

# MAGIC MICROPHONE

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## SCENE 1 - MARY POPPINS

Abi : Ok, guys, lets get on with the task. Otherwise the teacher will make us stay in over break.

Elia: Jeez, what a bore.

Marina: Hey, where's your worksheet?

Lenie: I lost it...

Keturah: I have mine. I'll read it out. 'In groups, write an essay about a historical event'

Maya C: An essay?! Spelling, grammar, no thanks!

Maya B: Yeah, boring!

Talia: Here we are in a music room surrounded by cool instruments and we're sat behind a desk discussing history.

Rafaella: Hey look at this old microphone

Abi: This looks like a piece of history. (Into the mic) Hello?!

Elia: Let me try! (Singing into the mic) yeah yeah yeeahhhh!

Marina: Alright, you're not in a musical right now you know.

Lenie: (grabs the mic) I wish I was in a musical.

*Floor begins to shake and kids wobble then fall to the floor*

Keturah: What was that?

Maya C: Is everyone ok?

Maya B: An earthquake! Why would there be an earthquake?

Talia: Lenie just said 'I wish I was in a musical' and then suddenly everything started shaking.

Rafaella: Hold on a minute... Where are we?

Abi: Not at school that's for sure... look!

Elia: Careful! We're up on the roof!

Marina: Looks like London down there, only different.

Lenie: Everyone's wearing hats and waistcoats, like they're in the olden days. Fancy.

Keturah: Look at that woman there, her sash says 'votes for women'. She must be a suffragette.

Lenie: Are you saying... we've gone back in time!?

Maya C: Maybe...

Maya B: You guys are filthy, you look like chimney sweeps!

Talia: You're not exactly squeaky clean yourself. Your flatcap is *covered* in soot!

Rafaella: Look at those cute kids down there flying their kite.

Abi: The guy with them looks as filthy as us.

Keturah: Not the woman though. Her dress is sparkling clean. Practically perfect.

Lenie: Hang on. I think I know what's happened here... When I held that microphone, I said 'I wish I was in musical.'

Talia: Flying kites, practically perfect nannies...

Rafaella: We're in Mary Poppins!!

**SONG - CHIM CHIM CHEREE**

Abi: So I can just make a wish into this thing and it comes true?! I wish we weren't filthy chimney sweeps.

*Earthquake*

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SCENE 2 - HAMILTON

Elia: It happened again, ya'll!

Marina: Why are you talking like that?

Lenie: Why are *you* talking like that?

Keturah: Why are you *all* talking like that?

Rafaella: I guess we're American now. That's a clue!

Maya C: Anyone see any other clues about?

Maya B: Well, this this place is pretty fancy. I could get used to this.

Talia: I don't think I could ever get used to this corset! I can't breathe!

Rafaella: Who is this man in the picture?

Abi: It says... founding father A.H. Who's A.H?

Keturah: I know! We're in another musical. A.H - Alexander Hamilton.

Lenie: I knew I was getting a weird craving for hip hop.

Talia: Who is Alexander Hamilton?

Rafaella: I think we're about to find out!

**SONG - ALEXANDER HAMILTON**

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## SCENE 3 - SIX

Lexi: Ok, that was fun and all but I think you should probably wish us back home now, Jenna.

Ella: Are you kidding? This thing is great, I wish people could see us!

*Earthquake*

Ella: When I said I wish people could see us... I didn't exactly mean...Twelve thousand people!

Emily: HELLO WEMBLEY! I've always wanted to perform to a stadium full of adoring fans! And these outfits! This is the best one yet by far.

Isabelle: We better work out what musical we're in. Your 'adoring fans' are waiting.

Maya: Ok, a stadium, a band...we're clearly here to perform live, like it's a concert or something. What musicals have a live arena crowd!?

Olivia: And we're *still* wearing a corset...great. I didn't want to breathe anyway.

Ruby: Yeah but this time a cool one. Sparkly! And love the leather jacket on you!

Thea: I have a crown. Perhaps I'm a queen. You may all bow down.

Lexi: So do I! Perhaps we're all queens?

Emily: I don't think so. What kind of queens wear leather biker boots and miniskirts...?

Isabelle: Do you have any better ideas? There aren't many clues yet...

Maya: Listen! It's starting! We're not ready, we haven't guessed it yet!

Olivia: Ok lets think this through. What group of queens from history all have something in common?

Ruby: Dressed like powerhouse rockstars

Thea: And ready to sing their story to a packed out stadium...

Lexi: I've got it! Six! We're in six!

### **SONG - SIX**

Lexi: That was incredible!

Ella: Amazing!

Emily: What a once in a lifetime experience!

Isabelle: I felt like a real queen!

Maya: I loved your dance moves!

Olivia: And your singing!

Ruby: And don't forget the killer outfits!

Thea: Great job all round, queens!

Ella: I guess history is kinda cool after all. I wish we could've experienced some of this stuff for real.

Emily: Guys, will you all stop wishing stuff!

Ella: Whoops...

*Earthquake*

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## SCENE 4 - LES MISERABLES

Ella: Sorry guys. That one was an accident.

Isabelle: I wonder where we are now? Everyone is marching. Blend in. Start marching.

Maya: Those flag poles look heavy! I hope we're not marching too far.

Olivia: It doesn't look like we can go any further. We're barricaded in, look.

Ruby: Or someone on the other side is barricaded out...lets climb over, see what's behind there.

Thea: Oh yeah, great plan. 'Excuse me 19th century angry mob, I just need to squeeze by and admire the view'

Lexi: Shhh, guys, listen.

*Girls all listen*

Emily: They're all shouting. What language is that?

Isabelle: French I think. Listen again

*Girls listen*

Maya: Drumbeats...Gunshots... Singing... do you hear that? It's a revolution. We're in Les Mis!

### **SONG - DO YOU HEAR THE PEOPLE SING**

Olivia: Ok, that was moving and all but we are literally being shot at right now.

Ruby: Yeah, this one isn't quite as fun as Wembley arena.

Thea: Someone grab the mic, wish us back to class quick!!

Lexi: I never thought I'd say this but... I wish we were at school!

*Earthquake*

Ella: We made it!

Emily: Well done, thank goodness for that.

Isabelle: Lets put this thing back where we found it.

Maya: I think that's probably a good idea. Essay writing doesn't seem so bad after being shot at on a barricade!

Olivia: I forgot we were even writing an essay. What was the question?

Ruby: Write an essay about a historical event.

Thea: I'd say we have one or two ideas now. Thanks to this thing. Which is going back where it came from. For now.

**END**