

Film Makers



Cast: Director, Mother, Son, Undertaker, Undertakers two assistance Clapper Boy, Cameraman, Angles (Number to be decided)

Props: Clapperboard, Camera, bigger thumb bandages, Doctor's Bag, Stethoscope, Tape Measure, Stretcher,

(Scene opens - all cast on stage except angels)

Dir.: now look here lads, for the last time try and get it right, you all know your words, so let's get this film made and let's make it a good one. Ok then places everyone

(Cast leave stage, mother sits in chair and starts to knit)

Dir.: lights, camera, action.

(small boy rushes on with clapboard)

Boy: filmmaker, act one, scene one, take 195

(claps board, traps thumb, grimaces with pain and leaves the stage)

Mother: my son, my son has not been seen I wonder where he can have been the time it is getting late, how much longer do I have to wait.

(enter son with arrow sticking from his chest)

Son: oh mother dear mother a game I played
And from somewhere an arrow it strayed,
It struck me here right in the chest
And tore my one and only vest

(son falls to the ground and writhes in pain in exaggerated fashion)

Mother: oh dear, oh dear a terrible fate
A doctor to call before it's too late, (picks up telephone)
Oh doctor comes quickly my son he is sick .
An arrow has hit him and made a big prick

(enter doctor who walks towards mother and steps over the body)

Doctor: I'm doctor snodgrass, a doctor I be
where is the patient I've called to see

(mother points towards the son)

(doctor turns, kneels down and examines the body)

Doctor: oh little Fred I think he's dead
He's gone to god's green acre,
You don't need me you need an undertaker

Mother: oh woe is me, oh woe is me.

(angels enter along the length of back stage)

Angels: hallelujah... hallelujah.hallelujah *(tape of hallelujah chorus)*

(angels and doctor leave the stage, undertaker enters and goes over to the body and produces a very short tape measure)

Under: he's six foot three, too big for me,
I'll have to bend him at the knee
I'll have him removed tom out of your sight
To lessen the blow of this terrible plight.

(enter stretcher-bearers, they put son on stretcher and leave)

Mother: alas my son, my dearest son
Your game should never have started
You've left me now for greener fields
You've gone and now departed,
But my son one-day I'll see
Oh woe is me, oh woe is me.

(enter angels as before)

Angels: hallelujah... hallelujah hallelujah *(tape of hallelujah chorus)*

Dir.: cut. Come here everyone

(cast come onto stage in despondent fashion)

That was not too bad, but it was bit morbid, I want you to enjoy it. Now let's have it once more and this time put some humour into it right, places again everyone.

(cast move off stage as before)

Lights, camera, action!

(boy appears with bigger bandage on thumb)

Boy: filmmaker, act one, scene one, take 196

(claps board, traps thumb again, grimaces with more pain and leaves the stage. The whole sketch is gone through again, but this time with much more exaggerated and hilarious laughter and gestures.)

Mother: my son, my son has not been seen
I wonder where he can have been
The time it is getting late,
How much longer do I have to wait.

(enter son with arrow sticking from his chest)

Son: oh mother dear mother a game I played
And from somewhere an arrow it strayed,
It struck me here right in the chest
And tore my one and only vest

(son falls to the ground and writhes in pain in exaggerated fashion)

Mother: oh dear, oh dear a terrible fate
A doctor to call before it's too late, (picks up telephone)
Oh doctor come quickly my son he is sick
An arrow has hit him and made a big prick

(enter doctor who walks towards mother and steps over the body)

Doctor: I'm doctor snodgrass, a doctor I be
where is the patient I've called to see

*(mother points towards the son)
(doctor turns, kneels down and examines the body)*

Doctor: oh little Fred I think he's dead
He's gone to god's green acre,
You don't need me you need an undertaker

Mother: oh woe .is me, oh woe is me.

(angels enter along the length of back stage)

Angels: hallelujah...hallelujah . Hallelujah *(tape of hallelujah chorus)*

(angels and doctor leave the stage, undertaker enters and goes over to the body and produces a very short tape measure)

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(enter angels as before)

Angels: hallelujah...hallelujah hallelujah *(tape of hallelujah chorus)*

(director enters waving his arms)

Dir.: cut. Come here everyone

(cast come onto stage again)

That's a bit better but it's running over time, it needs at least half a minute cutting off the running time, so one more run through and this time try to move a bit faster. Right, places everyone.

(cast move off stage as before)

Lights, camera, action!

(boy appears with very big bandage on thumb)

Boy: filmmaker, act one, scene one, take 197

(claps board, traps thumb yet again, almost passes out with pain and leaves the stage)

(sketch repeated with strobe lighting. Characters are moving as fast as possible and gabbling their lines)

Mother: my son, my son has not been seen I wonder where he can have been the time it is getting late, how much longer do I have to wait.

(enter son with arrow sticking from his chest)

Son: oh mother dear mother a game I played
And from somewhere an arrow it strayed,
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(son falls to the ground and writhes in pain in exaggerated fashion)

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Angels: hallelujah... hallelujah.hallelujah *(tape of hallelujah chorus)*

(angels and doctor leave the stage, undertaker enters and goes over to the body and produces a very short tape measure)

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(enter angels as before)

Angels: hallelujah... hallelujah... hallelujah (tape of hallelujah chorus)

(The end of the second appearance the angels, the stobe light is cut and the cameraman runs on to the stage)

C...MAN: Just a minute, can you run though it once more, I forgot to put the film in.

(Whole cast chase him off stage waving fists – blackout)