezes in a stupor, and begins to swoon. Eve and Vincent grab him and hold him upright*.)

EVE: (*Waving her hand in front of his face*.) Mr. Gutemater?
(*Louder*.) Mr. Gutemater?!

VINCENT: Dude, Mr. G. has left the building.

EVE: Nice work, Billy.

BILLY: What did I do?

GLEN: Is he...?

EVE: (*Examining Mr. Gutemater*.) He just fainted or something.
He's breathing all right.

STACIA: All right? We're talking about Mr. Gutemater here.
This is the best I've ever seen him breathing. He's got to be what? Like 102?

EVE: Shhhh. He might hear you. Besides, he isn't that old.

MARISSA: (*Genuinely*.) A hundred and one?

VINCENT: (*Gets an idea*.) Hey, Billy, take off one of your shoes and wave it in front of his face. If that doesn't wake him up, he's gotta be dead.

(Billy starts to advance on Vincent with both hands in a fist, but Eve stands, blocking her.)

EVE: He probably just needs to rest. *(To Billy.)* Give me your sweatshirt.

(Billy takes the sweatshirt from her waist, starts to toss it to Eve, but then throws it in Vincent's face. Vincent passes it to Eve, and she rolls it up for a pillow, placing it against a rock or log USR. Vincent and Glen help Eve guide Mr. Gutemater into a resting position with his feet pointing DSC. Buzzy approaches Mr. Gutemater and begins examining him. Glen crosses DSC, followed by Eve and Billy.)

GLEN: You guys should be ashamed of yourselves. We're lucky we have Mr. G. Who else would be willing to drive us all the way to [West Middleton] for a one-act play festival? After he retires this year, they could just cut the whole drama program. *[Or insert the name of another town.]*

STACIA: But that's the problem. He *didn't* drive us all the way to [West Middleton], did he? So I guess it doesn't matter to us seniors because this was our last chance to compete. Besides, he's the one who got us lost in the first place.

EVE: Now you're blaming him for the detour? Even the GPS didn't recognize that gravel road they sent us on.

GLEN: *(To Stacia.)* And *you* were the one who kept complaining because you had to use the restroom.

BILLY: *(To Stacia.)* Yeah, you could have just gone behind a tree like I did. But no! You had to have a *real* bathroom.

(Billy rolls her eyes as if this was a ridiculous demand. Buzzy stands.)

BUZZY: His pulse rate is 64, which is pretty normal for someone his age. And Eve was correct. His breathing

appears to be regular. He's pretty upset over all of this. Sometimes severe anxiety can cause a temporary loss of consciousness or even a brief period of catatonia. (*Loses interest and wanders back USL to study the forest floor again.*)

MARISSA: (*Alarmed.*) Mr. Gutemater is turning into a cat?!

EVE: (*Trying to reassure herself.*) Relax, Marissa. "Catatonia" means he's in a kind of trance. Basically, Mr. G just checked out for a while.

(*Abby suddenly looks up from her iPad screen at the audience.*)

ABBY: (*Anguished.*) No, this is terrible! This can't be happening!

BILLY: Chill out, freakazoid. We'll all be fine. I'm a master at survival techniques.

ABBY: I don't care about that. (*Stands.*) My iPad battery is too low to operate. I was just getting to the part where Edward kisses Bella—

VINCENT: Don't worry. I can help you. (*Slowly and deliberately, as if talking to a child.*) Edward is a vam-pire.

ABBY: (*Angry.*) Aaahhhh! Now you ruined it!

(*Abby pulls her cape partly over her face and hisses at Vincent like a vampire.*)

EVE: Abby, you must have watched that movie a hundred times.

ABBY: That doesn't matter. It's not how it ends. It's the beauty of the story. (*Lost in herself, hugging her iPad to her chest.*) It's so romantic...

BUZZY: The story is ridiculous. First, there is no such thing as a vampire. Second, if there were, it wouldn't make sense for one to fall in love with a human being. Human beings are a vampire's prey. That would be like Vincent falling in love with a pizza.

BILLY: And your point is?

VINCENT: I guess you ain't never had a deep-dish double-pepperoni-and-bacon supreme pizza from Mama Maria's Deli. Mmm...bacon!

(Everyone stops and looks at Vincent, who is still envisioning the pizza. They are suddenly struck with hunger.)

GLEN: What time is it, anyway?

STACIA: *(Looking at cell phone.)* Oh, my gosh! It's ten after three!

MARISSA: You can't be sure that's right. Remember, you don't have any service.

STACIA: That doesn't matter. My phone still shows the time.

MARISSA: It can't. There's no way for the time-texter guy to send it to you.

EVE: The who?

MARISSA: You know, the time-texter guy. He's the one who keeps sending the time to everybody's phone. My dad told me all about him. Geez, I can't believe you guys didn't know that. I mean, how else would your phone know what time it is?

(The others look at her in disbelief but are too tired and to correct her. Buzzy, Abby, and Stacia slowly sit down, turning outward to avoid eye contact with each other. Clueless, Marissa sits in the middle. Billy stomps USL and picks up a stick, testing it for strength like a bat. Glen and Eve cross DSR and sit. Vincent sits down by Mr. Gutemater. Billy crosses USR away from the others.)

BILLY: *(Trying to sound confident.)* I'm gonna get started on a survival cave. Anybody want to help? *(Without waiting for a response, she begins hacking at the ground with her stick.)*

STACIA: I guess I'm going to have to do things the disgusting way. *(Looks around hoping for a volunteer to go with her. To Marissa.)* Would you like to go to the ladies room with me, Marissa?

(Stacia begins to exit USL, beckoning for Marissa to join her.)

MARISSA: Cool! You found a restroom?! *(Excited.)* C'mon, Abby! Maybe it will have a place to plug in your iPad!

(Marissa hurries over to Stacia and they exit USR.)

EVE: *(To Glen, not wanting to involve the rest.)* I'm really hungry. I can't believe it's after three.

GLEN: Yeah, I hadn't really thought about it until Vincent mentioned pizza. All I had to eat today was a bagel, and that was before school.

EVE: I shared a bag of chips with Marissa in second period. *(Looks off downstage and turns to him.)* Glen, I'm scared.

GLEN: There's nothing to be scared of, Eve. We can't be more than 10 miles off the interstate. We're not lost. We're just...misplaced. We'll find our way out of here.

EVE: But what are we going to do about Mr. Gutemater? We can't just leave him here.

(In the background, Vincent has put his head down next to Mr. Gutemater and is snapping a picture with his cell phone and flagging Billy to watch. Billy gives him a stern look, and Vincent quits taking photos.)

GLEN: *(Looking at Mr. Gutemater.)* Maybe we can carry him back. Vincent and I could handle most of the weight. We can get some tree limbs and make a travois.

EVE: That would take too long. We need to start heading back to the van right now if we're going to find help before it gets dark. When we started down this trail, it wasn't even noon. That means we have at least a three-hour walk back...and more, if we're carrying Mr. Gutemater.

GLEN: Well, maybe Billy's right. We could just camp out for the night and then walk back in the morning. I'm sure Mr. G ought to be awake by then.

(Glen reaches over and grabs Eve's hand.)

EVE: *(Looking at his hand.)* Thanks.

GLEN: For what?

EVE: For still being there for me even though I broke up with you.

(Screaming, Marissa and Stacia run on USR.)

STACIA: *(Shouts.)* Oh, my gosh! There's something in the bushes over there!

MARISSA: *(Shouts.)* It's after us!

(All except Mr. G stand and look USR. Billy pulls her stick up like a bat but backs off USL. Protectively, Vincent steps in front of her. Marissa and Stacia move behind them. Eve, Buzzy, and Glen all move upstage so that the kids are all clustered tightly USL. Mr. Gutemater remains sleeping USR.)

BILLY: *(Noticing Vincent.)* What do you think you're doing? I got this.

VINCENT: *(Not wanting to admit that he was concerned for her.)* What? I just wanted to see what was chasing them.

(Vincent fades back behind Billy but stays poised to help.)

GLEN: Was anything chasing you?

STACIA: There was definitely *something* there. I was just getting finished, you know, and the bushes right next to me started shaking.

MARISSA: Yeah, it was really freaky.

BILLY: *(Relaxes and turns toward them.)* It was probably just a squirrel or a rabbit. Too bad you didn't scare it this way. At least we'd have something to eat. *(Beats her stick in her palm.)*

STACIA: How do you know it wasn't a bear? Or a wolf?

MARISSA: Or a dust bunny.

EVE: A dust bunny?

MARISSA: Uh-huh. They're these evil rabbits that live under your bed and come out and eat you at night. (*Mimes her idea of an evil rabbit.*) My mom was vacuuming my room one time, and she said there was a whole bunch of them under my bed. She acted like it was no big deal, but I asked my dad and he told me all about them.

VINCENT: Y'know, I've never met your dad, Marissa, but I'm really starting to like him.

ABBY: If we were vampires, we wouldn't have to worry about wolves.

BILLY: We're in *lower* [Michigan]. There aren't any bears or wolves within a hundred miles of here, except maybe in the zoo. [*Or insert another state.*]

(*Buzzy crosses to them.*)

BUZZY: Not necessarily. According to the Department of Natural Resources, bears and wolves have been slowly working their way back to this part of the state over the last few years. After all, this was their natural habitat until people started to settle here. Once upon a time, these woods were full of wolves and bears.

(*Suddenly, a roll of thunder is heard. Blackout. Lights up. When lights come back up, Mr. Gutemater has disappeared, although the students don't notice this immediately, as they all look skyward and then at each other.*)

GLEN: What in the heck was that? There isn't a cloud in the sky.

EVE: Even if there was, that doesn't explain the blackout. It was pitch dark for a minute. I couldn't even see my hand.

VINCENT: (*To Buzzy.*) How do you explain that one, Alfred Einstein?

BUZZY: It could have been the result of an atmospheric disturbance...maybe an extremely strong solar flare, or...

(Dummerly and Gretel enter USL. Dummerly is carrying a short sword and is wearing his "Hans" hat. They stop and observe the Students for a moment.)

DUMMERLY: *(To Students, raising his sword with bravado.)*
And just what are you doing here?!

(Students all turn to face Dummerly and Gretel. They still haven't noticed that Mr. G. has disappeared.)

VINCENT: Dude, it's Peter Pan! Mr. G. was right!

EVE: *(Ignoring Vincent, eager to get help. To Dummerly and Gretel.)* We're so glad to see you guys. We're drama students from [Sibley High]. We were on our way to [West Middleton] for a one-act competition, and our van broke down, and then our teacher kind of fainted. *(Points over her shoulder, not realizing that Mr. G. is gone.)* Is this your woods? *[Or insert the name of another school.]*

GLEN: *(Reaching out to shake Dummerly's hand.)* Yeah, you showed up just in time. We were starting to think we'd have to stay here overnight. *(Dummerly doesn't shake his hand. Glen pulls his hand slowly back but stays positive.)* So...do you live close by?

STACIA: *(Looking at phone.)* Just tell me where I can get service!

(Students begin talking at once while Dummerly and Gretel remain still.)

DUMMERLY: *(Shouts.)* Silence! *(Raises his sword.)* I don't recognize any of you, but you must be deserters.

GRETEL: *(To Students.)* Yes! You're going back to the Academy with us immediately!

BUZZY: Deserters?

GLEN: Academy?

(Holding her stick, Billy pushes through them.)

BILLY: *(To Dummerly.)* Unless you want Miss Sunshine, here... *(Indicating Gretel.)* ...to have to help you pull that sword out of your butt, you'd better start showing some respect, buddy.

(Vincent pulls Billy back.)

GLEN: *(To Dummerly.)* Look, this is a mistake. Nobody needs to get in a fight. We told you, we're from [Sibley High]. We just need to contact someone at our school so they can come pick us up. I'm Glen. What's your name?

DUMMERLY: I'm Du— *(Realizes.)* Er...Hans. *(Raises the sword up in the center of his chest to hide the "D" on his shirt.)* I'm Hans, and this is Gretel.

(Stacia turns back to Billy and Vincent.)

STACIA: *(To Billy and Vincent, disbelievingly.)* Hansel and Gretel...like in the fairytale. Oh, boy. *(Twirls her forefinger at her temple and raises her eyebrows.)*

EVE: *(To Dummerly and Gretel, as if she's talking to small children.)* It's nice to meet you. I don't want to seem rude, but we're really in a hurry. It's getting close to dark, and our teacher, Mr. Gutemater, isn't feeling well. He might need medical attention. *(Gestures over her shoulder toward USR.)* Are there adults at your Academy? Do you have a phone there?

GRETEL: Adults? I'm over 300 years old.

ABBY: *(To Dummerly and Gretel, excited.)* Are you vampires?

[End of Freeview]