

On The Trail Of The One Blue Sock

Primary Script

by

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CAST

Narrator.

Boy/Girl.

Water Timer.

One Glove.

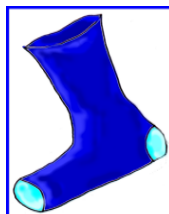
Clothes Horse.

Micro Waver.

One Glove's partner.

The Tick Tock Chorus. (As many as you like.)

The Stampede Chorus. (*Loads.*)



ON THE TRAIL OF THE ONE BLUE SOCK!

is a simple tale in the form of a poem with songs added as up tempo performance which has certain messages. In the search for the **One Blue Sock** we find that **“life is much better being a pair”** and **“things are always where you put them.”** This is surely good advice for everyone. Additionally **“being friends is all we ever need”** is another musical suggestion, which would stand anyone in good stead. Everyone can join in the stampede and the search with their friends.

On the trail of the **One Blue Sock** finds different characters helping each other and being successful in their search. The chorus performs alongside adding their voices to the plot and sharing the adventure.

Advice to help you on the trail.

- ❑ To make the performance easier the Storyteller can read from the script avoiding the need for memorisation.
- ❑ Additionally, the main character of the Boy/Girl could be played by more than performer, to give different actors/actresses an opportunity. A suggestion is that everyone in the chorus has bare feet. To become the main character, an individual puts a **One Blue Sock** on, steps out and takes the poem forward. When this person is finished they return to the chorus, taking the sock off, to be replaced by another blue-socked performer. Near the finale the main character (boy/girl) will have two blue socks on. (In fact at the end, the whole of the chorus could suddenly don blue socks as well. Sock it to ‘em!)
- ❑ The chorus could join in the dancing during the “One Blue Sock stampede”

ON THE TRAIL OF THE ONE BLUE SOCK!

Song 1: Tick Tock.

Chorus: *Tick tock, tick tock.
On the trail of the One Blue Sock.
Tick tock, tick tock.
On the trail of the One Blue Sock.
Tick tock, tick tock.
On the trail of the One Blue Sock.
Tick tock, tick tock.
On the trail of the One Blue Sock.
Tick tock, tick tock.
On the trail of the One Blue Sock.
Tick tock, tick tock.
On the trail of the One Blue Sock.*

Storyteller: There are many tales that I can tell,
and some they tend to flow so well.
Dragons, Witches and sweetie Smarties,
rowdy Robots and cakey parties.
Wild videos on the TV screen.
I rewind my mind the things I've seen.
Now there is one story that tends to block.

All: A tale concerning "One Blue Sock."

Song 2: Wild and Woolly day.

Chorus: *It's a wild and woolly day.
It's a wild and woolly day.
The kind of day you say,
I think I'll stay.
Stay inside your room.
Away from all the gloom.
It really was a wild and woolly day.*

Storyteller: There was you see a Saturday.
(Underscored) When schooling seemed so far away.
A winter's morning dark in storm.
He thought he'd dress to keep him warm.
He found his coat and corduroy pants,
His jumper from his Christmas Aunts.
So soon he found a sticky rut.

Boy/Girl: I'd lost one sock, for just one foot!

Chorus: (Sung) *It's a wild and woolly day.
It's a wild and woolly day.
The kind of day you say,
I think I'll stay.
Stay inside your room.
Away from all the gloom.
It really was a wild and woolly day.*

Storyteller: Just one small sock for one small peg.
The blue to match the other leg.
Without it he was in some bother.

Boy/Girl: One sock's no good without the other.

Storyteller: Forever he could have hopped about.

Boy/Girl: One foot is cold!

Storyteller: He screamed it out.

He would not stop, stand still and wail.

He strove to find the blue socks trail.

Song 3: Here and There.

Verse 1: *When you get out of bed
Let's not make a scene
Let's find your shorts now
Even if they're green*

Verse 2: *When you get out of bed.
The glare of morning lights.
Have you lost your trainers,
or your tights?*

Chorus: *We'll search here, there and everywhere.
We'll search out high and low.
We'll never give up searching.
Where did that blue sock go?*

Verse 3: *When you get out of bed.
Are you quick to dress?
Can you find your undies,
in the mess?*

Verse 4: *When off goes the alarm.
You hear the school bell ring.
Don't you shout,
when you can't find a thing?*

Chorus: *We'll search here, there and everywhere.
We'll search out high and low.
We'll never give up searching
Where did that blue sock go?*

Storyteller: Where would I start? You might ask.
 The enormity of such a task.
 Oh how could he be so outwitted,
 by **One Blue Sock** so nicely knitted?
 So he opened up that awkward door,
 where Mother held their clothes in store.
 Guess if you can his great surprise.

Boy/Girl: When "One Glove" hit me in the eyes! **(Ouch!)**

Song 4: Fist, Palm, Clench, Shake.

Chorus: *Fist, palm, clench, shake.
 Clapped out, half bake.
 Fist, palm, clench, shake.
 Clapped out, half bake.
 Fist, palm, clench, shake.
 Clapped out, half bake.
 Fist, palm, clench, shake.
 Clapped out, half bake. (Optional repeat throughout)*

Glove: *My Glove affair has stopped
 I'm me without the other.
 Oh dear my guard has dropped.*

Boy/Girl: *Really! What's the matter?*

Glove: *No, I am not a Boxer.
 No, I am not a mitt.
 Something's knocked me out.*

Boy/Girl: *So foolishly you hit.*

Glove: *No I am not a boxer.
 I'm one single glove.
 One half of a duo.
 When push comes to shove.*

*I'm a five figured exercise.
 Four fingers and a thumb.
 Clapped out, but clapping
 no longer can be done. M, M, M
 Manual dexterity,
 handsome on the run.*

Boy/Girl: *Can you give me a hand?
 If you'll excuse the pun.*

Glove: *Ho hum!*

Storyteller: He asked the Glove if he could help,
Who punched the air a leathered yelp.

Glove: I knew your one Blue sock is lost,
Storyteller: and told him how to his dear cost,
he once was two, but now was one
because his other half had gone.

Glove: A single glove you cannot wear.
Life's much better being a pair!

Storyteller: He consoled the Glove as much he could
and told him that he was some good.
There's Captain Hook and Nelson too.

Boy/Girl: Please help me find my stocking blue.

Storyteller: There's adventures here that can be had.

Glove: With you at hand that won't be bad.

Storyteller: You never know where this may lead.

Boy/Girl: You'll be the partner that I need.

Song 5: Here and there. (Reprise)

Verse 1: *Whenever you get dressed.
When morning filters through.
If you've got shoes.
It's best to have the two.*

Verse 2: *Whenever you wake up.
When you decide to dress.
Before you snored,
were you a blue sock less?*

Chorus: *We'll search here, there and everywhere.
We'll search out high and low.
We'll never give up searching.
Where did that blue sock go?*

Verse 3: *Whenever you're in bed.
I don't mean to be rude.
Please find your socks,
so you're not in the nude.*

Verse 4: *Whatever you put on.
Although they're inside out.
It's best your clothes are found,
without a doubt.*

Chorus: *We'll search here, there and everywhere.
We'll search out high and low.
We'll never give up searching.
Where did that blue sock go?*

Storyteller: Those two, they travelled hand in glove.
Clothes below them, Clothes above.
Nicely pressed with a steaming iron.
They skimmed the shelves so they could spy on,
The kitchen and the Micro-waving,
the wash machine slowly slaving.
They spied the kettle's cooking range,
a Clothes-horse tethered, behaving strange.

Storyteller: The Clothes-horse heaved with heavy saddling.
Clothes horse: It's all those clothes that cause my waddling.
If you can't see the sock you seek.
Take off these towels that make me weak
and we'll fly free into the air.
One flight for freedom that is fair.
I will help you with your quest.
I've always thought two socks are best.

Storyteller: They couldn't see the Blue sock drying.
So they freed the horse and started flying.
A spindly mare, a squarish frame,
but still she flew fast just the same.

Glove: The Blue sock's somewhere Pegasus.
Maybe stands some feet from us.

Storyteller: So off they went, they took their cue.
All: We hit the trail of the one sock blue.

Song 6: One Blue Sock stampede.

Chorus: *Galloping in the One Blue Sock stampede. (Yahoo!)*
Being friends is all we ever need. (Yahoo!)
Roping in the rain clouds,
racing through the sky. (Yehaa!)
Life is so exciting when you fly. (Yahoo!)

A bronco in the One Blue Sock stampede. (Yahoo!)
We'll share the journey that has been agreed. (Yahoo!)
Roundin' up the rainbows,
reeling in the air. (Yehaa!)
Who'd have thought that we would ever dare? (Yahoo!)

One horse charging through the sky.
No wonder all the clothes are dry.
Morning comes, no need to wonder who. (Yahoo!)

Galloping in the One Blue Sock stampede. (Yahoo!)
Being friends is all we ever need. (Yahoo!)
Trotting over treetops.
Tip-toe 'round the moon. (Yehaa!)
Never ending dreams that end too soon. (Yahoo!)

Galloping in the One Blue Sock stampede. (Yahoo!)
Being friends is all we ever need. (Yahoo!)
Being friends is all we ever need. (Yahoo's!)

Boy/Girl: Being friends is all we ever need.

Boy/Girl: So Glove, the horse, and I, we three
Storyteller: They hovered synchronistically.
Passed the sprays and the perfumed lotions.
All mother's aromantic potions.
How the shower stood and stared.
They landed where the clothes were aired.
On cotton sheets so large and soft.
A "Water-timer" stood and coughed. (*Coughing heard.*)

Song 7: The Timer tick-tock

Timer: Tick tock, tick tock.
On the trail of the One Blue Sock.
Tick tock, tick tock.
On the trail of the One Blue Sock.

All: Tick tock, tick tock.
On the trail of the One Blue Sock.
Tick tock, tick tock.
On the trail of the One Blue Sock. (*Continue's quietly*)

Timer: Anything can happen.
I just know it can.
While sleeping I am nowhere.
Where nothing goes to plan.....dreaming!
(Timer snores-loudly)

Boy/Girl: Wake up!

Timer: Task completed,
water heated.
Daytime, nighttime.
At the right time.

For grimy, slimy,
soiley, oily,
Skirts, shirts, smalls and dresses.
Hot water washes all the messes.
Water sloshes
as it washes.

Pots, pans and putrid plates.
Manky mugs,
in tea stained states.

It's I that make the water hot,
to clean up each and every pot.

Specks on necks,
Muddy flecks.
Muddy cheeks and chins.
Boils for socks, frocks and stockings.
For the washer as it spins.

Watch!

Water you are useless.
You are less than H2O.
Put you in a puddle,
you evaporate, you go.
You're see through, transparent.
You are squidgy, what is more.
If you were lcy,
I would make you thaw!

Boy/Girl: What are you doing?

Timer: Making the water **Mad** hot!

Boy/girl: As I was the leader of our group
I told the "Timer" of our troop.

Storyteller: And of his barefoot standing bear,
Less **One Blue Sock** that wasn't there.

Timer: I have timed and heated, but never burn.

Storyteller: The "Old Timer" ticked so we could learn.

Timer: As we go to bed at night,
Everything should be tidied right.
For when morning comes to our cost,
we cannot find the things we've lost.

Storyteller: The Glove quickly pointed out the way.
The Clothes-horse bayed a horsy bray. (*A bray is heard*)

Boy/Girl: In two moments, their glad group was counted.
They understood, they had remounted.

Storyteller: They knew the spot to which they'd head!

Boy/Girl: To the mank mess beside my bed! (Yuck!)
There discovered. My what a shock.

All: The one and only **One Blue Sock!**