

# The Da Vinci Cold

*By*  
*Bradley Hayward*

## **Performance Rights**

It is an infringement of the federal copyright law to copy this script in any way or to perform this play without royalty payment. All rights are controlled by Eldridge Publishing Co. Inc. Call the publisher for additional scripts and further licensing information. The author's name must appear on all programs and advertising with the notice: "Produced by special arrangements with Eldridge Publishing Co."-

### **ELDRIDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY**

www.histage.com

© 2005 by *Bradley Hayward*

Download your complete script from Eldridge Publishing  
<http://www.histage.com/playdetails.asp?PID=1702>

### **STORY OF THE PLAY**

Laura has carefully plotted a day off school in order to find out the meaning of life. Playing hooky, along with her ditzy best friend, she has concocted a foolproof plan to get to the bottom of things. Chaos ensues when her attempts to leave the house are foiled by a lazy cable guy, a rapper who's come to install high-speed internet, a disapproving Mary Kay consultant, a devious Girl Scout selling cookies, and an insecure FedEx driver. It seems all is lost until Laura's older brother arrives with a man claiming to be Leonardo Da Vinci. He, too, knows the secret ... but can he trust the wacky group of strangers to keep it quiet?

**CAST OF CHARACTERS**  
(4 m, 5 w)

- LAURA:** A savvy teenager, 17.  
**PENNY:** Her best friend, 17.  
**THEO:** A cable guy, 40.  
**NATHAN:** A DSL installer, 18.  
**DARLENE:** A FedEx driver, 30.  
**BETSY:** A Mary Kay consultant, 50.  
**OLIVIA:** A Girl Scout, 8.  
**JOSH:** Laura's brother, 28.  
**LEONARDO:** A deep thinker, 60.

**PERFORMANCE TIME**

Approximately 40 to 45 minutes.

**SETTING**

The present. Laura's suburban living room. There are three exits: a main door to the front yard, another to the kitchen, and an archway that leads upstairs. In the center of the room is a huge sofa. Scattered around are one or two more chairs (*perhaps recliners*), a large television set, and a computer desk.

**PROPS**

Blanket  
Box of tissues  
Bucket  
Two doctor's notes  
Cell phone  
2 bags of chips  
Keys  
Toolbox  
Cables  
Clipboard  
Fork and casserole  
FedEx box with ballet slippers inside  
Tools  
Large spool of cable  
Pink caboodles of makeup  
Money  
Chicken legs  
Girl Scout cookies  
Stethoscope, medical bag  
Long beard  
Pine tree air freshener  
Bag  
Cryptex (foot-long tube)  
Marker  
Cloth  
Slip of paper  
Powder puff

*The Da Vinci Cold*

- 5 -

*(AT RISE: LAURA is curled up on the sofa, under a huge blanket. There are rolled up wads of tissue everywhere, and a bucket by her side. She speaks to the audience.)*

LAURA: I woke up in bed this morning, sick as a dog. I'm talking German Shepherd sick. You know, after they lap up your Thanksgiving leftovers right off the table. That's how sick I am. Here's a bucket, just in case. I'm not lying, either. I have the doctor's note right here to prove it. *(SHE produces the note from her pocket.)* The same doctor's note that got me out of school today. What my mom and principal don't know is that all it takes to get this note is one heck of a good performance. That and slipping the doctor a twenty. For twenty smackers, I get the flu and out of school for the day. Fifty and he gives me mono, but that requires heavy medication. Believe me, a week off school is not worth the suppositories. Not to mention Mom breathing down my neck all day. With the flu, she can still go to work, so long as I call her every hour to let her know I'm okay. And with today's technology, I can be home sick and out with my friends at the same time. Watch and learn. *(SHE pulls out her cell phone and dials. She fakes being sick.)* Can I speak to Mrs. Weber, please? ... It's her daughter ... Her incapacitated daughter. ... Thank you. *(To the audience.)* You may be asking yourself what kind of doctor gives a sick note to a perfectly healthy teenager. I'll tell you what kind of doctor. An awesome doctor! Actually, he's my older brother. It was his idea for me to take the day off. This morning he met the man who knows the meaning of life. Did you hear that? The meaning of life! And being the great brother that he is, he's letting me in on the secret. So today's the day my life changes forever. *(Into the phone.)* Mom? ... Oh, I'm okay ... I just wanted to say you don't have to come home for lunch ... I'm sure. I'll just barf it up anyway.

*The Da Vinci Cold*

- 6 -

PENNY: *enters with two big bags of chips. She's extremely pretty, but not the sharpest knife in the drawer.*) Laura, do you want barbecue or dill pickle?

LAURA: *(HER hand over the receiver.)* Barbecue. *(PENNY opens the barbecue and starts eating.)* I think I'm going to sleep the rest of the day .... No need for you to be here if I'm going to be out like a light .... Sure, I'm sure .... I just want to be alone .... Yes, Mother, I heard you the first time! I'll eat. Even if I can't keep a thing down. *(SHE reaches into the bag, takes a chip and crunches on it.)* What was that? Oh, nothing .... See you when you get home. *(SHE snaps the phone shut and takes another chip.)* God, she's so bossy!

PENNY: She's not that bad.

LAURA: You try living with her, then you can complain!

PENNY: Okay, okay. Forget I said anything. Are you ready to go?

LAURA: Yep. I've got my doctor's note right here. How about you?

PENNY: You betcha!

LAURA: Did he give you the flu? Or something worse?

PENNY: Actually, I didn't quite have the twenty bucks he asked for. All I could scrape together was eight fifty. *(SHE passes LAURA her note.)* So here's what I got.

LAURA: *(Reads.)* Dandruff?

PENNY: Borderline, but Mom bought it. So are we going or what?

LAURA: Just let me get dressed. *(SHE climbs out from under the blanket, fully dressed.)* Okay, let's go.

PENNY: *(Laughing.)* That was fast.

LAURA: We haven't a second to lose. Mom gets home at four. That doesn't give us long to complete our mission.

PENNY: Tell me again what exactly our mission is.

LAURA: Penny, we've only gone over it about a hundred times.

PENNY: I know, but I'm missing chemistry for this. I can't risk failing unless it's really, really important. I'm already in hot water for exploding the lab.

*The Da Vinci Cold*

- 7 -

LAURA: That was not your fault. Everyone knows you use Aqua Net in your hair. Mrs. Green should never have let you anywhere near a Bunsen burner.

PENNY: And what about biology? All my sciences are down the drain.

LAURA: I think you flunked biology months ago when you dissected Mr. Sully's cat.

PENNY: How was I supposed to know it was just sleeping?

LAURA: The open can of Fancy Feast might have tipped you off.

PENNY: Are you making fun of me?

LAURA: Listen, it's not every day that two high school students cut class for a perfectly legit reason. What we're going to find out today is extremely important. Probably the most important thing we'll ever learn. Certainly more vital than memorizing the atomic number of hydrogen.

PENNY: That's six, right?

LAURA: For the sake of time, yes. The atomic number of hydrogen is indeed six. Good work, Penny.

PENNY: Whew! For a minute there, I didn't think I knew anything.

LAURA: *(Grabs HER keys.)* Ready?

PENNY: You bet. I can't wait!

LAURA: Me neither!

*(THEY just about reach the door when the DOORBELL rings. They freeze.)*

PENNY: Are you expecting someone?

LAURA: No. Not that I know of, anyway.

*(The DOORBELL rings again.)*

PENNY: Aren't you going to answer it?

LAURA: We don't have time. Let's just stand still and hope they go away.

*(The DOORBELL rings three more times.)*

### **End of Freeview**

Download your complete script from Eldridge Publishing  
<http://www.histage.com/playdetails.asp?PID=1702>

Eldridge Publishing, a leading drama play publisher since 1906, offers more than a thousand full-length plays, one-act plays, melodramas, holiday plays, religious plays, children's theatre plays and musicals of all kinds.

For more than a hundred years, our family-owned business has had the privilege of publishing some of the finest playwrights, allowing their work to come alive on stages worldwide.

We look forward to being a part of your next theatrical production.

Eldridge Publishing... for the start of your theatre experience!