IF THESE WALLS COULD TALK

By ROBERT SWIFT

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IF THESE WALLS COULD TALK
A Play in Two Acts
By Robert Swift

SYNOPSIS
The action of the play takes place at James Madison High School
The present and the past.
There is one intermission.
(Can also be performed without an intermission.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(In Order of Speaking)

GLORIA RUSSELL alumni club president
MISS COBURN counselor
ELAINE DUNN author, former student
YOUNG ELAINE the author, years earlier
GEORGI G MELANSON unruly student
ROSE-MARIE student
LUCILLE student
STANLEY DEXTER student, relies on his varsity jacket
BEA student, Young Gloria’s friend
JANE another
YOUNG GLORIA alumni club president, years earlier
tom harris doesn’t like shoes
MRS. CROWLEY teacher
MARION shy student
RITA WILLIS Marion’s older sister
JACK KIELY another student
LIZ COCOZELLA a free spirit, student
ANN MAXSON student who doesn’t seem to pay attention
HOWARD KING another student
T.J. instructor in the athletic department
DR. JANICE radio psychologist
ADDITIONAL STUDENTS as/if desired
IF THESE WALLS COULD TALK

ACT ONE

Setting: The stage of James Madison High School. There's a lectern or speaker's stand EXTREME DOWN RIGHT, on the FORESTAGE. RIGHT, UPSTAGE SOMEWHAT, is a standing student's locker [OPTIONAL]. DOWN CENTER are six folding chairs, four in front, two in back. LEFT, UPSTAGE SOMEWHAT, is a park bench. DOWN LEFT is a counselor's office, represented by a small desk with a chair behind it and another in front.

Prior to Curtain: MUSIC -- something that might be played at a high school graduation ceremony or a football game. It goes on for a few moments and fades. Auditorium LIGHTS DIM OUT.
Pause. GLORIA: RUSSELL ENTERS on the FORESTAGE, LEFT.
She's an attractive young woman of 22 or 23. Smartly dressed, wears stylish glasses even though she doesn't need them. She carries a Manila folder and a bouquet of roses wrapped in cellophane. As she crosses the FORESTAGE heading for the lectern she smiles to someone in the audience. A small wave to someone else. At the lectern she puts down the Manila folder and the wrapped roses. If there's a microphone she adjusts it. If not, she pauses and gives a great big professional smile to the audience.

GLORIA: Hello. (If anyone in the audience answers back, GLORIA simply smiles all the wider. Smiling is how she deals with most situations. She surveys the audience.) So glad so many of you could make it. (Smiles.) It's an inspiration. I'm excited, and I hope you are. (Opens Manila folder.) For those of you who don't know me, I'd like to introduce myself. I'm Gloria Russell, chairperson of James Madison High School Alumni Development. Volunteer, of course. (Scattered applause.) Thank you. Personally, I feel volunteers are -- "wonderful" people. (Smiles.) This year, for the first time, we've decided to establish an annual James Madison High School Alumni Award, to be given to that outstanding graduate who has brought distinction and honor to his or her high school. (Smiles.) I feel doubly excited because the alumna we are honoring today was my good friend when we went to school here. And that was only a few years ago. Think of it. As they say, "time flies." (Checks note inside Manila folder.) After graduating from James Madison, our honoree attended
Revere Junior College and then went on to a career in freelance journalism. This year she made herself quite famous by writing a best-selling self-help book entitled *What’s Wrong with Me?*. Those of you who have read it know it’s filled with sage advice about everyday this and that. Those of you who haven’t read it -- why not? (Smiles.) Now it is my great pleasure -- (MISS COBURN, a school counselor, steps in from EXTREME DOWN RIGHT. Whispers something loudly to GLORIA. She nods, smiles out to audience. MISS COBURN EXITS.) I forgot. Forgive me. (Smiles.) Copies of *What’s Wrong with Me?* will be available in the lobby during the reception.

And -- our honoree has graciously consented to sign each and every copy. They’re eighteen ninety-five, and Alumni Development gets fifteen percent on each and every copy sold. So, dig deep. (Scattered applause.) The book makes a wonderful gift for the holiday season. A birthday. An anniversary. Whatever. (Back to folder.) Although she now lives in California, our honoree says she will never forget this town or dear old James Madison High. Who could? (Turns DOWN LEFT.) Welcome, welcome back -- Elaine Dunn. (She applauds. Applause from spectators. ELAINE ENTERS, a pleasant-looking young woman. Same age as GLORIA. She’s intelligent, sensitive, self-assured and articulate. She smiles tentatively to the audience and strides to the lectern. GLORIA picks up the wrapped roses. Indicates lectern.) It’s all yours, Elaine. Go for it. (ELAINE steps behind the lectern. GLORIA starts to EXIT DOWN LEFT, realizes she still holds the roses.) Oops. (She walk back to the lectern. To audience.) I’m so excited I don’t know what I’m doing. (She suppresses a giggle, hands flowers to ELAINE.) These are for you. Compliments of James Madison High School Alumni Development.

ELAINE: Thank you, Gloria. (GLORIA EXITS DOWN LEFT, pausing briefly to wave to someone in the audience, Pause. Surveying the audience.) I certainly never expected to be standing up here one day -- it’s a bit overwhelming. (Pause.) Can you hear me in the back? (Doesn’t know what to do with the flowers.) These are lovely flowers. It was thoughtful. (MISS COBURN steps in from EXTREME DOWN RIGHT and takes the flowers. ELAINE is grateful.) Thank you, Miss Coburn. (MISS COBURN EXITS. ELAINE gives the audience another sweep with her eyes.) Someone once said -- "Everything comes to she who waits." I’ve never believed that. I believe that things come to those of us who want something very badly. (As ELAINE continues on,
her voice becomes fainter and fainter, until she is only "mouthing" words. A girl, about 16, maybe 17 [YOUNG
ELAINE], ENTERS LEFT and walks DOWNSTAGE. Stops between
the folding chairs and the counselor's office. As she moves, she
keeps her eyes on the speaker. Voice up.) To those of us who
are willing to work hard. To give up a great deal. I believe we
made our own luck. I believe, ultimately, we have only
ourselves to rely on. Only ourselves for dreams unrealized. . .

YOUNG ELAINE: My. How smug we've become, Miss James
Madison Alumni Development Honoree. (Critical.) "I believe,
ultimately, we have only ourselves to rely on. Only ourselves
for dreams unrealized." (Pause.) That's pompous. (She moves
to end folding chair, front row, LEFT. Sits. Gradually it should
dawn on the real audience that we are seeing the honoree as
a student years earlier. Actress portraying YOUNG ELAINE
should duplicate voice and mannerisms of the actress
portraying ELAINE.)

ELAINE: (Voice up.) . . . I took a walk through the school corridors
this morning, and it brought back memories. I had forgotten
so much. I saw a ghost in every corner. But memories aren't
ghosts. True, some are sweet and some are bittersweet. Some
are light and some are dark. But they're real. (Cheerful.) I
thought I saw Stanley Brown in his varsity jacket. He never took
it off, and yet it always looked new and spotless. As if it had
come out of a gift box. (STANLEY ENTERS RIGHT and stands
by the locker. Arms folded in a nonchalant attitude. Naturally,
he wears a varsity jacket [or sweater -- in which case change
dialogue references to "varsity sweater"]).) Rita Willis and her
sister Marion. They were as different as day and night. (RITA
ENTERS LEFT with an armload of books. Dressed on the wild
side. She chews gum and wears too much junk jewelry. Moves
to front row of folding chairs, RIGHT. Sits. MARION ENTERS,
LEFT. A drab creature compared to her lively sister. She holds
her books close to her body as if she fears someone might
steal them away. Looks nervously from left to right, scurries to
back row of folding chairs. Sits, head down.) Who could forget
the incredible duo? (Pause.) Georgio Melanson -- (GEORGIO
ENTERS ON FORESTAGE, EXTREME DOWN LEFT. Definitely a
rebel, dim in the brains department. Old leather jacket, torn
Levis, bike boots. He carries no books. Slouches onto chair
beside RITA. They look at one another and react with disdain.)
And Liz Cocoazella. She always had her lunch on the park
bench across the street. (LIZ ENTERS UP LEFT. The female
counterpart to GEORGIO. Outrageous hairstyle and clothing. Huge bag over one shoulder. She sits on the bench and takes out a wrapped sandwich. Crosses one leg over the other. RITA takes gum from her mouth and sticks it under her chair. (GEORGIO notices.)

GEORGIO: Gross.

ELAINE: Then there was Jack. Jack Kiely. I could never forget him. He seemed much older than he was. So confident. So promising. Everyone said he'd be the one "most likely to succeed." (JACK ENTERS RIGHT and walks behind the folding chairs, to LEFT. YOUNG ELAINE quickly scoots to the empty chair beside GEORGIO so JACK can have the end seat. He notices her gesture. Smiles. YOUNG ELAINE smiles in return. JACK is good-looking, neatly dressed. Jacket and tie. Young executive type.) Who could forget Miss Coburn? She was one counselor who worked overtime. (MISS COBURN ENTERS hurriedly from RIGHT. Studying papers she has in her hand.) Every year she entered the Pepsi Cola Women's Marathon. (Optimistic.) And every year, (Philosophically,) she lost. I mean -- she always came in near the end. (MISS COBURN sits behind the desk, attention still on the papers.) Some members of the faculty I remember vividly. Some I've already forgotten. That goes for students, too. Especially students. But I could never forget Jack or Liz Cocozella or Ann Mason. Others. I never really got to know Ann very well. But still she made an impression. There was something different about her somehow. Lots of times I'd say hello, and she wouldn't answer. Eventually, I stopped trying to be friendly. (ANN, about 15, ENTERS counselor's office from LEFT. Sits in chair in front of desk. Pause,) I think as long as we remember people they'll be with us. (More STUDENTS ENTER LEFT and RIGHT as desired and stand motionless, like characters in a "living painting.") Returning here brings it all back. (Pause.) If these walls could talk... (LIGHTS DIM as STUDENTS face audience and softly sing to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne.")

STUDENTS: Goodbye to thee, James Madison We're leaving thee for aye; Though far apart we soon shall be, We'll not forget this day -- (NOTE: Individual scenes that follow in the playbook will be indicated as such for easy rehearsal identification. For example, "1" -- "2" -- "3," etc. STAGE LIGHTS can either go to BLACK as each segment ends, or STAY ON and have characters EXIT and ENTER in full view of the audience.
The important things is that the actions flows. The play must not be a series of starts and stops. Having the LIGHTS ON throughout will not hinder anything.)

[ROSE-MARIE, LUCILLE, STANLEY]

(ROSE-MARIE and LUCILLE ENTER LEFT and move CENTER. Carry school books.)

ROSE-MARIE: I say it's worth a try.
LUCILLE: I don't care what you say. I think it's cheap.
LUCILLE: Honestly, Rose-Marie, I don't know what's happening to you. I think you're taking too many vitamins. Or something.
ROSE-MARIE: I want Stanley Brown to take me to the Junior Prom. Is that so abnormal?
LUCILLE: He'll never ask you.
ROSE-MARIE: That's why I'm asking him.
LUCILLE: That's brazen.
ROSE-MARIE: No, it isn't. It's practical. Girls are more sophisticated than boys. We understand more. Stanley looks like Mr. Macho Man out there on the basketball floor, but inside he's a boy. All men are boys. They need help. They need encouragement. They need nurturing.
LUCILLE: That is the most idiotic thing I have ever heard.
ROSE-MARIE: You are definitely one of those.
LUCILLE: One of those what?
ROSE-MARIE: Girls who believe -- "If it was good enough for Grandma, it's good enough for me." "Never ask, always wait."
It will soon be the twenty-first century, Lucille.
LUCILLE: I can count. (ROSE-MARIE looks OFF RIGHT.)
ROSE-MARIE: Here he comes. Act casual. (Both girls smile rather foolishly. STANLEY ENTERS. Holds a combination lock. He notices them but says nothing.)
ROSE-MARIE/LUCILLE: Hello, Stanley.
STANLEY: 'Lo. (He steps in front of the locker, fools with the combination lock dial.)
ROSE-MARIE: You go along, Lucille. I'll meet you in the lunchroom.
LUCILLE: If that's what you want.
ROSE-MARIE: It is. (LUCILLE strolls RIGHT.) 'Bye, Stanley.
STANLEY: (Interest on the combination lock.) 'Bye. (LUCILLE EXITS. ROSE-MARIE steps closer to STANLEY.)
ROSE-MARIE: Stanley, I'm going to be frank with you. I feel we're both adults. I hope you're not threatened by assertive women.

STANLEY: Huh?

ROSE-MARIE: I would like to attend the Junior Prom.

STANLEY: Why don't you buy a ticket? (Fooling with the combination lock dial.) I can never work these locks. (ROSE-MARIE takes the lock.)

ROSE-MARIE: What's the combination?

STANLEY: Seven to the right. Left to nine. Spin around to twelve straight up. (ROSE-MARIE does this quickly, opens combination lock. STANLEY'S impressed.) Wow.

ROSE-MARIE: Women are more dexterous than men. It's nothing personal. Stanley, I would like you to take me to the Junior Prom. (No answer.) Don't you want to take me to the Junior Prom? (No answer.) If it's a question of expenses we can split the cost. I know you're not working.

STANLEY: (Hesitates.) It's not that --

ROSE-MARIE: (Impatient.) Then what is it, Stanley?

STANLEY: Guys are supposed to wear a tuxedo.

ROSE-MARIE: You don't want to rent a tux, Stanley? Is that it?

STANLEY: (Evasive.) Not exactly.

ROSE-MARIE: What does that mean, Stanley -- "not exactly"?

STANLEY: I could never go anywhere out of my varsity jacket.

(Pause.)

ROSE-MARIE: I'm not following.

STANLEY: Have you ever seen we without my varsity jacket?

ROSE-MARIE: (Thinks.) No, I haven't, Stanley. Is it important?

STANLEY: Actually, I have two of them.

ROSE-MARIE: Two?

STANLEY: In case anything ever happened to one. I couldn't bear it, Rose-Marie, living without my varsity jacket.

ROSE-MARIE: (Incredulous.) Let me get this straight. Are you saying you don't want to take me to the Junior Prom because you won't be able to attend in your varsity jacket? Is that it?

STANLEY: Yeah.

ROSE-MARIE: Stanley, that's absurd. That's idiotic. You're sounding like Linus in the cartoon "Peanuts." You're making your varsity jacket out to be a security blanket.

STANLEY: (Innocently.) What's wrong with that?

ROSE-MARIE: You're not a little boy!

STANLEY: This varsity jacket is like my flesh. You wouldn't expect a guy to walk around without his flesh, would you? That would be grotesque. (ROSE-MARIE stares at him, mute. Then, furious,
she starts to EXIT LEFT. Realizes she still holds the combination lock. She steps back to STANLEY.)

ROSE-MARIE: Here. This belongs to you. I hope the two of you will be happy together. As long as your varsity jacket doesn't get jealous. (She slaps the lock into STANLEY'S open palm and stomps OFF LEFT. STANLEY calls after her.)

STANLEY: No hard feelings.

ROSE-MARIE: (OFFSTAGE.) Hal (He steps DOWNSTAGE somewhat, addresses audience. Rubs one hand over his jacket, lovingly.)

STANLEY: I can't imagine life without my varsity jacket. My life, anyway. See, I used to be nothing special. No Kid Zero, but nothing special. I even heard some kids say that about me one time. "That Stanley Brown -- he's nothing special." I don't have much academic smarts. I know that. I guess I don't have much ambition, either. Maybe that comes later. I do know my life turned around when I got my varsity jacket. People even looked at me different. Y'know -- I was one guy who'd achieved something. I was somebody. Out of the ordinary. Special. I tell you that feeling was GR-R-R-E-A-T. It still is. I know some kids might think it's definitely bizarro. But it's my life, isn't it? Truth is, I can't give up wearing my varsity jacket because, well -- I'm scared. (Pause.) I don't want to go back to the way it was. I don't want to be -- "nothing special" again. (EXITS.)

[BEA, JANE, YOUNG GLORIA, YOUNG ELAINE]

(BEA and JANE are seated on the park bench.)

BEA: Who's taking you to the Junior Prom?

JANE: I don't know. I haven't given it much thought. To be perfectly honest, I think affairs like Junior Proms are rather juvenile. The boys here at James Madison are so adolescent. I prefer college men. Or test pilots. They're more mature.

BEA: Does that mean you're not going to the Junior Prom?

JANE: I didn't say that.

BEA: I thought you did.

JANE: (Annoyed.) That's the trouble with everyone. They always misunderstand what I say. It can be depressing.

BEA: ( Shrugs.) I imagine. (YOUNG GLORIA ENTERS LEFT. As with ELAINE, audience realizes we are seeing the student GLORIA.)

YOUNG GLORIA: Not having lunch in the cafeteria?

BEA: Yuck.
JANE: We’d sooner die. Spaghettios with carrot sticks.
BEA: Besides I’m on a diet. Chocolate and water. I read about it in “Sassy” magazine.
JANE: Are you going to the Junior Prom, Gloria?
YOUNG GLORIA: I suppose I’ll have to. It’s expected of me.
    Besides, I don’t want to disappoint Jack.
BEA: Jack Kiely?
JANE: Jack Kiely asked you?
YOUNG GLORIA: (Indifferent.) Not yet. But he will. (They laugh.
    YOUNG ELAINE ENTERS. Has books and a notebook.)
YOUNG ELAINE: (Excitedly.) I’m glad I found you, Gloria. (GLORIA smiles.) I have those notes you wanted me to copy.
YOUNG GLORIA: Notes?
YOUNG ELAINE: From yesterday. You missed English class. Tale of Two Cities.
YOUNG GLORIA: Oh, yes. (From the smirks on the faces of BEA,
    JANE and YOUNG GLORIA we can tell they think YOUNG
    ELAINE is a nerd.)
YOUNG ELAINE: (Rips some pages from her notebook.) I don’t think you’ll have any trouble reading them. (Over-eager.) My handwriting’s not the best, but it’s bold.
YOUNG GLORIA: (Takes pages.) Thanks. Awfully.
JANE: You’re on the school paper, aren’t you?
YOUNG ELAINE: (Pleased by the recognition.) Yes. I’m working on the yearbook staff, too. It’s a challenge.
JANE: If that’s what you want out of life -- a challenge.
BEA: Personally, I’ve always felt working in a newspaper office was unfeminine. (BEA and JANE chuckle. YOUNG GLORIA smiles.)
YOUNG ELAINE: (Practically babbling.) It isn’t. Honest.
JANE: We’ll take your word for it.
YOUNG ELAINE: It’s like being Nancy Drew. It’s fun.
OTHERS: Nancy Drew? (They laugh.)
YOUNG ELAINE: (Somewhat embarrassed.) Yes. Didn’t you ever read any Nancy Drew?
BEA: My mother did. When she was a child.
JANE: (Sotto; to BEA and YOUNG GLORIA.) Nancy Drew and Tale of Two Cities. How nerdy can you be? (They smirk. YOUNG
    ELAINE pretends not to notice.)
YOUNG GLORIA: (To JANE and BEA.) Listen, I’m going to need some help with my party. Decorations.
YOUNG ELAINE: I’m good at decorations. I’d love to help. Honest.
    (They stare at YOUNG ELAINE as if she were growing warts.)
BEA: Why don’t we take a walk?
JANE: Good idea. Three’s company. Four’s a crowd. (BEA, JANE and YOUNG GLORIA start to EXIT RIGHT. YOUNG ELAINE moves to follow.)

YOUNG ELAINE: I can do wonders with crepe paper. (YOUNG GLORIA stops, turns. OTHERS EXIT.)

YOUNG GLORIA: You don’t mind, do you, dear? This is private business. (She smiles, follows after BEA and JANE.)

YOUNG ELAINE: (Disappointed.) Oh, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to intrude. Sorry, sorry. (Calls after YOUNG GLORIA.) If you’re planning on cutting any more classes just let me know and I’ll take notes. . . (Faint.) I don’t mind. . . honest. (Pause. Rage mounting, she practically screams.) Auuuuuughl (Slams books on the bench, turns to audience.) What is the matter with me? I did everything but crawl. What’s so terrible about trying to be friendly? It wouldn’t hurt Gloria to invite me to her lousy party. I’m not a leper. I wouldn’t steal the frosting off the cake. They think I’m a waste of time because I take school seriously and they don’t. They think they’re twenty years old, and I’m ten. At least I have enthusiasm, and they don’t. All they can do is smirk and make smart remarks. (Chin up.) Someday I’ll show them. They’ll be sorry. (Calls after them.) Just you wait and see! (Picks up books.) Just wait. (Pause.) If Gloria Russell came up to me this minute and said, "Elaine, would you like to come to my party?" I’d look her straight in the eye and say -- (Pause.) yes. (EXIT.)

[ TOM HARRIS, MRS. CROWLEY]

(TOM ENTERS from RIGHT. His shoes are draped around his neck. No socks on. He’s barefoot. MRS. CROWLEY, a teacher, ENTERS LEFT. She’s checking something in her record book. They pass.)

TOM: 'Afternoon, Mrs. Crowley.

MRS. CROWLEY: Tom. (She stops, notices the bare feet. TOM continues his stage cross.) One moment, Thomas. (He stops. Turns.)

TOM: Ma’am?

MRS. CROWLEY: You can forget about the Tom Sawyer routine. It doesn’t impress me one bit. You pretend to be polite, but you’re anything but.

TOM: Ma’am?

MRS. CROWLEY: We do have “something” of a dress code here at James Madison. Limited though it may be. (Indicates.) Where
are your shoes?

TOM: I got shoes.

MRS. CROWLEY: Yes, but they're around your neck. Your shoes belong on your feet. (Looks at his feet.) Where are your socks?

TOM: Never wear socks.

MRS. CROWLEY: Thomas Harris, you are positively unsanitary. You're a menace to good health.

TOM: Some people like to wear shoes, and some people don't. I'm with the don'ts.

MRS. CROWLEY: That's not the point. This is a high school. It is not a strip of sandy beach on Cape Cod. We've been over this before. You've given your word to your guidance counselor that you will wear your shoes. I'm beginning to think there is something radically wrong with you, Thomas Harris.

TOM: Tell the truth, Mrs. Crowley.

MRS. CROWLEY: What truth?

TOM: You don't like me.

MRS. CROWLEY: Nonsense. What a thing to say. What I don't like are bare feet.

TOM: What have you got against bare feet?

MRS. CROWLEY: (Beginning to lose her temper.) I have nothing against bare feet when they're where they belong! In shoes!

TOM: You don't have to get angry.

MRS. CROWLEY: I don't have to do anything except report you to the vice principal.

TOM: What's the big deal?

MRS. CROWLEY: Thomas, you can be the most aggravating young man. I like to think this is a rebellious phase you're going through. I hope it will pass in time.

TOM: I don't think so. Besides, it has nothing to do with my grades. I get good grades.

MRS. CROWLEY: I know you do. And that's why I'm not going to turn this matter over to the vice principal. As long as you put your shoes back on. Now.

TOM: (Puts shoes back on. Murters.) Not wearing shoes has nothing to do with teaching or learning.

MRS. CROWLEY: Thank you. (She EXITS RIGHT; TOM watches her, removes his shoes, EXITS LEFT.)

[ROSE-MARIE]

(ROSE-MARIE ENTERS LEFT with telephone, crosses to folding chairs, sits CENTER. Talks on phone or to audience, as if talking to a friend.)
ROSE-MARIE: Can we talk? (Pause.) I am seriously worried about my future. I am worried about my personality. Everyone tells me I'm too assertive, too aggressive. They say people don't like that. They don't mean "people." They mean men. The male animal does not like a female animal who is assertive and aggressive. Tell that to the lioness in the jungle. The male lion doesn't seem to mind. I mean -- like -- what am I supposed to do? When I see something that needs to be corrected, I correct it. When I know a question has to be asked, I ask it. Why put me down for that? Am I expected to go through life with my mouth shut and my ears open? I might as well wear a veil. I tried it once -- being meek and humble. Didn't work. Wasn't me. I've got problems. I don't want humankind to think I'm a geek. You know what really worries me? (Pause.) Am I going to go through life hoping the Stanley Browns of this world will ask me for a date? I'll have to give this some serious thought. (EXITS.)

[LUCILLE]

(ENTERS LEFT holding pen and diary. She recites as she writes.)

LUCILLE: Dear Diary. I could never be like my friend Rose-Marie. Oh, don't get me wrong. I admire her. She has one quality most of us lack. I know I do. One day she even asked a boy to take her to a school dance. As if it was the most natural thing in the world. I could never do something like that. I'd die. I'd absolutely die. Rejection? I think that's the most horrible word ever invented. I do. I honestly do. I'd rather spend the rest of my life all by myself than be rejected. I'll take bad skin any day. I don't mind being brave as long as no one sees me. But if people are watching, I'd rather not try. I guess it's not too exciting, but at least I'm safe. One way of saving your neck is by not sticking it out. (Uncertain.) I suppose I'm missing out on a lot. But I'd rather be safe than sorry. I'll never be like Rose-Marie. I don't think she realizes it, but Rose-Marie is -- "fearless." (Pause.) Me? I'm afraid all the time. (EXITS.)

[YOUNG ELAINE, ANN, MARION, RITA, JACK]

(YOUNG ELAINE ENTERS LEFT. School books. ANN from RIGHT.)
YOUNG ELAINE: Hi, Ann. Heard you had the flu. Feeling better?
(ANN doesn’t answer, continues walking. EXITS LEFT. YOUNG
ELAINE watches her go, shrugs. MARION ENTERS LEFT, eyes
focused on the floor.) Hi, Marion. (MARION is startled. Stops,
looks up.)
MARION: Oh. (Feebly.) Hello, Elaine.
YOUNG ELAINE: I was wondering, Marion.
MARION: Oh?
YOUNG ELAINE: The yearbook needs all the advertising it can get.
MARION: You want me to advertise? What would I advertise? I
don’t have anything to advertise.
YOUNG ELAINE: No, no. You don’t understand. We need solicitors
to go around to shops and businesses. I was wondering if
you’d like to help.
MARION: Uh.
YOUNG ELAINE: Yes?
MARION: No. (RITA ENTERS LEFT, watches.)
YOUNG ELAINE: You don’t want to help?
MARION: (Mumbles.) Too busy.
YOUNG ELAINE: You’re too busy? Is that what you said?
MARION: Uh.
YOUNG ELAINE: Uh, what?
RITA: Don’t waste your time with her. My sister is a total loser. A
minus one on the hit parade of life. (MARION gives a furtive
look to RITA, scurries OFF RIGHT.)
YOUNG ELAINE: Wait a minute, Marion. (To RITA.) I don’t think that
was a nice thing to say about your own sister.
RITA: Okay, so she’s not a total loser. She’s your average everyday
loser. I hate to admit we’re related. I used to pretend she
wasn’t there. I asked my mother once, “Are you sure she’s my
sister?” My mother said, “No doubt about it.” If your own
mother says your sister is your sister, then she’s your sister.
Right?
YOUNG ELAINE: Sounds logical. (JACK ENTERS LEFT and
immediately RITA brightens, strikes a pose.)
RITA: Hello, Jack.
JACK: Hi, Rita.
RITA: Nice looking jacket.
JACK: Thanks.
YOUNG ELAINE: I’d better get along to class. (She steps forward
and in doing so stumbles into JACK. YOUNG ELAINE is awfully
embarrassed. Her books tumble to the floor.) Clumsy me. Sorry.
JACK: Let me help. (JACK goes down on one knee and picks up the books.)

RITA: (To YOUNG ELAINE.) Nice move.

YOUNG ELAINE: I didn’t do it on purpose.

RITA: (Doesn’t believe her.) Who said you did? (RITA EXITS RIGHT.)

JACK: (Straightens up, hands books to YOUNG ELAINE.) Here you go.

YOUNG ELAINE: I’m always dropping books or bumping into things. Sorry. (YOUNG ELAINE wants to say something that will impress JACK, but the best she can do is babble non-stop.) Y’know, Jack, we could always use a guy like you on the yearbook staff or the paper. You’d like it. You would. It’s a great bunch of kids.

JACK: Elaine, would you mind if I gave you a little advice?

YOUNG ELAINE: (Gushing.) No, Jack. I wouldn’t mind at all. I’d appreciate some advice. Honest.

JACK: Here it is. (Pause.) Don’t try so hard. (YOUNG ELAINE is crushed. Looks directly into audience.)

YOUNG ELAINE: (JACK freezes.) I want to die right here and now. I want to drop into a deep hole and pull the earth in over my head. I want to disappear and be forgotten. The Girl-Who-Never-Was. I feel as if I have three arms, an extra elbow and a missing front tooth. (Back to JACK. He unfreezes.) What do you mean, Jack?

JACK: You don’t have to prove anything. You’re always trying to.

You’re a go-getter. You’re smart. You’re pretty. One day you’ll probably be famous. Why are you always trying to get people to like you? If they don’t like you, so what? Something else. Stop saying you’re sorry all the time. It drives me crazy. Be yourself. You’re worth it.

YOUNG ELAINE: (To audience; elated. JACK freezes.) Return to life! Back from the grave! Jack Kiely is not only wise -- he’s a philosopher. Who needs Confucius?

JACK: (Unfreezes. Out of the blue.) You like poetry?

YOUNG ELAINE: Yes, Jack. I do. I like poetry enormously. I think poetry --

JACK: Shhhhhhh. Shut up and listen. (Mr. Cool recites.) "That’s why this moment is so dear

I kiss your lips and we are here.

So let’s hold tight, and touch, and feel

For the quick instant we are real."

YOUNG ELAINE: Oooooooh. . . (JACK bends to her and kisses her gently. ELAINE shuts her eyes.) Oooooooh. (JACK EXITS RIGHT.)
YOUNG ELAINE appears to be suspended in time and space. (OPTIONAL SOUND: RINGING BELL.) Either YOUNG ELAINE breaks from her rapture on the sound of the bell or she opens her eyes, sighs romantically and EXITS.)

[GEORGI0, LIZ, ANN, HOWARD KING, MRS. CROWLEY. OPTIONAL EXTRAS.]

(GEORGI0, LIZ, ANN, HOWARD ENTER RIGHT AND LEFT and take seats. Front row. They have textbooks. MRS. CROWLEY ENTERS from FORESTAGE, LEFT. EXTRA STUDENTS, if used, take the empty chairs.)

MRS. CROWLEY: Take your seats quickly, please. No talking. We've a lot to accomplish today. Let's not waste time. Sit up straight. Posture is important. (She produces a whistle and gives it a blast. STUDENTS GROAN.) This whistle is one way of making sure you stay awake. That means you in particular, Mr. Melanson.

GEORGI0: I ain't sleeping.
MRS. CROWLEY: Yet.
GEORGI0: I can't help it if I get drowsy in class. It's in the genes. It's hereditary. One of these days, I'm gonna bring a note from the doctor.

MRS. CROWLEY: You do that. In the meantime, if you nod off I'm going to blow this whistle in your ear.

GEORGI0: That's cruel and unusual punishment, ain't it?
LIZ: You'll have to excuse Georgio, Mrs. Crowley. He has a heavy night life. They don't call him "Six-Pack" for nothing. (STUDENTS laugh. Not ANN.)

MRS. CROWLEY: Georgio, I don't want to hear you say "ain't" again in this class. In this class we speak proper English.

GEORGI0: I know, I know.
MRS. CROWLEY: "Ain't" is a vulgarism. Gentlemen who expect to make their way in the world, certainly the business world, do not use vulgarisms.

GEORGI0: (To LIZ.) What's she talking about?

ANN: (Softly.) I'm sorry, Mrs. Crowley. I wasn't listening.

MRS. CROWLEY: (Irritated.) You mean you weren't paying attention.
You were daydreaming again. You must get over that, Ann.
(Surveys the class.) Howard? How about you?
HOWARD: Hey, hey, what’s happening? (Spirited.) Sure, Mrs.
Crowley. Why not? He who hesitates is lost. That’s what I
always say.
MRS. CROWLEY: I’m not interested in what you always say, Howard.
I am interested in your paper.
HOWARD: Ready when you are, Mrs. Crowley.
MRS. CROWLEY: Begin.
HOWARD: (Pulls some papers from his textbook, reads.) "The Most
Unforgettable Character I Have Met." By Howard King.
English. Third Period.
MRS. CROWLEY: (Sighs.) Stand up, Howard. Speak loud enough for
all to hear. Remember, class -- enunciation, pronunciation and
articulation. They’re important.
CLASS: Yes, Mrs. Crowley. (By rote.) "Enunciation, pronunciation and
articulation. They’re important."
MRS. CROWLEY: We’re waiting, Howard.
HOWARD: Now?
MRS. CROWLEY: Now.
HOWARD: (Stands, reads.) "The Most Unforgettable Character I
Have Met." By Howard --
MRS. CROWLEY: We’ve already heard that.
HOWARD: (Clears his throat.) "The most unforgettable character I
have met is Sir Richard Burton of London, England and places
far, far away. He discovered the source of the Nile River and
what it was like to go to Mecca in summer. He was fond of
sand. He told me many interesting things like, ‘Do what your
manhood bids you and from none but self expect applause.’"
(He grins, certain he has done a wonderful job. Sits. Faint
applause from STUDENTS. Pause.)
MRS. CROWLEY: That’s it?
HOWARD: Isn’t it enough?
MRS. CROWLEY: It’s barely a thumbnail sketch. It must have taxed
your creative powers. Class, we went over this in great detail.
No less than five hundred words.
HOWARD: I don’t remember you saying that.
MRS. CROWLEY: Not only is your paper -- "underwritten," it’s
fabrication.
GEORGIO: (Fake alarm.) That sounds serious!
MRS. CROWLEY: I mean, Georgio, that Howard made it up. Sir
Richard Burton died in the nineteenth century, so how could
Howard have met him?
LIZ: I know. Howard's quite spiritual. He could have had an "out-of-body" experience. (Again, MRS. CROWLEY sighs. To audience.)

MRS. CROWLEY: This has always been a tough class. (To STUDENTS.) Anyone else want to read? (LIZ waves her hand frantically.) Georgio Melanson, let's hear your paper.

GEORGIO: Me, Mrs. Crowley? Me? You mean me? (LIZ pouts, drops her hand.)

MRS. CROWLEY: As far as I know there is only one Georgio Melanson in this classroom.

GEORGIO: Oh, well, yeah. Uh, hmmmmmm. To tell the truth, Mrs. Crowley --

MRS. CROWLEY: I always prefer the truth to a lie.

GEORGIO: I wrote a beautiful paper. Punctuation and everything. All about George Washington. You'll never guess what happened?

MRS CROWLEY: Let me try. You had an "out-of-body" experience.

GEORGIO: No, my dog ate the assignment. (LAUGHTER.)

HOWARD: You don't have a dog.

GEORGIO: Yes, I do. A mean junkyard dog.

LIZ: Ha, ha. Georgio ate the assignment himself. Ha, ha.

(GEORGIO jumps up and confronts LIZ.)

GEORGIO: You calling me a dog, Cocozeala?

LIZ: Watch out. He's rabid. Ha, ha.

MRS. CROWLEY: Class, class, class!

GEORGIO: (Offended.) I don't like anyone calling me a dog, Mrs. Crowley. (To LIZ.) Takes one to know one.

MRS. CROWLEY: (An order.) Sit down, Georgio. (Touch of sarcasm.) I see we're accomplishing a great deal today. (GEORGIO sits.) I can't wait to see the results of your S.A.T. exam. All right, Elizabeth --


MRS. CROWLEY: Read. (LIZ pulls out a paper from her shoulder bag. Starts to read.)

LIZ: "The Most Unforgettable Character I Have Met."

MRS. CROWLEY: Stand.

LIZ: Oh, yeah. I forgot. (She stands, reads.) "Most people would be amazed to learn I have met a truly outstanding individual. There aren't too many outstanding individuals around today, but I have met one. This person is witty and amusing and fun to be with. Not only that, this person does not follow the common herd. This person is an 'individual.' Always looking
around to learn new things and always willing to lend a helping hand to those in need. Such a person is rare indeed. There is no telling what the future holds for such a person, but I suspect the future will be bright. Very bright. Maybe even brighter than that. Still water runs deep, so they say. This individual is deeper than most. This is why I can say I have met a most unforgettable character. And the name of this most unforgettable character is -- (She looks about to make sure she has everyone’s attention.) Liz Cocozella.* (She’s delighted with her paper. Sits.)

GEORGIO: (Applauds in perfunctory fashion.) Bravo. (MRS. CROWLEY stares at LIZ who continues to smile happily, convinced her paper was brilliant.)

MRS. CROWLEY: That was -- (LIZ leans forward.) inventive. But I wouldn’t count on a Pulitzer Prize just yet.

GEORGIO: What a fathead.

LIZ: Shut up, Georgio. You’re jealous.

GEORGIO: I wouldn’t feed that paper to my dog.

LIZ: Jealous, jealous.

HOWARD: I don’t think that was five hundred words, Mrs. Crowley. I thought it was more like a thumbnail sketch.

MRS. CROWLEY: (Defeated.) I think we might as well retire to the library and see what we can recall about reference sources. (Delighted to escape class, STUDENTS stand, dash OFF.) Ann. (HOWARD touches ANN and indicates MRS. CROWLEY. ANN faces her.)

ANN: Yes, Mrs. Crowley?

MRS. CROWLEY: You must stop the daydreaming. You must pay attention in class. Your work is suffering.

ANN: Yes. Thank you, Mrs. Crowley. (She EXITS.)

HOWARD: Haven’t you caught on yet, Mrs. Crowley?

MRS. CROWLEY: About what?

HOWARD: About Ann.

MRS. CROWLEY: What about her?

HOWARD: She’s deaf. (EXITS.)

[YOUNG GLORIA]

(ENTERs STAGE, faces audience.)

YOUNG GLORIA: Hello. For those of you who don’t know me, I’m Gloria Russell. I’ll probably be voted most popular girl at James Madison High School. In the yearbook. I think that’s
quite nice. I'm not downgrading the others, you understand. "Best Combination of Beauty and Brains" -- "Best Looking" -- "Most Sociable" -- "Sweethearts Forever" -- "Class Wits" -- "Objecting Always." It's just that being popular is important to a person's sense of worth. I'd be less than honest if I didn't admit some people don't like me. Yes, I know it's hard to believe. But it's true. (Pause.) It doesn't worry me, though. Not in the least. Early in life I discovered a wonderful secret. I discovered how to sail through the storm of living without being affected by it. The winds and the hurricanes of existence pass me by. (Pause.) Whenever I don't understand something. Whenever I don't know how to answer a question. Whenever there's something I don't like -- I smile. (She smiles.) When you smile, people think you're being charming. One of the nicest things about smiling is that you don't have to think about anything much. People will always think you're interested in what they're saying. Whenever I'm at a loss for words I smile. I think the ability to smile is a gift. I feel true pity for people who can't smile. I believe deeply in the words to that old song -- "Let A Smile Be Your Umbrella." There's a lot to think about in those words. (Pause.) Let a smile be your umbrella. That way no one can rain on your parade. (Silence. YOUNG GLORIA appears to be lost deep in thought. Then -- she smiles. EXITS.)

[MISS COBURN, ANN]

(MISS COBURN is seated behind her desk. ANN ENTERS.)

ANN: You wanted to see me, Miss Coburn?
MISS COBURN: Ah, Ann. Yes, I did. Sit. (ANN sits in front of desk.)
ANN: Is anything wrong?
MISS COBURN: I hope not. (Friendly.) You're a transfer student.
ANN: Yes.
MISS COBURN: Maybe that's why we didn't understand. My apologies. Occasionally a student falls through the cracks. The system isn't perfect.
ANN: I don't know what you mean.
MISS COBURN: Ann, we're face-to-face. Are you reading my lips? (ANN doesn't answer.) Ann, I've spoken to Mrs. Crowley, and I looked up your transfer records. You're supposed to be wearing a hearing device in class. Apparently it's small and specially-designed to look like a piece of jewelry.
ANN: I am not deaf. (Long pause.) I have a hearing loss. I can hear
if people speak up and face me.

MISS COBURN: What happens if they don’t face you? What happens if they’re behind you?

ANN: (Softly.) I have a hearing loss. I am not deaf.

MISS COBURN: (Forcefully.) So you said. I want to help. I want to tell the rest of your teachers. Some of them think you simply don’t pay attention. That you’re not interested in your school work.

ANN: If you want to tell them I can’t stop you.

MISS COBURN: You don’t want me to tell them? (Silence.) Why, Ann?

ANN: (Simply.) I have my reasons. (MISS COBURN stands, moves in front of desk.)

MISS COBURN: I’m sure you do. But won’t you share them?

(Silence.) We have to be realistic, Ann. If special attention is needed it’s the school’s duty to supply it. There’s no shame in that.

ANN: I’m going to be late for my next class.

MISS COBURN: (Resigned.) All right. (Supportive.) I would like to talk with you again. When you have more time.

ANN: I can go?

MISS COBURN: Yes. You can go. (ANN stands, starts to EXIT.) Ann -- (ANN stops.) About your school work --

ANN: I’m not flunking anything.

MISS COBURN: No, but you’re barely passing a few subjects. Perhaps if you used the hearing device --

ANN: (Flat.) I am not deaf. I have a hearing loss. They’re not the same thing. (MISS COBURN freezes in motion. Out to audience.) Thank you for your concern, Miss Coburn. I appreciate your interest, Miss Coburn. (Pause.) I hate you, Miss Coburn. (They EXIT.)

[TOM]

(TOM ENTERS with shoes tied around his neck. Barefoot. To audience.)

TOM: Will someone please tell me why people go berserk if you don’t wear shoes? I read in history class that the French Revolution freed men from wearing neckties. Up until then you had to wear a necktie or you were considered a slob. My dad told me when he was a kid long hair on dudes was considered bad news. Imagine. I’ve never liked shoes. For one thing, they
have no respect for toes. What I like best about not wearing shoes is the sense of freedom. Ever see a pooh try to get away from his leash? He wants to get free so bad. If I was emperor I'd do away with leashes. When I say leashes I mean things like ties and especially shoes. My mother gave up on me a long time ago. I'm afraid I'm a big disappointment to her. Guys like me are always big disappointments to their mothers. She tells people, "There's nothing more I can do. I've tried everything." Once, when I was about six or seven, she promised to take me down to Orlando, to Disney World, if I promised to wear shoes. It didn't work. People say life is a trade off. But I wouldn't trade being barefoot for anything. It would be like giving up freedom. I think that's what bugs people about no shoes. If you permit no shoes there's no telling what will come off next. I don't think that far in advance. Besides, if the Almighty had wanted people to wear shoes, why didn't Adam and Eve have sneakers? (EXITS.)

[DANCERS, JACK, YOUNG ELAINE]

(DANCE MUSIC. There is a shift in color of LIGHTING to suggest the Junior Prom. A YOUNG COUPLE ENTERS and dances slowly UPSTAGE. NOTE: EXTRAS can be used as the DANCERS. Or it can be RITA and GEORIO, or HOWARD and JANE. Any combination. Another COUPLE or two can be added, if desired. Although they do not have to be in formal wear since everything is filtered "memory," DANCERS in formal wear or suit or dresses will make a nice stage picture. The STUDENTS slow dance for a few moments, and then the MUSIC ENDS, and they drift OFFSTAGE. Pause. JACK ENTERS from DOWN RIGHT. He seems distracted. He sits in one of the chairs. YOUNG ELAINE ENTERS the FORESTAGE from DOWN LEFT. She sees JACK and walks over to him.)

YOUNG ELAINE: Hello, Jack -- (He looks up... smiles as if waking from a pleasant dream. YOUNG ELAINE can't think of anything to say.)
JACK: Hi, Elaine.
YOUNG ELAINE: (Barely audible.) What -- what's the matter with you?
JACK: I'm fine. Really, really fine.
YOUNG ELAINE: What have you been doing?
JACK: (Cold. Takes out vial and shows it to her.) What does it look like?
YOUNG ELAINE: (Already knows the answer.) What is that stuff?
JACK: Ah, come on, Elaine. You know what time it is. (Shift in mood.) I'm being rude. Forgive me. Let's take a walk outside, and I'll give you some. (YOUNG ELAINE looks at him with disappointment.)

YOUNG ELAINE: (With difficulty.) You take drugs.
JACK: No. They take me. (Putting vial back in pocket.) If you don't like that I've got other stuff. What's your pleasure? Do you want to stay up all night or do you want to drift? (He dips into a pocket and comes out with a plastic pill container. He shakes it.) Hear it? Like a pair of dice rattling in a cosmic cup. I like the sound. It's soothing. Like rippling water.

YOUNG ELAINE: I've never seen you like this.
JACK: You came to me. I didn't come to you. Don't open doors unless you expect to step through.

YOUNG ELAINE: You've got to stop it, Jack. It's no good. Stop it before it's too late.
JACK: (Studies her.) Don't be so serious. You'd have found out sooner or later. Everyone does. So what?

YOUNG ELAINE: Don't you care?
JACK: No. As long as I have my "friends" -- (Pats his pockets.) I have no problems.

YOUNG ELAINE: Why, Jack? Why do you do it? (He jumps up and throws wide his arms.)
JACK: (With a burst of emotion.) Because I want the world to be beautiful and wonderful and perfect. And it's not! But for a little while it can be. Thanks to my "friends." I don't need anyone but my "friends."

YOUNG ELAINE: I'm your friend. Let me be your friend.
JACK: I've got all the friends I can handle.

YOUNG ELAINE: You don't mean that, Jack.
JACK: I'm high. I know it. I also know what I'm talking about. Don't worry about me. I know what I'm doing. I can take care of myself. (He starts to EXIT RIGHT.)

YOUNG ELAINE: I want to worry about you. Don't you know that?
JACK: (Stops, turns.) Why should you care about me? I don't. (He EXITs. YOUNG ELAINE takes a step after him. Turns to audience.) I care, Jack 'Kiely. (Silence.) I care. (DANCE MUSIC UP. DANCERS ENTER and spin around the STAGE as the LIGHTS DIM. YOUNG ELAINE EXITs the STAGE. THE MUSIC BUILDS. On with the dance -- LIGHTS FADEOUT.)

End of Act One
(If no intermission is desired, the action is continuous.)

End of Script Sample
PRODUCTION NOTES

Stage Properties: Speaker’s stand, student locker (optional), folding chairs (at least 6), bench, small desk with 2 chairs.

ACT ONE, Brought On: Stylish eyeglasses, manila folder, flowers (roses, if possible), wrapped in cellophane or see-thru paper (GLORIA); book or books (RITA, MARION); leather jacket, Levis, boots (GEORGIO); shoulder bag, books (ROSE-MARIE, LUCILLE); combination lock, varsity jacket (STANLEY); telephone (ROSE-MARIE); books, notebook (YOUNG ELAINE); shoes (TOM); record book (MRS. CROWLEY); books (STUDENTS in MRS. CROWLEY’S CLASS); whistle (MRS. CROWLEY); vial with white powder, plastic pill bottle (JACK).

ACT TWO, Brought On: Pompons (BEA); sweats, baseball cap, whistle on string rope, book (T.J.); shoes (TOM); brooch or small piece of jewelry to suggest hearing device (ANN); textbooks (MARION); exam book (GEORGIO); crutch (STANLEY); handkerchief, book (STANLEY).

Sound: Graduation music, dance music, optional school bell. Mood music, as desired. Possibly school song, etc.

Lighting: Requires no special lighting. However, some scenes will benefit from a soft glow (serious scenes versus comedy vignettes). The "nostalgia" prom might use something "special" (a couple of colored spots, for example).

Costumes: Contemporary. Anything unique is mentioned in the text. The faculty members (MRS. CROWLEY and MISS COBURN) should dress in mature fashion. T.J. needs only his sweats or track suit. Both the adult GLORIA and ELAINE should dress with considerable style since they are both successful young women.

The dancers in formal wear is strictly optional. If you can stretch the budget it’s effective to have YOUNG ELAINE and JACK, in the last scene of Act One, in formal wear — to suggest they are both "at the dance." However, this also is strictly optional.

Miscellaneous: ADULT ELAINE AND ADULT GLORIA VS. YOUNG ELAINE AND YOUNG GLORIA -- Although it’s not necessary by any means, it helps if the actresses playing these roles at least resemble each other to some degree. Roughly, there’s a six-year gap between the students and their adult counterparts.
SCATTERED APPLAUSE FROM SPECTATORS AT HONORING CEREMONY -- This occurs at the opening of Act One. Have a few CAST MEMBERS applaud from OFFSTAGE.

ROSE-MARIE OPENS THE COMBINATION LOCK -- Have it already open. This way there won't be any mishaps. Both STANLEY and ROSE-MARIE hold the lock in such a way that the audience doesn't get a good look. Or, if no lockers are used, all action is pantomimed.

ANN'S HEARING LOSS -- ANN reads lips, so in order for her to know what's going on, she must face the speaker directly. If the speaker turns aside ANN cannot get what's been said. Because much of what goes on in the hearing world escapes her, she often seems "disinterested" -- when just the opposite is true.

AT THE JUNIOR PROM -- A few decorations dropped from overhead (balloons, streamers) makes a nice touch. T.J., in a suit, might act as faculty "chaperon."

SMALLER CAST -- With a change of costume and "attitude" some roles can double. For example, ADULT GLORIA or JANE or LUCILLE might double as DR. JANICE. STANLEY might double for T.J. Since the play is "memory," one character playing more than one role won't do any harm.

LARGER CAST -- Add additional STUDENTS in classroom scenes, pompon scene, dance sequence, graduation ceremony. Might have a few cross the stage from time to time to suggest the school's life flow.

OPTIONAL ORIGINAL MONOLOGUE -- You might have a student create an original monologue on some topic that is of particular interest to your school and likely audience. An extra character can be added for this or someone already in the cast can do it. Where to place the monologue for maximum impact is left to the director.
Stage Right

Speakers
Stand

Optional Locker

Forestage

Chairs
Desk

Audience

Stage Left

Park Bench

Upstage

IF THESE WALLS COULD TALK
Basic Stage Set

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