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THE SPROCKET-MAKER

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THE SPROCKET MAKER

written by

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Synopsis

The Sprocket Maker tells the story of Gary, a hardworking man who feels trapped in a dead-end job and a monotonous life. He lives in a small town with his wife and spends most of his time making sprockets at a factory. Despite his wife's encouragement and support, Gary can't shake off the feeling that his life lacks meaning and purpose.

As the play progresses, we see Gary dealing with various ups and downs, both at work and in his personal life. He faces pressure from his boss to increase productivity, which only adds to his stress and dissatisfaction. Meanwhile, he struggles to connect with his wife and feels increasingly isolated and alone. However, through his struggles and setbacks, Gary begins to see the potential for change and growth. He starts to question the expectations and norms that have shaped his life and begins to explore new possibilities. Ultimately, the play ends on a hopeful note as Gary takes steps to break free from his old life and embrace a new, more fulfilling path.

Overall, *The Sprocket Maker* is a poignant and relatable exploration of the challenges and opportunities that come with living a mundane existence. It invites audiences to reflect on their own lives and consider how they might break free from the limitations that hold them back.

Cast of Characters

GARY	the Sprocket-Maker
WIFE	the Sprocket-Maker's wife
FOREMAN	
CO-WORKER	
MIKE	Gary's son
JOHN	Gary's son

ACT I

Scene 1

Setting: Gary's home

At Rise: Enter GARY, a Sprocket-Maker, tired and weary, at his home late at night.

GARY

Oh, wearied soul, with aching limbs so sore,
From factory toil, and labor, evermore.
My hands, they know no rest, nor do my feet,
for sprockets must be made, a constant beat.

(enter WIFE)

WIFE

Good even, my love, how fares thy day at work?
What news hast thou of factory and the clerk?

GARY *(exhausted)*

Aye, my love, my day was long and drear,
In endless labor, with nary a cheer.

WIFE *(sympathetically)*

My dear, thy countenance bears a heavy strain,
What troubles thee, my love? Do not refrain.
Before thou part, I beg thee, share thy woe,
That I may offer solace ere thou dost go.

GARY *(sighing)*

I wish I could provide for thee and ours, more than this factory wage and endless hours.

WIFE *(calmly)*

Nay, dear, thou art the light of our family,
and in thy toil, we find great stability.

GARY *(nodding)*

Thou art kind, my love, and your words doth ring,
with truth and wisdom, in all that thou dost bring.

WIFE

(placing her hand on his)

Come, my love, let me take thy coat,
and lead thee to thy chair, with gentle note.

GARY *(weary)*

A thousand thanks, my love, thy care and grace,
Doth bring great comfort to this wearied face.

(They move to the table where dinner is waiting.)

WIFE

(placing food on the table)

Here is thy dinner, my love, a feast so fine,
With meat and bread, and ale, so divine.

GARY *(smiling)*

Thou art a master in the kitchen, my love,
and in this meal, we shall be filled above.

(They eat in silence for a while.)

GARY

My love, what of our sons? How do they fare?
Are they well, and have they done their work with care?

WIFE *(smiling)*

Aye, my love, they are both doing fine,
and in their studies, they doth truly shine.

GARY *(sighing)*

I worry for their future, my dear,
In this world of toil, and constant fear.

WIFE *(calmly)*

Fear not, dear, for we shall guide them well,
and teach them to thrive, with heart and spell

GARY *(nodding)*

Thy words doth bring me peace, my love,
and in this home, I find true solace and dove.

WIFE

(placing her hand on his)

Come, my love, let us rest and sleep,
and in thy dreams, may peace and rest be deep.

(They retire to their chambers.)

GARY *(asleep)*

Oh, weary soul, with limbs so sore and tired,
in this world of toil, must thou always be mired?
What future lies ahead, in this endless toil?
And can my heart, with love and hope, truly boil?

Scene 2

Setting: the factory

At Rise: enter GARY at the factory, working at his bench

GARY

Oh, sprockets! Sprockets! My weary hands,
they toil each day to craft these tiny bands,
with tools that cut and shape and bend and press,
I make these gears to fit with great finesse.

(enter FOREMAN)

FOREMAN

Gary, good sir, how fares your work today?
Doth progress come in speedy, swift array?

GARY

Good master, I do labor without rest,
To make each sprocket that the factory needs best.

FOREMAN

Your work, though simple, is of great import,
for without it, the gears of life fall short.
So make each sprocket with great care and skill,
And thus your duty, you shall fulfill.

GARY *(exhausted)*

Aye, good master, I shall do my best,
to make these gears with great finesse and zest.

FOREMAN

(noticing GARY's fatigue)

But tell me, Gary, hast thou found sweet rest?
Thou appearest weary, burdened and distressed.

GARY *(sighing)*

Nay, good master, I have not found much rest,
and in my dreams, my mind is still oppressed.

FOREMAN

(putting his hand on GARY's shoulder)

I understand, my friend, the burden of thy toil,
And in this factory, the hours doth boil.
But know that thy work doth not go unheeded,
for in these gears, the world is truly needed.

GARY *(nodding)*

I thank thee, good master, for thy words of cheer,
and in this work, I shall persevere.

FOREMAN *(vigorously)*

That is the spirit, my friend, that I doth seek,
In all my workers, both strong and meek.
So, forge ahead, with heart and strength so true,
And in thy work, the world shall find anew.

(exit FOREMAN)

GARY *(alone)*

Oh, wearied soul, with toil that seems so vast,
how can I find true peace, and solace at last?
In this endless labor, I doth find no rest,
and in my heart, I feel great stress and quest.

(exit GARY)

Scene 3

Setting: Gary's home

At Rise: enter GARY and WIFE at home

WIFE

My dear, how fares thy work at the factory?
Hast, thou found rest and peace in thy duty?

GARY *(weary)*

Nay, my love, the work is still so vast,
and in my toil, I find no peace nor rest.

WIFE *(sympathetically)*

Oh, my love, thy burden is so great,
but in thy heart, find strength, and do not hesitate.

GARY *(sighing)*

But what of our future, my dear wife,
In this world of toil, and endless strife?

WIFE *(calmly)*

Fear not, my love, for we shall find our way,
In hope and love, and in each passing day.

GARY *(nodding)*

Thou art wise, my love, with words so true,
and in thy heart, I find great comfort too.

WIFE

(placing her hand on his)

Come, my love, let us rest awhile,
and in each other's company, we shall find a smile.

(They sit on the couch, in quiet conversation.)

GARY *(thinking)*

Oh, wearied soul, with toil that never ends,
And in this work, great burdens doth it sends.
What future lies ahead, in this endless grind,
and can my heart, with love and hope, truly find?

WIFE

(breaking the silence)

My dear, what thinkst thou of our sons' chosen way?
What paths shall they tread upon, come what may?

GARY *(reflecting)*

They shall find their way, with strength and skill,
and in their hearts, they shall find their will.
For in this world, they shall thrive and grow,
and in their minds, great dreams shall truly flow.

WIFE *(smiling)*

Aye, my love, thy words are wise and true,
And in our sons, we shall find great hope anew.

GARY *(grateful)*

Thou art a true light, my dear wife,
and in thy love, I find great strength and life.

WIFE

(placing her head on his shoulder)

Come, my love, let us rest and sleep, and in thy dreams, may peace and rest be deep.

(They retire to their chambers.)

GARY *(asleep)*

Oh, wearied soul, with limbs so sore and tired,
in this world of toil, must thou always be mired?
But in my heart, I find great love and cheer,
and in my family, I find great hope so near.

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ACT V

Scene 1

Setting: Gary's home

At Rise: enter GARY and WIFE at home

WIFE

My love, how doth thy work at the factory fare?
Hast, thou found rest and peace, in thy daily share?

GARY *(smiling)*

Aye, my love, my work doth bring me great joy,
for in each sprocket, I doth find great employ.

WIFE *(smiling)*

Aye, my love, thy words doth bring great cheer,
and in thy heart, I find great strength so near.

GARY *(grateful)*

Thou art a true light, my dear wife,
and in thy love, I find great strength and life.

WIFE

(placing her hand on his)

Come, my love, let us rest awhile,
and in each other's company, we shall find a smile.

(They sit on the couch, in quiet contemplation.)

GARY *(thinking)*

Oh, wearied soul, with toil that never ends,
and in this work, great burdens doth it sends.
But in my heart, I find great hope and peace,
and in my labor, all struggles shall cease.

WIFE

(breaking the silence)

My dear, what dost thou think of our sons,
and what path they shall take, when their lives hath just begun?

GARY *(smiling)*

I have no fear, my love, for in their hearts,
Great dreams doth thrive, and a new start.
For in this world, they shall thrive and grow,
And in their minds, great goals doth flow.

WIFE *(smiling)*

Aye, my love, thy words doth ring so true,
And in our hearts, we shall find great hope anew.

(enter MIKE and JOHN)

MIKE

Father, we have great news to tell,
our dreams and goals, we doth want to excel.

JOHN

Aye, father, we doth have a plan so bold,
And in our hearts, great ambitions doth unfold.

GARY *(smiling)*

Tell me, my sons, what path doth thou choose,
and what path shall thou take, with great hope and muse?

MIKE

(with determination)

I wish to be an engineer, father dear,
and in my mind, great inventions doth appear.

JOHN

(with enthusiasm)

And I wish to be a writer, father mine,
and in my heart, great stories doth entwine.

GARY *(smiling)*

I am proud of you both, my dear sons,
for in thy hearts, great dreams doth run.
So, forge ahead, with heart and strength so true,
and in thy work, the world shall find anew.

(They embrace in a family hug.)

WIFE

(breaking the embrace)

Come, my family, let us dine,
and in each other's company, let us find great shine.

(They retire to the dining table.)

GARY *(reflecting)*

Oh, wearied soul, with toil that seems so vast,
how can I find true peace, and solace at last?
But in my heart, I have found great love and cheer,
and in my family, I find great hope so near.

(The family dines, in quiet contemplation.)



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