

The Outback Debutante Ball

The play is a comedy in two acts, set in the present, in a Public Hall, in a small outback town.

Story Line.....

The local line dancers are annoyed, because the hall committee have cancelled their regular practice session. Government funding has been obtained, to pay a visiting director, from the city, to teach a group of debutantes the finer arts of grooming, deportment, dress and dancing.

The committee plan to impress a visiting member of Parliament, by demonstrating that the hall is mainly used for arts and cultural events, in order to apply for more arts funding, to help repair the old building. The original grant, is conditional on there being at least six debutantes, to be presented. This stipulation, of course, includes six male partners for the debutantes.

The committee have three local, would be, social society debutantes, but they need to convince at least three of the line dancers to become debs..... And find six jackaroo's willing to wear dinner suits, and learn to dance the Minuet.

Debutante frocks and dinner suits have to be ordered from the city. The ball has to be planned to perfection, to impress the member of Parliament. Of course, things never go as planned. Murphy's Law of the Outback applies, and everything goes wrong..

The hilarious efforts of the committee, and some of the local characters, as they set about overcoming, seemingly impossible obstacles, to achieve their objective, demonstrates the tenacity and ingenuity of outback folk, at their indomitable best.



Cast Required.. Nine females, Three males, Three M/F Chorus, if required.... Extra Line dancers, debutantes, jackaroos, Volunteers from the audience to escort the Debutantes.....

Costuming.

Casual outback gear. Western shirts, moleskins, jeans, tee shirts etc. Debutante frocks, or revamped wedding dresses, should be worn by the debutantes, if possible. Dinner suits are not required for the guys... The hired suits never actually arrive from the city!

Music.

May be a piano or a live band, however tapes or CD's work very well, and are recommended, for this particular play.

The musical content is important to help set the country mood of the play. Suggestions as to the type of music suitable are given in the script. Individual vocal numbers, bush poetry, solo performers etc, may be added as featured artists, during the interval.

A recorded, classical rendition by a large orchestra, with strings and French Horns, of "Waltz of the Flowers," for the Debutantes Minuet, is very effective..

Choreographers Note.

The Debutantes dance, is an elaborate version of the Pride of Erin. The classical music, with minuet stance and over exaggerated movements, will make it look like a Minuet. Also if you need to call on volunteers from the audience to act as escorts for the debutantes, a well known dance will be the best option. However, if you have a choreographer who can teach the cast a minuet, so much the better. Good Luck!!

Props Required.

Small table, CD Recorder, Several CD's, Bridal Arch, Pet transport cage, Briefcase, Clipboard, Plate of Brandy Snaps, Cup and Saucer, Pair of Crutches, Wheelchair, Bandages, Bucket of Raffle Tickets.

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CAST:-

The Line Dancers

Leanne..... Bossy, easily stirred.

Simone..... Tomboy, calls a spade a spade.

Barbara..... Pretty, naive, may be blonde.

The Debutantes

(May double as extra line dancers, disguised with hats and wigs etc.)

Sonia..... Snobbish, vain, well off, landowners daughter.

Kathy..... Sonia's best friend. Middle class, nice girl.

Louise..... Awkward, Perhaps very tall.

The Guys

Wombat Jackaroo, Bush Character.

Fourby Jackaroo, Thick, as a Four by Two.

Nugga..... Town Layabout, Sometime Rodeo Rider

The Committee

Muriel Sterling..... Mother of Sonia, Bossy,

Betty Lawson..... Widow, Mother of Louise. Good Cook.

Rhonda Bowden.....Spinster, Town Whinger

Others M/F *(May be Male or Female)*

Leslie Heatherington..... Arts Council Director. City dweller.

The Mayor.. *(Small role only.)*

The Honourable Member of Parliament. *(Male or Female.)*

(The MP is a non speaking Cameo role, may be someone selected from the audience)

Chorus if required. Extra Line dancers. M/F Extra Debutantes and Partners, Extra Committee Members M/F

Music Suggestions.

ACT ONE

Two Months before the Ball

Music No. 1. Line Dancing Number

Music No. 2. Waltz of the Flowers,

Music No. 2a. Waltz of the Flowers,

Music No. 3. Optional Solo

Music No. 4. Waltz of the Flowers

ACT TWO

The Night of the Ball

Music No. 5. The Boys from the Bush

Music No. 6. Mandrake, or The Longreach Rodeo..(Optional.)

Music No. 7. Any Waltz

Music No. 8. Waltz of the Flowers.....

Music No. 9. Finale.... Members of The Outback Club.....

N.B. *This script is text only. Music is of your own choosing and copyright permission, if applicable, should be sought for any music used in your production. Titles listed here are suggestions only of the type of music suitable.*

THE OUTBACK DEBUTANTE BALL

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ACT ONE.

The Local Shire Hall. Two Months Before The Ball.

(A small table downstage, to one side, has a C.D. player on it.)

Music No. 1.*Line Dancing Number*.....

(As the curtains open, a group of ladies and girls on stage, perform a line dance...)

(Dance ends, pause for applause.)

LEANNE. *(Moving towards the CD player.)* Okay girls, take five, while I change the music. We'll try that new CD, the one I was telling you about, that I brought back from

(.....City.....) next.

(Extra Line dancers drift off stage as Barbara and Leanne move downstage to the CD Player.)

BARBARA. So, what did you do while you were in *(....City...)*

LEANNE. Not much. Went down to a to a seminar, for work. Did a bit of shopping. Got some new great new CD's, and I bought a birthday present for my little sister.

BARBARA. What did you get her?

LEANNE. I got her a Barbie Doll. She's eight, and really into Barbie, at the moment. You wouldn't believe how many different Barbie's there are in the toy shops now.

BARBARA. Yes I would. I've got sisters too, remember. *(Ticking off on her fingers.)* There's swimming Barbie, dancing Barbie, skating Barbie, film star Barbie, cowgirl Barbie, bride doll Barbie, there's heaps of then.

LEANNE. Yeah! And they're not cheap. I mean, around twenty dollars, for a little plastic doll and few crappy little clothes.

BARBARA. *(Seriously.)* I know! Then of course, there's divorced, Barbie. She costs over forty dollars.

LEANNE. *(Incredulous.)* Divorced Barbie! What next!..... How come she costs so much?

BARBARA. *(Seriously.)* She comes with Ken's house, Ken's furniture, Ken's car, Ken's money....

(Enter Fourby and Wombat, carrying a dilapidated looking bridal arch.)

SIMONE. Hi, Fourby. G'day Wombat. *(Joking.)* Wow! Are you two getting married? You'll make a lovely couple.

BARBARA. I didn't know you were even going steady.

(Girls all laugh.)

WOMBAT. Very funny.

FOURBY. Yeah! So.... Where do youse want this thing, Leanne?

LEANNE. *(Surprised.)* I don't know.

FOURBY. It's supposed to go up here, somewhere

LEANNE. Well, I don't know anything about it.

BARBARA. *(Curious.)* Is somebody really getting married?

WOMBAT. We don't know, we were just told to get it out of the store room, and bring it up on to the stage.

LEANNE. *(Annoyed.)* But I haven't finished our line dancing class yet.

FOURBY. Not our problem, we're just following orders.

WOMBAT. So, what do youse want us to do with it?

SIMONE. I could make a suggestion, but it probably wouldn't fit.

(Girls laugh and make disparaging remarks amongst themselves.)

WOMBAT. Come on, settle down. I didn't volunteer to help out, just so you lot could get a laugh.

FOURBY. Volunteer? You mean you didn't have to be here?

WOMBAT. No. I didn't. I was walking past the hall, on me way to the pub, and Muriel Sterling grabbed me and asked me to help out for a few minutes.

SIMONE. *(Teasing.)* We all know why Fourby had to be here.

BARBARA. Yeah, that's right. It's part of your community service sentence, isn't it Fourby?

(All laugh, Extra line dancers exit the stage. Leanne, Simone and Barbara remain.)

FOURBY. *(Embarrassed.)* It's not funny.

SIMONE. Obviously the judge didn't think so, either.

LEANNE. *(Teasing.)* Damaging public property, wasn't it?

WOMBAT. *(Agreeing.)* That and dangerous driving.

FOURBY. No need to rub it in.

SIMONE. *(Laughing.)* The way we heard it, you were trying to rub it out

FOURBY. *(Defensively.)* Yeah. Well that bloody phone box, took my last two dollars.

BARBARA. Is that why you tied it to your ute and dragged it down *(Local main street.)*?

FOURBY. Yeah! I was pretty pissed off at the time.

LEANNE. All the same, it was a pretty dumb thing to do, tying it to the bull bar like that.

WOMBAT. You should have used your winch.

FOURBY. *(Enlightened.)* Yeah! I never thought of that!

SIMONE. Don't encourage him, Wombat.

BARBARA. He's lucky he didn't get a jail sentence.

FOURBY. Yeah! *(Sheepishly.)* They did throw me in the slammer for the night. Lord, it was cold in there. Just a bunk and one miserable thin blanket.

WOMBAT. From what we heard, you were feeling no pain.

FOURBY. Not true. Fair dinkum, Wombat, I bloody near froze.

LEANNE. Serves you right.

SIMONE. I heard that the local copper sorted you out, really put you on your feet.

FOURBY. Yeah! He sure did. Took me drivers licence off me!

WOMBAT. You're lucky it happened here, in town, and not out at St George.

FOURBY. I guess so, I hear that the Constable over there's a real mean mother.

BARBARA. What's different about the Constable at St George?

WOMBAT. *(Explaining.)* If he's in good mood, you get the first cell, there's a wooden bunk, and just one thin blanket. But if he's having a really bad day....

FOURBY. Or if he just doesn't like you....

WOMBAT. You get the second cell. There's no bunk in there, at all, just a blanket..... painted on the floor.

(Enter the Committee, headed by Muriel Sterling, perhaps through an outside door.....)

MURIEL. *(Loudly.)* Of course we'd have the hall all decorated, and I thought we could have the archway covered with flowers, up at the back of the stage, in the centre.

BETTY. I don't know about having the archway in the centre, what if we sort of....

MURIEL. (*Overbearing.*) Come on now boys.... Up the back with that.... No. Not there... A bit to the left...No, not that far left...More in the centre.... and a little bit further back.

(The guys stumble about up the back of the stage, with the arch.)

BETTY. Oh, No! That's not what I had in mind, at all, Muriel. I think we should put it over to one side, closer to the front of the stage. Down here boys, that's it. But it'd look much better, on an angle..... perhaps a little more towards the front.

(The boys move downstage, with the arch, trying to follow directions).

MURIEL. No, no. Not there....further back!

BETTY. (*Becoming insistant.*) Down the front, and over to the left.

(The boys try to move in opposite directions.)

MURIEL. Up the back... All the way up the back.

BETTY. Down the front.

MURIEL. The back! Way back!!

WOMBAT. Okay! That's it! Put it down, Fourby.

FOURBY. Yeah! I'm beginning to feel like a bloody sheep dog!!

(The boys deposit the arch centre stage.)

LEANNE. Just a cotton pickin' minute! I'm trying to conduct a line dancing class up here, if you don't mind!! Who ordered this stupid thing anyway?

MURIEL. I did! (*Correcting herself.*) That is, well actually, the committee decided.

RHONDA. (*Aside.*) Huh! Same thing, really!!

LEANNE. Well, we've got the hall booked until five o'clock. Every Saturday! So get that thing off the stage and out of our way. Now.

(Boys pick the archway up and move to exit the stage.)

MURIEL. Stop, right there! Put it down at once!

(Boys drop the arch.)

FOURBY. What say you and me, go down to the pub for a while, till these sheilah's sort this out?