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Dramatic Publishing

LOCKERS

Scenes, Monologues and Short Plays for Young People
by
JEREMY KRUSE



Dramatic Publishing

Woodstock, Illinois • London, England • Melbourne, Australia

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JEREMY KRUSE

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For Clare, Al, Cynthia, Jordon and Jackie

The Lee Strasberg Theatre Institute in New York City first presented *Lockers* on December 13, 1997. It was directed by William Balzac and was assistant directed by Christy Keefe. A second performance was given on March 28, 1998. Special thanks to Anna, Victoria, Nancy, Pat, Mary, Eva, Rachyl, Katie, Cyrena, Tim, Clare, Jose, Mel, and the ACTORS' PARENTS!

LOCKERS

MOVING

Nikki: Chiara Norbitz
Kristen: Mallory Goodman

KIM

Kim: Mallory Goodman

CHEATERS

Hillary: Eugenia Nachber
Amanda: Sarah Fromentin

MUDSLINGERS

Molly: Megan Browning
Rachel: Marcella Grimaux
Alex: Jonathan Lotan
Jennifer: Zachia Kelly
John: Marcello Mollica

LAWN GUY

Phil: Jonathan Lotan

THE SNEAK OUT

Michelle: Danielle Krinsky
Nicole: Nicole Dramen
Jenn: Allegra Ben-Amotz

SLICE

Chris: Sam Hersch
Heather: Clare Kramer

WEAVERS

Teresa: Lia Woertendyke
Wendy: Danielle Krinsky

THE TEAM

Steve: Brad Seiler
Matt: Tommy Cook
Lisa: Megan Browning

FAMILY MAN

Allan: Katucha Kolbjorsen

THE PARTY

Kate: Veronica Florentino
Allison: Inbar Stav
Celia: Lia Woertendyke
Brian: Jonathan Lotan
Mark: Brad Seiler
Phil: Marcello Mollica

LOCKER

Nick: Elizabeth Acosta

LOCKERS

(For a variable cast—
late elementary to early high school age.)

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MOVING

a scene

CHARACTERS

NIKKI: Twelve years old. She is wrapped up in her world of school, tennis lessons and the crowd at the pool this summer.

KRISTEN: Twelve years old. She is terrified by the prospect of moving away from the only home she's ever known and of leaving her best friend, Nikki.

PLACE: Nikki's bedroom.

TIME: Late Saturday night.

SETTING: *Nikki's bedroom is filled with antique bedroom furniture. It is very organized.*

AT RISE: *NIKKI is sitting at her desk writing a letter. A rattle is heard at the door, followed by a knock.*

NIKKI. Who is it?

KRISTEN. Kristen.

NIKKI. I'm busy.

KRISTEN. I want to apologize. *(Pause.)* Nikki?

(NIKKI goes to the door, unlocks it, opens it and returns to her desk.)

NIKKI. I'm writing a letter to my best friend in Virginia.

You're going to have to wait.

KRISTEN. That weird girl you met at camp?

NIKKI. Yes. That girl I met at camp.

KRISTEN. She's your best friend?

NIKKI. She always has been.

KRISTEN. Look, I'm sorry I threw my pen at you.

NIKKI. You hit me in the eye.

KRISTEN. I didn't mean to.

NIKKI. I have a mark.

KRISTEN. Will you forgive me?

NIKKI. Why did you do that?

KRISTEN. I was mad at you.

NIKKI. You could have just told me.

KRISTEN. I did tell you.

NIKKI. It was really immature.

KRISTEN. I asked you to stop.

NIKKI. Stop what? What was I doing?

KRISTEN. You kept going on and on about the stupid pool. I don't care if you know all the boys. I don't care if you're getting a year pass. I don't care if you're getting a new suit.

NIKKI. Oh, you're jealous. You got jealous and you tried to blind me.

KRISTEN. It barely hit you. Stop making such a big deal about it.

NIKKI. You're jealous because my parents are renewing my pool pass and yours aren't!

KRISTEN. My parents aren't renewing my pass, because we're moving and the house we're moving into has a pool in the backyard! (*Silence.*)

NIKKI. You're moving?

KRISTEN. I found out last night. My dad got a job in some stupid town in Connecticut. It's an hour away.

NIKKI. You can't move.

KRISTEN. I have to.

NIKKI. When?

KRISTEN. In a month.

NIKKI. A month! You don't have to move. Your dad can drive to work. He can take the car. He has like ten million cars.

KRISTEN. He hates driving.

NIKKI. Who's going to walk to school with me every day?

KRISTEN. Who's going to walk with me?

NIKKI. Who will I do my homework with?

KRISTEN. What about me?

NIKKI. I have to find a new tennis partner for class.

KRISTEN. I do too, you know, Nikki.

NIKKI. This is great. Just great. I'm not making friends with anybody ever again. I'll only end up having to say goodbye.

KRISTEN. I'm the one that has to move. I've lived here my whole life. I don't know how to start over.

NIKKI. Just go. Let's just get it over with now. I'll miss you. You were a great friend. Maybe I'll see you again someday before I die. Maybe I won't.

KRISTEN. You won't. I'm going to make new friends. And this time I'm going to find people who aren't selfish!

(KRISTEN exits. Pause. NIKKI gets up.)

NIKKI. Kristen!

(NIKKI opens the door. KRISTEN is standing in the doorway.)

NIKKI. I wish you didn't have to go.

KRISTEN. Me too.

NIKKI. We're still going to be friends, right?

KRISTEN. We better.

NIKKI. Can I come swim in your pool some time?

KRISTEN. You'll have to buy a pass.

BLACKOUT

KIM
a monologue

CHARACTERS

KIM: Eleven years old. Kim is Jewish and goes to a school attended primarily by non-Jews. She realizes, for the first time, the impact her religion has on her identity.

PLACE: Kim's bedroom.

TIME: After school.

SETTING: *Kim's bedroom is decorated with posters of current pop idols and cluttered with clothes.*

AT RISE: *KIM has been asked to clean her room. She cleans, then takes a break and sits on her bed.*

KIM

I'm different. I feel different. I'm Jewish. I'm one of three Jewish kids in my school. Nobody makes me feel different. I mean it's not like when my mom went to school. She told me that kids used to pick on her and call her names and she didn't really have any friends because she was Jewish. Said it's had a lasting effect on her. But I think a lot has changed since then. Nobody calls me names. Except this one time, this girl Erika did. It was Christmas time and somehow it came up that I was Jewish. She said, "Eww, you're Jewish?" And I said, "Eww, you're not?" Judaism

is different to her and when something isn't familiar, people tend to put it down. A couple years ago, two days before winter break, my class was going to have a Christmas celebration...sing songs, exchange presents, the works. I lost control. I started yelling at the top of my lungs that I hated Christmas. Made a real scene. It wasn't Christmas that I hated. It was being different. My teacher was real nice about it. She understood exactly how I felt. So the next day my mom came in and taught the whole class about Chanukah and gave everyone *dreidels*, and we all had a great time. Everybody thought it was cool. But I still felt different. I felt even more different than I did before. But you know what? I think everyone feels different in some way. Maybe the best way to look at it is that we are all individuals. I am me and I have certain things that are particular to who I am. My hair, my voice, the mole on my back, my religion. These are the things that make me who I am. And the only choice I have is to be proud. 'Cause if I go around thinking I'm different and being worried about it and wondering what everyone else is thinking about me, whether they think I'm a freak or something, I'm going to be messed up. Right? Well, easier said than done. Maybe I'll always feel different. But maybe that's not such a bad thing after all. I shouldn't want to be like everyone else. And nobody should want to be exactly like me. Okay, I'm different. I'm different and there's nothing I can do about it. I wouldn't want it any other way.

BLACKOUT

CHEATERS

a scene

CHARACTERS

AMANDA: Eleven years old. She is intelligent but has gotten lazy lately with her studies, resorting to cheating. Amanda likes having Hillary as her partner in crime because she doesn't have to bear the guilt alone.

HILLARY: Eleven years old. She has followed Amanda's lead into the world of cheating and is in deeper than she wishes to be. For Hillary, it's time to break the habit.

PLACE: The waiting room adjacent to Principal Hill's office.

TIME: The middle of the school day.

AT RISE: *HILLARY sits, waiting to be called in. AMANDA enters.*

AMANDA. How many times is Mr. Hill going to call us down here? How many times do we have to go over this?

HILLARY. We have to tell him the truth.

AMANDA. We told him the truth.

HILLARY. The real truth.

AMANDA. We studied together.

HILLARY. We had the exact same answers.

AMANDA. That's what happens.

HILLARY. I'm not going to lie anymore.

AMANDA. Did we study together?

HILLARY. Ten minutes before class.

AMANDA. Is that a lie?

HILLARY. You copied my whole test, word for word!

AMANDA. Keep your voice down.

HILLARY. We're not fooling anybody.

AMANDA. They have no proof.

HILLARY. I told my mom last night.

(AMANDA is speechless.)

She kept hounding me. She knew I was lying. She kept staring me down. I couldn't handle it anymore.

AMANDA. Is that why we're here?

HILLARY. She called Mr. Hill this morning.

AMANDA. You told on me!

HILLARY. I had to.

AMANDA. Don't speak to me! Don't ever speak to me again! *(Pause.)* Do you understand what my parents are going to do to me?

HILLARY. I'm sorry.

AMANDA. They're going to send me to military school.

HILLARY. No, they won't.

AMANDA. Thanks. Thanks a lot.

HILLARY. Don't blame me.

AMANDA. Who should I blame?

HILLARY. You're the one who didn't study.

AMANDA. I studied.

HILLARY. You told me yourself you were watching TV for five hours the night before. You thought it was funny.

AMANDA. I studied the next morning before school.

HILLARY. Don't lie to me.

AMANDA. What are you going to do? Tell on me?

HILLARY. You're the one who's gotten me in trouble. I'm going to have to pay for your laziness and stupidity.

AMANDA. Honesty is the best policy?

HILLARY. Do you think it is?

AMANDA. No matter what the price?

HILLARY. Is there a price?

AMANDA. Then I'm going to have to tell everyone about last week's math test when you wrote formulas on your palm.

HILLARY. Don't you dare.

AMANDA. Honesty is the best policy.

HILLARY. I'll tell about your turning in your brother's research report on Greek mythology.

AMANDA. You do that and I'll tell about how you stole that badminton racquet from gym.

HILLARY. That was second grade!

AMANDA. It's a serious offense! *(Pause.)*

HILLARY. I'm sorry I told on you.

AMANDA. I don't care if you're sorry.

HILLARY. You're the one who should be sorry. You dragged me into this.

AMANDA. I'm going to say that you copied off of me.

HILLARY. They know you did it.

AMANDA. I'm calling my mom. She'll believe me.

HILLARY. Your mom's in Mr. Hall's office.

AMANDA. I have to get out of here. *(She starts to exit.)*

HILLARY. Where are you going to go?

AMANDA. Brazil. I'll be back when I'm eighteen.

HILLARY. All you have to do is go in there and cry and tell them how horrible a person you are and that you'll never cheat again.

AMANDA. I'm still going to get punished.

HILLARY. One week of being grounded is better than seven years alone in Brazil.

AMANDA. Try one month.

HILLARY. It's still better.

AMANDA. You're probably right. (*Pause.*) I'm never going to cheat again.

HILLARY. So what are we going to do about today's social studies test?

BLACKOUT