Side 1- Madam, Napoleon, Pearl, Wilma, Hattie, Lisa, Blue, Van Gogh

Madam: Monsieur Bonaparte, I think you scared him off!

Napoleon: He said he wanted us to reveal ourselves. I shall not apologize for ze reaction of a coward!

Pearl: Well now, that's not a very nice thing to call a fine gentleman.

Wilma: 'Fella squealed like a hog at suppertime.

Hattie: Yo no creo que nos estaba esperando.

Lisa: We gave him quite the fright. Is everyone here?

Napoleon: Everyone important.

Pearl: I only count eight. Where's Blue Boy?

(Blue Boy enters, brushing packing peanuts off himself, his face twisted in disgust.)

Blue: I've never been so uncomfortable in all my life!

Van Gogh: What happened to you?

Blue: They stuffed me behind some desk by the rubbish bin! And the trip here was bumpier than a carriage ride on the London Bridge.

Lisa: Where are we?

Van Gogh: We appear to be in some sort of gallery.

Madam: We belong in frames, not whatever state we're in now.

Blue: I don't know what you're complaining about. I, for one, plan to take advantage of this freedom! Being stuck on a canvas is booooring. *(He runs off SR)*

Hattie: ¡Azul! ¡Regresa aquí!
(She runs after him)

Madam: Blue! Oh, that boy is going to get himself in a world of trouble!

Napoleon: Nothing wrong with a little adventure. Exploring, learning, conquering feudalism, it builds character.

Van Gogh: What?

Napoleon: You wouldn't understand.

Van Gogh: And just why not?

Napoleon: *(bluntly)* Because you're poor! *(He exits haughtily)*

Van Gogh: How dare you–

Wilma: Pay him no mind, Mr. Van Gogh. I reckon he's grown a foot too big for his britches.

Side 2- Drew

Drew: Sure is a spooky night to be a watch guard, isn't it, Drew? Yep, sure is. And a full moon, too! Makes the ghosts restless. But they won't bother Old Drew. Nah, they wouldn't dare. Old Drew could beat a ghost in a thumb-war if both his arms were tied behind his back! *(A crashing sound from backstage and Drew swings around in alarm)* Who's there? Show yourself! *(Another crash! He turns with a yelp. He begins moving his flashlight across the walls again. To himself:)* Don't be afraid, Drew ol' pal. You wear a necklace of garlic at night for just this reason. *(loudly)* I'm not afraid of you, Spirit! Reveal yourself now and… and Old Drew will go easy on you! You have three seconds, I say! Three… two… one!

Side 3- Chloe, Robin, Jordan, Ash

Chloe: Fifteen! It's hard to believe they're even real.

Robin: Oh they're real, all right. I'm afraid to even breathe on them! Each one is a priceless work of art… and some of them are hundreds of years old!

Chloe: Girl With a Pearl Earring!

Robin: Painted by Johannes Vermeer in 1665… the Dutch Golden Age!

Chloe: American Gothic!

Robin: A portrait of a farmer and his daughter, by Grant Wood. Did you know it was painted on an actual piece of wood?

Chloe: What's this one?

Robin: The Well! Painted by Daniel Ridgway Knight. He studied in Paris, giving his early artwork a popular French style.

Chloe: But Robin, I'm only counting fourteen.

Robin: That's because Blue Boy isn't here yet. Actually, it was supposed to arrive hours ago… I'm starting to get worried.

Jordan: *(From offstage)* Delivery!

Robin: That must be them!

(Robin and Chloe rush Stage Left, where Jordan and Ash enter. Together they carry a large, flat box).

Jordan: What a house! You could fit six other houses inside of it, don't you think?

Ash: Sure could.

Robin: Welcome to the Fine Arts Gallery of Portland!

Jordan: Gee, thanks. I ain't never been to a Portland before. What about you, Ash? You been to any Portlands?

Ash: Nuh uh.

Jordan: Where do you want this box, Ma'am?

Chloe: Right over here in the West Wing-

Jordan: Wings! You hear that, Ash? This Portland's got wings! (*Jordan takes one hand off the box to wave it wildly, like a bird, and the others gasp as the painting tilts precariously)*

Robin: Careful with that, please!

Ash: Don't worry about ush, Sir! Er- Ma'am! We're pronfessnalols!

Jordan: *(Correcting)* Professionals.

Ash: Right. Po-fesh-un-tols. We've moved a lot of furnicure in our time.

Jordan: Furniture.

Ash: Right. Fur-chi-nure.

Side 4- Nighthawk

Nighthawk: Rain beats the windows, a persistent rhythm to the turmoil of city life. I sat at the bar, nursing a glass of apple juice on the rocks. What was the point of it all? For every thug locked in the slammer, ten more took to the streets. For every bruised knuckle I earned, another bootlegger filled his pockets with gold.

Side 5- Picky, Oddjob, Chip, Oz

Picky: *(stage-whispering)* Psst… the coast is clear.

Oddjob: *(from offstage)* What?

Picky: *(louder)* The coast is clear!

Oddjob: What??

Picky: *(yelling)* THE COAST IS CLEAR!

Oddjob: *(entering)* Not so loud, Picky, you're going to get us caught!

Picky: *(annoyed)* Stop doddling, Oddjob. We've got work to do.

Oddjob: Me? A doddler? I ain't a doddler. I never doddle. If I were in a competition for doddling, I'd be the LPD. Last-place-doddler.

Picky: Be quiet. You're a blabbermouth, that's what you are. Where's Oz?

Oz: *(entering through the window)* Here, Picky.

Picky: And Chip?

Chip: *(popping up from behind the desk where he was already hidden)* Here, Boss!

Picky: Now that's a good man! Notice how Chip is fast and quiet and calls me "Boss?" That's the mark of a real thief. You should take notes, Oddjob.

Oddjob: Aw, whatever.

Picky: Oz, disarm the security cameras.

Chip: *(holding up some wires)* Already disarmed them, Boss.

Picky: How'd you do that?

Side 6- Jackie, Francy

Francy: I can't believe the museum would leave a window unlocked!

Jackie: It's a good thing for us that they did.

Francy: I'm not so sure. This seems like a bad idea.

Jackie: This is our chance, Francy! The big scoop we've been waiting for! This is the biggest event in Portland since the Great Rubber Pickle Incident of '97.

Francy: But why can't we wait until the museum is actually *open?*

Jackie: Because then our story would be no different than every other newspaper in town. I refuse to let the headlines of the Garish Gazette be old news!

Francy: But Jackie… we're breaking the *law.* What if we get caught?

Jackie: This is America, Francy. We've got freedom of the press on our side.

Francy: I don't think that means what you think it means.

Side 7- Officer Gettum

Gettum: 10-97. I've arrived at the scene. Suspect reported seeing an "absurd number of trick-or-treaters" through the gallery windows after 11PM. I'll investigate the premises. *(Radio crackle)* Yes, I know it's March. *(Radio crackle)* Yes, I know that's suspicious. That's why I'm investigating. *(Radio crackle)* Got it. Over and out. *(To himself)* Boy is this place creepy. I hate wandering around old buildings at night. I always feel like I'm being watched. *(Radio crackle)* …No, I didn't know I left my radio on. *(Radio crackle)* No, I'm not a chicken! *(Radio crackle)* This is why I left you in the car.