

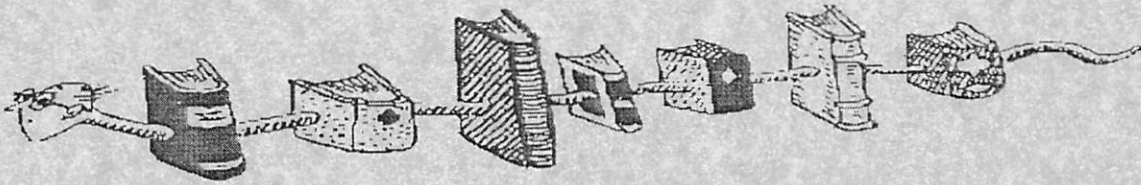
# *Youthwrite 2000*

*The definitive anthology of student written plays*

*Published by ABCDE  
(Association of BC Drama Educators)*

*LANA O'Brien*

# Youthwrite 2000



*Dear Readers,*

*It is with great pleasure that I present the 2000 Youthwrite Anthology.*

*The following plays are the winners of the 2000 B.C. Youthwrite Competition, held under the sponsorship of the Association of the British Columbia Drama Educators. Twenty-one plays were submitted from schools around B.C. and then given to three adjudicators to read (John Lazarus, Sara Grafe, and Linda Beaven). Each reader gave feedback to the playwright. Seven plays were then chosen and given the opportunity to perform at the B.C. Drama Festival, and now given the opportunity to see the work in print as a part of the Youthwrite Anthology.*

*Four out of the seven plays participated in the B.C. Drama Festival by the school that the playwright was attending. The playwright that were in attendance with their play received an adjudication and encouragement from internationally acclaimed playwright John Lazarus and Victoria Film School Instructor Libby Mason. It was a most memorable and moving experience at the festival for all these students involved.*

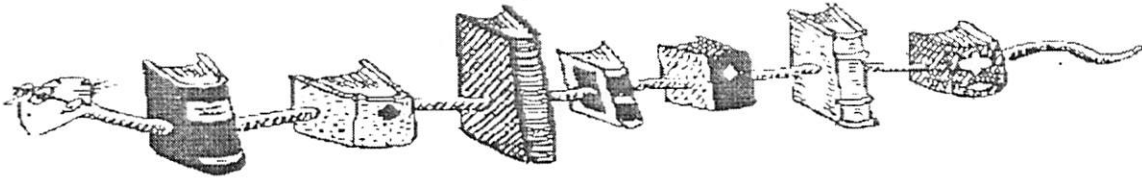
*The Association of B.C. Drama Educators feels that these plays are of an interest to teachers and students around the province, and these works could provide challenging and interesting scripts for further productions. We would like to remind you that these scripts are covered by copyright and the payment of royalties to the playwright may encourage them to write more plays. Royalty information will appear with each script.*

*I know you will be impressed with the variety of talent these young writers possess. Enjoy!*

*Gordon Hamilton*

*Youthwrite Coordinator*

# Table Of Contents



**Item #056973**

*by Calla Evans*

---

**Waiting Room**

*by Mike Hegenbarth*

---

**A Flower in a Crack on the Road**

*by Sean Young*

---

**Remember My Name**

*by Kylie McMullan*

---

**The Tenth Frame**

*by Trevor Hewitt*

---

**Urban Raw**

*By Jennifer Tomblin*

---

**Whatever**

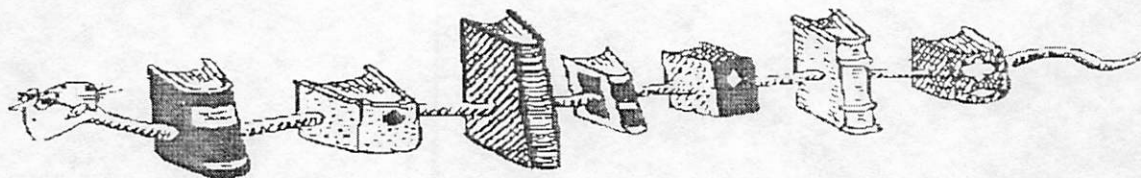
*By Elisa-Marie McRae*



Item #056973

by

Calla Evans



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## Cast

**Bill Brown:** husband and father in his mid 40's. Enjoys watching football and drinking beer with his buddies on Sundays. No real attachment to his wife or kid. Wearing wrinkled dress pants with a shirt that should be tucked in, but isn't.

**Ruth Brown:** wife and mother in her early 40's. Doting, stay at home mom, totally absorbed in her son's life. Too involved with running the house and looking after her son to really notice husband. Wearing a floral dress with a shabby brown coat, both are a little too big for her. Carrying a large bag and camera with a flash.

**Dr. Williams:** doctor of science in his mid 40's. Stereotypical male chauvinist, acts condescending towards Mrs. Brown. Very slick, cool tone of voice. Wearing a long, crisp, white lab coat with pressed white pants and a light blue dress shirt with a tie. Very professional looking.

**Jessica (Item # 056973):** female teenager, 16 or 17 years old. Very attractive, wearing a typically teenage outfit, possibly jeans and a tight tee shirt. Very mechanical with her behaviour and speech.

**Female Chorus:** a group of two or three young females, early 20's, dressed in short white lab coats and extremely short white skirts. They are wearing heavy eye make-up and thick lipstick. Speak together as a reflection of Ruth.

**Male Chorus:** a group of two or three older men, mid 40's, dressed similarly to Dr. Williams. They carry clipboards. Speak together as a reflection of Dr. Williams.

*(The play begins with cheesy elevator type music playing. Lights fade up. There is a large desk with two chairs in front of it and one behind, down stage centre. Possibly other office type furnishing, plants, water cooler. The two choruses enter, the males are carrying clipboards. Occasionally the males make lewd gestures towards the females. The females giggle and flirt with the males. When the music stops the female chorus gather up stage left, the male chorus gathers up stage right. Bill and Ruth Brown appear up stage. They walk slowly, not noticing the choruses. Ruth has a camera and is snapping pictures in every direction.)*

RUTH BROWN

Oh, I am just so excited to be here! *<deep breath, then rushed>* Do you think they mind me taking pictures? I hope not. Oh, look at that! Would you look at that? Things have changed so much since we were here last, haven't they honey? Honey? Bill? Aren't you excited, too?

BILL BROWN

Well-

RUTH

*<in a whisper, off to the side>* I think he's just a little nervous. *<normal voice>* But I'm not nervous, I'm too excited to be nervous! I thought this day would never come, but here it is! *<grabs husbands arm>* Oh, oh Bill, here he comes, here comes Dr. Williams. Look, over there, down the hall.

*(Dr. Williams walks onstage, clearly absorbed in the papers on his clipboard.)*

RUTH

*<shrill, calling>* Dr. Williams, Dr. Williams, over here!! Do you think he saw us? Oh, he's coming over here, quick, stand up straight. I'm just so excited! I hope I look alright. *<deep breath, then to approaching man>* Dr. Williams, hello. We're so happy to see you again.

*(Dr. Williams bends to kiss Ruth's  
outstretched hand, then shakes Bill's.)*

DR. WILLIAMS

Hello, hello, Mr. and Mrs. Brown. We're very happy to see you too! Repeat customers, that's what we like to see! Mrs. Brown, I must say, you look very striking. Have you lost weight?

RUTH

Oh, Dr. Williams.

DR. WILLIAMS

*<slightly sarcastic>* No need to be modest. *<beat>* Well, shall we continue this conversation in my office?

BILL

Yes, please.

DR. WILLIAMS

Right this way.

*(Dr. Williams escorts them both towards the  
desk and chairs.)*

DR. WILLIAMS

Please, have a seat.

*(Dr. Williams gestures to the two chairs,  
pulling one out for Ruth. She is clearly  
pleased with all this attention. Bill is a  
little unsettled. Dr. Williams seats himself  
in his chair.)*

BILL

My wife was just commenting on how much the building has changed since we were here last.



DR. WILLIAMS

*<clears his throat>* Now, now, that's just fine. I'm glad to see everything's worked out well for you.

BILL

Yes, it's been fine. We've been fine.

RUTH

It's been such an experience, raising a son. He's so strong, so handsome, he's everything we could have ever hoped for!

DR. WILLIAMS

That's just great, Mrs. Brown. *<beat>* So, it says here that you placed your second order with us about four months ago?

BILL

Yes, that's correct.

DR. WILLIAMS

And you ordered one item # 056973 from our fall catalogue.

BILL

I believe so.

DR. WILLIAMS

Good, good. Excellent choice, if I do say so myself. *<beat>* Now, we have a few more things to go over, but would you like to see your order now?

RUTH

Really? Oh, that would be great, we've been waiting so long.

DR. WILLIAMS

Of course. *<reaches to his phone, presses the intercom>* Cindy, please bring in Mr. and Mrs. Brown's order. *<releases the button, rises from his seat, gestures towards centre stage>* If you don't mind.

DR. WILLIAMS

Yes, it sure has. We've added two new factory wings to meet the rising demand. Even now we have a hard time keeping up! But I guess that's just a sign of the times, is it not? <beat> Well, we've got business to attend to, shall we get started?

BILL

Of course, of course.

DR. WILLIAMS

<leans back in his seat, organises his papers before continuing> So, according to my records you placed your first order with us three years ago. I trust that everything went smoothly?

RUTH

Just marvellous. I brought the album if you want to see....

*( She reaches into her bag, pulls out a shabby looking photo album with pictures falling out, places it on Dr. William's desk. )*

DR. WILLIAMS

No, really that's-

RUTH

See, here's Jason on the football team, here he is getting ready for the prom, here we are during our vacation in-

BILL

Honey, I'm sure the doctor is very busy and doesn't have time for you to be going on like this.

RUTH

<lowers her voice, to husband> Well, he shouldn't have asked then.

Item #056973/7  
(Both Mr. and Mrs. Brown rise and join Dr. Williams centre stage. Dr. Williams is carrying his clipboard. Jessica comes onstage and stands behind the Female Chorus.)

RUTH

Oh honey, I'm so happy! We've waited so long!

DR. WILLIAMS

I understand that this is a very exciting time for you both, but it's important to realise that this has been extremely trying for... for... well, have you thought of a name?

RUTH

Yes, we want to name her Jessica, after my grandmother who-

DR. WILLIAMS

Yes, Jessica, that's great. Now, as I was saying. This is a very trying time for... Jessica... as well as exciting. She has had to interact with a lot of new people, often very intimately, in order to prepare for today.

RUTH

Oh, of course, we understand completely.

DR. WILLIAMS

During this last week she has shown a tendency to become.. well... emotional. That caused a few delays, and we apologise. Rest assured that if this becomes a permanent problem, send her back, and we'll see what we can do. <to husband> Though I'm sure this isn't anything you've had to deal with, Mr. Brown.

BILL

Well-

DR. WILLIAMS

Oh look, here comes Cindy, it's about time!



Item #056973/8

*(A member of the female chorus escorts "Jessica" onstage, to join Dr. Williams, Bill and Ruth. Once "Jessica" is positioned in front of them, the chorus member joins the other female chorus members. All dialogue that occurs between the choruses goes unnoticed by Dr. Williams, Ruth, Bill, and Jessica.)*

RUTH

Oh honey, look, isn't she beautiful! Let me get my camera!

*( She goes to take a photo)*

DR. WILLIAMS

Mrs Brown, remember what I was just saying. Jessica would probably appreciate a nice quiet introduction to her parents. Now, Jessica, these are your parents, Mr. and Mrs. Brown. Say hello, Jessica.

JESSICA

Hello.

DR. WILLIAMS

Now, shake their hands.

*(Jessica does, first shaking Bill's hand, and then Ruth's. Ruth takes her hand and then goes to give Jessica a hug. Jessica recoils and stands very stiff. Ruth continues.)*

RUTH

Oh, a daughter, this is so exciting. I can't wait until she brings her first date home, or when she comes home after her first dance! I'll be able to show her how to do her make-up, we'll make cookies together on rainy days!! Isn't this going to be marvellous, Bill?

FEMALE CHORUS

*<together, swooning>* Just marvellous.

*(Male chorus scowls at female chorus,  
making notations on their clipboards.)*

BILL

Now, Ruth-

DR. WILLIAMS

Mrs. Brown, I think we need to go over a few items. Those things simply won't be necessary.

MALE CHORUS

*<together, authoritative>* Not necessary!

*(Female chorus looks shocked. Ruth looks  
very confused, Dr. Williams goes over to  
Ruth, places a hand on her shoulder.)*

DR. WILLIAMS

You see, we took care of everything with Jessica. She has all the knowledge she'll ever need. That way all her information is... consistent.

RUTH

But, I thought...

FEMALE CHORUS

*<together, defiant>* We thought!

*(Male chorus snickers at this remark,  
infuriating the female chorus.)*

DR. WILLIAMS

*<rolls his eyes, beat>* Now, Mrs. Brown, it's all taken care of. No need to worry yourself over Jessica's education, I assure you it is the best modern science can provide.

MALE CHORUS

*<together, mockingly>* The best of modern science.

RUTH

But.. but nothing can replace a mother's touch... a mother's love.

FEMALE CHORUS

*<together>* Nothing!

DR. WILLIAMS

You'd be amazed at what we can do these days, Mrs. Brown. Jessica has all the intelligence she'll ever need to become a happy and efficient member of society.

MALE CHORUS

*<together, sarcastic>* Happy and efficient.

DR. WILLIAMS

*<off to the side>* She is a female, after all.

*(Dr. Williams moves away from Ruth, who still looks confused, circles Jessica, and then stands beside Bill. He takes a pen from his coat pocket and begins to make notations on his clipboard.)*

DR. WILLIAMS

*<to husband>* Quite a sight, isn't she?

BILL

Well, I-



DR. WILLIAMS

I personally supervised every detail and I'm sure she'll be an enjoyable addition to your home.

MALE CHORUS

<together> We're sure.

BILL

I, umm-

DR. WILLIAMS

<before Bill can comment> Now, we have a few things to go through before Jessica can be released to you. A... a final inspection, if you may.

BILL

Of course.

*(Dr. Williams moves over towards Jessica, looking closely at her. She doesn't react. He continues to make notations on his clipboard, occasionally touching her hair, her clothes, her legs, etc. Bill moves to his wife, who still looks confused.)*

DR. WILLIAMS

<moving away from Jessica, speaking to Bill and Ruth> Of course, she is capable of doing everything stated in the brochure we sent you. And if you feel that our obligations were not met, just send her back and we'll be sure to do what we can to ensure your satisfaction. That's our guarantee.

BILL

I'm sure everything will be just fine. <moves away from Ruth, towards Dr. Williams> Just what exactly is she... capable... of?

FEMALE CHORUS

*<together, defiantly towards male chorus>* Yeah! Different!

BILL

*<moves towards his wife>* Now, Ruth...

DR. WILLIAMS

*<flipping through his papers>* Your last order, I mean Jason, was an... an item #012476? Oh yes, Jessica is a much more... compliant model.

MALE CHORUS

*<together, smiling and sarcastic>* Much more... compliant.

RUTH

You mean obedient!

FEMALE CHORUS

*<together, just as angrily>* Yeah! Obedient!

*(Male Chorus laughs at this remark. The female chorus grows more and more angry.)*

DR. WILLIAMS

*<moves towards Ruth>* Now, now, Mrs. Brown. That isn't what I meant at all.

MALE CHORUS

*<together, smiling and sarcastic>* Not at all!

RUTH

Look at the way she acts! You treat her like a toy, a plaything. She's a person! She's my daughter!

FEMALE CHORUS

*<together>* A person! A daughter!

DR. WILLIAMS

I'm sorry, but-

RUTH

You're a pig, treating her like that! *<moves towards Jessica>* She's going to be my daughter, not some machine!

DR. WILLIAMS

Mrs. Brown! One more outburst like that, and I am going to have to cancel your order. *<takes a breath, calms down>* Mrs. Brown, I'm sure you don't want to make a scene. Just take a few deep breaths and try to calm down.

*(Male Chorus and female chorus speak at the same time.)*

MALE CHORUS

*<together, smiling and sarcastic>* A few deep breaths.

FEMALE CHORUS

*<together, insulted>* A few deep breaths!

*(Dr. Williams turns from Ruth, who looks insulted and then confused, he takes a step towards Bill.)*

DR. WILLIAMS

*<clears his throat>* I think that's all. If you don't mind-

*(Bill reaches into his pocket and pulls out his wallet while Dr. Williams's speaks.)*

DR. WILLIAMS

Oh no, that won't be necessary. That's not my department. Payments are made at the front desk.



*(Bill puts his wallet back.)*

DR. WILLIAMS

Speaking of which, why don't you and your wife go to the front desk now. There are just a few more forms to sign before you can go. Your wife seems a little distraught, maybe you should have a chat with her. I'll send Jessica out to you in a few minutes.

BILL

Yes, I think that would be a good idea. *<to Ruth>* Come on honey, we can go home soon, we can all go home.

MALE CHORUS

*<together>* Go home!

*(Female Chorus looks insulted, Male Chorus walks off up stage together. Female Chorus speaks at the same time as Ruth.)*

RUTH

But I, I... But he said...

FEMALE CHORUS

*<together, confused>* But we, we.... But he said...

*(Female Chorus walks off upstage, Bill and Ruth follow, going off the same way they came on. The lights fade down, with a single light on Jessica and Dr. Williams. Jessica remains expressionless.)*

DR. WILLIAMS

*<to Jessica, in an almost whisper>* They're quite the characters, I'll give them that. Don't listen to her too much, Jessica. You're perfect just the way you are. *<beat>* I'm sure you'll... serve them well, won't you, Jessica?

JESSICA

*<loudly, mechanical>* Yes, sir.

*(Dr. Williams cringes, then places a hand on Jessica's shoulder.)*

DR. WILLIAMS

*<in an almost whisper>* I know you will. *<beat, begins to play with her hair>*  
It's time for you to go. I'm going to miss you, Jessica. Will you miss me?

JESSICA

*<loudly>* Yes, sir.

DR. WILLIAMS

*<whispers into her ear>* That's what I like to hear. *<steps away>* You should go now.

*(A few lights fade up as Jessica walks off up stage, the same way Ruth and Bill did. Dr. Williams watches her go, smiling, and then walks to his desk. He relaxes in his chair.)*

DR. WILLIAMS

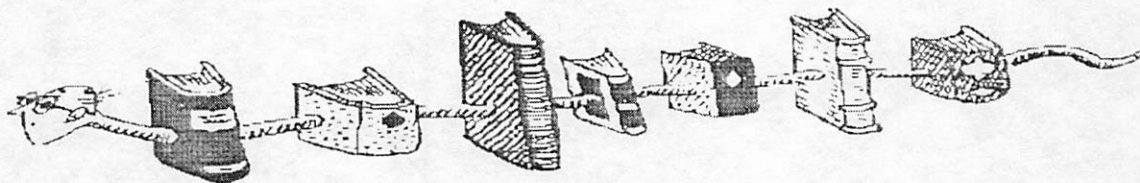
*<reaches for his phone, presses the intercom>* Cindy, please send in my three o'clock.

*(Dr. Williams releases the button, reclines in his chair, and exhales loudly. Lights fade to black.)*

# Waiting Room

by

Mike Hegenbarth



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Waiting Room

(Waiting Room.  
 MAN IN HAT and  
 TEENAGE GIRL are  
 sitting reading  
 magazines.  
 RECEPTIONIST  
 sits at her  
 desk. MAN IN  
 SUIT enters.)

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, hello Mr. Oswald, how are you today?

MAN IN SUIT

(he has cotton balls in his mouth) Aye havf ah toofache.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh that's a shame, well,

ALL

(mockingly speaking in unison with RECEPTIONIST) Why don't you have a seat and we will be with you as soon as possible.

MAN IN HAT

She has white teeth,

TEENAGE GIRL

fake eyebrows,

MAN IN SUIT

schtuffedt bra.

TEENAGE GIRL

(reading from teen-girl-esque magazine) "Question #3: Do you think you eat too much?" Definitely. "Question #4: How often are you on a diet?" Almost always. "How often do you resist from eating despite being hungry?" Too often.

MAN IN HAT

(reading from news magazine) "Floods destroy crops in Argentina. Famine expected."

TEENAGE GIRL

Enough about food, I'm skipping ahead. "Question #10: Do you get a lot of attention?" Now what do they mean by "a lot"? I suppose I get my fair share. I almost always have a boyfriend, well except now I guess. And I have plenty of great friends, well, plenty of friends, anyway. I'll mark 'not sure'. It's a stupid question anyway.

MAN IN HAT

"Study shows that attention is a vital ingredient in a healthy lifestyle."

TEENAGE GIRL

"Question #12: Do you take sleeping pills?" Yes. "Do you take mood altering drugs?"

MAN IN SUIT

(reading from financial magazine, continuing to talk awkwardly) "Prozac shares continue to rise."

TEENAGE GIRL

N-no. Well, sometimes. Only when it rains, and when I get dumped.

RECEPTIONIST

(reading from cosmo-esque magazine) "10 painless ways to dump your boyfriend."

TEENAGE GIRL

And when I have nothing to look forward to.

RECEPTIONIST

Or your husband.

(phone rings.)

MAN IN SUIT

(cell phone) Hello. Oh hi Gene, what's the matter? Mr. Constant is getting charged again?

MAN IN HAT

Solicitor.

TEENAGE GIRL

Lawyer.

RECEPTIONIST

Liar.

MAN IN SUIT

Is it an employee again? Yeah, well, we'll look at her records and see if there's anything she's done in the past that can question her credibility.

MAN IN HAT

"Number one workplace attribute is stability"

MAN IN SUIT

If worse comes to worse we might have to threaten her position in her work place like last time.

RECEPTIONIST

"Dwellers claim that glass ceilings increase sexual drive."

MAN IN SUIT

Tell Constant I'll give him a call, and tell him to stay out of trouble.

RECEPTIONIST

"They say that having a clear roof gives them an added sense of freedom. 'The sky is the limit.'"

TEENAGE GIRL

"Question #15: Do you feel restricted in your academic achievement?"

RECEPTIONIST

"It also adds a sense of hope."

TEENAGE GIRL

"Question #16: Do your career goals match the hopes of your male classmates?"

(phone rings.)

RECEPTIONIST

Dr. Volney's office, how may we help you?

TEENAGE GIRL

Well, I think so.

RECEPTIONIST

We're all booked up today.

TEENAGE GIRL

The other day my friend Jordan said he wanted to be a lawyer. My friend Joanne said she wanted to do clerical work.

RECEPTIONIST

Dr. Volney can see you sometime next week, after Wednesday, do you prefer the morning?

TEENAGE GIRL

I've never put much thought into what I want to be.

RECEPTIONIST

We'll see you then.

(hangs up, enter  
WOMAN WITH  
WORN  
FINGERNAILS.)

Oh, hello Mrs. Callan, how are you today?

WOMAN WITH WORN FINGERNAILS

Oh just fine, thank you.

RECEPTIONIST

Just a regular check-up today?

WOMAN WITH WORN FINGERNAILS

Yes.

ALL

Well, why don't you have a seat and will be with you as soon as possible.

WOMAN WITH WORN FINGERNAILS

Thank you.

TEENAGE GIRL

She probably didn't know what she wanted to be either.

WOMAN WITH WORN FINGERNAILS

Ooh, *Canadian Living*, maybe there'll be a good supper idea in here.

RECEPTIONIST

"But the homeowners say that on humid days, the ceilings fog up, completely shutting off view of the outside world. They say this can be very depressing."

WOMAN WITH WORN FINGERNAILS

(reading headline of magazine) "How to make cleaning easier, and your day easier as well!"

TEENAGE GIRL

"Question #20: Do you feel capable of attaining your goals?" Sometimes I feel like they're just on the other side of an imaginary ceiling.

MAN IN HAT

Excuse me miss, I was wondering if you had heard what the forecast was to be today.

WOMAN WITH WORN FINGERNAILS

As a matter of fact, yes I have. I checked it because I had to leave the house this morning. The sun is supposed to come out around noon. Why do you ask?

MAN IN HAT

Oh, it's just that whenever it is sunny outside, I do like to take advantage. Since it's not sunny that often, you know.

## WOMAN WITH WORN FINGERNAILS

Yes, well, it doesn't get to me much. I guess since I spend all my time indoors. I don't notice what it's like outside.

## MAN IN HAT

Yeah, but I find it hard to have a nice day with all this ugliness outside.

## WOMAN WITH WORN FINGERNAILS

You just have to learn to ignore it all. Focus on your own affairs.

## MAN IN HAT

I suppose. Although that has never helped much.

## MAN IN SUIT

*(just finished dialing)* Hello, is Mr. Constant there please? He isn't? Do you know where he is? In a meeting, with whom? His secretary?

## RECEPTIONIST

One of those meetings.

## MAN IN SUIT

Well do tell him to call Mr. Oswald, his lawyer. Yes it is about a harassment charge. Oh, you're the person charging him? Well-

## MAN IN HAT

*(reading newspaper now.)* Oh, here we go, see, it's going to get worse later on in the week.

## MAN IN SUIT

-we should probably talk in a formal setting-

## MAN IN HAT

And by the weekend there will be rain.

## MAN IN SUIT

So goodbye, tell Mr. Constant to call me, we'll set up a meeting next week.

## WOMAN WITH WORN FINGERNAILS

Well you should just stay indoors then. Forget about the bad outdoors.

## MAN IN HAT

I'll try. But I always seem to feel guilty.

## TEENAGE GIRL

"Do you feel guilty about the amount of food you eat?"



RECEPTIONIST

"Eat chocolate guilt-free!"

WOMAN WITH WORN FINGERNAILS

Oh I do feel guilty about leaving the children with the babysitter. They do dislike it very much.

MAN IN SUIT

That lady sounded like she was almost in tears. I wish Constant would smarten up for once. We won't be able to brush these things off for much longer. But he sure does pay his bills, which are frequent and costly.

*(his speech is a little better now.)*

MAN IN HAT

"Possibility of thunderstorms."

MAN IN SUIT

But I do really wish he'd smarten up.

RECEPTIONIST

Excuse me, Mr. Oswald, when was the last time you've had a check-up?

MAN IN SUIT

Oh, gee, I really couldn't tell you.

RECEPTIONIST

It's been that long?

MAN IN SUIT

Well, I'm a really busy person, and-

RECEPTIONIST

It's really not a good idea to neglect yourself for so long, I mean, look where it got you.

MAN IN SUIT

*(still with cotton-balls, actually he's been sorta mumbling the whole time.)* Yeah, well, I won't let it happen again.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sure you won't.

MAN IN HAT & TEENAGE GIRL

I sure hope you don't.

WOMAN WITH WORN FINGERNAILS

I mean, it's not my problem if the weather is bad.

TEENAGE GIRL

"Question #25: Do you get involved in other people's problems?"

RECEPTIONIST

Now Esther, how did you plan on paying. Were you're parents coming later to pay?

TEENAGE GIRL

No, my father sent me with a blank check.

RECEPTIONIST

That was confident of him.

TEENAGE GIRL

Oh, he does it all the time.

RECEPTIONIST

He must really trust you.

TEENAGE GIRL

Yeah, I guess.

MAN IN HAT

Did you hear about the floods in Argentina?

WOMAN WITH WORN FINGERNAILS

Floods where?

MAN IN HAT

In Argentina.

WOMAN WITH WORN FINGERNAILS

Where's that?

TEENAGE GIRL

"Do you think of your parents as human beings?" That's a stupid question, of course I do. And as long as they keep sending me off with blank checks, I won't question their humanity.

MAN IN HAT

It's in South America. There were flash floods there a couple of days ago. All the farmland has been wiped out, there is a famine expected.

WOMAN WITH WORN FINGERNAILS

That's a shame isn't it.

MAN IN HAT

Yes, yes, a real shame, and all as a result of some nasty weather. *(silence)* A real shame indeed.

WOMAN WITH WORN FINGERNAILS

I'm sure my husband will donate some money to a relief fund or something. He takes care of all the things like that.

MAN IN HAT

Are you happily married?

WOMAN WITH WORN FINGERNAILS

Well if it was any of your business -

MAN IN HAT

Yes, of course, I'm sorry.

TEENAGE GIRL

"Do you have someone you can always confide in?" Well I have friends. Not one of them is a best friend though.

WOMAN WITH WORN FINGERNAILS

It's okay. I'm sorry. Are you married?

MAN IN HAT

No. Not really.

*(cell phone rings.)*

MAN IN SUIT

Hello, ah, Constant -

MAN IN HAT

Widower.

WOMAN WITH WORN FINGERNAILS

I'm sorry.

MAN IN SUIT

You've gotten yourself in trouble again I hear.

MAN IN HAT

Oh it's old news. It happened 4 years ago.

MAN IN SUIT

Yes, of course we can figure something out. But you've got to listen to me. You've got to smarten up.

TEENAGE GIRL

"When was the last time you really cried?" I guess *Bambie* doesn't count.

MAN IN SUIT

No, not just until this is all figured out. You've really got to cut this nonsense out altogether.

WOMAN WITH WORN FINGERNAILS

You haven't met anyone since?

MAN IN HAT

No. It doesn't seem worth it.

MAN IN SUIT

Look, we'll talk about this later. Just keep to yourself.  
(hangs up) Christ.

WOMAN WITH WORN FINGERNAILS

Why not? You still have plenty of your life ahead of you.

(silence.)

MAN IN SUIT

Sometimes it just seems like some people will never learn.

WOMAN WITH WORN FINGERNAILS

You know, I've never had a death in the family. My parents are still alive, my grandparents died before I was born -

MAN IN HAT

Knock on wood.

WOMAN WITH WORN FINGERNAILS

Oh yes.

(she does, it sounds depressingly hollow.)

TEENAGE GIRL

"How well do you speak with your parents?" Not very well. Our conversations always seem somewhat hollow.

WOMAN WITH WORN FINGERNAILS

(suddenly uncomfortable) I have to find something for supper.

MAN IN HAT

Don't let me interrupt you.

TEENAGE GIRL

"Do you think of your appearance when you notice a boy looking at you?"

WOMAN WITH WORN FINGERNAILS

This is an interesting desert, banana cherry cake

(enter TEENAGE  
BOY, the TEENS  
look at each  
other.)

Banana, two eggs, cherry. Only one? Sounds ghastly.

(the TEENS look  
away.)

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, hello Bryce, how are you this morning?

TEENAGE BOY

Fine.

ALL

Well, why don't you have a-

RECEPTIONIST

Dr. Volney will see you immediately.

TEENAGE BOY

Good.

(he goes.)

ALL

What!?

TEENAGE GIRL

Must be a car dealer's son.

MAN IN SUIT

Sometimes I wonder where people like Constant think they get off acting like they do. Always getting into some kind of mess and relying on money to get them out of it. There must be some places where money can't reach.

MAN IN HAT

Not in a dentist's office! Ah, which way to a bathroom miss?

(RECEPTIONIST  
points, he goes  
quickly.)

WOMAN WITH WORN FINGERNAILS

I wonder if I left the kettle on? Oh, stop worrying about things like that. I have such trouble getting detached from the house. Every time I go out, I worry about something.

MAN IN SUIT

This job is starting to get to me. I don't know what it is all of a sudden. I'm softening up.

TEENAGE GIRL

Oh to hell with this stupid questionnaire. They all ask the same damn questions anyway. But for some reason the answers don't sound the same today.

WOMAN WITH WORN FINGERNAILS

I wonder if Billy will like shepherd's pie tonight. But for some reason I don't feel like cooking.

MAN IN SUIT

Maybe I'm just a little feeble today.

TEENAGE GIRL

Maybe I'm just a bit nervous about going to the dentist.

MAN IN SUIT

Maybe it's because I haven't been eating properly lately.

WOMAN WITH WORN FINGERNAILS

Maybe I'm just having another reaction about being out of the house.

ALL

Probably not.

WOMAN WITH WORN FINGERNAILS

I could order something in tonight. I wonder if Billy would notice? Probably not, he has his own things to worry about. He doesn't pay much attention to what I'm doing anyway.

MAN IN SUIT

What would happen if I told Constant to find someone else? I'd miss the income. Or would I?

TEENAGE GIRL

Dad has been asking me to play golf with him. Maybe I should.

ALL

Wouldn't hurt to try anyway.

*(enter YOUNG  
MARRIEDS and  
their CHILD.)*

CHILD

Charlie says that his dentist sticks all kinds of metal things in his mouth. Will this dentist do the same?

MOMMY

Yes he will-

CHILD

I don't wanna-

DADDY

Listen up Mikey, if you don't go to the dentist, all your teeth are going to fall out one by one by one. You don't want that do you?

MOMMY

Don't worry Mikey, the dentist will stick metal things your mouth, but it won't hurt. They'll be gentle.

DADDY

Unless if you bite their fingers, then they'll yank out all your teeth out.

*(re-enter MAN IN HAT, he looks sick.)*

CHILD

Did he bite their fingers? Did they yank out all his teeth? Is that why he looks the way he does?

MOMMY

Don't listen to your father. No one is going to yank any of your teeth out.

CHILD

I don't want to go. Not if that's the way that people look when they get out.

WOMAN WITH WORN FINGERNAILS

Are you all right?

MAN IN HAT

Oh yeah, don't worry about me.

WOMAN WITH WORN FINGERNAILS

You're sure? I have some aspirin.

MAN IN HAT

They don't help much.

*(cell phone rings.)*

## MAN IN SUIT

Hello, Constant. You want to meet now? I'm at the dentist. Yes, I know you pay me well, but I have an appointment. Actually, listen Constant, I've told you a thousand times to smarten up, but you never change. At first I appreciated it, extra business you know, but it is starting to bother me. So unless you are prepared to make me a promise - you've already mentioned that you pay me well. To put it bluntly, if you don't change you're going to have to find a new lawyer. All right, that's settled. I'm hanging up now.

*(he is speaking perfectly now.)*

## RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Oswald, Dr. Volney will see you now.

## MAN IN SUIT

You know, it's funny, my toothache has seemed to have gone away.

## RECEPTIONIST

That's odd. Well you should probably go in anyway, for a check-up.

## MAN IN SUIT

Yeah.

*(he goes.)*

## MOMMY

See how confidently that man walked into the dentist's room? I want you to be as confident as him.

## CHILD

But he's a grown-up.

## MOMMY

So?

## CHILD

And he was wearing a suit too. Men in suits always have that look of on their face like they just won a game or something.

## DADDY

Maybe they have.

## TEENAGE GIRL

Dad would like it if I played golf with him. I'm lucky that he has always put trust in me. I'm lucky that I have



a dad who takes what I have to say seriously. I guess it's about time I started taking him seriously. I'm sick and tired of listening to my friends, and those stupid magazines. They don't have anything serious to say. But I think Dad does.

RECEPTIONIST

Esther, Dr. Volney will see you now.

TEENAGE GIRL

Great.

*(she goes.)*

MOMMY

There's another one that walked in there with her chin held high.

DADDY

But don't worry, high chin or not, you're going.

CHILD

I really, really don't want to.

DADDY

Tough.

WOMAN WITH WORN FINGERNAILS

I am going to order in food tonight. I'm going to spend my extra time in the park I think. Walking, and watching other people walk. That is something I should do more often. I could do it with the kids, they would enjoy it. And I'll do it on the rainy days as well, because they do deserve the same amount of attention as sunny ones.

CHILD

I'll give up my allowance for a week.

MAN IN HAT

"One out of every five Canadian children grows up in poverty."

DADDY

You don't have an allowance.

CHILD

Well I should.

RECEPTIONIST

Mrs. Callan, Dr. Volney will see you now.

WOMAN WITH WORN FINGERNAILS

Lovely.

*(she goes.)*

MOMMY

And another one.

DADDY

Will you give it up already?

CHILD

I'm not going.

DADDY

Yes you are.

CHILD

You can't make me.

DADDY

Wanna bet?

MOMMY

If you be a good boy, you'll get a brand new toothbrush.

CHILD

I don't want a toothbrush, I want to go home.

DADDY

Shut up.

MAN IN HAT

"The floods in Argentina carved their way through a primary school. Only one teacher and two students managed to get away. They climbed up a tree."

CHILD

Mommy, tell him to be nicer to me.

MAN IN HAT

"The surviving teacher said that they were calling for their mothers."

CHILD

Mommy-

MAN IN HAT

"It was a terrible sound."

MOMMY

You have to grow up sometime.

*(CHILD runs out  
the door.)*

DADDY

Ah Christ. Mikey!

*(they follow.)*

MAN IN HAT

Hmm. It's raining. Even if I could manage to ignore it, it would catch up with me soon enough. I'll only be able to survive a couple more storms. All I can do is wait for the clearings in the meantime.

*(coughs.)*

And the worst part is that there isn't ever a silver lining, only dull gray.

RECEPTIONIST

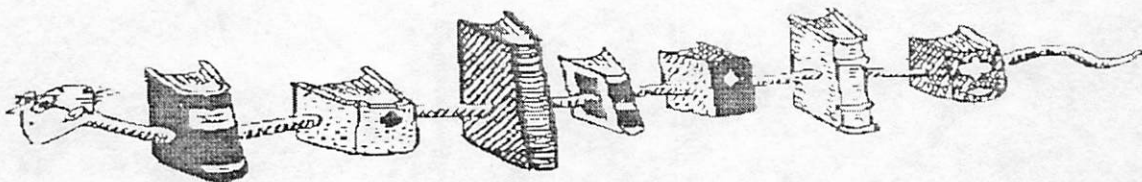
Mr. Quinn, Dr. Volney will see you now.

*(end.)*

# *A Flower in a Crack on the Road*

*by*

*Sean Young*



*Caution: Professionals and Amateurs are hereby warned that "A Flower in a Crack on the Road" by Sean Young is subject to royalty. It is protected under Copyright Law. Inquiries regarding performance rights and royalties should be directed to: Sean Young at 5723 Mayview Circle, Burnaby B.C. V5E 4R7. The fee for a single production of this play will be \$10.00.*

**A Flower in a crack on the road**

**Characters:**

Bev.....Wife to Bill .

Bill .....Husband to Bev

## Scene 1

*(All dark. Lights open on a backyard. There is an empty flowerbed located CS and a chair BSL. Bev is kneeling by the flowerbed, busy raking and planting in the garden dirt. Singing to herself.)*

**Bev** – *Mary, Mary, Quite contrary  
How does your garden grow?  
With silver bells and cockleshells  
And pretty maids all in a row.*

*(Enter Bill. Bev continues but only humming.)*

**Bill** - Silly Girl. Your tomatoes aren't going to grow. *(Bev hums louder)*  
You hear me!? *(Under his breath)*  
Silly Girl.

*(Bill sits in the chair)*

**Bev** – How did it go?

**Bill** – Bad.

**Bev** – Well?

**Bill** – All they had left was rotten or powdered. And we don't have enough water.

**Bev** – It's going to rain soon.

**Bill** – It's not going to rain.

**Bev** – I saw a cloud yesterday.

**Bill** – You didn't see a cloud.

**Bev** – I did.

**Bill** – I didn't see it.

**Bev** – You weren't here.

**Bill** – I was here.

**Bev** – You didn't look in the right spot. It was behind the tree. *(Bill obviously unconvinced. Long pause.)* You wouldn't have seen it anyway, you never look.

**Bill** – Why should I? There's never anything. Even if there was, it doesn't mean it's going to rain. Even if it did, it doesn't mean anything. It still wouldn't grow.

**Bev** – It will! That's how it works! You rake some dirt, you put seeds in it, you put some water in it and it grows. That's how it works.

**Bill** – It doesn't always.

**Bev** – What do you mean?

**Bill** – I mean something would go wrong, like vermin or bad soil, and then what would you do?

**Bev** – I'd start again.

**Bill** – Then you would rake and plant and it never grows. It's always just dirt.

**Bev** – I'd be more careful next time.

**Bill** – It's still not going to rain.

*(Pause)*

**Bev** – Do you remember spring?

**Bill** – March?

**Bev** – Spring, Bill. There was green grass, with dew and wild flowers...

**Bill** – I remember grass. I had to mow it.

**Bev** – You didn't have to.

**Bill** – Someone should. Who else would?

**Bev** – And it would smell like fresh laundry, every morning in the sun. And rain drips on the grass would tickle your toes. With bumblebees and deep green leaves. And everything would be new, just like it was. *(Sees he's not looking, subtly slips in to the conversation)* And there would be a big caterpillar sitting on a psychedelic mushroom smoking a water pipe.

**Bill** – *(Looks up)* That was Alice in wonderland.

**Bev** – *(Smiles)* I know. And I know your listening. *(Some tension broken. Bill shows an unconscious smile but quickly regains he is stature.)* ...Do you remember though? Spring?

**Bill** – It's been a long time.

**Bev** – Think hard.

**Bill** – *(Bill thinks)* No.

**Bev** – *(Desperate)* You must.

**Bill** – *(Thinks again)* No, it's been too long.

**Bev** – You'll see. When it rains, that is, it'll be just like I said, and better, and my garden will grow, with big red tomatoes and it will be just like it was...

**Bill** – STOP! Silly Girl! That was a long time ago! And it's not going to rain.

**Bev** – I'm sorry.



*(Long pause)*

**Bev** – Maybe we could find water.

**Bill** – No.

**Bev** – Maybe there is water up north.

**Bill** – No.

**Bev** – Why don't we go see?

**Bill** – How?

**Bev** – We could walk.

**Bill** – It's too far.

**Bev** – We could hitchhike.

**Bill** – No one has any gas... Anyway, it  
would be too dangerous.

**Bev** – What if we found a bike?

**Bill** – *(To himself)* Silly Girl.

*(Long pause)*

**Bev** – We could find a way.

**Bill** – You ~~had~~ saw the news. It's like this  
everywhere.

**Bev** – That was a long time ago. Things  
could have changed.

**Bill** – We would have known.

**Bev** – How?

**Bill** – We would have known, someone  
would have told us.

**Bev** – I still think...

**Bill** – No! You don't make any sense.  
Someone would have said... You  
have to stop this. (*Gets up for the  
first time*) Silly Girl.

**Bev** – I'm sorry...

**Bill** – No!

**Bev** – I...

**Bill** – No.

(*Long silence*)

**Bill** – I'm going inside.

**Bev** – But...

(*Bill exits. Bev sits in chair, sees  
something, crosses to the edge of the  
garden, looks up to spot something in the  
sky, turns back towards the house.*)

**Bev** – Bill...

(*Turns back, head down. Lights.*)

## Scene 2

(*Lights rise on backyard. No actors are on  
stage. No action happens for what seem  
like a long time.*)

**Bill** – (*From off stage*) How long have you  
been doing this? Sil...

(*Enter Bill. He is startled by the apparent  
lack of Bev. He looks around the yard for  
her to no avail. He ends standing in front  
of the chair.*)

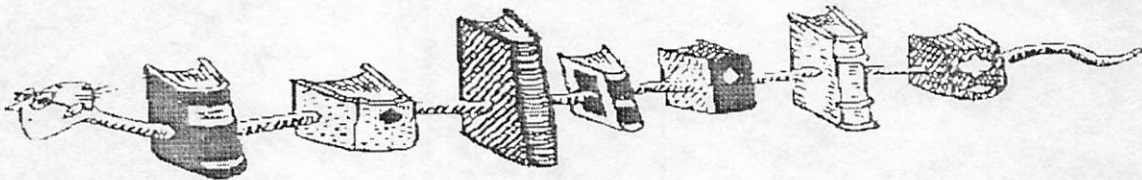
**Bill** – Bev? *(No answer.)* **Bev.** *(He grows louder and more impatient, like a child demanding what is his.)* **Bev!** *(He is overcome with confusion. At the top of his lungs.)* **BEV!** *(Still nothing. He sits in the chair.)*

*(Lights)*

# Remember My Name

by

Kylie McMullan



*Caution: Professionals and Amateurs are hereby warned that "Remember My Name" by Kylie McMullan is subject to royalty. It is protected under Copyright Law. Inquiries regarding performance rights and royalties should be directed to: Kylie McMullan at 4151 207 St., Langley B.C. V3A 2E2. The fee for a single production of this play will be \$25.00. No changes may be made to this script without the permission of the Playwright.*

REMEMBER MY NAME

**Characters:**

**Emily McCarthy**  
**Ming**  
**The Muse**  
**Asian Exclusion League Member**  
**Tableau Members**

**Setting:** The play takes place in Chinatown during the 1907 Vancouver riot. The stage is set with many crates and boxes separating the characters from the actual riot.

*(A muse walks onto the stage.)*

**Muse:** It was the year 1907  
When a great riot shook the heavens  
Proud men fought on stolen land  
Against the arrival of a newer band.  
A tale of woe and hatred too  
I the Muse will tell to you.

I made the legends of lands afar  
My creation was the mystery of the tzar  
It was I who whispered in Shakespeare's ear  
I, who the great Homer found so dear  
It is I who ask for your affection  
While I spin a tale of hatred's conception.

Legends are my favorite tales  
Weeping of a nation's ails  
Joyous of bravery and love so true  
Of kinship, faith and pardons due  
It is a legend I bring to you tonight  
Of two young girls and their plight.

In Canada I've been a while  
Across the land I've danced each mile  
And though the land is vast and wide  
Its legends lack, perhaps cast aside.  
It is my vision to dazzle and to mention  
I've created the great Canadian legend.

It was the year 1907  
When a great riot shook the heavens  
Proud men fought on stolen land  
Against the arrival of a newer band.  
A tale of woe and hatred too  
I the Muse will tell to you.

Now you know this night's great gain  
It's time to set our story plain  
In Chinatown our setting is  
One day when something was amiss  
The Asian Exclusion League stormed through the quiet  
Thus creating the Vancouver riot.

Two girls trapped, it was their fate.  
Found each other on this date  
To struggle through this sad event  
And understand just what it meant  
For little girls can have no clue  
What a pinch of ignorance will do.

Now sit back please, we must get started.  
Find a seat if from the bathroom you've just darted.  
Question each line you hear.  
Stories' biases are often clear.  
I'll return, first to get chips I must go.  
But as for now enjoy the show.

*(A parade of Asian Exclusion League Members march onto the scene with banners and posters. They are singing the "Maple Leaf Forever". One girl separates from the crowd, sits down and starts to write. The muse is absorbed into the parade and leaves with them.)*

**Emily:** September 7th 1907. The Asian Exclusion League parades into the streets in an attempt to finally address Vancouver's immigration concerns. *(Emily stands up)*  
No that's not powerful enough.

*(Emily rewrites and then stands back and rereads.)*

**Emily:** On Sept. 7 1907, the streets are filled with a triumph as the Asian Exclusion League parades into the streets, finally bringing about the long deserved attention of Vancouver's immigration concerns. *(She's satisfied)* Yes that's much better. Now for some description. *(Writes some more)* As the members sing patriotic

songs, they slip from Vancouver's main streets, into those of the despised Chinatown. The foreign words written upon the simple shop windows frightened the crowd. They are all wondering how long it would be until this tucked away corner of Vancouver expands gobbling up the encompassing area and smearing it with incomprehensible characters. The parade soon turned violent as the members began bravely fighting Chinatown's merchants. I, in the heart of the riot, am witnessing Vancouver's citizens at their best, defending our city from the new wave of immigrants who are stealing our jobs, land, and culture. It makes my heart proud.... Lets see: who, what, where, why. Great! I've hit them all.

*(A girl cries out from a covered box.)*

**Ming:** Is someone out there?

**Emily:** Yes. Who said that? All I hear is a voice. Are you hiding?

**Ming:** I'm trapped.

**Emily:** Where?

**Ming:** In my box.

**Emily:** Which box? There are quite a few.

**Ming:** I'm not sure exactly. I was just sitting in my box, when all the other boxes fell down.

**Emily:** Um, I think I see what you're talking about. Are you hurt?

**Ming:** No, I'm perfectly fine. It's just getting kind of hard to breathe in here.

**Emily:** Are you sure you're all right?

**Ming:** Yes, but I am a little scared. I know it's babyish, but I can't really help it.

**Emily:** Don't worry. It is quite understandable, it's not often one is trapped inside a box.

**Ming:** It's not being inside this box that frightens me, it's the sounds of the riot.

*(Emily freezes. Men stomp on stage, carrying picket signs and hollering for the Chinese to get out, the audience hears the sounds of glass breaking in the background.)*

**Emily:** I can see why. Personally I've never been to a riot before. They've had them in Seattle though, that's where the League's from. It is kind of scary, I guess. Yet don't you find it exhilarating? It's a break from the monotony of life, a chance to taste a tiny bit of that excitement we're sheltered from all our lives. I feel as though I'm a soldier going off to battle, about to fight a great war.

**Ming:** I can't say I'm all that thrilled to be attending my first one.

**Emily:** Well, I don't mind, but I must admit I'm glad I've found another girl behind here, so that I'm not alone.

**Ming:** You'd be less alone if you helped me get out of this box.

**Emily:** Right, sorry.

*(Emily tries to move the boxes around)*

**Emily:** They are so heavy.

**Ming:** I'd help, but as you can see I'm stuck in a box.

**Emily:** You're funny.

**Ming:** No, Father says I'm clever.

**Emily:** That's something I'll never hear my Papa say.

**Ming:** Why?

**Emily:** Women aren't supposed to be clever, they're supposed to make pretty pictures. Women, according to my father, were also not designed to move heavy boxes.

**Ming:** That's not what I think. Women must have a purpose other than being stared at. Besides you're the only person here and I don't want to be stuck forever.

**Emily:** You're a true suffragette! Me too, well sort of. My sister was one. I believe in much of their teachings though. *(pushes the boxes with enthusiasm but finds defeat.)* It's impossible, these boxes won't move.

**Ming:** Please push harder, I've probably been in here for an hour.

**Emily:** For an hour?



**Ming:** Yes, at first I didn't mind, as I often sit in this box, but now I have a leg cramp.

**Emily:** That's horrible. But kind of romantic don't you think? What if I were a handsome man coming to save you. You'd been in here for seven years and I had traveled a great journey looking for the love of my life. I stopped to help you, being the kind heart that I am, thinking you were an old woman. Alas all is not what it seems, and when I pulled you out I discover the most beautiful maiden in the world. A maiden who changes my life with her wisdom and spirit. Wouldn't you be delighted?

**Ming:** Being stuck in a box isn't very romantic, trust me. Besides you'd be the most useless handsome man I've ever come across.

**Emily:** All right, here goes. *(Emily gives a big heave but nothing happens, she sits down in exhaustion)* They won't move. I'm pushing them all but none of them are moving.

**Ming:** How about instead of pushing them all at the same time, you slowly move each one individually?

*(Emily tries that and finally they start to move.)*

**Emily:** This is working much better. It's still a lot of work though.

**Ming:** Any great task is, but I put my complete trust in your ability.

**Emily:** Really? I wouldn't trust my own ability. Besides you can't even see me. How do you know whether or not I'd be able to move boxes?

**Ming:** I can't see your strength, but I can feel it.

**Emily:** How can you feel my strength when I can't?

**Ming:** Because you don't sound scared of the riot.

**Emily:** Are you scared?

**Ming:** Yes. Listen to those sounds. Even in my box I can hear them. I'm not really scared for myself. I know I'll be fine. It's my father I'm scared for.

**Emily:** I'm scared for my father too. He's a powerful man with his words but not really with his fist. At least we're here together. We'll comfort each other. I really like you, and who knows, since we can't become lovers, since I'm not a dashing hero, we'll have to become best friends.

**Ming:** I think you might be making a statement you couldn't possibly fulfill. You may be surprised by the real me.

**Emily:** Don't be silly. We've had a wonderful discussion. Oh, are you shy because you're a plain Jane? Don't worry, looks don't matter. Besides, I have some lovely dresses, perhaps you could borrow them, and I love doing girls' hair.

**Ming:** If you insist. I have heard that traumatic experiences can create a sense a commodore.

**Emily:** The boxes are finally all cleared. You're free! Give me your leg.

*(Out pops a leg)*

**Emily:** Why is your leg so dark, is it dirty in there?

*(Ming crawls out from the box expecting to meet a new best friend.)*

**Emily:** You're Chinese!

*(Girls freeze. Children are playing on the street. They hear noises and stop, scared. They scream for their moms in Chinese and run off the stage.)*

**Emily:** I can't believe you're Chinese!

**Ming:** That's right, best friend, I am, and don't worry that leg is naturally me.

**Emily:** I didn't know you were Chinese.

**Ming:** I know, kindred spirit. I didn't tell you.

**Emily:** Stop calling me your friend. You tricked me. How did you learn to speak English so well? I demand to know.

**Ming:** I didn't call you friend, I called you best friend and kindred spirit. And you don't have to demand because I'll tell you. I came to Canada when I was four. My father speaks English quite fluently, since he lived in Canada with his father until he went back to China to find a wife. So you see I'm a Canadian citizen just like you. Why can't we be friends when we speak the same language?

**Emily:** Because we're on different sides of the riot. We're not friends or best friends. We are enemies.

**Ming:** I don't have any enemies.

**Emily:** Well there you go, now you have one, and it's me.

**Ming:** So when you said I was free, you meant free from the boxes, not racial barriers.

**Emily:** That doesn't make any sense. Besides it shouldn't be you who's all upset, I'm the victim. Imagine me having a conversation with one of you. You should have told me, I wouldn't have talked to you. Why were you in that stupid box anyway?

**Ming:** It's my special place. Ever since I was a little girl I've hidden there. I keep all my treasures there.

**Emily:** What kind of treasures?

**Ming:** Oh, anything I find like crayons and papers and a little wooden doll.

**Emily:** Those aren't treasures, they're childish toys. I'm bored with talking to you. I'm going to observe the riot.

*(Emily walks over to the boxes and peers over them watching the action.)*

**Ming:** I'd rather not know what was happening. That's why I was in my box.

**Emily:** Only cowards hide.

**Ming:** I don't see you out on the streets fighting off the masses left and center. What are you doing here anyway?

**Emily:** Taking a break from fighting so many immigrants of course.

**Ming:** Asian or European?

**Emily:** Are you implying that I'm an immigrant?

**Ming:** I'm not implying it, I'm flat out saying it.

**Emily:** How dare you? I shouldn't have come behind here. I wouldn't have if I knew I was going to have to save you.

**Ming:** You wouldn't have been my first choice of a rescuer either, I should have held out for that handsome hero. Tell me the truth of why you're here. Are you lost? Or did you come here to hide out until all the commotion settles down?

**Emily:** It's really none of your concern. *(Pause)* All right, if you really need to know, fine. I was a part of the parade, when I got separated from my father. When the riot broke loose I was about to throw a rock into a store when a friend of my father's pushed me behind here and told me to stay. Isn't that typical? Boys get to have some fun while the woman has to keep her hands clean. I would give anything to go back out there. I would too you know. I'm not frightened, but my father's already furious that I went to the AEL meeting. I wouldn't want to give him more to be mad about.

**Ming:** For something that's none of my concern you sure filled in the details.

**Emily:** I'm sorry if I'm boring you, but if you didn't want to know the details you should not have asked the question.

**Ming:** Why would you want to go to that meeting?

**Emily:** Oh don't be offended. It's nothing against you personally. I'm sure you can be somewhat pleasant when you don't let your sarcasm get the best of you. It's just as a whole I find your people arrogant and rude, and want to get rid of them.

**Ming:** *(sarcastically)* Why would I be offended by a comment made by an Asian Exclusion League Member? Oh, I'm sure you're very smart, but as a whole I find your group horrible and stupid.

*(Girls freeze. A little boy comes on with his father. The man's yelling for the police.)*

*Boy: Dad, what's happening?*

*Man: I don't know, we have to get the police. Quickly. Quickly!*

*(They go off stage)*

**Emily:** I take it back, you're not nice at all, and you've just added yourself to my list of those who are rude. And you wonder why we're trying to get rid of you with comments like that?

**Ming:** No, I wonder why we stay here, with people like you.

**Emily:** Listen, I promise I won't stay in your little Chinatown one second more than I have to, but until I leave, do not talk to me. *(Emily takes out her book and starts writing)*

**Ming:** What's your name?

*(Emily ignores Ming.)*

**Ming:** I know we're not supposed to be talking, but won't you tell me your name?

*(Emily ignores Ming again.)*

**Ming:** Fine if you're going to be a child about telling me your name then I'm going to have to be an adult and forget about it.

**Emily:** How dare you? I am not a child. I'll have you know that I am practically a woman. I'm so sick of everyone referring to me as a child, so don't you start. You're not even supposed to be talking to me.

*(Ming paces for a second and then gets down on her hands and knees and looks at the front cover of Emily's journal.)*

**Ming:** Emily? That's a pretty name. I like names, they make you from an everybody to a somebody. It's hard to group people into a clump when you know their names. What are you writing?

**Emily:** An article for the paper. That doesn't seem very childish does it? Quite a grown-up thing to do? Not like crawling around to find out someone's name really. Don't you think so?

**Ming:** They let a woman write for the newspaper? You must be very good.

**Emily:** Yes, I am. In fact I'm brilliant. I'm twice as good as any of the males they have working down there anyway.

**Ming:** You've had your work published? That's amazing.

**Emily:** Well, not exactly.

**Ming:** What do you mean not exactly?

**Emily:** Well the newspaper hasn't printed any of my stuff yet. But once my mother wrote one of my poems on the Christmas cards she sent.

**Ming:** So why do you think they'll print this article?

**Emily:** I'm just hoping they will. The only reason they won't print any of my stuff is because I'm a woman. Don't you find that pathetic? I say if an article is good then it should be printed. Believe me my articles are twice as good as the ones of the baboons they have working there. Of course I could use a pen name. I've heard that Lucy Maud Montgomery did. I think it might have been Steven, I'm not really sure though. If I were to choose a pen name I think I'd choose Alexandre. It's not really a Christian name, but it's so much more romantic.

**Ming:** Alexandre sounds more like a pirate than a journalist.

**Emily:** Alexandre sounds like a hero. Perhaps, he was born on the Riviera and sailed to Canada as a stowaway on a pirate ship. When he got here, after seeing the social injustices placed upon women he decided to write as a journalist to open hearts to the suffragette cause.

**Ming:** Social injustices such as causing a riot on the street where I live.

**Emily:** Every time I say anything you have to bring it back to the riot. A few windows are being broken. It doesn't matter.

**Ming:** It doesn't matter when you're not the victim.

**Emily:** Stay focused. We're talking about pen names. The reason I wouldn't use one is because I hate the thought of a man getting credit for my genius. Besides it's a sin to lie. Of course you wouldn't know that because you're not Christian.

**Ming:** I don't have to believe everything that you do just to prove I'm a good person. I have values and morals too. I do find using a pen name deceitful, but I think sometimes you need to do desperate things to get your point across. If Alice Pole hadn't had demonstrations, women would not have the same rights they do today. Now many people think she's a fanatic, but I just think she has a goal, a dream, not that your integrity should ever be compromised but sometimes you have to fight back.

**Emily:** Oh wonderful, you're educated in Canadian ways, how nice for you. Do you know who John A. MacDonald was too?

**Ming:** Yes, I believe it was him who said "without the Chinese laborers, there would be no railway." Father prides himself on my education, he tutors me himself. I'm not ignorant of your culture, I just practice mine.

*(Girls freeze. Man comes and stands on a box. Crowd listening to him. He's screaming.)*

*Man: They're taking away our jobs. (Crowd agrees.)*

*Man: They're taking away our culture. (Crowds agrees.)*

*Man: The government won't stop them. So it's up to us, before they get to strong. We will march into Chinatown and show them who Vancouver belongs to!*

*(Crowd cheers and runs off stage.)*

**Emily:** Well perhaps if you practiced the culture of the country you live in people wouldn't hate you so much.

**Ming:** If your people ever forgot to hate me, I'm sure the color of my skin would remind them.

**Emily:** Perhaps, but it's worth a shot isn't it? Anyway I thought that they would definitely print this article I'm writing right now, as a reporter caught in the heart of the first riot in Chinatown in twenty years. It could really establish my career!

**Ming:** You want to be a journalist?

**Emily:** Oh more than anything else in the whole world. I think it would be so exciting to travel and write about what you see, and current events. Of course as a journalist you can never express your opinion. No, your writing has to be completely free of bias. I think I'm effectively doing that on the piece I'm writing on the riot.

**Ming:** I'm sure you think you are.

**Emily:** I'm going to ignore you.

**Ming:** Don't you want to know my name?

**Emily:** What?

**Ming:** You haven't asked my name yet. I asked you yours, but you haven't asked mine.

**Emily:** I didn't ask you yours because I don't care. Besides you asked me my name but I didn't tell you so it doesn't count.

**Ming:** Ming, my name's Ming.

**Emily:** Ming? What kind of a name is Ming? It doesn't even make sense.

**Ming:** And "Emily" means so much more?

**Emily:** Emily is a perfectly respectable name it was passed along from my great-grandmother, to my aunt, to me.

**Ming:** Isn't it so much nicer when we both have names, Emily?

**Emily:** Hmm.

**Ming:** So you only write news stories?

**Emily:** Oh I write other things too. Sometimes I just get the urge to write and I'll sit down and pen a story. It drives my poor mother crazy to see me lost in another world, going through pages and pages. The last person I want to be like is my mother though so I don't worry about it too much. She would turn positively scarlet if she read some of the things I wrote. They can be quite shocking.

**Ming:** Will you read a piece to me?

**Emily:** The only person I read my writing to is my sister.

**Ming:** Wouldn't you like some constructive criticism from someone who doesn't know you?

**Emily:** But you do know me, we have talked for quite a while.

**Ming:** But I don't really like you, so I'll be fair.

**Emily:** What do you mean you don't like me?

**Ming:** Well, you're not exactly lovable.

**Emily:** I am as sweet as sugar.

**Ming:** Emily, you're as hard to take as castor oil.

**Emily:** That is not true! People love me. At Papa's parties everyone raves about what a darling I am. What do you know anyway?

**Ming:** I know that a writer who doesn't read her work aloud probably isn't much of a writer.

**Emily:** I am a superb writer, you'll see. I'll dazzle you with a piece that will make you choke on all your tricky words. If it doesn't it will be because you won't be able to comprehend the vocabulary.

**Ming:** I think I'll manage. Go on, read your story.

*(Emily shuffles through her journal all excited)*



**Emily:** I'll read this one. You'll love it. I'm really quite proud of it. It's a little shocking though, but you've been forewarned. (*looks at the page*) "Water" by Emily McCarthy.

Temperate water trickles into my life  
Washing away the loneliness.  
Raindrops fall from storm bound skies in gentle hearts  
Hearts which feel that jester time, with his cruel trick  
Which separates my eyes from casting bashful glances his way  
Open palmed he puts in shaking fingers, his love  
He knows he has mine  
But we play a little game  
Like we're not sure how the story will twist  
How it will end.  
He's alive. He's life. He's beautiful.  
He likes the way I look when I'm thinking.  
He likes that I kiss the rain and eat the snow.  
I like to be near him  
In order to remind myself he's real.  
But he's not real.  
He's a figment of my imagination  
Created in an awkward attempt to quell the loneliness.  
Making him up is easier then finding him.

**Ming:** Heavens!

**Emily:** Scandalous, isn't it?

**Ming:** Emily, it's wonderful.

**Emily:** Do you think so? Don't you think I'm horrible for writing it? I don't know why I did. I mean imagine being in love? It's ridiculous! I promise you I will never get married. Never. Being stuck as a wife for the rest of my life? Having children you don't want? Losing your voice. Can you imagine never having a chance to explore? Being reprimanded as though you were a child? Made a fool of by someone who pretends to be your superior? I will never be like that! Love is a dream created by woman to explain being suppressed.

**Ming:** You don't believe that or you wouldn't have written such a beautiful story about love. There's obviously some part of you that wants to find love.

**Emily:** No. I do not believe there is. I'm sorry for telling you all this. You must think I am the most disobedient girl in the world. I'm not usually, just sometimes. Most of what I said is just what my sister recited to me after attending a suffragette meeting. Papa didn't know about it.

**Ming:** It was an impressive speech. Don't you think though if you found the right person, one who wanted an equal you could fall in love? I can't believe love's just a myth that wives make up to add some kind of excitement to their lives.

**Emily:** Sometimes I believe in love and sometimes I don't.

**Ming:** I think you do, I know you do. (*Silence*) You surprise me.

**Emily:** Why?

**Ming:** I would never have thought someone like you would be a part of a parade that preaches violence, it doesn't seem part of your romantic nature.

**Emily:** Why not?

**Ming:** You're passionate, and funny and modern, yet you hate me based simply on a superficiality.

**Emily:** It's not superficial. I hate your people because of your strange ways, and your color.

**Ming:** You hate me because of the tone of my skin.

**Emily:** I guess...I hate you, because of what you've done to Canadians.

**Ming:** What have we done?

**Emily:** You know, I mean I know, I mean people have told me...

**Ming:** So you hate me because...

**Emily:** Because I'm told to.

*( Girls freeze. Man reads the newspaper. Another man runs onto the stage, yelling.)*

*First Man: Find your wife and your daughter, put them somewhere safe.*

*Second Man: Calm down, what's going on.*

*First man: They're coming, they started at city hall, the bastards are filling the streets faster than we can react, word is they'll be in Japan-town next. Quickly, find your wife and daughter, before they reach the town.*

*( Other man starts screaming in Japanese for his wife and daughter. They run off)*

**Ming:** You don't question things you're told? You won't give me a chance because of someone's lies?

**Emily:** They're not completely wrong, not everything they say. I've seen statistics, your coming over in waves and taking jobs.... You're different Ming, you're an exception. You speak English, and well you're a banana.

**Ming:** Pardon me? Did you refer to me as a piece of fruit?

**Emily:** Only a banana. Your white on the inside, yellow on the outside. It's not a bad thing.

*(Ming walks away not knowing what to say. Emily's uncomfortable and begins to fidget with her journal. A paper doll that was pressed between the pages falls out. After a silence Emily picks up the doll and examines it. After awhile Ming notices and comes over.)*

**Ming:** That's a beautiful paper doll you have. May I see it?

**Emily:** No! My sister gave it to me..

**Ming:** Just for a second? Please.

**Emily:** NO!

**Ming:** Yesterday I was outside the beauty salon when one of the ladies dropped some rouge. I'll trade you for a couple seconds.

**Emily:** Do you mean lipstick? My dad never lets me wear any. I keep telling him, Father I'm a perfectly respectable girl of sixteen, but he has yet to let me try any. Alright I'll trade you, but only for a second.

*(Emily puts on the lipstick)*

**Emily:** Does it look good? Do I look like a lady? *(Does a little dance)* I feel so grown up. Do you have a mirror in your box?

*(Ming takes the doll and starts to play. Then she's goes into her box and pulls out a yellow crayon and colors in the dolls face.)*

**Emily:** What are you doing? *(Tries to grab the doll)* Are you stupid? Give me back my doll!

**Ming:** Now she's Chinese. Do you hate her?

**Emily:** What? (*Obviously upset*) Why would you do that? It was mine. Are you trying to make a point? Well it's stupid. Why did you have to be so tricky?

**Ming:** I'm not tricky, just clever. Don't you see? I'm not a banana Emily! But maybe we're just all the same colour on the inside.

**Emily:** I don't understand you! I don't understand you people!

**Ming:** Is that why you started the riot?

*(Emily turns her back and walks away, then turns back)*

**Emily:** Aren't you scared?!

**Ming:** A little.

**Emily:** A little?! That's your home they're destroying out there you know! Right on the other side of these boxes! Do you hear that sound? That's the sound of your home being destroyed! Do you understand what I'm saying? Don't you care? Your home!

**Ming:** Yes you're right.....So why are you doing this?

**Emily:** Doing what for heavens sake?!

**Ming:** Why are you destroying my home?

**Emily:** Oh. Well I'm not. *I never ruined anything of yours.*

**Ming:** You can deny whatever you like. You can lie to yourself and say that because you're not the one throwing the stones, because you're not beating the man, that you're not a part of it. But you and I know that you're as much to blame as anyone. Whenever you judge my culture, whenever you insult my people, with every cold stare and every harsh word, whenever you say to a Chinese girl that you hate her because she's yellow you have encouraged violence and hatred and your hands are then as soiled as the rest. So don't you dare tell me that you never ruined anything of mine.

**Emily:** What about you? You're ruining my country! This isn't your home, so don't pretend that it is! You belong in China. What right do you have to come to my city and live here. Mother says that it's rude to go to someone's house if you aren't invited. And I can assure you I would never have invited you Ming. So why don't you go back to your country where you belong.

**Ming:** Oh, I'm not welcome in your country. My grandfather died building you a railroad and now I'm not welcome. Well you're not welcome in my secret fort so get out and take your stupid doll. I hate her and I hate you! Oh by the way, the trick is on you. You know all the widows they're breaking? Most of them are rented to the shop owners by Europeans. Did you know that? You people breaking your own windows!

**Emily:** How dare you speak to me like this? Fine, I'll leave. Oh and windows aren't the only things getting broken out there Ming, and what I'm referring to isn't anything white.

*(Emily climbs onto the crates and then freezes. An old man is being chased and stones are being thrown at him. They run to the middle of the stage and falls, the men drag him away. Emily unfreezes, covers her ears and turns back to Ming.)*

**Emily:** I'm leaving now, it's really horrible out there. I could get hurt, but I'm leaving.

**Ming:** GO!

**Emily:** *(turns to go, then turns back)* Don't worry I will. *(waits)* You know I can't!

**Ming:** So, the proud Emily is now humble.

**Emily:** Ming I don't want to go out there. I'm afraid. I shouldn't have said the things I said, I was wrong.

**Ming:** I don't care. Get out!

**Emily:** Ming let me stay. It's so loud out there, there's so many angry people.

**Ming:** They're your people.

**Emily:** Yes, they are.

*(After a long pause)*

**Ming:** That's not my problem.

**Emily:** I didn't mean to get so upset. I'm sorry. *(Emily climbs off the crates closer to Ming)* That doll meant a lot to me. It was my sister. She drew it. It's a picture of herself, so I'd remember her. She gave it to me before she left.

**Ming:** I never got mad at you, not really, even when you insulted me repeatedly. Over and over you hurt my feelings, but still I made excuses. She doesn't know me, I said to myself, maybe if I color the doll, maybe she'll see... You were brought up that way, I can't blame you, you were brought up that way.

**Emily:** I didn't realize my comments hurt that much.

**Ming:** I feel like the riot is my fault in a way.

**Emily:** Ming, the riot has nothing to do with you personally.

**Ming:** I was just remembering something I did that was very bad. This could be the punishment.

**Emily:** What did you do?

**Ming:** Three days ago I was mad at my father. He refused to buy me the hair ribbons from the shop on the corner. He told me to not be a selfish girl. So when he turned his back I whispered: sheng bu teng shi.

**Emily:** The riot most certainly didn't start because you were mad at your father.

**Ming:** I'm not worried about being mad at him, it was the words I said.

**Emily:** I didn't understand what they meant.

**Ming:** It's an old Chinese curse. It means: may you live in interesting times.

**Emily:** Isn't that a good thing?

**Ming:** No, because usually times that are interesting to read about, aren't very fun for the people living it.

**Emily:** These are interesting times, but I don't think your curse is the reason the riot started. The people at the meeting had all kinds of reasons why they assembled.

**Ming:** What did they say at the meeting?

**Emily:** Perhaps it's best if you didn't know.

**Ming:** Emily it's not like I haven't heard all the racist remarks before.

**Emily:** The leaders were mostly from Seattle. They have a large Asian Exclusion League down there. From what I've heard people are getting upset because a steamer called the Montegie is bringing over some Chinese, Japanese and Hindus. People got really excited because a speaker named Dr. Fraser said they would take all the white jobs.

**Ming:** But how did the meeting turn into a riot?

**Emily:** I'm not exactly sure. I suppose it happened after Mr. Wilson, a New Zealander told us that the Chinese took over the town of Natal by driving out the white people.

**Ming:** That's so stupid! We don't want to drive the whites out of Vancouver. We just want to live here. Doesn't your group understand that by having a riot they're making tensions worse? Already the restaurant employees are planning to strike and I've heard some talk of a Chinese secret police. We don't feel safe anymore. This riot isn't going to help.

**Emily:** I think they just wanted someone to pay attention to their fears. At the meeting they even burnt effigies of the Lieutenant Governor. Ming I don't think this is the end either. There's another meeting next Thursday. It can't be stopped. Until the end of time there will be enmity between white and yellow, just like the enmity god placed between man and woman.

**Ming:** But it doesn't have to be like that! People can change. You can change!

**Emily:** Ming, what do you want me to do? You want me to go against my own people, for what? For you? Ming perhaps people mistrust you because of your language or colour, but they don't trust me at all because I have breasts! Because of two lumps I'm not smart or reliable or allowed to vote. But there must be a reason why people say what they say. Maybe it's not entirely true, but it can't be all lies.

**Ming:** How can you be sure?

**Emily:** I have enough trouble getting respect because I'm a girl. Do you know how people would treat me if they knew I had a Chinese friend?

**Ming:** Does it really matter?

**Emily:** Yes. It does. You can say it doesn't you can say you're your own person but your not. Society creates you, and you belong to it. When you turn your back on it you pay a price. I know, believe me. My sister did.

**Ming:** Where's she now?

**Emily:** Who?

**Ming:** Your sister.

**Emily:** She died.

**Ming:** How did she die?

**Emily:** She was stupid.

**Ming:** Why?

**Emily:** She did things, without thinking. *(Pause)* She made me laugh.

**Ming:** You're lucky to have someone like that.

**Emily:** She was always so passionate. She was beautiful. So beautiful. I wanted to be like her so badly. She would fight with my father too. She'd never let him be right. She would pace around whatever room they were arguing in, waving her hands like a mad-woman. He'd always pretend that he was mad with her. "When will you just become a nice lady" he'd say. "I'll never marry you off if word gets around about that tongue of yours." Father loved her though. He was devoted to her. He talked to her like she was a person, not at all like he talks to me.

**Ming:** It's hard not being the favorite, isn't it? My brother is the son. He still lives in China. My father writes him pages and pages, telling him of how they will live together when father can scrimp together enough for a head tax. We were going to bring him over, but in 1903 the head tax changed to five hundred dollars. Hardly anyone can afford to bring over family anymore. There's nothing we can do about it though since we're not even allowed to vote. Many times in the early days father and I have gone hungry as father sends all the food we can afford to China. I love to talk to father but sometimes I just know he wishes my brother were here instead.

**Emily:** Ming, do you love your brother?

**Ming:** I don't know him, I came to Canada with my father's concubine when I was four. She died of typhus when I was seven. I've never met my brother he was born in that same year. I guess I love him. I do love my father though, so much. I'm so scared.

**Emily:** Frightened by the riot?



**Ming:** While I'm in here, he's out there. Who knows what's happening to him? He's so gentle, so wise. He won't fight back. He couldn't, he's older now. Why would they do this?

**Emily:** Ming... I'm sorry.

**Ming:** Oh, well that helps a lot doesn't it? My father's being beaten but it's all right because Emily's sorry.

**Emily:** It wasn't my idea. I promise it wasn't. They're scared, they think the Chinese are taking their jobs. Can't you understand how scared they are?

**Ming:** Any more scared than leaving your family and working like oxen for a simple meal in a new country. We're not taking their jobs, don't they see? They've given us all the jobs that are beneath them, and they pay us a fraction of what they pay Caucasians. You need us. Besides we're not the only people immigrating here. There's immigrant from lots of countries. The only reason you don't like us is because we're visibly different, you said so yourself.

**Emily:** Ming I'm scared for my father too, yelling at me won't make him safer. Calm down.

**Ming:** I'm sorry. I got carried away. It's just you can't understand. He left because there was no work. He left because he had a dream. Living from day to day, being treated like a dog as you work like one for little food and even less respect wasn't part of the dream but it's the reality. Then when finally you start laying a foundation for a life and a family, someone comes and destroys it, and tells you they've decided your not good enough to have the foundation or the dream.

*(Girls freeze. Mom soothing her daughter.)*

*Mom: Stay here baby. Daddy needs Mommy's help you must stay here until I come for you do you promise?*

*(Mom leaves, daughter crawls away in other direction.)*

**Emily:** I have a dream too Ming. I do understand. I want to be a journalist. Do you think that's easy. Do you know how many times I've been laughed at. My father tells his guests. "Emily here thinks she's man enough to be a journalist." Then they laugh like I'm a silly novelty. Just because I'm different then you doesn't mean I don't understand dreams or rejection. My sister had a dream too, she died for hers.

**Ming:** Could you tell me more about your sister.

**Emily:** She loved people. Everyone. She wouldn't have been in the parade today. I forgot that about her. She just loved people. People loved her too.

**Ming:** She sounds lovely. What was her name?

**Emily:** Megan, everyone called her Maggie though. She looked like a Maggie. She was so smart too. She liked to paint. She used to wander up and down streets by herself looking for things to paint. Papa would have fallen head first into his grave if he had known. He wouldn't have been able to stop her though. Stubborn ox that she was. She used to say that if she painted something it became immortal.

**Ming:** She sounds smart.

**Emily:** Once she got lost and met this boy. He worked at a laundry mat. He was Chinese. He helped her find her way home.

**Ming:** That was nice of him.

**Emily:** Perhaps. He became her friend. Whenever she went out to paint she would go visit him. She said she liked to paint him.

**Ming:** What was his name?

**Emily:** I don't remember.

**Ming:** You never learnt his name?

**Emily:** Listen I have to go. I can't..... I have to go.

*(Emily says this but just paces back and forth not making any motion to leave)*

**Ming:** Emily, do you want to go in my box for a little while? *(Ming points to the crate she has crawled out of)*

**Emily:** *(laughs)* No. I mean I would, I really would, but, um, I just don't want too.

**Ming:** I know it sounds silly, but it really helps. Whenever I'm sad or lonely or need to think I crawl into my box. Sometimes little things mean a lot.

**Emily:** Ssh. Do you hear that?

**Ming:** I hear lots of things.

**Emily:** But it is getting quieter. I wonder if we could find some food. I'm suddenly so hungry.

**Ming:** I think I'm hungry too. I'm not sure. Wait here I think I have some food in my box.

**Emily:** What else do you have in that box?

**Ming:** I keep everything in there. Anything I find. And sometimes Father brings me things in his pockets. I put those in there too.

*(Ming goes and gets her food. But comes back disappointed)*

**Ming:** The rats must have eaten all my cupcakes. There's only crumbs left.

**Emily:** That's all right.

*(Emily walks over to the boxes)*

**Emily:** Look Ming! Over there that man's fruit stand was knocked over, there's a couple of oranges that are still all right to eat.

**Ming:** I'll run and grab some for us.

**Emily:** We can have a picnic.

*(Ming turns to go. As she's climbing over the boxes Emily talks to her.)*

**Emily:** Be careful not to let anyone see you. Don't let anyone know I'm here with you either. Remember what I said about what people would think.

**Ming:** Why? Because being Chinese is such a terrible thing? Because I'm not exactly like you? Do you know what Emily? I have never been embarrassed to be Chinese. The only time I have felt as though I didn't belong is today. Not because of rioters trying to push me out of my home. But because of you who thinks your so much better than me. I am standing here looking you in the eye and still you don't understand that I am a person. My name is Ming!

*(Girls freeze. Men from Japan town in a line with sticks and clubs.)*

*Leader of pack: We won't let them ruin our home. Come on boys, lets protect our families!*

*(Men yell "Banzai!" and run offstage. Girls unfreeze.)*

*(A voice yells)*

**AEL Member:** Who's behind here?

*(Ming runs into her box)*

**AEL Member:** I said who's behind here?

*(Emily looks at the box and back at the man)*

**Emily:** A girl.

**AEL Member:** What kind of girl?

**Emily:** A girl just like me, she left.

**AEL Member:** What are you doing here?

**Emily:** I came in to hide from the riot.

**AEL Member:** It's nuts out there, I've never had so much fun. Those Chinese never knew what hit 'em. You should have seen the looks on their faces. I raced up with my club, hollering like mad. I found this one old man...

**Emily:** Please stop. I don't want to know.

**AEL Member:** You should be proud, girl. We're protecting your future. When I'm dead and gone at least I'll know that our country isn't being run by immigrants.

**Emily:** It is being overrun with immigrants.

**AEL Member:** I know girlie that's why we stopped it.

**Emily:** We're the immigrants.

**AEL Member:** Girlie, have you been hit on the head?

**Emily:** There's a famous quote which states: Love thy neighbor as thyself because you are your neighbor. It is an illusion that makes you think your neighbor is someone other than yourself.

**AEL Member:** You're talking nonsense.

**Emily:** Would you treat yourself in the same way that you've treated the Chinese?

*(Ming makes a noise in her box)*

**AEL Member:** Are you sure there's no one else here?

**Emily:** I told you, my friend was here, and then she left.

**Ming:** No I didn't, I'm right here.

**Emily:** Ming why are you doing this?

**AEL Member:** Well, it's a little China girl.

**Ming:** Emily try to understand? I'm not embarrassed to be Chinese. It's who I am.

**AEL Member:** Come here China Girl, I want to talk to you.

**Emily:** Get out of here.

**AEL Member:** Was I talking to you? Run on home. I said come here girl.

**Ming:** No.

**AEL Member:** For a China girl you're sure cocky.

**Ming:** You come to me.

**AEL Member:** I'm gonna get you.

*(Stomps his foot towards Ming, Emily blocks him, he starts to laugh)*

**AEL Member:** I smell a Chinaman, I smell a Jap  
You're gonna get whooped by this brave chap.

**Emily:** Ming please go.

**Ming:** It's too late. I hid from the riot so the riot came to me.

**AEL Member:** I smell a Chinaman, I smell A Jap  
Get back to your side of the map.

*(AEL Member starts to push Emily but stops as he sees the dropped paper doll)*

**AEL Member:** What's this paper?

*(Picks up Emily's paper doll)*

**AEL Member:** Is this you China Girl?

*(AEL Member rips up the doll, Emily screams and picks up the pieces)*

**Emily:** That was my sister.

**AEL Member:** What are you talking about, you stupid China lover? Are you turning on your own kind? (*points to Ming*) Did she do this to you? Did she? Huh? (*grabs Ming and starts to shake her*) What voodoo did you do huh? Tell me what you did!

**Emily:** Stop! My name is Emily McCarthy. My father's name is Ian McCarthy, you will be very sorry that you just ripped up my sister, and even sorrier you touched my friend.

**AEL Member:** You're Ian McCarthy's daughter? (*lets Ming go*) Damn.

**Emily:** You better get out.

**AEL Member:** You know I didn't mean no harm. Why don't you come with me and leave this little China girl in her little China town, or what's left of it.

**Emily:** I will be staying here with my friend. I'm sure since your name is on your shirt it won't take my father very long to find you, Leroy.

**AEL Member:** You don't scare me you little witch. I'll leave but it won't be long before another guy comes behind here, one who'll shut that rich girl mouth up. Now here's your last chance to decide whether your loyal to your own color, or if your a Chinatown whore.

**Emily:** Father! Father come quick! Father!

*(AEL Member turns to leave and just as he's almost out he turns around and yells)*

**AEL Member:** Hey, wasn't it your sister who ran away with that Chinese boy. Must be a disgrace having that in the family. She was more of a tramp then you are.

*(Emily grabs her book and hits him until he leaves, Emily comes back in and collapses, emotionally exhausted)*

**Ming:** Emily he's gone now.

**Emily:** It was me who was supposed to protect you, not my father's name.

**Ming:** You did protect me. You were really brave.

**Emily:** That man was a monster.

**Ming:** Emily you should go. He was right. There will be another man who'll stumble in from the riot and won't see Emily and Ming but Emily and a Chinese girl.

**Emily:** I will decide when I will leave. (*Emily starts to pace*) Imagine speaking of my sister like that?

**Ming:** Especially in the way he was speaking of the dead.

**Emily:** But he wasn't.

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

**Emily:** My sister's not dead. I'm just supposed to tell people that.

**Ming:** I can't believe this.

**Emily:** Really all the clues were there. Don't you think I wouldn't have been a little more upset if you had colored in the face of my sister, if she were really dead?

**Ming:** Why would you say that? Who told you to lie like that?

**Emily:** Ming, it's 1907, it might not be right, I haven't figured out what's right yet, but can you imagine the shame my family would go through if people knew my sister ran away because of a Chinese boy? My father made up the lie, it protects us, and her.

**Ming:** To protect her, you abandoned her into a world that hates people like her?

**Emily:** Father still sends her money every month. She lives in New Westminster. She's a teacher.

**Ming:** Did she marry the boy?

**Emily:** I told you, they were just friends. It's not a love story, it's a friend story, a courage story, a little like our story, except for the riot part.

**Ming:** So you never write her?

**Emily:** I haven't. I didn't want to for a long time. I guess I'm going to have to write to her though if I'm going to send her this article.

**Ming:** Oh, I forgot about your big career maker.

**Emily:** I think I should still write it. To help my career and all. I am a journalist caught in the heart of a riot. It would practically be a sin not to write about it. Maybe perhaps you could help me though, since I'm still not sure of my opinion on the whole thing.

*(Ming tries to give Emily a hug. Emily pulls away. They shake hands instead. The girls sit down and start writing the article. The muse and the tableau members appear on the stage, and read the article out loud.)*

*“ On September 7th 1907 Vancouver’s Chinatown saw it’s first riot in twenty years. Armed with ignorance and myths of job loss, Asian Exclusion League members marched from city hall into China and Japan town, destroying businesses and beating residents. The violence lasted four hours, until the last of the members were driven away by some residents of Japan town. The amount of damage was estimated at the cost of nine thousand dollars. Five were arrested for their act in the riot and one man was fined. For many, the riot seemed to be the result of growing tension between Asian and European immigrants. Fear can be often masks itself with hate and violence, the product of these emotions manifesting into the Vancouver riot.”*

**Muse:** It was the year 1907

When a great riot shook the heavens  
It could happen on the date you live  
Once again history to you may give  
The lesson which men seem to ignore  
When fear and hate knock at their door.

Our heroines did write their tale  
But in printing the papers failed  
For it did not support the view  
Of proud citizens like me and you  
The girls never again did they meet  
Nor forgot their once brave feat

The curtain’s down, the show is done  
To buy a Coke you now may run  
Just one last thought before you go  
A thought to tie in with the show  
Look closely upon history’s clue  
That I the Muse have told to you.



*\* Playwright's note:*

*Through the writing of this piece I was hoping to explore the horror of the 1907 Vancouver riot. I added a modern muse in the attempt to draw the audience in and remind them of our own modern day tensions, such as the public's response to the wave of recent illegal immigrants. I thought it was important to also mention to the reader some of the results of this 1907 event, to show how the riot did not just last one day, and instead caused a ripple effect which caused the damage to last way beyond the initial incident. In response to the riot, Vancouver's Mayor forbade anti-Asiatic meetings. In protest of the hundreds of Chinese cooks and dishwashers went on strike forcing restaurants and hotels to close their doors. Anticipating another attack many men joined a Chinese secret police who wore white ribbons with the inscribed words "Our own patrol". Fear of further attacks spread to outside areas such as New Westminster where many firearms were sold to frightened Chinese citizens. Perhaps the saddest part of the riot is that it persuaded Canadian officials to toughen immigration laws, but only the ones which affected the Chinese. The 1903 head tax of \$500 was replaced in 1923 with laws the virtually stopped all Asian immigration (in 1924 only 15 Chinese immigrants were admitted into Canada.) This will be forever known by Chinese Canadians as Humiliation Day.*

# The Maple Leaf Forever

ALEXANDER MUIR

Con spirito

1. In days of yore, from Bri-tain's shore, Wolfe, the daunt-less he-ro came, And plant-ed firm Bri-  
 2. At Queens-ton Heights and Lun-dy's Lane, Our brave fa-thers, side by side, For free-dom, homes, and  
 3. Our fair Do-min-ion now ex-tends From Cape Race to Noot-ka Sound; May peace for-ev-er  
 4. On mer-ry Eng-land's far famed land May kind Hea-ven sweet-ly smile; God bless Old Scot-land

tan-nia's flag, On Cana-da's fair do-main. Here may it wave, our boast, our pride, And  
 loved ones dear, Firm-ly stood and no-bly died; And those dear rights which they main-tained, We  
 be our lot, And plen-teous store a-bound: And may those ties of love be ours Which  
 ev-er-more, And Ire-land's Emerald Isle! Then swell the song, both loud and long, Till

joined in love to-geth-er, The This-tle, Sham-rock, Rose en-twine The Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er!  
 swear to yield them ne-ver! Our watch-word ev-er-more shall be, The Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er!  
 dis-cord can-not sev-er, And flour-ish green o'er Free-dom's home, The Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er!  
 rocks and for-est qui-ver, God save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er!

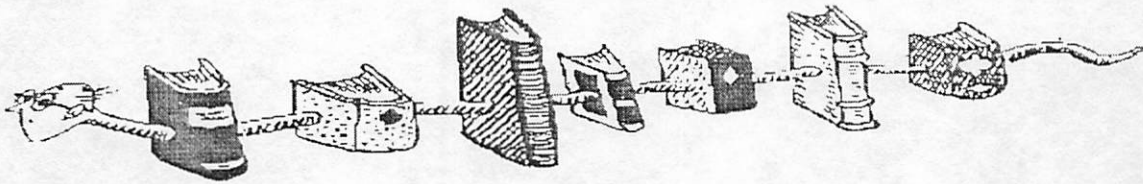
1. 2. 4. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er! God  
 3. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er! And

save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er!  
 flour-ish green, o'er Free-dom's home, The Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er!

# *The Tenth Frame*

*by*

*Trevor Hewitt*



*Caution: Professionals and Amateurs are hereby warned that "The Tenth Frame" by Trevor Hewitt is subject to royalty. It is protected under Copyright Law. Inquiries regarding performance rights and royalties should be directed to: Trevor Hewitt. at 19702 50A Ave., Langley B.C. V3A 7M2. The fee for a single production of this play will be \$10.00.*

Characters (important ones)

In Verbetical Order, from least to Greatst, with zero room for error:

*Angelica*- a "flight attendant reject"

*Will*- a man with extremely ugly pants

*Jesus*- the son of God

*Monty*- a well-dressed gentleman

*Satan*- the prince of darkness

\*\*\*\*NOTICE\*\*\*\*

If you have taken the time to read this paragraph, I have stolen  
30 seconds from your life that you will never be able to replace.

(Lights up. UL there is a small table at which Satan and Jesus are playing checkers. There is a chalkboard behind them, which displays a tally of their wins so far. On the side, which reads "SATAN", the entire space is covered with checks. On the side which reads "JESUS", there are no marks whatsoever. There is a sign on the far left-hand side of the stage, which reads, "DOWN" with an arrow pointing offstage. There is a sign on the far right hand side of the stage, which reads, "UP" with an arrow pointing offstage. DR there is a bench on which a Caveman, a giant Raison, and a well-dressed gentleman are seated. In the centre of the stage, there is a door. Angelica stands beside this door and directs traffic to the left-hand side of the stage or the right hand side. )

Angelica: (talking to people as they come through the door.) Hi, up or down? (She directs them accordingly)

(Will enters, looking somewhat confused)

Angelica: Hi, up or down?

Will: Uhh... pardon?

Angelica: Up or down, sir?

Will: I seem to be lost, could you please tell me where I am?

Angelica: (sighs) Your card please.

Will: Pardon?

Angelica: Your card, sir, let me see it please.

Will: What card? Look, I was just bowling with a few of my buddies, and then I guess I must've blacked out or something, because the next thing I knew I was on this long staircase and I was wearing these disgustingly ugly pants. Could you just tell me where Lefty's Lanes is, please?

Angelica: Your card sir.

Will: What card? Don't you understand? I'm not... I'm not a member of your... firm or whatever the hell you have here. I just want some directions.

Angelica: And I'll give you all the directions you need. If you'll just show me your card.

Will: I don't have a card, okay. All of my credit cards and stuff were in my wallet with my pants, which I don't have anymore. So if you want a really ugly pair of pants, I can give it to you, otherwise, I can't help you.

Angelica: Well, I can't help you unless you show me your card, sir.

Will: Look, Retard, how many times do I have to tell you, I don't have a god damn card!

Angelica: Calm down sir. There's no need to get rude.

Will: You're right. I'm sorry. Could you please just give me some directions?

Angelica: Certainly sir, now you mentioned something about not having a card?

Will: That's right.

Angelica: Didn't they give you one at the bottom of the staircase?

Will: No, they did not. Like I already told you, I blacked out, and when I came to, I was already halfway up the stupid staircase. If I was ever at the bottom of the staircase, what they probably did there was steal my pants.

Angelica: Hmm. That is a problem, sir. If you'll just have a seat on the bench over there, someone will be with you in just a few moments.

Will: (looks at bench. Sees Caveman.) Whoa, whoa, whoa. How long has this guy been sitting here?

Angelica: Excuse me sir?

Will: Well, when you say that someone will be with me in a few moments, does that mean in a few moments or does it mean that I'll be sitting here till Captain Kirk beams down and Zaps me in the ass with his phazer?

Angelica: Sir, could you please refrain from using profanity. Some of our *carded* clientele don't want to hear that sort of language.

Will: (raising voice) What the hell is that supposed to mean? Just because I don't got a card, that makes me some sort of second class customer? I don't even want to be here, I just want to get back in time for the tenth frame.

Jesus: (standing up) Will you Please shut up!

Will: What the hell is your problem?

Jesus: Look buddy, I have lost the last 12,341 games in a row, I haven't showered in 160 years, and I have this terrible pain in both of my wrists. The last thing that I need is some backwoods redneck wearing Liberace's pants who can't even hold onto his card for 5 freaking minutes making so much freaking noise that I can't concentrate on the freaking game that I freaking love. (Satan makes a complicated move, which involves many jumps and takes a large stack of Jesus' checkers off of the board.) DAMNIT!!!! (Jesus smacks the board halfway across the stage).

Will: Whoa, pal, you need to loosen up.

Jesus: Buddy, I'm about 3 seconds away from kicking your ass!

Will: Why don't you do the world a favor and shut the hell up.

Angelica: Sir, will you please sit down.

Will: Yeah, yeah. (Sits down next to Monty.)

(A little man runs out with a new checkerboard. Satan puts another check on his side of the board.)

Monty: How are you?

Will: All right.

Monty: (extends hand) Montgomery James III.

Will: (shakes his hand) William Conklin.

Monty: Nice pants.

Will: Ha ha. Look at me, I'm a walking joke.

Monty: Say, how would you like a chiclet?

Will: What the hell is a chiclet?

Monty: I'm not sure, but I found a pack of them stuffed in a quadriplegic's shirt pocket last week.

Will: How long have you been in this line?

Monty: Just over a year now.

Will: Holy crap!

Jesus: There's nothing holy about crap!

Will: Don't they ever attend to the uncared people?

Monty: Put it this way, you see that raison?

Will: Yeah.

Monty: Used to be a grape.

Will: Jesus!

Jesus: Not now, I'm playing checkers.

Monty: So how did you go?

Will: What?

Monty: You know, how did you croak?

Will: I'm not sure I follow you.

Monty: How did you... you know, kick the bucket, bite the dust, eat grandma's fruitcake?

(Will stares at him blankly.)

Monty: Jesus, buddy, how did you die?

Will: Die? What are you talking about? I'm not dead.

Monty: What?

Will: How could I be dead? I'm talking to you.

Monty: My point exactly.

Will: I'm not dead.

Monty: Okay, if you're not dead, then what the hell are you doing here?

Will: I'm not even sure where here is.

Monty: But how did you get here?

Will: I don't know. I was bowling with Big Willy and the Fridge...

Monty: Big Willy and the Fridge?

Will: Guys from back home. A couple of the finest athletes I've ever met.

Monty: I see.

Will: So anyways, it's the ninth frame, I'm bowling the game of my life. I step up there, grab my ball, and just as I'm winding up, BAM! Everything goes black.

Monty: Uh oh.

Will: Yeah, and when I wake up, I'm standing in the middle of this staircase wearing the ugliest pair of pants I've ever seen.

Monty: Oh no. So you missed the briefing?

Will: Briefing? What briefing?

Monty: The briefing at the bottom of the staircase where they tell you that you're dead, and how you died, and then they give you your card which states whether you got into heaven or you got into hell.

Will: (pause) Huh?

Monty: Oh geez. Look at it this way. This place that we're in right now. This is like the tenth frame. You can either get 3 strikes, 3 spares, or 3 gutter balls. 3 strikes means you win the game and you get to go up to heaven. 3 spares means you tied, and you gotta wait here for the next game. 3 gutterballs means you lose and you gotta go down to the fiery pits of hell. Understand?

Will: (confused) No, what if I get a strike on my first throw, I punch the center pin on my second throw, but then pick up the spare on my third. Or what if I sewer my first shot...

Monty: It's a metaphor for Christ's sake! The point is that you died and for some reason they put you in the middle of the staircase instead of at the bottom. This means that you missed your briefing, which means that you didn't get your card, which means that you gotta wait here until Throg and the Raison here get processed, which ain't gonna be too soon.

Will: What about my pants?

Monty: Hey man, that's something you're gonna have take up with your tailor.

Will: But I wanna finish my game. I was on my way to a 275!

Monty: Wow, that's impressive.

Will: (depressed) Thanks.

Monty: Hey, come on. There's plenty of fun stuff to do here. Watch. (stands up) Hey Satan!

(Satan looks up.)

Monty: If you're only the *prince* of darkness, then who the hell is the king? Do you have a boss? Why aren't you the supreme monarch?



(Satan throws a checker at him.)

Monty: (laughing) What a loser.

Will: Did you just piss off Satan?

Monty: Uh huh.

Will: Are you sure that's such a wise thing to do?

Monty: Sure, what's he gonna do, kill me?

Will: Can't he just send you down to hell?

Monty: (pause) Oh crap. (Stands up) Just kiddin' big fella. You know I love you.

(Three businessmen come up the stairs.)

Smith: Outstanding job on that Peterson account, Jefkins.

Jefkins: Thanks Larry, you wouldn't think a man could spend so much money on peanut butter.

Smith: Yes, well, now it's time to celebrate.

Jefkins: That's right, and I'm going home to choke my chicken.

Smith: Sounds sensible. It's been a long day, now it's time to free the hostages.

Jefkins: Right, and it's been three weeks since my last "session".

Smith: What amazing willpower on this kid, eh Rogers?

Rogers: Indeed!

(They exit to Hell)

Monty: I hate lawyers.

Will: This sucks. First I lose my coupon for a free game so I have to pay, then I die in the middle of that game, then some loser steals my pants, and now I have to sit in this place for God knows how long because I never got my card. I don't even know how I died.

Monty: Oh, chances are you don't want to know. It's usually pretty embarrassing. I knew a guy who died from gnawing off his own leg after it got pinned under a 300 pound Dutch woman in lederhosen.

Will: Really?

Monty: Yeah, it was pretty ugly. It took him 8 hours to chew through the bone.

Will: How did you die?

Monty: Well, actually, it was me that gnawed off my own leg. I just said it was a friend of mine because I was embarrassed.

Will: But I died in a bowling alley. What could possibly have happened there that I would be embarrassed about?

Angelica: Hey everybody, listen to this. I just heard about a guy who was bowling, and his belt broke, so his pants fell down around his ankles, and he tripped and fell and his head was crushed by his bowling ball. (Laughs) Isn't that hilarious? I can't wait till that guy gets up here.

Monty: Geez, what a way to go. I feel for you man.

Will: I wish I was dead.

Monty: Careful what you wish for.

Jesus: GOD DAMNIT!!! You son of a bitch, you beat me again!

Angelica: Jesus, don't talk about your mother like that!

Jesus: Well this dirty bastard keeps kicking my ass!

Will: Why don't you try chess?

Jesus: Why don't you try shutting the hell up!

Angelica: Jesus, watch your language.

Jesus: Christ, I'm sorry. I'm just so mad. I mean, Jesus, look at me, I'm using my own name in vain!

Monty: I wouldn't be making Jesus any more angry than he already is. He could be your ticket out of here.

Will: Huh?

Monty: Kiss his ass, and he might let you into heaven.

Will: Can he do that?

Monty: Of course, he's in charge.

Will: What about God?

Monty: God? God is up there playing Rummoli with Mother Teresa. He doesn't pay attention to who they let in. They have a very efficient system here. he trusts them.

Will: If their system is so efficient, how come I wound up in the middle of the freaking staircase?

Monty: Hey, look, that was a freak occurrence, like Matlock's client being guilty. It happens once in a blue moon.

Will: But it happened to me. Everything always happens to me.

Monty: Hey, cheer up. At least you have your pride.

Will: I died in a bowling alley with my pants around my ankles!

Monty: Fine, so you don't have your pride, what the hell do you want me to do about it?

Will: I want out of this place.

Monty: Okay, so we'll get you a card.

Will: How?

Monty: Watch. (walks over to Angelica) Hey Angel.

Angelica: Sir, go back to your bench.

Monty: Yes, yes, of course. I wouldn't dream of breaking the rules. But first, I have a little complaint.

Angelica: What?

Monty: Well, listen, I hate to be the one to tell you this, but I think someone might have urinated on the "Up" sign again.

Angelica: Oh, you did it again, did you?

Monty: Me? No, no, no. That would be wrong. (Whispers.) I actually think it was the gentleman in the ugly pants that did it.

Angelica: And I suppose you want me to clean it up.

Monty: Gee, that would be super.

Angelica: Okay, but this is the last time. Next time you have to go, you can make your way to the bathroom just like everyone else.

Monty: Okay, Angel, but it wasn't me, remember? The guy in the ugly pants is our culprit.

(Angelica walks offstage)

Monty: ShowTime. (Woman enters) Welcome to the tenth frame, ma'am. Could I please see your card? (She gives it to him) Okay, just take that exit to your left and follow the flames all the way down. Thank you. (She leaves. Monty walks over to Will.) Here you go. (Hands him the card)

Will: (looks at it) Wow. Thanks.

Monty: No problem.

Will: No, I mean it, you're a real pal.

Monty: Yeah, I know.

Will: I mean, only one person would ever think to steal me a ticket to hell.

Monty: Please, you're making me blush.

Will: (smacks him upside the head) You idiot!

Monty: What?!

Will: I don't want to go to hell!

Monty: Why not?!

Will: Uhh, maybe because it's HELL!

Monty: Well, if you're gonna be picky...

Will: Picky? You got me a one way ticket to eternal damnation!

Monty: It's not as bad as it sounds.

Will: Oh yes, I'm sure it's a wonderful place with lovely people but unfortunately I forgot to bring my summer wear, so you're going to have to find a different card.

Monty: Look, I don't know what you're complaining about. You said you wanted a way out of here right. Well, I got you one. Now you're saying that's not good enough. What do you want, to go to heaven?

Will: That would be nice, yes.

Monty: (rolls his eyes) Do you *know* how many people want to get into heaven?

Will: No.

Monty: Lots. We're talking millions of people here. From Joseph Stalin to George Bush.

Will: George Bush isn't dead.

Monty: Does that mean he doesn't want to get into heaven?

Will: Uhh...

Monty: I've been waiting for a ticket to heaven for over a year, now.

(Angelica enters)

Angelica: Excuse me, sir, but what the hell did you do to my mop? (Holds up a rainbow colored mop)

Monty: I thought it looked nice.

Angelica: (walks over to the "UP" sign.) Nobody urinated on this.

Monty: Oh. sorry. My bad.

Jesus: NOOOOOOOO!!!!!!! (Flips the table over) How the hell do you keep beating me!!!!

(Satan puts another check on his side of the board.)

Angelica: Jesus, please!

Jesus: Oh for once in your miserable life will you just shut up!

Angelica: How dare you talk to me like that?!

Jesus: How dare I? I'm the son of God you flight attendant reject!

Angelica: That doesn't give you the right to be rude to me!

Jesus: I rose from the dead! What did you ever do?!

(Flash of lightning. A booming voice is heard.)

Voice: Keep it quiet down there.

Jesus & Angelica: Sorry sir.

Will: Look, I don't even want to go to heaven right now. All I want is to get back to the tenth frame.

Monty: And like I said, this is the tenth frame.

Will: But I don't want to be here.

Monty: Then you should have bought a higher quality belt.

Will: I...(pause) Have to go to the bathroom.

Monty: (points) Right over there. I'll hold your place in line.

Will: Okay, thanks. (Walks away)

Monty: Hey, us uncared people have to stick together. We're a minority buddy. You and me.

(Will exits. The little man enters again, this time with a pair of pants. He exchanges words with Angelica, then hands them to her.)

Angelica: Can I have everyone's attention please. We have just found a pair of pants that somebody apparently forgot at the bottom of the staircase. Do they belong to anyone?

(silence)

Angelica: I'm sure somebody must know who these pants belong to.

(silence)

Angelica: Any...

Jesus: (impatiently) Why don't you shut your mouth and check the damn pockets?

Angelica: Okay. (She pulls a card out of one of the pockets) We have a card here.

(Monty looks over, interested.)

Angelica: Is there a William Conklin here?

(Monty stands up)

Monty: Umm... where... where does the card get you into?

Angelica: (checks card) Looks like somebody lost their ticket to heaven.

Monty: (looks towards spot where Will exited) Hea... Heaven, huh?

Angelica: Uh huli.

Monty: (looks around, then back towards Will again. Clears throat, then speaks in a deeper voice) I'm William Conklin.

Angelica: Okay Mr. Conklin, here are your pants, and here is your card, and you may exit to the right there. Enjoy the afterlife, sir.

Monty: Umm, yes, thank you. (looks around, then exits)

Will: (enters. He looks around, confused) Monty? Monty? (shrugs, then walks slowly over to Jesus and Satan. He looks at the board for a second, then reaches down and picks up one of Jesus' checkers. He jumps it several times, clearing the board of Satan's pieces.)

Jesus: (stares at the board) I won. (Pause) I won. I can't believe it. I actually won.

Will: Well...

Jesus: YES!!!!!! (Jumps to his feet, points at Satan.) In your face!

(Satan slouches in his chair.)

Jesus: (dancing and singing.) I beat the devil. I beat the devil. (Walks over to the board and puts one big check on his side.) YES! (Turns to Will.) That was amazing! How did you do that?

Will: Well, I... I... don't know.

Jesus: (puts his arm around him and starts steering him towards heaven.) You know, we could use more guys like you, (points up) Up there.

Angelica: (to Will) Excuse me, sir, could I please see your card?

Jesus: He's with me. (To Will) So tell me, what do you like to do for fun?

Will: Well... have you ever been bowling?

(They exit)

(Monty comes stumbling back on.)

Monty: What!? How was I supposed to know that was *your* cat. I didn't hurt him. Just give him a couple weeks and he'll be fine.

God's Voice: Satan, would you please see to it that Mr. Conklin has a *warm* place to sleep tonight?

(Satan nods and puts his arm around Monty's shoulders. They slowly walks towards Hell.)

Monty: Hey, do I still get to meet Fonzie down here?

(Satan shakes his head.)

Monty: Damn. (They exit. From offstage) Hey, Uncle Charlie, long time no see. (lights down.)

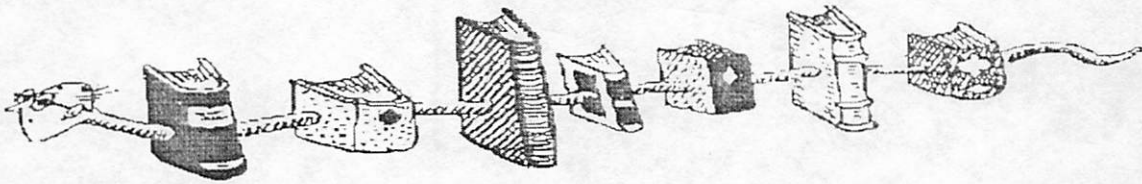
**The End**

(or is it?)

# Urban Raw

by

Jennifer Tomblin



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# Urban Raw

Setting: All action takes place in a 1950's, stereotypical kitchen with a large refrigerator. Everything is black and white. There is also a large kitchen table around which are four chairs. There is a door leading from the kitchen to the outside and another exiting from the kitchen to a hallway.

Cast of Characters: (*All are completely black and white*)

Mom

Dad

Brother

Sister

Repairman Ralph



*(Mother enters the kitchen, puts on an apron, and begins to wipe the counters. She is very scheduled and rhythmic in her work and has a plain expression. Brother and Sister enter together, smiling. Mom sees them and her personality changes from bleak to cheery.)*

MOM: Good Morning Kids! Say, how are you today?

BROTHER: Well, I'm just swell Mom, thanks! Did you sleep well?

MOM: I surely did!

SISTER: Say Mom, could we turn on the television? Until Dad gets up I mean?

MOM: Well, I don't see the harm in that, but only until breakfast.

SISTER: Super!

*(Brother turns on the television and all see it is not working, just fuzzy)*

BROTHER: Golly! The television isn't working Mom! I'm not getting either channel!

MOM: Well I can't see why not. I don't suppose you know what's happened to it. Did somebody play with the bunny ears?

SISTER: I don't think so Mom, I get excited when "Father Knows Best" is on, but I don't think I actually hurt the television!

*(Canned Laughter, Mom smiles and touches Sister's shoulder)*

BROTHER: I don't know anything about it!

MOM: Well turn it off then, and sit down for breakfast.

*(Mom fills up four glasses with milk that has been sitting out on the counter all night. She gives it to the kids. Brother pretends to sit down in Father's seat)*

BROTHER: Gee, I think I'll just sit in Dad's spot this morning!

*(Canned Laughter, Mom and Sister shake their heads)*

SISTER: Mmm, Mom! This milk is swell!

MOM: Thank you Sweetie, there's plenty more where that came from!

SISTER: It's still warm and everything!

*(A very loud alarm is heard, Mom, Brother, and Sister all drop and cover their heads, Dad enters holding a tray of meat and sets it on the table)*

DAD: Good morning all!

*(Everyone pretends like nothing happened)*

ALL: Hi Dad!

DAD: Say Son, you can't forget to cover the front part of your head! It's very important.

BROTHER: Yes Sir.

DAD: You'd be sorry if they dropped the bomb and you ended up with a big scar on your forehead.

BROTHER: *(Sarcastic)* Okay, thanks for the advice.

DAD: Say, how do you handle a thirsty dad?

SISTER: A refreshing glass of milk of course!

DAD: Mmm, that's just what the doctor ordered!

*(Canned Laughter, Mom begins to refill everyone's glass)*

BROTHER: Oh, no thanks Mom. I think I've had too much already!

MOM: Don't be ridiculous! That Vitamin D is great for those bumps and bruises!

*(Brother complies and lets her refill the glass)*

MOM: Sweetheart, it seems something has gone wrong with the television. It has some sort of mysterious scrambled message on it now.

DAD: You don't say. Well, let's have a look at the ol' tube.

SISTER: You don't think it's interfering with the Sputnik do you?

*(Canned Laughter)*

DAD: Of course not dear, the Soviets are far too sly for that.

*(Dad turns on the television and sees that it is not working. He gently hits the top)*

It must be the vertical hold, I've heard of this. Jerry next door had the same problem.

MOM: You don't say. What a shame!

DAD: Did you spill anything on it?

MOM: No, I didn't. Well, you know we could always call Repairman Ralph to take a look at it.

DAD: Well, I suppose we'll have to. I'll go call him from the extension phone in the den.

*(Dad leaves to use the phone. The kids begin to clear the table and get paper bags to pack their lunches)*

SISTER: Mom, what should we pack for lunch?

MOM: Oh my, I would have packed you something but what's wrong with the meat at the cafeteria?

SISTER: Heavens, Mom! Haven't you heard? Lunch Lady Ethel went missing!

MOM: Gracious, that's horrible! I wonder what happened. You know, this is just like Ms. Dickinson down the road, she's been missing for two weeks now!

BROTHER: It's weird, but for now we're supposed to pack a lunch. Just until they figure out where she is I guess.

MOM: It's the strangest thing. But, if you don't hurry for school, they'll think you've gone missing too.

*(Canned Laughter)*

Take a look in the refrigerator for some lunch, then get scoot, scoot, scoot!

*(Brother opens the fridge to reveal it is filled only with meat)*

BROTHER: Let's see here...

*(Starts to rummage through, placing stacks of meat on the kitchen table, piles of meat loaf are soon packed on the table. Dad enters)*

All right Sis, pass me a couple of paper bags.

*(Sister eagerly passes him two bags, and watches him pile a few in each of the bags)*

SISTER: Mmm, perfect! It looks great!

DAD: You can't beat meat!

*(Canned Laughter, everyone chuckles, the kids fold their bags over, Brother grabs his books, and they get ready to leave)*

DAD: Say kids how many meat loaves did each of you take?

BROTHER: Oh brother, not this again.

SISTER: Two each Daddy, why?

DAD: Listen tough guy, why don't you take one more? This is a free country, you don't have to *always* be equal!

*(Brother is annoyed but he goes to the fridge anyway and gets another)*

MOM: Have a swell day kids!

DAD: Make it a good one!

BRO. & SISTER: Thanks! Bye!

*(Brother and Sister leave, Brother opens the door for her happily. Mom and Dad smile at each other and Mom once again wipes the counters)*

DAD: Well, Repairman Ralph wasn't home when I called, but his wife said she would get him to phone us when he returns.

MOM: Oh good.

DAD: Say, whose books are those?

MOM: Oh no!

*(Mom grabs the books and hurriedly runs out the door. She opens it to find Repairman Ralph with a glass to the door, he feels like he was caught.)*

RALPH & MOM: Ahh!

MOM: Repairman Ralph, you scared me!

RALPH: Uh, I'm sorry ma'am! I, I was just, uhm...

MOM: Come in, come in!

*(Ralph cautiously enters the kitchen, taking a quick look at everything and placing the glass on the counter. He is holding on to his keys.)*

DAD: So your wife told you about our television!

RALPH: No. I mean, she didn't have to because a repairman always knows!  
*(Canned Laughter, Ralph looks around to see where it's coming from.)*

DAD: Here Ralph, let me take your keys.

RALPH: *(Hesitantly)* Uh. Okay.  
*(Ralph hands Dad the keys who puts them on the counter)*  
What, uh, seems to be the problem with the television?

MOM: Well Ralph, we think that maybe it was the...

DAD: Vertical hold! Just like Jerry next door had.

RALPH: Okay, let's have a look at it.  
*(Ralph looks at the TV, he can see what the problem is)*  
Well, the problem seems to be, uh, schematic!

DAD: You don't say.

RALPH: You see, *technically* it seems the cord was ripped right from the back.

MOM: Good grief!

RALPH: It's very hard to remove too. It must have been ripped out. Say, was someone playing around back here recently?

MOM: No, no. Well, this is just horrid. Darling, maybe you have some tools in the garage that could help.

RALPH: Oh no, I can't think of any tools for this sort of job. But, I could take it into the shop and see if they can replace the wires.

DAD: Don't be silly, let's have a look in the garage and see what we can find.  
*(Kids return home, disheartened, Mom is alarmed)*

MOM: Kids! What are you doing home?

BROTHER: Gee Mom, we got to school but no one else was there!

SISTER: Do you think everyone else has gone missing like Lunch Lady Ethel?

RALPH: Isn't it Saturday?

*(Canned Laughter)*

MOM: Oh my! It is, but you were too eager for school to realize!

SISTER: Neato! Now I don't have to wait for the bell to eat my lunch!

*(Sister sits down at the table and begins to eat)*

BROTHER: You know Dad, it's strange that you didn't remember, seeing you didn't have to go to work and all.

MOM: Yes well it was a very hectic morning wasn't it? With the TV broken I guess we were just distracted.

*(Brother goes to the table with his books and begins to read)*

DAD: Well, Ralphie what do you say we go have a look in the garage, just to see what I have in there for the television.

RALPH: Yeah, okay then.

*(Ralph and Dad leave the kitchen. Ralph is nervous)*

SISTER: Hey Mom, is Ralph a roofer now too?

MOM: No, not that I know of. Why Sweetie?

BROTHER: Well, because when we were leaving for school, we saw Ralph on the roof. He was looking through all the windows. We just figured he changed professions.

MOM: Isn't that odd. Did he say what he was looking for?

BROTHER: No, he didn't even see us leave.

MOM: You kids stay here. I just have to go and help your father look for something in the garage. Okay kids?

SISTER: Okay Mom, is something wrong?

MOM: No, of course not.

*(Mom leaves, Brother begins to clear the table)*

BROTHER: That's strange about Ralph, isn't it?

SISTER: Not really, he was probably just doing us a favour and, uh, cleaning our roof.

BROTHER: I don't think so.

SISTER: Well, it doesn't matter anyway. Say, could you help me study off of my notes? My teacher said I really need to study.

BROTHER: You do? Okay. I guess I could help you go over a few things.

*(Sister hands him some notes from her bag)*

Okay, let's see here... Hey, this doesn't look like your handwriting.

SISTER: Yes, I know. Dad gave me some extra notes to help me study.

BROTHER: That's nice of him. Okay... Alright, how did the Great War begin?

SISTER: Well it began because, well because there were all these little wars all over the place, because everyone wanted to get rid of all the Communists. But then the Communists took over, and so the States went in because of the responsibility to take control of any country that...

BROTHER: Whoa! Whoa! That doesn't even make sense!

SISTER: Yes, it does! It's even in those notes!



*(Brother looks at the first page, and then begins to flip through all the pages)*

BROTHER: I, I can't believe this! It's all like this!

SISTER: I got it right! It's all like what?

BROTHER: It's garbage! Listen to this... Roosevelt planned a National Communist take-over... The Second World War started because of Russian women... Russia bombed Alaska in 1953 because *Commies* don't even know how to make ice! This is psychotic!

SISTER: You are being so paranoid! Why are you blaming Dad for everything the Communists did?

BROTHER: He's the paranoid one! Look, Communists have nothing to do with any of this stuff! He's trying to make you believe these lies and you're not even questioning him! He's totally obsessed!

SISTER: Please just stop. Will you stop?

BROTHER: I am just so sick of being bombarded with this stuff *all the time!* Do you know what this is? This is propaganda and they're feeding it to us in our own home!

*(Canned Laughter. Brother throws the notes on the table, gets up from his chair and marches around.)*

SISTER: Propaganda isn't even a word. Now you're making up crazy words to make me feel dumb. I'm not dumb you know!

BROTHER: No, you're not dumb you're gullible! Dad really has you believing this stuff doesn't he?

SISTER: Yeah, well, why shouldn't I?

BROTHER: Why shouldn't you? Because Dad isn't treating us like his kids, it's like he's trying to breed copies of himself over and over again! And if we believe him, we'll make *our* kids learn the same lies! He's completely paranoid about some take-over that is never going to happen! Our whole lives are based on fear!

SISTER: You know what? You're the worse tutor ever!

*(Sister begins to storm out but is met by Ralph, Dad, and Mom enter. Ralph's arm is bleeding, he looks frightened. Dad is still holding the screwdriver up.)*

DAD: Gee Ralph, I feel just crummy!

SISTER: Golly, what happened?

MOM: Your father accidentally slipped and scratched Ralph with a screwdriver.

BROTHER: Hey Dad, you can put the screwdriver down now!

*(Dad gives Brother a bad look and puts the screwdriver on the counter. He rubs his knee. Brother picks up the history notes again.)*

SISTER: Goodness Daddy! Are you okay?

DAD: I'll be fine. But I kind of hurt my knee.

BROTHER: What about Ralph? It sure looks like more than a scratch!

RALPH: Yes, I think so.

MOM: Goodness Ralph, why didn't you say anything?

RALPH: I didn't think I had to.

*(Mom takes his arm and has a closer look, blood is everywhere)*

You know, it's fine. It really is. It'll be fine just as soon as the bleeding stops.

BROTHER: It doesn't look fine to me! Mom, why don't you bandage him up or something?

MOM: Well, I'm all out of bandages right now, but I know what will do the trick...

*(Mom goes to the cupboard and gets cling-wrap)*

DAD: Ralph, you look a little pale. Are you hungry or something?

*(Mom begins to wrap Ralph's arm. Ralph is in pain)*

BROTHER: *(Sarcastically)* Gee Dad, maybe it's on account of the blood loss!

DAD: *(Surprised)* I suppose you're right tough guy. But why don't you get Ralph here something to eat anyway?

BROTHER: Fine, if you really think that's going to help.

*(Brother goes to the fridge, gets some meat and puts it on the table. Ralph is disgusted, he compared his arm to the wrapped meat he's holding)*

RALPH: Uhm, thank you... I guess.

*(Mom finishes bandaging Ralph's arm)*

MOM: There we are, as good as new Ralph!

RALPH: Well that's just swell, thanks a million.

MOM: Oh, but be sure to keep some pressure on it. Here, this will help keep down any swelling.

*(Mom gets a steak and slabs it on Ralph's arm)*

RALPH: You know, I'll be just fine without it.

*(Ralph takes off the meat, puts it on the table, and stands up)*

Listen, I'm just going to get going now.

DAD: There's no need for that is there Ralph?

RALPH: Well, the television does need repair, but again I can't do it here. Plus, well, the arm, and, yeah, I'm just going to go now.

MOM: Why Ralph whatever they do at the repair shop can be done here.

RALPH: Yes but I'm not quite sure exactly what to do.

DAD: Oh, have a little faith in yourself! You just need a few electrical wires don't you? Sit and have something to eat and then we'll go to the garage and have another look.

RALPH: No! I, I mean, I'm not going back in the garage!

MOM: Good golly Ralph, why not?

RALPH: Well, because... I have some electrical wires in my van. I'll just go and get them. Now.

DAD: Ralph, sit down and have something to eat first. We have too much food as it is. Help us get rid of some.

RALPH: Alright.

*(Ralph slowly sits back down with Dad and they begin to eat. Ralph gets a disgusted look on his face.)*

Uh! I, I think maybe this meat is a little, um, undercooked.

DAD: Undercooked?

RALPH: Well, yes. Actually it tastes a little bit raw. Maybe it was mixed up with the cooked meat.

MOM: Well of course not Ralph, that's just the way we like it!

RALPH: You know, I wasn't too hungry anyway. Maybe I'll just try and replace those wires and get going.

DAD: Oh Ralph, we insist. Finish up your lunch, don't be afraid to try something new!

*(Ralph eats some more, but can't take it anymore)*

RALPH: It's just meat anyway, it's probably not too good for my blood pressure and my ol' lady's been hassling me about it. You know how it is.

MOM: *(Upset)* OH! You don't like my cooking? Don't worry, I understand! I'm just so embarrassed!

RALPH: Oh no, don't be! Really! My stomach's just not well. And you know I find when I eat too much red meat I get kind of sluggish. I don't usually eat any at all.

*(Canned Laughter, Sister, Dad, and Mom all laugh. Brother and Ralph make eye contact.)*

DAD: Ralph, there's no need for bad excuses.

MOM: Really Ralph, I'll just get you something else to eat.

*(Mom sadly clears the plate and looks in the fridge for something else)*

RALPH: Oh swell. Anything you have, maybe without so much meat. Anything at all! Maybe just a nice salad or something.

*(Canned Laughter, Mom, Dad, and Sister laugh, Mom takes out a link of sausages)*

MOM: There you are Ralph, home-made!

RALPH: Uh, well that's just swell, thanks! I think I'll take these to go.

DAD: Come on Ralph, we have a lot of work to do.

RALPH: Sure do.

*(Ralph gets up to go to the garage but is afflicted with serious stomach pains)*

Ooh! My stomach!

SISTER: Ralph! Are you alright?

MOM: You look just awful Ralph, sit down!

RALPH: It just hit me all of a sudden, oh!

MOM: That's the strangest thing!

RALPH: I, I'm not doing too good here. And you know, it's like an oven in here, I'm roasting!

SISTER: It's not hot to me.

BROTHER: What can we do Ralph?

RALPH: Please... Just call my wife, she'll come right over.

MOM: Ralph! Is it really all that bad? Maybe it's just a bad case of indigestion.

RALPH: OH! I, I don't think so!

DAD: Listen Ralph, you don't have to eat the sausage but there's no need for the dramatics.

BROTHER: Dad! What are you talking about? The man's sick!

DAD: I realize that son. Why don't you do something useful and get Ralph here some milk?

RALPH: No...More...

BROTHER: See Dad! He doesn't want any more! He's sick! Why don't you just call his wife?

DAD: Hey! Why don't you go to your room and take it easy for a while?

BROTHER: Take it easy? Just like Stalin did when he got power?

DAD: What are you talking about?

BROTHER: I read the notes!

DAD: Listen, tough guy, we'll talk about this later.

BROTHER: No. No I'd like to talk about this now! History is not supposed to be based on opinions, it's supposed to be based facts! Nobody except you could think of anything more psychotic!

DAD: It would be wise for you to leave now.

BROTHER: Fine!

*(Brother storms out of kitchen and goes to his room)*

DAD: Kids these days.

RALPH: They're not like they use to be. But you know. I think I can just call my wife myself.

*(Ralph gets up to use the phone, but he immediately stumbles to the ground.)*

SISTER: Ralph! Ralph are you alright?

RALPH: No. This is worse than I thought. Maybe, maybe I'll just lie here on the floor for a second.

*(Canned Laughter)*

MOM: Yes Ralph, do! Is there anything I can do?

RALPH: Again, just call my wife, it's no problem.

DAD: Gee Ralph, you look like you're really burning up!

SISTER: Oh Mom! Isn't there anything I can do?

MOM: Yes, you go ahead and give Ralph's wife a call. Here, here's the number.

*(Mom scribbles a number on a small piece of paper)*

RALPH: Go quickly now, dear.

SISTER: I sure will!

*(Sister leaves the kitchen)*

DAD: There we are Ralph, she'll be here in no time.

RALPH: I know, I just hope I'll still be here.

*(Canned Laughter)*

MOM: Oh Ralph! That's terribly unnecessary! You'll be just fine!

RALPH: Yes, I hope so.

DAD: Darling, maybe you should check his temperature. Ralph here is starting to sound delirious!

MOM: Good idea!

*(Mom goes to the drawer and returns with an oversized cooking thermometer)*

Alright Ralph, open wide!

*(Repairman Ralph is horrified and wants to resist but he's too weak, Mom and Dad watch closely)*

Oh Ralph! You're temperature is terribly high!

RALPH: Let me see that! *(Mom hands Ralph the thermometer)*  
I'm almost Medium-Rare!

*(Canned Laughter, Mom and Dad look at each other and walk over toward the table, Ralph sits up)*

MOM: Why Ralph, why don't you just lie there and try to relax a minute?

RALPH: Yes, I think I'll do that.

*(Ralph almost collapses on the ground, Mom and Dad sit at opposite ends of the table, stare at each other, and say nothing for an uncomfortable amount of time)*

RALPH: Is, Is something wrong?



*(Mom and Dad do not acknowledge Ralph's question.)*

Uhm, do you think your daughter got through alright to my wife?

*(Another uncomfortable amount of time passes)*

Is everything alright? Have I done something wrong?

DAD: How are you feeling Ralph?

RALPH: What? Uhm, not so good. I'm not doing any better here on the ground.

MOM: That's horrid Ralph! Why don't you lie down in my room while you wait for your wife?

RALPH: I think I might just do that. But do you think you could help me up?

*(Ralph puts the thermometer on the ground and looks at them carefully))*

DAD & MOM: Of course.

*(Mom and Dad help Ralph up. Ralph is very dependent on their support, and very nervous)*

RALPH: Careful now, I'm very tender.

*(Ralph, Mom, and Dad begin to leave the kitchen at the same time Brother returns)*

MOM: Darling! What are you doing out of your room?

BROTHER: Nothing much. I guess I've *cooled down* enough to come back out. What are you doing to Ralph?

DAD: Nothing much, tough guy, just going out to the garage so that Ralph here can tell me which wires to use for the television.

RALPH: But I thought...

MOM: Ralph is feeling much better now. Come on Ralph.

*(Mom, Dad, and Ralph leave. Brother enters the kitchen pensively. Brother puts the meat from the table back in the fridge. He walks over to the cooking thermometer, picks it up and looks at it strangely and puts it in his pocket. Sister enters the kitchen enthusiastically until she sees her brother.)*

**SISTER:** Where's Mom? I have to tell her I couldn't get through to Ralph's wife with this number.

**BROTHER:** In the garage, but I wouldn't go in there there's already too much excitement and Ralph still looks sick.

**SISTER:** *(Angrily)* Well then, I guess I'll just go away now.

**BROTHER:** What, are you still angry with me?

**SISTER:** Yes. You were very rude to Dad. Plus, you don't even know if he was wrong about *everything* he wrote!

**BROTHER:** Yes I do! Anybody who isn't a part of this family does! Listen, don't fall for this mass-hysteria witch-hunt he's trying to feed you...

*(Loud alarm goes off again. Brother and Sister scream, duck, and cover. Mom and Dad enter the kitchen holding a tray of meat)*

**DAD:** Way to cover Son!

**BROTHER:** *(Outraged)* What are you doing? Will you stop with the practise alarms? We hear them all the time! Don't you think the neighbours can hear?

**SISTER:** I thought it was really happening!

**MOM:** Well then you would have survived if the Russians really did drop the bomb. And the neighbours should get used to the sound because they're really going to need it one day.

**SISTER:** *(Quizzical)* I guess so.

**DAD:** Guess so? This is high tech equipment! Not to mention the bomb shelter.

MOM: Which is in dire need of decorating!

BROTHER: Can we just stop talking about all this Russian garbage?

*(Mom and Dad are shocked and ready to speak but Sister interrupts)*

SISTER: Where's Repairman Ralph Mom?

MOM: What? Oh, he went home.

BROTHER: He went home?

DAD: Yes Son, he went home.

SISTER: How did he get home Mom? I tried to call his wife but the number didn't work.

MOM: Strange. You must have dialled it wrong. Anyway, honey, I need some help with dinner.

BROTHER: Well just wait Mom, how did Ralph get home without his wife?

DAD: It isn't hard to figure out tough guy, he drove himself home.

BROTHER: Yes, but he seemed like he was almost dea-

MOM: Well no he wasn't Sweetheart. You saw him, he was feeling better *near the end* and he helped your father look for some wires to fix the television. Don't you remember Darling? You saw him.

DAD: Sweetie, there is no reason to explain yourself. Ralph's gone now and that's that. Who's hungry?

SISTER: Me Daddy!

*(Canned Laughter, Mom and Dad smile huge smiles)*

MOM: Well then Sweetheart, maybe you could help me with dinner.

SISTER: I'd like to Mom, I really would, except I have a really important exam tomorrow.

MOM: You'll do just as much learning in the kitchen as you will in any of those textbooks of yours.

BROTHER: What are you talking about Mom?

MOM: *(Overly enthusiastic smile)* All I'm saying is that there's no use wasting time on studying math or science when women's work is a *natural* speciality.

*(Mom pinches Sister's chin)*

BROTHER: Mom! That's not true!

*(Canned Laughter)*

SISTER: It's okay! *This time* it's true! I suppose...

DAD: You can bet your bottom dollar it's true! Don't worry your pretty little head! Just leave the tough stuff to the big boys.

SISTER: Okay Daddy! I will.

MOM: Now Sweetheart, if you could just help me wrap some of the meat on the table, that would be great. And, it's easier on the brain!

SISTER: Sure Mom.

*(Mom and Sister begin to wrap the meat from the tray in cling-wrap)*

BROTHER: I can't believe you're making her wrap meat instead of studying! Are you trying to keep her as ignorant as possible?

DAD: Son, you are in a frightening mood today! Now that is enough! Apologize to your mother and your sister right away.

BROTHER: *(Outraged)* No! I will not apologize! And do you want to know why? It's simple! Because I can see what's going on here! You're trying to make *her* *you!* She's going to end up this ignorant, propagandized, paranoid Ms. Congeniality!

DAD: Oh oh! I sense another bomb threat coming on!

SISTER: Please Daddy no!

BROTHER: What is that supposed to mean? You *sense* another bomb threat? Are you threatening *me*?

DAD: All it means, Son, is that maybe you need to sit down and think things through.

BROTHER: You mean I can *think*? Really? Gee Dad that's just swell.

MOM: *(Chipper)* Dinner's ready!

*(Brother stares at Mom and Dad. Sister is reserved and scared and helps her mother hand out separate packages of meat to each member of the family as they sit down. A long moment passes, with another uncomfortable silence)*

MOM: Well isn't this nice, us all sitting down for dinner.

DAD: Well I'll say Honey, this meal looks absolutely scrumptious!

MOM: Oh, how wonderful! I just knew it was your favourite!

BROTHER: You just knew it was his favourite? Gee Mom, maybe because we have the exact same thing for every dinner... And breakfast, and lunch, and snacks, and appetizers, and dessert.

*(Mom and Dad give each other an oversized smile)*

SISTER: Can you please just stop now?

DAD: No, no. Don't stop! I'm looking forward to hearing whatever it is you want to say.

MOM: It's a free country, isn't it Sweetheart.

DAD: That's right Darling. Now Son, is there anything else you'd like to complain about?

*(Mom, Dad, and Sister all look at Brother. Brother doesn't say anything for a while. Brother clears his throat.)*

**BROTHER:** You know, there isn't anything else I'd like to complain about. I was just wondering about a few things. Why is it that we only eat meat? We're the only ones who do it!

*(Mom looks at Sister sweetly)*

**MOM:** Is this true Sweetheart? Do some of the other kids at school eat some different things?

*(Sister is afraid to answer)*

**SISTER:** Uhm, I don't know... I mean I don't really remember. I think so, I mean maybe some of the kids.

**BROTHER:** No! Not some of the kids! All of the kids! They even have condiments like mustard, and jam, and salt and pepper! Mom they have salad!

*(Canned Laughter)*

**MOM:** Well I suppose that's just a silly mistake they made. They'll come around soon enough, you'll see.

**BROTHER:** How is it a silly choice if everyone's making it?

**DAD:** Well Son, the only thing I can say is that this is sort of like the Russians *choosing* to become Communists. Would you make the same choice then?

**BROTHER:** What? Dad! Read a book! All I'm saying is that you two are going too far with this whole meat thing! Mom even gave Lunch Lady Ethel a note saying that all I could eat is a certain type of meat!

*(Mom goes to the drawer and gets a meat baster)*

Finally, one day she gave me a scoop of beans to go with it and then all of a sudden... All of a sudden Lunch Lady Ethel isn't there to serve *anything* anymore! Oh, oh my God!

*(Mom bastes air into Brother's face. Canned Laughter)*

What! What are you doing?

MOM: Don't use the Lord's name in vain Sweetheart!

*(Mom continues to baste Brother)*

BROTHER: Stop it! Will you stop it? Stop!

*(Mom continues)*

MOM: Calm down Son! I'm just trying to help!

BROTHER: Give that to me! Give it!

*(Brother pulls it from Mom's hand)*

Are you going crazy? I am not a piece of meat!

*(Everyone's eyes widen. Mom and Dad pause.)*

DAD: Of course not Son! And neither are any of us.

BROTHER: Excuse me? Neither are any of us?

DAD: That's right

BROTHER: I, I can't believe you're saying this! I can't believe this! I know! I know exactly what's going on here! Oh God please tell me I have this all wrong!

MOM: You have this all wrong Sweetie.

BROTHER: Do I?

SISTER: What's all wrong?

BROTHER: You, you always have an endless supply of, of meat. Oh my God! NO!  
Please, tell me I'm missing something! No!

DAD: Calm down, tough guy! I think you're letting your imagination run a little wild!

BROTHER: You know Dad, my imagination isn't as strong as yours but I still know EXACTLY what's going on here.

*(Dad takes a large bite and chews, savouring the meat and mocking Son.)*

Stop eating that! Stop it!

*(Brother goes to the front door, looks out, and closes it again)*

Oh God, I was right!

SISTER: What?

BROTHER: Ralph's van is still out there.

*(Dad begins to stare out in front of him. Mom ignores Brother and begins to clear the table. Sister looks at Dad)*

Mom, why is Ralph's van still out there? Dad told me he drove himself!

MOM: Well I guess Ralph just didn't take his van when he left. He was probably still a tad too woozy to drive! Right Sweetie?

*(Mom look to Dad for help but Dad is still staring)*

Darling. What are you doing?

BROTHER: Dad! Wake up!

MOM: Just leave him! He's just thinking!

BROTHER: What's he thinking about Mom?

SISTER: Mom! May I be excused please?

MOM: You are not going anywhere!



BROTHER: You two are insane!

*(Mom stands straight, crosses her arms, looks away and taps her foot. Canned Laughter begins and gets perpetually louder.)*

Listen to me! If you think you're going to get away with this you're wrong!

*(Canned Laughter gets louder and louder)*

Will you just stop that and listen to me? MOM! That's it! I'm leaving!

*(Canned Laughter mutes Brother out. Brother leaves the kitchen. Laughter stops. Mom walks over to Dad)*

SISTER: Mom, what's happening?

MOM: Nothing! Just, just clear the table won't you?

*(Sister begins to clear the table, but keep looking over at her parents. Dad is still staring, Mom is right up to his face. She is speaking quietly)*

Why are you sitting here by yourself? Answer me!

*(Mom looks over at Sister and gives her a big smile. She looks back at Dad)*

You are not doing this alone!

*(Dad stops staring, and stands up)*

DAD: Excuse me you two, I need to have a father- to-son chat with ol' tough guy. I'll be right back.

*(Dad begins to leave, Mom blocks his way and speaks quietly)*

MOM: I'll get you for this.

*(Dad grabs her, kisses her on the cheek and leaves. Mom looks at Sister, they both giggle nervously, and Mom begins to help Sister clean up.)*

SISTER: Uhm, Mom?

MOM: Yes?

SISTER: Why, why did you give me the wrong number when I tried to call Ralph's wife? I tried the same number over and over again.

MOM: Sweetheart, nice little girls don't patronize their mother, do they?

SISTER: No Mom. I'm sorry. I must have dialled wrong.

*(Mother puts some clean plates on the table when Sister drops some of the meat)*

SISTER: Oh no!

MOM: What have you done?

SISTER: Mom, I'm sorry! It's all my fault.

MOM: You'd better believe it's all your fault! What am I going to do?

SISTER: I, I'm sorry! I'll clean this all up!

MOM: I'm going to have to replace this!

SISTER: Don't be angry Mom, we still have more than enough!

MOM: There is never enough! What if the Russians drop the bomb? Then what will we do?

*(Dad enters the room with a tray-full of meat)*

DAD: Who wants dessert?

SISTER: Where did you get that?

DAD: From the freezer of course. Where should I put it?

MOM: Well, just put it on the table I suppose.

DAD: It looks great!

*(Dad and Mom sit down. Sister remains standing up and is frightened)*

Dig in!

SISTER: No! We just ate! I don't want anymore!

MOM: That was hardly a proper meal, sit down and have a little more.

*(Sister sits down, while Dad puts some on a plate in front of her)*

DAD: There you are Sweetheart, eat it while it's warm.

SISTER: Warm? But I thought it was from the... I'm not going to eat this!

DAD: Excuse me? You will eat this.

MOM: Alright everybody, enough! Now let's enjoy *this* meal in peace!

*(Sister begins to poke at her food in disgust and picks something out of it)*

SISTER: What is this?

*(Sister pulls out Brother's letter off of his letterman jacket. She is horrified)*

What is this doing here? Oh my God!

MOM: Oh honey don't eat that, it's only a decoration.

SISTER: What? Decoration!

DAD: Sweetheart, we thought it was cute. Your brother would just love it.

SISTER: Where is he? What's happening?

DAD: He went to bed, he was really over-tired. Now let's just stop all the hysterics! This is a perfectly good meal.

SISTER: No! No, I'm not going to eat this! Something's going on here.

*(Mom stands up, and keeps her hands on the table)*

MOM: That's where you're wrong! You will eat this because there is absolutely nothing wrong with my cooking! I have had enough of your questioning little girl! Now, EAT!

*(Mom sits back down. But Sister still refuses to eat. Mom begins to stare.)*

DAD: It's a little tough wouldn't you say?

SISTER: Tough?!

*(Sister is terrified by association with Brother. Mom continues to stare. It takes a few seconds, but Dad finally notices. He looks at Sister, who looks at him with fright. He continues to eat.)*

SISTER: Mom? Oh no, not you too!

*(She looks at Dad who pretends to be too busy eating to notice. Sister speaks quietly to Mom)*

Mom please! Stop... Don't be angry... Please!

*(Mom smacks her hand into the meat on the middle of the table. She looks at her hand and smears it on the front of her dress. Sister is horrified)*

What are you doing?

MOM: Oh no! Look at what I've done!

*(Mom stands up from the table with no expression and smears even more on her dress, she then looks at Sister pleasantly)*

Sweetie, would you mind coming to the laundry room with me? I should get this out as soon as possible!

SISTER: No! It won't stain! Just leave it.

MOM: I'm not going to just *leave* it! Be a good little girl and help Mommy.

SISTER: Not right now. Dad! Why don't you help?

*(Dad looks at Mom who raises her eyebrows. He stands up, sadly)*

DAD: I can't. I have to go and and move Ralph's car.

*(Mom grabs Sister's arm, and pulls her out of the kitchen. Dad leaves the front door. A few moments pass and Mom re-enters with a tray of meat. Dad soon enters and they look at each other pleasantly.)*

MOM: Hello Sweetheart!

DAD: Hello Darling!

MOM: Is it still nice out there?

DAD: It's wonderful! And so are you. Give me a hug won't you?

*(Mom is nervous of sign of affection.)*

MOM: Well... I suppose the kids won't walk in on us!

*(Canned Laughter. Mom and Dad laugh and hug, Mom lets go.)*

DAD: How about another one?

MOM: Why Darling! Of course!

*(Mom is cut by Dad's key in the arm)*

MOM: Ow! What are you doing?

DAD: Heavens Sweetie! I'm sorry, I must have *scratched* you with Ralph's key!

*(Mom is a little sceptical)*

MOM: It's alright. I'll be fine. I'm actually more worried about you!

*(Dad is sceptical and mistrusting)*

DAD: Why?

MOM: Well you must be famished!

DAD: Yes! Yes I am! I could eat a horse!

*(Canned Laughter, Mom laughs and rolls her eyes in disgust.)*

MOM: Well sit down, sit down!

DAD: Great. Well this looks wonderful! I hope you didn't go to too much trouble!

MOM: No no! I mean, nothing you wouldn't do!

*(Dad sits down and Mom follows him.)*

Let me cut that for you.

DAD: Thank you.

*(Mom cuts the meat and as she is backing off cuts him on the arm. Dad stands up)*

What do you think you're doing?

MOM: Oops! Sorry Darling! I guess I didn't see your arm there!

DAD: I guess not!

MOM: Well don't be angry! It was just an accident!

DAD: Of course dear. Why wouldn't it be?

MOM: Exactly.

*(Mom and Dad stare at each other for a moment. They speak without much expression and very bluntly.)*

DAD: Is this what I think it is?

MOM: It's only right. Don't you think?

DAD: That's exactly right. It's only fair that we're equal.

*(Mom goes to the counter to get a knife. Dad goes to the counter and gets his screwdriver. They walk over to each other.)*

DAD: So much for the bomb.

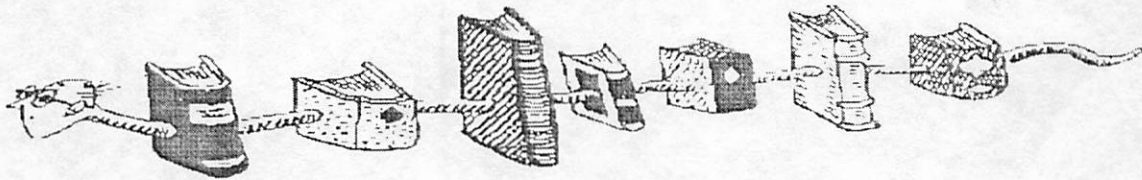
MOM: I guess it was here all along.

*(Mom and Dad sit at the opposite ends of the table. A spotlight goes on them as they stare at each other. All of the other lights go off. Echoing Canned Laughter is played and gets more and more muffled and loud. Staring continues and spotlight and laughter end simultaneously and abruptly. Music is heard and volume increases. End.)*

# Whatever

by

Elisa-Marie McRae



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Elisa McRae  
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YouthWrite

## "WHATEVER"

\* [vocalized asides ]

### [ASIDES]

(setting-  
(stage right) Mansfield High's girls' locker room.  
There is a bench (lockers are optional)  
(stage left) The hallway leading to the change room.  
There are lockers)

### (SCENE 1)

(In Change room)

(lights come up. Jill and Claire are entering the change room.  
Once in they stand at the mirror doing their hair, makeup etc.)

Jill- It was so amazing! Kyle was like, wow! You know what I mean?

Claire- Totally! [I guess] So really, you guys actually like did it?

Jill- Yep. It was so romantic!

Claire- Sounds like it. [Slut. Oh I wish it was me!]

Jill- But anyways, can you believe that we have grade twelve homeroom in the gym?

Claire- I know. It's so gross and big and dingy in there.

Jill- I know. I would never go in there if I didn't have to.

Claire- No kidding this is like one of the worst things that has ever happened to us.

(Reece enters stage left)

Reece- Hi guys!

Jill/Claire- Hi.

Reece- What's up?

Claire- Not much. (pause) Jill was just telling me about her summer. [Like it's any of her business]

Reece- Oh. Did you have a good one?

Jill- Definitely. How was yours?

Reece- [She's actually talking to me! I am in the group!] Oh great! Yeah, I was a counselor up at Blue Lake summer camp the whole time.

Jill- Sounds like a blast.

Reece- Oh yeah! I was really sad when I had to go because-

Claire- What kind of stuff did you guys do up there? [I bet they did archery and crafts and crap like that]

Reece- The best stuff! We did a whole week of archery and we did crafts practically every day. It was really, really neat!

Reece/Claire/Jill- [Neat?]

Jill- (*pointedly ignoring Reece*) Well Claire, now you know what I did and what Reece did, but I want to know what you did.

Claire- Oh, not much.

Jill- Come on, just tell me what you did.

Claire- I really didn't do anything.

Jill- You must have done something. C'mon tell me puh-lease!

Reece- Yeah tell us!

*(Claire and Jill both give Reece a "look", she turns around.)*

Claire- Fine. You dragged it out of me. Well, you know how I spent a month at my grandma's house in Cranbrook?

Jill- Yep.

Claire- Well it just so happens that while I was there I met this hottie named Shane and we had this thing going.

Reece- Oh my gosh! Claire this is the most amazing thing. My cousin's name is Shane and he lives in Cranbrook!

Claire- Really?

Reece- Yeah! What do you think that I'd make something stupid like that up to impress you? [I did]

Claire- No. But they're probably not the same guy 'cause my Shane's last name is Smith.

Reece- That's my cousin's last name!

Claire- But your last name is Krauter.

Reece- [umm] Our mothers' are sisters.

Claire- Oh. Yeah well, uhh, I don't think that they're the same person I mean he would've said something if...

Jill- Claire? You sound kind of defensive. You didn't make it up  
up did you?

Claire- Of course not! [I did] Why would I do something dumb like  
that? Do I look like I need to make that sort of thing  
up? Am I a pathetic loser or something? [Yes I am]

Jill- I'm just teasing you. Relax.

Claire- Sorry. I'm just a bit sensitive when it comes to Shane.

Jill- Really, I never would have guessed. Oh hey Reece isn't it  
almost your birthday?

Reece- Yeah. It's on Thursday. I can't believe you remembered!

Claire- [Neither can I]

Jill- Is your family doing anything special for it?

Reece- Yep. My whole family's coming to visit.

Jill- Like all your aunts and your grandparents and stuff?

Reece- Mhmm.

Jill- So that means your cousins will all be here?

Reece- Yeah. [Oh shoot]

Jill- So that means that Shane will be here and you, Claire, can  
introduce him to me.

Claire- [Oh shoot] Sure! Oh I am so excited now.

Jill- Me too.

Reece- Me too.

Claire/Reece/Jill- [Not]

Jill- Well, we better get going. Let's see second class, first  
day of school I get to go to.. (looking at form) Math. And  
grade 11 math. I don't even remember signing up for  
math this year. This sucks!

Claire- (looking at schedule) Hey, I have math 11 too. This  
totally sucks but hey let's go. Have fun in PE Reece.

Reece- Oh yeah I will. This year I got wrestling!

Claire- Oh yeah that's right. Reece likes to play tough with all  
the boys.

Reece- Yeah. See you guys later.

Jill- Bye.

*(They go to exit Kelly blocks them.)*

Claire- Oh look Jill, it's our best friend Kelly!

Jill- Oh hooray! Look how grown up she is for just a grade 8 and so cute too! I think-

Reece- I think you guys should leave my sister alone.

Jill- She knows we're just kidding. Bye.

*(As Jill and Claire exit Claire drops her time table just outside the changeroom)*

Kelly- Hi Reece. You forgot your lunch today- *(give lunch to her)*

Reece- No time for that Kelly. Oh my goodness I am the biggest moron in the world!

Kelly- What did you do now?

Reece- Well, I didn't mean to

*(Claire is outside changeroom bends down to pick up time table and obviously over hears. So she stays to listen.)*

but, well, I sorta told Claire that the guy she went out with this summer was related to us and that he's coming to visit us in two days

Kelly- Why did you tell her that?

Reece- Because, well I don't know! Maybe because I'm a very, very creative person or maybe I thought that if I knew a guy they thought was cool, they'd think I was cool.

Kelly- You mean like you thought they'd think you were cool if you hung out with someone they liked?

Reece- Yeah. Exactly.

Kelly- So you told them he was your cousin?

Reece- Stupid. I know. [I thought it was a good plan]  
*(Claire goes to her locker laughing)*  
What should I do?

Kelly- Well why don't you just tell them that he called and said he couldn't make it?

Reece- Oh duh. Why didn't I think of that I'm such an idiot. I'm a geek, a bone head, a moron, a [why isn't she stopping me?] dork, a-

Kelly- Stop it. I'm sick of your whining.

*(Bell Rings)*

You'd better go.

Reece- You should too.

*(Reece closes exits stage right. Kelly exits Stage Left - she goes past Claire at her locker.)*

Kelly- Claire you're going to be late.

Claire- Yeah. Thanks. Hey Kelly nice toilet paper on your shoe. That's not a great way to make a first impression.

Kelly- What toilet paper? *(she checks her shoes)* I don't remember stepping in anything...

*(Marc enters Stage Left)*

Marc- *(to Kelly)* Uh excuse me. *(she runs off checking her shoes. She doesn't see him)* Uh, Excuse me. *(to Claire, who is trying to get her books out of her locker)*

Claire- What?

Marc- Well um, sorry to disturb you, my name's Marc. I'm new to this school and I need to find where science room 302 is. I'm late enough as it is.

*(pause)*

Claire- I'm sorry but did you say you were new to this school?

Marc- Yeah. Actually, I'm new to this whole area. My family just moved here from Calgary. My mom and I just got in last night.

Claire- Oh. Do you like it here so far?

Marc- Sure. I guess. I mean I haven't-

Claire- Say Marc, have you made any friends here yet?

Marc- Unfortunately, no. I haven't yet. In fact, you're the first person I've met and I won't get to meet anyone for a while.

Claire- Why is that?

Marc- Well I'm just here for today to get my books and stuff, my mom and I have to go back to Calgary tomorrow and pick up my dad 'cause he had to stay until he was finished his last job. He's a contractor, he builds.....*(Claire is obviously not interested)* but anyway, so I won't be back to school until Thursday.

Claire- [This, could have possibilities.] Well, Marc was it? I will be happy to direct you to your first class here at Mansfield High.

Marc- Really? Thanks a lot.

Claire- By the way, my name is Claire Smith. (Pause) Hey Marc?

Marc- Yes?

Claire- I know we just met and everything but... oh never mind.

Marc- No. No, what is it? You're being so nice by showing me around. I'd really like to do you a favor too.

Claire- [Yeah I bet he would.] Well, It's just that one of my friends and I kind of have this little contest.

Marc- What kind of a contest?

Claire- Well.. (oh this is so embarrassing) see what it is that we kind of see who can trick the other person the most.

Marc- You mean kind of like a prank war?

Claire- Yeah exactly! And, well, I kind of had this plan to see if I could make Reece (that's my friend's name) believe that I met this really hot guy over the summer and that he came all the way out here just to see me.

Marc- Uh huh.

Claire- And then once they all believe me I would kind of like announce that it was a big joke and it would be really funny! Get it?

Marc- So basically you want your friends to think that you and this guy had this big like "thing" this summer and then tell them all that you were lying?

Claire- Yep. That's the idea. [Like he is buying this]

Marc- Sounds like a pretty good joke to me! But what I don't get is how do I fit into this?

Claire- Well see this is where it gets kind of complicated. I was going crazy trying to find a guy that none of my friends knew so that I could do this right? But I didn't know any guys that my friends didn't. Until now.

Marc- So you want me to pretend to be this guy from the summer?

Claire- Bingo. When you get back on Thursday.

Marc- All right. But what if one of your friends see me by then?

This isn't exactly the biggest school in the world.

Claire- Hello, you just said you'd be gone 'till Thursday. They won't see if you're not at school. I don't know about your old school but at this school we don't do any real work until October. So hey, if it's important to you I'll get your work for you. Besides, the first two weeks is just a bunch of "getting to know you" crap anyway.

Marc- That's nice of you but I want to get to know the kids here.

Claire- [And I'm sure they want to get to know you.] I know like everyone in this school. I'll introduce you to all the kids the day after the joke.

Marc- All right. (pause) Oh hey! What's this guy I'm supposed to be's name?

Claire- Oh yeah. Shane. Shane Smith. Now come on, we gotta get you out of here before any one sees you.

*(They exit (running) Stage Left)*

*(blackout)*

## Scene 2

*(In Change room)*

*(Reece enters stage left to go in changeroom)*

Reece- Okay I can do this. I can do this. [Here it goes] Hey you guys- *(enters changeroom sees that it is empty)* aren't here. Hmm. *(puts bag down on bench and goes to mirror)* Guess what you guys? Shane can't come to my birthday. He was in a car accident last night and he died tragically. No. No. Way too unrealistic. Hey! Guess what you guys!! Shane won a million dollars in the lottery and now he's in Africa...

Jill- *(from offstage)* Yeah. I will definitely hand that in for you tomorrow. (pause) No, I will!

Claire- See you tomorrow Mr. McPherson.

*(As Claire and Jill enter change room from Stage Left Reece sits down on the bench -sort of posing-)*

Jill- Like I am going to hand that in!

Claire- You are so bad.

Jill- I know. *(sees Reece)*

Reece- Hi.

Claire- Yeah, Good morning.

Reece- I really like your skirt Claire. Is it new?

Claire- Of course. School just started so like I am going to wear the same clothes I wore last year.

Reece- [Geez. Sorry for living] Oh Yeah. I didn't think of that.

Jill- Speaking of new clothes do you like my jeans? They are so comfy and get this, I got them half off.

Claire- Yeah. They are so cool.

Reece- They're really nice too. (pause) Oh hey you guys, guess what? Shane called me yesterday and said he couldn't come down for my birthday.

Jill- Really? Are you sure he's not going to make it?

Reece- Yeah.

Jill- Oh that's too bad.

Claire- That is too bad but it's also really funny 'cause I talked to him last night too and he said he was really looking forward to seeing you.

Reece- He did?

Claire- Uh huh.

Reece- Well he called me pretty early. Maybe he changed his mind and called to tell you that later.

Claire- Yeah. You're probably right. He also said that he was going to come meet you at school Thursday at noon so that he can take all three of us out for lunch.

Jill- That is so cool!

Reece- Are you sure that my cousin Shane said that?

Claire- Uh yeah I think so after all he did call me! [Loser]

Reece- [What the heck is going on?]

Jill- (checks her watch) Well Claire we should get going to our favorite class: grade 11 math!

Claire- I hate them! They are so immature.

Jill- Oh hey speaking of grade 11's that Joey kid is in your class right? Well anyways, I heard, from a very reliable source so it's true, that he does not wear deodorant so don't let him get you in a headlock 'cause that would just be soo gross.



*(As Jill exits the change room, Kelly enters and sees Claire. She runs behind the lockers and stays there, hidden.)*

Claire- *(As they exit she sees Marc at her locker while Jill is still talking to Reece. Jill exits just behind Claire)*  
Oh hey! I forgot my books in my locker so how about I'll just meet you there?

Jill- *(Claire is blocking her view of Marc)* It's okay. I'll wait for you, it's not like...

Claire- *(pretending to look down the hallway)* Wait a minute. Is that Kyle talking to that blonde girl from the party the other night?

Jill- He is so dead! *(She runs off to talk to Kyle)*

Claire- Go get him! *(Runs to locker)* Marc what are you doing here?

Marc- We're just about to go, my mom's waiting in the parking lot I just had to go to my locker and get my-

Claire- *[(hyperventilates)]* No! I don't want your excuses we had a plan remember? Now you gotta get out of here.

Marc- But-

Claire- If someone sees you it'll wreck everything. Do you think I want all my friends to know that you're a setup?

Marc- Isn't that the point of-

Claire- And besides if they all found out that I lied and said I went out with "Shane Smith" before Thursday when the prank is over we'll both look like idiots. *[Instead of Reece looking like one]* Now come on. You have to get going and I have to get to class.

Marc- Well I have to ask you something. Well I was thinking that when I get back and this is all over ummm could I ummm ask you out on a umm...

Claire- *[Is he seriously trying to ask me out?]* Are you asking me out?

Marc- ummm yeah well umm I kind of like you.

Claire- *[Okay stud. But a girl's gotta do what a girl's gotta do]*  
I kind of umm like you too.

*(He smiles at the audience and then puckers, she gives the audience a grossed out look goes to just peck him. He takes the peck and "jumps" on her kissing until she pushes him off,)*

Yeah, that's great but now you really have to go. I'll see you on Thursday.

*(She runs off stage left he follows strutting.)*

*(Kelly pokes her head up from behind the lockers)*

Kelly- [Interesting] *(enters changeroom)*

Reece- Kelly! It's the second day of school and you're already skipping class? What are you thinking?

Kelly- I'm not skipping class. I brought you your lunch. You forgot it again. And I overheard a little birdie named Claire talking about something that may interest you. But I guess I've got to get to class, so-

Reece- Don't be a jerk. Tell me what you heard.

Kelly- Well. It seems you're not the only dillusional freak in this school.

Reece- [Obviously] What do you mean?

Kelly- Well. She also thought that it would be cool to make up a story about some guy that she met during the summer and-

Reece- Wait you mean she made up the whole "Shane" thing?

Kelly- Uh huh.

Reece- Well then this solves the whole problem! [I would never tell her this but I'm really glad she's my sister.]

Kelly- Reece, what would you think about maybe doing something to make Claire feel like an idiot.

Reece- Obviously I think that would be amazingly fun but why would you want to do something to Claire?

Kelly- Uhh maybe because she's such a cow. You see how she hassles me. Plus I kind of don't have a life.

Reece- All right, what do you have in mind?

Kelly- Well cousin Jake is coming down for your birthday tomorrow, and you know how much he likes to play pranks on people.

Reece- Uh huh.

Kelly- Well why don't we get him to pretend to be "Shane"?

Reece- I love it!

*(From offstage we hear coach yell "Krauter!!")*

Reece- Oh gotta go. See you later. *(they high-five)*

Kelly- Bye.

*(They both exit opposite sides)*

*(blackout)*

### Scene 3

*(In hallway)*

*(Jill and Claire are in the hallway)*

Jill- Where are they? It's not like we get more than forty minutes for lunch.

Claire- Well I don't know where Reece is but Shane should be here any second now.

Jill- I can't wait to meet him.

Claire- I can't wait for you to meet him either. He's a doll.

Jill- Yeah well, maybe you should teach your doll how to tell time. Because, as I recall we said to meet Thursday at noon and *(checks watch)* it's already five after noon.

Claire- Don't worry he'll be here!

Jill- Okay, I'm just saying he better get here soon.

*(Reece and Kelly enter)*

Reece- Hi guys.

Jill- Happy birthday.

Claire- Yeah happy birthday oh and look. Here's Kelly too.

Kelly- Yeah it is me. Gee you're smart.

Jill- Well guys it's great that you're here but where's Shane? I thought he was coming with you.

Claire/Reece- Don't worry he'll be here. *(laugh)*

Kelly- I can't wait either I haven't seen Shane in ages.

Claire- [Now she's a compulsive liar.]

Jill- Well, where is he?

Claire- Oh here he comes now.

*(Claire delivers her line slightly before Reece)*

Reece- There he is. Hi Shane!

*(Marc enters just slightly ahead of Jake. Marc crosses in front of Jill to get to Claire. Jill is totally confused but intrigued by Marc.)*

Jake- *(to Reece)* Happy birthday cuz.

Claire- *(her arm around Marc's waist)* Well Shane this is Jill, my friend I was telling you about.

Jill- Yeah, hi I'm Jill. Reece and Claire's friend.

Jake- Nice to meet you. But who's Claire?

Marc- Sorry. But I think she was talking to me.

Jill- I was talking to Shane.

Marc- Yeah see. She was talking to me. Shane.

Jake- No she was talking to me. I'm Shane.

Jill- Claire what is going on?

Claire- Well I don't know. Why don't we ask Reece? After all, Shane is her cousin.

Reece- Yeah but he's your boyfriend.

Kelly- Yeah he's your boyfriend.

Jill- I know. How about I ask Shane? Well, Shane, what is going on?

Jake/Mark- Well I- *(they keep improvising until Jill thinks she has figured everything out and gets them to be quiet.)*

Jill- Claire you are not going to believe this! It's the weirdest thing but you were right all along! Your Shane Smith and Reece's Shane Smith are two different people!

Claire- [Yeah that's it]

Reece- No. Actually Jill what it is is that Claire made up her whole little story about going out with "Shane" during the summer.

Jill- No she didn't.

Reece- I swear she did.

Claire- And how would you know this?!

Reece- A little birdie told me. Go ahead Jill ask that guy *(she motions to Marc)* for his ID

Jill- Fine but just to prove you wrong. Could I please see your

ID Shane?

Claire- No don't give her your ID Marc.

All but Claire and Marc- [Marc?]

Claire- I admit it. I made the whole thing up.

Jill- Why would you do that?

Claire- Maybe because, I wanted you to think that I was just as "cool" and "mature" as you were. Or maybe I was kind of jealous of you always talking about Kyle.

Jill- Well I'm sorry if I made you feel bad but this was a pretty stupid way to make anyone think you're cool. Besides, you know you don't have to do stuff like that around me, dummy.

Claire- Yeah I know. *(they hug)*

All but Claire and Jill- [Awwww]

Jill- So we're okay now?

Claire- *(nods)* okay.

Reece- Well I'm glad this is all over. C'mon Kelly let's take Shane out for lunch.

Kelly- Allrighty. I'm ready. Are you ready to go Shane?

Jake- Yep.

*(All three of them start to go)*

Jill- Hang on a second. Reece I just have to ask you something.

Reece- Okay but make it quick.

Jill- Yeah Okay. I was just wondering, since Claire made this all up that means she never talked to Shane, right?

Reece- Uh huh.

Jill- Well, do you remember the other day when you said that he wasn't even coming. If Claire lied, which she did, you would've been right and he wouldn't be here!

Reece- Uh well funny story actually. I-

Jill- You made it up too didn't you.

Reece- No. I-

Claire- She totally did. I heard her asking Kelly for advice on what she could do to fix the situation.

Reece/Kelly- You did?

Claire- No. But that sure was a lucky guess wasn't it? [Morons]

Marc- *(to Claire)* Does this mean we're not going out anymore?

Claire- Uh yeah. We were never going to go out.

Jill- Claire, are you saying you don't even like that guy?

Claire- Duh. Look at him.

*(Jill gives Marc a once over)*

Jill- *(like she's coming out of a trance)* Well, this is way too weird for me, so I am going to go out for lunch? *(she crosses to Marc)* Umm, hey. Marc was it? Umm, do you maybe want to go out for lunch with me?

Marc- Sure.

Jill- Great, let's go.

*(They exit stage left arm in arm)*

Kelly- Uhh. I gotta go. Bye Reece. Come on Jake.

Jake- Yeah, see you at home Reece.

*(They exit stage left)*

Reece- *(after a long pause)* Well uh, this was awkward huh?

Claire- Uh huh.

Reece- Funny thing is that we both made up like the same sort of stupid story so that someone else would think we're cool.

Claire- You made it up so that me and Jill would think you were cool?

Reece- Yeah. Why else would I do something that pathetic?

Claire- I don't know maybe because... never mind. Well you should know that as far as I'm concerned, making up a story like that isn't "cool."

Reece- Than why did you... never mind. *(Pause)* Well, Claire, how about we call a truce and make a deal. No more doing stupid things to impress other people.

Claire- Sure.

*(Reece attempts to shake hands with Claire, thinks better of it and pretends to be checking her watch)*

Reece- Oh. gotta' go. Not to sound like a geek or anything but I guess this kind of means we're friends now huh?

Claire- Sure.

Reece- Cool. [This is gonna' last 'till I walk out of the hallway] Bye. Call me.

Claire-[Whatever.]