



**Sample Pages from
Red Tee**

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RED TEE

A VIGNETTE PLAY IN ONE ACT BY
Lindsay Price



Red Tee

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Characters

This script is structured for a minimum cast of 15 with the expectation that actors will portray two or three roles apiece. Feel free to expand the cast as necessary.

In the feature scenes, the additional characters can be played by members of the ensemble or additional actors. If you choose to use additional actors, it is suggested that they are also part of the Ensemble in *Who Am I (3)*, *Who Am I (4)* and *12 Grapes*.

The genders of the four feature characters are as follows: Red is female, Ruby is non-binary, Blue is trans, and Blush is male (gay).

Characters can be any gender unless specified below. All characters are teenagers unless specified.

Role Call: Stel (M or F), Red (F), Ruby (Non-Binary), Blue (Trans), Blush (M)

Who Am I (1): One to Eight

The Family that Cheers Together: Red (F), Kelsey (F), Jules (F)

Who Am I (2): Concerned, Worried, Label Off / Sporty, Drama Geek / Blank, Blue / Four to Eight (which can include the previous characters in the scene or not)

The Re-Birthday: Blue (Trans), Lane (M or F)

Who Am I (3): Crystal, Fossil, Sand, Popular 1, Popular 2 / Happy, Suspicious

Sammy/Sam/Slam: Sammy (F)

The Shopping Trip: Ruby (Non-Binary), Corrine (F)

Who Am I (4): One to Seven, Stel, Circle

Safe Space: Ms. Crober, Teacher (F), Jody, Piper, Jaylin, Blush (M)

12 Grapes: Hopes, Wishes, all remaining characters

Set

A bare stage with a variety of cubes and levels for staging. Perhaps a banner is displayed on the upstage wall. Ask your cast to describe their identities in terms of lines, colours, shapes and symbols and use this as a basis for set pieces, backdrops, and set dressing.

Transitions

Keep the scenery movement to a minimum so that scene transitions are quick and fluid. Use light and music in the transitions between scenes and avoid going to blackouts.

Costume

Other than the four red T-shirts for Red, Ruby, Blue and Blush, use contemporary street clothing for costumes. Use costume props and pieces to identify characters rather than fully realized costumes.

Performing Online

Here are some thoughts about performing this show online.

For scenes with concept characters (e.g. Label Off, Worried, Popular) you may combine roles if that makes it easier for actors to rehearse. For example, the characters of Worried and Concerned could be combined into one.

Instead of having the whole cast play the Ensemble, designate one person to play the role. Unison speaking doesn't work well on Zoom.

Do something specific to transition between scenes. Use sound. Or you could show slides with the titles of each scene on them during transitions.

Focus on costume and character. These are two things that can easily be accomplished virtually.

Record your show during a dress rehearsal and have everyone watch it back to understand how their characters are coming across.

Practice unmuting/muting at the beginnings and ends of scenes. This play moves quickly and you want to keep the flow going as much as possible.

Red Tee

RED, RUBY, BLUE and BLUSH, all wearing red T-shirts, enter to stand together. STEL (which is Swedish for rigid) walks on a platform above the group.

STEL: It's time for role call.

RED: Who am I?

STEL: You're Red. It is your identity. It is who you are.

RED: Ok!

RUBY: Who am I?

STEL: You're Red.

RUBY: I don't feel Red. Today, anyway.

STEL: You're Red. Can't you see? You're wearing a red tee.

RUBY: I'm not fully on board with that. I have questions.

STEL: It's clear as day. (*pointing to RED*) She's Red. She's ok with it.

RED: What?

STEL: You're Red.

RED: Ok!

RUBY: I want to ask some questions.

STEL: You're not old enough to know what you want.

RUBY: I'm old enough to know I'm unhappy being forced into a box.

BLUE: Exactly!

STEL: No, no, no. Red is Red. End of story.

RUBY: Is it?

BLUE: I am so not Red.

STEL: You are, you are.

BLUE: This isn't me. Nowhere near it.

STEL: This is ridiculous. You've always worn a red shirt. (*to RED*) Tell her.

BLUE: Not a “her” either.

BLUSH: Are you assigning gender?

STEL: Tell her it’s ridiculous to say you’re something other than what you clearly are!

RED: What?

STEL: Say it.

BLUE: I may have been born Red. But it’s not who I am.

STEL: Ridiculous!

RUBY: Hi. I’m Ruby.

BLUE: Blue.

RUBY: What pronoun do you use?

BLUE: He – thanks for asking. What about you?

RUBY: They.

RED: Gosh, isn’t that plural?

STEL: Don’t talk to them.

RED: But I thought you wanted –

STEL: Don’t argue with me!

RUBY: “They” has actually been used in the singular.

BLUSH: Since the 14th century.

RED: No kidding!

STEL: No, no, no!

BLUSH: I’m Blush.

RUBY: Nice to meet you.

STEL: (*going right up to BLUSH*) What are you doing in that shirt? That is not yours. You can’t just wear other people’s identities.

BLUSH: I like it.

STEL: You are not Red.

BLUSH: No. But I am fierce. And sometimes you need to let the world know that, in your choice of colour palette.

BLUE: It looks great on you.

BLUSH: Thanks.

STEL: Take that off. Now!

BLUE: Leave him alone.

BLUSH: It's all right. I've heard it before.

BLUSH & BLUE: Why can't you be normal! (*they laugh*)

RUBY: (*to STEL*) You should leave. We don't need you.

STEL: Fine.

RED: What's happening?

STEL: Come on, Red. We're leaving.

RED: We are? Ok! (*to others*) It was nice to meet you! See you later.

STEL: No you will not. (*exits*)

RED: Oh no? How come? (*exits*)

RUBY: I think she's missing some brain cells.

BLUSH: She's sweet.

BLUE: She's lucky. She is who she is. No one challenges her, or hates her for wanting to change.

BLUSH: She didn't judge us. That's all I care about.

RUBY: I guess... still I'd like someone with all their brain cells to not judge us.

BLUSH: (*putting an arm around RUBY*) One thing at a time.

They exit, connecting, chatting.

WHO AM I (I)

At the same time, the ENSEMBLE enters from various points, marching across the stage. They form a tableau.

If you have actors who feel their identity is formed by their ethnicity, their race, or their native tongue, in a way that is not currently expressed in the script, I have identified lines where you can substitute dialogue to

represent those students. If you wish to discuss this further, contact us at help@theatrefolk.com.

ENSEMBLE: Who am I?

ONE: Who am I? A question mark. I'm confused all the time.

TWO: My grandmother was a doctor, my parents are doctors, my brother wants to be a doctor. Me.

ENSEMBLE: (*pointing*) Doctor.

TWO: Blood makes me nauseous.

THREE: My grandmother was a teacher, my parents are teachers, my sister wants to be a teacher. Me.

ENSEMBLE: (*pointing*) Teacher!

THREE: (*with a sigh*) I love school.

FOUR: My grandmother was an athlete, my parents are athletes, my brothers are athletes. I don't want to play sports.

ENSEMBLE: (*pointing*) Athlete!

FOUR: I'm not coordinated, you know I'm not.

ENSEMBLE: (*pointing*) Athlete!

FOUR: Why do I have to live my life for you?

ENSEMBLE: (*pointing*) Athlete!

FOUR: No.

ENSEMBLE: Athlete!

FOUR: NO!

ENSEMBLE: Disappointing...

FOUR: Fine. Athlete.

ENSEMBLE: Who am I?

FIVE: (*you may change this line to better represent a student's ethnicity or race*) There are many explanations. Logical explanations. I was switched at birth. My parents took home the wrong baby. I am an alien. My parents are aliens. My family is part of a huge, multi-year science experiment. Like those twins? And they separated them and sent them to different sides of the country?

ONE: (*cut if you change the previous line*) I thought it was triplets?

FIVE: (*you may change this line to better represent a student's ethnicity or race*) There are many explanations. Logical reasons why I don't fit in. Why I don't know who I am. Who am I?

ENSEMBLE: Who am I?

SIX: I am different. Different from everyone around me. I wake up and the first thing I say to myself in the morning is,

ENSEMBLE: "You don't belong."

SIX: It's hard to get up in the morning, when that's your first thought.

ENSEMBLE: Who am I?

SEVEN: (*you may translate this line to a different language*) My parents believe in the unchanging. You are a boy. You are a girl. Unchanging boxes. That's how they were brought up.

ENSEMBLE: Who am I?

EIGHT: (*permission to change the religion*) My parents believe in the unchanging. We are Catholic. You are Catholic. No flexibility. That's how they were brought up.

ENSEMBLE: Who am I?

SEVEN & EIGHT: Stable.

EIGHT: Stability is very important.

SEVEN: They don't think I'm a bad person.

ONE, TWO & EIGHT: They think I'm confused.

SIX: Is wanting to be different the same as being unstable?

ENSEMBLE: Who am I?

FOUR & FIVE: I want to make my own choices.

SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT: If I stay unchanged,

SEVEN: Then everything is right in their mind.

FOUR: But it's not right in mine.

ENSEMBLE: Who am I?

THREE: I am yellow. Bright, sunny, and filled with light like a big old sun.
Today is going to be a great day.

A whistle sounds causing everyone to cheer. Have cheerleaders do their thing as everyone else gets into a classic football-watching tableau. Invent your own tune for this fight song. Feel free to adjust some of the words (except the team name) to fit your tune.

THE FAMILY THAT CHEERS TOGETHER...

ENSEMBLE: Chargers tall are we,
 We stand by the C-C-C!
 Loyal, strong and free,
 Cherries charge for victory!
 Fight, fight, fight!
 Chargers charge with all our might!
 Chargers strong are we,
 We stand tall with Big Cherry!
 CCC, victory!
 Victory, CCC!

The ENSEMBLE cheers and runs offstage as KELSEY and JULES run on. They are dressed to watch a football game. They are celebrating as football fans do, singing the fight song. RED enters.

JULES: Why aren't you changed?

KELSEY: Where's your spirit jersey?

JULES: We gotta go!

JULES & KELSEY: Fight, fight, fight! Chargers charge with all our might!

RED: Yeah. Um, we have to, um... talk... about that.

JULES: What's the matter?

KELSEY: What did you do?

RED: Nothing.

KELSEY: Did you lose your Charger clapper again?

JULES: Whatever you did, we support you, we love you, and we stand behind you.

KELSEY: Unless you lost your Charger clapper. Or failed something.

JULES: Did you fail your math test? I told you to get Kelsey's help.

RED: I didn't do anything! (*fast*) Josh's family supports Winston. (*she cringes*)

KELSEY: What?

JULES: Kelsey. (*beat*) Do the death rattle.

The death rattle involves a spastic shaking of KELSEY's entire body.

RED: (*sighing*) You don't have to do the death rattle.

JULES: When someone rattles the bones of their great grandfather, a death rattle is called for. (*to KELSEY*) Needs more despair.

KELSEY: Sorry. (*ups the spasms*)

JULES: His spirit is unsettled and disappointed.

RED: What happened to the love and support?

KELSEY: Did you know that a ghost is someone who experienced a violent and unexpected death while a spirit is someone who just, you know, passed. Boring. (*stops rattling*) Any chance Grandpa Bellemare is a ghost?

JULES: Kelsey. You're supposed to be the smart one. Try to remember that.

RED: I like this guy, ok? I want his family to like me. That's all.

JULES: Did you tell him you're part of a triple C family?

RED: Not exactly...

JULES: What did you say?

RED: (*wincing*) We're a Winson family?

JULES: (*Pause. And then...*) Kelsey.

KELSEY: On it. (*restarts the death rattle*)

JULES: You are going to throw decades of family tradition down the drain over a boy? You're going to plunge your grubby fingers into the depth of our family's soul, and tear out that pure kernel of identity that we hold so dear and tromp it out of existence?

RED: I'll tell them! I'll tell them. I panicked. His mother got right in my face and Josh warned me she would but...

JULES: I must sit down. Of all the things I worried about for you, being a traitor was pretty far down the list. Grandpa Bellmare is very disappointed. *(moves dramatically to the side and slumps down)*

RED: Aren't you being a little overdramatic? *(beat)* Wait, traitor?

KELSEY: Winston family. I have to say, that was unexpected. It's rare for me to be surprised.

RED: I don't know. Life surprises me all the time. *(sighs)* I gotta talk to Josh.

RED starts off and KELSEY runs to join her. Their conversation is not heard by JULES.

KELSEY: Hey. Can I ask... um, you like this guy?

RED: Josh? Yeah.

KELSEY: How did you know?

RED: I don't know. It's a feeling. In your gut. *(KELSEY grabs her gut)* And he doesn't make me watch Kung-fu movies. That's a major plus.

KELSEY: And, um, I was wondering... what's it like? To, um, have a boy... like... you?

RED: What?

KELSEY: Forget it. Stupid question. Way beneath me. That death rattle really shook my skull.

RED: It's not stupid. Kelsey, are you dating?

KELSEY: No, no, no. Oh this was such a bad idea. Forget it. Unless you have... an answer?

RED: Well I... I don't think about it. I don't know. It just happens.

KELSEY: It just happens. *(beat)* Boys don't like me.

RED: No... that's not true.

KELSEY: I have the data. Some of that may be my fault. Last week I got into an argument with Oscar Rodriques because the Cherry Creek Chargers mascot, Big Berry, is a misnomer because cherries aren't berries. The cherry is a stone fruit, and more technically a drupe. He didn't know what to do with that.

RED: *(processing this)* A cherry is not a berry.

KELSEY: It's not what I wanted to say... but it's what came out.

RED: Did you get into the argument because you like Oscar, or you don't like Oscar? (*KELSEY sighs*) Oh Kels.

KELSEY: (*frustrated*) So I should not be myself? I should just act dumb about things I know not to be true about stone fruit? I should giggle and twirl and flip my hair, which I've tried and all it does is hurt my neck. Should I throw generations of family tradition down the drain over a boy?

RED: Are you talking about me? (*beat*) Is this about me?

KELSEY: I have got to start vetting what comes out of my mouth.

RED: I'll have you know I am not throwing anything. It's just a stupid team! And I'll have you know further, that neither Josh nor I want to go to any games. That's what we really wanted to say before our moms became lunatics. Both of us feel that this hyper allegiance to a sports team is not healthy especially when families put said team ahead of relationships. And I'll have you know furthest I got a B on that Math test which is the highest I've ever gotten in my whole life! So there.

KELSEY: I'm sorry. I'm sorry. There's nothing wrong with you. I'm wrong. (*sighing*) I'm doing this girl thing all wrong.

RED: But there's no right. Kelsey, there is no right. You can't do it like I would or anyone else. You have to do it your way. And if Oscar Rodriguez can't tell a fruit from a berry then he's so not worth it.

KELSEY: Wait, a B? That's awesome!

RED: I know.

KELSEY: Hyper allegiance...?

RED: I know. I looked it up. (*beat*) Did I say it right?

KELSEY: Totally. (*calling*) Mom, we should get going. We're gonna be late.

JULES: (*sighing and rising dramatically*) I was just communing with Grandpa Bellmare. He reminded me that I dated a Winston supporter once. ONCE. I still get icy stares in the mall. (*shivers*) Winston families. They never forgive and they never forget.

KELSEY: They also make a mess when they tailgate.

JULES: Kelsey, go get the clappers.

KELSEY: We live on a fragile planet. Reduce! Reuse! Recycle! (*running off*)

RED: So, Mom... (*takes a big breath*) there's something else...

JULES: There's more? Did you really fail your math test?

RED: What if Josh doesn't want to support Winston?

JULES: Why we'd welcome his traitor ways with open arms.

RED: And I don't want to support the Chargers?

JULES: We'll disown you and rent your room to the first drifter who jumps off a boxcar. Kidding, of course I'm kidding, but that's because you're kidding, right? A little joke joke? Kelsey! Death rattle!

JULES runs off with RED following.

Music plays. The ENSEMBLE marches on. When they get to centre stage they march into a tableau. They end on a coordinated ONE-TWO stomp. Everyone is wearing "Hello My Name Is" labels.

WHO AM I (2)

ENSEMBLE: This is the way it is because this is the way it's always been done.

LABEL OFF steps forward, reaching toward the back of their shirt as if they are trying to grab the label. It looks a bit like a tug of war. Two others follow LABEL OFF downstage.

CONCERNED: What are you doing?

LABEL OFF: Taking off my label.

WORRIED: What?

CONCERNED: Why?

WORRIED: Why would you want to do that?

LABEL OFF: Because it keeps scratching the back of my neck.

CONCERNED: It's supposed to do that.

WORRIED: It's your identity.

CONCERNED: It's supposed to remind you of who you are.

WORRIED: Where you come from.

CONCERNED: What you believe in.

LABEL OFF: Yeah... I don't want it anymore.

CONCERNED: What?

WORRIED: Why?

CONCERNED: Why wouldn't you want your label?

LABEL OFF: I want to be something different. (*gives an extra tug and mimes successfully pulling off the label*) There!

WORRIED & CONCERNED: (*at the same time as the label coming off*)
Ah!

LABEL OFF: That feels so much better. Now I can start fresh. (*exits to the back of the ENSEMBLE tableau*)

CONCERNED: What?

WORRIED: Why?

CONCERNED: Why would you want to do that?

BOTH exit to the back of the ENSEMBLE tableau.

ENSEMBLE: This is the way it is because this is the way it's always been done.

SPORTY and DRAMA GEEK step forward.

SPORTY: Hi.

DRAMA GEEK: Hey. (*pointing at label*) New one or same?

SPORTY: Oh same as always. Sporty.

DRAMA GEEK: Nice! (*pointing at themselves*) Drama Geek.

SPORTY: You were so great in the show last year.

DRAMA GEEK: Thanks...

SPORTY: What's the matter?

DRAMA GEEK: My dad keeps saying, "no more theatre." I have to get serious about school because who knows what will happen to me if I'm not serious.

SPORTY: But you're a drama geek. You're really serious about that.

DRAMA GEEK: I know! That's who I am. Why are they fighting it?

SPORTY: I'm trying out for nationals this year.

DRAMA GEEK: You don't sound happy about it.

SPORTY: (*whispering*) I'm not. But my parents are so excited. (*normal*) I don't know what to do.

They exit to the back of the ENSEMBLE tableau.

ENSEMBLE: This is the way it is because this is the way it's always been done.

*BLUE enters during the above holding a blank label.
BLANK steps forward. BLUE gives the label to BLANK.*

BLANK: What's this?

BLUE: A blank label.

BLANK: Really? I've never seen a blank one before. (*trying to hand it back*)

BLUE: It's yours.

BLANK: Mine? Why is it blank? What happened to me?

BLUE: No, no. You're fine. It's blank because you get to choose.

BLANK: What? Noooo.

BLUE: Yep.

BLANK: I get to choose who I am? How? Come on, you're kidding me. Nobody gets to choose.

BLUE: Everybody gets to choose, actually. Some people make bad choices, but it's theirs.

BLANK: Did you choose?

BLUE: I'm in the middle of choosing. Changing.

BLANK: Isn't that scary?

BLUE: (*smiling*) Yep. But I have to if I want to be myself.

BLANK: Wow. (*looking at the label*) Do I have to decide now?

BLUE: Nope. When you're ready.

BLANK: Awesome. Thanks.

BLANK returns to the group, fascinated by the blank label. BLUE watches the ENSEMBLE.

The ENSEMBLE removes their labels individually in the next few lines.

FIVE: My mother wants me to be...

FOUR: My coach wants me to be...

EIGHT: My teacher wants me to be...

FIVE: Who am I? A question mark. I love to ask questions and think everything through.

SEVEN: A triangle because I am so grounded.

SIX: A triangle. But I'd rather be a square. *(with a sigh)* It's never gonna happen.

ENSEMBLE: This is the way it is because this is the way it's always been done.

Everyone but BLUE and LANE crumples their label and exits. LANE sits on a cube with their back to BLUE, arms folded.

THE RE-BIRTHDAY

BLUE: Hey. You came.

LANE: Yep.

Pause.

BLUE: You look good. Your mom said you're getting over the flu.

LANE: Yep.

BLUE: Did you want to come or did Aunt Karen make you?

LANE: Yep.

BLUE: Which one?

LANE: What do you think?

BLUE: Okay. Isn't it kind of cold out here?

LANE: I don't care.

BLUE: Well, there's cake in the kitchen...

LANE: I don't care. I don't want anything to do with that cake or this stupid "re-birthday" or you.

BLUE: Okay. Well, great talking to you, Lane.

LANE: Just so we're clear. This is a mistake. You're ruining everything.

BLUE: Oh, I think you're clear.

LANE: My dad thinks so too.

BLUE: I'll bet he does.

LANE: He says it's sick. You're sick in the head.

BLUE: That's one opinion.

LANE: I'll bet I can use this to go live with him. Finally.

BLUE: Whatever. (*turns to go and stops*) You could ask me about it. You know, the actual trans person? I'd be happy to talk.

LANE: I don't care.

BLUE: Because Uncle Dave, I'm guessing, doesn't have all the information at his fingertips. About this. He's one of those "the internet would never lie to me" types.

LANE: Are you insulting him?

BLUE: If he's calling me a freak, I'm not going to feel too precious about his feelings. (*beat*) Do you really want to live with him? Last time I checked you weren't getting along.

LANE: Of course. I guess. I don't know. This is all your fault.

BLUE: How so?

LANE: This affects all of us. It's not just you, you know.

BLUE: I can't live my life for all of you. That's not living.

LANE: Why couldn't you have just let things stay the same. Huh? Why couldn't you just stay a girl?

BLUE: Because I'm not a girl. Inside.

LANE: And we're supposed to just upend everything because of your feelings? We're supposed to be all precious about you? I'll bet this is totally a fad, and you're going to change your mind back again.

BLUE: Uncle Dave has talked a lot about this, huh?

LANE: He talks a lot. *(pause)* He's mad. He thinks it's catching.

BLUE: That makes sense. Just like measles!

LANE: *(gives a short laugh and catches it)* It's not funny.

BLUE: Let me ask you something. How did you know you were right-handed? *(LANE doesn't answer)* You tried it out. Both ways. Or you just knew: I'm right-handed. It felt right. One is definitely more natural than the other. It feels weird to write with your left hand. *(beat)* Don't force me to be right-handed because you think it's the way I'm supposed to be.

LANE: That's a stupid analogy.

BLUE: It's working for my dad.

LANE: Really? He's on board?

BLUE: He's trying. He doesn't understand, but he's not calling me a freak so... win! I wish you'd come inside.

LANE: Can't. *(beat)* Why do things have to change?

BLUE: People change all the time. I know you want me to stay the same, but if I do... it's not going to end well.

LANE: What do you mean?

BLUE: I'm just trying to be happy, Lane. I am trying to figure out happiness. Is your dad happy?

LANE: I don't know. He wants football coaches to take over the government. I think he's kidding.

BLUE: I'm going inside. I hope we can figure out how to talk. I miss you.

LANE says nothing. BLUE exits.

LANE: I miss you too. *(exits)*

WHO AM I (3)

Upbeat music plays. The ENSEMBLE runs on in a random scatter pattern dancing with total joy. Everyone is dancing in a way that makes them happy. The music pauses and everyone freezes.

CRYSTAL, FOSSIL and SAND step forward, bubbling with glee.

CRYSTAL: We are awesome.

FOSSIL: We're the best.

SAND: We are rock stars.

They air guitar for a second.

CRYSTAL: We're not kidding. We love rocks.

FOSSIL: Love them.

SAND: Our favourite is metamorphic rock.

CRYSTAL: The coolest.

FOSSIL: They change. Transform.

SAND: Caterpillars to butterflies!

CRYSTAL: Limestone to marble.

FOSSIL: Pressure, heat, bam!

They air guitar. The POPULARS walk by. They watch and laugh.

POPULAR 1: Look at them.

POPULAR 2: So scary.

POPULAR 1: Freaks!

POPULAR 2: (*sarcastic*) Wow, you really don't care what people think of you.

They laugh and exit. CRYSTAL, FOSSIL and SAND watch them go.

SAND: Awwww. When the populars criticize you like it means something.

CRYSTAL: Tragic. I hope they get help one of these days.

FOSSIL: They need a little metamorphic transformation. Bam!

ALL: Bam!

They air guitar. Music starts and everyone air guitars. Music stops and everyone freezes. HAPPY continues dancing with a huge smile. SUSPICIOUS storms up to them.

SUSPICIOUS: You have got to stop that. Stop it, stop right now!

HAPPY: What?

SUSPICIOUS: This, this, this dancing! This smiling at people. It's absurd.

HAPPY: You're upset because I smile?

SUSPICIOUS: It's so fake. Smiling. Dancing. Obviously you have nothing to be happy about.

HAPPY: Oh yeah? Why obviously?

SUSPICIOUS: You know.

HAPPY: Sorry. I'm not faking. I'm genuinely happy.

SUSPICIOUS: No one is happy!

HAPPY: You're not happy.

SUSPICIOUS: Shut up. I'm happy.

HAPPY: Can I tell you a secret?

SUSPICIOUS: Ah ha! I knew you were faking.

HAPPY: There's not a lot anyone can control in life. I can't control other people or if the world is going to blow up or if everyone is going to get an awful virus. It would be easy to get overwhelmed by that. But I can control whether I am happy or not. And once I make a decision to be happy, why would I want to hoard it? I want happiness for everyone around me. That's what I want for you.

SUSPICIOUS: Why would you say that?

HAPPY: Because. *(smiles)* Have a great day.

Music plays. Everyone freezes.

SUSPICIOUS: Who am I? I am a stop sign. There's nowhere to go and I know it.

Music plays. Everyone dances off. SAMMY moves downstage.

SAMMY! SAM. SLAM!

Note: Every time SAMMY says her three names, there should be a defined vocal difference and physical action or pose to go with each name. It is three distinct personalities. The “Sammy!” exclamation mark indicates joy, not necessarily volume.

SAMMY: I have a problem. Big problem. Maybe you can relate. *(beat)* I am a slasher. Not as in psycho killer. *(thinking)* That would be one way to solve this. Ha! No, why would I ever think that? That would be morally wrong and reprehensible! Different kind of slasher. Not waitress slash actor slash model. Friend slash family slash team. Slash, slash, slash! One way with my family, one way with my friends, one way with my volleyball team. Sammy! Sam. Slam! Sammy at home, Sammy satellite, my dad and I watch the stars. We have three telescopes and track the milky way in all its wonder. There is nothing more beautiful than the night sky. Sammy! Sam. My friends like boys and... well that’s it, just boys. And I have to say I like just boys because they get all forehead crinkly when you try to add in any other thing to like and it’s just easier to say, yep, boys! Just boys! Sometimes I forget – “did you guys see that meteor shower! So many fireballs...” So many forehead crinkles... Sammy! Sam. Slam! At volleyball I am all business, Slam! I will crush you. Left side wing spiker and I will hit that ball so hard you won’t know what’s coming. Attack! Attack! Yeah!!!!!! *(beat)* So. My worlds don’t really collide. Or mix. Or gel. My dad doesn’t know Sam. My friends don’t know Sammy and my coach doesn’t care about anything other than attack-that-ball Slam! And now, now, now, all my worlds are here. Colliding. Mixing. Not gelling. Here at Grande Taco which we only come to once a year because my dad likes birthday nachos – here we are! And so is one of my forehead crinkly friends, and my Attack! coach and Sammy! Sam. Slam! All in one room! Who do I be? Sammy? Sam? Slam? Who am I supposed to be? I like all of me. All the sides. They’re the ones who only see one part and think that’s the whole thing. What do I do?

Elevator music plays. SAMMY wanders off as RUBY and CORRINE enter.

THE SHOPPING TRIP

RUBY and CORRINE are shopping. Everything should be mimed here, but use cubes to provide levels in the scene so you’re not standing side by side for the whole thing.

CORRINE: (*holding up a shirt*) How about this one?

RUBY: No.

CORRINE throws the shirt aside, and tries to subtly look around her.

CORRINE: (*holding up another*) This one?

RUBY: No.

CORRINE: (*holding up another*) This?

RUBY: I'm looking for something more neutral.

CORRINE: You're not going to dress all in black are you? Black is so depressing.

RUBY: Corrine.

CORRINE: Sorry, sorry. Black is so sophisticated. (*again she tries to subtly look around*)

RUBY: I'm not trying to be – why are you looking around?

CORRINE: (*snapping back to look at RUBY*) What? Nothing.

RUBY: What did I say?

CORRINE: Everything's fine.

RUBY: If you see someone you know are you going to dive into the sweaters?

CORRINE: What? No.

RUBY: You said you were ok with this.

CORRINE: I'm here aren't I?

RUBY: Sort of. It's way worse if you're faking it. Be ok or not.

CORRINE: I'm fine.

RUBY: Correy.

CORRINE: I'm not fine. I am not ok. Ok? Happy? I need a latte.

RUBY: You just had one.

CORRINE: And I need another one. Are you judging my latte consumption? Not cool, not cool. (*beat*) Sorry.

RUBY: (*holding up a shirt*) What about this one?

CORRINE: I like the buttons. Classic.

RUBY: (*looking at another*) This one would look good on you.

CORRINE: Stripes make you look fat. I look fat. I'm not fat, I'm just not fond of horizontal clothing and I don't think that's a bad thing to say.

RUBY: Not at all. I'm glad you said you're not fat.

CORRINE: Yeah. Brand new me. 2% in my latte, wheeee.

RUBY: So, that is actually a great segue –

CORRINE: Isn't that one of those two wheelie balance thingees?

RUBY: Yes it is. It's also a transition. (*beat*) I want a new me too.

CORRINE: See, I say I'm not okay and then you want to talk.

RUBY: It doesn't go away if we don't.

CORRINE: I feel stupid talking... cause I don't get it.

RUBY: You don't have to get it. You just have to be okay with me getting it. And I don't even get it all the way. I don't know. That's the point. I want to decide who I am, for myself, and right now I'm not comfortable with the existing choices. I don't want this decided for me. I don't want to be pushed.

CORRINE: Who's pushing you?

RUBY: People. Mom.

CORRINE: Well that's a shocker.

RUBY: And I don't want to be asked embarrassing questions about my body or where I go to the bathroom or treated like I'm mentally ill. (*sighs*) What about this shirt? (*CORRINE is a little off. Something is bothering her.*) Corrine? I'm asking for your help.

CORRINE: What? Um, there's a pop of colour that doesn't lean either way. I like colour.

RUBY: Thanks. You ok?

CORRINE: Why is mom being like this?

RUBY: I don't know. I wish I did.

CORRINE: She keeps pushing me to eat tuna casserole. And I turn it down, not because I'm not eating but because I hate the smell.

But it's a national emergency every time I say no and she's always trying to get me to weigh myself and I'm trying not to do that anymore. She gets all intense when I tell her to back off.

RUBY: You're standing up to her. That's good. *(beat)* She keeps hiding make-up in my stuff. There were three lipsticks in my backpack yesterday.

CORRINE: That's where they disappeared to! She's driving me crazy!

RUBY: We are not meeting her expectations. She thinks people will say she's a bad parent.

CORRINE: Again with the people.

RUBY: People suck.

CORRINE: It has nothing to do with her! *(realizing)* It has nothing to do with her. *(beat)* Are you happy?

RUBY: No. But I think I could be. I want to try. Are you?

CORRINE: No. But I'm not so... dark. Any more.

RUBY: Aren't we a pair.

CORRINE: You know what I think? I think we should find matching shirts. Same style, same colour and we should wear them tomorrow and all those "people" can just deal with it.

RUBY: You don't have to do that.

CORRINE: I want to.

RUBY: No stripes though.

CORRINE: No stripes.

Music plays and the ENSEMBLE enters as RUBY and CORRINE exit. Everyone is walking in straight lines. If they meet someone, they turn 90 degrees and continue on. Once everyone is onstage, they freeze and look out.

WHO AM I (4)

ENSEMBLE: We are lines.

ONE: Continuous lines.

TWO: Infinite lines.

THREE: Direct across the horizon.

FOUR: Direct to the sky.

ENSEMBLE: We are lines. We are lines together.

During the above, CIRCLE wanders on, moving in-between the others, with a smile on their face. STEL steps in front of CIRCLE.

STEL: What are you doing?

CIRCLE: Hi.

STEL: Why are you moving like that?

CIRCLE: I am moving like this because I am not a line.

STEL: You are too. It's your nationality. You can't just discard who you are and where you're from. *(to the ENSEMBLE)* Right?

ENSEMBLE: We are lines.

CIRCLE: There are other choices.

STEL: No.

CIRCLE: Yes.

STEL: No. *(to the ENSEMBLE)* Right?

ENSEMBLE: We are lines.

CIRCLE: I pick door number three.

STEL: There is no door number three. There are no doors.

CIRCLE: I don't see things that way.

STEL: You should. It is in your best interest to view the world between the lines.

CIRCLE: Hmmm. Are you sure about that?

STEL: *(gesturing around)* Everyone else does.

CIRCLE: Do they?

STEL: Of course they do. *(to the ENSEMBLE)* Right?

ENSEMBLE: We are lines.

STEL: Everyone else knows –

CIRCLE: *(to someone close by)* Don't you want to know what's behind door number three?

STEL: Stop it.

CIRCLE: It's not the infinite space in either direction,

STEL: No.

CIRCLE: It's the return home. The reach out and the return. Something different.

STEL: You are a line. If I tell you you're a line, you're a line. Understand?

CIRCLE: Sure.

STEL: Good.

CIRCLE: You see me as a line. Got it.

STEL: You are a line.

CIRCLE: Door number three.

STEL: Not an option. Not possible. *(to FIVE)* Tell them.

FIVE: I'm a line. Straight, direct and to the point.

STEL: Yes you are.

SIX: I'm a line... but only because I want people to think I have it together.

STEL: What?

CIRCLE: Shhhh.

SEVEN: I'm a line. But I don't know where I'm going.

TWO: Broken line. Everything is a struggle.

THREE: Curved line. There are so many different ways to go.

ONE: Zigzag line. I'm not perfect and it's okay.

STEL: Everyone off! Everyone go, now!

The ENSEMBLE exits. Some promptly and some hesitantly. STEL pushes anyone who is hesitant off.

STEL: *(pushing the ENSEMBLE)* Off you go, there's nothing to see here.

CIRCLE: Walking away doesn't end the conversation... I'm still here. We're all still here.

CIRCLE smiles and wanders away as JODY, PIPER, and JAYLIN enter, moving downstage in an intense discussion. MS. CROBER immediately follows holding a coffee and a briefcase. JODY, JAYLIN and PIPER are surprised to see her and wide-eyed as if they're hiding something. They scramble to form a line.

SAFE SPACE

MS. CROBER: Hey guys. You're early. How did you get into the classroom?

JODY: What?

PIPER: Nothing.

JAYLIN: Yep.

MS. CROBER: *(not getting their tone)* Did Mrs. Halabi let you in again? I'm going to have to talk to her about that. Did we have a meeting? Is there something wrong with the set? I'm sorry, I didn't remember. I cannot wait for this week to be over.

JODY: *(squeaking)* Um, Ms. Crober? *(clearing throat)* Why are you here so early?

MS. CROBER puts her bag down and starts looking through it. Meanwhile, JODY, PIPER and JAYLIN have a silent conversation about who should be the one to talk. No one wants the responsibility.

MS. CROBER: *(still not getting it)* My neighbour's car alarm went off at 4:30. And 5:00. And 5:15. So it seems the perfect day to come in and do the marking I wasn't planning on doing till the weekend. If we didn't have a meeting, why are you here so early? *(finally looking up and seeing how the other three are acting)* Why are you here?

JODY: What?

PIPER: Nothing.

JAYLIN: Yep.

MS. CROBER: Ok. *(sitting)* What's going on?

JODY: What?

PIPER: Nothing.



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