 Boom De A Da

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Preface: It’s quite possible that none of these events really happened. But it sure felt like what happened to Cleo and Nadia one morning in February.

Narrator
On the 21st of February, Cleo woke up in the bed with the many-colored quilt that she shared with her sister, Nadia. She yawned and stretched and . . . but, hello, what’s this? The first thing Cleo noticed was how quiet the house was.

Cleo
Hum. Now this is odd. Why don’t I smell scrambled eggs? Why isn’t Mama showering after her run? Why isn’t Daddy singing and swinging with Nadia and for that matter why isn’t Nadia waking the dead with her raucous laughing?

Nadia
Because I’m still asleep.

Narrator
Cleo sat up suddenly. There wasn’t a sound in the whole house! Not even a meow! This was beyond odd: it was scary. She turned and nudged Nadia until she was fully awake.

Cleo
Why didn’t Mama come and wake us up? Why aren’t you singing and swinging with Daddy? Where is everybody?!

Nadia
Wail!!

Narrator
The two sisters clutched each other in fear. Then Cleo ran downstairs. Daddy wasn’t there cooking; She ran back upstairs and looked in the bathroom. Mama’s contact lens case was empty, so she must have gone out.

Cleo
So that’s what happened. Whew!

Nadia
What happened?

Cleo
They’ve just gone out. . . I hope.

Nadia
Wail!

Cleo
Stop wailing, Nadia. We have to check things first, then figure out what to do.

Nadia
And then wail!!!

Narrator:
She flew into Mama and Daddy’s room. Nobody. She looked in Mama’s closet but all of her dresses were there. She looked in Mama’s jewelry boxes, but all of her necklaces and bracelets were there.

She even looked outside at the bird feeder. Not even a chickadee at the birdfeeder.

Cleo:
No chickadees! But it’s February! There’s snow on the ground! There are always chickadees when it’s February and there’s snow on the ground! Especially on February 21st!

Narrator:
Was the world suddenly empty?
By that time, Nadia was up and running, too. Both sisters ran outside to the yard. The bicycles were there and so were the helmets and so was the red wagon. She looked in Mama’s studio. Empty.

Cleo
They must have gone to Nonny and GrandMark’s.

Nadia
Oh, yes. I’m sure that’s where they are.

Narrator:
So they ran down the street into the kitchen at Nonny and GrandMark’s house.

Cleo
Yoo Hoo.

Nadia
Yoo ooo

Cleo
It’s Yoo Hoo, Nadia. Not Yoo Oo.

Nadia
Well, I made up Yoo Ooo and I like it. Nonny like it when I make up words.
Cleo
OK, Ok, we have more important matters at hand.

Narrator
Silence.

Cleo
No Yoo Hoo? – where’s Nonny?!

Narrator
There was no smell of GrandMark baking cookies. Cleo looked in the oven. No ham? Not even a chicken? And no Christmas tree.

Nadia
Where is the Christmas tree?

Cleo.
[Crossing her arms and planting her feet firmly on the floor.] Well, it is February after all. At least something around here makes sense.

Narrator
But somehow, that wasn’t very reassuring.

Cleo
Maybe they’re upstairs thinking, not downstairs cooking.

Let’s go look

Nadia

Narrator
But GrandMark wasn’t in his study studying. Nonny wasn’t in her computer room computing. Or whatever she does with all those emails.

Cleo
Where’s Kizzy?! [pause]
I bet Mark took him for a walk. That’s where they all are. Of course. They’re taking Kizzy for a walk... yes, most likely that’s what has happened. Everyone has gone for a walk.

Nadia
Yes, that is most likely what has happened.

Narrator
So she ran back downstairs and looked in the shoe box by the porch door. Mark’s Kizzy-walking shoes were there. She looked on the porch. Kizzy’s leash was there.
Cleo
Ok . . . I know! They’ve gone to French Memories for some tarts!

Nadia
I sure would love a tart right now.

Narrator
But the car was there.

Cleo
Nadia, wait here. I’m going to check Lucy and Roan’s house.

Nadia
Why?? [sob] I don’t want to wait here all alone.

Cleo
But what if they come back? If we’re gone, they’ll worry.

Nadia
Good idea.

Narrator
So Cleo ran across the street to Lucy and Roan’s house. Nobody. Cleo slowly walked back to Nonny and GrandMark’s house. She sat all alone on the couch, trying not to cry. She sang the boom boom song to keep up her spirits.

Cleo
I love Miss Nadia
I’m glad that she is four
[sob]

Nadia
I love Miss Nadia
I’m glad that she is four.
[sob]

Cleo
Nadia, quit sobbing. It doesn’t help.

Nadia
Well, you’re sobbing.

Cleo
That’s ’cause I’m in charge.
Nadia
Oh. I didn’t know you were in charge and I didn’t know people in charge were supposed to sob.

Cleo
Well, I do and they do.

Narrator
The house remained eerily still.

Cleo
[To herself] Cleo. You are seven years old. Face the truth. Everyone has vanished. That’s all there is to it.

Nadia
And I am five years old. Almost. We must face the truth.

Narrator:
Well, that thought comforted the sister for about one minute.

Cleo:
Why didn’t they take us?? [sob]

Narrator:
Together, they looked out the window one more time, then together they sat down on the couch to wait. But Cleo sat down on something hard and bulky and uncomfortable.

Cleo
[British accent] ‘hello! What’s this? [Regular voice, almost distracted.] Now I sound like a character from the books Daddy and Nonny read to us. Ha, ha! [pause, sob] Where’s Daddy?

Nadia
[sob]

Narrator:
Cleo was sitting on a lump. Something was under the couch cushion. Sure enough, under the cushion was a book.

Cleo:
Oh! Rebecca must have brought a book. She always brings us books, or at least she used to. [gulp] Where’s Rebecca? And her dogs? [sob] Well, I’ll just read this here book to Nadia until everything gets back to normal. I’ll read until everyone comes back. [gulp]
‘Hello! What’s this? A note? There’s that strange voice again. But what does this note say . . .

Note:
Look in the bookcase next to the front door.

Narrator
So she and Nadia ran to the bookcase next to the front door. There was a box. And the box also had a note.

Box
Take me with you and go to where Kizzy eats his dinner.

Cleo
What? Well, OK.

Nadia
Over here! Look! Over here!

Narrator
They ran to the place where Kizzy eats his dinner. They found another box and another note.

Box
Take me with you, too, and go to where all your books and toys are.

Narrator
So they did and they found still another box with still another note.

Box
Take me with you and go under the dining room table. . .

Cleo
Oh, my. Ok.

Nadia
I’ll hold the boxes while you read the notes.

Cleo
Good idea.

Narrator
This time the box said, take me and go to GrandMark’s desk. And so, believe it or not, by the time the sisters looked and found boxes with notes and more boxes and more notes, not only was they out of breath, but Nadia was balancing 7 boxes and Cleo was
balancing 10 boxes and there was still one more note. How can this be? The last box said:

Box
Now go to the refrigerator and look inside.

Narrator
Cleo opened the refrigerator door and was really stumped this time!

Cleo
This refrigerator is so full....so much food....how will I find . . . that last note makes no sense. [Pause while she searches].
Umm, my favorite cake. I’ll eat some of it while I wait for everyone to get back.

Nadia
I’d love to eat some cake. All this running around has made me hungry.

Cleo
Not so fast! There’s a note attached to a cake. So what does this note say?

Note
Take this cake.

Cleo
That’s all? Now what am I supposed to do?

Nadia
Now what are we supposed to do?

Narrator
By now Cleo was staggering under the weight of 10 boxes and Nadia was staggering under the weight of 7 boxes and Cleo was supposed to put a cake on top of it all?

Cleo
This is getting tricky. I’d better put this stuff down somewhere before I fall down. I know. Let’s put it all in the shed.

Nadia
Good idea.

Narrator
The sisters staggered to the shed, each balancing a total of 17 boxes and Cleo had the cake on top of her 10 boxes to make things even more complicated. They barely make it to the shed. But they did. Cleo tried to open the shed door but it was not easy with 17 boxes and a cake balanced on one hand.
Nadia

Let’s count to three.

Cleo

Good idea. Well, here goes.

Cleo and Nadia together

One, two, three—yank!

Narrator

EEEECHH went the shed door and . . .
Lo and Behold! Or rather [in a British accent], ‘hello, what’s this?’
Everyone, all of the cats and even Kizzy and Rebecca, everyone who had been missing; all were in the shed!

Everyone

Surprise! Happy Birthday!

Kizzy

Woof, woof!

Cats

Meow, meow

Narrator

Well, Cleo laughed so hard that the 10 boxes balanced with the cake on top started to wobble dangerously. Quickly, Nonny caught the cake just before it crashed to the floor, Jonny caught four of the boxes, Sage caught two, GrandMark caught three, and Nadia held onto her 7 boxes because her jumping school has made her strong. Rebecca and Kizzy grabbed the last two, even though they did hit the floor. Kizzy had a bone in his mouth which prevented him from helping much.

Then Cleo and Nadia did a dance which everyone joined in until GrandMark stubbed his toe on a bicycle rim and Nadia bumped her head on a box containing a portable bread maker, so they all decided to go to the porch.

They joined hands around the table and, dancing in a ring around the table, they sang.

Now’s the time to celebrate,
Everyone is in the room,
Soon enough we’ll eat our cake,
But not until we’ve boomed and boomed.

Boom de A Da, boom de A Da, boom de A Da, boom de A Da.
Boom de A Da, boom de A Da, boom de A Da, boom de A Da.
Then Cleo sang her boom boom song:

Seven years ago today
I, Cleo, I was born.
Now I can act in plays
I can even play the horn.

Boom de A Da, boom de A Da, boom de A Da, boom de A Da.
Boom de A Da, boom de A Da, boom de A Da, boom de A Da.

Then Nadia sang hers:

We love Miss Nadia
We’re glad that she is four.
We like to stretch and stretch
Next to Kizzy on the floor.

Boom de A Da, boom de A Da, boom de A Da, boom de A Da.
Boom de A Da, boom de A Da, boom de A Da, boom de A Da.

Narrator
There were only three verses by nobody cared. They sang them over and over until Kizzy decided he was hungry. So everyone sat down and ate the [chocolate?] cake Nonny had made for Cleo’s seventh birthday.

And it sure was GOOD!

End of play.