

Poetic Justice

Cast: Tracy, Megan

Setting: Hallway at school

1 TRACY: Megan! What are you doing here?
 2 MEGAN: Why?
 3 TRACY: I thought you'd be at home.
 4 MEGAN: Would it have made a difference to you if I hadn't
 5 come?
 6 TRACY: Yes, as a matter of fact. I wouldn't be here if I had
 7 thought you were going to come.
 8 MEGAN: Don't be stupid. You belong here as much as I do.
 9 TRACY: More so.
 10 MEGAN: *(There is a moment of tense silence between them.)*
 11 So, are you excited?
 12 TRACY: *(She sighs audibly in disgust.)*
 13 MEGAN: Yeah, me, too.
 14 TRACY: You can tell how I really don't care by the way I'm
 15 ignoring, can't you? Or am I not being obvious about it?
 16 Maybe this will clear it up for you. *(She turns her back*
 17 *on Megan.)*
 18 MEGAN: Good grief. *(She goes around to be face to face with*
 19 *Tracy.)* We're both here. I'm not leaving ...
 20 TRACY: And neither am I.
 21 MEGAN: Then we need to deal with this.
 22 TRACY: Really? How? How are we going to deal with this?
 23 MEGAN: Maybe we should start with you getting over it.
 24 TRACY: Over it? How do you expect me to "get over it"? You
 25 take my journal of poetry, my private writings, my very
 26 soul, and you hand them in to our English teacher as
 27 your own. And then, when he says how wonderful they
 28 are, how they are filled with angst and imagination and
 29 beauty, you just sit there with a big smile on your face.

1 MEGAN: Yeah, but ...
 2 TRACY: And then, when he says that he is entering one of
 3 them in the Poetry Festival, you again say nothing!
 4 Nothing! Not a freakin' word!
 5 MEGAN: I didn't think it would win.
 6 TRACY: What, you don't think I'm a good enough writer?
 7 MEGAN: No, I don't think I am. No one has ever praised my
 8 writing before, and when he did, it was kind of nice.
 9 TRACY: But I *wrote* it!
 10 MEGAN: Well, I kind of lost sight of that.
 11 TRACY: Oh, good Lord!
 12 MEGAN: But Mr. Nicholas entered one of yours, too.
 13 TRACY: *They are both mine!!!*
 14 MEGAN: Oh, yeah. Anyway ... and now, here we are, both of
 15 us, interviewing for the finals of this Festival. Cool,
 16 huh?
 17 TRACY: Oh, way great.
 18 MEGAN: And the prize money is a five thousand dollar
 19 scholarship, which will come in really handy.
 20 TRACY: You are not serious?!
 21 MEGAN: Well, yeah! I mean, books are expensive.
 22 TRACY: But you didn't write the poem.
 23 MEGAN: They don't know that.
 24 TRACY: And you are just going to waltz in there and say you
 25 wrote it?
 26 MEGAN: Well, yeah! I mean, really, how would it look if I
 27 told them now that I *didn't* write it? I'd look like a liar.
 28 TRACY: You *are* a liar.
 29 MEGAN: Well, you're just mean.
 30 TRACY: Mean? I'm mean? How am I *mean*?
 31 MEGAN: OK, look at it this way. You're really smart, right?
 32 TRACY: It goes without saying ...
 33 MEGAN: And I'm not as smart as you ...
 34 TRACY: Not even close ...
 35 MEGAN: And you're sure to get a full scholarship to every

- 1 college you apply to, right?
2 TRACY: Maybe ...
3 MEGAN: No maybe's about it. You have a fifteen fifty SAT
4 and a four-point-oh, plus you are on ASB. So ...?
5 TRACY: OK, yeah, I'll probably get a full ride.
6 MEGAN: And I, with my three-point-oh and my eleven fifty
7 SAT will be lucky to get in to whatever college will
8 accept me.
9 TRACY: I'm with you.
10 MEGAN: And no chance of a scholarship.
11 TRACY: True.
12 MEGAN: Would you really deny me this opportunity? I
13 mean, really? Come on ...
14 TRACY: *(A long sigh, then resigned)* Fine.
15 MEGAN: Thanks, Tracy. Now, maybe you could explain this
16 poem to me before I go in for the interview? Because I
17 don't get it at all.
18 TRACY: Oh, good grief.

The Secret

Cast: Ann, Beth

Setting: The school hallway

Prop: A small box

- 1 ANN: *(Entering, sees BETH who immediately hides*
2 *something behind her back.)* Beth, what's that?
3 BETH: What's what?
4 ANN: That thing you just slipped behind your back.
5 BETH: Oh ... nothing.
6 ANN: Then let me see it.
7 BETH: It's not important. Just leave things alone, OK?
8 ANN: What's the big deal? Are you doing something that
9 would get you in trouble?
10 BETH: Come on, Ann, you know me better than that.
11 ANN: I thought I did, but then again, I don't think I've ever
12 seen you be secretive with me.
13 BETH: Listen, it's no big deal. It's just this. *(She shows her*
14 *the box.)*
15 ANN: *(Looking at it)* What is it?
16 BETH: It's just a box, see ... nothing to worry about.
17 ANN: What's in it?
18 BETH: I showed you the box, what makes you think there is
19 anything in it?
20 ANN: Oh, I don't know. A box, hidden, now closed, being
21 held in a death grip by my friend who is obviously
22 nervous and upset at being caught with something she
23 shouldn't have. I guess I'm just being silly. *(She grabs*
24 *for the box.)* Let me see.
25 BETH: No! *(ANN now has the box.)* Ann, no, don't open ...
26 ANN: *(On seeing what is in the box)* What the ... ?
27 BETH: Don't say a word. Not a single word. I don't want to
28 hear it.