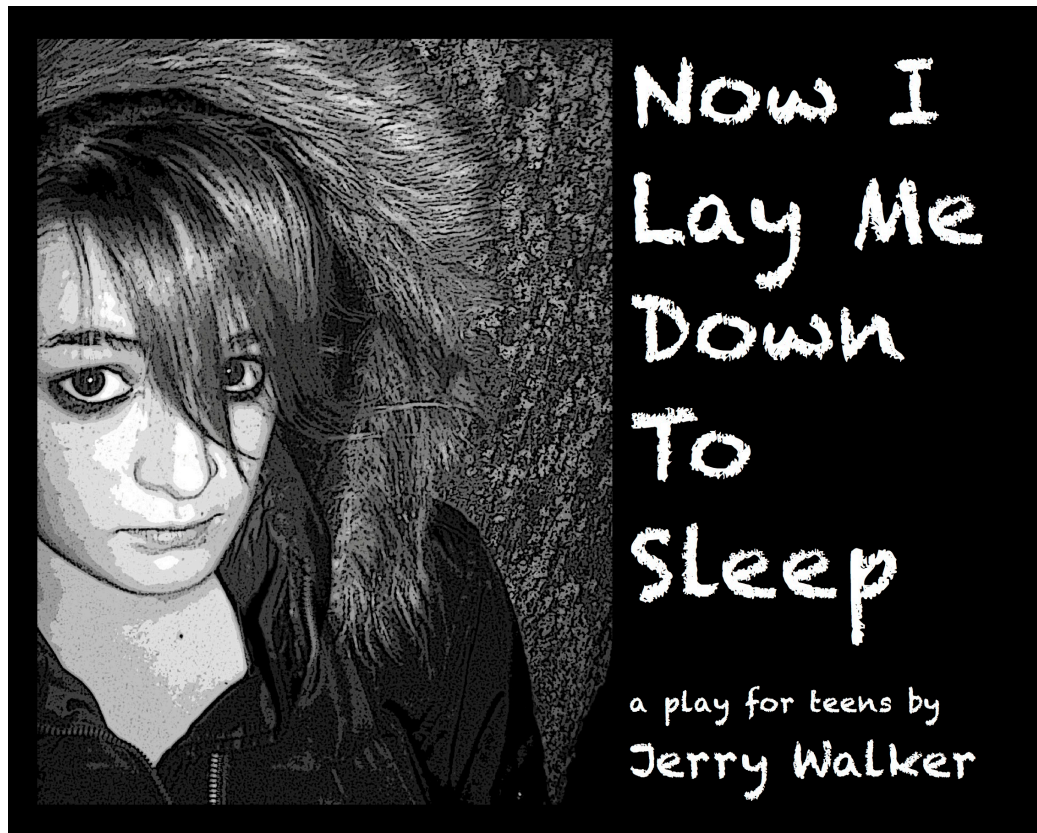


# 40 Minute COMPETITION SCRIPT



(Competition Version: 40 minutes)

by

**Jerry Walker**



Newport, Maine

© 1997, 2007, 2017 by Jerry Walker

**ALL RIGHTS RESERVED**

**CAUTION:**

Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that

**NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP**

being fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States Of America, the British Empire, including the Dominion Of Canada, and the other countries of the Copyright Union, is subject to royalty. Anyone presenting the play without the express written permission of the Copyright owners and/or their authorized agent will be liable to the penalties provided by law.

**Script and music copies must be purchased from the Publisher and Royalty must be paid to the publisher for each and every performance before an audience whether or not admission is charged. A performance license must first be obtained from the publisher prior to any performance(s).**

Federal Copyright Law -- 17 U.S.C. section 504 -- allows for a recovery of a minimum of \$250 and a maximum of \$50,000 for each infringement, plus attorney fees.

The professional and amateur rights to the performance of this play along with the lecturing, recitation, and public reading rights, are administered exclusively through LEICESTER BAY THEATRICALS without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be made. For all other rights inquiries may be made to the authors through LEICESTER BAY THEATRICALS Any adaptation or arrangement of this work without the author's written permission is an infringement of copyright. **Unauthorized duplication by any means is also an infringement.**

**FOR PUBLIC PERFORMANCE RIGHTS YOU MUST APPLY TO THE PUBLISHER OR YOU ARE BREAKING THE LAW!**

The possession of this SCRIPT whether bought or rented, does not constitute permission to perform the work herein contained, in public or in private, for gain or charity. Proper prior application must be made and license granted before a performance may be given. Copies of this SCRIPT and all other rehearsal materials may be bought and/or rented from:

LEICESTER BAY THEATRICALS  
P.O. Box 536 Newport, ME 04953-0536  
[www.leicesterbaytheatricals.com](http://www.leicesterbaytheatricals.com)  
Printed in the United States Of America

**THIS NOTICE MUST APPEAR IN ALL PROGRAMS, ON ALL POSTERS AND PUBLICITY MATERIALS AND INTERNET ADVERTISING/WEBPAGES FOR THE PLAY:**

*"Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep" is presented through special arrangement with Leicester Bay Theatricals. All authorized materials are also supplied by LBT, [www.leicesterbaytheatricals.com](http://www.leicesterbaytheatricals.com)"*

NOTE: Your contract with Leicester Bay Theatricals limits you to making copies of this document for persons directly connected with your production. Do not distribute outside of your cast and crew. Following your performance run you must destroy all photocopies, preferably by shredding them. If we sent you the document in printed format, you must return that document to us. If we provided you with an electronic PDF file, simply trash that on your computer so that it cannot be recovered. The electronic document may only be on ONE computer -- it may NOT be duplicated. This is also a part of your contract with Leicester Bay Theatricals.

**Cast List** (in order of appearance) 22f 18m (some doubling possible)

Named characters may also appear in group scenes away from their featured scene or monolog.

**Girls**

Julie

A Girl

Young Girl

Lexie

Emily

Paige

The Friends

Skinny Girl 1

Skinny Girl 2

Carla

Jonathan's Mother

Samantha

Redstreak

Teardrop

Cara The Magnificent

Real Cute Girl

Rachael

Clara

Jenny

Sarah Grace

Jody

Andrea

Mindy

Nancy

Jeanette

Jane

Kate

Mother

Nurse

Lifeless Figure In The Bed

**Guys**

Guy

Jeffrey

Young Man

Sam

Upper-classman

Tyler

George

Roger

Jonathan

Spike

Carl

Hank

Adam

Jake

Robert

Jerk 1

Jerk 2

Chuck

Joey

Billy

Jeff

Dick

Dad

Doctor

The full version of the play, available from the publisher, has 29f 24m.

SETTING: can be a bare stage with area lighting or it can be quite elaborate. Actually you can do pretty much what you please. The original production had four areas with large set pieces. A swing set; a park bench and street light; a set of lockers; and a white door framed in black.

COSTUMES are of course contemporary school clothes, but with a theatrical flair, if you wish.

LIGHTING becomes the real physical storyteller

SOUND EFFECTS: Gunshot, School bell(4x), slamming locker, 'boing' or musical stinger of some sort

**NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP** by Jerry Walker 29f, 24m. (Doubling Possible) (*A must for any group – professional, amateur and educational, performing for families and teens. A perfect play for High Schools and Youth Theatres.*) A school hallway, and other simple settings. Contemporary costumes. Full Version runs about 90 minutes. Competition Version runs close to 40 minutes and has 22f 18m. (Doubling Possible) They are called the best four years of our lives...and they are, but that four year trek is also dangerous and confusing. You will find all of the things that young people, especially high school students, need to know, want to ask, get stressed-out about and complain about. Between the familiar items of teen angst and adolescence will come those moments of pleasant memory, deep identity, shocking surprise, and utter devastation, as your onstage 'child' reaches out for comfort, help, direction—approval; wanting to belong to something/someone. The scenes and monologues in this on-target theatrical, will have you laughing one second and crying for ...well, a considerable length of time. The play is about teens and how each action or word spoken by anyone has either a positive or negative effect on someone else, even oneself, and we come to find out that no word or deed is harmless or without consequence. Adults and youth alike, will see themselves in the halls of this school, in the lives of its students; in both the hopes, and the shattered dreams of high-schoolers not so very different from those adults in their lives around them who have walked this path before in a slightly different era but with all the manifestations of expectation, desire, dreams, and despair that haunted them. This is one fine and timeless play. **ORDER #3039 [Premiered by Stearns High School for the Northern Maine One Act Play Festival, 1997 [1<sup>st</sup> Place]. Premiered as a full length at School House Arts Center, 2002.]**

*Jerry Walker* is a retired **Band and Theater** director. He was the director of bands at **Oxford Hills High School** in South Paris and **Stearns High School** in Millinocket. While in Millinocket he was also the theater director and directed the Jazz Ensembles. Since his retirement in 1999 he has acted in and directed plays and musicals at **Schoolhouse**: "*The Hobbit*", and "*Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep*", "*The Odd Couple*" and a group of one-act plays; **Lake Region Community Theater**, where he directed: "*The Odd Couple*", (*female version*), "*Oliver*" and "*You Can't Take It With You*"; **Oxford Hills Community Theater**, "*Carnival*"; and **Windham Center Stage Theater**: "*You Can't Take It With You*" and *Once Upon A Mattress*". He Directed "*My Fair Lady*" and "*Hello Dolly*" at **Deertrees**. Jerry is one of the founders of the **Daytime Players** as well as an actor and director in the ensemble. Some of his acting roles include *Tevye* in "**Fiddler**", *Fagin* in "**Oliver**", *Scrooge* in the "**A Christmas Carol**", *Fred* in "**All I Really Needed To Know I Learned Kindergarten**", *Kris Kringle* in "**Miracle on 34<sup>th</sup> Street**", *Bellomy* in "**The Fantastiks**", *Sextimus* in "**Once Upon A Mattress**", *Erroneous* in "**A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum**", *Birdboot* in "**The Real Inspector Hound**", *Al Lewis* in "**The Sunshine Boys**", and *Samuel* in "**A Little Something For The Ducks**". He reworked and directed the present expanded version of "*Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep*" at **Schoolhouse** in 2004 and 2008. He is presently writing "*Two Guys Seating on a Bench Talking About Stuff of No Importance to Anyone.*"

## NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP

**VOICES IN THE NIGHT** -- *The set can be a bare stage with area lighting or it can be quite elaborate. Actually you can do pretty much what you please. (The original production had four areas with large set pieces. A swing set; a park bench and street light; a set of lockers and a white door framed in black.*

**Light Cue #1**

*THE CURTAIN OPENS ON A DARK STAGE. A PRAYER is spoken in a child-like voice. OTHER VOICES join the prayer and it becomes louder and more intense.*

**A CHILDLIKE VOICE:**

Now I lay me down to sleep.  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.  
If I should die before I wake  
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

*Suddenly it's silenced by a:  
Sound Cue # 1 GUNSHOT.*

**JULIE** -- *The lights come up on a GIRL on a swing. After a moment or two she slows the swing and speaks to the AUDIENCE.*

**Light Cue #2 Light the swing**

**JULIE:** I love that prayer. When I was little I used to say it every night. My favorite part was the God blesses at the end. I'd bless my cat, my bureau, the bus driver, my swing set, everything. Being a little kid was so great. I mean, all you had to do was play and have fun and everyone treated you special.

*(She can get up here and move or she can stay on the swing.)*

But, then you grow up and everything changes.

*(pause)*

It seems like something terrible happens to you every day. Like you get a zit and some hunky guy walks by, and he almost looks at you, but he doesn't and you know he saw the zit and he thinks you're ugly. So you try to hide it and of course it just keeps growing bigger. Everyone in school looks at you funny, so you spend the whole day with your hand over the thing. As if that's going to help... In school you're bombarded every day with do this, do that, don't do this, don't do that. Then you go home and the same thing happens all over again. Nobody understands what a horrible day you've had and they think you're just exaggerating. I get so mad sometimes. We can usually handle most of these things, even if we don't seem to at the time. But, there's more. Some of us have another life, that we don't want anyone to know about. Private things, that we try to keep to ourselves. They just keep gnawing at you and you think you're going to explode and you fight against it, making life miserable for those around you. That usually doesn't help much. I just wish teachers and parents would lighten up a bit. Give us a break. Being a teenager is hard work. Most of us deal with our problems and we survive. Some don't.

*(No one on stage sees Julie, ever... the only exception is when she joins Lexie in ISN'T HE GORGEOUS. She can hang out at the swing set/playground... she can drift into some scenes, but must remain on the outside as a spectator.)*

**Light Cue #3** *The swing light goes out.*

**Sound Cue #2** *A SCHOOL BELL rings.*

**Light Cue #4** *General wash of Stage*

**DO YOU KNOW WHERE ROOM 118 IS?** -- *Suddenly, there is a lot of chatter and noise. STUDENTS are coming into school. The entire cast should flood the stage with before school activity and noise. They can come out of the audience or appear on stage. The choices are endless. They should then just as quickly disappear. A GIRL is left standing DC. She appears lost. A YOUNG GIRL rushes past her.*

**GIRL:** *(to girl rushing past)* Do you know where room 118 is?

*The GIRL RUSHING PAST doesn't answer and dashes off stage left.*

*(sarcastically, to stage left)*

Thanks, a lot.

**Light Cue #5** *Fade to single light on girl DC.*

*(to audience)*

This is my first day in this dump and I hate it here. Do you think my parents care? They don't. They just yanked me out of my old school and dragged me here. I yelled and screamed and stamped my feet. I even threatened to pierce my nose, my lip, my eyebrows, and date the biggest loser in school if they made me move here. That didn't make any difference. They just didn't care. So here I am in this godawful place. I hate it here. It's my senior year! All my friends are going to graduate together, but not me. It's not fair. My parents don't know what a horrible thing they've done to me.

My father had a perfectly good job. But was he satisfied? NO. It wasn't where he wanted to be at this time in his life. He wanted more for us. So he quits and drags us all off to the wilderness. He says, "You'll love it there. It's really a safe place to grow up." Yeah right! The first week we were here I was all covered with bug bites. I had to wear long sleeves to cover up the wounds... And get this, I went for a walk on this cute little path. It was really pretty. You could hear the birds singing and cute little animals were running back and forth across the path. Maybe this isn't so bad after all I thought. And then, a bunch of four-wheelers came screaming right at me. I had to dive into the woods. I almost got killed!!! Does that sound safe to you? And listen to this. Last night we had a skunk in the back yard and our dumb dog "Shadow" thought he had a new playmate. Yeah, right. The stupid dog ran back into the house and hid in my clothes closet. I can still smell it in my clothes. No wonder no one will stop and tell me where room 118 is.

*(At this point she may want to throw a little tantrum or even a big one. It depends on how angry she is.)*

There's nothing to do here. No movies, no mall, no nothing. I just sit in my room and look at my old

yearbooks and cry. They don't care. My Mom says, "you can meet some nice kids here and everything will be fine." Yeah right. The kids here are so weird and they talk funny too. Ayuh, howyadoin. God, they're awful!

*(A YOUNG MAN appears. He is nice looking. In fact, he is great looking. The GIRL stands there with her mouth open, stunned by his awesome good looks. She is unable to speak.)*

**GUY:** Hi, are you lost or something?

**GIRL:** *(with mouth gaped open)* Uhuh.

**GUY:** You're new here aren't you?

**GIRL:** Uhuh.

**GUY:** Can I help you?

**GIRL:** *(with a shake of the head)* Uhuh

**GUY:** Let me see your schedule?

**GIRL:** *(regaining her composure)* Okay.

**GUY:** Hey, neat we have the same classes.

**GIRL:** *(happily)* We do?

**GUY:** Yeah, come on I'll show you around.

**GIRL:** OK, I really love it here.

*(She follows him out.)*

**Light Cue #6** *Light up at Locker light wash SL*

*(Julie enters the scene and stands by the lockers.)*

**JULIE:** She survived. They're going out now. She's lucky, she got one of the good ones. Most of the boys here are so gross. God, they act so dumb.

**SENIOR HALL-- FRESHMAN IN A LOCKER -- A GROUP OF BOYS enter and act dumb. Over do it. Act real dumb for about 5 seconds. You know how to do it. Exit stage Left.**

**JULIE:** And they're so mean. They really are. They're always picking on people.

*(JEFFREY walks into the light CS and stops. He keeps glancing down the hallway as if looking for someone. He appears apprehensive about entering.)*

**JEFFREY:** *(to audience)* Hi. That's senior hall. I have to go down there. I'm a freshman. Yesterday, when I went down there, they stuffed me in a locker. I was in there a long time before the janitor let me out. Being a freshman sucks. I'm thinking of quitting school and coming back when I'm a sophomore. I remember last year when I was in eighth grade. I was cool and... now I'm a freshman. I used to be one of the biggest kids in school and nobody messed with me. I must've shrunk or something.

*(He glances nervously down the hallway.)*

Okay, think it's all clear. Here goes.

*(He gets into a crouch ready to sprint down the hallway. to audience)*

Wish me luck.

**Sound Cue #3** *The Bell rings.*

*(Jeffrey takes off. The light stays on. VOICES are heard off stage.)*

**VOICES:** HI Jeffrey.

**JEFFREY:** Oh NOOOO!!!

**VOICES:** C'mere Jeeffffrey.

**JEFFREY:** C'MON GUYS DON'T. NOT AGAIN.

**Sound Cue #4** *Locker slamming*

*(There is the sound of laughter, screams and the slamming of a locker door. THREE BOYS dash into the light, look back offstage and disappear UR. There is pause and then the sound of someone knocking on a locker is heard offstage.)*

IS ANYONE OUT THERE?

*(SILENCE. Julie x's and sits on bench.)*

**JULIE:** And then there's freshman girls. Talk about dumb.

**LightCue #7** *Julie out Light Bench and Door.*

**SCUM OF THE EARTH** -- *A YOUNG GIRL and a YOUNG MAN appear on stage or they can come on and meet accidentally or they can come on in the dark and the lights come on with them in position. Or, you can do something else.*

**YOUNG GIRL:** Do you see that! That... SCUM OF THE EARTH over there.

*(points to the boy)*

I hate him. I really hate him. Why? You want to know why? OK, I'll tell you. He asked me out on a date. I was so excited. He was so nice to me. And then, he said "I love you." On the first date. I couldn't believe it. He said it was love at first sight. He was a senior and he loved me. I just knew he was the one... This is my freshman year and I wanted to be popular, but I never expected this. A senior. My God, all my friends died when they heard he asked me out. We had a wonderful date and he asked me out again. And then. Get this. He said, "when you're in love you have sex". And I believed him. What an idiot I was.....

**YOUNG MAN:** *(points to the girl)* She's cute and a freshman. So I made my move. I mean, why not? My buddies told me it was easy. You ask them to go out on a couple of dates, tell them you love them and bang.

*(not really proud of himself)*

It was easy.

**YOUNG GIRL:** I was so dumb. He dumped me the next week. He didn't care about me. I was just another girl he could brag about to his friends.

**YOUNG MAN:** She was so dumb. I dumped her the next week. She cried and carried on. It was awful. Man, she should of known better. No one falls in love that fast. I kinda feel real bad for her though. Really. I mean she was a nice kid.

**YOUNG GIRL:** *(to him angrily)* What do you mean, I was a nice kid. I am a nice kid. You could have

waited to get to know me. I really cared about you.

**YOUNG MAN:** You were all over me. What did you expect?

**YOUNG GIRL:** I thought that's what you wanted.

**YOUNG MAN:** I thought that's what you wanted. I'm sorry. I know I should have waited. But....

*(He pauses and looks over at THE YOUNG GIRL.)*

You want to go out again?

**YOUNG GIRL:** No!

**Light Cue #8 -- Her light goes out. -- His light goes out.**

*Jeffrey bangs on the locker*

**JEFFREY:** IS ANYONE OUT THERE?????

**Light cue #9 Light up on the bench.**

**JULIE:** *(still on the bench)* Love can be a real painful thing. Sometimes no matter how much you want someone to care about you it just doesn't work out. My friend Lexie has this humongous crush on this guy who already has a girlfriend, but she doesn't care. She waits around just to get a look at him. She's so weird.

**ISN'T HE GORGEOUS -- Light comes up on LEXIE standing in front of a locker. JULIE walks into the scene.**

**LEXIE:** He oughta be here any minute.

**JULIE:** I don't believe you.

**LEXIE:** What?

**JULIE:** You just hang around here waiting to see him?

**LEXIE:** Yeah.

**JULIE:** He's not that great.

**LEXIE:** He is too!

**JULIE:** Lexie, he has a girlfriend.

**LEXIE:** Maybe they broke up.

**JULIE:** Yeah right, whatever.

**LEXIE:** They could've.

**JULIE:** He doesn't know you exist. Oh never mind. Are you ready?

**LEXIE:** Shush, here he comes. OOOooh, look at him. He's gorgeous.

*(to GUY)*

Hi.

**GUY:** Huh! Oh hi.

**Light Cue #10 light up DL by door. Blue wash.**

*(He walks by and strolls up to his girlfriend. Lexie watches. Julie pushes Lexie off stage then stops to watch the next scene.)*

**Light Cue #12 Cross fade to Bench,**

***Bring up Street light and light down Center and SL.***

**TYLER AND PAIGE** -- *The lights come on revealing PAIGE. She is sitting on a bench, in a park, reading a book. She is well-dressed and well groomed. She is perfect. TYLER enters on a skate board and skates around the bench and stops DL. He is not well dressed, or well groomed and he is definitely not perfect. He can really show off here. If he can do a trick let him. He gets off the board with a flourish.*

**TYLER:** *(to audience)* Hey!

*(He glances at the girl on the bench. She glances at him. They both quickly look away.  
(to audience)*

That's Paige Smith. I love her. I think she loves me too. No fooling, I think she does. Yesterday, in the lunchroom, she said "hi" to me. Wow man, did I get nervous. I mean, all I could say was "halaaaa". I had a mouth full of pizza. Man, I musta sounded like an idiot, but ya know what, she didn't care. I mean, she still smiled at me. That's how I know she loves me. Girls don't smile at you when you make an idiot out of yourself unless they love you. Man, it's just a matter of time before we're together. Later.

*(He climbs back on his board and skates back by Paige and off stage.)*

**PAIGE:** *(to audience)* OH.. MY.. Gaawwd. Isn't he fabulous? Did you see him on that skateboard? He's sooo good and he's so cute. Ooooh gawd, I love him. I know I shouldn't, but I do. All my friends think I'm nuts. They think he's a loser and he'll get me into trouble... As if!! And he wears the neatest clothes. He has these big baggy pants that hang on the edge of his cute little butt. Someday I'd like to reach out and give them a little tug, but I wouldn't dare.

*(pause and ponder)*

My friends say all he does is ride around on that skate board and smoke pot. So what, that doesn't bother me. I can deal with that. I can get him to change.

***Sound Cue #5 -- BOING!!! WARNING.***

*A sting on the organ or something might be neat here. (dum da dum dum)*

I've never had a boyfriend. I think it's because I'm smart. Being smart scares boys away. You won't believe this, yesterday, in the lunchroom, I said "hi" to him. He was eating lunch and he said "halaaaa" or something like that. It was so cute. I mean, his mouth was full of pizza and he still tried to talk to me. He must love me. Boy's don't make an idiot out of themselves unless they love you. I really want a boyfriend.

**TYLER:** *(skating in on board)* You rang.

***Light Cue #13 Blackout***

*Blackout or you could have fireworks and real corny love scene.*

*Either one works. Five count*

***Light Cue #14 Cross fade to Bench,***

*Bring up Street light. And light down Center and SL.*

*(The lights come up on the bench. TYLER skateboards in and sits on the bench. [Paige has a quick costume change.] PAIGE enters. She is wearing baggy clothes, the sleeves of*

*her flannel hang over her hands. She has a baseball hat on backwards. Her hair is down and straight. She slumps onto the bench next to TYLER.)*

**PAIGE:** Hey.

**TYLER:** Hey.

*(A bunch of their friends enter and hang out around the light.)*

**TYLER AND PAIGE:** Hey.

**THE OTHERS:** Hey.

*(They all take out fake cigarettes and smoke. The stage should fill with smoke. Use a smoke machine. [We ran a hose up the light pole and pumped the smoke out at head level. It worked great.] After a moment Tyler rises and starts to leave.)*

**TYLER:** I'll be right back.

**PAIGE:** Where you going?

**TYLER:** I have to get something.

**PAIGE:** Later.

**TYLER:** Later.

**THE OTHERS:** Later.

**TYLER:** Later.

*(TYLER jumps on his board and skates off. PAIGE picks at her clothes and sniffs a few times. She takes a cigarette package out of her pocket and starts to open it. The FRIENDS stand there smoking. She notices the audience.)*

**PAIGE:** What are you looking at? Me! You looking at me?

*(pause)*

Oh, I get it. You are disappointed with me.

*(standing up)*

Why? I'm happy. I got Tyler. He loves me and I love him. Things are going great. Oh, you don't believe me, huh. Well it's true, things are really, really great and you know what else.

*(She walks down stage.)*

I got friends, now. Lot'sa friends and they like me. They don't care if I'm smart or not. I'm cool. My friends are cool. So go away. Go stare at someone else.

*(PAIGE goes back to her new friends.)*

Hey!

**THE OTHERS:** Hey!

*(They freeze.)*

**Light Cue #15 Wash and DL**

*(TYLER is standing DL. His skate board under his arm. He is watching Paige.)*

**TYLER:** (to audience) I ruined her didn't I? Remember how nice she looked when I introduced her to you?

I don't know what happened. I didn't want to ruin her. Do you know what I really thought? I thought she might save me.

*(He turns around and walks out of his light and out of her life.)*

**Light cue #16** *Cross fade to Swing.*

*(The light comes up on Julie.)*

**JULIE:** That happens a lot. Sometimes, I can't believe what some girls will do. It's as though they don't think, and you can't tell them anything. They don't believe you. They just don't see themselves as they are. They see themselves as they want to be.

**Light Cue #17** *Light up on park bench no street light. Light wash on Lockers and UL*

**CARLA --** *Seated on the bench is Carla and Skinny Girl No. 1. Skinny Girl No.1 is nibbling on a carrot stick. Carla, is a big girl, not fat. Big, as in tall and large, has a slab of pizza and a giant pile of french fries in front of her and she is holding up a 20 oz. bottle of diet soda.*

**SKINNY GIRL #1:** I could hardly fit into my dress this morning. It's like sooo tight.

*(waving her carrot stick)*

Course, James thinks I look alright.

*(giggles)*

He is so hot. I think he is going to ask me to the prom. God, I can't wait. Do you think I look too...

*(CARLA has a mouth full of french fries and is about to gulp down a gallon of soda. She is unable to answer.)*

You do, don't you. I knew it. I'm getting fat. What am I going to do?

*(CARLA still can't answer.)*

A diet. I'm going to diet. No more food.

*(She tosses her carrot stick into her lunch bag and pushes it away from her. She takes the cap off a bottle of bottled water and starts to drink.)*

All I'm going to eat is water.

*(She notices someone off stage and waves to her. SKINNY GIRL NO. 2 enters carrying a prom dress catalogue. She plops the catalog in front of Skinny Girl No. 1 and the squealing begins. Carla continues to stuff her face and watches them.)*

**SKINNY GIRL #2:** (pointing to a dress in the catalog) Don't you just love it.

**SKINNY GIRL #1:** Ohhh my Gawd . I love it. Are you getting that one? Are you?

**SKINNY GIRL #2:** Yeeessss. Don't you love it?

**SKINNY GIRL #1:** Yeeesss. I love it.

*(They both start to squeal and they grab up their stuff and squeal their way off stage. Carla just sits there for a moment watching them leave.)*

**Light Cue #18** *Light bench no Street light. Wash out UL and Lockers.*

**CARLA:** *(to audience)* They don't have a clue... Every day they run around with their bony little butts wiggling, and bitching about how fat they are getting. They are sick. I mean it, they're sick. They don't eat. They devour little nuts, fruits and carrot sticks. They're all bones and makeup.

*(She places her trash in a trash can.)*

The boys like them though. In fact, they love ‘em.

*(She moves downstage.)*

It really bothers me that they didn’t even include me in their little conversation. It’s as though they figured I wouldn’t be interested in looking at prom gowns. I might. Maybe I have a date and I want to find a new gown to wear. They didn’t even ask me. Well the hell with them. I wish I had a reason to have a prom gown. I’ve never been to the prom. I’ve never even had a date. Four years in high school and I haven’t been to anything. I used to go to dances in middle school. I’d stand there hoping someone would ask me to dance, but they never did. The boys used to make fun of me. I think I was happier then... you know, when they used to call me names and make fun of me. At least they knew I existed. They stopped doing that freshman year when I beat the crap out Eddie Wilson. God, that felt good. Now, they just don’t pay attention to me. I just exist. Oh, I am kinda popular and I get elected to committees and stuff, everyone likes to have me around when there is work to be done, but usually after the meeting or the project is over I end up alone, at home. They all go off with their little groups and they just sort of forget all about me. They aren’t mean or anything. I just don’t belong. Sometimes I wonder what it must be like to be thin. To have a tiny little body, with pert little boobs, and a tiny little butt. I close my eyes and just imagine what it must be like. Then I open my eyes and look in the mirror. I’m big, just big. I have always been big. There’s nothing I can do about it... I try... I have been on a trillion diets... sometimes I even start to lose weight... but they don’t last. Something happens and I get upset, then I eat. I know my folks love me and they’re probably disappointed that I am not more popular with the boys. I bet they would love it if I brought home a boy. Maybe I will some day. Who knows...

**Light Cue #19** *Bench out Light up on the lockers and DC.*

*(She leaves imitating the wiggle of the skinny freaks and walks by a boy who is bigger than she is. She gazes back at him over her shoulder.)*

*(with a toss of her head)*

Hi, George.

**GEORGE:** *(smitten)* Hi Carla.

*(CARLA exits the stage. GEORGE paces back and forth. A group of KIDS rush by in gym clothes.)*

*(to audience)*

I got gym class.

**VOICE STAGE LEFT:** GEORGE, MOVE IT!

**GEORGE:** *(to VOICE)* I AM.

*(to audience)*

I hate gym class. Well not gym class, that’s fun. It’s the before and after gym class I hate. It’s kinda embarrassing to have to get changed in front of everyone. So I hang around out here until the others come out.

**VOICE STAGE RIGHT:** GEORGE, MOVE IT.

**GEORGE:** *(screaming offstage)* I AAAAMMMM!!!

*(back to audience)*

And do you know what they expect you to do after gym class? They expect you to take a shower, with

everyone...no way. I ain't going to strip naked and jump into a shower with a bunch of guys. It's too embarrassing. Why is it that boys have to take gang showers?... It's not fair.

*(aside to audience)*

You know what, I snuck into the girls locker room once. I couldn't believe it... they got nice little booths with curtains, little benches, a little shelf to put their shampoo on... Can you believe that? We don't even have doors on the toilets. It's a wonder we're not all constipated. I like my privacy and this is how I get it. I hang out here until the rest are gone and then I go in and change. Now I'm going to be late for gym and get laps and then I'll stall after gym so I can have some privacy while I shower, which will make me late for class and I'll get detention, so I'll be late to football practice and I'll get more laps.

*(pause)*

You'd think with all that exercise I'd look better.

**VOICE STAGE RIGHT: GEORGE!! I SAID MOVE IT!!**

**GEORGE: I AM!!**

*(He stomps into the locker room. Lights out.)*

**Light Cue #20** door light and light wash SR and CS.

*(JEFFREY bangs on the locker. His voice is getting weaker.)*

**JEFFREY: IS.. ANYONE... OUT.... THERE?????**

*(A TEACHER comes out and puts a notice on the door.)*

**ANYBODY NEED A PUMPKIN** -- *A young girl or Boy x's to the door and reads the sign. Dejectedly turns and x's DC and stops, looks back at the door and then front.*

**RACHEL:** I'd really like to try for that play. I bet it would be fun to be in, but I won't get a part. I never get a part. I was a pumpkin in a play once. I sat down front of the stage in the pumpkin patch. We got to sing a couple of songs, but the rest of the time we just sat there watched the stars have all the fun. I think they just created the pumpkin patch so all the kids could be in the play. I guess they thought that would help our self esteem or something. It didn't work. I didn't try out for any plays after that. I knew I wouldn't get a part. It seems like everything I try I end up in the pumpkin patch, with an orange face and dumb green stem stickin' out of my head. I try to do good, but I can't do it. Like I'm in class and the teacher is talking about something really neat and I'm listening and she says something... and I get an idea and then I'm thinking about the idea and... then the class is over and I hear the teacher say something like "It's due tomorrow".....and I realize that I went away again. Don't ask me where. I don't know what to do. I'd ask what they meant, but then they'd say something like "Ya, gotta pay attention Rachel. So I just don't do it... And then sometimes they hand out a paper and they say "now read the directions and finish this project by tomorrow" But, the directions are so long. I can't seem to read them. It's like there's a crank or something in head and it cranks all the words around and they get all jumbled up and I get all confused. I try to read the directions, but, just can't seem to do it. So I give up. I like it better when they have a picture or something I can see. At least then I got some idea of what they want. I bet that play's got a lot of words to learn. I probably couldn't learn all those words. I wonder if they need

a pumpkin.... Yeah, Right.

*(She turns and walks off UR.)*

**Light cue #24** Bench out. Door in.

**I JUST WANT TO BE ME** -- *The door opens and a girl steps out. She has a paper in her hand. She stops and reads it.*

**CLARA:** I have to go to the alternative school. They say I need more help than they can offer here. I hope no one finds out. They'll call me dummy or loser or something like that. I can't do the work here. I try, but I just can't seem to do it. I really don't like school anyway. I'd quit, but my folks won't let me. They say I need to get a high school diploma or I'll have a hard time getting a job. I don't want a job, I just want to do something I'm interested in. Something exciting. But, I can't do it here. I get too nervous. There's too many kids here. In class, I almost get sick every time the teacher starts to call on people. I'm afraid she will ask me a question and I won't know the answer and everyone will laugh at me. They've done it before and it was awful.

They're always talking behind my back, making fun of me and calling me names. When I walk down the hallway, I can feel them staring at me and making fun of me. I just want to hide someplace, sometimes I do and I miss a class or two, or I call my mother to come get me. I tell her I'm sick. All my friends have dropped me. I hate it here... no one understands. I just want to be me, but I can't.

*(She takes out a cellphone and punches in some numbers.)*

Mom, will you come and get me... I don't feel good... please.

**Light Cue #25** Door out. Swing Up.

**JULIE:** She's afraid. A lot of kids are afraid at school. I know I was. If it wasn't for Lexie I probably would've quit. I couldn't call my mother so I just hid a lot. In fact that's where I met Lexie. I was hiding and she was sneaking a smoke. ...she's so together. She's totally different from everyone I know, but she doesn't seem to even notice... hang in there, Clara.

*(This section of the play will be a series of monologues about being different.)*

**I WANT TO BE DIFFERENT** -- *A girl is sitting on the bench. She gets up and strolls DRC. She has movement in her right hand. Don't make it exaggerated.*

**JENNY:** My name is Jenny and I am a senior. I am really glad to be getting out of here. I have enjoyed going to school here and I supposed I will miss it. I don't know, really, if I will or not.

*(hand movement increases here)*

I have a mild form of Asperger's, which I guess makes me a little different from the other kids. I really don't feel any different. I look like everyone else. I dress like them and it's funny, but I don't really care. I have always been like this. I am kind of a klutz and there are a lot of things going on that don't interest me, but I feel alright about it. I am really interested in a lot of stuff and I am very good at the things I

like.

The rest I try to stay interested, but it's hard. When I was a little kid my Grammy took me to the park with the new bicycle she bought me. She was going to teach me to ride a bike. I couldn't do it. We spent most of the afternoon trying, but I couldn't do it. I tried real hard because I knew she wanted me to ride around on my new, shiny bike, but I lost interest in the first five minutes. All I could think about was how did the phone book get all those phone numbers and then I wondered how long it would take to call everyone in it, or I'd wonder if all the Smiths were related, so I made a chart and called a lot of them and drew different colored lines to each Smith's relative until I had them pretty well divided into families. I think it is important that they know their relatives because...

*(looking at the audience with a smile)*

Lost you, didn't I? Sorry, but I do this a lot and I try to fit in and do things like other kids do. Sometimes I try to imitate the other kids but I usually screw that up too. This is how I am with a lot of things. I start to listen and then I lose interest and yet there are some things that I really get excited about and I can't get enough information on it. Some people call my condition a handicap... I call it a gift.

*(She leaves. A young man, ADAM, holding a backpack, enters DL and stops in front of the door. The sign on the door reads "Mr. MacDonald Asst. Principal." He x's to DC. He stands a moment. He then talks to the audience.)*

**ADAM:** Hi, I'm Adam, How you doin'. I think I'm in a little trouble. Don't worry, this isn't my first time.

You see, I'm different from most of the boy's around here. It was by my own choice. Sometimes, because I'm different, I get harassed and I have to deal with it. Today was one of those days and now I am going to visit Mr. MacDonald, the Assistant Principal. I might get a few days off. They really don't like it when you... nah... you don't need to know. Let's just say the wise guy was suddenly on his back looking up at me with what I would call a real surprised look on his face. It's too bad, but when you are a ballet dancer, sometimes you have to stand up for yourself. When I was young, I decided to study ballet. I loved it. Right off. And I still love it. It is a very important part of being me. I've learned so much about myself through dance. I am strong and athletic.

I am sensitive and expressive and I am a little conceited. Just a little. And I just have a great time doing it. There, now that I have made a good impression, let me tell you about my dance class. Right now, I am the only boy in the advanced Ballet class and unfortunately the rest of the class is girls. Nice looking girls. In tights. When I am in class with all these girls I sometimes think of some of my buddies on the football team. They all smell bad, they are sweaty, and they are all guys. Now the girls sweat too, but it's a different sweat. It's "Girl Sweat". Sometimes I have to wipe the sweat of their backs with my towel. I always have a few extra towels. The important thing is that I could have given this up and played football, but dance is what I'm about. Its what I live for right now. I may change later in life, but for now dance is my life. I feel sorry for the guys that dropped out, because of pressure from their friends. My dad once said to me "you have to be who you are and enjoy the differences in others. Then you can be free to follow your own path". I can't believe dad came up with something like that. He probably read it somewhere. Probably on a bumper sticker.

*(He opens the door and goes into the office. As he closes the door we hear...)*

Hey, Mr. MacDonald how are you today.

**MR. MACDONALD:** Sit down, Adam, what did you do this time.

*(The door closes.)*

Light cue 27 Door Out. Bench In.

*(A boy is sitting on the bench, staring out into the lights in the back of the auditorium.)*

**JAKE:** Have you ever just sat and looked into the dark and wondered if there was something out there.

Something that we have never seen before. Like you could magnify the dark a thousand times and all of a sudden you're looking into another world and then a giant ray comes out of the world and it shrinks you and pulls you into it. It places you on a throne and all around you are little people with one eye and they are cheering "The king has returned, the king has returned." The reason they have only one eye is so they can see only you. Wow... wow. Weird huh. I've always done this. I think I have spent as much of my life in imaginary worlds as I have in the real world. I've always been different. I'm sort of a loner. I like it that way.

When I was little, I knew I must have been adopted, and I would imagine that my real father was an Apache Indian. He might have been Geronimo. I wanted to be an Indian more than anything else on earth. I read everything I could get my hands on. I used to practice walking quietly heel to toe so no one could hear me coming. I would go into the woods and see how close I could get to little animals. One time I almost touched a deer. Sometimes it was hard at home, cause my parents fought a lot and I needed to go someplace so I couldn't hear them argue. I would use my imagination and I could go away into the dark worlds that I thought existed all around me. I could spend hours in my worlds, having all kinds of adventures and then I would wake up and I would be wrapped up in a soft blanket of quiet and I would feel so alone. I don't mind being alone. It is somehow restful. I don't have to please anyone or listen to any one. But sometimes... Well, it's time for Son of Geronimo to go fishing down at the river. I think I will bring my brother and teach him how to walk quietly through the woods.... I think he'd like that.

*(He does his quiet walk DR and disappears.)*

**Light Cue #28** Bench out. Lockers In.

*(A cute girl sitting on the floor. She is leaning up against the CS side of the lockers. She has an open book in her lap, but her mind is elsewhere.)*

**SARAH GRACE:** (to no one in particular) I don't want to do this. I don't want to be here. I want to do something else: something fun... or... I don't know,.. something different.

*(She takes a big breath and slowly lets it out. She closes the book and looks at the audience.)*

Do you realize how many hours I have been here. Not here, but in school. It's like I don't have a real home.... I just have a place I go to sleep and a place to keep my things. My life just keeps going on and on and on. One thing right after another. I have been here since early morning and I still have choir practice and then dance lessons and after that I have a play rehearsal. By the time I get home it will be late, and I still have homework to do. Aaaaahhhhhh.... I hate this.

*(She picks up a bunch of applications she has been looking at.)*

And I have to fill out these things. College Applications! I really don't know where I want to go. But, my parents, the almighty, all knowing parents, rulers of my life are making my life a living hell. "Hurry up and get those applications done. You know they have to be in right away." "Have you got your

resumé done. You know that's due right away." My Resume's six pages long. I have been in just about everything that the world has to offer, but my darling little Mom says, "You never can have too many things on your resume." and Dad, who pays the bills around here just says "She's right, now listen to your mother" and then he dashes out of the room and leaves me with her. You know. Mother! So here is sweet little Sarah trying to fulfill all of her parents dreams. If that's not enough I have to deal with "Miss Tootsie Wootsie" my arch rival, who has already been accepted at some of the "better schools". Who cares about her.. She's just jealous 'cause I got the lead in the musical this year and I just happen to be going out with her ex-boyfriend who...

*(leaping up)*

Oh, my God, I'm supposed to pick him up and bring him to practice, which started 20 minutes ago.

*(She grabs up her stuff. She dashes off UR.)*

**Light Cue #29** Lockers out. Wall DL in.

*(A young boy, ROBERT, is leaning against a wall DL.)*

***11 more pages to The End***