

Reuben Whizzbanger's Magic Museum: (A mystery)

Scene 1: Outside the museum on a Saturday morning.

- Narrator** It was a bright, sunny afternoon in the late 1970's when Reuben Whizzbanger first opened the doors to his magical museum.
- Narrator** That morning Reuben jumped out of bed and went into the bathroom. The cat had spent the night in the sink, but soon moved when the taps were turned on. He washed his hands and face, and because today was a special occasion, behind his ears.
- Narrator** Reuben then went back into his bedroom and spent an especially long time brushing his hair and long, luxuriant beard. He had carefully ironed his best robe the night before, and it now hung waiting for him in his wardrobe.
- Narrator** Finally he was ready, and he stood in front of his tall mirror admiring himself.
- Reuben** What a handsome magician you are. Everyone is going to love you once they see your amazing museum.
- Narrator** And with that, Reuben Whizzbanger unlocked the door to his museum and stepped outside.
- Reuben** A perfect morning for a historic event. Good morning world!
He pulls out a huge megaphone and begins to shout through it.
- Reuben** Roll up...roll up. Come and see Reuben Whizzbanger's magical museum. The most incredible collection of mystical objects and artefacts the world has ever seen. Roll up...roll up...*(He begins to sing)*
- Song: "Come and Roll Up"**
During the song more and more people turn up (singing) pay and enter the museum. Visitor 1 and 2 wait outside in the queue.
- Reuben** Finally, my dream has come true. They love my museum.
Suddenly, there are screams from within the museum. People start to run out of the museum and offstage.
- Reuben** What...what is it? Why are you leaving? What's the matter?
- Visitor 1** A ghost...a ghost. This place is haunted. I'm off.
- Queue visitor 1** What was that? What did he say?

Queue visitor 2 *(calmly)* I think he said “A ghost”

Person at back *(Also calmly)* Oh right, I see.

They both continue queuing.

All of queue *(Realising)* A GHOST!!! AAAAAAGGGHHH!!!

They run off stage. Reuben is left alone.

Reuben No...no. This can't be happening. It was all going so well. All my dreams were coming true. *(He walks to the edge of the stage and shouts angrily)* COME BACK...*(quieter)* Come back...*(Whispers sadly, looking at the sign in his hand)* Please come back. *(He looks dejected and sighs).*

Reuben *(cheering up a little)* Oh well. There's always tomorrow.

He walks back through the museum door and the act ends. Lights fade.

Scene 2: Outside the museum the next morning.

Lights go up. There is a formally dressed man poking around with his umbrella to the right of the door. He occasionally stops poking to make notes on his clipboard, hanging his umbrella over his arm. The door of museum opens. Reuben steps out.

- Reuben** *(stretching)* Good morning world. *(He notices man for the first time)* Who are you? I'm afraid the museum isn't open for another hour.
- Inspector** *(straightening)* I'm afraid it may be rather more than an hour before this place is open again. Are you the owner of this boutique?
- Reuben** *(warily)* I might be. Who wants to know?
- Inspector** Mr Francis Weatherbeaten, governmental museum inspector at your service. *(He raises his hat politely)*
- Reuben** Er...yes. It is my museum.
- Inspector** I see. Can I see your licences, please?
- Reuben** My what?
- Inspector** Your licences.
- Reuben** But I don't have a TV or a dog.
- Inspector** That's very interesting, but you must have the correct licences to open a museum in this district. Are you telling me that you don't have them?
- Reuben** *(Sweating)* Well...er...um...I did but...er...my dog ate them.
- Inspector** I see...and this is the same dog for which you do not have a licence?
- Reuben** What! Oh...er, no. Did I say my dog? I meant my wife's.
- Inspector** Your wife? When did you get married?
- Reuben** Er...last week...It was a whirlwind romance.
- Inspector** Hmmmm.
- Reuben** Er...yes, would you like to meet her? She's inside watching TV.
- Inspector** AH HA! A TV as well. Mr Whizzbanger, I'm afraid I have no alternative but to do this... *(He takes out a sign reading "Government health warning: CLOSED" and hangs it on the museum wall)*
- Reuben** No...please no.
- Inspector** Yes, I am afraid so, and you will also need to apply for the following licences *(hands him application forms)* 3c, M62, G111 and XGH227

Reuben *(defeated)* All of these?

Inspector Yes...Perhaps I didn't make myself clear...

Song: A Licence to Still (Stay Open)

Inspector Good morning to you *(He raises his hat and leaves the stage)*

Reuben Well that's it then...the end of my dream.

Song: "Goodbye to Dreams (short)" *music starts and Reuben moves to front of stage as if to sing. Inspector rushes back in and music stops abruptly.*

Inspector Stop that! Stop that! *(to Reuben)* Do you have a performance licence by any chance? No?...I thought not!

Reuben *(Sadly shakes his head and leaves stage)* Goodbye dreams. I now retreat a broken man.

He leaves the stage sadly. Inspector watches him go shaking his head and tutting before also leaving stage. Lights fade and scene ends.

Song: "What's Reuben Gonna Do?"

Scene 3: Outside the museum, 30 years later.

Narrator Thirty years have past, and Reuben still hides within his museum. Still waiting for the post to bring those elusive licences.

Lights up. The museum still stands with the inspector's sign still hanging. Very dusty and ramshackle. Ben and Rachel enter carrying rucksacks and looking at a map.

Ben That's it then. We're well and truly lost.

Rachel Don't look at me. You're the one who suggested looking around the backstreets of this town. *(Puts on sarcastic voice)* "It's so boring looking around the tourist areas, I want to see the REAL city!"

Ben This place is a dump. I can't believe people would want to live here.

Rachel You're such a snob, Ben. Perhaps they don't have any choice.

Ben Hmm...maybe not. Hey! Maybe we could knock on someone's door and ask them for directions.

He knocks on the museum door; there is a pause and then the door opens slightly.

Reuben *(from behind door)* Go away! We're closed *(The door shuts)*

Ben Well...you heard him. I'm off

Rachel knocks at the door again.

Ben What are you doing? Stop it.

The door opens again, slightly wider and Reuben is more visible.

Rachel Good afternoon. We're really lost and we were wondering if you could help us with our directions.

Reuben Ok then...as long as you promise to clear off once you've got them.

Ben You don't have to worry about that... I'll clear off now if you like.

Rachel Hey...what is this place anyway. Some kind of funeral parlour?

Reuben *(Opens door wider)* How dare you! I'll have you know that this is Reuben Whizzbanger's magical museum!

Ben *(laughing)* Whizzbanger? Ha ha ha!

Reuben Yes...Whizzbanger...It's a fine old English name.

Rachel A magical museum eh? Can we have a look?

Reuben I'm sorry. Paying visitors are not allowed.

Ben Oh don't worry about that. We had no intention of paying!

Reuben Come on then...let's sort out these directions.

Ben *(Whispers to Rachel)* He looks a bit dodgy to me.

Rachel *(Shrugs him off)* We'll be fine *(Turns back to Reuben)* Ok, Mr Whizzbanger. Lead the way.

*They walk through the door, closing it behind them, and the lights fade.
Scene ends.*

Scene 4: Inside the museum

- Narrator** Reuben led the children into his dusty museum and explained about the museum's disastrous opening thirty years earlier.
- Narrator** He told them all about the ghost which scared everyone away and about how the inspector had closed the museum down the very next day.
- Reuben and the children enter the stage.*
- Reuben** ...And that's the history of (*dramatically throwing his arms out wide*) "Reuben Whizzbanger's Magic Museum"
- There is a pause as Reuben stand waiting for a reaction. Children stare at him.*
- Reuben** (*uncomfortably*) What?...what's the matter?
- Ben** Well...shouldn't it be Reuben Whizzbanger's "MAGICAL" museum...
- Rachel** Yeah...it would make more sense grammatically.
- Reuben** (*looking put out*) But that would infer magic happens here...it's more a museum containing objects related to magic...I am a magician after all!
- Ben** (*nodding*) Ok...I guess that makes sense.
- Rachel** "Magic" as a noun rather than "Magical" as an adjective...we'll give you that.
- Reuben** What are you two? The "Grammar Police?" I thought you came in to get directions...not mark my work!
- Ben** Ok...chill out. The last place I went to was a recycling museum (*pauses*) It was a load of rubbish!
- Rachel** (*looks at Ben in disgust, then turns to Reuben*) So how about these licenses? Tell us about them.
- Reuben** I did send for the licenses...but they never came!
- Ben** So you've hidden away in here ever since?
- Reuben** That's right...I was so ashamed.
- Rachel** Well...have you ever actually checked to see if this ghost really exist?
- Reuben** Of course I have...(pause)...well no actually. I was too scared.
- Rachel** Well there you go then. That's how we can help.
- Ben** Er...have we got time...not that I don't want to look for ghosts or anything.

Rachel Of course we've got time. *(firmly)* Mr Whizzbanger lead the way.

Reuben Er...are you sure...have you got time?

Rachel I said. Lead the way.

Reuben *(sheepishly)* Ok...but I'm not sure if I can remember my way around exactly. It's been a long time.

Rachel *(sighing)* Just do your best.

Reuben Right...come on then.

Reuben and the children lead off stage. Lights fade. Scene ends

Scene 5: In the room of the stuffed animals

- Narrator** Reuben took the children to a room full of stuffed animals.
They enter the room. In the centre is the non-stuffed owl standing motionless. The children look around in amazement. Ben takes off his rucksack, stretches and puts it down.
- Rachel** This room is amazing...all these animals.
- Ben** It gives me the creeps.
The children go over and look at the owl.
- Rachel** Now this has to be the tattiest looking owl I have ever seen.
They turn away.
- Owl** I'd like to see what you'd look like after being stuffed!
The children turn around and stare at the owl who once again is motionless.
- Ben** Er...Mr Whizzbanger. Was that you?
- Reuben** *(from the other side of the stage)* I beg your pardon?
- Rachel** Oh...nothing.
They turn again and look at the owl.
- Rachel** You don't think...nah, it couldn't be.
- Ben** No. It's only a old stuffed owl.
- Owl** Oi...less of the old if you don't mind.
The children recoil in shock.
- Reuben** *(coming over)* You're older than me!
- Ben** *(pointing)* but...but...who are you?
- Rachel** *(recovering)* and why aren't you stuffed?
- Owl** *(puffing himself up)* Well. If you're that interested. I'll tell you.
- Reuben** *(sighing)* For goodness sake...don't start him off...too late!
- Song: "Non-Stuffed Owl."**
- Rachel** Wow...and you've lived here ever since pretending to be stuffed?
- Ben** And you're really afraid of the dark?

- Owl** *(grudgingly)* Well...a bit.
- Reuben** If you've quite finished chatting we'd better get going.
- Owl** Oh yes...and where is it you're off to in such a hurry?
- Rachel** We're off to solve the mystery of the museum ghost.
- Reuben** Now you've done it. He'll want to come too!
- Owl** I could do with getting out a bit more.
- Reuben** It might be dark!
- Owl** I'll be fine. After all, you might need some brain power on this mission.
- Reuben** *(sarcastically)* Oh Owl...you're so modest.
- Owl** Yes indeed. Brains and beauty in one compact, feathery package!
- Ben** Can we get please get a move on?
- Rachel** Which way next?
- Reuben** This way...I think *(he points)*
- They leave the stage. Ben goes to the edge then turns back.*
- Ben** I'll catch you up. I've left my rucksack.
- He goes back to get his rucksack. The shifty caretaker comes onto the stage with brush. Ben hides. The caretaker looks around at where they have been and then leans on his brush looking suspicious! Ben comes out of hiding place.*
- Ben** Hmmm.
- He leaves the stage. Lights fade. Scene ends.*
- Song: "Hey, Who's that Man?"**

Scene 6: Meeting the cleaners

Doris, Ethel and Lizzie the cleaners are drinking tea and nattering.

Song: “Cleanest Cleaners”

Reuben, owl and the children come onto stage. The cleaners burst into action.

- Reuben** *(to children)* ...and this is one of the museums empty rooms. *(he spots the cleaners)* Oh hello ladies, working hard I see.
- Doris** Oooh yes Mr Whizzbanger. A cleaner’s work is never done.
- Reuben** *(Running his finger over a surface and looking at the dust on it)* Yes, so I see.
He turns to the children.
- Reuben** Children. May I introduce you to Doris, Ethel and Lizzie. The museum’s cleaners.
- Ben and Rachel** How do you do?
- Ethel** Ooh, what polite children *(turns to Lizzie who is a bit deaf)* I SAID “AREN’T THEY POLITE CHILDREN?”
- Lizzie** Ooh yes, very polite.
- Doris** We’ve finished in here now. Where would you like us to clean next?
- Reuben** I think perhaps the pottery room please.
At the mention of the pottery room, the cleaners shrink back with a gasp.
- Doris** Oooh Mr Whizzbanger, you can’t ask us to go in there.
- Ethel** Oooh no, not with ‘orrible things from strange dimensions lurking *(she does an impression of an “’orrible thing”)*
- Lizzie** Creeping up on you unawares. It gives me the willies.
- Doris** Me too. I can’t go in there on account of me heart and me back
- Reuben** *(puzzled)* Why your back
- Doris** Well...I can’t run away if I get chased.
- Reuben** Oh I see. Ladies, I can assure you there’s nothing to be afraid of.
- Lizzie** How can you be so sure?

- Rachel** Well, we're off to the pottery room now to have a look.
- Doris** Ooh, are you sure it's safe?
- Ben** Shall we check it and let you know?
- Ethel** Well...what do we think girls?
The cleaners huddle together and discuss this.
- Doris** Ok...if you think its safe, we'll do it
- Owl** That sounds a very sensible.
- Lizzie** Ooh what's that? *(she points at owl)* That big 'orrible bird.
- Owl** I am the non-stuffed owl.
- Ethel** Ooh dear, he's not going to leave "whatsits" all over the furniture is he?
- Owl** *(Indignantly)* I have never dropped "whatsits" on any item of furniture. I am a very civilised bird.
- Doris** Well, I don't trust him. He shouldn't be inside.
- Owl** I'm not staying here to suffer this abuse. I'm off
Owl storms off stage
- Reuben** He'll sulk for ages now...
- Lizzie** Don't forget to come back and tell us if that rooms safe.
- Ben** We won't. See you soon.
- Rachel** Goodbye.
- Doris, Ethel and Lizzie** 'bye.
- Reuben and the children leave from one side of the stage. The cleaners watch them go. Doris looks at her watch.*
- Doris** Ah...tea break time. Come on girls.
They pick up their stuff and leave the other side of the stage. Lights fade. Scene ends.

Scene 7: The room of the Mummy's

The children, Reuben and the owl lead onstage.

- Reuben Well here we are then, this is the way to the pottery room...
- Rachel Aren't you coming with us?
- Reuben Er...I've got important business to attend to back in my office. Sorry...I'll see you later, 'Bye.
- The children and owl watch as Reuben hurries away.*
- Ben You know what Rachel. I think he's scared.
- Rachel I think you're right. Huh! Men!
- Owl What do you think he's scared of? What room is this?
- Rachel Look. There's a notice here. *(She points and reads)* It says "The room of the Mummy's"
- Ben I'm not going in there. There might be dead people.
- Owl Well I don't mind as long as they stay dead...and it's not dark.
- Rachel Me neither. Don't be such a wimp Ben.
- The children and the owl go off the other side of the stage. The audience cannot see them but can hear their voices.*
- Rachel Well this isn't very scary is it? There's nothing here.
- Ben I'm frightened.
- Owl Me too.
- Rachel For goodness sake...there's no one here...oh no!...Aaaaargh!
- Ben and Owl Aaargh! Run away!

They run back through the door and off stage and hide, crouching down. Mummy dancers enter.

Song: "I Wanna be your Mummy"

The Mummy's lead off. Children cautiously come back on stage.

- Ben *(Whispers)* Have they gone? That was scary.
- Owl Shush! There's someone else coming.
- They hide again, and the caretaker walks around the stage in a suspicious way and then leaves. Children and owl come back on stage.*

Ben Hey, that was the man I saw before.

Rachel Who is he?

Owl Oh it's only old Martin, the museum caretaker.

Rachel He looks like he's up to no good.

Owl He's just the caretaker...why would he have anything to do with it?

Rachel Let's get to the pottery room before those mummy's come back.

Owl Come on...it's this way

They leave the stage. Scene ends.

Scene 8: The Pottery Room

There are three large cut out cardboard urns in the room (large enough for people to hide behind) and one normal vase. Children and owl enter.

- Rachel Right then. Where's this ghost then?
- Owl We'd better have a good look around.
- Ben Er...right. Yes I suppose we'd better.
- They look around the room for clues. Ben trips over. Urns 1 and 3 laugh hysterically. The children turn to look at them.*
- Ben Oh dear...more talking objects.
- Rachel Well I suppose it is a magical museum. *(She looks into one of the urns)*
HELLO!
- Wedgewood Alright...alright...there's no need to shout. I haven't got these big ears for nothing.
- Clarice Speak for yourself. My ears are just the right size.
- Denby What for...an elephant!
- Wedgewood and Denby, laugh hysterically.*
- Clarice I don't find that very funny, you...you...overgrown commodes.
- Wedgewood and Denby Ooooooooooh!
- Clarice I apologise for my colleagues. They get worse and worse.
- Denby Yes...we really have gone to pot!
- Urn 1 and 3 laugh hysterically again.*
- Clarice Shut up you imbeciles. Now where were we? Ah yes, let me introduce myself. My name is Clarice Clift, and my moronic friends are Wedgewood and Denby. The little fellow on the end is called Ping.
- Rachel Is he named after the Chinese dynasty?
- Wedgewood No, if you tap him that's the noise he makes. Try it and see...not too hard though.
- Ben taps the little vase*
- Ping Ping!

Ben Oh yes, so he does.

Denby Anyway, what brings you here to our humble home?

Owl We're looking for a ghost. Have you seen anything?

Clarice I do seem to remember a wailing noise followed by a great commotion once. It must have been about thirty years ago now.

Wedgewood Doesn't time fly when you're having fun.

Ping Ping!

Owl What did he say?

Denby He said "no"

Rachel So that's all you remember?

Clarice I'm afraid so...except a few hours before that there were footsteps followed by a whirring sound.

Wedgewood We've heard the cleaners as well

Denby They don't count though. They're always in here.

Owl It's weird how you can speak.

Denby *(sarcastically)* I'm very sorry we can't be more normal, Mr Talking Owl.

Owl There's no need to take that tone of voice!

Ben *(bending down and picking something up)* Hey! I've found something else. It's an old roll of cine-film. It was hidden here in this corner.

Rachel Another clue?

Owl Maybe. Why would there be old film in a room full of pottery?

Ben We'd better take it with us. I'll put it in my Rucksack.
Ben puts the film in his rucksack.

Rachel Ok then. We'd better be going we have to tell the cleaners that it's safe to come in here again. Bye!

Clarice,
Wedgewood
and Denby Bye!

Ping Ping!!
The children and the owl leave.

Clarice Well, I hope you're satisfied. Everytime we have visitors you end up showing off and they leave early. I'm starved of intellectual company here. I'm sure I was meant for better things.

Song: "I Was Meant for Better Things" (*pottery dancers enter*)

Scene ends. lights fade. Actors/dancers leave stage.

Scene 9: "Lost"

The children and owl are back stage. The audience cannot see them, but can hear them.

Owl Oh dear, I don't like it in here at all.

Ben Where are we? Why's it so dark?

Rachel I don't know but I think we have to go through here to get back.

Owl Well, let's hurry up and find an exit. It seems to be getting darker.

Ben We'll have to feel around for a door.

They feel around for a door.

Rachel I can't find anything at all.

Owl I'm scared.

Ben Hang on, I can feel something. It's some sort of cupboard and there's something inside (*pause*) It feels like some sort of bag.

Rachel Pull it out then. Maybe it's important.

Owl Hey, I've found a door.

They stumble out through the door onto stage. Ben carries a dusty holdall.

Rachel Let's have a look at this bag then.

They put it on the ground and open it.

Owl Wow! I've never seen so much money in my life.

Ben What's it doing here?

Rachel I don't know, but I have a feeling that this has something to do with Old Martin the caretaker.

Ben What makes you think that?

Rachel It's just a hunch, but he has been acting very suspiciously. I think this needs investigating.

Owl I know where Martin's room is. If we're careful, I suppose we could go and have a look in there for clues.

Ben We can't do that. What if he catches us?

Rachel One of could act as lookout. We'll be fine.

Ben

I'm still not sure about this.

They lead off stage. Lights fade. Act ends.

Song: "Just Take The Cash"

Scene 10: “In the caretaker’s room”

Owl and the children enter the stage through the door, looking around the door carefully before entering. They are in the caretaker’s room. There is various caretaking paraphernalia around the room.

Rachel Right, the coast is clear, but we’d better be quick. Ben, watch the door. Owl and I will look for clues.

Ben Ok, but hurry up, he might turn up at any moment.

Owl There doesn’t seem to be much in here except for his caretaking equipment.

Rachel There must be something here. I’m sure he’s involved somehow.

Owl Hang on. Look at this.

He points to a pinboard with lots of newspaper articles pinned onto it.

Rachel What is it?

Owl It looks like a collection of newspaper cuttings and they’re all about the same thing.

Ben What’s that?

Owl A million pound bank job that took place twenty years ago.

Rachel Are you thinking what I’m thinking?

They all look at the bag.

Owl *(Shaking his head)* I can’t believe it. Old Martin...a bank robber. What does the article say?

Rachel *(Looking at the article)* It says that the job was done by an armed gang and that most of the gang were caught.

Ben Most of the gang?

Rachel Yes...one of them got away. The others were sent to prison.

Ben Do you think that Martin’s the one that got away?

Rachel He must be. Why else would he collect these cuttings?

Owl And where else would the money have come from?

Ben He’s a dangerous criminal. Let’s get out of here.

Rachel We must find Reuben and the cleaners before Martin gets to them.

Owl What...you don't think he'd hurt them do you?

Ben Who knows? He could be capable of anything.

Owl We'd better hurry.

They leave the stage hurriedly. Lights fade. Act ends.

Scene 11: "In the cleaners lair"

The children and owl enter the stage hurriedly. They look around them for the cleaners.

Ben Well...this is their room. Where are they?

Owl They're not here.

Rachel And where's Reuben?

They pause and look at each other.

Ben You don't think that we're too late do you?

Rachel I don't know.

Owl *(Choking back a sob)* I...I know I didn't always see eye to eye with the old fool, but he always meant well.

Rachel *(pointing)* Hey what's that over there

Ben *(bending down and picking them up)* It looks like an old string mop and a film projector.

Rachel A film projector? Why on earth would they need a film projector?

Owl Why don't we watch that old film we found in Martin's room.

Ben gives owl the film and the projector whirrs into life. It shines lights upon a ghostly dancing figure who is wailing (person under sheet)

Ben The pottery room ghost! It was just a film!

Rachel But why? Why would Martin use the projector and then hide it in the cleaners cupboard?

Ben Hang on. I've just thought of something that seems fishy.

Rachel What?

Ben Well Clarice told us he heard the cleaners vacuuming...

Owl So...that's what cleaners do isn't it?

Ben But they said that they hadn't been in that room since the ghost. They said they were too scared.

Rachel Oh no! That means we've got it all wrong. It's not Martin at all, it's...

The cleaners burst through the door brandishing revolvers.

Doris Hands up, all of you.

Rachel, Ben and Owl THE CLEANERS!

Ethel Yes indeed. It was us all along.

Lizzie Fooled you didn't we. You never suspected the lovely old ladies did you?

Doris *(Reaching for holdall)* Now, I believe that this belongs to us *(she grabs it)*

Rachel But why? What was it doing here in the first place?

Ethel Well...

Doris *(shouts)* Don't tell them...*(pauses thoughtfully)*...well, actually you might as well tell them. We're going to kill them after all!

The children and owl gasp.

Ethel Anyway, there was a fourth member of our gang...

Lizzie ...Margaret...

Ethel Yes, Margaret. She escaped the police but hid the cash in the museum.

Owl The museum?

Doris Yes...the museum. The day before it opened. She hid it from everyone...

Lizzie Including us. She forgot to tell us which room it was in before she ran away...

Rachel So you had to try to find it. That's when you got jobs as cleaners.

Ethel Yes...but there were always too many people around.

Ben So you decided to frighten them away with the ghost.

Doris And it worked. You should have seen them run. We had a good laugh about that. We couldn't get rid of the silly old fool though.

Lizzie Any last requests?

Owl How about...please don't shoot?

(Reuben is creeping on stage carrying Ping above his head. His intention is to hit the cleaners over the head with it.)

Doris Ah ha! Another victim. You've caused us a lot of trouble. I'm going to enjoy this.

Reuben Oh dear! Foiled by a vase. Sorry Kids it looks like this is the end. This really is the end of all my dreams...

Song: Goodbye to Dreams

Ethel That was 'orrible. The musical world will thank us for shooting you.

Ben Well that's it then. Goodbye world.

They raise their guns. The children Reuben and the owl close their eyes. Martin the caretaker bursts onto the stage. He holds a gun in one hand and his brush in the other.

Martin Hold it right there. Drop your guns and turn around slowly.

Doris You don't have the guts!

Martin Do you wanna try me? What you have to ask yourself is...do you feel lucky?

The cleaning ladies look at each other and drop their guns.

Martin Now kick them over here (*they do this*) Kids put these on them
He produces handcuffs; the children handcuff the cleaners.

Ben Hey Martin. I always said we could rely on you.

Owl What? You're the one who thought he was the one responsible.

Rachel And you called him a loony!

Ben I was under a lot of stress, Sorry.

Martin You should be careful what you say. I could have you arrested.

Rachel What...so you're not Martin the caretaker?

Martin No...I'm Spotless Martin, the renegade policeman. Special branch.

Owl I used to have a special branch; it was in my special tree...

Martin (*PC Brown enters*) Ah...here come reinforcements. Take them away PC Brown.

PC Brown Right away sir...you three, come with me.

Lizzie But we'd have got away with it if it weren't for you pesky kids.

Rachel Oh, that's such a cliché. Take them away.

(PC Brown takes them away)

Martin Oh I almost forgot, I have something for you *(he gives Reuben an envelope)* I found it under a pile of paper in your office when I was cleaning up.

Reuben What is it? *(He opens it)* My licences! At last I can reopen...oh...

Rachel What is it?

Reuben I can't reopen at all...the museum is such a mess...and in disrepair... I can't afford the costs.

Martin Well...it's a good job that there's a reward for the capture of the bank robbers then isn't it?

Ben Wow, is there? How much?

Martin Well in my family we consider it vulgar to talk about money. But it's in the region of ten thousand pounds.

Reuben It's a miracle. I can't thank you kids enough.

Owl Cough...cough!

Reuben Oh yes, you too owl my old friend. You shall have a wondrous new home in a room of your own.

Owl Why thank you. Now we'd better get started on the cleaning. If we're ever going to get this dump reopened.

Ben We'd like to help, but we really should be getting home.

Rachel Yes...it sounds like a weak excuse, but our parents are going to wonder where we are soon.

Reuben Ok...then, but promise me you'll come back tomorrow and as honoured guests at the reopening in a months time.

Ben and Rachel We promise. Good bye!

Owl, Reuben
and Martin Goodbye!

The children leave the stage.

Martin I'd better be going too. A policeman's work is never done.

Reuben Shall we see you at the opening?

Martin Just try keeping me away. He salutes and leaves.

Owl Right, lets get started.

They start to tidy up. Lights fade. Scene ends. They leave the stage.

Song: “Turned Out Nice”

Finale: “The Grand Reopening”

Narrator comes onto stage

Narrator And so, Reuben Whizzbanger’s Magic Museum finally reopened after one month of intensive cleaning and repair work. Bigger, brighter and better than ever before.

The inspector comes onto the stage and starts to poke around the museum.

Narrator And this time...with all the correct licences!

The inspector shows his annoyance and stamps off. Narrator leaves. Reuben comes onto the stage through the door.

Finale song: “My Museum”

During the song the cast enter singing and take their bows.

The End