

**GREAT EXPECTATIONS**  
**EIGHT SHORT PLAYS**  
**ABOUT TEENS UNDER PRESSURE**

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by Nicole B. Adkins, Will Coleman, Anne  
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## LIST OF PLAYS

*I'm Totally Getting Sent to Bible Camp This Summer* by Ricky Young-Howze

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*Holding* by Nicole B. Adkins

*The Morgan Show* by Laura King

*Speech & Debate* by Will Coleman

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## PRODUCTION NOTES

*Great Expectations* is a collection of short plays exploring the pressures teen face from parents and guardians, and sometimes even from themselves. The plays can be performed as individual pieces or grouped together in any combination to create a show of the desired length and performed under the title *Great Expectations*.

## PRODUCTION HISTORY

*Great Expectations* was conceived and developed at Hollins University in the Playwriting graduate program by the 2014 Writing for Young Audiences class, taught by Nicole B. Adkins.

The class self-produced the first staged reading and workshop on July 28, 2014 at Mill Mountain Theatre, in collaboration with Hollins University and Roanoke Children's Theatre. Special thanks to RCT Education Director Meghan Griffith for organizing the wonderful team of young actors/responders.

The reading was directed by Wendy-Marie Martin with the following cast:

Savannah Amos, Brynn Chavira, Julian Davis, Elise Guilfoyle, Taylor Herndon, Julia Holland, Sarah Mead, DeShawn Riley, Emma Sala, Nathan Smith, Sophie Sons, Gwyneth Strobe, Camryn Sullivan, Kalley Sullivan, and Mayme Todd.

*Great Expectations* premiered at Overland High School (Aurora, CO) on February 12, 2015. It was directed by Eric E. Eidson and stage managed by Rinesty Rusli, with the following cast:

Mohammed Ahmad, Alissa Austin, Anna Austin, Megan Faktorovich, Noah Johnston, Rebecca Martin, Jasmine Middleton, Samuel Pierce III, D'Angelo Rivas, Rinesty Rusli, Taylor Vaughn, and Katherine Young.

# I'M TOTALLY GETTING SENT TO BIBLE CAMP THIS SUMMER

A short dramedy by  
Ricky Young-Howze

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

PETER, 17. Boy. Looks like he stepped out of a Norman Rockwell painting.

NATALIE, 17 and a half. Girl. Punk-Rocker.

## SETTING

Peter's backyard.

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*(Natalie and Peter sneak onstage. They are wearing Prom Formal. Peter is holding a large laundry bag.)*

**PETER:** Are we alone?

**NATALIE:** We're not getting away with this yet. Let's move quick.

*(Natalie quickly removes Peter's tie and suit jacket. She kisses him.)*

**PETER:** I'm totally getting sent to Bible Camp this summer. My mom is going to kill me.

**NATALIE:** I still can't believe you snuck out. Maybe I'm dating a bad boy after all.

**PETER:** I'm bad to the bone, baby. I snuck out. Stayed out until one in the morning. And do you know what I'm going to do next?

**NATALIE:** What?

*(Peter kisses her again. He picks up the bag and starts to go through it.)*

**PETER:** That. Man this feels so good. Did you notice that even when we sat down to eat our burgers I didn't even say the grace?

**NATALIE:** You're just a rebel.

*(Peter starts to unbutton his shirt. We find that he is wearing a pair of footie pajamas underneath.)*

You should get in quick. Your mom is going to kill you if she wakes up and doesn't see you in bed.

**PETER:** Well she should have let me go to Prom in the first place. But if I'm fast maybe I've got a shot to pull this off.

**NATALIE:** You said she called me a heathen? She doesn't even know me.

*(Peter starts to take off his suit pants but his shoes get in the way. His legs get tangled and he topples over.)*

**PETER:** All she needs to know is that she doesn't see you in a pew every Sunday morning. She's always seen me marrying a good Christian girl and going to medical school.

*(Natalie grabs his shoes and starts pulling them off.)*

**NATALIE:** And what did you see?

**PETER:** I see that blood creeps me out. And people like my mom are just...high.

**NATALIE:** What do you mean by that?

*(Peter is now wearing a full pair of childish pajamas. He stands up to adjust himself.)*

**PETER:** If you have your head so high up in heaven everyone else just looks like ants and you forget that they're people too. Me? I personally always liked being one of the ants.

**NATALIE:** I don't know whether to be flattered or insulted to be called an ant.

**PETER:** I'd be flattered, I'd be really flattered.

*(They kiss again. This one is more serious than the last. Peter steps away. Natalie drapes his tie around her neck.)*

**NATALIE:** Is this your first time?

*(Peter looks at her weirdly.)*

To kiss someone I mean.

**PETER:** No not really...I kissed a girl once...on the cheek.

*(Natalie tries his suit coat on for size.)*

**NATALIE:** Oh...I kinda wanted to be your first.

**PETER:** Am I your first?



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**NATALIE:** No, but I like it. How do I look?

**PETER:** Silly. I'm glad. Glad you like it I mean.

**NATALIE:** (*Spinning on her heel.*) Well am I worth all of this? Getting into all of this trouble with your mom?

**PETER:** Worth every bit.

*(Natalie sits down in the grass.)*

**NATALIE:** You're such a sweetheart.

**PETER:** Why?

**NATALIE:** You promposed with a single rose with a note. Seriously "check yes or no"? People still do that? Your hand stayed on mine the entire time. And then we danced that box step with enough room to breathe between us.

*(Peter sits beside her.)*

**PETER:** It's the only dance I know. I didn't think you would like that bumping and...grinding.

**NATALIE:** A lot of boys would be...a lot of boys have.

**PETER:** Do you know why I loved being with you?

*(Natalie puts her head on his shoulder.)*

**NATALIE:** Why?

**PETER:** You don't look behind you—like you're not worried about listening. My mom can hear foul language from a mile away. You never know when a church member is in the booth behind you, waiting to tell on you.

**NATALIE:** If you spend your life always watching what you're doing you don't have time to enjoy the view.

**PETER:** But where is the shame?

**NATALIE:** Shame of what?

**PETER:** Exactly...there's shame everywhere. That's all they see.

**NATALIE:** Am I such a bad person for seeing more?

**PETER:** Not to me.

*(Peter puts all of his clothes in the bag. Natalie proffers the suit jacket. She passes the tie, but he closes her hand around it and pushes her hand away. She smiles.)*

**NATALIE:** It sucks so bad that you're going to be punished for all of this. You didn't even do anything wrong.

**PETER:** You know that and I know that but...

*(He shrugs.)*

**NATALIE:** If I knew that I was going to catch all of this just because I went out with you then I'd be looking to do something to deserve the punishment I was getting.

**PETER:** I'm getting everything I deserve I assure you.

**NATALIE:** And then you say sweet things like that.

*(Peter pulls a long rope out of the bag.)*

Want to read the entire script? Order a perusal copy today!

# ROOM FOR TWO

A short drama by  
Jeri Weiss

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

JEN, female, 15. Her mother has recently remarried after a nasty divorce, and she expects her daughter to be friends with her sullen stepsister.

LISSA, female, 15. Her mother passed away several years ago, and she is having difficulty adjusting to her father's remarriage.

## SETTING

A bedroom, with two distinct sides.

*(A bedroom shared by two teenage girls. JEN is on her side of the room, arguing with her mother on her cell phone.)*

**JEN:** *(On cell phone:)* I have been trying. *(Beat.)* Yes, I have! Just because you married her dad doesn't mean— *(Beat.)* Well, I don't know what else you expect me to do. I gave up half my room. I tried introducing her to my friends, and she just sits there and never says anything. She's the one who isn't trying. *(Beat.)* How much more time? She's been here three weeks already and— *(Beat.)* Well, it's not my fault her mom is—

*(LISSA enters, sullenly. Did she hear what Jen just said? Jen's not sure. She tries to compensate by greeting Lissa warmly.)*

Hi, Lissa!

**LISSA:** *(Barely acknowledging Jen:)* Hi.

*(Lissa lies on her bed.)*

**JEN:** *(On phone, quietly:)* Yes, she just walked in. *(Beat.)* Fine. I'll try harder.

*(Jen tries to engage Lissa by rolling her eyes at her mom's lecture.)*

*(On cell phone:)* Yes. Okay. I will. I will. I will...

*(Lissa ignores the conversation and rolls over so her back is to Jen.)*

*(On cell phone:)* Okay, bye.

*(Jen tosses her cell phone on her bed. She makes another attempt to bond with her stepsister.)*

*(To Lissa:)* Mothers! Right?

*(Lissa rolls over and stares incredulously at Jen.)*

*(Wishing she could take it back:)* Oh uh...sorry. I didn't mean to...

*(Lissa rolls back over toward the wall. Jen tries again.)*

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How was your day?

**LISSA:** What?

**JEN:** Did you have a good day?

**LISSA:** *(With no emotion:)* Yeah. It was a great day.

**JEN:** Great? – That's much better than good. *(Goofy:)*  
Progress – yay!

*(Lissa does not crack a smile. Jen, fighting frustration, stops her attempt at conversation.)*

*(She begins putting things away while quietly singing a hymn.  
[Note: any hymn may be substituted.]*

*(Singing:)* AVE MARIA...

*(Lissa, recognizing the song, rises in bed. Clearly, it affects her.)*

*(Singing:)* GRATIA PLENA –

**LISSA:** *(Cutting her off:)* Do you think you could keep it down a little?

**JEN:** What? I was barely making a sound.

**LISSA:** I can't concentrate with you –

**JEN:** Concentrate on what?

**LISSA:** I'm trying to...

*(Lissa looks around, sees a book, and picks it up.)*

I'm trying to read.

**JEN:** *(Not buying it:)* You're trying to read.

**LISSA:** That's right.

**JEN:** We'll I'm trying to practice my solo for church this Sunday.

**LISSA:** I hate that song.

**JEN:** Well, I happen to like it.

*(Jen goes back to what she was doing, quietly singing the hymn.)*

**AVE MARIA...**

*(Lissa tries to find her headphones. She digs through her things, loudly opening and closing drawers, unzipping bags, etc.)*

*(Jen, thinking Lissa is doing this on purpose, sings louder. The more Jen's volume increases, the more agitated Lissa gets.)*

**GRATIA PLENA...**

*(Lissa frantically looks for something, anything, with which to lash out against Jen.)*

*(She picks up her water bottle [or other item] and throws it at Jen, narrowly missing her.)*

What the — What is wrong with you?

**LISSA:** I asked you nicely —

**JEN:** Nicely? You haven't done or said one nice thing since you moved in here. What is your problem?

**LISSA:** I don't have a problem. I'm sitting here quietly and you're being rude.

**JEN:** Rude? Seriously? I've gone out of my way to try to make you feel welcome. I've introduced you to all my friends —

**LISSA:** Your friends are freaks —

**JEN:** You're the freak; not them. All you do is lie around all day, moping. I invited you to go with us to the mall, to the movies, to every flipping party. You don't want to do anything. *(Sarcastically:)* And when you do grace us with your presence, you sit around with this snarly look on your face all the time.

*(Lissa snarls.)*

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See? See? There it is.

*(Lissa buries her ears in her pillows, trying to drown out Jen.)*

Don't ignore me. You're going to listen to this.

*(Jen pulls at Lissa's pillows. Lissa struggles to keep them on her ears.)*

**LISSA:** Get away from me!

*(Their fight gets more physical, with pushing and shoving, until Jen falls on the floor.)*

*(The girls stare at each other with hatred in their eyes. Jen is seething now. She resumes her singing to spite Lissa.)*

**JEN:** *(Singing, loudly:)* DOMINUS TECUM...

**LISSA:** *(Completely losing it:)* Stop it! Stop it; stop it; stop it!

*(Jen stops, confused by Lissa's explosive reaction.)*

**JEN:** What is it, you psycho?!

*(Lissa's outburst seems to have released something bottled up inside her for a long time, maybe years. She becomes inconsolable.)*

*(Jen doesn't know what to do.)*

Should I... Do you want me to call your dad?

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# HOLDING

A short dramedy by  
Nicole B. Adkins

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

ALISON, female, a junior in high school, feels pressure to be perfect.

CATE, female, a junior in high school, struggling with a life-changing secret.

TERRANCE, male, a junior in high school, Cate's boyfriend.

PETE, male, a junior in high school, Alison's love-interest, lives with his aunt.

ALISON'S MOM, female, expects Alison to make good decisions and wants the best for her.

CATE'S BIG BROTHER, male, hopes Cate will break out of the family pattern.

TERRANCE'S DAD, male, doesn't really mind Terrance getting into minimal trouble as long as he doesn't get caught or upset his mom.

PETE'S AUNT, female, Pete's guardian and aunt, also has three small children.

## PRODUCTION NOTES

This play is designed to be performed by young adults. The four actors playing older characters should wear half masks to portray the adult/older characters. These masks should be very simple, in no way silly or gaudy. The adult roles should



be performed honestly and directly, with no attempt to seem older or play a "character."

*(Lights up on ALISON, PETE, CATE, and TERRANCE, four high school juniors, two couples. CATE'S BIG BROTHER, TERRANCE'S DAD, ALISON'S MOM and PETE'S AUNT are present in the background, wearing masks. They are meant to be played by actors the same age as the other characters. Each "parent" figure is only in the mind of their child/charge. They are never acknowledged in the scene. As the play progresses, they should move closer and closer to the four teens.)*

**ALISON:** We are criminals. We are criminals!

**PETE:** It's OK, it's OK.

**ALISON:** Says Pete.

**CATE:** Are you saying that for her benefit, or yours?

**PETE:** *(Slight beat.)* Yes. And it's all going to be OK.

**ALISON:** Says Pete—who climbed a TREE when the cops came! You CLIMBED A TREE! It's fall, you idiot! There aren't even any leaves! What, did you think they were going to mistake you for a squirrel?? Now I know how you react in a crisis.

**PETE:** I know, I know... I just... I did the first thing that came into my head.

**TERRANCE:** It's cool, man.

**ALISON:** Dumb!

**PETE'S AUNT:** I can't leave the house in the middle of the night, Pete! Wake up three small children? For this? When I took you in I thought you were a good, smart boy! Was I wrong about you?

**ALISON:** Anyway here we are. Awaiting our fates.

**CATE:** They put us in their break room, Alison. I'm pretty sure that door doesn't even have a lock. But they've gotta have donuts stashed away someplace... Ugh, so hungry.

*(She stands and starts to look around the room.)*

**TERRANCE:** Cate—

**ALISON:** Are you crazy! They told us to stay put! Don't you move. Get back in your seat!

**CATE:** As if they are taking us seriously when there are actual criminals out there in the world. We're just a handful of dumb kids caught out past curfew. What are they going to do, lock me up for stretching my legs?

**ALISON:** What if they press charges?! What if this goes on some kind of permanent record?! We were caught out past curfew drinking! We are juniors, you guys, this year is crucial!

**CATE:** Wine coolers. We were drinking WINE COOLERS in a PARK! We'll probably just get a warning. Trust me, my brother's gotten like three of them. There are much bigger things to worry about in life.

**ALISON:** This seems pretty big to me!

**ALISON'S MOM:** Yes, Alison. You can spend the night at Cate's. But I expect you to make smart decisions. Meaning: none of the decisions you've been making lately whenever Cate is involved. This is your last chance. Understand? And don't stay up too late. You have that soccer tournament tomorrow. If you play things right this year you might just have a chance at a scholarship. We need that. This is your future at stake.

**CATE'S BIG BROTHER:** You're talented, you know that sis? You could get out of here. Seriously, get out of here. Don't get sucked down into the mud. I'll probably never leave this town. But you could. You should. If you don't I'll kick your scrawny little butt.

**CATE:** Seriously people, if we were going to get busted it should have been for something more worthwhile than strawberry pee-water.

**TERRANCE:** Hey, I only had 10 dollars. I told the lady to buy the cheapest stuff she could get. You know. So we could have more.

**PETE:** I got you, man.

**CATE:** Dumb. And no donuts. How could they be out of donuts? What kind of third-rate police station is this anyway!

**ALISON:** They called my mom... They called my MOM! Oh my god. I wonder when she'll get here. I wonder how much time I have left on this earth. She is going to disown me.

**CATE:** She'll get over it. She always does.

**ALISON:** Not this time.

**PETE'S AUNT:** This is the last straw, Pete.

**PETE:** I hope I don't get kicked out.

**TERRANCE:** I'm probably going to be grounded until I die. Honestly I bet my dad wouldn't have cared if we hadn't gotten caught.

**TERRANCE'S DAD:** Yeah sure, you can spend the night at Pete's. Here's 10 bucks, son. Stay outta trouble.

**TERRANCE:** It's my mom I worry about. She's going to give me that "who are you, what did you do with my son" look. I'd rather hear Dad yelling any day.

**TERRANCE'S DAD:** Damnit, Terrance, keep it together, will you? Just keep it together, and don't upset your mom. She thinks you hung the moon.

**CATE:** My Mom'll just ignore it like she does everything else that happens to me.

**ALISON:** (*Beat.*) This didn't exactly happen to you, Cate. The whole thing was sort of your idea.

**CATE:** Nobody dragged you along, Miss Perfect. Besides, you drank more than anybody.

**ALISON:** Did not! I came for moral support.

**CATE:** Some of that would be great right about now!

**ALISON:** And I wanted to see Pete. (*To Pete, who looks grateful:*) Which doesn't mean I'm over being mad at you.

**TERRANCE:** (*To Cate:*) What does she mean, moral support?

**ALISON:** You need to tell him. Before our parents get here and you miss your chance.

**PETE:** Tell him what?

**TERRANCE:** Tell me what?

**CATE:** That *Alison* is a lightweight who needs to mind her own business. (*To Pete, changing subject:*) What are you going to do? I hope they don't make you spend the night.

**TERRANCE:** Maybe they'll let you come with me and my dad.

**PETE:** I don't think it works that way. Besides, your dad is terrifying. That might be worse than the rest of the night here.

**TERRANCE'S DAD:** I thought you were smarter than this!

**CATE'S BIG BROTHER:** You're supposed to be smarter than this, Cate.

**ALISON'S MOM:** I can't even look at you, Alison.

**PETE'S AUNT:** ...

**ALL FOUR "PARENT" FIGURES:** What were you thinking??

*(Terrance brings his chair and puts it beside Cate's. Terrance tries to take Cate's hand. She pulls away.)*

**PETE:** *(To Alison:)* I'm really sorry about the tree. I panicked. It was dumb. It'll never happen again.

**ALISON:** Yeah. Mostly because us getting to see each other will never happen again as long as we live. Which may be only the next 15 minutes.

**PETE:** *(Beat.)* Well...if the world's about to end I'd better get something off my chest...

**ALISON:** OK...?

**PETE:** I just—I...tonight was really great. Before the whole...arrest thing I mean. I really like you.

**ALISON:** *(Beat.)* I like you too. Even if you are kind of an idiot.

**PETE:** *(Smiling, goofy:)* She likes me! And hey, we can see each other at school.

**ALISON:** Yeah. If we don't all get sent to juvie!

**CATE:** Seriously, what world do you live in?

**ALISON:** Just because you're used to getting in trouble doesn't mean I am!

**CATE:** Oh, piss off! [Oh, get lost!]

**ALISON:** I guess my mom was right about you.

**CATE:** Wow. Keep me away from her. I don't wanna get put away for murder!

**TERRANCE:** Forget about her. Talk to me.

*(Cate finds plastic-packaged salad crackers.)*

**CATE:** Oh thank god. Crackers.

*(She opens and eats them.)*

**ALISON:** OMG. Now you are stealing from a police station.

**CATE:** Stealing?? Really? They give these out free at restaurants!

**ALISON:** Does this look like a restaurant??

*(Cate moves away from Alison, eating her crackers. Terrance follows her.)*

**TERRANCE:** Seriously, c'mon. What's up? What did you need to tell me? Are you mad about the wine coolers or something? You've hardly said three words to me all night. Even before...all this.

**CATE:** No I'm not mad about the stupid wine coolers.

**TERRANCE:** What then?

**CATE:** *(Beat.)* I had this plan for tonight. You were going to have a few drinks...and then I was going to tell you something. But I'm not sure I'm ready to talk about it now.

**TERRANCE:** *(Beat.)* Are you breaking up with me or something?

**CATE:** No, you idiot.

**TERRANCE:** I love you, you know. Whatever it is, I'm here.

**CATE:** *(Beat.)* Do you know my mom had my brother when she was 16 years old? She didn't even have her driver's license yet, but she had a kid. She was 19 when she had me.

**TERRANCE:** I didn't know she was that young.

**CATE:** Yeah.

**TERRANCE:** What does this have to do with...?

*(Cate puts Terrance's hand on her stomach.)*

Oh...god...you can't mean...

**CATE:** Why do you think I didn't drink any of those stupid wine coolers?

**CATE'S BIG BROTHER:** Don't get stuck here, kid.

**TERRANCE'S DAD:** Keep your head on your shoulders. Make your mom proud.

**PETE'S AUNT:** Don't you want your parents to look down and be proud of you?

**ALISON'S MOM:** You have to want to make something of yourself. Know where you're going. You can do it honey, I know you can. You just have to work at it.

**ALL FOUR "PARENT" FIGURES:** Think about your future.

Want to read the entire script? Order a perusal copy today!



# THE MORGAN SHOW

A short dramedy by  
Laura King

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

MORGAN, male or female, 13-15 years old, lives in his/her own world, which is a much better place to live.

MOTHER, female. Morgan's mother, 30s, frustrated and anxious about Morgan.

FATHER, male. Morgan's father, 30s, fed-up and determined to set Morgan straight.

## SETTING

The family dining room.

*(Lights up on a dining room table. MOTHER enters. She places three plates in the center of the table.)*

**MOTHER:** Morgan, it's time to set the table.

*(Mother exits and reenters with three glasses.)*

Morgan, this table isn't going to set itself.

*(Mother exits and reenters with silverware, which she drops noisily on the table.)*

Morgan!

**MORGAN:** *(Off:)* Coming, Mother.

*(Mother exits. MORGAN enters, crosses to the table, and slowly starts to set the dishes. Gradually, Morgan begins to finesse the job, twirling the plates and flipping the forks.)*

Welcome to The Morgan Show. And now here's Morgan the Magnificent. The world champion in table setting. People come from far and wide to see Morgan in action. Did you see that move? I've never seen a plate spin like that. What about the fork flip? No one in the world flips a fork with that kind of finesse. It's a natural talent, ladies and gentlemen. You either got it or you don't. And Morgan's got it.

**MOTHER:** *(Off:)* Honey, it's time to eat.

**FATHER:** *(Off:)* Be right there.

**MORGAN:** What did I tell you? The public is clamoring, clamoring, I say, for a seat at the Morgan table-setting show. It's standing room only.

*(Morgan climbs onto a dining room chair. Mother and FATHER enter.)*

Come on in, folks. Take a seat. You're in for a treat. Morgan's the best in the biz.

*(Mother and Father sit but do not pay attention to Morgan.)*

**FATHER:** Please, pass the salt.

**MORGAN:** It's going to be something really special.

**MOTHER:** May I have the pickles?

**MORGAN:** Morgan's the best.

*(Father and Mother continue to prepare their plates. Morgan eyes them curiously.)*

Look alive now. You don't want to miss this.

**FATHER:** Where's Morgan?

**MOTHER:** I have no idea.

**MORGAN:** Everyone's here to see Morgan.

**FATHER:** I don't know what's come over that child.

**MOTHER:** I know what you mean.

**MORGAN:** Morgan's astonishing.

**FATHER:** A C minus in Algebra.

**MOTHER:** It's inexcusable.

**MORGAN:** *(More quietly:)* Morgan's amazing.

**FATHER:** Never takes the trash out without being nagged.

**MOTHER:** It's exacerbating.

**MORGAN:** *(Quieter:)* Morgan's astounding.

**FATHER:** Just texts and watches TV.

**MOTHER:** It's exhausting.

**MORGAN:** *(Even more quietly:)* Everyone wants to hear from Morgan.

*(During the following, Morgan sinks lower into the chair as the parents search for answers.)*

**MOTHER:** Do you think there's a problem?

**FATHER:** An issue?

**MOTHER:** An ailment?

**FATHER:** A syndrome?

**MOTHER:** A sickness?

**FATHER:** A disorder?

**MOTHER:** A disease?

**MORGAN:** Everyone wants to know Morgan's secret.

**FATHER:** I think it's a lack of motivation.

**MOTHER:** A lack of stick-to-it-ness.

**FATHER:** A lack of intelligence.

**MOTHER:** A lack of ability.

*(Morgan has continued to sink so that now only Morgan's head is visible above the table.)*

**MORGAN:** *(Whispering:)* The people don't understand how Morgan does it. No one understands.

*(Morgan sinks below the table.)*

**FATHER:** I just don't understand that child.

**MOTHER:** What do you think we should do?

*(During the following, Morgan becomes increasingly agitated.)*

**FATHER:** We need to get tough.

**MOTHER:** Be firm.

**FATHER:** Stand together.

**MOTHER:** Accept no excuses.

**FATHER:** Take the bull by the horns.

**MOTHER:** Bite the bullet.

**FATHER:** It's time for us to say...

**MOTHER AND FATHER:** Morgan, get your act together.

*(Morgan throws the table over. Dishes scatter. Mother and Father do not notice.)*

**MORGAN:** No!

**FATHER:** No.

**MOTHER:** No?

**FATHER:** We have to face it.

**MOTHER:** There's nothing we can do.

**FATHER:** Just wait it out.

**MOTHER:** Hope for the best.

**FATHER:** Keep the faith.

**MOTHER:** Wait for the curtain to fall.

**MORGAN:** *(Dejectedly:)* Welcome to The Morgan Show.

**FATHER:** Do you have the salt?

**MOTHER:** Do you have the pickles?

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# SPEECH & DEBATE

A short drama by  
Will Coleman

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

KAREN, female, 16, she has a lot on her plate.

MOM, female, 36, unable to work due to pain.

*The biggest obstacle to freedom is love.*

---

*(Helen's kitchen. Her MOM is sitting down with a washcloth over her eyes.)*

*(HELEN enters.)*

**MOM:** Is that you?

**HELEN:** I need to tell you something.

**MOM:** Come here, sweetie.

*(Helen goes to her mother, who hugs her without removing the washcloth.)*

**HELEN:** Oh. Uh, how you feeling?

**MOM:** Same.

**HELEN:** You, uh—stayed home again today?

**MOM:** Hurts to move.

**HELEN:** Okay. You want a sandwich or something?

**MOM:** No, no, I ate.

**HELEN:** I'm gonna make you a sandwich.

*(Throughout the following, she makes her mom a sandwich.)*

**MOM:** ...Okay. Thank you. Tell me about it.

**HELEN:** I need to tell you—

**MOM:** About class. Debate.

**HELEN:** Well, I—uh, no, you rest, we can talk about it later.

**MOM:** Helen.

**HELEN:** It went fine, okay? A on the paper.

**MOM:** Number.

**HELEN:** An A's an A, Mom.

**MOM:** Since when?

**HELEN:** 93.

**MOM:** That's the lowest A.

**HELEN:** Yep.

**MOM:** Don't get too many, it can bring the average down.

**HELEN:** I know, Mom.

**MOM:** So that's Lit, then you've got Chemistry?

**HELEN:** Yeah.

**MOM:** Quiz?

**HELEN:** Molar mass.

**MOM:** Uh-oh.

**HELEN:** I passed.

**MOM:** Helen

**HELEN:** Eight out of ten.

**MOM:** That's a B.

**HELEN:** It doesn't matter, the quizzes are pass/fail.

**MOM:** You're not strong enough in Chemistry, I'm sure there's someone who can tutor you.

**HELEN:** Mom, I have the second highest grade in the class.

*(Mom removes her washcloth for the first time.)*

**MOM:** Tenth Grade Chemistry. Should've taken Honors.

**HELEN:** ...

**MOM:** Nothing to say?

**HELEN:** I'm sorry.

*(She gives her mom the sandwich.)*

*(Mom takes a bite, chews, puts the sandwich aside.)*



**MOM:** Thank you, honey.

**HELEN:** You need to eat.

*(Mom puts the washcloth back over her eyes.)*

**MOM:** You wore that to Debate?

**HELEN:** I'm...I'm not changing clothes for Debate.

**MOM:** Appearance is important in Debate. You need to be taken seriously.

**HELEN:** I know.

**MOM:** Okay.

**HELEN:** I've got homework.

**MOM:** We're not done.

**HELEN:** It's a lot of homework. We can talk about it when you're feeling better.

**MOM:** I don't feel better.

**HELEN:** I know.

**MOM:** What?

**HELEN:** You don't feel better. You never feel better.

**MOM:** I have fibro— [fibromyalgia]

**HELEN:** The doctors don't seem to think so.

**MOM:** Doctors are idiots.

**HELEN:** Then why do I have to be one?

**MOM:** Oh do not start with this again, honey, please. It makes me tired.

**HELEN:** I'm just not sure I need to be doing all of this.

**MOM:** This is not the time to have doubts.

**HELEN:** Sixteen?

**MOM:** Absolutely. You're lucky. My mother had no plan for me. I just drifted through school, having fun, going out with boys, and now 20 years later, I'm alone and infirm and my daughter doesn't even want to give me the time of day.

**HELEN:** I appreciate it, I just...

**MOM:** How was Debate?

**HELEN:** I— good.

**MOM:** You ready for Saturday?

**HELEN:** I don't—

**MOM:** You're not ready? You've been working so hard!

**HELEN:** It's not that, I just...

**MOM:** What?

**HELEN:** I—

**MOM:** What?

**HELEN:** Mom.

*(She takes off her washcloth.)*

**MOM:** Don't scare me.

**HELEN:** I quit Debate.

*(Beat.)*

*(The washcloth goes back on.)*

**MOM:** Oh. Is that all?

**HELEN:** I didn't go.

**MOM:** Okay.

**HELEN:** I don't want to go. I didn't go today. I'm quitting.

**MOM:** I heard you. I'm gonna take a rest, you can do dinner on your own?

**HELEN:** You—you don't care about Debate?

**MOM:** It's your life, darling, you want to quit Debate, then quit it.

**HELEN:** Okay.

**MOM:** Okay. You can eat whatever you want.

**HELEN:** What?

**MOM:** You know, for dinner.

**HELEN:** Okay.

**MOM:** Since you're not going to Debate.

**HELEN:** What?

**MOM:** Well, I mean, I guess it doesn't matter what you look like, so eat whatever you want.

**HELEN:** Oh my god.

**MOM:** Is that not what you want?

**HELEN:** Fine. Maybe I will.

**MOM:** Okay, good.

**HELEN:** Maybe I'll just go get some burgers.

**MOM:** Great.

**HELEN:** And some doughnuts, what is that called? A Luther Vandross? A cheeseburger with doughnuts instead of bread? That sounds amazing, doesn't it?

**MOM:** Mm-hmm.

**HELEN:** Maybe I'll invent my own. Something they'll start calling a Helen Poole. Won't that be fun? Maybe an ice cream burrito or something like that.

**MOM:** Okay.

**HELEN:** 'Cause I like Tex-Mex.

**MOM:** Good.

**HELEN:** Jesus, Mom, what the hell is wrong with you? [Feel free to substitute an alternate expletive for *Jesus*.]

*(Washcloth comes off.)*

**MOM:** I am Living, Breathing, Dying for you.

**HELEN:** Please don't start on this.

**MOM:** I am in Pain, Helen. All of the time.

**HELEN:** Yeah, I know. Now. And a few years ago it was Diabetes, Hypothyroidism, Celiac's Disease...

**MOM:** I'm not discussing this with you.

**HELEN:** Because the people at Debate need to take me seriously, but you don't.

**MOM:** I ache, Helen. I can't work because my joints are on fire, and movement makes them flare up. I can't sleep, I can't eat.

**HELEN:** So I have to suffer with you?

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# SWEET DREAMS

A short comedy by  
Wendy-Marie Martin

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

JORDAN, a 16-year-old super student whose academic goals are beginning to take their toll. She is a straight-laced good girl.

FAYE, an extravagant female teen fairy usually decked out in some funky, crazy outfit and fully accessorized with as much glitz and glitter as possible. (Most people mistake her for a high fashion model.) She is a boisterous diva who knows how to have fun.

*(Lights up on JORDAN, balancing an unbelievably high stack of books. She trips and the books fall to the floor.)*

**JORDAN:** Oh come on. Give me a break!

*(Jordan begins to pick up the books as FAYE enters dressed like she's ready for a fashion show in Paris.)*

**FAYE:** You called?

**JORDAN:** Excuse me? Who are you?

**FAYE:** Faye—your B.F.F. Fairy. Just in time, too, by the looks of things—

*(Faye helps Jordan pick up books.)*

**JORDAN:** My B.F. what?

**FAYE:** Fairy. I believe you requested someone to... *(Looking through her notes:)* ..."give you a break."

**JORDAN:** *(Rubbing her eyes:)* I really did stay up too late last night. *(Blinking a few times:)* You're still here.

**FAYE:** B.F.F. Fairies don't leave until the job is done. It's in our contract.

**JORDAN:** I'm sorry, I have no idea what a B...F...F Fairy is—

**FAYE:** Seriously? What are they teaching you in school?

*(Faye assesses Jordan and makes a few notes.)*

**JORDAN:** *(Shaking her head to clear it:)* I've finally lost it. *(Deep breath.)* Focus, Jordan. You need to study.

*(Jordan takes a stack of books back to a desk. Faye follows her.)*

**FAYE:** Study? On a Saturday morning? You should be hanging out with your friends or...

*(Takes Jordan's hand.)*

...getting a desperately needed manicure.

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**JORDAN:** Hey –

**FAYE:** Or at least sleeping the day away like a normal teenager –

**JORDAN:** Sleep? Are you kidding me? I've got SATs coming up. I have to pass with at least a 2300 or I can forget Harvard. Wait, why am I talking to a hallucination?

**FAYE:** First of all, I'm not a hallucination. Rude. Secondly... you're the one who asked for a break, remember? That's why I'm here in the first place. And I've got a bunch of other people to help today, so if we could move this along, I would appreciate it. Liliana is NOT going to beat my high score again this month.

**JORDAN:** High score?

**FAYE:** Complicated fairy stuff. You wouldn't understand. Now back to you...if all this SAT stuff and Harvard, or whatever, is stressing you out so much why don't you just forget about it?

**JORDAN:** Forget Harvard, are you insane?

**FAYE:** There are lots of other schools you can go –

**JORDAN:** No there's not –

**FAYE:** Sure there are, silly. There's like thousands of colleges, especially with all the junior colleges –

**JORDAN:** Junior college? No way. There's only one school for me. Harvard. *(Beat.)* Stop talking to the air, Jordan. You're losing it. Study.

*(Jordan puts on a set of headphones and opens a book. Faye leans next to her, trying to hear her jam.)*

**FAYE:** That is not...classical music.

**JORDAN:** Excuse me?

**FAYE:** Old people listen to classical music. You should be listening to...

*(Faye snaps her fingers and the library is transformed into a disco. [If this isn't possible, Faye can sing something a cappella instead as she jumps up on the table and dances wildly.])*

*(Jordan tries to continue studying, but Faye makes it very difficult. Jordan packs her books up and gets ready to leave. Faye finally notices and stops.)*

Hey...heyheyheyhey. Where are you going?

**JORDAN:** Somewhere I can study – and listen to my music, which I happen to like, thank you very much – in peace.

**FAYE:** But I can't leave you alone until I give you a break. Those are the rules.

**JORDAN:** My family has been going to Harvard since the first class graduated in 1642 –

**FAYE:** Yeah? Well my family has been in the fairy business longer than that, and we don't quit until the job is done. Now I've got a quota to fill, if you don't mind, so I'd like to finish your assessment.

**JORDAN:** Look, I know you're probably a figment of my imagination conjured from a mixture of stress and sleep deprivation, but I've got exactly one week left to study. If I don't ace my SATs I'll be branded a failure –

**FAYE:** Ha. I've got it! You need a sleep-out.

**JORDAN:** A sleep-what?

**FAYE:** A sleep-out. *(Beat.)* A sleep-out? It's so clear, I can't believe I didn't think of it before.

**JORDAN:** I have no idea what you're talking about.

**FAYE:** A sleep-out is like a time-out but in bed. Asleep.



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**JORDAN:** I don't know. I don't think—

**FAYE:** Look, you summoned me, remember? Now I don't want to be rude, but I've got a lot of other stressed out overachievers to help, so you're going to have to pick your poison. Now do you want some sleep or not?

**JORDAN:** A nap would be pretty amazing, but...what about studying?

**FAYE:** The books will still be here when you wake up. Only difference is...you'll actually be able to keep your eyes open while you read them.

*(Beat.)*

**JORDAN:** Ooooh...kay.

**FAYE:** Okay? You mean it?

**JORDAN:** Yes, just...do it quick before I change my mind!

*(Faye blows fairy dust in Jordan's direction as a bed appears. Faye tucks Jordan in and sets the alarm, as Jordan falls asleep.)*

**FAYE:** Sweet dreams.

*(Jordan falls asleep immediately.)*

Few days of sleep should help your stress levels. And don't you dare think about what you've done while you're sleeping, young lady! I'll just wait to make sure you're in REM and then...

*(Faye starts to fade, then crawls in with her feet in Jordan's face and starts to snore. The alarm goes off. Jordan opens her eyes, sits up and screams, which wakes up Faye.)*

What, whatwahtwhatwhatwhat?

**JORDAN:** You're...you're... What time is it?

**FAYE:** Uh... One hundred o'clock—

**JORDAN:** What?

**FAYE:** Or 10. Yeah. That makes sense. It's probably 10 o'clock.

**JORDAN:** Ten o'clock? ...what day?

**FAYE:** Uhmhhh...looks like it's...Friday. Wait—

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# THE SUMMONING SKY

A short drama by  
Marshall N. Opie

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

RUTHIE, a caring, concerned mom.

LUCY, Ruthie's mother-in-law.

SAM, Ruthie's 14-year-old son.

## SETTING

A large, open-spaced living room/den/library area.

*(LUCY dusts framed family photos. RUTHIE and SAM enter the front door of the house. Ruthie is carrying a package wrapped in brown parcel paper.)*

*(Sam walks to a space in the room that is all his own. There are lots of books in his space that he has systematically organized.)*

*(Ruthie removes an urn from the package.)*

**LUCY:** *(Pointing to the urn in Ruthie's hands:)* So how much, Ruthie? How much did you pay for that— that—

**RUTHIE:** It's an urn, Lucy. Isn't it handsome? And it was cheaper than a casket.

**LUCY:** And smaller than a bread basket. Whoop de doo. I still don't want the ashes in the house. They give me the heebie-jeebies. *(Handing Ruthie an envelope:)* You have mail here from Sam's school—

**RUTHIE:** *(Opening and reading the letter:)* I wonder what now.

**SAM:** Where's my book?

**RUTHIE:** Which book?

**SAM:** My book that was here.

**LUCY:** Don't get upset, Sam. I borrowed it.

*(She picks up the book from the table and gives it to Sam.)*

I'm sorry.

*(Sam becomes lost in the book.)*

**RUTHIE:** Why would you touch his book? You know how he is about people messing with his stuff.

**SAM:** That's okay, Grandma.

**LUCY:** I wanted to know what he was reading. What was in the envelope?

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**RUTHIE:** Sam's progress report. The grades aren't looking good.

**LUCY:** How can that be? He's always studying.

**RUTHIE:** Yeah, reading and studying everything but his school work. I'm going to have him tested.

**LUCY:** Tested? His father died not even a month ago. Give him time.

**RUTHIE:** "Give him time," you've been saying that for quite a while. I'm concerned. I'd like Sam to make at least one good friend.

**LUCY:** Sam has plenty of friends. Look at all his friends that came to the funeral. Right, Sam?

**SAM:** I want to go for a walk.

**RUTHIE:** A walk? No. You have school work to do.

**SAM:** I just want to walk in the woods and peer through the branches of the trees and look at the sky.

**RUTHIE:** Not now, Sam.

**SAM:** Dad was my friend. If he were here, he would say, "Let's go for a walk, Bud," and he and I would just go out back and walk in the woods. Why can't I go for a walk?

**LUCY:** You miss those walks, don't you?

**SAM:** I went for a walk yesterday.

**RUTHIE:** And that's why you're not going for a walk today.

**SAM:** I'm talking to Grandma.

**LUCY:** Don't talk to your mother that way.

**SAM:** The trees didn't seem to be happy.

**RUTHIE:** That's all right. He won't be going for a walk for a while.

**LUCY:** Maybe the trees weren't happy because they miss your father.

**SAM:** They didn't seem as tall as they used to.

*(Ruthie opens a box containing ashes and begins transferring the ashes from the box to the urn.)*

**LUCY:** Be careful, Ruthie. Can't you do that outside? I don't want any of those ashes falling on the floor.

**RUTHIE:** They're falling right into the urn, see?

**LUCY:** Maybe the trees aren't as tall because you're not as short as you used to be.

**SAM:** I guess. Dad and I called the woods our avatar jungle.

**RUTHIE:** Avatar jungle?

**LUCY:** It's in the book.

**RUTHIE:** Oh—

**LUCY:** Please be careful.

**RUTHIE:** I've got this.

**LUCY:** I'm curious, Sam. What did you and your dad talk about when you went on your walks?

**SAM:** Different things.

**LUCY:** Did you talk about the book?

**SAM:** Sometimes we did, and other books. Sometimes I didn't want to talk at all, and neither did he. We had a special way of communicating to each other without talking. I knew when he was happy, and I knew when he was sad. Our walks always made us happy.

**LUCY:** What are you doing now, Ruthie?

**SAM:** Are you listening, Grandma?

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**RUTHIE:** Finding a place for Tom's ashes.

**LUCY:** Yes, I'm listening. I'm sorry. One second, Sam. Now, Ruthie, I wish you would listen to me. I'd really prefer that we purchase a place to put those ashes in the cemetery.

**RUTHIE:** We can't afford it, and I prefer to have them here.

**SAM:** When I was walking in the woods yesterday, I heard his voice.

**LUCY:** Whose voice?

**SAM:** Dad's voice. I looked up at the sky, and it was summoning me...

**RUTHIE:** What are you talking about?

**LUCY:** Shh. Listen. That's where I went wrong as a parent. The sky was summoning you?

**SAM:** Yes, in a voice like Dad's, calling me to fly like an avatar.

**RUTHIE:** Avatars don't fly; they leap.

**SAM:** How would you know that?

**RUTHIE:** I read it in your book.

**SAM:** (*Angry:*) My book?

**RUTHIE:** I can't read your book, but it's okay with you if your grandmother does?

**SAM:** No.

*(Sam begins to hum, "I'll Fly Away.")*

**RUTHIE:** Please don't hum that.

**SAM:** It's Dad's song.

**RUTHIE:** No. That's your grandmother's song that she insisted be sung at the funeral.

**SAM:** I like it.

**LUCY:** I do too.

*(Lucy begins singing, "I'll Fly Away.")*

**RUTHIE:** Well I don't.

*(Sam joins in singing with Lucy.)*

Stop it. The both of you stop. They are going to hold you back a year in school!

*(Beat.)*

Stop it!

*(After a moment of awkward silence, Lucy walks and picks up a photograph of a man – it's her son. Ruthie returns to searching for a place for the urn.)*

**SAM:** Hold me back?

**RUTHIE:** Yes, if your grades don't improve.

**SAM:** I want to move on with my class.

**RUTHIE:** You're going to have to stop your daydreaming.

*(Again, awkward silence. Sam picks up his book. Lucy embraces the photograph.)*

**SAM:** I'll try.

**RUTHIE:** You're going to have to do better than try.

*(Ruthie places the urn down.)*

**LUCY:** Not there.

**RUTHIE:** Then where?

**LUCY:** I don't know. Why must you hold on to them?

**RUTHIE:** If you can hold on to old photographs, why can't I hold on to my husband's ashes?



---

**SAM:** Dad wouldn't take me to see the movie unless I read the novel first.

**RUTHIE:** What are you talking about now?

**SAM:** I thought the movie, *Avatar*, was inspired by the cartoon, *Avatar: The Last Airbender*, but Dad thought it was inspired by this novel, *Songs from the Stars*. I think he was right.

**RUTHIE:** Focus, Sam. You can't help yourself, can you?

**SAM:** I am focused. Can't you hear him?

**LUCY:** Hear who?

**SAM:** Dad.

**RUTHIE:** No.

**SAM:** It's like the book. Humans can receive messages from other worlds with advanced civilizations through songs. I can hear him, singing "I'll Fly Away." And now he's saying he's leaving, but he'll always be here for us, and he's sorry. He's very sorry. He does love us all, and he's sorry.

**RUTHIE:** Sam, come here, baby. Please. Can I hold you?

**SAM:** You don't believe me, do you? Do you? You think it's all my imagination.

Want to read the entire script? Order a perusal copy today!

# THE DANCE WE DO

A short dramedy by  
Anne G'Fellers-Mason

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

BECCA, female, 17 years old. High school senior, talented dancer, haunted by her family's legacy and the memory of her brother's and sister's many scholarly achievements.

BRIDGET, female, early 20s. Becca's older sister, currently away in college, views achievement as a competition. She appears as a memory in the play.

BRIAN, male, early 20s. Becca's older brother, currently away in college, views achievement as a competition. He appears as a memory in the play.

AMY, female, 17 years old. High school senior, talented dancer, outgoing and outspoken, one of Becca's good friends.

## SETTING

The quad or open outside area of a high school.

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*(BECCA sits in an open space, a large book spread across her lap. Her backpack, extremely overstuffed, sits beside her. BRIDGET and BRIAN sit behind her, their backs to her.)*

*(Becca works on a problem, muttering to herself and chewing on the end of her pencil.)*

**BRIDGET:** Wrong.

*(Becca erases and tries again.)*

**BRIAN:** So wrong.

*(Becca erases, frustration mounting.)*

*(AMY enters. She's obviously come from dance practice. She is not aware of Bridget and Brian. Becca and Amy make eye contact, there is obvious tension.)*

**AMY:** Hi.

**BECCA:** *(Weakly:)* Hey.

*(Amy sits, finding something to keep herself occupied. Becca returns to her math. After a moment...)*

**BRIDGET:** Not even close.

**BRIAN:** Man, you are bad at this. Do you even understand how math works?

*(Becca erases furiously.)*

**AMY:** That our Precalc homework?

**BECCA:** *(Preoccupied:)* Extra credit.

**AMY:** It's a little early in the year for extra credit, don't ya think?

**BECCA:** I need to keep my average up.

**AMY:** Becca, it's still August.

**BECCA:** I'm trying to work, Amy –

**AMY:** (*Obviously hurt:*) Sorry.

(*Becca returns to the problem and writes a new answer.*)

**BRIDGET:** Still wrong. You know, I took Advanced Placement Calculus as a junior, not *Precalculus*.

**BRIAN:** I took Advanced Placement Calculus as a sophomore, not a junior.

**BRIDGET:** I got a 2380 on my SAT.

**BRIAN:** 2385.

**BRIDGET AND BRIAN:** What did you get, Becca?

(*Bridget and Brian exchange a knowing look. Becca grows increasingly frustrated as they continue.*)

**BRIAN:** (*Whispering:*) You're doing it all wrong.

**BRIDGET:** I never erased a problem, not once. I won the Math Bowl two years in a row.

**BRIAN:** All wrong.

**BRIDGET:** Aw, and you're making a mess of your paper, how unfastidious of you.

**BRIAN:** That means messy. Synonym bedraggled, antonym tidy. 2385, what, what!

**BRIDGET:** You always were the messiest –

**BRIAN:** – the smallest –

**BRIDGET:** – the weakest –

**BRIAN:** – and definitely NOT the smartest of the Donalson kids. (*To Bridget:*) And I was Math Bowl champ three years in a row, so, chew on that.

(*Bridget gives him an incredulous look.*)

(*Back to Becca:*) Mom and Dad were so proud.

---

**BRIDGET:** Proud of us, proud of the older siblings.

*(They continue to chant their last two lines. Becca erases and erases until there's a hole in her paper.)*

**BECCA:** *(To Bridget and Brian:)* Shut up! Shut up!

**AMY:** Excuse me?!

**BECCA:** What—

**AMY:** Are you mad at me?!

**BECCA:** No, I, that wasn't—

**AMY:** Listen, you're weirding me out, Becca. We've barely spoken since school started. Are you avoiding me?

**BECCA:** I'm not—

**AMY:** You know, dance team auditions are tomorrow and you haven't been to any of the warm up practices. You're trying out, right?

*(Becca tries to speak, but nothing comes out.)*

I don't get it. This is your Senior year, and you're not gonna dance? You could get scholarships.

**BRIDGET:** Major in dance, really? I played oboe, but you don't see me majoring in that. But you *will* see me using my Rhodes scholarship to change the world.

**BRIAN:** I ate 20 hot dogs in 10 minutes, maybe I should've applied for a scholarship in that instead of accepting my full ride to MIT?

*(Bridget and Brian laugh.)*

**AMY:** I thought that's what you wanted. That's what you said you wanted—back when we talked.

**BECCA:** I—

**BRIDGET:** Mom and Dad are so proud, proud of US.

**BRIAN:** They're proud of US.

*(Bridget and Brian continue to chant their last two lines.)*

**BECCA:** Stop it and let me think!

*(Bridget and Brian fall silent.)*

**AMY:** What is going on? Why are you freaking out?

**BECCA:** I'm not. I'm fine.

*(Amy's not buying it. She stands and pulls a reluctant Becca to her feet.)*

**AMY:** Come on, get up!

**BECCA:** What are you doing?

**AMY:** We're gonna dance this out, whatever it is.

**BECCA:** Amy –

**AMY:** You did it to me last year after the Brad fiasco. Turnabout is fair play, Donalson. Come on, dance it out! What is it? What's wrong?

*(Amy keeps Becca moving, all the while asking her "what's wrong" in different ways over and over.)*

**BECCA:** *(Exploding:)* It's my senior year and my SAT score sucks! I haven't filled out any college apps, and there's no way I'm gonna be a Rhodes Scholar, or get into M-I-freaking-T! I'll be banished from the family, but that's okay since I'm obviously such a disappointment to the Donalson family!

*(Becca takes a deep breath, relieved to have finally said it.)*

**AMY:** Your parents come to every performance. Any time you dance, they're there.

**BECCA:** It's my *only* extracurricular. They HAVE to come.

**AMY:** *(Pointedly:)* No, they don't.

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**BECCA:** I just—I thought once Brian and Bridget graduated, I'd have room to breathe. But I hear their voices, all the time, picking at me like they used to. Mom and Dad never told 'em to stop. I wish they would've. Maybe they thought it was a big joke, and I was in on it. I don't know. But it's uh, it's the dance we do.

*(Amy nods, taking a moment to find the words.)*

**AMY:** Okay, so your siblings did amazing, brainy things, but could either of them dance?

**BECCA:** No. Brian looked like a chicken. He'd stick his neck out like this.

*(She demonstrates.)*

**BRIAN:** Hey, girls were into it.

**BRIDGET:** What girls?

**BECCA:** And Bridget, she'd stand in the corner and do this weird kind of bob thing.

**AMY:** Oh yeah, the awkward corner bob.

**BRIAN:** Ha!

**BRIDGET:** It was a statement of nonconformity!

Want to read the entire script? Order a perusal copy today!

## **About YouthPLAYS**

**YouthPLAYS** ([www.youthplays.com](http://www.youthplays.com)) is a publisher of award-winning professional dramatists and talented new discoveries, each with an original theatrical voice, and all dedicated to expanding the vocabulary of theatre for young actors and audiences. On our website you'll find one-act and full-length plays and musicals for teen and pre-teen (and even college) actors, as well as duets and monologues for competition. Many of our authors' works have been widely produced at high schools and middle schools, youth theatres and other TYA companies, both amateur and professional, as well as at elementary schools, camps, churches and other institutions serving young audiences and/or actors worldwide. Most are intended for performance by young people, while some are intended for adult actors performing for young audiences.

YouthPLAYS was co-founded by professional playwrights Jonathan Dorf and Ed Shockley. It began merely as an additional outlet to market their own works, which included a substantial body of award-winning published and unpublished plays and musicals. Those interested in their published plays were directed to the respective publishers' websites, and unpublished plays were made available in electronic form. But when they saw the desperate need for material for young actors and audiences—coupled with their experience that numerous quality plays for young people weren't finding a home—they made the decision to represent the work of other playwrights as well. Dozens and dozens of authors are now members of the YouthPLAYS family, with scripts available both electronically and in traditional acting editions. We continue to grow as we look for exciting and challenging plays and musicals for young actors and audiences.



## **About ProduceaPlay.com**

Let's put up a play! Great idea! But producing a play takes time, energy and knowledge. While finding the necessary time and energy is up to you, ProduceaPlay.com is a website designed to assist you with that third element: knowledge.

Created by YouthPLAYS' co-founders, Jonathan Dorf and Ed Shockley, ProduceaPlay.com serves as a resource for producers at all levels as it addresses the many facets of production. As Dorf and Shockley speak from their years of experience (as playwrights, producers, directors and more), they are joined by a group of award-winning theatre professionals and experienced teachers from the world of academic theatre, all making their expertise available for free in the hope of helping this and future generations of producers, whether it's at the school or university level, or in community or professional theatres.

The site is organized into a series of major topics, each of which has its own page that delves into the subject in detail, offering suggestions and links for further information. For example, Publicity covers everything from Publicizing Auditions to How to Use Social Media to Posters to whether it's worth hiring a publicist. Casting details Where to Find the Actors, How to Evaluate a Resume, Callbacks and even Dealing with Problem Actors. You'll find guidance on your Production Timeline, The Theater Space, Picking a Play, Budget, Contracts, Rehearsing the Play, The Program, House Management, Backstage, and many other important subjects.

The site is constantly under construction, so visit often for the latest insights on play producing, and let it help make your play production dreams a reality.

## More from YouthPLAYS

### ***Youth on the Roof*** by Laura King

Play Collection. 55-65 minutes. 3-14 females, 1-9 males (4-16 performers possible).

It's the end of high school, and on the rooftops of schools, apartments, garages and more, the teenagers in these six plays are literally and figuratively standing on the edge of the precipice. Whether it's choosing whether to stay home or venture into the unknown, finding the courage to persevere in the face of failure, or asking themselves if they are truly becoming who they want to be, confronting their futures and that first step into adulthood will require a leap of faith.

### ***The Matsuyama Mirror*** by Velina Hasu Houston

Drama. 60-70 minutes. 4 females, 1 male, 3 either.

In Matsuyama, Japan in the 1600s, a world before the discovery of mirrors, young Aiko comes of age in the aftermath of her mother's death. Gifted with a "magic" mirror, she sees her image and believes that it is her mother's spirit—and when her father remarries and she begins to grow up, Aiko resists, escaping into an enchanted world where dolls come to life. As they encourage her to stay to play and frolic, will Aiko fall into the fantasy forever, or will she discover the true magic of life?

### ***The Exceptional Childhood Center*** by Dylan Schifrin

Comedy. 25-35 minutes. 2-4 females, 2-3 males (5-6 performers possible).

Reggie Watson has been accepted into the right preschool. He's set for life...as long as he can make it through the one-day trial period. But when desperation breeds disaster and his future hangs in the balance, Reggie and his band of quirky classmates may just discover things about themselves that school could never teach them.

***Mi Coche, Mi Quince*** by Susan Lieberman

Dramedy. 95-110 minutes. 5-12+ females, 3-8+ males (8-20+ performers possible).

Luis, a high school senior and the pillar of his fractured Mexican-American family, is set to play a key role in his sister Ana's upcoming quinceañera celebration. But when his girlfriend Miriam discovers that she is pregnant, Luis' future plans and Ana's *quince* dreams are derailed. As Miriam explores adoption, further challenging the cultural conventions of their community and testing Luis' commitment to the relationship, Ana's traditional rite of passage may just become a time of unexpected transformation for everyone.

***La Bella Cinderella*** by Claudia Haas

Comedy. 50-60 minutes. 3-4 females, 2-3 males (6 performers total, plus optional extras).

The Primo Pasta Players turn the Cinderella tale topsy-turvy with their own brand of zany, pasta-loving fun. Help the Players get ready for the ball, save our heroine from a wild boar, and stop the villainous clown from stealing the crown. There are opportunities to add music and dance, and in the end, silly rules the land!

***HKFN: The Abbreviated Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*** by Jeff Goode

Comedy. 25-35 minutes. 3-8 females, 2-6 males (5-10 performers possible).

The actor playing Huck runs away from a production of Twain's controversial classic, ***The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn***. But when the actor who plays Jim runs away too and troublemakers Duke & King join in, their fugitive theatre company launches into a series of misadventures—while the domineering Aunt Polly tries to force them back into the "real" play. In the chaos, that play—and its discussion about race—may be happening without them knowing it.