

MAKE AND MOUNTAIN OUT OF A MOLEHILL

A play by Carole L. Cooney

The Greeks used to say, “Make an Elephant out of a Fly.” Years later, the British said, “Make a Mountain out of a Molehill.” Both sayings mean to turn a small issue into a big one; to exaggerate the importance of something.

Setting: Sandy’s bedroom

Characters:

Narrator

Sandy

Melody

Narrator: Friday night was the big event at school. It was the Scary Costume Party with prizes for the scariest costumes. Sandy and her best friend, Melody, were trying to figure out what kind of costumes to wear.

Sandy: Oh, I don’t know. My mother just doesn’t get it. I don’t think dressing like a weird princess is so great. It’s supposed to be scary. SCARY!

Melody: Come on, Sandy. Your Mom was just making a suggestion. I think you can have fun making a really strange kind of princess. Maybe like a witchy princess! Yeah! That’s it. A Witchy Princess.

Sandy: I don’t think so. There’ll probably be a lot of witches and princesses. (big sigh) Oh, why can’t I get a good idea?

Melody: Come on, Sandy. You’re not going to get anywhere if you’re sulking around all morning. Please, don’t make a mountain out of a molehill!

Sandy: I know, I know. Sorry. Oh well, how about your costume?

Melody: (proudly) I have an old cat costume that my sister wore once. I think I can really fix it up like a MONSTER CAT. You know – with huge teeth and bulging eyes and fierce red nails. (laughing) That’ll really scare everyone.

Sandy: (whining) You always have good ideas. I don’t! I don’t want to be some stupid old princess.

Melody: Then don’t! Let’s think. What kind of a person is scary for you? Close your eyes and describe her. Come on...give it a try.

Sandy: Okay. Well, she’d be a thousand years old with black rings around her eyes and lots of lines and wrinkles on her face. Her lips would be thin and black and she’d have white, long, stringy hair and long pointy black nails. She’d wear a black ugly dress and black shawl with holes in it and old lady black shoes. She’d carry an umbrella that she’d swing at people who were in her way. She’d be hunched over with a huge right shoulder and a limp.

Melody: Okay, okay! STOP! WOW! That's *really ugly and scary*. I think it would be easy to make you up like that.

Sandy: (whining) How? I - don't - know - how - to - start. HELP ME!

Melody: Okay. Calm down! How much money can you spend?

Sandy: My mom said to charge whatever I needed, but not to go over \$25.

Melody: Perfect! Let's go to Dee-Dee's Craft Store. I'm sure we can find everything you need. And I can get my stuff at the same time. Okay?

Sandy: (uncertain) Okay. I sure hope this works.

Melody: Lighten up, Sandy. Let's go have some fun.

Narrator: Three hours later, the girls open Sandy's bedroom door and drop 5 bags of costume stuff on the floor. They flop on the bed exhausted but very happy.

Melody: Let's make a sketch of each costume. Then we'll draw a picture of what our makeup will look like.

Sandy: (brightly) Yes! I'll get some paper and markers. Let's get started!

Narrator: The girls made their drawings. Then they organized the costume fabrics and makeup.

Melody: How about a trial test?

Sandy: (eagerly) YES!

Narrator: Two hours later, Melody crouched and Sandy hunched over in front of the large mirror. Melody let out a horrible meow! Sandy cackled with laughter.

Sandy: We look terrifying!

Melody: Why don't we go as a pair. You'll be my master and I'll be your cat.

Sandy: What a great idea!

Narrator: That night Sandy and Melody dreamed of winning the prize for the scariest costumes at the Party. Even if they didn't win, Sandy learned a big lesson. She will always remember it's so much better to work with a friend to solve a problem, than to "make a mountain out of a molehill."