

Stories **on** Stage

S C R I P T

Whizzy's Turned Around House

(script adapted from the story)



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Whizzy's Turned Around House

Characters:

Whizzer and Whizz

(The Whizz Kids... Narrators 1 and 2)

Westerly Whyly

Whizzy, the Whizz Kid Chemist

Keeper of Records

Whizzer: Westerly Whyly was born to ask why.

Whizz: His first word wasn't Mom, but Why-Mom.

Whizzer: His second word wasn't Dad, but Why-Dad.

Whizz: As Whyly grew, his curiosity grew. He could get curious over just about anything, and he was very curious about a house on the island where he lived.

Whizzer: Whyly had known since he was old enough to know, that the house had turned around.

Whizz: There was the version about a storm damaging the house and the owners switching the porch and dining room to opposite sides when they fixed the foundation.

Whizzer: But that version didn't satisfy Whyly.

Whizz: Of course it was the Dow's house, but it was nicknamed Whizzy's Turned Around House.

Whizzer: And the Dow's grandchildren insisted that Whizzy had turned the house around. Folks said the Whizzy version was a myth.

Whizzy: Was it a myth or not?

Whizzer: A little imagination, which Whyly had a lot more than a little of, told Whyly that it didn't matter. Whizzy was cool, and one thing he did know. Surprisingly enough, he was getting tired of asking, "Why did the house turn around?"

Whizzy: And then it didn't matter at all because HE WAS THERE.

Whyly: Hey, Whizzy, your lab is cool. Your cauldron is huge. And your powders and juices are soooo green. I want to be a chemist when I grow up.

Whizzy: Oh, hi, Whyly. I love being a chemist. I'm mixing a concoction so I can compete in the annual spinning contest. I'm under deadline pressure. What can I spin before the stroke of midnight? Spinning webs or yarns won't win me a listing in the Whizz Kids' Book of Records. Any Whizz Kid can spin webs or yarns.

Whyly: Maybe if you peer into your brew hard enough, you'll get an idea.

Whizzy: Oooooooooooooh! The Dow's summerhouse out at Wauwinet stands alone between Nantucket Harbor and the Atlantic Ocean...perfect for spinning, except for one missing ingredient. It is far from town...far from children's laughter.

Whyly: Well, stir your brew...well, your concoction...with all your might and wail some sort of spell. Use your Whizz Kid imagination.

Whizzy: Wait a minute. Let me get into this. Okay! Brew stormy weather...without a sliver of shine...Brew winds that blow the spinning sign, spreading laughter with every gust. Children's laughter is a must to spin the house between the ocean and the harbor. Brew winds that blow laughter from Nantucket Town to Whizzy's cauldron in Wauwinet. Blow children's laughter in the mix...and whirl it, and swirl it, and spin it. Hurry! Quick as a mouse. Poof! Spin the Dow's house!

Whyly: Am I hearing the rumble of thunder and wow! is that a flash of lightning? Uh, oh! The rain is beating down on the Dow's house.

Whizzy: Lightning is streaking across my eyes, too. Whoops! My spoon slipped out of my fingers.

Whyly: No wonder. It's dripping with your mixture of powders and juices. Is the brew supposed to bubble up and boil over like that?

Whizzy: Ooooh, it's my spoon. It dropped into the brew.

Whyly: What kind of spell was that anyway? Maybe you need more experience to pull off such a creative idea. Oh, no! You're in big trouble now. The bank on the ocean side of the house is pulling away. The windows are breaking and the house is filling up with sand. You're in really big trouble.

Whizzy: FANGLE DANGLE STOP! Wait. Wait. Give me another chance. I'll chant the spell again.

Whyly: Grab your broomstick handle and stir the brew again. You'll get a great stir with that. And come on, chant your spell.

Whizzy: Well, here goes.
MAKE THE HOUSE NEW.
MAKE THE SPELL BE EVER TRUE!

Whyly: Wow! The house is sliding down the bank toward the harbor. I can't believe it. Pilings are springing up under the house. And, wow, the foundation is closing around it.

Whizzy: I'm impressed myself, if I do say so.

Whyly: You are so lucky. Even the wind is blowing your way. Look at that. The wind is blowing the glass into smooth sheets, and new shingles are covering the house. As good as new!

Whizzy: WOWIE WHIZZY WHEW!

Whyly: You can thank your trusty Whizz Kid broom for the great stir.

Whizzy: I'll just whizz over to the house and give it a little whizzbroom sweep. That's the least I can do.

Whyly: You're not thinking of removing all the evidence, by any chance, are you?

Whizzy: Evidence or no evidence, I can't win the spinning contest without spinning something.

Whyly: Well, try some more wailing. Anything!

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Whizzy: Okay. Send wind that spreads laughter with every gust. Children's laughter is a must. Send wind with children's laughter in it. Make the wind blow from Town to Wauwinet. Hurry! Quick as a mouse. Poof! Spin the Dow's house!

Whyly: Wait a minute. Do you see that sailboat blowing ashore? And who are those children jumping out of the boat? Hey. They're parading by the Dow's house. I'd say we're in for some serious merrymaking. Listen up. Do you hear what I hear? They're blowing laughter into the wind. If your spell has the least bit of oomph left, their laughter will bounce right off the harbor, and follow you back to your cauldron AND breeze into your brew.

Whizzy: Ohhh. Something is tickling my nose. Ooooooooooh...kachoo!

Whyly: All RIIIGHT! The house is spinning around...exactly at the stroke of midnight. Can you imagine that! The porch and the dinner table switched sides. There's no question about it. You've got the winning spin! And you'll be in the Whizz Kids' Book of Records to prove it. And no one will ever know how you really got the winning spin.

Whizzy: Whizz Bang! You might just as well stick around for my award ceremony. The Keeper of Records is granting me three lucky charms. Listen to this.

Keeper of Records: 1. Trying once is nice... 2. Extra nice is trying twice...to mix a brew that spins a house that was never haunted... and 3. To make it loved and wanted...with a porch free from the westerlies that blow with vigor and vim when daylight grows dim, and a table for dining with no beachcombers peering in. Whizzy has the winning spin!

Whyly: Your medals are really cool.

Whizzy: I can hardly wait to see my name in the Whizz Kids' Book of Records. Shining in the moonlight. Say, Westerly Whyly, thank you for helping me get the winning spin.

Whizzer: And, poof, Whizzy was gone. Just as suddenly as Whyly was there, Whyly WASN'T there.

Whizz: But, it was unlikely that Whyly's heart would forget Whizzy anytime soon.

Whizzer: As time went by, Whyly no longer asked why the house turned around.

Whizz: And as more time went by, Whyly noticed that more and more people were calling him Westerly.

Whizzer: As to whether the Whizzy story was a myth, it didn't really matter, because Westerly Whyly was satisfied.

Whizz: At least until the day he noticed a flyer posted by the Tourist Bureau that said...Whizzy's Turned Around House. Tours by moonlight. Whizzy was pictured on the flyer wearing her medals.

Whyly: GREAT MEDALS! Maybe I WILL go on a tour one of these moonlight nights. Maybe I'll see Whizzy's name in the Whizz Kids' Book of Records. Shining in the moonlight.

Whizzer: Westerly was almost certain that he had caught Whizzy winking at him. He smiled back, just in case. He could picture Whizzy on the tour.

Whizzy: Welcome! I'm Whizzy. I will be your guide tonight. I will take you for a ride that you will never forget. I will tell you about the brew that...oooooooooooooh... turned a house...kachoo...around!

Whizz: It's been told that Whizzy always sneezes...

Whizzer: and then revs up her whizz buggy for the tour.

Whizz: A whizz kid chemist, eh? I think Whizzy has a little alchemy in her blood. At least she has to be an alchemist at heart, but I'm still going to be a chemist when I grow up.

Whizzer: Me, too!