**A Night at the Museum**

Characters:

Sam- one of the girls, interested in the museum, has an attitude, panics when Ana disappears/ tries to touch objects, knows a lot about technology

Ana-one of the girls, tries to touch everything, asks a lot of questions/curiosity, disappears easily, doesn’t want to leave, actually has a sense of smell unlike the actor, keeps coming up with reasons to stay

Jimmy B. Benson-security officer, dumb, sleeps on the job, doesn’t take blame easily

Location/scene: museum, after hours

Conflict: locked in, alone (they think), set off alarms

*The scene starts with two girls, Ana and Sam, walking through a museum and talking.*

Sam: Hey, did you know that this museum was World War II was the first war to actually use several different types of technology, including cryptology.

Ana: No, why would I want to know that?

Sam: It’s interesting!

*Ana mumbles under her breath*

Ana: Yeah, to nerds*.*

Sam: Hey! I heard that.

Ana: Oops.

Sam: Just come on let’s go. The museums going to close soon.

Ana: Okay.

*They begin to walk when they come upon the restrooms.*

Ana: Wait! Sam.

Sam: What?

Ana: I need to go.

Sam: We are going.

Ana: No, I need to you know go.

*Ana points towards the bathrooms.*

*Sam sighs.*

Sam: Fine. Come on.

*They go into the restroom.*

*Jimmy, the security guard, walks around “checking” the museum. Then he “locks up” the museum. He goes into his office and props his feet up on a chair and goes to sleep. The girls then exit the bathroom and enter the scene. Sam has a slightly confused expression and Anna is surprised.*

[*jokingly*]Ana: Is it just me, or is it dark in here?

Sam: You idiot! All the lights are off! They must have closed the museum.

Ana: Why didn’t they know we were here?

Sam: I don’t know. I guess the World War 2 museum just doesn’t have very good security.

Ana: Oh. Huh. but what do we do?

Sam: We don’t split up.

Ana: We SHOULD split up. Great idea. Sam!

*Ana sprints down hallway away from Sam*

Sam: Ana, no! Why does this always happen?

*Sam begins looking for her*

-5 Minutes Later-

Sam: *-long exasperated sigh-* At this rate, I’m never going to find her.

*Ana enters room where Sam is.*

Ana: Find who?

*Sam jumps and clutches chest.*

Sam: Gosh Ana! You scared me half to death.

*Ana looks innocently at her.*

Ana: Me? Scare you?

Sam: Yes, you!

*Ana shrugs.*

*[sheepishly]*Ana: Oops?

Sam: Must you do this in every museum?

Ana: What could you possibly mean by that?

Sam: You did the exact same thing in the LAST museum we went to! The only differences are that this one is a war museum AND that we are locked in here at dark!

*Ana crosses her arms.*

Ana: Well… uh… It wasn’t my fault we got stuck in here!

Sam: Yes, it was! You’re the one who needed to use the bathroom.

Ana: Fine. If I’m such a problem, then I’ll leave!

Sam: Okay, you do that since clearly the doors wouldn’t be locked or anything.

Ana: Who said I was leaving the museum. I’m just going to the part that’s farthest away from you!

*Sam rolls eyes.*

*Ana stomps off.*

*-just Ana left on stage*

Ana: - humming-

*Ana looks around.*

Ana: Where am I?

*Looks around further*

Ana: Wow! Look at that! A grenade!

*Ana walks over to case with grenade inside.*

Ana: Huh. This glass thing is in the way. I’m going to try to move it.

*Ana reaches hand out to try to remove glass.*

*-Change of scenery to follow Sam-*

*Sam walks down hallways looking for someone or something to help*

Sam: Hello? Anybody?

*Sam sighs.*

Sam: I guess I should go find Ana to apologize, even if I did nothing wrong…

*She trails off spotting a security office.*

Sam: I wonder.

*Sam walks over to the office and peers through the glass, spotting a man reclining in his chair fast asleep.*

Sam: Mister! Hello Mister! Wake up! Ugh, This is hopeless.

*She bangs on the glass but again no response.*

Sam: Whatever I’m going to go look for Ana.

*She starts to walk in a random direction.*

Sam: Ana! Ana! Where is she?

*She starts to look in all directions.*

*A loud blaring noise fills the museum.*

Sam: Oh no...

*She starts to sprint in the direction of the noise.*

*-Security Officer-*

*Jimmy falls out of his chair and hits the ground startled by the noise.*

Jimmy: What the heck was that?

*He then proceeds to grab his flashlight and jog in the direction of the noise before it stopped all together.*

-changes to both Ana and Sam in the room that is holding the grenade-

Sam: Ana! What are you doing?

Ana: Uh, nothing?

*Ana tries to look innocent. but it is not working as Sam is continuously glaring at her*

*Sam eyes the grenade.*

Sam: Were you trying to touch that?

Ana: Nooo?

Sam: Oh my gosh! Ana seriously.

Ana: Fine. I tried to touch it, but can you blame me?

Sam: YES! I can. And I will.

*Ana goes to speak but is interrupted by Jimmy suddenly barging in to the room.*

Jimmy: What on Earth are you girls doing here!

Ana: The real question is what are YOU doing here!

*Ana points towards him.*

Jimmy: I work here!

Ana: Or do you?

Jimmy: What is wrong with you?

Sam: I’m sorry sir, but we went to the restroom and when we came out the museum had closed.

Jimmy: You shouldn’t be here. I did a thorough search.

Ana: Did you? Did you really?

Jimmy: Um. Of course, uh. My job requires it. Yeah I did. You have no proof that I didn’t.

Sam: Is that so? What about those cameras?

*Points towards cameras.*

Sam: Do they have any proof?

Jimmy: Fine! I didn’t check the bathrooms, but even so you shouldn’t have tried to rob us!

*Ana looks startled.*

Ana: Why would I ever try to rob you?

Jimmy: We have priceless artifacts.

Ana: Oh. Huh, maybe I should try to rob you.

Sam: Ana! Not helping!

*Ana shrugs.*

Ana: Just saying.

Jimmy: You are under arrest.

Ana: You can’t arrest me. I’m a minor!

Sam: Yeah! Besides, do you even have that authority?

Jimmy: Well, not really, but I bet if I called the police, they could arrest you!

Ana: No, thanks. Adios!

*Ana runs out of the room.*

Sam: Gotta Dash!!!

*Sam walks quickly out of the room.*

*Jimmy stands next to the grenade befuddled.*

*Suddenly Sam pops her head back through the door.*

Sam: Can we use your keys to get out?

Jimmy: Why? You can unlock it from the inside.

*Sam looks dumbfounded for a moment before she leaves again.*

Jimmy: Why does this always happen when I’m on duty?

*Jimmy exits the stage.*