

THE NANNY

3F, 1M

WHO

FEMALES


June
Mom
Nanny


MALES

Parker

WHERE At home.

WHEN Present day.

 June, Parker, Mom: Think about how you act with your actual family. See if you can use this information when you interact with your fictional family.
Nanny: Remember that Nanny has to seem nice to the Mom and not totally evil at all times.

 Think of a regular, everyday problem and make it into a horror story. For example, think of a reason why it would be *terrible* to take a bath.

Scene 1: Rebellion

JUNE: I hope she'll be nice like Mary Poppins.

PARKER: I am not going to sing. But it would be great if she was magic.

JUNE: And if she had a bag that could hold endless amounts of stuff.

PARKER: What?

JUNE: Like Mary Poppins. She took a coat rack out of her handbag.

PARKER: Whatever. Who cares about that? Anyway, it's impossible.

JUNE: You were saying you wish she was magic. How is that different?

PARKER: Magic is real, stupid.

MOM: Kids! This is why we need a nanny. You fight day and night. I just can't take it.

PARKER: Mom, I don't get why we need a nanny. We're not that bad.

JUNE: And we're not babies. We're practically adults!

MOM: I have to go back to work. And someone's got to watch you.

JUNE: No one has to watch us!

PARKER: You can leave us on our own.

MOM: No way. If this is how you behave when I'm here, then I definitely couldn't leave you on your own. It's for your own safety.

PARKER: This is stupid. It's for babies.

MOM: Maybe if you didn't act like a baby . . .

JUNE: Ha-ha!

MOM: Quiet, June! She'll be here any minute. I want you two to be on your best behavior for her.

PARKER: Why? Shouldn't she be trying to impress us, not the other way around?

MOM: Parker . . . behave yourself!

PARKER: Aw, Mom.

JUNE: You got burned by Mom a second time!

MOM: June!

(The doorbell rings.)

MOM: Last warning, kids. Behave.

(MOM exits to answer the door.)

JUNE: If she looks like Mrs. Doubtfire should we try to rip her wig off?

PARKER: It would be great to scare her away.

JUNE: Mom would kill us. Then she'd probably just get us another nanny.

PARKER: But we'd be dead!

JUNE: You know what I mean.

(The NANNY enters with MOM.)

MOM: I'll leave all of you to get acquainted. Mathilda, these are my children, Parker and June.

PARKER: *(To JUNE.)* Mathilda!

JUNE: Shhh!

NANNY: You can call me Nanny, children. They are lovely, Mrs. Silver.

MOM: Yes, well . . . yes, they are. Very well behaved, aren't you, children?

JUNE: Sure, Mom.

PARKER: You bet.

(MOM exits.)

NANNY: Dear, lovely children. We are going to get along just fine.

JUNE: Sure.

PARKER: You bet.

NANNY: Just as long as you do everything I say.

JUNE: Oh . . .

PARKER: Well . . .

NANNY: Do we understand each other?

JUNE: I guess.

PARKER: Depends on what you ask us to do.

NANNY: You will do what I say, young man. It will be for your own good!

(MOM enters.)

MOM: How's everything going so far? Getting acquainted?

JUNE: Mom?

NANNY: Yes, we understand each other perfectly, don't we, June?

JUNE: Well, actually, Mom—

PARKER: Do we have to do *everything* she says?

MOM: Yes, of course. She's like your mom when I'm at work. You need to obey and respect Nanny Mathilda.

JUNE: What—what if—

PARKER: What if we don't want to? She's not really in charge of us.

MOM: Of course she is. Now stop being argumentative. Be nice to Nanny. Nanny, would you like a cup of tea?

NANNY: I'd love that, dear.

(MOM exits.)

NANNY: Well, I hope that clears things up.

PARKER: I still don't think I have to do *everything* you say.

NANNY: You heard your mother, son.

JUNE: Parker, lay off. Mom's right. Besides, you wouldn't ask us to do anything horrible, would you? Just regular stuff like clean our rooms and do our homework, right?

NANNY: But of course.

PARKER: I hate that stuff.

NANNY: Then we are going to have a problem, young man.

JUNE: Come on, Park. Try to be good. Let's not get off on the wrong foot.

PARKER: Well, OK. But I still don't know about this "do everything I say" stuff.

NANNY: My dear, what in the world must be in your head? I think you're frightened of me.

PARKER: I'm not scared of anything.

NANNY: You're not scared of anything at all?

PARKER: No.

NANNY: We shall see.

JUNE: What do you—
(MOM re-enters.)

MOM: Here's your tea, Nanny Mathilda.

NANNY: Thank you, dear.

MOM: Everyone getting along?

NANNY: They're just a little nervous. I'm a stranger, aren't I? But your mother chose me to take care of you because I have excellent credentials and I'm the right person for the job.

JUNE: But Mom . . .

MOM: Yes, June?

JUNE: Do we really need a nanny? What if we absolutely, positively promise to be good?

PARKER: What if she's a man?

MOM: Parker! You stop this right now! I need you to behave yourself! This is very important to me. I need to return to work, and I need to know that you kids are safe while I'm gone.

PARKER: But Mom—

MOM: Parker, please!

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JUNE: Fine, Mom. We'll be good.

NANNY: They'll be good, Mrs. Silver.

MOM: I'm so sorry, Nanny.

NANNY: Don't worry yourself, child. I'm just a new face to them. It's natural that they'd be nervous.

MOM: Well, I apologize for their behavior. It won't happen again, will it?

JUNE: No, Mom.

PARKER: No, Mom.

MOM: OK. Well. I'll be going now.

NANNY: Yes, you be on your way. Everything is fine here.

MOM: Thank you, Nanny.

(MOM exits.)

NANNY: Now where were we? Oh yes. Parker, I think Nanny needs to have her feet rubbed and her toenails clipped.

PARKER: No way!

NANNY: I think you will.

PARKER: I think I won't.

NANNY: I think if you don't, I will tell your mother that you cheated on a test.

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PARKER: But I didn't!

NANNY: Whom is she going to believe? "Mrs. Silver, Parker has just admitted to me something quite terrible . . ."

PARKER: You wouldn't!

NANNY: Try me.

JUNE: Nanny, why are you being so cruel? Aren't you supposed to like kids? We haven't really done anything at all to you. OK, we have a little bit of an attitude, but can't you understand that? We don't want a nanny. We don't think we need a nanny. I mean, we're pretty old. I can manage to get my homework done when no one's reminding me. It seems really silly to be treated like a baby like this. We can work the microwave, so we can eat. There's really nothing we can't do on our own. We're kids, but we're not *kids*, know what I mean? So maybe we can call a truce, find some way to get along so we don't feel like we're two years old and you don't have to do very much. What do you think?

NANNY: While Parker is clipping my toenails, you can tweeze the hairs out of my moles.

PARKER: No way! You lose, old lady. No way are we doing this stuff for you. You can tell my mom anything you want. We're her kids; she'll believe us, not you. You're an old creep. Does this really work at other people's houses? I'm guessing it doesn't or you wouldn't be working for us now. I bet you got fired. I bet you've never worked as a nanny before. You're a horrible old witch, and I'm not scared of

you! You're nothing. And you can't make me, or my sister, do anything. When I tell my mother what you asked us to do, she'll be furious. You'd better start running now because the police will be after you in no time, witch. Tell you what, I'll give you a head start, and you can maybe just do a leisurely jog because I don't want to see your butt jigging. But make no mistake. You're through, lady.

Scene 2: Revenge

PARKER: You can't hold us prisoner like this! Where did you get these bars from anyway?

NANNY: I stashed them in my trunk. Clever, eh?

JUNE: You'll never get away with this. Our mother will be coming home.

NANNY: She'll be coming home to a clean and tidy house and well-behaved children. She won't complain about my methods.

PARKER: She will when we tell her about them!

NANNY: Parker, when will you learn? You won't tell her about my disciplinary methods. If you do, I will tell her something about you that she won't like at all. And your mother will believe me, not you. I am sure of it.

JUNE: Our mother loves us.

NANNY: Your mother loves you. How sweet. But she doesn't love your behavior. She doesn't love being with you. Why do you think she's run away to work? To get away from you. That's why I'm here. So stop arguing and fighting and start doing what I tell you. I'll break you sooner or later, and it's much easier for everyone if it's sooner.

JUNE: This isn't fair!

NANNY: Oh, children. Tell you what I'll do. To make it up to you, I'll feed you both lots and lots of cupcakes. I'll be back in a jiffy. See, I'm not such a monster, am

I? Now make those floors shine so I can see my pretty face in them!

(NANNY exits.)

PARKER: Pretty face? I've seen prettier faces on orangutans.

JUNE: I'm so hungry, Park; I've cleaned the whole house.

PARKER: And the garage.

JUNE: And weeded the garden.

PARKER: And rubbed Nanny's feet.

JUNE: And tweezed her hairy moles.

PARKER: And clipped her toenails.

JUNE: And massaged the hump on her back.

PARKER: And polished her wand.

JUNE: And . . . wait! What did you say?

PARKER: Polished her wand.

JUNE: Do you think she could be . . .

PARKER: What, a witch? Well, yeah!

JUNE: So how are we going to get out of this?

PARKER: You heard her. We can't. Mom *will* believe her.

JUNE: No, she wouldn't.

PARKER: Sure she would!

JUNE: What can we do?

PARKER: Nothing.

JUNE: We haven't even done our homework yet! We'll have to stay up all night!

PARKER: If we're alive. I bet those cupcakes are poisoned.

JUNE: Why would she poison us?

PARKER: 'Cause she's mean and evil.

JUNE: What if she's trying to fatten us up and eat us? Like Hansel and Gretel?

PARKER: Well, that'll take a while at least.

JUNE: I don't want to spend another day like this, Parker. We have to think of something.

PARKER: Hansel and Gretel pushed the witch in the oven.

JUNE: She's way bigger than our oven.

PARKER: I've got an idea—

(NANNY enters.)

JUNE: What is it?

PARKER: Shhh!

NANNY: Here are those cupcakes!

PARKER: Nanny?

NANNY: Yes, horrible, bad boy?

PARKER: Your little stick—

NANNY: My wand?

PARKER: Yes. I don't think I shined it up enough. I don't want to make you mad.

NANNY: That's better. I'm glad you're coming over to my way of thinking.

PARKER: Well, I see your point.

JUNE: Parker!

NANNY: My wand looks very shiny, though. I think it's fine.

PARKER: I see a spot I missed.

NANNY: I don't.

PARKER: OK. I admit it. I spit on it. I want to clean it off again.

NANNY: You naughty boy! Very well, then. Clean it well this time or I will be very, very cross with you.

PARKER: Yes, Nanny.

(NANNY passes PARKER her wand.)

PARKER: (*Waving the wand at NANNY.*) Cluck like a chicken!

(*NANNY clucks like a chicken.*)

PARKER: (*Waving the wand at NANNY.*) Act like an elephant!

(*NANNY acts like an elephant.*)

PARKER: (*Waving the wand at NANNY.*) Sound like a giraffe!

(*NANNY looks at PARKER, confused.*)

PARKER: (*Waving the wand at NANNY.*) You're a pig!

(*NANNY gets down on her hands and knees and acts like a pig.*)

JUNE: Parker, you're a genius!

PARKER: (*Waving the wand.*) Get these bars away!

(*NANNY throws the bars to the floor.*)

JUNE: Thank you, Parker! You're the bravest, smartest, truest brother there ever was. I didn't think I'd ever say that. I certainly didn't think I'd ever mean it! But I'm sorry for all the times when we fought. You really are decent most of the time. I don't hate you. I still find you annoying, but I don't hate you. I'm glad you're my brother. I know that's gross to say, but it's true. I'm so proud of you for getting us out of this mess. But what are we going to do with the witch now that you've

turned her into a pig? And what will we say to Mom? Wait—I know! We could just send her away with the wand and tell Mom she quit, right? Mom will be mad at us, but then she'll see how clean the house is, and she'll forgive us! Then we'll live happily ever after! Except for the witch, of course

PARKER: We can tell her we cleaned the house *after* Nanny left to make it up to her!

JUNE: Sure! That's great.

PARKER: You're not so terrible either. I don't wanna get all mushy or anything, though.

JUNE: I understand.

PARKER: So let's get rid of Nanny once and for all. (*Waving the wand at NANNY.*) Get outta here forever!

(*NANNY crawls in a piglike way off the stage.*)

PARKER: Free at last! Now I'm going to have one of these cupcakes!

JUNE: Parker, don't!

(*PARKER eats a cupcake.*)

PARKER: It actually tastes good. Is anything happening to me? Am I turning into anything?

JUNE: No.

PARKER: The witch's cupcakes are really delicious! You should try one, June. Don't be afraid; they're not

poisoned. I wonder why she made them? *(Beat.)* I just had a really awful thought. What if she was just trying to make us be good kids? What if she just wanted us to clean the house? Sure she put us behind bars for a while and threatened us and made us clip her toenails—

JUNE: And tweeze the hairs from her moles!

PARKER: —but other than that, she just acted like a parent. Parents can be pretty terrible, can't they! I mean, they make us do chores and stuff! It's not right! We should be free to do anything we want. Maybe *all* adults are witches. Maybe we're prisoners all the time only we're too dumb to know it. *(Beat.)* Then again, I don't think Mom has any special powers, and she never made us massage her hunchback or anything. She's just a mom. Most of the time it's pretty OK being here. Hey—these cupcakes are delicious, June! If witches make cupcakes this good, maybe I shouldn't complain!

JUNE: But adults also teach us and feed us and are nice to us a lot, too. And we do act like brats sometimes. That's why Nanny's threats worked, because we knew they were true.

PARKER: I don't know. Maybe Mom would have believed us and not her. I mean, we are her kids.

JUNE: Yeah, but Nanny was an adult.

PARKER: That's not right. Adults should believe us.

JUNE: I don't know. It's all very confusing.

PARKER: Have a cupcake.

JUNE: OK.

(PARKER walks over to JUNE to give her a cupcake. His feet are now extremely hairy.)

JUNE: Parker, look! They *were* magic cupcakes!

(Beat.)

PARKER: Oh well. They are really good, June. Seriously. It's worth it.

JUNE: OK!