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## Alex / Alexis

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*(Talking to his/her friend.)*

ALEX / ALEXIS: Don't worry! Be happy! That's my motto. You always get so worried about every little thing. Like you were so sure you wouldn't score in soccer today, and you did. And you knew you wouldn't pass your geography test, and you got an A! I got a B. I'm the one who should be worried. My Mom said if I got more than one B this quarter, she'd take the phone out of my room. And I've still got that big science project to go. I'll never ace that. And what will I do without my phone? Oh, see what you did! You got me worried. Some friend!

## Mark / Marcy

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*(Talking to his/her friend.)*

MARK / MARCY: You don't get it, do you? My Mom said no, so stop bugging me! She always says no, every time I ask her. "Who'll take care of it? Who'll take it for walks in the rain and the snow?" I will. I will! But she doesn't believe me. Your Mom's different. You get whatever you want. You're lucky. Wait a minute. Do you really even want a dog? I bet you just want one because I can't have one. You just want to make me miserable! Some best friend.

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## George / Grace

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*(Talking to his/her friend.)*

GEORGE / GRACE: “Why don’t I have my homework? Well, Mr. Starks, to do homework, it seems to me like you’ve got to have a home. And in my case, ‘home’ depends on what day of the week it is. Couple of days, I’m at my grandmother’s, then I’m with my aunt, and if I’m lucky I get to stay with my Dad once a month. Most days, I don’t know which home I’m supposed to go to!” *(Pause.)* I wish that’s what I’d said to him. The teacher who tells us we have to hand stuff in on time, then turns it back to us late. Shoot, I wouldn’t honor him with the truth of my life. Watch me. I’m gonna rise above him...and everything else.

## Aaron / Karen

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*(Talking to his/her friend.)*

AARON / KAREN: "Why are you lookin' at me like that? Because I'm young? And I'm black? Oh, so now you've found out I go to the *good* school so you got a change of attitude! Well, I was the same person I was five minutes ago when you thought I was a nobody!" Man, I wish I'd said that. Made him feel what it's like! Why can't I just walk into a room and not have the first thing people notice be the color of my skin? Is that too much to ask? I am proud of my color but it's only part of who I am. It's not the whole me. Why couldn't he see that?"

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## Casey / Casey

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*(Talking to his/her Mom.)*

CASEY / CASEY: OK, Mom. Sign on the dotted line. "I hereby promise that Casey can have his/her grandmother's golf clubs." I want a contract! Don't you remember last week? I said, "Are we going to the mall?" Answer: "Yes, Casey, tomorrow." Next day: "When are we going to the mall, Mom?" Answer: "We aren't, Casey. Where ever did you get that idea?" I'm not saying you lie. Sometimes you just "forget." This way, there'll be no disagreement. So, sign here please. Oh, can I borrow your pen? Mom!

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# Klaus

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*(KLAUS is an apprentice to a Sorcerer. He/She is talking to an enchanted cat.)*

KLAUS: Cat, you've got to help me. Before, I was just playing around with the Sorcerer's magic to make my work easier. But now, I've got to do something! Because the Sorcerer is evil! I heard him! He's planning a terrible spell. He wants to scramble the stars in the sky so that all their patterns will disappear! He's jealous of the stars! I always thought the Sorcerer was doing good magic, but I guess I was wrong. Tonight, I'm going to sneak into his workshop, and take his magic book. I know I can find a spell that will break his magic against the stars. But I need your help. Don't run away! Give me a chance! I know I haven't been the smartest apprentice, but I'm going to prove I can do something right. Are you going to help me or not?

## Cat

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*(An enchanted CAT is talking to the Sorcerer's apprentice, Klaus, the apprentice who has mastered only a few magic spells, is lazing around the Sorcerer's workshop.)*

CAT: Learning another useful spell I see! Klaus, how can you be so lazy? You've only begun to know the power of the Sorcerer's magic. Why, you could learn to change a chair into a horse that you could ride into the village. Or change yourself into a fox and race as fast as lightning through the trees. Or you could soar like an eagle through the sky! *(KLAUS ignores the CAT.)* Klaus, are you listening? Please! You *must* be curious about the Sorcerer's spells. Where do you think he goes when he leaves the workshop? What do you think he does? He might be -- *(The CAT is prevented from speaking, as if he/she is under a spell.)* He might be...a good Sorcerer who does only good deeds. *(Whispering.)* Find out, Klaus. Find out!

## Sam / Sammy

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*(Talking to his/her Father.)*

SAM / SAMMY: I just did it once, Dad. What's the big deal? You used to smoke. I've seen pictures. You and Uncle Dave sittin' around in the back yard smokin'. And you smoked a cigar when Camren was born. I saw you. And you smoked another one when you got your new job. And cigars are gross! I just smoked one little cigarette — half smoked. So why are you jumping all over me? I just did it because...I wanted to. You know. To check it out. And... OK. Eric/Ann asked me to. I gotta do what Eric/Ann asks me to do. How else am I gonna be his/her friend?



## Jim / Jean

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*(Talking to his/her teacher.)*

JIM / JEAN: Respect is a two-way street. Why should I respect anybody who treats me like that? All I was doin' was sittin' on the bus, listenin' to my music, lookin' out the window. OK, my backpack was on the seat next to me, but there were only four people on the whole bus. Then this old guy gets on, walks up, and pushes my backpack on the floor. He didn't poke me to get my attention, ask me, nothin'. Just pushed my backpack on that dirty floor. Then he didn't even sit in the seat next to me. I mean, what's that about? He shoved it on the floor cause I'm a kid. That's all. Do I deserve that? Like I say, respect is a two-way street. He's got to be respecting me, if he wants the same.

## Terry / Teri

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*(Talking to his/her Mother.)*

TERRY / TERI: You can look at it if you want. I mean, you don't have to. It's not that great. It's just a book I made. Of pictures. Poems. A couple of stories, but they're the worst. Writing stories is my weak area. I know you'll be happy with the grade, Mom. I got an A. Means I aced the quarter. So did Pat. Best friends. Best grades. But I was hoping you could... Never mind. It's not that important. I'll come back when you're off the phone. *(Turns to leave, but then turns back around.)* Would you just read it, Mom? Let me know if it's any good. I want to know from you. OK? OK.

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## Tim / Tara

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*(Talking to the Mayor.)*

TIM / TARA: I'll tell you the worst thing about my neighborhood. We got wild life. You think I'm talking about the kids? No! I'm talking about wild possums. Dogs nobody takes care of. And rats! My grandmother and I were walking home from the grocery and she says, "Look, baby, isn't that cute! A litter of puppies playin' on the corner." But when we got up closer, they were rats, big as hound-dog puppies, climbin' and jumpin' all over each other like they owned the place. My grandmother about had a heart attack. Mr. Mayor, I know I am only thirteen. But you have got to listen. We don't deserve to live like this. Aren't you ashamed?