

# Youthwrite

'97



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## INTRODUCTION TO THE 1997 YOUTHWRITE ANTHOLOGY

by John Lazarus  
#205, 2225 W. 8th Ave.  
Vancouver, B. C. V6K 2A6.  
Phone/fax (604) 737-0668  
*jlazarus@portal.ca*  
April, 1997

Just last year, I heard of the Youthwrite Festival for the first time- when Coordinator Geoff Burns invited me to adjudicate it. And as I wrote in the introduction to last year's anthology, it was a dream come true to see Canadian students writing their own plays, and at a high level of quality.

So this year, when they asked me to do it again, I happily consented, but asked if this time I be on the team that reads all the plays and picks the ones for production at the Festival. And the motto of that story is, Be careful of what you wish for, lest the Association of British Columbia Drama Educators give it to you. What they gave me was forty scripts to read, assess and write notes to the authors about.

Fortunately I shared this daunting task with two insightful, knowledgeable and tireless teachers: Harold Baker of Merritt and Linda Beaven of Summerland. We agreed most of the time, disagreed often enough to keep things lively, and had some exciting conversations and e-mail; and they patiently educated me in some of the realities of making theatre in a high-school context.

As I read the plays, I realised I was being privileged with a look at tapestry of all the concerns of teenagers in the 90's. There were thoughtful, melancholy plays about sensitive kids; outrageous, deranged comedies; clever parodies of folklore and pop culture; sagas of lifelong loves, friendships and hatreds; satires about dating, exams, bureaucracy, and the pressures of teen life; suspense thrillers; conventional dramas; and a couple of plays that were simply unclassifiable. Anger- usually of a quiet and righteous variety- figured strongly as a recurrent theme; anger at absent parents, at abusive friends and relatives, at the unfairness of life in general.

We think that the six we chose for the provincial festival in Powell River are representative of the quality of this year's work and the range of its concerns.

*At the Tide*, by Nichole Bach of Lord Tweedsmuir, Surrey, is a softly melancholy encounter between two kids on a beach at sunset at the end of summer. This is one of a few plays this year about teenagers on the road- vulnerable kids, a little lost, and not above feeling just a bit sorry for themselves. It is rare for a student playwright to pay such close attention to setting and mood, and this play, though without overt sex or romance, still proves strongly but subtly romantic. The boy's compliment, which changes the girl's destiny, has many levels to it.

*Flowers for Amy*, by Corrine Willard of Maple Ridge Secondary, depicts an encounter between a girl at her graduation and the father who left her long ago. The emotions are raw, but the dialogue is measured; it begins as a sustained exercise in rage and becomes a dance between hurt and forgiveness. The ending came as a bit of a jolt to this middle-aged reader: I tend to expect endings that reassure us with a note of hope. But Ms. Willard is more interested in a stab of unforgiving reality.

At the other end of the emotional spectrum, we received quite a few examples of a kind of off-the-wall, out of focus humour that has been a popular genre for several generations now: the sort of absurd sketch comedy designed to make the audience say, "What the heck are we doing up there?"

One of the weirdest of this year's lot, *You've Got Something in Your Teeth, Comrade* by Angela McKinney of L. V. Rogers in Nelson, was (by its author's own cheerful admission) Tossed off a casual homework assignment, which her teacher, Geoff Burns, then submitted behind her back. Geoff may perhaps be forgiven for an excess of zeal, as he is also the Coordinator of Youthwrite, and as this is a funny piece. It may not be much more than a revue sketch, but in its peculiar fury and its ever-decreasing repetitions, it has a chilling edge to it and it made me laugh out loud. Reading this thing is like descending into a whirlpool. I also couldn't resist the false teeth, or the blithely arbitrary Communist setting.

Another example of irrepressible adolescent goofiness- with a whole other kind of edge to it- is *Carry Me Over the Threshold, Superhunk!!*, written ( and performed, I'm told) by a quartet of obviously dangerous young ladies at J. L. Crowe Secondary in Trail: Dina DelBucchia, Marina Simpson, Patti Berukoff and Lisa Venturini. In this Campy and politically-incorrect bit of vengeance, Catwoman, Wonder Woman, and Spiderman's long suffering wife all attend Lois Lanes bridal shower, at which they dish the dirt at heroism, feminism and romance.

*The Truth, the Whole Truth, and Nothing Like the Truth!*, by Linsey Fair of Dover Bay Secondary, Nanaimo, offers a tightly organised, highly-barbed little satire on the pretensions and insecurities of high-school kids. This play is a pointed reminder that the truth is always the first casualty of dating. (I also liked it because, reading it, I suddenly remembered writing a short story along similar lines when I was in high school. But Linsey's works better.)

And finally there is *Dead Geraniums* by Amy Bespflug of David Thompson Secondary in Invermere. This is a poetic, sweetly haunting piece of Theatre of the Absurd. With its strange little puzzles and oddly satisfying surprises, it brings to mind the great surrealists and absurdists: Cocteau, Ionesco and perhaps Beckett- and yet this playwright's eye and ear and sense for the unexpected connection are ineluctably her own. Amy has created a highly original, miniature world here, with its own natural laws and with the looped,delirious logic of a dream.

I have been asked to point out that the drafts you will read in this anthology are the drafts that were first submitted to us. I write this prior to the Festival at Powell River, and the authors have been making changes in the plays since that first submission, based on their discoveries as they rehearse the plays for presentation at Powell River, and on notes and suggestions offered by us three readers. Some of them would now prefer, ideally, to share the new, improved version of their plays. But in order to get this anthology ready in time for the festival, we have chosen to run the drafts originally submitted. And, as my fellow reader Linda Beaven succinctly points out, "the script that we read was what got the play chosen."

If last year a dream came true for me, then this year I begin to appreciate the size of the dream: the wide extent of our students' enthusiasm for playwriting, even as this art form appears to be sliding scarily close to obscurity in the adult world. What I wrote last year seems even truer this year: "Though we older folks may be experiencing a slump in funding and audiences, there does appear to be a fine new crop of theatre artists growing up around us. Here are six of them. Enjoy their book." Couldn't put it better.

- John Lazarus

# **At the Tide**

by

## **Nicole Bach**

**At the Tide was first presented January 30, 1997, at Lord Tweedsmuir Secondary school Surrey B.C. under the direction of the author.**

**ADAM.....Keith Forbes  
JANEY.....Alicia Devries**

Caution: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that At the Tide by Nicole Bach is subject to royalty. It is protected under copyright law. Inquiries regarding performance rights and royalties should be directed to Nicole Bach 18917-62B Avenue, Surrey, B.C V3S 4L5. Fee for a the first performance is \$10.00, \$5.00 for subsequent performances.

# At the Tide

A Drama in one act  
for a young male and female

## Characters

JANEY.....*An inexperienced runaway*

ADAM.....*An experienced street kid*

TIME: The present; early morning, approaching dawn.

PLACE: A beach front with a walk way  
(eg. the Sea Wall at English Bay, Vancouver)

SETTING: *The stage is bare except for a park bench UC. Blue lighting at rise creates a night-time, silhouette effect. Acoustic guitar music can be heard as Adam wanders onstage with a guitar and a large travelling pack, and seats himself on the bench. In the distance stretches the Ocean. He places his open guitar case on the ground and either strums a few chords on the guitar, or recorded music can continue to play. He begins to speak to passers-by, which are imaginary. Their replies are unheard by the audience, but heard by Adam as he responds.*

Adam: Spare some change, sir?..... It's for food, I promise.... (*in response to the man's reply*)...Get a job? - That's original. (*strums a few more chords*) Hello ma'am, (*pets her dog*) that's a nice dog you've got. Could you possibly- (*She walks away. He searches through his own pocket, and counts the small amount of change he has in desperation. Janey enters DL, dressed lightly, carrying a backpack. She walks over to a payphone DL. She puts down her pack as if she has been carrying it all night. She searches through her wallet, and finally finds a quarter after much searching. Before she closes her wallet, she notices some pictures of her family and leafs through them. She goes to make a call home, hesitates, and hangs up bitterly. As she turns around to get her things, she notices Adam, and tosses the quarter in his guitar case*)



Adam: Thanks. *(Janey smiles and walks DC, and sits facing the audience, pulls out her sketch book and begins to draw. Adam strums the guitar, and observes her. She gives up drawing and starts skipping stones into the water ahead. Adam walks up beside her.)*

Adam: The flat rocks work best, like this one. *(Throws the stone and counts number of skips)* Oh man, I can usually get at least eight. *(Janey looks startled)* Hey, sorry about sneaking up on you.

Janey: That's all right.

Adam: It never fails, that phone always gives the wrong number.

Janey: It was the wrong number.

Adam: ...So what's your name?

Janey: Janey.

Adam: Yep, I thought so.

Janey: What?

Adam: You look like a Janey, or Rhonda

Janey: Rhonda? Why Rhonda?... Who are you anyway?

Adam: I'll answer to anything, most people call me Adam.

Janey: Adam is fine.

Adam: So what are you doing here? It's pretty early...

Janey: Just thinking.

Adam: About what?

Janey: Some stuff.

Adam: Some stuff... oh yah, I know about stuff. I think about stuff too. Like alien invasions.... and life forms on Mars and-....oh no.....(*Pause as Adam looks troubled.*)

Janey: What?

Adam: They told me not to tell anyone about that. (*She looks confused, until Adam laughs, she then catches the joke and smiles.*) No really, what're you doin' here?

Janey: I like to be by the water. I used to come here with my Mom all the time when I was a kid.

Adam: Yah, me too. Hey, you know that huge old tree stump on the south end, the one that's hollow in the middle?

Janey: I think so... yes... and you can fit a car under it, it's so big.

Adam: That's the one. I used to hide in there, with my friend, and throw popcorn at people when they walked by. It was so funny, they could never figure it out. (*Pause...*) I've seen you around.

Janey: Where?

Adam: On Main a couple days ago, wandering around... You don't see too many new kids out at the *end* of the summer.

Janey: I was trying to find a place to stay. All the shelters are full, so here I am.

Adam: Yah, I know what that's like.

Janey: The weather is still warm, so I've just been staying here on the beach.

Adam: You staying alone?

Janey: For a while, yes, then I met this other girl. She left for California yesterday.

Adam: That's where I'm going. It'll be getting cold soon, summer's almost over. Most of us take off if we can.... I leave for San Francisco in the morning.

Janey: Are you taking the bus?

Adam: Nah, too expensive. I'm hitching a ride. They leave at sunrise, with or without me. I was going to crash here last night, but I stayed up to get some more money for the road.

Janey: There's not many people around now.

Adam: Yah, I know. I've got to get there on ten bucks.

Janey: So, what's in San Francisco?

Adam: A place to stay, a change of scenery. I've got a sister who lives there, she says I can stay with her for the winter. She knows where I might find some work. That's pretty hard to find here without an address. It might be a chance at something. I've been here for way too long, everything is starting to look the same. So I'm taking off.

Janey: So... how long have you been here?

Adam: Seems like forever, I mean it doesn't matter anymore (*pause*).... Four years now. I guess. I was twelve. My Dad finally got sick of me. I was pretty sick of him too. That guy never did one good thing for me.

Janey: So he kicked you out?

Adam: He'd tell you that. I came home one day, after one of our fights, and all my stuff was piled on the front lawn. I can take a hint, so I left. Never been back. (*Pause*) What about you? Couldn't have been *that* long.

Janey: Why's that, have you got E.S.P. or something? Another alien abduction?

Adam: Don't take it the wrong way. You just seem kinda new, that's all. I guess it's a good thing.... With most kids we never talk about home. We never tell anyone if we're thinking about it either. We just keep going on like nothing makes a difference. You almost forget about it that way.

Janey: That's what I'm trying to do.

Adam: Parents?

Janey: No, my Mother. My Dad's not around much. He's always going away on 'business'.... How stupid can she be? I mean, if I were him I wouldn't want to be with her either.

Adam: What's her problem?

Janey: What isn't her problem? When she's not selling overpriced real estate to the filthy rich, she's locked in her bedroom with a bottle. She goes on for hours listening to old records, telling me the same stories about when she met my Dad, how pretty she was, and how in love they were. She just feels sorry for herself. *(They are quiet for a moment, trying to think of what to say. Janey opens her sketch book and begins to draw the water.)*

Adam: Oh, an artist.

Janey: Yes... At home it's the only thing that kept me sane. When my Mom was on another binge, I'd sit in my room and draw places as far away from home as possible. Any where else but there.

Adam: Can I see them?

Janey: They're not very good-

Adam: I don't mind.... please?

Janey: Fine, but you can't laugh.

Adam: Why would I laugh? (*Takes it and flips through.*) These are really good....(*Looks up*) Is that here?

Janey: Yes, I just started that yesterday. (*She smiles. Adam notices some school work between the pages, holds it up.*)

Adam: Is this book from school... Hey, an Academy girl....(*Janey takes the book back.*) Things couldn't have been that bad- (*she turns away. Pause.*) Sorry I said that.

Janey: Well you did.... I am so sick of hearing that.

Adam: Listen, I'm sorry, I didn't mean it. (*silent for a while*)

Janey: It doesn't matter. (*stands and walks DR*)

Adam: Janey-

Janey: I am so tired of everyone seeing my house and my parents, and thinking that nothing could be wrong. (*Silence for a while, then Adam stands.*)

Adam: I wasn't thinking.... What can I say... Maybe I should go. (*Walks UL by the bench to leave.*)

Janey: You don't have to leave. I'm sorry, I shouldn't have blown up like that. It's just hard, you know.

Adam: Of course I know. That's why I'm leaving and trying to put my life together.

Janey: And I'm some spoiled rich kid, right?

Adam: I'm on your side.

Janey: At least someone is.

Adam: I know what it's like.... My Dad's been drinking for as far as I can remember. (*He pauses as if unsure whether to continue.*) Sometimes he didn't even get out of bed in the morning. He'd be

sleeping when I got up for school. His boss would call, wondering where he was. After the third time that week you run out of excuses. How many times can you get food poisoning?

Janey: *(Their eyes meet for a moment, as she relates and smiles.)* I always told them that I had the flu, and she was taking care of me.... Wishful thinking I guess.

Adam: I learned to fight back though, when he hit me. I practiced on all the neighborhood kids. *( He gives her a soft punch in the shoulder.)* I was eight when I finally hit him back. Boy, was he surprised.

Janey: I'll bet..... What about your mom?

Adam: What about her? Can't tell you much.

Janey: Was she there? What did she do? *(Adam is quiet)*

Adam: She never got around to that.

Janey: Around to what?

Adam: Hitting him back- ...Man, she should have knocked him out the first time he touched her. I don't know why she didn't.

Janey: He would have hit *her* back, that's why.... It's not that easy... for a girl I mean. I'm pretty lucky. My mom never got violent, just pathetic. So where is she now?

Adam: She walked out when I was five. My Dad says I was too young to remember it, but I do. It was the middle of the night. She did it real quiet, so he wouldn't hear. She came into my room, whispered something about being a good boy and blew me a kiss good night. She slipped out the back door, that was it. Never saw her again. Guess it was one punch too many, for her too. Wish she would've taken me though.

Janey: Do you remember what she looked like?

Adam: Yah, I got this one picture of her. Hid it from my Dad in an old shoe box. She had dark hair, lots of makeup. Kind of pretty. But there was something missing. Her eyes looked so empty... Used to dream about her when I was a kid, that she'd come back and take me away... (*sarcastic*) like Superwoman or something... I stopped wishing after a while. Now, it's just some stupid picture of a lady.

Janey: Sometimes, I wish my Mom would leave. I wonder if I would be better off without her.

Adam: Really think so? That's easy to say when she's still around. You still got a house and a bed... and a Mom who's probably thinking about you.

Janey: (*stands*) I don't care about her. She is probably too drunk to notice that I'm even gone. All she cares about is her booze. I don't even know if she loves me anymore.

Adam: I think she does.

Janey: How can you say that? You don't know what she's like. You've never even met her.

Adam: I met you. (*Silent for a while, Janey realizes the compliment, turns to him and smiles. Adam, looks off in the distance and stands.*) I gotta go, it's getting light out. Can't miss this ride, it's now or never.

Janey: You'll miss the sunrise.

Adam: That's okay, there'll be another one.... Here, you might want this. (*Adam hands her the quarter that she gave him earlier*)

Janey: I'm bad at this part.

Adam: Yah, me too. I don't say bye to people. You never know if you'll see 'em again one day. I just say, 'later.' (*Starts to leave.*)

Janey: Adam... That wasn't the wrong number.

Adam: I know.

Janey: .....Thank you.

Adam: For what?-..... later, Janey. (*exit*)

Janey: *Later. (Janey remains on stage for a while in thought, as music fades in. She rises, gathers her things, and wanders along the shore to the payphone DL. She reconsiders calling home for a moment, smiles as she confirms her decision, then picks up the phone and dials.) Hi..... Mom...*

-FADE TO BLACK-



# *Flowers for Amy*

*by*

*Corrine Willard*

Caution: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that Flowers for Amy by Corrine Willard is subject to royalty. It is protected under copyright law. Inquiries regarding performance rights and royalties should be directed to Corrine Willard 23694 Dewdney Trk Rd. Maple Ridge B.C. V4R 2C3. Fee for a single production will be \$10.00, and all publicity material must include the name of the author. The producer should feel free to contact the author about questions about the script, characters or the interpretation.

Corrine Willard  
23694 Dewdney Trk. Rd  
Maple Ridge, BC, Canada V4R 2C8  
463-5495

*Flowers For Amy*

After graduation ceremonies, a girl (Amy) confronts her father about what it was like growing up without him.

*Father, standing downstage centre, is holding a bouquet of roses. He appears to the audience to be anxious, continually looking at his watch, as he awaits his daughters entrance from stage left. After 5 beats daughter enters the stage, talking to an imaginary person in the wings.*

Amy: I know. We're meeting in the hotel banquet room. I've just got to go home and pick up a few things. I'll see you guys there, give me an hour . . . No, I'll take my own car, thanks.

*Amy makes a downstage turn and notices her father waiting for her.*  
Amy: *(An expression of disbelief.)* Dad!

Father: Hi, Amy. *(Acknowledging her appearance.)* You look beautiful.

Amy: What are you doing here? *(She looks around, waiting.)* What no note, no card apologizing for your absence. Or better yet, sincere message left on my answering machine. Oh, and I was so looking forward to it.

*Father crosses stage and hands Amy the flowers.*

Father: Here these are for you. *(Waits 2 beats.)* You're welcome! No, no, no thanks needed. Just the look on your face is appreciation enough.

Amy: If this is your way of apologizing, I'm not listening. I've met my quota of apologies for the week. *(She hands the flowers back to her*

*father.*) Sorry, it's not going to work this time. Give those to someone, who won't see right threw them.

*Father takes back the flowers, shaking his head. He turns slightly away from his daughter.*

**Father:** Amy, please. I didn't mean to upset you. I just wanted to see you. I wanted to see my daughter graduate, today.

*Shaking her head Amy crosses past her father, then faces him once again.*

**Amy:** Why? You've had nothing to do with me in god knows how long. What is it convenient, now? Can you fit me into your schedule? Don't you understand? The day you left, you gave up today. And every other day that a father should be part of.

**Father:** Deny it if you want. I'm still your father.

**Amy:** Oh, I don't deny it. Though many times I pretended you weren't. See to me, you are nothing but a selfish, ruthless and inconsiderate man; who I find repulsive. And it makes me sick to have to admit I am any extension of you. You disgust me. And I could so easily hate you if it didn't . . . if it didn't take so much effort.

**Father:** Amy, please stop. I don't want to do this.

**Amy:** I don't care what you want.

**Father:** Amy, I'm your father and you owe me some degree of respect.

**Amy:** *(laughing sarcastically)* Respect. My father. You're a stranger. Towards you I feel nothing good. I have only ever seen your faults and they are numerous. My entire life you have walked in and walked out; making an entrance whenever you damned well pleased.

Not anymore. I'm eighteen years old, not a child waiting for your call. I don't need you.

**Father:** Eighteen years old and you think you don't need a father. How naive.

**Amy:** Perhaps, but when I did need you, you were gone. There was always an appointment, a client, a crucial business trip, the weekend of my birthday. It was secretaries that left messages cancelling plans because you just couldn't get to the phone. It was money owed to me I was never given because of a mortgage, or car payment or some little token for your newest sweetheart. *(Voice softens)* Dad, you missed everything; everything I wanted you at. *(Long pause.)* You don't even know who I am. Or the fact that you were my inspiration when choosing a career. But, don't flatter yourself. I'm going to be a judge and I'm going to make the lives of fathers like you miserable. Like you made me.

**Father:** Amy, please let me explain.

**Amy:** I'm tired of your explanations. Your excuses. I can't do this anymore. I want you to leave.

**Father:** Amy, just give me a chance. I don't want to fight with you.

**Amy:** I don't want to fight with you either. I just want you to leave. No explanation is going to change that. I don't have the energy for you. Not today. Don't ruin this for me, too, Dad.

**Amy:** Honey, can't you just listen to me?

**Amy:** No, I'm tired of listening. That's all anyone every wants me to do is listen. This time I'm doing the talking. You listen to me. I feel nothing for you. And it's best that way; because, then, when you walk away from me again, like I know you will, I will have nothing to regret. To miss. A long time ago I realized that you would always walk away, Dad; And that I couldn't wallow in my

own self-pity forever. What good would that do, because you would never know. You can't begin to understand how much you've hurt me. And I can't ask you to feel my hurt, when you can't even feel your own.

*Father suddenly gets angry and steps into Amy.*

**Father:** You're so sure of that aren't you. You think it was easy for me to leave, don't you? Is that how you really see me? You think I didn't miss you or want to see you?

**Amy:** You didn't have to leave, Dad. That was your choice.

**Father:** That's right, it was. I chose to leave a wife who had stopped loving me. And I don't regret leaving her. But, everyday I regret leaving my daughter. Not being able to see you, that killed me. Knowing you were growing up, probably to despise me, and that I could do nothing about it. I did love you, Amy. It was never about loving you. I'm sorry if you were made to think otherwise. But, the only person that stopped loving anyone here, is your mother.

**Amy:** Mom, didn't stop loving you.

**Father:** She never let on. Not to you. Not to anyone but me. She pretended to be so devoted, threw gala dinner parties, invited the whole damn town. Just to parade around in extravagant dresses and drink too much champagne, to make a fool of me. You put your mother on a god damn pedestal. One she doesn't deserve.

**Amy:** She's been a good mother to me. I can say a lot more for her than I can for you.

**Father:** God, dammit, Amy. This is like arguing with your mother. She's made a bloody clone. She's spent the past 14 years turning you against me for her own benefit. But you refuse to see that because she has you blinded, just like she was.

Amy: You leave my mother out of this.

Father: I'm sorry.

Amy: Yah, well if you think I'm going to stand here and allow you to bash my mother you've reached a point lower than I've given you credit for.

Father: I apologize. This isn't easy for me, Amy. You seem to think it is.

Amy: I don't care if it is.

Father: Yah, well you should because I'm the one that wanted you.

Amy: What!

Father: She never told you? I should have known. She always could twist the truth in her favour. Amy, your mother isn't who you think she is.

Amy: What are you talking about?

Father: Amy, we didn't even know if you were my daughter. We had blood tests after you were born. And, unfortunately your mother didn't get what she wanted. You were my daughter.

Amy: Why are you doing this? You're trying to turn me against my mother!

Father: No, no I'm not, Amy. I'm just trying to make you see what the truth is.

Amy: So, now not only did my father abandon me, but I was illegitimate and mother was a slut. Is that what you're saying?

Father: No. I'm just trying to show that your mother has her side and I have mine. Amy, maybe I'm not the one to be telling you this, but your mother was going to have an abortion. She never wanted children. Or at least she didn't want them until she thought it was his.

Amy: Who is he, this guy you keep mentioning?

Father: Someone from her acting class in college. She slept with him on closing night of some play they were in together.

Amy: What was his name?

Father: That's not important.

Amy: What was his name?!

Father: I don't know. Mark or something.

Amy: And you guys were together?

Father: Yes, for a few months by then. I don't think she was going to tell me about him or about what had happened. She told me she was pregnant, we got engaged. One night, we got into a fight and the truth came out- That she'd slept with some struggling actor and that she didn't want you or me for that matter.

Amy:(*crying*) Shut up! Shut up, I don't want to here anymore.

Father: I'm sorry, Amy. Please don't cry. Don't doubt your mother

loved you once you born. She just didn't love me. Soon, you were the only person in her life she cared about. The actor was gone and she hoped that soon I would follow. You were too young to know any of this, Amy. I held out as long as I could. For four years I put up with that women and that life for you.

*Amy:* You shouldn't have done me any favours.

*Father:* The night I finally decided to leave, you were sleeping. I apologized to you, kissed your forehead and you woke long enough to whisper, " 'Nite Daddy." Do you know how hard it was for me to leave after that? I knew once I shut that door, that I would never be allowed back in, and yet I had to do it.

*Amy:* *(Sits down on the bench to the right side of the podium)* So, why didn't you come back and explain when I could understand. Every time you came back you only stayed long enough for it to hurt again when you left. And you always did leave, didn't you?

*Father turns away, his back to his daughter. He is embarrassed.*

*Father:* It just seemed too late. You were already bitter and happy with your mother. She had been good to you. I don't think I could have made you understand. Your life didn't include me, I felt like an intrusion. I thought I should just move on. To try and forget about you. But, I couldn't, as determined as I was to shut you out. You were always there, in the back of mind. God dammit, Amy I feel so guilty. *(Turns back around to face Amy)* I can't explain it, can't justify why I did, what I did. All I know is at the time it seemed right. And I had convinced myself I was doing the best for you. Amy, I was still young. I didn't know what I was doing. All I knew was that I couldn't continue living with your mother, continuing the charade. I thought as long as you had your mother, that you would



be okay. Maybe I was wrong.

*Amy stands up, quickly. She is annoyed.*

**Amy:** Damn right, you were wrong. You didn't have the right to make that decision for me. I loved you. You were my father. You left me with a mother who didn't even want me.

**Father:** It wasn't like that, Amy. Your mother had learnt to love you.

**Amy:** Learnt!? She had to learn how to love me? No, I don't believe any of it. I don't believe you. I asked about you.

**Father:** And what were you told?

**Amy:** That you were you and you would never change. She warned me of your lies. And she was right. She said that her and I hadn't fit into your lifestyle.

**Father:** It was your mother's lifestyle that I couldn't adjust to. And they were her lies not mine. But, none of it had anything to do with you. You are my daughter and nothing can change that. I came here today to make peace and perhaps right some of my wrongs. I didn't come to bring up all the things that I can't change. It's become quite redundant. I've tried to apologize but no one will hear me. At least give me the chance to apologize for my mistakes.

**Amy:** Dad, apologizes won't do it. Don't you see how hard this is for me. I want a father. But, I wanted one at five, too and at six and seven and even at seventeen. But, you weren't there. And apologizes, and regrets, even flowers, won't change that.

**Father:** Then, what Amy? What am I suppose to do? Am I just suppose to leave again? Am I supposed to prove you right? That's what you really want isn't it? You don't want to confront the truth. If I could just continue to fit your image of me, be the absentee father that doesn't care, who abandon his daughter because he was selfish. Then you could live with yourself, you could push me away, and be the one who doesn't have any regrets. You're more like me than you want to admit, Amy.

**Amy:** That's what I'm afraid of.

**Father:** Amy, you never heard my side, because it was easier for you just to listen to your mother.

**Amy:** She was the only person that was there for me to listen to.

**Father:** I know. I don't want you to resent your mother, I'm not trying to do that. I made my mistakes too. I've told my share of lies, made my share of empty promises. But, I want you to be a part of my life. I need you, Amy. I think you need me, too.

*Father passes the flowers again to Amy. Reluctantly, she takes them.*

**Amy:** *(waiting 2 full beats, bites her lip)* I'm sorry, Dad. *(She hands him back the flowers)* But, I can't. Rather I won't. Not now. You make me promises but why should I believe you, why is this time any different? I'm so confused. My head is just a mess. I love my mother, and the things that you're accusing her of . . . Just let me live my life and you get on with the rest of yours. I couldn't forget everything, Dad, even if I wanted to. I'm sorry.

*Leaning forward she kisses her father on the cheek.*

Amy: I guess in my own twisted way I do feel something for you. I'm not sure if I love you, I don't know anything anymore. Maybe I don't even know what love feels like. I don't want to hurt you, but I won't let myself fall for your sincerity. There were too many empty promises, Dad. Ones that were too important to me. I'm not interested in the mind games, anymore. Goodbye, or should I say, goodnite, . . . (Pause.) . . . Daddy.

*Amy exits the stage, walking down the stairs, stage right. Her father turns and watches her. She turns again to look at him when she reaches the door. Saying nothing she pushes down the handle and leaves.*

*Father remains on stage for a few beats after she leaves. He looks down at the flowers, then gently lies them on the bench. Exits stage right behind the curtain.*

*written By Corinne Willard*

# You've got something in your teeth, Comrade

**By: Angela McKinney**

L.V. Rogers Secondary School  
Original Production  
Directed by Angela McKinney

## Cast

#1.....Joel Cottingham  
#2.....Patrick Metzger

Music: Rowan Tichenor  
Stage Manager: Michelle St. Denis  
Assistant: Kristina Hus

*Dedicated to my friend and teacher, Geoff Burns*

Caution: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that You've Got Something In Your Teeth, Comrade by Angela McKinney is subject to royalty. It is protected under copyright law. Inquiries regarding performance rights and royalties should be directed to Angela Mckinney Silver King road. Group Box # 28, Nelson B.C. V1L 1C9. Fee for a the performance is 10.00.

*The curtain rises on a bare stage with only a bench of old wood that is IDC. Seated on R side is a small man with a brown paper bag, dressed in a brown suit, brown shoes and a brown hat. He sits, opens the bag, takes out a sandwich, tries to take a bite but cannot. He opens his bag again and takes out a set of wind-up teeth. He bites the sandwich with these, chews the bite in them and spits it out of them over the R side of the bench. At the same time, he is miming biting, chewing, and swallowing with his mouth as if he is really eating. This should go on for about 20 seconds.*

*Enter Ul, a man in an identical suit, hat and shoes with a paper bag. He IDC and sits on the L side of bench. This man is #1.*

#1: Hello!

#2: Mmmfff.....shory (*mouth is full of mimed food*)

#1: Oh no, excuse me. I didn't realize you had your mouth full.

#2: Thanths...

*(pause. #1 opens bag, looks in, takes out a sandwich, tries to eat it but cannot)*

#1: Uh, you don't have a fork, do you? (*ashamed, cautious*)

#2: No. (*disdainful*)

#1: Oh, well, it's not important. (*eye's #2's lunch*) You sure?

#2: Yes. Sorry.

#1: Oh well. I usually have one. I pack my own food...but I went to the Center last night so I couldn't and my mother did and she's a bit, well, you know, not all there. That's why it's not. The fork, I mean.

*(all above should be said in one long breath in a tone of justification)*

#2: Oh.

*(longer pause)*

#1: Did you pack it?

#2: What?

#1: Your food. Did you pack it yourself?

#2: Yes.

#1: Oh. I just thought that maybe you hadn't since you don't have a fork either and well, that would be strange, see, us both not... uh, well... uh.....

#2: I packed it myself and will eat it myself. *(sternly)*

#1: Yeah. Well, it looks good.

#2: What? *(exasperated)*

#1: Your food looks good. *(slowly, as if to a child)*

#2: OOOhhhh. *(exaggeratedly slow)*

*(long pause. #1 starts to drool over #2's lunch. #2 notices and, getting even more annoyed, looks for a way to get back at #1.)*

#2: Did you say you live with your mother? *(taunting)*

#1: Me?

#2: Yes, you, the grown Comrade who lives with his mother. Pathetic!

#1: It is not!

#2: AND, you don't even have a fork. *(malicious)*

#1: I do too! And I don't live with my mother. I live alone and she... visits... often.

#2: Often. How often? *(mocking)*

#1: I don't know. *(indignant)*

#2: Was she there yesterday?

#1: Yes. *(hesitant)*

#2: The day before?

#1: Yes. *(softly)*

#2: Last month!?

#1: .....yes. *(very softly)*

#2: Every single year since you were born!!? *(victorious)*

#1: Well, you don't have fork!!! What kind of a fully-fledged Comrade doesn't even carry a fork with him?

#2: I may not but at least I can pack my own food! Without help from my mother.

#1: And that says a lot! Can't even follow simple rules for utensils and you think you're superior! I should report you for not having one!

#2: Report me? I should have you taken in for asking me for one and trying to make me a conspirator to your sick life. Me, report me who is calmly eating my food with a perfectly hygienic and acceptable utensil. Me, who is asked and then accused. I'd like to see you try to report me!

#1: You call those filthy teeth hygienic? Disgusting new technology that shouldn't even be rationed out!

#2: I'll have you know that I got these teeth from the Commander himself in the House of Rations and I know for a fact that he eats with them, too. You're just behind the times.

#1: I bet you don't even own a fork.

#2: I, I have forks. *(choked)*

#1: I don't think you do. *(smug)*

#2: I do!

#1: Let's see one, then, Mister Teeth-from-the-House-of-Rations!

#2: Alright! That's it! You want to see forks, I'll show you forks. You'll see so many goddamn forks you won't know what to do with them all! *(rising)*

#1: Oh, I'll know exactly what to do with them. And they'd better be the real thing, not some cheap imitation you picked up on your trip to the "House of Rations"! I'll break those teeth in two if the forks are fakes!

#2: They'll be real! And don't you try to run off while I'm gone 'cause I'll be back! *(walking off R, leaving teeth on the bench)* Unhygienic, my ass. Fakes! Couldn't even get one off the mother. Had to ask me.....

*(#1 stays on the bench fuming. Calming down, he opens his bag again and takes out the sandwich. He once again tries to eat it but cannot. He searches through his bag but finds nothing. He eyes the teeth on the other side of the bench and slowly slides over to them and picks them up. He is now sitting where #2 had been {R side}. He begins to bite the sandwich with the teeth, chew with them and spits the bites out with them on the R side of the bench. By now, there should be a noticeable amount of bites on the side of the bench. He is miming biting, chewing and swallowing all the while. This should go on for about 15 seconds.*

*Enter UL in identical suit, hat and shoes, a man with a paper bag. He XDC and sits on the L side of bench. This man can be played by the same #2 as before or a new actor but now becomes #2 for the following dialogue.*

*NOTE: All of this scene should be done at a noticeably faster pace than the first scene.)*

#2: Hello!

#1: Mmmfff... shory *(mouth is full of mimed food)*

#2: Oh, I didn't realize you had your mouth full.

#1: mm...

*(brief pause. #2 opens bag, grabs sandwich, tries to eat it but cannot)*

#2: Do you have a fork?

#1: No. *(disdainful)*

#2: *(eyes #1's lunch)* You sure?

#1: Yes.

#2: I usually have one. My mother packed my food and she's not all there so it's not.

*(the above line is said in one breath and directly before the line, #2 takes a huge breath, as if he was getting ready for a big speech. At the end, he realizes how much breath he has and is confused, like he had something more to say but can't remember.)*

#1: Oh.

#2: Did you pack it?

#1: Yes.

#2: Oh. I thought maybe you didn't since you don't have a fork, either.



#1: I packed it myself.

#2: It looks good. *(slowly, as if to a child, but not sure why he is speaking like that)*

#1: OOOhhhhh *(exaggeratedly slow but unsure why)*

*(pause. #2 drools over #1's lunch. #1 notices and gets even more annoyed and looks for a way to get back at #2.)*

#1: You live with your mother? *(taunting)*

#2: Me?

#1: You, a grown Comrade and you live with your mother!

#2: I don't live with my mother.....she visits.....often.

#1: How often? *(mocking)*

#2: Don't know.

#1: Was she there yesterday?

#2: Yes.

#1: Last year?!

#2: Yes. *(very softly)*

#1: Since you were born?!!! *(victorious)*

#2: You don't have a fork!

#1: But I pack my own food!

#2: You can't even follow simple rules. I should report you!

#1: Me? I should have you taken in for asking! Me, eating hygienically and then accused!

#2: Hygienic? Disgusting new technology.

#1: I got these teeth from the Commander in the House of Rations!

#2: Bet you don't own a fork!

#1: I have forks!

#2: Let's see one!

#1: You want to see forks, I'll show you forks! *(rising) Unhygienic my.....(quickly walking off R)*

*(=2 stays on bench, fuming. Quickly, he opens bag, grabs sandwich, slides as if compelled to the teeth and begins ferociously to eat the sandwich with them, miming eating with his mouth all the while. This should take no more than 10 seconds. Enter UL =1 with paper bag. Running XDC, thumps onto the bench as if pushed from behind. He is very confused.*

*NOTE: As the scene goes on, this confusion must mount.)*

#1: Hi.

#2: Mmmmff....

#1: Excuse me. *(opens his bag, slams it shut without looking {like an automatic reflex}. Looks at the bag, confused)* Do you have a fork?

#2: No.

#1: Usually have one, mother, it's not there?

#2: Oh.

#1: Pack it?

#2: Yes.

#1: Thought maybe you didn't because I..... you don't have a fork.

#2: It looks good. Oh....*(as if said wrong line)*

#1: It looks good. *(same time as #2)*

#2: A grown Comrade without a fork...

#1: She just visits.

#2: Yesterday.

#1: Last month.

#2: Last year.

#1 & #2: YOU don't have a fork!

#1 & #2: But I pack my own food!

#1: Can't even follow rules!

#2: I should report you!

#1: HYGIENIC!

#2: Got them from the Commander! *(holding out teeth)*

#1: Got them from the Commander! *(grabbing the teeth, at the same time as #2)*

#1 & #2: Disgusting technology! *(dropping teeth on the floor in front of the bench)*

#1: Don't have forks?

#2: Have!

#1: See one.....*(completely lost)*

#2: Show me? You! Show you.

#1: Me?!

#1 & #2: I'll show you!! *(#1 exit L, #2 exit R)*

*(Fade of lights to lingering tight spot on the teeth on the floor. Fade to black)*

# *Carry me over the Threshold Superhunk!!*

**\*\*A bridal shower for Lois Lane**

written by the cast

first presented at the 1996 Kootenay Regional Drama Festival

Wonderwoman (WW).....Dina DelBucchia  
Mary Jane Parker(MJ).....Marina Simpson  
Lois Lane(LL).....Patti Berukoff  
Catwoman(CW).....Lisa Venturini

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# Carry Me Over The Threshold SUPERHUNK!

**Setting:** Lois Lane's apartment.

*WW, MJ, and CW surround LL in a semi-circle.*

Voice over- We find our heroine Lois Lane in quite a pickle. We know she's smart, and a fantastic journalist, but can she handle the pressure of marriage? And marriage to Superman at that? Will her friends sway her decision to wed the "Man of Steel"? What daring adventure are these four embarking on now? What will become of Lois Lane? We will soon find out!

WW- Congratulations Lois!

MJ- I'm so happy for you.

CW- So Mrs. Superman huh?

LL- Well I think it would be wise to refer to me as Mrs. Kent. Hence the phrase "secret identity." And we aren't married yet. Well it was nice of you to show up in costume.

WW- Well it's useful to walk around as Wonder Woman as opposed to Diana Prince.

CW- If we go out later, I can get you into all sorts of places, free of charge.

LL-Oh how rude of me, why don't you all sit down. *(Removes stuff from couch and table.)* Look at how I'm dressed. I'll go slip into something a little more practical. *(Disappears behind divider. Clothes fly over divider while others talk.)*

*All sit*

WW- Can you believe that Lois is getting married to Clark?

MJ- Isn't it wonderful!

CW- I don't know. Marriage just seems like such a hassle.

WW- Hassle? An inconvenience most certainly! Lois always seemed like a level-headed, dedicated journalist. Maybe she will float back down to earth and think about what she's getting into.

MJ- Now, wait a minute? How can you make such judgements about matters such as this?

CW- C'mon, Mary Jane. I know Spider-man is quite a catch but, don't you ever get.....bored? I mean just a little?

WW- Boredom isn't what I was talking about. I was concerned for Lois's self-identity.

MJ- Marriage is a wonderful union of love. To share a special bond with another person and to grow and mature. And I most certainly haven't lost my identity. I've developed it.

WW- Poor Mary Jane; to commit yourself into dependancy on a man. I do feel sorry for you.

MJ- Well, maybe I feel sorry...

*Lois emerges wearing almost exactly what she was wearing before. Clothes continue to fly over divider.*

LL- Sorry, I took so long. Now that I look decent, is there anything I can get for you? Coffee , tea, cream? *(in CW's direction)*

CW- That is only speculation, I don't really drink cream. It's just the outfit.

LL- I only meant cream for your coffee or tea. Make yourselves comfortable. I'll be back in a second.

*LL walks away.*

WW- Don't bring too much.

CW- I will have some tea...WITHOUT CREAM thank you. *To others.* Do you think she figured out what we're up to?

MJ- I don't know but I'm glad Peter didn't mind me going.

WW- Oh, so Spidey lets you out of the web?

MJ- Being married to Spider-man isn't so bad. Especially since he's so proficient with knots. And being able to walk on walls, there's no problem washing the skylights or changing lightbulbs in our apartment.

*Lois enters carrying a big tray full of pastries.*

LL- I just brought a little something.

*Lois struggles with tray. Wonder Woman picks up tray with one hand and carries it to the table.*

WW- Let me get that for you.

*CW lays in the chair legs dangling over the end. LL looks at CW in distaste.*

CW- Well you said to make myself comfortable. I really do like this chair. It's very nice to lounge in. You can just lie back and sink into another world. Your body is transported to a place where you're floating and you might never come down again. It's exhilarating, but calm at the same time. You throw your head back and stare up and just wish that you were... *(regains her composure)* I mean I like this chair. It's really nice.

MJ- Oh there was a chair exactly like that in a hotel along the Riveria, where Peter and I stayed last Valentine's Day.

CW- I can't even remember what I did last Valentine's Day.

WW- Valentine's Day is the same as any other day, unless something momentous happens. Lois weren't you supposed to get married last Valentine's Day?

LL- There were difficulties at that time. But now I...

MJ- It is hard to be married to a crime fighting husband. You aren't having second thoughts are you?

LL- No, no not at all.

CW- You were having difficulties eh? Maybe he isn't so super all the time.

LL- No it wasn't that, I mean we've never...*(gets cut off)*

CW- He could be flying around having affairs all over the world. I probably would be.

MJ- When you're married, there are commitments you have to make to each other. But it is worth it, though.

CW- Then what's the point of tying yourself down to a man? Unless of course it's literal tying down.

LL- Oh but Clark would never cheat on me, he just spent too much time saving the world, and not a whole lot with me. We've talked things over. Everything is fine now.

*freeze frame*-WW- I can't believe I'm listening to this. Where are these women's self respect? Making all kinds of commitments to men. I just don't have the time. But sometimes I wish...

LL- We wouldn't be engaged if we hadn't talked it out.

*All start eating while song ("I'at" by furnaceface) plays in background.*

MJ- Why do men always comment on women's sizes?

CW- Why don't they ever put on any weight?

WW- Women don't feel the same way about men.

LL- They always say " Oh I don't think you're fat," but you know that they're lying to you, because they know that you'll be mad at them if they say "yes".

MJ- If Peter ever told me that I was fat, I'd be so depressed I'd eat a whole box of doughnuts.

WW- I mean it's not like we eat that much (*shoves pastry in her face*)

CW- We don't comment on men's thighs.

*Catwoman picks up a pastry and chows down.*

WW- How do you manage to fit into that painted on vinyl if you keep eating that way?

CW- Its not as if I wear this same outfit everyday, I have a whole closet full. All different sizes of course.

MJ- Well, I'm watching my weight. I have an important acting role coming up. My character on "Secret Hospital" gets stranded on a deserted island in the Pacific while on the way to meet her lost fiancé; I have to wear a palm leaf bikini for eight episodes. Actresses must remain svelte, you know. Not everyone in Hollywood is in this good of shape.

*freeze frame-* LL- I wonder if those are her real...you know? She *is* an actress.

MJ- But some people choose to work for it, instead of taking the easy route with a little help from modern science.

WW- Personally, I've never had a weight problem. Having the body of a goddess is one of the advantages of saving the world. Of course it shouldn't really matter. We're women. We're smart. We shouldn't have to prove ourselves by having perfect bodies.

LL- I was never too concerned about my weight. That is, until the wedding came along. I've been on a strict diet of chic peas and Soya yogurt for the past two months.

*MJ, CW, and WW are eating like pigs and look over at Lois in bewilderment. Crumbs fly everywhere. Lois vacuums it up.*



CW- Just leave it there, or sweep it under a rug. My goodness Lois, you're already becoming the perfect housewife.

LL- Housewife? A housewife yeah. But of course I'll still work. I can do both.

MJ- It is difficult to have a career and a husband. It's a lot more responsibility than you might think, but I'm sure you're ready for it.

LL- Yup! Ready as I'll ever be.

WW- Where is your Super man tonight?

LL- Actually, I'm not really sure, I-I haven't talked to him in at least an hour. Gosh, I wish he would call or something. Maybe I should call him.

CW- Who knows where he is now. He could be halfway across the city flying with some exotic dancer in distress in his arms.

MJ- I know that sometimes I'm a *little* concerned about the company that Spidey's keeping.

LL- I'm sure he's just staying late at the office. There's been concern about someone smuggling defective Captain America blow up dolls. They've been sitting in some warehouse since the 1980's.

WW- Yeah, I heard about that. Now they've jacked up the price to almost double what they're worth. That's ludicrous.

CW- Some people's entire lives are built around those dolls. They can't do this.

MJ- And I hear the plastic that they're made out of sticks to certain types of skin.

LL- Maybe we can do something about this, put a stop to all this insanity. Two of us are superheroines. Let's start the fight right now. And if things get too rough, Super-Man will always help us.

WW- Sorry Lois, we've got other plans.

LL- What do you mean?

*WW, CW, and MJ laugh, and crowd around her.*

LL- Hey what are you doing? *(WW ties up LL.)* What's going on? *(MJ blindfolds her)*

CW-*(brings out handcuffs)* Don't ask.

*WW throws Lois over her shoulder*

LL- Where are you taking me? HELP!

Voice over- Where is Lois being taken by these wild women? What sort of demonic plan have they plotted for her? What unsightly creatures will she encounter? We will soon find out.

## Scene 2

Message on answering machine: (Superman's voice) Hi honey, I'll be over later. Gee I hate these machines I never know what to say (*sound of crashing*) I'm having a little trouble pulling my underwear over my tights. See ya soon. Love you sweetie. (*kissy noises*).

*LL, CW, MJ, & WW return from strip club all wearing various costumes (fireman's hat, police hat, stethoscope etc.) LL walks in and trips on chair.*

LL-When did that get there?

*All laugh loudly.*

MJ- I like the outfits we picked up down there.

LL-Hey you guys ... it's a bird, it's a plane, it's... (*flings skimpy, Speedo-like underwear across the room. All laugh loudly.*)

CW- (*walks over to underwear*) How did he fit these over that...

LL- Stop that! Don't talk that way. I've never really...

CW- Hey Lois, does Clark have several different outfits, also?

WW- And does he wear underwear underneath his tights as well as over top?

MJ- Yeah Lois, does he?

CW- Has his costume ever slept over? (*muffles a laugh.*)

LL- No, actually. No it hasn't.

MJ- Are you serious? Lois! You don't mean that.

All- You're a virgin aren't you?

*CW, and MJ gasp.*

LL- Well I ... I mean... you know... Clark and I made a promise. We'll wait! Since we've waited this long, we might as well wait until the honeymoon.

*Others look at Lois in astonishment.*

WW- But Lois, don't you think he ever has in the past? I mean he's so smart, and handsome, and so well built.

LL- Well no, the only woman from his past that I really know of is you.

WW- What's that supposed to mean?

MJ- Hey you guys hold the phone. Um, how about that Incredible Hulk, he's green.

CW- Did you say phone? Someone said phone? Hey Lois you've got a message.

LL- Oh! It must be from Clark!

*L.L. plays tape and message repeats. WW, MJ, and CW laugh while L.L. looks embarrassed and frantically tries to stop the tape.*

LL- So how about that Incredible Hulk, he's pretty big and strong.

CW- Oh he's big and strong, but not quite so incredible as you'd think. Not that I'd know of course.

*freeze frame-* MJ- I bet she changes men as often as she changes her catsuit.

CW- All that aside, shall we move on to the presents.

LL- Presents? You brought presents? You shouldn't have.

CW- We did anyway, they're in the back of my car. It's no Batmobile but it sure gets me around.

MJ- I didn't think you needed a car to get around.

*CW eyes MJ with a look of annoyance.*

*L.L. begins looking at a picture of Superman.*

LL- Oh Clark I didn't know what I was getting into. It all seems so rushed, so sudden, yet so romantic. We'll finally be together after soooo long. But what about my independence, my career. I look at WonderWoman (*WW appears on side of stage*) and see how independent she is, how strong. Then I look at Mary Jane (*MJ appears on side*

*of stage*) and see how happy she is with Spidey. Then I look at Catwoman (*CW appears on side of stage*) and just see a woman dressed as a cat. But anyway, I'm sure things will work out...(*kisses picture of Clark*).

*Other 3 re-enter.*

WW- Lois are you talking to yourself? Maybe you had momentary insanity when you agreed to the whole marriage idea. It's not too late to back out.

LL- No, no! I'm really happy about getting married.

MJ- It is a lot of responsibility. You have to be caring and trustworthy and mend a lot of ripped suits. You must be understanding and faithful of course.(*in CW's, direction*).

*freeze frame*- CW- What was that about? Just because she's got only one man in her life. She just won't have any fun.

MJ- But that's how marriage works. Let's open the presents now. Here. Open mine first.

LL-(*opens present*) Oh X-men coasters! Just what I've always wanted. I don't know how to thank you.

MJ- It was my pleasure. I saw them in a shop and just couldn't resist. Aren't they adorable?

LL- Lovely. And practical.

WW- I know I just loathe it when someone leaves a ring on one of my coffee tables.

CW- Coffee stains really put my tail out of joint.

WW-Here. Open my present!

LL- *tears into box and pulls out super hero type cape*. Really I don't know what to say. I...I...Wow.

MJ- Oh is it an apron?

WW- No it's a cape. Try it on Lois. You never know when one could come in handy.

LL- *hesitant to put on cape*. I'll save it for a special occasion.

CW-Like what the honeymoon? Open this I've got something even better.

LL- Oh, thank you! (*opens box, leafs through tomes of tissue paper*) Did you forget to put it in the box? (*picks up gift*) Wow (*underwhelmed*) Where did you get it?

CW- Isn't it cute? I picked it up where I shop in Gotham City. It is a little bit larger than what I wear to bed, but I thought since you were getting married I should get you something more conservative.

LL- What is it some kind of sleep mask?

MJ- It's a full piece thong nightgown with matching garters.

*All look at her.*

MJ- It's not like I'm in the dark.

WW- For whatever you're going to be doing in that you might want to turn the lights off.

*All laugh.*

CW- Lucky for me, cats can see in the dark.

MJ- That's not so skimpy compared to what some superheroines are wearing these days. Which reminds me, remember what I had to wear in issue # 216?

LL- Now that Vampirella. She's attracting the wrong kind of attention. Band-aids have more fabric than that outfit.

CW- Personally, I don't see anything wrong with revealing clothes.

WW- You don't see anything wrong with it? Everything's wrong with it. Women don't have to wear their bathing suits to fight crime. We're being exploited by cartoonists everywhere. We're women, people, heroes, not objects; we deserve to be treated with respect. We've been oppressed for too long; pushed down by the testosterone filled hands of society. It's time for us to rise up and be strong.

LL- Then what's up with the bustier and daisy dukes?

WW- Well if you've got it, flaunt it!

MJ- Isn't that a little hypocritical?

CW- Well, not everyone is perfect.

MJ- Are you saying that I think I'm perfect?

CW- If the shoe fits, wear it!

LL- Speaking of clothes fitting, do you have some guy come over every day and butter you up so you can peel that on?

CW- I think that I know more about men and food than you do, Sister Lois.

WW- What don't you know in that department. I heard you were the manager there.

MJ- Excuse me miss, "I don't need men to survive".

LL- And then there's you, always flaunting your perfect little marriage in my face just because I've had problems. Maybe its dependency that forces you to be tied down to a man.

WW- Oh, looks who's becoming a feminist now, its Mrs. Superman.

CW- Now, don't start getting jealous. Batman always says, "When you're a guest at someone's house, leave your feelings at the door."

WW- Speaking of Batman, wouldn't you say he and Robin are a little close?

CW- Leave him out of this!

MJ- (*nerdy voice*) Holy hotbuns Batman!

LL- Well, I am brave enough to get married to Superman and I snagged Superman even without superpowers. You can keep your golden lariat and be independant all you want.

WW- I suppose women like you have to marry superheroes because you can't protect yourselves. You have to stand there and scream for help, hair strewn about and clothes torn until some muscle-bound man in a cape swoops down and picks you in his arms. Well, thank you very much but I can save myself and others too for that matter. And as for my lariat, it's used for a lot more than you would know.

MJ- We don't all just scream for help. Spiderman doesn't even wear a cape for your information. He hasn't had to come along and save me from some building top. Well, not too recently anyway. At least I don't have to wear the same outfit everyday.

CW- Didn't we already go throught this.

WW- I'm not the one recycling plot lines in my comics.

MJ- Didn't your last issue come out when the Beatles showed up on the Ed Sullivan show.

WW- Well, at least I'm not sitting in an apartment tending to some oversized arachnid for two frames in every comic.

MJ- I have my own life. I have a career. I'm an actress.

LL- Oh, I didn't know that playing your uncle's cousin's half sister's lost neice who shows up at her mother turned father's nephew's wedding slash funeral was a career.

CW- You know an awful lot about *soap operas*.

WW- Hmm. It seems our ace reporter has spent a little too much time in front of the television with her Kleenex and chic peas and soya yogurt and not so much time investigating the Capatain America blow-up doll scandal.

MJ- Some people are in soap operas, some people watch them, and some people's lives are like soap operas.

CW- Yes. That's right. I know how to have fun. You spend your time off work waiting for your husband, cooking and cleaning, and *mending ripped suits*.

All- That's it.

*Fight scene with music and chock full of action packed punches and kicks. Superman knocks on door.*

*voice over*

Superman- Hi Lois. Can I come in? What's going on in there? It's awfully loud.

All- Nothing. *freeze tableau.*

Voice over- That wraps up the adventures of fearless heroines for today. What villains will they encounter next? What sort of crimes will they solve? Find out in our next exciting issue.

Fin

# **The Truth, the Whole Truth, and Nothing Like the Truth!**

**by Lindsey Fair**

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< Curtain opens on a split stage. At Centre, there is a platform acting area, At SR there is a boys washroom set with four urinals and a of couple sinks. At SL there is a girls washroom set with a couple of sinks and a counter. Each area is separated by a distinct pool of light. >

< Enter Liz and Ashley DSR. Liz is carrying a purse full of make-up, Ashley is carrying a load of text books >

LIZ: Aren't Kate and Brandon going to make the perfect couple? I'm so jealous, I wish my life was as perfect as hers. My life sucks!

ASH: Liz, I'm sure her life is far from perfect! And of course you're life sucks - you haven't had time for a life with all these tests to study for!

LIZ: True, but aren't you even a teeny bit curious as to how their date went? < Ashley smiles > See? I knew it!

ASH: O.K, maybe I'm just a teeny bit curious, but you should be more worried about the physics test next block - not Kate!

LIZ: That test is today? Oh no! I thought it was next week!

ASH: < laughing > You're joking right?

LIZ: Uh....yeah, that's me...joking as usual!

ASH: Good, you had me worried there for a second!

< Liz & Ashley enter girls washroom and freeze >

<ENTER Kate and Brandon from opposite sides, as though avoiding someone. They bump into each other at Centre >

KATE: Brandon!

BRANDON: Katherine!

KATE & I was just....

BRANDON

BRANDON: Just.....Hey! You left.....this < Fearfully holds a hair claw before her > in my car. < Is about to give Kate the claw but it springs from his hand and goes flying offstage >

KATE: Thanks. Umm....Bye! < Kate enters girls room and freezes >

< Exit Brandon >

## GIRLS ROOM

ASH: Oh good, you're here. How was the test?

KATE: The Physics test?

LIZ: Is there any other test that she would be stressing over this much?

KATE: I guess not. It wasn't that bad , actually. I'm sure you'll do just fine. It's next block right?

ASH: Unfortunately.

**The Truth, the Whole Truth,  
and Nothing Like the Truth!**

**by Linsey Fair  
5341 Hammond Bay Rd  
Nanaimo, B.C.  
V9T 5M9  
756-7948**

**Dover Bay Secondary  
6135 McGirr rd  
Nanaimo, B.C.**

**Sponsored by Hugh Anderson  
This play was workshopped at Dover**

KATE: Don't worry-you guys - You always do good.< Ashley notices piece of paper>

LIZ: Hey, what's that? Is it from Brandon? <KATE smiles>

ASH: < looks at paper > A poem! I can't believe he actually wrote a poem!

KATE: That's what I said.

LIZ: You must be soooo excited! < Ashley reads poem >

ASH: Katherine,  
I have...  
You make me  
The days  
Until

LIZ: Hunh?

ASH: That is so deep.

LIZ: Yeah, it is. Katherine, this is deep.

KATE: Yeah..I can still picture him giving it to me.

#### THE DATE

< The characters of Brandon and Katherine on the date are played by a different pair of actors, dressed in costumes identical to Brandon #1, and Katherine #1. >

<Katherine's doorstep. Brandon enters, looks about and discovers a weed which he picks from the ground. He then rings Katherine's doorbell. >

BRANDON: Hi Katherine!

KATE: Hey!

BRANDON: Howz it goin'?

KATE: Great, how are you?

BRANDON: Good. Hey! I brought you something!

KATE: Really? What? < Weed is concealed. >

BRANDON: Something as pretty as you.

KATE: Oh! Well? < Brandon gives her weed >  
Brandon, you shouldn't have!

BRANDON: Aw, it was nothin'

KATE: No, really, you shouldn't have.

BRANDON: Um...I also wrote you a poem!

KATE: Really? You actually wrote me a poem?

BRANDON: Yeah! Well.. ..sort of. See, I know you're down with that stuff, so I wrote you a...well it's kind of.....a fill in the blank....poem.

KATE: <reading poem>

Katherine,  
I have....  
You make me....

The days....  
Until....

Wow! How.....uh.....deplorable.

BRANDON: Wow, Thanks!

KATE: No problem!

## BOYS ROOM

<boys enter SR. Jim holding a test paper >

JIM: I can't believe this - I mean, an "A"?! Brandon - Come on , what are you doing?

BILL: Hey, you're not turning nerd on us are ya?

BRANDON: So I'm a nerd if I get an "A" in physics?

JIM&BILL: Well....

BILL: < teasing > And here we thought we knew you.

JIM: What's this world coming to?

BRANDON: Guys, come on, This is me you're talking about here!

BILL: He's got a point.

JIM: So...How did you get the "A"

BRANDON: I copied it all off of Katherine. < all laugh >

< They enter boys room. Brandon, in the process, drops a collection of papers. >

BILL: Hey! What's this? < Picks up papers. >

BRANDON: Uh.....

BILL: I have...

You make me...

The days...

Until..

Hunh?

JIM: What were you on?

BRANDON: So I wrote a poem, big deal!

BILL: A poem?

BRANDON: Okay, a few poems, but chicks are down with that kind of stuff! It puts me in their good books!

JIM: I suppose...But why so many copies?

BRANDON: I'm in a lot of good books!

BILL: You know, for once you have a good idea!

JIM: Yeah, but how do you write that stuff?

BRANDON: Oh, it's easy. When you write a poem, it's to express your feelings to a girl. You just throw in a few words here, leave out a bunch of words there,

The days...  
UNTIL.....

Wow! How... uh....deplorable.

Brandon: Wow,thanks

Kate: No problem!

### **BOYS ROOM**

(Brandon and Jim enter.)

Jim: Man, that was a sweet game.

Brandon: Yeah man- that was awesome!

Jim: We beat them so bad!

Brandon: What was the score again?

Jim: I don't know- I can't even count that high.

Brandon: And that tackle you made.

Jim: Where is Bill anyway?

Brandon: I thought he was right behind us, Bill?

Jim: Oh- there he is. How's it going Bill?

Bill: (Enters moaning)

Brandon: How's your back, big guy?

Jim: I hope I didn't hurt it too badly.

Bill: It was supposed to be touch football.

Brandon: Were we too tough on you?

Bill: Come on - we have ten minutes. Hey! What's this? (picks up paper)

Brandon: Uh.....

Bill: I have...

You make me....

The days.....

Until....

Hunh?

Jim: What are you on.

Brandon: So I wrote a poem, big deal!

Bill: A poem?

Brandon: Okay, a few poems, but chicks are down with that kind of stuff! It puts me in their good books.

Jim: I suppose ... but why so many copies?

Brandon: I'm in a lot of good books.

Bill: You know for once you have a good idea!

Jim: Yeah, but how do you write that stuff?

Brandon: Oh, it's easy. when you write a poem, it's to express your feelings to a girl. You just throw in a few words here, leave out a bunch of words

and presto! It may make no sense to you or me, but they love it! They think it's deep!

### GIRLS ROOM

ASH: So, where did he take you? Somewhere romantic, right?  
KATE: Oh yes! We went for a drive out of town and then he pulled over. He insisted I go for a walk.....Ah, with him!  
LIZ: Wow, a moonlit stroll!  
KATE: Yes, and while we were out he showered me with compliments!  
LIZ: Like what?  
KATE: What? Oh, well first he complimented me on my maturity - he didn't believe how old I really was.  
ASH: Weren't you scared to be out there in the dark?  
KATE: No, I had no reason to be - he didn't let me out of his sight!

### THE DATE

< In a car at the side of the road. Two mime blocks can be used to represent the car. >

KATHERINE: We ran out of gas? I can't believe you'd pull a pathetic stunt like this!  
BRANDON: Isn't it a stunt? Look, I seriously ran out of gas o.k?  
KATE: I don't believe this. Why didn't you get some gas if you knew you were going to run out? Didn't anyone tell you about the little needle on your dash? The one that points to the F and the E? Don't you know the difference between full and empty? Or was it just that you wanted to get us stranded in the middle of nowhere. Did you actually think that this would help you to get somewhere with me? As if!  
BRANDON: Oh god, you think that? Look, I didn't intend to run out of gas. I thought my mom said she put some in!  
KATE: And you didn't check? God, Brandon. So what are we supposed to do about it?  
BRANDON: I don't know. I don't even know where we are!  
KATE: Well that's just great, Brandon just great. You know, that doesn't help us very much.  
BRANDON: Yeah, well you're bitching doesn't help us much either.  
KATE: What do you propose I do then? Walk to the gas station?  
BRANDON: You said it.  
KATE: Excuse me?  
BRANDON: You heard me! Besides, you don't actually expect me to walk there do you?

KATE: Actually, yeah, I do. You ran out of gas, therefore you can get gas.  
BRANDON: Yeah, but I can't just leave my car here! I have to protect it!  
KATE: So your car is more important than me?  
BRANDON: UH....  
KATE: You're more concerned about this piece of sh....  
BRANDON: What did you call my car? Look, this is coming from someone who doesn't even have a car! Are you even old enough to drive?  
KATE: You don't even know how old I am?  
BRANDON: I thought you were 17 but you sure as hell don't act it!  
KATE: Well maybe that's because I'm 15!  
BRANDON: You're what?  
KATE: You heard me?  
BRANDON: But you're in grade 12!  
KATE: No Brandon, you're in grade 12, I'm in grade 11.  
BRANDON: Great! I'm older, therefore you can get the gas!  
KATE: That's real mature Brandon! I can't believe this! Fine, I'll go. I'll walk all the way to the gas station.  
BRANDON: Fine! If that's how you want it, you walk all the way to the gas station and you I'll stay here and protect my car. All alone In the middle of nowhere. In the dark. Oh! What was that? Katherine did you hear that? Katherine? Oh!  
< Brandon gives in and goes running after Kate. >

## BOYS SCENE

BILL: So Brandon....What did you do this weekend?  
< Brandon smiles. >  
Awe yeah!  
JIM: So...What did you do this weekend?  
BILL: He had a date!  
JIM: Oh....Oh....< realising > Oh....< awe yeah! >  
So...Brandon...Where did you take her?  
BRANDON: Oh...Out of town.  
BILL: Out of town hey? How far?  
BRANDON: Far enough to...run out of gas!  
BILL: So then you just had to....  
BRANDON: Right! So we....  
JIM: So how far did you get?  
BRANDON: What's it to you?  
BILL: Well...Tell me...Did you get to first base?  
BRANDON: Man that's kid stuff! I was doing that in grade 5!  
JIM: Wow! Did you get to second?  
BRANDON: Grade 6!  
JIM: THIRD!?

BRANDON: Grade 7!  
BILL: Don't tell me you went all the way?  
BRANDON: Yeah, I guess you could say that we went all the way!  
JIM: AWE YEAH!

## GIRLS ROOM

ASH: How long did your walk last for?  
KATE: Oh, time passed and we had gone so far! We must have walked for hours!  
LIZ: Did you end up anywhere special?  
KATE: Yes, in fact, we did. It was a little "out of the way" place. He spent every penny he had on me!  
ASH: A sure sign that he adores you!  
KATE: Yes, he treated me like-  
LIZ: A Queen?  
KATE: I would have said a princess!  
ASH: Wow! A poem, a romantic stroll, royal treatment! How come you get all of the good guys?  
KATE: I don't know!

## THE DATE

< At the gas station >

GAS ATTENDANT: Kay guys, here ya go! That'll be 10 bucks!  
BRANDON: Yeah, no problem. Uh, problem - my wallet must still be at the car! Um, Kate-  
KATE: Katherine!  
BRANDON: Whatever, princess Katherine! Uh, I don't suppose.....  
KATE: No, I don't.  
BRANDON: Christ! Well..< searches pocket > .50, .75, \$1.10, \$2.35  
< Gas attendant starts to leave >  
No, wait! \$2.50  
KATE: Here, \$10.  
ATTEND: Awesome! Kay, I also need a deposit for the gas can.  
BRANDON: We just gave you all our money!  
ATTEND: Hey man, store policy! The boss says I need something for colla...colla..  
KATE: Collateral?  
ATTEND: Yeah! Collateral!  
BRANDON: Christ! I haven't got anything! Katherine, have you got a watch or something?  
KATE: I have nothing.  
ATTEND: Well, I need something.....Hey! Just leave the girl!



BRANDON: Hey! Great idea! See ya Kate!

< exit BRANDON >

KATE: HEY!.....Great, what am I s'posed to do?

< DING! Attendant passes her squeegee and points offstage >

### BOYS ROOM

JIM: How come none of my dates end up like yours?

BRANDON: You just have to learn to be uh, creative!

BILL: Were you even in public at all on this date?

BRANDON: Yeah, I mean, it had to at least look like it was a date. The girl likes to think that she's there for more than just...you know.

JIM: We know!

BILL: So how did you handle the public aspect?

BRANDON: It was tough - every guy in the room wanted to get a piece of her!

JIM: Were you jealous?

BRANDON: I didn't have to be.

BILL: Why?

BRANDON: I had already gott<sup>e</sup>n what I wanted from her! I even let her visit with one of the guys for a while!

JIM: They seem to like it when you let them think they still have control like that.

BRANDON: Yeah! The trick is not to gloat about your control of the relationship. They accept the fact better that way.

### GIRLS ROOM

LIZ: Anyways, we were talking about the "out of the way place"!

KATE: We were?

LIZ: Yes. Tell me-

ASH: What was it called?

KATE: Oh! The uh, Golden Shell

ASH: I haven't heard of that restaurant before.

KATE: Neither had I, but it was so romantic!

LIZ: Mmmm, what did you order?

KATE: What did I order? Why do you want to know?

LIZ: Because I'm hungry! Tell me was it lobster, or shrimp, or veal, or steak-

KATE: Steak! It was uh, teriyaki steak!

LIZ: Yum!

KATE: Yes, it was delicious, and the Maitre D' lavished so much attention on me!  
ASH: If only we could have been there. Maybe we should go some time it might be fun!  
KATE: Yeah! It's beyond your expectations!

#### THE DATE

< At the gas station. >

KATE: As if! <Throws down squeegee. > God, this must be the worst night of my life! I'm stuck here at some gas station with you. It's 9:00 and I haven't even had dinner!  
ATTEND: You know what? You whine too much. At least you're stuck here with me and not some of the guys I work with. And if you're hungry why don't you just ask politely.  
KATE: Just who do you think you are talking to me like that? You think you can just-  
ATTEND: Look, are you hungry or not?  
KATE: Starved.  
ATTEND: Well, here.< tosses her a teriyaki jerky >  
KATE: Beef jerky?  
ATTEND: Teriyaki jerky actually.  
KATE: I can't pay for this.  
ATTEND: Don't worry, your boyfriend did. He left that \$2.50, remember?  
KATE: Oh yeah! What an idiot! Oh, and he's not my boyfriend. This is just a really bad dream that I'm going to wake up from.  
ATTEND: Well, at least he's good for something! Hey, are you still hungry? Cause I can bring you some twinkies and a squishy or something.  
KATE: That would be great.  
ATTEND: See? It's not so bad here!

#### BOYS ROOM

BILL: Anyways, we were discussing your date!  
BRANDON: Right, so what do you want to know?  
JIM: How many times did you go all the way?  
BRANDON: Twice, but is that all you ever think about?  
BILL: It's all he knows how to think about! What happened next?  
BRANDON: You're not going to believe this!  
JIM: Believe what?  
BRANDON: Speed excites her!  
BILL: Really?

BRANDON: Yeah, the faster I went, the more "excited" she got!  
JIM: So what happened with that?  
BRANDON: What do you think happened with that?  
BILL: Again?  
BRANDON: Again!  
JIM: Can she get me a friend?

THE DATE

< At the gas station >

BRANDON: < offstage > Katherine, I'm ba-ack!  
KATE: Wonderful.  
ATTEND: Maybe I should get back to work..  
KATE: Yeah!  
ATTEND: Bye!  
KATE: Bye.  
BRANDON: Hey! I'm here, did you miss me?  
KATE: Where's the car?  
BRANDON: Oh! I parked it where I can turn around. It doesn't have reverse you know.  
KATE: That's always good. Let's go!  
BRANDON: Could you hurry?  
KATE: I'm hurrying, calm yourself! < In these next few lines Brandon, and Katherine retrieve their mime blocks and are setting up their car >  
What's your hurry anyways?  
BRANDON: It's already 10:45.  
KATE: Your point being?  
BRANDON: I need to be home in 15 minutes!  
KATE: You have a curfew of 11:00?  
BRANDON: No, but I want to be back in time for MAD TV!  
KATE: Heaven forbid he should miss that!  
BRANDON: What?  
KATE: Nothing ! Here we go. < A few moments pass. > Would you slow down?  
I would like to arrive home alive you know!  
BRANDON: Who's the one who knows how to drive here? Could you tell me that?  
Because it's certainly not you!  
KATE: Well it's obviously not you! Could you watch the road please?  
BRANDON: You don't think I can drive? You don't think I can DRIVE?  
KATE: Deer!  
BRANDON: And now your calling me dear? Well flattery will get you nowhere tonight!  
KATE: NO! Not dear stupid! DEER!

BRANDON: Hold on!  
< Kate screams >

GIRLS ROOM

ASH: Where did you go after dinner?  
KATE: Well, once we left the restaurant, we saw this adorable little deer, and Brandon insisted on seeing how close we could get to it.  
LIZ: Ah, an animal lover! How sweet!  
ASH: How close did you get to it?  
KATE: Oh, we touched it!  
ASH: Really? Wow, it must have been so tame!  
KATE: Well if it wasn't lame then it's lame now!  
ASH: What?  
KATE: Uh, I said if it wasn't tame then it's tame now!  
LIZ: No, you said-  
KATE: Oh my god, is that a split end?  
LIZ: What? Where?  
KATE: Right there!  
LIZ: Oh, no!  
KATE: So, how's that studying coming? Oh! Is there only 10 minutes until next block?  
ASH: What? Only 10 minutes? Oh, no!  
< Kate gives sigh of relief >

THE DATE

< In the car >

BRANDON: Look, would you calm down? We barely nicked the deer!  
KATE: You Brandon, not we, you nicked the deer! And look! It's barely hobbling away! Actually, I take that back- don't look-keep your eyes on the road! Oh, the poor thing!  
BRANDON: The poor thing? God, it's not as if I killed it or anything!  
KATE: At least if you had it would have been out of its' misery!  
BRANDON: I'd like to be put out of my misery right about now!  
KATE: Well with the way you drive-  
BRANDON: Don't start.  
KATE: Just hurry up and get me home!  
BRANDON: You don't want me to hurry, remember? And why are you in such a rush? I'm the one in a hurry, though there's no point. Thanks to you I've missed my show!  
KATE: How is this my fault?

BRANDON: If you hadn't been so busy bitching about my driving, I would have been paying attention and I wouldn't have hit that deer!

KATE: Don't blame me for your bad driving! Where are you going?

BRANDON: I'm taking the short-cut to your house!

KATE: I don't think this is a short-cut.

BRANDON: I don't think I asked you! < Kate begins to pray >  
What are you doing?

KATE: I'm praying that this night will end soon!

BRANDON: Yeah, well you had it easy! You didn't have to put up with yourself!

KATE: Neither did you! You left me at that gas station for at least 2 hours!

BRANDON: Yes, 2 hours and 13 minutes of sheer bliss!

KATE: Where are we?

BRANDON: I don't know.

KATE: Some short-cut!

BRANDON: Well I don't see you offering to help!

KATE: You didn't ask remember?

BRANDON: Well I'm asking now!

KATE: I'm honoured!

BRANDON: Are you going to help or not?

KATE: Fine. Slow down, I think this is the road we want right here. It is.  
Now follow this to the end and we'll be a few blocks from my house.

BRANDON: How do you know your way around here so well?

KATE: How do you not know your way around here?

BRANDON: You're the one who pointed out that we were lost.

KATE: I'm the one who pointed out that you were lost!

BRANDON: It doesn't matter, you're home.

KATE: Thank god!

BRANDON: You know, you could at least thank me!

KATE: Thank you? Thank you! What on earth should I be thanking you for?

BRANDON: For being nice enough to take you out in public.

KATE: Thank you? I don't even want to see you ever again, let alone thank you for the worst night of my entire life!

BRANDON: Boy, somebody's ungrateful!

KATE: Ungrateful? Good night Brandon!

< Kate exits >

## BOYS ROOM

BILL: So, Brandon, are ya taking her to the dance?

BRANDON: Katherine?

JIM: Of course Katherine! Who else?

ERANDON: No.  
BILL: You're not taking her?  
BRANDON: I'm not going.  
JIM: Why not?  
BRANDON: Oh, dances are for losers.  
BILL: We're going.  
BRANDON: Uh...I mean..They're not for losers, I...Um...Who are you guys going with?  
BILL: I'm going with Ashley, and Jim here is going with Liz, and you are avoiding the subject. Why aren't you going?  
BRANDON: Because....  
BILL: Because.....  
BRANDON: Because...Katherine has to work.  
JIM: That sucks!  
BILL: Can't she get the night off?  
BRANDON: No, her boss won't let her.  
JIM: What if she calls in sick?  
BRANDON: I can't see her boss falling for that.  
BILL: You should come anyways - you can hang with us!

## GIRLS ROOM

ASH: So, is he taking you to the dance?  
KATE: Brandon?  
LIZ: Of course Brandon, who else?  
KATE: No.  
ASH: Why not?  
KATE: Oh! He has to work.  
LIZ: Work? What's that?  
ASH: That's too bad.  
KATE: Who are you guys going with?  
LIZ: Oh! I'm going with Jim, and Ashley here is going with Bill!  
KATE: Really? That's great!  
ASH: Yeah, but enough about us, we were talking about you! He's sure he can't get the night off?  
KATE: Yeah, he tried, but his boss wouldn't let him.  
LIZ: Maybe he can call in sick?  
KATE: No, I can't see his boss falling for that.  
ASH: Are you going to go anyways?  
KATE: No, I'll probably stay home and visit him at work.  
ASH: Oh! There goes the bell!  
KATE: Good luck on your test!  
LIZ: Not that she needs it.  
KATE: I was talking to you!  
ASH: And lord knows she needs it!

< they begin to exit bathroom >

BRANDON: Are you guys going to this class?

JIM: Do I even have a class this block?

BILL: You don't even-

BRANDON: Now Bill, you know not to make him think this early in the day!

BILL: This early? But it's already after noon! Oops, what was I thinking, this is Jim we're talking about here!

LIZ: Hey, there's Brandon!

JIM: Isn't that Kate?

ASH: Hey guys! Howz it goin'?

KATE: Hi.

BRANDON: Um, hi.

< All look at them expectantly. Brandon finally kisses her on her forehead >

BILL: Hey Ashley, do you think you can drive to the dance? My car's in the shop.

ASH: Yeah, no problem.

LIZ: So Brandon, isn't there anything you can do to get Friday night off? Katherine's not going to go to the dance unless you take her.

JIM: What are you talking about? It's Katherine who has to work!

ASH: What do you mean it's Katherine who has to work. You said it was Brandon who had to work!

KATE: He did! How did you get the night off?

BRANDON: I never-

KATE: He must have been looking at next weeks schedule!

BILL: So are you not working then either?

KATE: I don't even have-

BRANDON: I must have heard you wrong!

LIZ: Well that's perfect!

BR&KATE: It is?

BILL: Yeah! Now you guys can go to the dance together!

BR&KATE: We can?

ASH: You do want to, don't you?

BRANDON: Of course we do-don't we Kate!

KATE: Of course! I'm so lucky!

ASH: Oh geez! I've got to get going if I plan to write that test! Are you coming

Liz?

LIZ: Do I have to?

BILL: We had better get going too. See you girls!

< They all exit leaving Brandon & Kate on stage, facing each other. >

< BLACK OUT >

# *Dead Geraniums*

*A one act Play*

*by Amy Bessflug*

Caution: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that Dead Geraniums by Amy Bessflug is subject to royalty. It is protected under copyright law. Inquiries regarding performance rights and royalties should be directed to Amy Bessflug Box 81 Edgewater B.C. V0A 1E0. Fee for a single production will be \$20.00, and all publicity material must include the name of the author.



## CHARACTERS

**Drew #1,**

**Drew #2**

**Anna, his grandmother.**

**Phoebe, sister of Drew.**

**George Flowett, a scientist who studies botany.**

**Doctor**

*The main action of the play takes place in front of the gate and around the two flower pots.*

*No character, except the Doctor, ever makes direct eye contact with Drew #1.*

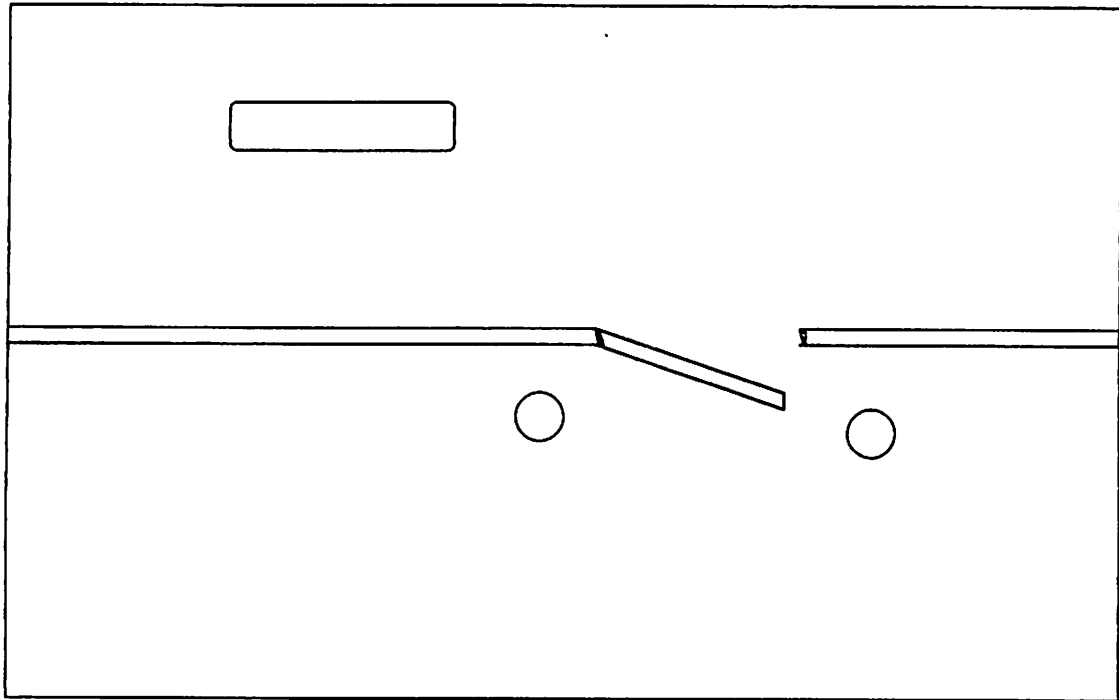
*Drew #1 must mirror the emotion of the dialogue throughout the play as he brings the characters of his consciousness on and off of the stage.*

*All characters enter stage right and exit stage left as though they are moving in a stream like pattern across the stage. The 'stream' is the stream of consciousness that the central action is inspired by.*

*No character wears shoes.*

## THE SET

A white picket fence runs straight across the stage about four feet from the front. It is three and a half to four feet high. At center stage, about ten feet behind the fence, a swing is suspended from the ceiling. It is about three feet long and one foot wide, painted black and hanging on yellow ropes. It rests about a foot above the fence when one is at eye level to the stage. The gate to the yard hangs loosely off of a single hinge at center stage right. It is of a natural wood color. On either side of the gate posts there sits a flower pot growing dead geraniums. The main action of the play is to take place here, around the flowers. The back ground should be light blue in color, and should brighten dramatically when Drew gets down from the swing.



## ACT ONE

*Darkness.*

*Silence.*

*Dim light on Drew #1 who looks reflectively at his feet, wriggles his toes and wraps his fingers around the yellow rope. He hangs his head and slouches.*

*Light on the fence and flower pots becomes brighter*

*Enter Grandma, stage right with a watering can, she speaks over the fence but never makes eye contact with Drew #1.*

**Grandma** I went to Africa today. (*Sets watering can down and pauses.*) I met my Johny there.

*She bends over and swishes her hand around in watering can.*

**Grandma** We rode an elephant together.

*She shakes her hand and rises to look over the fence again. Drew #1 swings his legs but still looks down.*

**Grandma** Yes, we rode on the back of an elephant over huge sand dunes. We passed men on camels. I waved at them but they did not wave back. Johny told the elephant that we were thirsty. He raised his trunk and took us to a beautiful watering hole. It was fringed with tall trees. (*There is a long pause and Anna gets a perplexed expression on her face.*) What do you call them Drew? You know, those trees with long stringy leaves, they grow in the jungle. (*Anna begins to feel frustrated. She raises her voice anxiously.*) Drew you know. Those trees were on the postcard your Mama sent me from Mexico. (*Anna raises her hand giving up in trying to remember the name of the palm trees.*) Yes, the elephant took us to a watering hole. There were all kinds of birds there, riding on the hippos. The elephant reached into the water with his long trunk. He sprayed us with water. Can you believe it? That elephant made Johny and I soaking wet. Of course we didn't mind, because the sand dunes were hot and we were thirsty. Then do you know what I said to my Johny, Drew? I said Johny, I am going to bring back an elephant

hair to show to you Drew. I said to Johnny that Drew never believes me when I tell him where I've been today. Said to Johnny that I was going to bring this back to Drew and show him the elephant hair. Said to Johnny that Drew says the only adventure I ever take is into my bowl of lime-Jello at dessert time. But look, Drew. *(She holds her hand up and examines it as if looking at some great memory.)* Look at the elephant hair. A real life elephant hair. A real life adventure.

*Enter stage right. The Scientist with binoculars and a pair of large pruning scissors. He wears a faded red T-shirt and a pair of densely pocketed canvas pants.*

**Scientist** Excuse me mam.

*There is a long pause and Grandma takes no notice of the scientist.*

**Scientist** Well good afternoon.

*Grandma still does not seem to notice him. He steps closer to her and deepens his voice.*

**Scientist** It is a fine afternoon isn't it?

**Grandma** *(Turns and smiles.)* Yes It is. The weather is lovely today. Goodness. Look at this. It's a bird man. Just like the ones I saw in Africa.

**Scientist** Well actually I am a botanist. I am collecting flowers from around this neighborhood.

**Grandma** A flower collector. My, what a pleasant job that would be. You know, I collect flowers too. These ones here are Drew's. *(She nods over the fence.)* My Drew never comes out to water his flowers anymore. They are dying. When I asked my Johnny why Drew's flowers were dying he said that it was because Drew doesn't come out to water them. So now I do. Yes, each morning I come over here. You see, I live right in that yellow house over there. So it's not far. *(She points stage right over the fence.)* See?

**Scientist** *(Nods.)* Yes indeed I do see. And what a lovely house that is.

**Grandma** So that is what I am doing right now.

**Scientist** I'm sorry. Doing what?

**Grandma** Watering the flowers. Watering Drew's flowers because my Johnny told me that Drew never comes out to water them any more. (*Pauses and looks at him confused.*) You do know that flowers die when they are not watered... Don't you?

**Scientist** Why of course. Yes, flowers die when Drew does not water them. My it's nice of you to take care of his flowers.

**Grandma** Well, I thought it best. Once they were brown and crispy. Overcooked under the summer sun I guess.

**Scientist** (*Extends his hand*) Your name miss?

**Grandma** (*Shaking his hand*) Well if you asked me that fifty years ago I would tell you that it is Ann Marie. But that was when I lived in that house over there. (*She points out towards the audience.*) And if you asked me that twenty years ago I would say that I did not have a name. Because you see, then I didn't have a house. Then I lived far away without a house. There was the day that I went to New York city. My Uncle Jack said that he had found diamonds in his backyard. Said that if I came down there I could help him dig them up. So I did. And I found them all right. Spent three months in his back yard picking diamonds out of the dirt. Found some as big as my big toe. Yes, three months in New York digging up the small back yard of Jack's house. I had enough to fill a plastic woodwards bag, and then I found that they were fake.

**Scientist** (*The scientist looks at the flowers*)  
Oh my poor woman.

**Grandma** Yes, yes, I was quite poor indeed. Quite poor and with no more belongings than a bag of fake diamonds.

**Scientist** (*Extends his hand.*) Your name mam?

**Grandma** Oh yes. (*She laughs quietly.*) My name, sir, has been changed over fifteen times. Fifty years ago it was Ann Marie. From Ann Marie it went to...

**Scientist** (*He cuts her off.*) Mam, I am George Flowett, can I call you Anna?

**Grandma** Why you are a smart man. Today my name is Anna. In fact, people have called me Anna for three years.

**Scientist** I believe I know the diamonds you speak of. Lucifer diamonds. Not really diamonds at all but a fine breed of Quartz crystal shaped as a double helix and very, very clear.

**Grandma** Why you are a smart man.

**Scientist** Some might say so yes.

**Grandma** Come here my dear. Maybe you could tell me why Drew's flowers are still dead. I've been watering them every day. *(She gestures with her fingers and bends over to the flowers.)*

**Scientist** Flowers all start from a tiny seed. They all have the intention of growing into bright and colorful plants. But if they are not watered for long periods of time, they become dry and crispy under the summer sun. Even the gentlest breeze of fall could break them and pull them away in the wind. *(Pause as he bends down to the flower.)* Like eggs that are not incubated. *(He kicks at the ground and puts his hands behind his back. slouches his shoulders and sniffs loudly.)*

**Grandma** *(Pleading.)* Please won't you bring them back George. These are Drew's flowers. They belong to my grandson Drew. Drew always picks me flowers when he comes for clams and orange juice. You are the only flower scientist I have ever met. Why, why can't you fix them?

*Grandma hangs her head and bends down to the flowers. She looks up at the scientist, back at the flowers and picks up one of the pots.*

**Grandma** Your flowers are dead Drew. Even the flower scientist can't bring them back to life.

*There is a long silence as she goes to the gate and puts her hand on it as if trying to decide whether or not to go inside the yard. The scientist runs his feet in circles in front of him.*

**Grandma** And for pity sakes, they are flowers not eggs.

**Scientist** Acceptance is often hard. When you walk up to a chicken coop and pick up an egg, you do not realize what potential sleeps inside. *( He falls to the ground and sits there, legs outstretched, face pointed towards the sky.)* My finger tips trace membranes while embryos lethargically weep. Spent rapists wallow in their yoke shimmering warm. The time has come to snatch rusted needles and preach.

*(He looks again at Grandma who still has one hand on the fence and is looking intensely at him.)* The egg is clean when it gets to your plate. Inside is cooked hard yoke. But why don't you just eat it raw? *(His voice becomes strong, almost angry and he gets up and stands beside her.)* Because raw embryos taste better cooked and salted. Shiny and white, posing on the end of a long fork.

*He holds his hand as though bringing a fork into his mouth and then puts it down suddenly. He sighs and begins to walk slowly with his hands in his pocket stage left. When he gets a fair distance away he turns shakes his head gently*

**Scientist** Society is one big chicken coop. Stuck on the farm of earth. White chicken feathers are the wallpaper, and electric wires are the churches. You and I Anna. *( He pauses and looks again at the ground before turning back to her.)* We are the cracked shells. Drew's flowers are our only decorations.

*He turns and exits stage left, slowly but with a great deal of purpose. Grandma watches him with an outstretched arm as if about to say something. She looks back over the fence. Pulls out her elephant hair and grabs one of the rails, leaning heavily on it.*

**Grandma** I was in Africa. Saw your silhouette, small against a parade of masked giraffes.

*She smiles slightly and exits stage left, holding the elephant hair in front of her. Lights dim.*

*Enter stage right, Phoebe, a young teenage girl who wanders exploratorively across the stage.*

**Phoebe** *(In a shaky voice.)* His voice shakes and no one knows why. He watched a girl jump out of a tree, a rope around her. *( She breaks off and begins to shake profusely, sliding against the fence post.)*

There was summer on their hands, when they floundered in the mud puddle cloak room of the Columbia River. Injured railway ties pecked at the eyes of earth, a fortress high on the clay bank. They played Robinson Crusoe and sang to the Canadian jungle. A nylon Tarzan vine lured them up a fir tree. They secured it around her waist, she jumped. Figures of the cartoon had done it. Too late they found that their kindergarten bows were not strong enough for this three dimensional world. The strands of their yellow rope were not bounded by Tarzan. The bank was too high. When the tree branch began to weep a train passed under them. It wailed. He lay on the full pocket of his overalls, his brown eyes followed the yellow rope down, and saw her, dangling there. a little girl with pigtails.

bobbing on a sea of air and wrapped in torn sails. (*Raises her head and her voice.*) He heard the train wailing but didn't know why. (*Pause as she appears to contemplate something.*) The night before the child screamed in bed for his mother. She wasn't there. Out at some night club drinking. Beads of sweat welled up on his forehead. Still there when the sun rose. Sun rays tried to dry the child's face. But salty sweat crystallized and refused to be wiped away. (*She looks to the side.*)

*She brings her hand to her face slowly and begins to rub at it as though something is on her skin. Drew #1 follows her movement in exact sequence. Enter stage right. Drew #2, a small boy dressed in overall cutoffs. He is barefoot with a head covered in messy sun bleached hair. He whistles as he walks defiantly and directly from stage left. He slows when he sees Phoebe and leans against a fence post. He continues to whistle. Phoebe sits up and lowers her hand from her cheek.*

**Phoebe** Drew, where are your shoes? Mom is going to kill you when she sees that you don't have any shoes. (*Becomes louder and more demanding with each sentence.*) Where are you going? Why aren't you in school?

**Drew #2** The question is not what am I doing but what are you doing sitting here against the back yard fence. (*He looks away and begins to whistle again.*)

**Phoebe** (*A little flustered.*) I'm...just taking a walk. (*She looks away from Drew.*) Did Mom come home last night?

**Drew #2** Nope.

**Phoebe** Where did she go?

**Drew #2** Dunno. (*Shrugs and looks at the ground.*) Got any gum?

**Phoebe** No.

*There is a pause and the two look down the length of the fence. Finally Drew sits down.*

**Drew #2** Mom went to New York. Bigger corners or something. She told me to find you. (*He drops his head and sighs.*)

**Phoebe** Where is Grandma?

**Drew #2** Dunno.



7

**Phoebe** Oh.

**Drew #2** (*Quietly*) Phoebe, I had this dream last night. It was scary. I want to come with you tonight.

**Phoebe** OK, let's stay in the fort.

**Drew #2** Down by the river?

**Phoebe** Sure.

*There is a long silence as Drew #2 moves closer to Phoebe and sits down beside her.*

**Drew #2** Phoebe... (*Rests his head on her shoulder.*) Why does Grandma always say she is going to Africa.?

**Phoebe** Because Grandma lives in a place where there is no land in her mind. She goes wherever she wants because she walks on the turf of her own world.

**Drew #2** I wish I had my own world. I would make it a big table. Set with candied spoons and chocolate bowls. (*He looks up at her.*) Mother left me a peanut butter sandwich when she left. I said thank you... but she was already out the door. (*He gets up and turns his back to her.*) Phoebe? How far is New York?

**Phoebe** Pretty far.

**Drew #2** Maybe farther than Africa?

**Phoebe** Yes Drew, Mom's New York is farther than Africa.

**Drew #2** Oh (*shrugging he gets up*) I'm going fishing.

**Phoebe** I will meet you by the river.

**Drew #2** *Exits stage left.*

*Lights dim*

*Phoebe sits up, pushes her hair back and pulls herself up. She glances into the yard and pauses briefly on the swing. She begins to walk in the direction of Drew.*

*but stops when a man in a brown suit carrying a briefcase approaches her from stage left. Enter Doctor. He turns as if looking back at someone he just passed, and tips his hat into position before pausing two feet away from Phoebe.*

**Doctor** Fine weather we're having, isn't it?

**Phoebe** Actually I thought it was rather ugly.

**Doctor** Yes, fine, fine weather. *(There is a pause as he kicks at the ground.)* Cold front coming up though. *(He speaks rapidly)* And to put it bluntly, I'm a little worried about your brother.

**Phoebe** Drew is fine. Sometimes he gets a little scared, but Drew is fine.

**Doctor** Phoebe, your mother has only brought your brother here once. He is ill and I need to work with him.

**Phoebe** My brother is not sick. He was hurt at the river. Before that he was fine. I know that he is not sick.

**Doctor** *(Clearing his throat.)* I'm not sure that I understand.

**Phoebe** *(Stepping away from him slowly.)* There is nothing to understand. You know better than I what my mother does. You know what happened at the river. *(There is a pause)* Please, no more tests. They make things worse. *(She looks at the ground and wiggles her toes.)* Leave us alone.

**Doctor** Yes, I'm sorry. *(He is very flustered as he tips his hat and looks back and forth down the sidewalk as if expecting that someone is watching.)* I will be going then.

*He turns and exits stage left, glaring and muttering to himself.*

**Phoebe** *(Watches after him)* Bye.

*She exits stage left apparently angry and muttering to herself.*

*Lights are blue. There is quiet music. Silence and the lights brighten slightly on the center of the fence, and on Drew #1.*

*Enter stage right. Drew #2, in a hospital gown, dragging a long white bed sheet and chewing nervously on his fist. Drew #1 raises his head and watches him intensely.*

*Enter stage right, Doctor. with the same briefcase and wearing a lab smock.*

*Drew #2 lies down on the sheet and the doctor kneels beside him poking and prodding at his head. He draws on it with black marker and scribbles things down on a note pad. He appears to say something to Drew #2 and Drew #2 starts crying and rolling around on the sheet. Drew #1 follows the action.*

*The doctor pulls up one of Drew's eyelids. then stands up and exits stage right.*

*Drew #2, still wrapped in the bed sheet, stumbles up and runs in the opposite direction.*

*Loud music and the lighting becomes normal.*

*Drew #1 lowers his head and sits perfectly still.*

*Enter stage right, Grandma, with a bag of fertilizer. She is wearing a big sun hat and no shoes. She is walking slowly. Looking up at the sky and into Drew's Garden.*

*Grandma (Excitedly) Drew! Drew do you hear the birds? They are singing real pretty. Listen Drew! Listen to their songs.*

*She walks back and forth in front of the gate and finally stops at one of the flower pots and sets down the fertilizer. She takes off her hat and hangs it on the fence. She sits down in front of the gate wearily and begins tracing her fingers over the ground as if she is drawing something.*

*Grandma* Drew, your mother is mad at me. Said that she could do what she wanted. It was her life, her body and that I better just shut up because I didn't have anyone who loved me anyway. Not her. not Johny and not the crazy Uncle Jack I keep talking about. I told her that Johny did love me. Told her that I did not have a crazy uncle named Jack. Maybe it is just her age, she is only thirteen you know, don't think she will ever grow up. I told her she had better act a little better, a little older. Told her Johny was coming home in a year. But she didn't believe me. Then I told her that if she was just going to keep leaving then I would too, and so I went to visit my uncle in New York. I walked into a Coffee shop and there he was, bent over his saxophone case and humming as he always did. I said, 'Hi Jack,' and he looked up and smiled at me. Said he was expecting me. I don't know how he could have known I was coming. But he did. We sat down and drank cup after cup. ( *She*

*pauses*) Then I came home. (*She looks over her shoulder into the yard and raises her voice.*) I came home for you Drew. Came home to water your flowers.

*She gets up, takes her hat off the fence and ties it around her neck. Looks at Drew on the swing but does not focus on him.*

**Grandma** When I was a girl I had a favorite tree too. It was big and tall. Huge branches that stretched out and embraced the air above the river. Once I went there. Climbed high into the branches and waited for the cloud barber shop to come by. My hair was very long you see. Always blowing in my face when I ran. I wanted to cut it. I sat in those branches for an hour until I saw it. The only cloud building in the sky. It came over to my tree. Dropped a long rope and hooked itself on. I climbed up inside. Said hello to Wanda at the front desk and met the barber in the back room. He was a short, fat little man who asked what he could do for me. I told him that my hair was too long for running. He nodded sympathetically and told me to sit on the stool. He tied it up and cut it all off all at once. Told me he was finished and that I should get off the stool now. Told me that Wanda would take care of the details at the front gate. Then he said good-bye and walked into the back room of the barber shop. I walked over the soft floor and into the front desk room. It was decorated with magazine pages and paper mache parrots that hung from the ceiling. Wanda said that they were on their way south. Going to Fiji or some such place. Said that the barber was always air sick up here. Our winds were so rough. Always throwing the little shop all over the place. I said thank you for the hair cut and climbed out the front door. I untied the rope that held them to my tree and shoved the cloud shop off. Wanda and the barber waved at me from the window and I waved back, then climbed down the tree. (*She pauses and looks over her shoulder.*) You see Drew, I had a favorite tree too. Except I was different, I always came down.

*Lights dim briefly and light up on Phoebe, who is walking from stage left.*

**Phoebe** Hi Grandma.

**Grandma** Phoebe! Hello.

**Phoebe** What are you doing Grandma?

**Grandma** I'm just telling Drew about my old tree. It was my favorite tree. Look up there Phoebe. Do you see the cloud buildings? Once a cloud barber shop came to my tree. I went inside and got my hair cut. Look up Phoebe. Do you see the cloud barbershop.

*Phoebe looks up with her grandma as she is talking. She brings her head down abruptly.*

**Phoebe** Grandma, Drew doesn't like trees.

**Grandma** Well sure he does. *(She smiles and brings her head down.)* Everyone likes trees. Don't you?

**Phoebe** Yes Grandma. Yes I do like trees.

*She goes over to her and adjusts her hat smiling.*

**Phoebe** Mom is gone. She left today. Went to New York. New York to dig diamonds or something in some uncles back yard. The most she ever did for Drew was make him a peanut butter sandwich. She does not even notice that he hasn't come down from the tree.

**Grandma** Drew's flowers are dying. I brought them some plant food. Would you help me feed them.

**Phoebe** Sure Grandma.

*They go over to the flower pots and sprinkle the fertilizer on the dry flowers.*

**Grandma** Once I met a flower scientist who told me that flowers were like eggs. Can you imagine. A plant with egg flowers on it. I could not. I told him that they were not eggs, they were flowers and they were dying. Phoebe do you find it sad that Drew's flowers are dying?

**Phoebe** *(Looks at the yard.)* Yes I find that very sad. *(She begins to cry quietly.)*

**Grandma** Drew will be home soon. Lets go bake him some cookies.

*Phoebe opens the gate and they go into the yard together. Drew looks up at them as they come through the front gate.*

**Grandma** *(Talking as they walk.)* I went to Africa today. Met my Johny there. We rode on an elephant. *(excitedly)* Oh! Oh! Phoebe. When Drew comes home for some cookies I can show him the elephant hair.

