

Janet But I feel okay about it.

Tim *(Pause, figuring it out)* Because you got to be...generous.

Janet Yeah! That's it! They got to be generous.

SUZIE AND HER SISTERS AND THE SOCKS THAT STUCK

BY JEFF WOOD

Three sisters, an enchanted pair of socks, and a dog named "Bop" come together in more ways than one in this magical short play about the nature of love.

5 Children
Suzie, Tillie, Elsie, Narrator
and 1 "Dog" (to be played by a human being)

(A room with a couch and a coffee table. Bop the dog—who should be played by a human—is snoozing loudly on the floor, maybe chasing rabbits, having dog dreams. Suzie enters. She is wearing a pair of bright red and orange and yellow socks. During the narration she pantomimes making a bowl of cereal, then sits down to eat it.)

Narrator

So there was this girl, and her name was Suzie, and she had a favorite pair of socks she wore to bed every night, because her feet got cold, and the socks were very warm. They were made of wool, and brightly colored; red at the top, orange at the heel and the toe, and yellow everywhere else. When she looked at them on her feet the colors reminded her of campfires, of kitchen stoves, of the sun when it's rising. Warm things. She loved those socks. One morning she and her socks woke up and walked into the kitchen to eat some cereal. When she was done eating she started to take off the socks, so she could put on some slippers.

(The action onstage freezes.)

Narrator And that's when the first weird thing happened. She couldn't get them off.

(The action onstage unfreezes.)

Suzie I can't get these off!

Narrator It wasn't like they were glued on or anything. The wool would move easily on her skin, and she could slip her hand inside, between the sock and her foot. They just wouldn't come off. She called for her sisters, Elsie and Tillie.

Suzie Come here Elsie! Come here Tillie! My socks are stuck!

(Elsie and Tillie enter.)

Elsie That's goofy. Socks don't get stuck.

Suzie These socks did.

Narrator Elsie was Suzie's younger sister. She thought everything was goofy. Younger sisters are like that.

Tillie You probably got jelly on your feet.

Suzie There's no jelly on my feet. I haven't had any jelly yet. They're just stuck.

Narrator Tillie was Suzie's older sister. She thought she knew everything. Older sisters are like that.

Tillie They couldn't have just stuck. Socks don't do that. Socks aren't sticky. Maybe you left some candy bars in your socks.

Suzie I don't keep candy bars in my socks.



Elsie Maybe there's boogers in there. *(Elsie laughs. Suzie starts to cry.)*

Tillie See what you did. You made Suzie cry.

Suzie No one believes me.

Elsie We believe you.

Suzie Then help me get these off.

Tillie Yeah. Elsie, let's help our sister.

(Elsie and Tillie each grab hold of a sock.)

Narrator So Suzie and Elsie knelt on the floor and they each grabbed one of this girl's socks. Then they pulled. Nothing happened. They pulled harder. Still nothing. They got to their feet and they braced themselves. They pulled and pulled. They pulled as hard as they knew how. They pulled as they never had before. But the socks stayed stuck.

Suzie *(Sniffing)* What are we gonna do now?

Tillie We'll think of something.

Elsie We will?

Narrator Elsie and Tillie started to let go of the socks.

(The action onstage freezes.)

Narrator And that's when the second weird thing happened. Elsie and Tillie's hands were stuck to the socks.

(The action onstage unfreezes.)

Tillie Oh, no! I'm stuck to the sock that's stuck to my sister!

Elsie Me, too! I'm stuck to the second sock!

- Suzie** I've got two socks stuck on my feet, and a sister stuck to each sock! What do we do now? This has never happened before.
- Elsie** I got a waffle stuck to my stomach once.
- Tillie** That's because you spilled syrup on your stomach and then dropped your waffle where the syrup was. It's not the same thing. Syrup's supposed to be sticky. But socks aren't supposed to be sticky. And sisters aren't supposed to be sticky either. There's got to be a logical explanation for all of this. Let's try an experiment.
- Elsie** That's goofy. You're always so logical.
- Tillie** What's wrong with being logical? Logic is good.
- Elsie** Logic is worthless. The problem with logic is that it doesn't make any sense.
- Tillie** You don't make any sense.
- Elsie** You're retarded.
- Tillie** You're smelly.
- Elsie** You're ugly.
- Suzie** Stop it, both of you! I think Tillie's right. What's the experiment, Tillie?
- Tillie** Well, I think you should hold all sorts of different stuff, and find out what sticks, and what doesn't. You held the cereal box this morning and it didn't stick to you. Right?
- Suzie** Right.
- Tillie** And the bowl didn't stick to you either. Right?



- Suzie** Right.
- Tillie** So not everything sticks. Let's find out what sticks and what doesn't. Pick up that candle.
- (Suzie picks up a candle on the coffee table.)*
- Tillie** Now let go.
- (Suzie lets go. The candle drops.)*
- Tillie** Okay, candles don't stick. Try picking up the phone.
- (Suzie picks up the phone.)*
- Tillie** Now let go.
- (Suzie lets go. The phone drops.)*
- Tillie** Phones don't stick either. I think we can conclude scientifically from these experiments that nothing else is sticking to you.
- Elsie** Thank you, Dr. Science.
- Narrator** Just then their dog, who's name was Bop, woke up and walked over to see what was going on. Bop was big and old and shaggy. Bop was a pretty cool dog.
- (Bop walks over to the girls.)*
- Suzie** Over here, Bop.
- Bop** Woof.
- Narrator** Suzie liked Bop a lot. Bop came over and this girl put her arms around him. It made her feel better to hug this dog she had grown up with, had spent her entire life with. Bop licked her face, and she laughed, and then tried to push his face away.

(The action onstage freezes.)

Narrator And that's when the third weird thing happened. Suzie was stuck to Bop.

(The action onstage unfreezes.)

Suzie Tillie! We're all stuck together! I thought you said I wasn't going to stick to anything else!

Tillie I guess I was wrong.

Elsie I guess you were.

Tillie I don't understand. We can't be wrong. We used science.

Elsie Science is for geeks.

Tillie Let's be logical. We need to figure out why the stuff that sticks to you sticks to you. And why the stuff that doesn't stick doesn't stick.

Elsie Logic won't work. I know why!

Tillie What does the stuff that sticks have in common? Socks. Sisters. The dog.

Elsie We don't need logic. I know why!

Tillie Because they're all alive?

Elsie That's goofy. Socks aren't alive. I know why!

Tillie Because they all have hair?

Elsie No, no, no. Wrong. I know why!

Tillie *(Turning to Elsie.)* Okay. You're so smart. Tell us why. Tell us why the socks stick. Tell us why Bop sticks. Tell us why we stick.



Elsie Because she loves us all!

Tillie What?

Elsie She loves us!

(The action onstage freezes.)

Narrator And that's when the last weird thing happened. Everything quit sticking.

(The action onstage unfreezes. Elsie, Tillie, and Bop all become unstuck and fly to different corners of the room. Bop starts to run around the three girls, barking.)

Elsie That's the reason we all stuck. Because she loved us all so much she couldn't bear to let us go. She was scared of losing us.

Tillie Is that true?

Suzie Well, I remember feeling sad yesterday because I thought I had lost my socks. But then Mom told me to look in the laundry basket and I found them. And I was sad when you two were talking about going to camp this summer, and I was thinking how much I would miss you. And Bop, well...

Tillie Bop's getting old.

Suzie Bop's getting old. I guess Elsie's right. I was scared of letting you all go. I was scared of losing you.

Elsie You won't ever lose us.

Tillie No. Not ever. Even if we went to camp, we'd come back.

Elsie And while we were gone we would think about you.

Tillie And you would think about us.

Elsie We're all stuck together, even when we're apart. Love sticks things together. It's really strong. It's so strong that the things it holds together won't ever come apart. You don't need us to stick to you. We're already stuck. Everybody's stuck to everybody else. That's life. That's what it is. We don't have any choice.

Tillie We're stuck with each other. Even when we're not stuck *to* each other.

Suzie Really?

Elsie Really. We'll always be together. As together as we are in this room right now.

(Suzie takes off her socks and puts them on the floor.)

Narrator Suzie looked around the room. Outside, the sun was climbing in the sky, and sunlight was streaming through the window. It was shining on Elsie's face, and on Tillie's face, and on Bop's face. Everyone was smiling, even Bop. They all just sat on the floor and looked at each other and smiled. In the middle of the room was the pair of wool socks, just lying there, the socks that Suzie loved so much, and she figured that if those socks had mouths they'd be smiling too.

Bop Woof!

(Lights fade to black.)

TO BEE OR NOT TO BEE

BY SUSAN KIM
(FOR YOLANDA MOLDONADO, AGE 14)

In this short comedy, a bee disguises herself as a chipmunk in a daring attempt to survive one of the world's most famous floods—and succeeds! Like the short play *Scientist Meets Fish* (see page 161 for details), *To Bee or Not to Bee* was written as part of The 52nd Street Project's One-on-One program, this time for fourteen year-old Yolanda Moldonado.

1 Girl and 1 "Bee"
Ms. Noah and Bee (any age)

Ms. Noah, wearing a raincoat and a headset, stands by her husband's ark, holding a clipboard and pencil. She is a no-nonsense type and at the moment, looks really hassled.

Ms. Noah Last call for all animals boarding the ark! Friends and family members NOT holding valid passes will be asked to get off the ark at this time! Passengers with valid passes, please form a single line on the ramp with your partner! Hold your passes up where I can see them, and no pushing, biting, or stampeding, please! Thank you!

She starts to check off her list.

Ms. Noah Lizards! Kangaroos! Shetland ponies, rhinoceroses! Stop pushing, there's plenty of time! Rabbits, iguanas, bald eagles—is that your suitcase? Keep it out of the aisle, please, we got a lot of traffic coming through! Llamas! Doberman pinschers, penguins, hamsters...

(A bee, wearing a baseball cap and dark glasses, tries to walk quickly past Ms. Noah. She walks with her head lowered, and holds her pass over her head.)