

PERUSAL SCRIPT

FOREST SECRETS:

A Fairy Houses Mystery

Adapted by Genevieve Aichele
from the book by Tracy Kane & Kelly Sanders



Newport, Maine

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FOREST SECRETS

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

4M 5F + animals and fairies

Kate Evans, age 11

Luke Carver, age 11

Meg Carver, age 4, Luke's little sister

Trevor, age 11, Luke's friend

Rick Fernandez, Luke's uncle

Connie Carver, Luke's mother

Kevin Carver, Luke's father

Kerry Evans, Kate's mother

Annie Lennox, an elderly neighbor

Assorted Fairies/Animals:

A Rabbit

A Dragonfly Fairy

A Butterfly Fairy

Bee Fairies

Firefly Fairies

All roles can be played by any age actor.

All scene changes should be done by Fairies.

Developed by the **New Hampshire Theatre Project's Artistic Director**, *Genevieve Aichele*; **Resident Director** of the Youth Company, *Meghann Beauchamp*, with staff and local playwrights like Michael Megliola, and Genevieve Aichele, **Leicester Bay Theatricals** is pleased to bring you these wonderful and challenging scripts with topics and material for today's youth from age 7 to 18 in the *New Hampshire Theatre Project's Young People's Playscript Series*

FOREST SECRETS adapted by Genevieve Aichele from the award-winning Light-Beams Publishing book by Tracy Kane & Kelly Sanders. 2 adult males, 3 adult females, 2 11-year-old boys, 1 11-year-old girl, 1 4-year-old girl +Fairies: Dragonfly, Bees, Fireflies, Butterfly (Doubling not possible) (All roles are playable by any age actor) (*TYA, Children's Theatre, Amateur, Professional, Educational*) Set in Portsmouth, New Hampshire this beloved tale is about two children determined to save their beloved forest – and the enchanting mysteries hidden there in a story that is fun for the whole family!! When Kate Evans moves to a seaport town in New Hampshire, she is thrilled that her new home is located at the edge of an enchanted forest. She and her new friend and neighbor, Luke, explore the wonders of nature until they stumble upon an unsolved mystery hidden in a tree trunk. They ponder the questions: What are the magical secrets of the woods? Will we discover the secrets of the fairy houses? Can those secrets help us save the land we love before it's sold and developed? This entrancing story is a delightful adventure that is designed to engage children in the enjoyment of nature and increase environmental awareness. *A New Hampshire Theatre Project Young People's Playscript. ORDER # 3132*

Genevieve Aichele is Artistic Director of New Hampshire Theatre Project in Portsmouth, and has performed, directed and taught theatre arts both nationally and internationally for over 35 years, including 20 years of directing the NHTP Youth Repertory Company.

Genevieve has written dozens of story theatre scripts for use both onstage and in the classroom. Her adult scripts include *Neighborhoods* (2001 Portsmouth Spotlight Community Arts Award); original adaptations of *Lysistrata* and *Finding the Prince*; and *Dreaming Again*, commissioned in 2011 by the NH Humanities Council. As a storyteller, Genevieve performs with musician Randy Armstrong in *World Tales*. Their two CD's have won numerous national and international awards. Her first audiobook recording, *Forest Secrets* by Tracy Kane, was released in 2012. *Ocean Secrets*, her first novel for young readers co-written with Tracy Kane, was released in May 2014.

Genevieve received the 2001 New Hampshire Governors Award for Excellence in Arts in Education and the 2008 NH Theatre Award for her work with youth. In 2002, she received an award for Outstanding Achievement in American Theatre from the New England Theatre Conference.

FOREST SECRETS

PROLOGUE– *Optional Dance with Fairies*

SCENE 1 – At Prescott Park -- *SFX of seagulls, boat horns, river traffic, muffled as in fog. LUKE and TREVOR enter.*

TREVOR: So tell me again why you don't want to take your boat out to the Isles of Shoals?

LUKE: Trevor, don't be silly. It's so foggy you couldn't see anything out there. Besides, my parents would never let me take the skiff six miles out to sea.

TREVOR: How would they know? We could be there and back...

LUKE: We're not going and you know it. Besides, I have to help Uncle Rick.

TREVOR: You are turning into such a baby, Luke. Helping your Uncle Rick pull weeds at Prescott Park. What fun is that?

LUKE: I'm earning extra gas money for my boat. Besides, it's fun to watch all the action on the river.

(SFX of the bridge siren.)

Hey look, the bridge is going up! Wonder what's coming through... I saw the tugs go out earlier.

TREVOR: Who cares?

LUKE: What is the matter with you these days? We've been friends since kindergarten but I feel like I don't know you anymore.

TREVOR: Nothing's wrong with me, it's you who's changed. You've become a total wimp.

LUKE: Because I wouldn't jump off the bridge to Peirce Island.

TREVOR: Yeah, you're afraid to do anything anymore.

LUKE: I'm just not interested in doing stupid, dangerous things, that's all.

(Beat of uncomfortable silence.)

I have to get to work pulling these weeds.

TREVOR: Yeah, pull those weeds like a good little boy. See you around.

(TREVOR exits. LUKE sighs and starts weeding. Uncle RICK sneaks in, stalking a rabbit. He puts his hand on Luke's shoulder and LUKE jumps.)

LUKE: Uncle Rick! I didn't see you coming!

RICK: Quiet. Don't move. He's right behind you.

LUKE: Who?

RICK: That sneaky rabbit I've been trying to catch for days. He's been devouring the flowers as fast as I plant them. See if you can herd him over to that maple tree where I've set a trap.

LUKE: You're not going to hurt him are you?

RICK: Nah, it's a humane animal trap. I put some juicy carrots inside for bait. He'll hop in, the door will close behind him, and he'll be just fine.

(LUKE & RICK stalk the rabbit.)

LUKE: He's heading for the petunia bed.

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RICK: Not my petunias! He's using the Prescott Park gardens as his personal restaurant, getting fatter than that tugboat over there.

(LUKE dives for the rabbit and misses.)

LUKE: He got away!

RICK: Not again! We'll have to wait 'til he gets hungry and pokes his nose out to smell those carrots. When I finally capture him I know a wooded area on the other side of the water where he can make a new home.

LUKE: You can't do that! There are coyotes in the woods over there. Maybe I can take him home. I could make him a hutch out of some of Dad's lobster pots. Mom wouldn't mind.

RICK: Are you crazy? I've known your mother a lot longer than you have. She is my sister, you know!

LUKE: Really, she won't mind, Uncle Rick.

RICK: Ha! She'd have a fit if I let you take that rabbit home for a pet. Anyway, it's no use waiting for Peter Rabbit now. Let's pack up. We have to go over to Annie Lennox's place. She's hired me to look after her property this summer.

LUKE: Mrs. Lennox? Uncle Rick, she hates me! I was taking a shortcut through her property last week and she chased me with a broom.

RICK: Then you'd better be on your best behavior.

LUKE: Do I have to go?

RICK: Well, I thought you'd like to meet the new renters living in her cottage. The woman is really nice. She's the archeologist at Strawberry Banke Museum. She said she had a kid going into sixth grade. Won't that be your class?

LUKE: *(interested)* A boy?

RICK: I forgot to ask. Come on, and we'll find out.

(THEY exit.)

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SCENE 2 – The Woods -- *MUSIC* plays, woodland *SFX*, a brook gurgling. *FAIRIES* set the scene, including a fairy house. *KATE* enters but doesn't see the *FAIRIES*, who exit. *KATE* finds a place to sit and begins to write a letter.

KATE: *(writing)* Dear Laura, I am sitting in the pine woods near our new cottage. It's beautiful here, like an enchanted forest. There's even a brook. It's better than I could have imagined, and you know I have a very good imagination. I like it here, but I miss living next door to you. I haven't met any new friends yet. I hope I'll find someone who likes to build fairy houses like we did. Miss you. Love, Kate.

(SFX of a bird singing and she looks up.)

Hello, little bird, are you listening to me?

(KATE puts down her writing things, stands up and stretches. She notices the fairy house.)

Hey, what's this? I wonder if it's some animal's house.

(Looking inside)

Is that a little table? With chairs next to it? Animals don't use furniture. Hmm, I need a flashlight.

KERRY: *(calling from offstage)* Kaaate, where are you?

KATE: *(calling)* Coming!

(Looking at fairy house)

Wow, Mom's not going to believe this!

(KATE crosses to other side of stage where KERRY, RICK and LUKE enter. FAIRIES enter and remove house.)

KERRY: Kate, I'd like you to meet Rick Fernandez. Mr. Fernandez works at Prescott Park near my office at Strawberry Banke. He's in charge of the gardens. And this is his nephew, Luke Carver. Luke just turned eleven like you.

(KATE and LUKE both mumble hello to each other.)

KERRY: The gardens next door are beautiful. Is that your work, too, Rick?

RICK: Your landlady, Annie Lennox, has cared for them as long as I can remember. But her husband died a couple of years ago and since then she's lost interest in gardening. She just hired me to take over and manage the grounds, including this cottage you're renting.

KERRY: Does she own the woods too?

RICK: Yes, she does. Her property goes all the way back behind Sagamore Creek. I know a few developers who would love to get their hands on thirty-five acres of land on the water!

KERRY: It certainly is an interesting old house – and enormous for only one person.

KATE: It must be weird to live all alone in such a huge place.

LUKE: My Dad and I go past her house in our boat all the time when I help him haul lobster traps. I've always thought it looked haunted.

KATE: Haunted?

RICK: *(changing the subject)* Hey, Kerry, why don't you and Kate come to my sister's house tomorrow night for a lobster bake?

KERRY: That sounds lovely. We'll bring the dessert. Kate and I made a couple of blueberry pies this morning.

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Where do you live, Luke?

LUKE: Oh, just down the road.

RICK: He's usually not that shy. It's down the road on the left, grey house, white porch – you can't miss it.

Look for the lobster pots piled up near the garage. About six o'clock?

KERRY: Perfect! We'll be there.

RICK: See you tomorrow then!

(RICK and LUKE exit.)

KERRY: Luke seems like a nice kid. Maybe he'll be your first friend in Portsmouth.

KATE: Mother. He's a boy.

KERRY: Really? I hadn't noticed.

KATE: *(teasing)* You certainly noticed Mr. Fernandez.

(KERRY laughs. THEY exit.)

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SCENE 3 – The Lobsterbake -- *FAIRIES* set a table with benches, and rocks for lobster bake. *KEVIN, RICK, CONNIE* and *MEG* gather around the table. *FAIRIES* place some broken clay pots downstage. *KERRY* and *KATE* enter, carrying a pie basket.

KERRY: Hello! Are we in the right place?

CONNIE: Welcome! You must be Rick's guests.

KERRY: Thanks for inviting us for dinner. We've brought some blueberry pies.

CONNIE: Wonderful! I'm Connie Carver, and this is my husband Kevin.

(Handshakes, ad lib greetings)

And this is Meg.

MEG: I'm four.

KATE: Hi Meg, I'm pleased to meet you.

(TREVOR enters, wearing a Red Sox cap, calling behind him to LUKE.)

TREVOR: Come on, Luke, we'll miss the lobsters being thrown into the fire!

KEVIN: Luke doesn't like to watch that part.

(To Kerry)

Trevor is our next door neighbor. We just can't keep him away when we're cooking lobster.

CONNIE: Trevor, this is Mrs. Evans and her daughter Kate. They've just moved to Portsmouth.

KERRY: Hello, Trevor.

(The adults move away, chatting.)

TREVOR: *(to Kate)* Ever seen a lobster before?

KATE: Sure. We moved here from Maine and...

TREVOR: Don't ya just love watching them get thrown in the fire? They change color as they get cooked alive. Sometimes you can hear them scream! They look like giant red insects!

LUKE: *(entering)* Trevor, will you please stop talking about that?

KATE: Lobsters are crustaceans. They don't actually feel pain, but you can sometimes hear the whistling sound of steam escaping from their wet shells.

TREVOR: Duh! I knew that. I'm always telling people that Luke's dad catches crustigans.

MEG: Kate, do you want to come see the hop-toad houses?

KATE: Hop-toad houses? Sure!

(KATE and MEG cross to broken clay pots. The TREVOR & LUKE follow.)

TREVOR: Yeah, I want to see the itty-bitty toad homes, don't you, Luke?

MEG: This is where Mom makes her clay pots. But sometimes when she bakes them, they crack. Then she puts them in the garden for the hop-toads to live in.

LUKE: A lot of toads have moved into them.

KATE: *(looking under a pot)* I think I see a pair of eyes peeking out at me.

MEG: That's Hoppy. He's my favorite!

TREVOR: *(pushing KATE aside)* Lemme see! Whoa, this looks like a tasty little treat for my pet snake, Slither.

(TREVOR reaches for the toad.)

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MEG: Nooooo!!!

LUKE: Stop it, Trevor, that's Meg's pet.

TREVOR: Oh yeah, some pet!

KATE: Isn't it funny how bullies always seem to pick on someone half their size?

TREVOR: Great! Another nature freak!

LUKE: Trevor! Cut it out!

CONNIE: *(calling to them)* Come on, kids we're ready to eat.

(EVERYONE gathers at the table.)

KATE: Mr. Carver, could I please have the empty mussel shells and some of the corn husks to take home later?

KEVIN: Sure thing. What do you want them for?

KATE: *(shyly)* Oh, I need some natural materials to ...ah... to decorate some bird houses.

KERRY: *(helping her out)* It's her summer project.

(KATE and KERRY exchange a smile.)

TREVOR: Why would birds want houses made from garbage?

RICK: Sounds pretty resourceful to me.

CONNIE: I remember when Luke found out that baby birds were born without feathers. He used to brush our cat and leave the loose fur on the deck. He watched the birds take it and said they were using it for blankets.

TREVOR: Gimme a break!

LUKE: I was only five years old.

(ALL laugh.)

MEG: Do you think I should use some cat fur in the hop-toad houses?

(ALL laugh again. LUKE, embarrassed, changes the subject.)

LUKE: Mom, can we toast some marshmallows? I think the sticks are out by the kiln.

TREVOR: I'll look for them!

(TREVOR crosses to clay pots while others ad lib about good dinner, etc. He puts Hoppy in his hat.)

TREVOR: *(coming back to table)* Uh... I think I'm gonna go.

RICK: Heading home before dessert? What's that in your cap, Trevor?

MEG: Hoppy!

LUKE: *(grabbing toad out of hat)* Don't worry, Meg, we'll put Hoppy back into his house right now.

(To Trevor)

Why would you do that, Trevor? I don't get you anymore.

(LUKE crosses over to the pots with toad, followed by MEG and KATE. The adults look at Trevor.)

TREVOR: Uh...Gotta go.

(TREVOR exits. The others sadly watch him leave.)

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SCENE 4 – The Fairy House -- *KATE and KERRY move away while others strike picnic table, basket, pots, etc. FAIRIES bring on a fairy house and place a flashlight in Kate's hands. KATE doesn't see them.*

KERRY: You're awfully quiet today, Kate. Are you okay?

KATE: I'm fine, Mom. I was just thinking about this spot I discovered in the woods behind the cottage. It's perfect for building fairy houses.

KERRY: Go and play then. I'm off to work.

KATE: *(starts to exit, then hesitates)* Mom?

KERRY: What, dear?

KATE: Do you miss Dad?

KERRY: Of course I do. But he's been gone for a long time now. And I have you to share my life with.

KATE: Well, just so you know, if.... If you ever wanted to share your life with... someone else...that would be okay with me.

KERRY: Thank you, Kate, for saying that. But we'll just take things as they come, shall we?

(KERRY & KATE hug. KERRY exits and KATE crosses to fairy house, shining her light inside.)

KATE: Anybody in there? Oh my gosh, those are little chairs made of seashells!

(LUKE enters.)

LUKE: What are you doing?

KATE: *(startled)* Ummmm, nothing.

LUKE: Right. I didn't mean to surprise you. It's just that Uncle Rick and I were working in Mrs.Lennox's gardens and we saw you head into the woods. We thought you might be collecting stuff for the birdhouses you talked about last night. Anyway, we found this starfish and I... I mean we... thought you might want to use it.

KATE: *(taking starfish)* Thank you.

LUKE: *(noticing fairy house)* Is that your birdhouse? Because if it is, I hope you know that birds won't use it. Birds need to make their nests in trees to keep their eggs safe.

KATE: I know that. It's... ahhh, I mean... I made it for... umm.. butterflies! I made this house for the butterflies to use... for shelter. You know, if it rains or something.

LUKE: *(looking down at house)* Good idea. I like it. It reminds me of Mom's toad houses, only more natural.

KATE: You think?

LUKE: It's hard to see inside. Can I use your flashlight?

(she hesitantly gives it to him)

Wow! You built a table? And... are those chairs?

KATE: Actually, I didn't build this furniture.

LUKE: And I think I even see a bed! Wait a minute... what is this?

(LUKE pulls out a little shell box and hands it to KATE.)

KATE: I don't know. I didn't make this house. It was already here and I sort of discovered it.

LUKE: If you didn't make it... then who did?

KATE: I don't know.

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(Shaking the shell box)

Hey, something's rattling inside.

(KATE opens the box and tooth falls to ground. LUKE picks it up.)

LUKE: Is that a tooth?

KATE: I think so. And it's not an animal's. I think it's... a kid's tooth!

(KATE & LUKE excitedly look at each other and then both look in the house.)

LUKE: Look, there are more little boxes inside!

KATE: I can't believe this! I think we've discovered a Tooth Fairy's house!

(LUKE reaches in and pulls out a small stone.)

LUKE: This was behind the bed. It has some writing on it.

KATE: *(reading)* If you discover this tooth fairy's house,

There is another yet to find.

Built big enough for a mole or a mouse,

By fairies of a different kind.

LUKE: Hey, do you think there might be more houses around here?

KATE: A mystery!

RICK: *(calling from offstage)* Luke, I need your help!

LUKE: We'll have to wait and solve it. I have to get back to help Uncle Rick.

KATE: Oh.

LUKE: How about we meet here tomorrow at the same time and try to solve the secret of the hidden fairy house, like who built it and when and whether there was a crime involved? I always thought I'd make a good detective.

KATE: Yeah, sure. And why don't you try to figure out what "fairies of a different kind" means, Mr. Sherlock Holmes!

LUKE: You think about it, too. See you tomorrow, Watson!

(BOTH exit on opposite sides.)

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SCENE 5 – The Mystery Continues -- *SFX of a brook gurgling. LUKE is making something. KATE enters.*

KATE: Hello.

LUKE: Hey. I didn't hear you coming.

KATE: What are you doing?

LUKE: I'm making a raft. I used to make these all the time when I was younger, for the gnomes to sail on.

KATE: Gnomes? You know, I've often thought that gnomes must be friends of the fairies.

LUKE: You think they hang out together?

KATE: Are you teasing me?

LUKE: Not really.

KATE: Even though you can't see them, I still think they're all around us, just invisible to our eyes – kind of like sound waves. I think animals can see them, especially at night.

LUKE: Interesting. I guess smells are like that.

KATE: Smells?

LUKE: Sure, you know...odors. You can smell them, right? And they definitely exist; some smell good and some smell bad... disgusting even, but we can't see them. They're invisible, just like the gnomes and fairies.

KATE: It's magic.

LUKE: Uncle Rick always says nature's magic is all around us. Look at the tadpoles swimming around down here. Pretty soon they'll be frogs. See how some of them already have their back legs?

KATE: Like a caterpillar turning into a butterfly.

LUKE: Right.

(Looking up toward a tree limb)

Hey, look at that! It's a nymph!

KATE: A nymph? Is that like a fairy? Where?

LUKE: On that branch, right there! A nymph is a dragonfly larva. Don't you know where dragonflies come from?

KATE: Eggs?

LUKE: Yeah, eggs first, which then hatch into larvae called nymphs. They look like beetles. They live in the water. You'd never believe it, but a dragonfly will break out of there, dry its wings like a butterfly and take off. And look here!

(Pointing down)

This is the hard skin of another nymph. There's the small hole on its back where the dragonfly came out.

(A Dragonfly FAIRY enters and hovers near them.)

KATE: Luke, look! It's almost like he wants us to follow him.

LUKE: Fairies of a different kind... I wonder... It's going that way.

(KATE and LUKE follow the Dragonfly FAIRY, while FAIRIES bring on the gnome house. The Dragonfly FAIRY flies offstage just as KATE and LUKE discover the fairy house.)

KATE: Another house! Look, there's a kitchen with a tiny broom. Acorn caps for bowls. And a tiny green skirt and a red pointed hat and... are those shoes?

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LUKE: Gnomes wear red pointed hats, and leather boots like those. Watson, I do believe we've solved the mystery. What we have here is a gnome house and...

KATE: Luke! There's another stone!

(KATE pulls out and reads)

This is a gnome house you've discovered,
It leads to another, hidden from sight.
In secret splendor and lying covered,
Revealed to you by the full moon's light.

LUKE: This is unbelievable! I've never heard of anyone finding gnome homes and tooth fairy houses.

(Beat. LUKE & KATE look at each other.)

KATE: And that's why we should keep it a secret.

LUKE: I won't tell anyone.

KATE: Not Trevor?

LUKE: Especially not Trevor. Look, the moon will be bright tonight and it'll rise around five o'clock.

KATE: How do you know that?

LUKE: Because I noticed the moon at the lobster bake. As it gets bigger, the moon rises about one hour later each day.

KATE: You're a real nature geek, you know that?

LUKE: Takes one to know one! So, can we meet here later tonight? Maybe the moon will reveal something.

KATE: After dinner. Eight o'clock by the tooth fairy house. It'll be getting dark by then. It's a date! I mean... I'll see you later, Sherlock.

(THEY exit on opposite sides, waving to each other.)

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SCENE 6 – Mrs. Lennox -- *FAIRIES strike fairy houses or move them out of scene. RICK and LUKE enter, carrying gardening tools.*

RICK: That was some thunderstorm we had last night.

LUKE: Yeah, Mom made me stay home.

RICK: Well, it's good you're rested 'cause we have a lot of mulch to spread for Mrs. Lennox today. Why would you want to go out in a thunderstorm anyway?

LUKE: I was just supposed to meet... somebody, that's all.

(Changing the subject)

Hey, you haven't caught Peter Rabbit yet, have you?

RICK: Not yet. I saw him helping himself to the petunias yesterday.

LUKE: When we do catch him, can we let him go in the woods here?

RICK: I don't think Mrs. Lennox wants to feed him either.

LUKE: He doesn't eat that much! What about near our house then?

RICK: We'll see. First we have to weed Mrs. L's garden. I hope the flowers didn't get damaged by the hard rain. Guess we'll see soon enough. Go tell Mrs. Lennox we're here. I'll meet you in the garden.

LUKE: You want me to go up to that creepy old house... alone?

RICK: *(laughing)* I don't think there's anything to fear in broad daylight, Luke. Here...

(Tossing him a granola bar)

Build up your strength for any ghostly encounters!

(RICK exits. LUKE starts to unwrap the bar and then jumps when MRS. LENNOX enters behind him.)

MRS LENNOX: What are you going to do with that wrapper, young man?

LUKE: Oh... um. Good morning, Mrs. Lennox. My uncle and I are here to work in your garden.

MRS LENNOX: Well, make sure you take care of that wrapper. I don't want any litter on my front lawn.

(MRS. LENNOX exits. LUKE puts the wrapper in his pocket. RICK enters angrily.)

RICK: Unbelievable!

LUKE: What's the matter, Uncle Rick?

RICK: Someone has torn up the flower beds, ripped all the plants right out of the ground!

LUKE: Could it have been last night's storm? Or...

(Hesitantly)

...a rabbit?

RICK: No, this damage was done by something very human. They also sprayed horrible graffiti all up and down the white fence. I can't imagine who would do this to a nice lady like Mrs. Lennox.

LUKE: She's not going to be happy to hear it.

RICK: Well, you go start working on the garden while I go tell her about it.

(RICK exits after MRS. LENNOX. LUKE looks thoughtful for a moment and exits toward garden.)

A New Hampshire Theatre Project Young People's Playscript
PERUSAL SCRIPT -- Forest Secrets by Genevieve Aichele

SCENE 7 – Trevor -- *Darkness in the woods. TREVOR hides by the fairy house. KATE and LUKE start talking offstage, then enter. LUKE carries the light and a bag of brownies; KATE carries a water bottle and a large seashell.*

LUKE: Hi Kate, I brought some brownies my mom baked today. In case we need energy to help us figure out this clue.

KATE: Brownies - cool! I brought water. Some for us and some to leave in this large clamshell for the fairies and gnomes, in case they get thirsty.

LUKE: That shell's big enough for a gnome bathtub, or maybe even a fairy swimming pool!

(LUKE and KATE discover TREVOR.)

KATE: Trevor?

TREVOR: Soooo. This is where you've been spending all your time, Luke. Building fairy houses? I can't believe it! And with a girl?

LUKE: Trevor, what are you doing here?

TREVOR: I followed you here the other day. I could hear you talking about fairies and gnome homes. When did you turn into such a wimp?

(TREVOR kicks at the fairy house).

This is nothing but a bunch of sticks, like a campfire just waiting to be lit. So I came to help you out.

(TREVOR pulls out a lighter and leans down to the fairy house.)

KATE: What are you doing? Stop that!

LUKE: Trevor, your hair!

(KATE throws water on TREVOR and then on the house. LUKE grabs TREVOR and tries to pat his hair out with dirt from the ground. TREVOR angrily pulls away.)

TREVOR: What are you doing!!!? Get away from me! You guys are going to regret this!

(TREVOR exits.)

KATE: You'd think he'd be a little more grateful.

LUKE: I don't think he even realized his hair was on fire. Is your house ruined?

KATE: I can fix it. But Trevor could have set these whole woods on fire! What's wrong with him?

LUKE: I really don't know. He's done some strange things lately, but nothing this bad. Mrs. Lennox's wouldn't let us come here if she knew what happened.

KATE: That's why we need to keep it a secret.

(Looking up at sky)

It's too cloudy for the moonlight to reveal anything now. I guess we should just go home, Sherlock.

LUKE: We'll try again on the next moonlit night, Watson.

(THEY exit on opposite sides.)

14 more pages of script