

Baa-mite

by Sarah Delahunty

This is a radio play. It has been written to be heard but not seen, and this means no staging is required. You can record the play using a tablet, smart phone, or laptop. The sound effects should be pre-recorded. You'll need the sounds of a rooster crowing, a duck quacking, a cat meowing, a wolf howling, a lamb baaing, knocking, a door opening, a door slamming, and retreating footsteps. You'll also need to choose some music to play as a backing soundtrack in the places indicated.



SOUND ENGINEER (*playing the soundtrack of a rooster crowing*). No, that's not the right one ... (*playing the soundtrack of a duck quacking*) ... that's not right either ... (*playing the soundtrack of a cat meowing*) ... bother!

The sound of a door opening.

DIRECTOR. Where is everyone? You – who are you?

SOUND ENGINEER (*timidly*). Me? I'm just the sound engineer.

DIRECTOR (*sarcastically*). Well I'm **just** the director – and I want you to remember that this advertisement is really important. Baa-mite could make or break my career. Understand?

SOUND ENGINEER (*flustered*). Understand! I mean ... understood!

DIRECTOR. Baa-mite – ever tried it?

SOUND ENGINEER. No. But I can.

DIRECTOR. Don't bother. It's disgusting.

The sound of knocking and a door opening.

NERVOUS ACTOR. Am I in the right place?

DIRECTOR. This is a recording studio. We are about to record an advertisement for a new sandwich spread.

NERVOUS ACTOR. Baa-mite?

DIRECTOR. Yes.

NERVOUS ACTOR. Great. I am in the right place. I'm the lamb – but I'm **so** nervous. This is my first acting job.

DIRECTOR. Well you're late ... although not as late as your mother.

NERVOUS ACTOR (*surprised*). My mother? Who invited her?

DIRECTOR. Not your **mother** mother – your sheep mother. And right now, she's trying my patience. She might be famous, but I have a schedule to keep.

NERVOUS ACTOR (*nervously*). My sheep mother's famous?

The sound of knocking and a door opening.

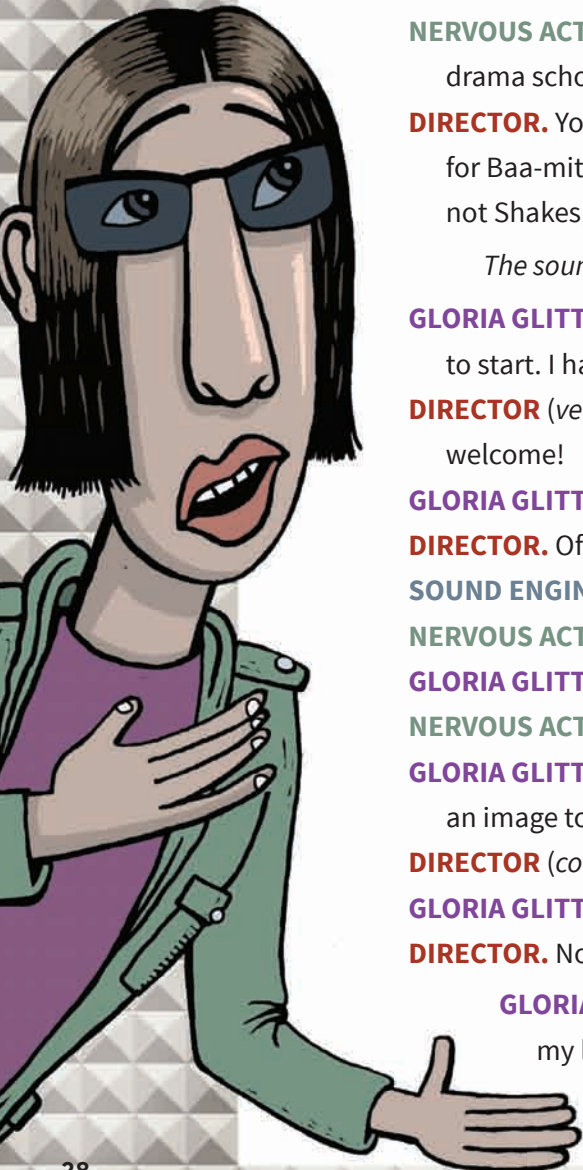
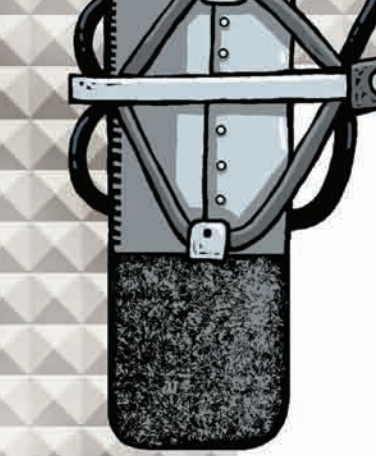
OLD LADY. Excuse me. Am I in the right place?

DIRECTOR. For what?

OLD LADY. I was told to take the lift to the third floor, turn right, and knock on the fourth door on the left.

NERVOUS ACTOR. Are you my mother?

OLD LADY. I don't think so, dear.



DIRECTOR. Of course she isn't. Does she look like she could play a sheep?

OLD LADY. We have a club meeting. We knit vests for penguins.

DIRECTOR. Well, good luck with that. There are no penguins here. Let me see you out.

The sound of a door slamming.

NERVOUS ACTOR. Is this the first time I've tried Baa-mite?

DIRECTOR. How would I know?

NERVOUS ACTOR. I mean my character. They taught us in drama school to always research our character.

DIRECTOR. You don't have a "character". You're a lamb asking for Baa-mite in your sandwich. End of story. It's an ad, not Shakespeare.

The sound of a door opening.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. Right, everyone. I hope you're all ready to start. I have another appointment in twenty minutes.

DIRECTOR (*very grandly*). Gloria Glitterbag! Welcome, welcome!

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. Yes, yes ... can we get on with it?

DIRECTOR. Of course, right away. Sound engineer, you ready?

SOUND ENGINEER. Er ... I think so ...

NERVOUS ACTOR (*shyly*). Hello, Mother.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. Who are you?

NERVOUS ACTOR. Your lamb. Baa!

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. You're far too old to be my lamb! I have an image to protect. What will my fans say?

DIRECTOR (*confused*). But it's radio.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. What?

DIRECTOR. No one can see you – or your lamb.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. Oh. Well in that case, make sure my lamb sounds very young.

NERVOUS ACTOR. I was only born two days ago. In a sunny field. It was a relief to finally get here, I can tell you!

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. Find someone who cares! I'm not your mother.

NERVOUS ACTOR. Well, strictly speaking, no, you're not, but –

GLORIA GLITTERBAG (*very impatiently*). Can we please start?

DIRECTOR. We'll just have one quick run-through.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. I don't rehearse. Ever.

DIRECTOR. Of course not. No need. Right. Ready everyone?

NERVOUS ACTOR. I am a bit nervous, actually. I'd really like a quick –

DIRECTOR. Quiet, please.

SOUND ENGINEER. Er ... recording now. I think.

Music plays briefly before fading out.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG (*in a warm, gentle voice*). Are your children running wild?

The sound of a duck quacking.

DIRECTOR. No, no, no! This isn't a duck pond. Haven't you read the script? We need a howling wolf!

SOUND ENGINEER. I know. Sorry. I've got it now. And recording!

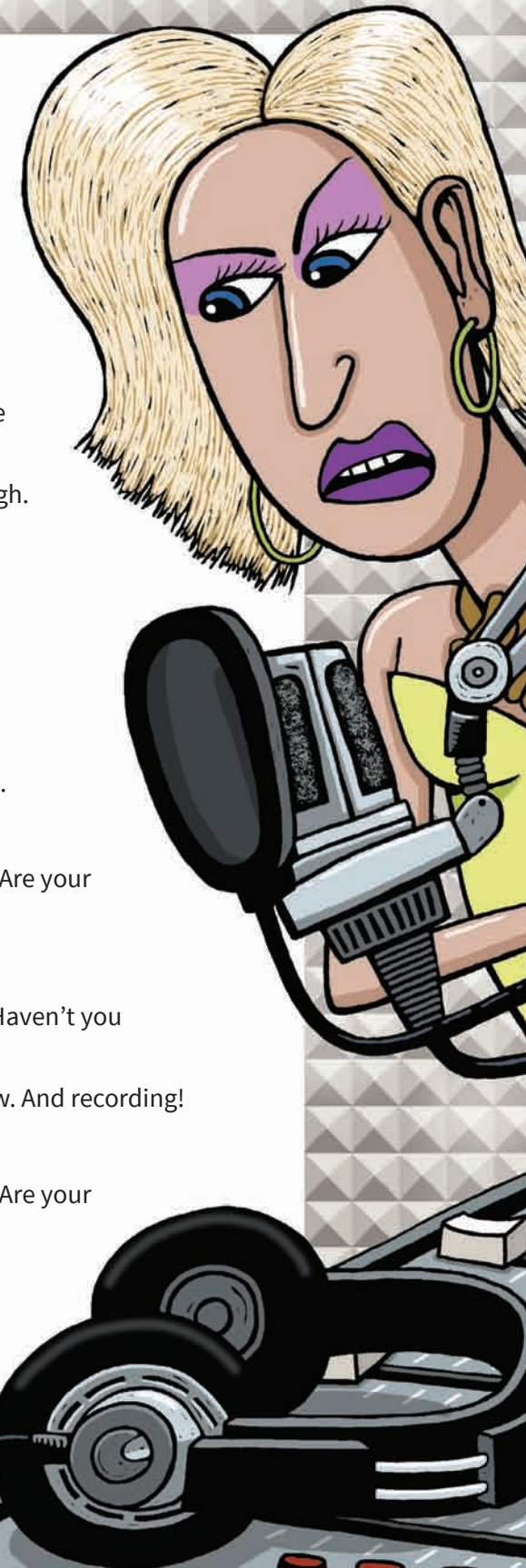
Music plays briefly before fading out.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG (*in a warm, gentle voice*). Are your children running wild?

The sound of a wolf howling.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. Do you have hungry mouths to feed?

The sound of a wolf howling.



GLORIA GLITTERBAG. Tame your wild beasts in just ten seconds. With new –

The sound of knocking and a door opening.

GUMBOOT THROWER. Excuse me. Am I in the right place?

GLORIA GLITTERBAG (*outraged*). What do you think you're doing?

DIRECTOR (*also outraged*). We're recording in here!

GUMBOOT THROWER. Really? I was told to take the lift to the third floor, turn right, and knock on the fourth door on the left.

DIRECTOR. Well, you're in the wrong place.

GUMBOOT THROWER. You mean this isn't the gumboot throwers' meeting?

DIRECTOR. Not even close!

GUMBOOT THROWER. But I brought a gumboot.

DIRECTOR. Out!

The sound of a door slamming.

DIRECTOR. I am **so** sorry. You were brilliant, Gloria. Brilliant. Shall we start again?

SOUND ENGINEER. Recording.

Music plays briefly before fading out.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG (*in a warm, gentle voice*). Are your children running wild?

The sound of a rooster crowing.

DIRECTOR. No, no, no! This is not a chicken coop!

SOUND ENGINEER. Sorry. I'm so sorry, everyone.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. I should think so.

Music plays briefly before fading out.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG (*in a warm, gentle voice*). Are your children running wild?

The sound of a wolf howling.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. Do you have hungry mouths to feed?

The sound of a wolf howling.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. Tame your wild beasts in just ten seconds. With new Baa-mite, your hungry little beasts will become happy little lambs!

The sound of knocking and a door opening.

YOGA PERSON. Excuse me.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. What now? These interruptions are **not** in my contract.





YOGA PERSON. Am I in the right place?

DIRECTOR. No!

YOGA PERSON. Are you sure? They said to take the lift to the third floor –

EVERYONE. Turn right and knock on the fourth door on the left.

YOGA PERSON. So you **are** here for the yoga class then?

EVERYONE. No!

YOGA PERSON. Well you should be. You obviously all need it. Calms you down.

DIRECTOR (*yelling*). I am calm.

The sound of a door slamming.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. This is ridiculous. I have better things to do with my time.

DIRECTOR. Tell me about it! One last try.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. This is absolutely the last time, do you understand?

DIRECTOR. Certainly. Right, everyone. This time, read right through to the end – no matter what.

SOUND ENGINEER. And ... recording!

Music plays briefly before fading out.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG (*in a warm, gentle voice*). Are your children running wild?

The sound of a wolf howling.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. Do you have hungry mouths to feed?

The sound of a wolf howling.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. Tame your wild beasts in just ten seconds. With new Baa-mite, your hungry little wolves will become happy little lambs!

The sound of a lamb baaing, then a long silence.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG (*loudly and exasperated*).

Your hungry little wolves will become happy little lambs!

Another silence.

NERVOUS ACTOR. I ... I forgot my line.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG (*yelling*). That's it!

The sound of a door slamming.

NERVOUS ACTOR (*timidly*). Oh, I remember now.

Can I please have some more baaaaa-mite?

DIRECTOR. You'll never eat baaaaa-mite again.

You're fired!

NERVOUS ACTOR. What?

DIRECTOR. Don't bleat about it! O-U-T! Out!

NERVOUS ACTOR (*sobbing*). You should have let me rehearse.

The sound of a door slamming.

DIRECTOR. Do you **ever** push the right button?

This is all your fault.

SOUND ENGINEER. It's my lunch break. I think I'll just ...

The sound of a duck quacking.

SOUND ENGINEER. Oops, turn that off. I'll just go now.

The sound of a door slamming.

DIRECTOR. This is the worst day of my life.

The sound of knocking and a door opening.

THE VERY LAST PERSON. Excuse me. Am I in the right place?

DIRECTOR. Aaaahhh!

The director's cry gets fainter and fainter along with the sound of retreating footsteps.

THE VERY LAST PERSON. Maybe not.

The sound of a door slamming.



illustrations by Fraser Williamson

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by Sarah Delahunty

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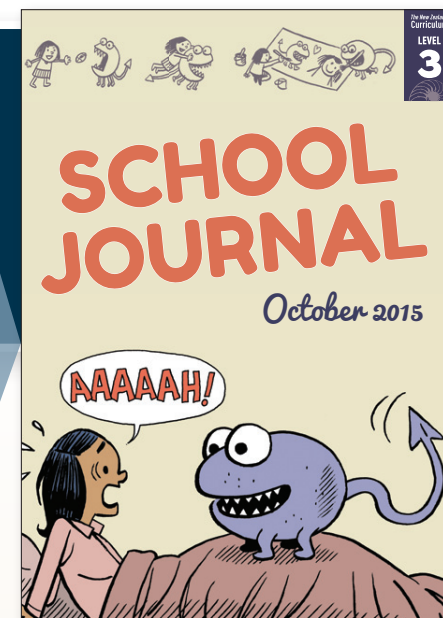
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