

# OUT OF BOUNDS

a play for young adults

by Jennifer Fawcett  
with Working Group Theatre

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WGT Performance draft

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## CREATION OF THIS PLAY

*OUT OF BOUNDS* was commissioned by Hancher Auditorium (Charles Swanson, Executive Director, Jacob Yarrow, Programming Director) and presented by Hancher and Working Group Theatre (Sean Christopher Lewis, Artistic Director) with support from the Iowa Arts Council and guidance from University of Iowa College of Public Health and the Injury Prevention Research Center. It was directed by Sean Christopher Lewis.

*OUT OF BOUNDS* was created through interviews and research in the Iowa City community, and through improvisations facilitated by Sean Christopher Lewis with the original cast:

Elizabeth Hinkler  
Emily Hinkler  
Barrington Vaxter  
Maria Vorhis

## CHARACTERS

LEA	age 14, BFF with KAILEY
KAILEY	age 13, BFF with LEA
AMY	age 13-14, new to school, has been bullied at previous schools
MR. F.	teacher, lunch monitor, coach, a.k.a. “Mr. Fannypack”

## SETTING

Various locations in a junior high school, present day.

## A NOTE ABOUT THE PLAY

Part of the power of this play comes from the moments of truth, when the actors use their real names, tell real stories, and refer to places that the audience can recognize. For this reason, specific references should be changed to suit the location of the performance and the actor’s real names should always be used in the true story sections.

The three true stories can be changed to suit the specific cast performing the play. Please talk to me about this and I’ll help you do it.

~ Jennifer

## PROLOGUE

*Actors speak directly to the audience. Lines should be divided as appropriate.*

Let's be honest. I'm not in junior high. It's been a long time since I was in junior high and that's fine by me.

Let's be honest: I don't use SnapChat. I'm not even sure what it is.

I don't even text – yeah, I know, I just don't.

Let's be honest: your teachers made you come to this.

And you know all about bullying.

Bullying's such a lame name for it anyway.

But it keeps happening. So we're going to do a play.

Some of it is made up but some of it is real.

Some of us are going to play characters who are younger than we really are.

We're going to start by telling you a story:

**SCENE ONE**

*AMY tells her story on large white note cards  
(poster board) that she holds over her head.*

AMY

(CARD) My name is Amy.  
Sometimes when it's too hard to say something, I write it down.

One night I was online with my friends,  
They said I looked like a boy,  
They dared me to send a picture to prove I was a girl,

(CARD) So I took a selfie,  
Like I was a magazine model

I thought it was funny  
And I sent it on Snapchat.

(CARD) They took a screenshot.  
And then they posted it  
And more people shared it  
And people started saying horrible things

First it was online

Then to my face.

Someone made a fake Twitter account in my name and said all these horrible things – everyone thought it was me!

*For the last three cards, AMY is silent.*

(CARD) No one would talk to me

(CARD) Everyone hated me

(CARD) I came here

AMY

I came here.

*A school bell rings.*

**SCENE TWO**

The lunchroom

*MR. F. pushes a table on wheels onstage.  
He points to the table and AMY goes and sits.*

*LEA and KAILEY enter while he speaks.*

MR. F.  
*(To everyone)*

Okay. Listen up. This is my cafeteria. In here, you follow my rules.  
You don't follow my rules, you don't eat lunch.  
Voices are at a level 2.  
No throwing food. It's on your plate or in your mouth.  
No listening to headphones.  
No cursing.  
No hippity hop.  
No dub step.  
No watching of Family Guy.

*(Taking a little notepad out of his fanny pack)*

I see all.

*He passes LEA, points to his eyes, to her and then  
back to his eyes.*

LEA

Nice fanny pack.

MR. F.

Level Two!

LEA  
*(Whispering)*

Nice fanny pack.

*LEA and KAILEY get to the table. They note AMY  
is sitting at their table but then choose to ignore  
her. They sit.*

LEA

Seriously, how many of those does he have? He's got a different one for every day of the week.

KAILEY

That's his Monday fanny pack.

*They laugh. AMY joins.  
They stop laughing and both look at their phones.*

Hi.

AMY

Hi!

KAILEY

*Beat*

Uh, hi.

LEA

*Awkward silence, then LEA and KAILEY go back to  
their phones.*

LEA

My brother is so lame. He keeps posting pictures of rabbits in costumes. He's like obsessed.

KAILEY

Oh my God, look at the picture Monica just posted. I can't believe her mom let her do that to her hair.

*She shows LEA*

LEA

Wait, is that a new sweater?

KAILEY  
*(Unsure)*

Yeah.

LEA

Where'd you get it? We were at the mall for like three hours yesterday.

KAILEY

My step mom got it for me.

LEA

Is she still trying to suck up to you?

KAILEY

Yeah, I guess so.

LEA  
Is it Forever 21?

KAILEY  
I don't know.

LEA  
Is it Forever 21?!

KAILEY  
Maybe. I think so. Yes!

*MR. F. beckons for LEA to go over to him.*

LEA  
Excuse me. I'm being summoned.

*She exits dramatically.*

*TOTALLY AWKWARD SILENCE.*

AMY  
Ummm, I like your sweater.

KAILEY  
You do?

AMY  
Yeah. My sister has one just like it. And she's in college.

KAILEY  
Really?

AMY  
It looks good on you.

KAILEY  
Thanks... Really?

AMY  
Totally.

KAILEY  
Cause I kind of like it even though my step mom got it for me - I mean she got it cause I said I liked it but now I'm not sure.

AMY  
It looks good.

KAILEY  
Thanks.  
*(Whispering)*  
It's from Target. DON'T tell anyone.

AMY  
I won't.

KAILEY  
Like really, don't.

AMY  
I really won't.  
I don't know anyone here anyways.

KAILEY  
I like your sweater. It's kind of big on you though.

AMY  
I'm more comfortable in baggy clothes.

KAILEY  
My mom says when she was in junior high, baggy clothes were in.

AMY  
I wish they still were. We could start a new fashion trend!

*LEA re-enters, with MR F. behind her.*

LEA  
He was worried we weren't being friendly to the new girl.

MR. F.  
They being nice to you?

*AMY nods*

MR. F.  
Do you speak?

AMY  
Yeah – yes.

MR. F.

Good. We don't need any more weirdos or hipsters in this school.

*He stands there for a moment watching them. LEA and KAILEY go back to their phones.*

MR. F.

Who are you texting?

LEA

Anne-Marie.

MR. F.

*(Pointing)*

Anne-Marie who's right over there?

LEA

Because she's over there. I'm here.

MR. F.

Why don't you talk to the people in front of you instead of staring into those phones.

LEA

*(Exaggerated and slow)*

Gee, it sure is nice to meet you.

AMY

Um thanks.

MR. F.

*(Gesturing mind sucking)*

They suck your mind dry.

LEA

Oh my God.

MR. F.

Just remember:

*He points to his eyes, to all of them and back to his eyes.*

*He leaves. They all laugh.*

AMY

Is he always like that?

KAILEY

Except when he's around Ms. Singh.

LEA

Then he's all like

*(Her best sexy man impression)*

"Well hello there, Ms. Singh."

KAILEY

*(As Ms. Singh)*

"Oh hello."

LEA

*(As Mr. F.)*

"That's a lovely blouse you're wearing."

AMY

Who's Ms. Singh?

KAILEY

She teaches English and choir. Sometimes if she leaves the door open, he walks by the classroom like really, really slowly.

*KAILEY and LEA demonstrate MR. F's sexy walk.*

LEA

And he kind of sticks his hips out and leads with his fanny pack.

*They all laugh again.*

MR. F.

Level two!

*LEA and KAILEY go back to their phones.*

LEA

*(Laughing)*

Oh my God, you should see what Kyle just tweeted.

*(To AMY)*

You should follow me on Twitter. I'm LeaM14

AMY

I'm not on Twitter.

LEA

Why not?

AMY

I was, I'm just taking a break from all that.

LEA

From all what?

AMY

Twitter, Snapchat, Facebook...

LEA/KAILEY  
*(Horried)*

Instagram?

AMY

Oh, no I'm on Instagram. Of course.

KAILEY

You should follow us.

AMY

Sure – when I get home I'll look you up.

LEA

Don't you have a phone?

AMY

It's in my locker.

LEA

What good's it doing there?

AMY

At my last school we weren't allowed to have them out during the school day.

KAILEY

Wow – that sucks. We can use them in here, just not in class.

LEA

Everybody does though.

*Awkward silence, LEA goes back to her phone.  
KAILEY doesn't know what to say.*

AMY

Okay, well, I guess I should get going. I've got to find my next class.  
It was nice meeting you.

KAILEY

Bye.

*AMY exits*

LEA

*(Typing as she speaks)*

Just met new girl. Boring.  
What were you guys talking about when I was gone?

KAILEY

Nothing. Clothes.

LEA

Was she giving you fashion advice? There's something weird about her. I mean,  
she's not on Twitter? Even my mom's on Twitter.

KAILEY

She said she used to be.

LEA

So why isn't she anymore?

KAILEY

I don't know. Let's go, or we're going to be late.

*They exit as MR F. enters.*

MR. F.

*(Showing his notebook)*

Paper. Old School.

Rule #21 from Mr. F's Book of Life: always carry a pen. Preferably two.

I see what goes on.

I watch, I remember, I write it down

The book of LIFE is loong

And the lessons don't just happen in classrooms.

*(To someone in the audience)*

You think just cause I'm older I don't remember what it was like to be a kid?

I remember.

Class of '94 baby! You can still see my name on some of the athletic awards in  
the hallway.

In here, everyone's trying to figure out

MR. F (*CONT'D*)

who's who

and what's what.

It's like a series of boxes with a label that describes the contents

*(To another person in the audience)*

Are you gonna let others put you in a box?

Yeah, I'm talking to you.

*Bell rings. Class starts.*

**SCENE THREE**

The classroom.

*MR. F. writes on the board while the students enter. AMY sits. LEA and KAILIE are looking at LEA'S phone and remain standing.*

MR. F.

Alright everyone, sit down.

*(They ignore him)*

Sit down.

*(They ignore him)*

OH MY GOD THE SCHOOL'S ON FIRE. THE CLASSROOM'S ON FIRE!!  
I'M ON FIRE!!!

*LEA and KAILEY sit.*

MR. F.

Everybody meet the new kid?  
Stand up and say something about yourself.

AMY

Um, hi. I'm Amy.

*LEA and KAILEY laugh and take her photo with their phones. MR. F. doesn't see this. AMY immediately sits back down.*

MR. F.

And....?

AMY

That's it.

MR. F.

Come on, there's more to say than that. Let me give you some advice from Mr. F's Book of Life. Rule #56 –

LEA

Rule #56, don't put hot sauce on cereal.

MR. F.

*(Following along in his book)*

Correct.

LEA (*CONT'D*)

Rule #57, only use a Kleenex once.

MR. F.

You're paraphrasing but sure.

LEA

Rule #58, milk your own cow?

MR. F.

It's a metaphor.

(*To AMY*)

Rule #59: make sure you are the one who defines who you are.  
Write that down!

(*Beat*)

So?

AMY

Um... I'm pretty good at running and -

LEA

Why'd you switch schools in the middle of the year?

MR. F.

(*Warning*)

Lea.

(*To AMY*)

Your father told me you like to write.

AMY

Writing's okay.

MR. F.

Well, as this is an English class, you'll get to do some of that in here.

LEA

Oh, Ms. Cross doesn't make us write.

MR. F.

Nice try. This week we're starting our unit on myths.

LEA

(*Crossing to him*)

Mr. F, Ms. Cross didn't say anything about myths before she left.

MR. F.

Well, while I'm covering the class, we're going to do my lesson plan and it's myths. You like superheroes?

LEA  
(Sarcastic)

I looove the Avengers.

KAILEY  
(Not sarcastic)

Ooh – the Black Widow!

*This is where we see how great a teacher MR. F. really is as he gets them to buy into the assignment.*

MR. F.

Your assignment is to write your origin story.

KAILEY

Like when we were born?

MR.F.

No, like if you're a hero, how you got to be that way. Like Batman. Like Superman. Like...uh... what's one of the girl ones?

LEA

Wonder Woman?

MR. F.

Yes, like Wonder Woman.

AMY

Mr. F, how long can we make it?

MR. F.

As long as you like. It's due a week from today.

*Mr. F. exits. LEA exits after him.*

KAILEY

I'm totally going to fail this assignment.

AMY

Really? I love making up stories. And superheroes are pretty cool.

KAILEY

But I'm not a superhero. I'm more of the sidekick. Sidekicks don't get origin stories.

AMY

Can't you pretend you're the hero?

KAILEY

There's nothing about me that's heroic. And I suck at writing.

AMY

For me, writing's easier than talking. Sometimes I write what I can't say out loud.

KAILEY

Is it hard to switch schools?

AMY

Yeah. This is like my third school in two years.

KAILEY

Wow. Why?

AMY

There was some stuff that happened at my other school.

KAILEY

What happened?

AMY

Oh, it doesn't matter.

KAILEY

Hey, do you live close? We could walk home together.

AMY

I'm staying after school for cross-country practice. My mom wants me to "get involved with activities". She says it's the best way to make friends.

KAILEY

Oh. Okay. Well I should go. Lea will be wondering where I am.

AMY

Hey, if you guys want, there's meet after school on Thursday. My mom said she'd take me for pizza after – you could come too.

KAILEY

Sure. I like pizza.

AMY

Great. Well, see you tomorrow.

*AMY exits. LEA enters right after.*

LEA

Are you coming?

*They exit.*

**TRUE STORY ONE\***

*MARIA puts down the cell phone and speaks to the audience as herself.*

MARIA\*

Hey, I'm Maria.  
I'm the one who doesn't text.  
We're going to take a break from the play right now so I can tell you a true story.

When I was a kid, I was bullied by a girl named Tracy.  
That's her real name, I didn't change it for this show.  
It happened every recess.

I. HATED. RECESS.

When I finally told my mom, she said that maybe Tracy was being mean to me because she felt bad about herself.

So I tried to think of that the next day when she called me names,  
When she made me give her my new markers  
And eat bird droppings and bugs  
And when she threatened to tell everyone in the class about what a baby I was.

I wasn't ever mad at her.  
I just wanted her to like me.

I wish, now, I could go up to that younger me and tell her,  
"Hey, just walk away. Go hang out with the other kids."  
But Tracy had all this power over me so I never did that.  
And it went on and on.

I just want Tracy to know what she did to me.  
I want her to say sorry to my face.

I just want her to know.

*\* See note in the beginning about the True Stories and using actor's names.*

**SCENE FIVE**

Split scene: homeroom, Friday morning, and the cross-country meet on Thursday.

*LEA sits waiting for homeroom to start.*

*KAILEY runs in frantic with excitement.*

KAILEY

Lea! Lea! Lea!

*KAILEY improvises with the audience.*

LEA

Calm down - you're way too hyper for 8am.

KAILEY

It was the greatest thing in the history of the school –  
It was the coolest thing I've ever seen  
Oh my God you missed it – it was awesome –  
Why'd you miss it?

LEA

Miss what?

KAILEY

The cross-country meet!

LEA

You actually went to that?

KAILEY

Amy invited us. I told you.

LEA

Sounds boring.

KAILEY

No it was the most exciting thing ever –

LEA

It's just a bunch of sweaty people running together. Big deal.

*On the other side of the stage, AMY enters in running gear.*

KAILEY

But you should have seen her! She burst out from the crowd and kind of waved  
“bye bye” to the other girls -

*AMY in slow motion begins to run – she does the  
actions narrated by KAILEY*

*MR. F. enters, eating, and watches from the  
sidelines.*

KAILEY (CONT'D)

And – and – and -  
She was like superhuman -  
She was like a ballerina -  
She was doing interpretive dance -

LEA

Level two -

KAILEY (CONT'D)

And – and – and -  
She was like a tiger  
She was like a gazelle  
She was like a chicken – okay not a chicken  
And then the announcer says, “The new girl is going to break the school record  
from 1994!”  
And Mr. F he’s like -

KAILEY/MR.F.

Not my record!!

<p>KAILEY</p> <p>Mr. F. started pushing all these other kids out of his way and dodging around them and jumping over them and he caught up to Amy and he tried to push her out of his way but he couldn't and she flicked him And he flew into the crowd of parents and they pushed him back into the race and and and then he got behind Amy and he put his hand over her eyes and she got turned around and started</p>	<p><i>MR. F enters the race and knocks invisible kids out of his way, saying “I’m sorry” in slow motion.</i></p> <p><i>He goes to knock AMY out of way but she isn't phased. She flicks him and he flies off stage behind the flat. She keeps running He runs on sideways and gets behind her. He covers her eyes. Blind she flounders around and runs off</i></p>
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<p>running the wrong way and Mr. F. took the lead but then she caught up to him again and she grabbed the strap of his fanny pack and it pulled and pulled and pulled and then she let go And Mr. F. went flying out of the race! And Amy won!</p>	<p><i>in the wrong direction. MR. F takes the lead. AMY realizes she's heading the wrong direction and turns back into the race She grabs MR. F's fanny pack strap It pulls and pulls She turns him away and sling shots him off stage - - he suddenly breaks the slow motion AMY wins the race</i></p>
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LEA

What happened to Mr. F.?

KAILEY

The next time I saw him he was being carried by Ms. Singh. I think she took him to the hospital.

LEA

You really think I'm going to believe any of that?

*MR.F. crosses upstage on crutches.  
Both girls stare at him.*

MR. F.

I was attacked.

KAILEY

By an eighth grader!

*MR. F. glares at her and exits.*

KAILEY

Anyway, isn't that awesome? I wish you could have been there to see it. Everyone's talking about it.

*(Showing LEA her phone)*

Oh and look at this cute picture Amy's mom took of us.

LEA

Duh, you posted it last night, I've already seen it. What are you wearing anyway?

KAILEY

Oh - you would have loved this. So, she's got all these costumes. There's all this hilarious 70's stuff.

LEA

You went to her house?

KAILEY

Yeah, she wanted to show me the costumes.

LEA

I texted you like twenty times last night.

KAILEY

I texted you back as soon as I could.

LEA

Hours later.

KAILEY

Did something happen?

LEA

My dad was just having one of his bad nights. Whatever. You were busy.

KAILEY

I'm sorry.

LEA

Anyway, I used the time to do a little research.

KAILEY

What do you mean?

LEA

I'm just saying, you should know who you're hanging out with.

KAILEY

What?

LEA

Okay, well, I told you it was weird that she's switched schools in the middle of the year so I Googled her. She's won all these running awards.

KAILEY

I told you she was good!

LEA

Yeah, well, that's not all. So it was easy to find both her old schools through that, then I did a little digging on Facebook.

*LEA reads from her phone.  
As she does, AMY enters and holds up large cards  
with the insults written on them.*

LEA  
*(Reading)*

“Amy Linder thinks she’s better than everyone – watch out boys, she’s coming for you.”  
314 likes.

KAILEY

Wow.

LEA  
“Amy, why don’t you admit how ugly you are.”  
“If you were really attractive you wouldn’t have to put pictures of yourself online like that.”

KAILEY

Why would someone write that?

LEA  
“This is your fault you pig.”  
“Hey flirt farm – we took a vote and congratulations, you won the ugly award”  
“If you even look at my boyfriend, I will hurt you bad.”  
“I told my mom what you did – she never wants me to speak to you again.”  
“Hey cry baby – none of us did this to you so stop blaming us.”  
“You should disappear. No one would miss you.”  
Oh, this one’s my favorite:  
“Hey trash – it’s garbage day. Be careful you don’t get picked up.”

KAILEY

Can I see that?

*KAILEY tries to get the phone but LEA snaps it  
away from her.*

LEA  
There’s more. She said she wasn’t on Twitter but I found an account with her name.

KAILEY

Maybe it’s someone else with the same name.

LEA

*And* her picture – it was definitely her, and you should see what she was writing – I mean no wonder people were saying those things.

KAILEY

Someone could have made that account using her name though.

LEA

Why do you keep defending her? Do you have a crush on her or something?

KAILEY

No! I'm just saying she seems nice is all.

LEA

You've known her for five days. We've been best friends for three years. I'm telling you this for your own good.

KAILEY

Are you going to tell people?

LEA

I haven't decided yet.

*(Handing her the phone)*

Look at this.

KAILEY

Who is that?

LEA

It's her.

KAILEY

What is she wearing?

LEA

I don't know – looks like underwear to me.

KAILEY

Maybe it's a bikini.

LEA

It doesn't matter what it is. It's what it looks like.

KAILEY

Why would she take a picture of herself like that?

LEA

She didn't just take it – she posted it so everyone would see it. Think about what kind of a person would do that.

*AMY enters. She waves to someone in the hall and calls out a "Thanks" or "See you at lunch".*

AMY

Hey.

*Her phone buzzes. She looks at the text, laughs and quickly texts back.*

AMY

Everyone's been congratulating me on the cross-country meet! It's crazy. How are you guys?

*(Beat)*

What's wrong?

LEA

Is it true what people say about you?

AMY

What do they say about me?

LEA

I think you know.

*AMY is silent.*

KAILEY

*(Showing the phone)*

Is this you?

*AMY looks at it then turns and runs off.*

LEA

See?

*KAILEY goes to go after her.*

LEA

You're seriously going to follow her?

*KAILEY is unsure for a moment then runs after AMY.*

Fine. Send to everyone.

LEA

*She hits "send" on her phone and exits.*

**TRUE STORY TWO\***

*ELIZABETH\* comes out as herself and speaks directly to the audience.*

ELIZABETH

Hi, I'm Elizabeth. I wanted to take a moment to tell you about something that happened to me.

Last November, we were doing this play at a different school and, just like I am now, I came out to tell a story about bullying. The bully in that story was named Josh. There were probably about fifteen boys right in a clump in the middle of the audience and I guess one of them was also called Josh because they started snickering. It got louder and louder - it was really distracting. I felt like I had done something wrong and I knew I wasn't going to be able to get through the rest of the monologue. I was right there in front of them. I could see them and I knew I had to stick up for myself.

I didn't think about it, it just came out:

*(Loud)*

“HEY! It really hurts my feelings that you're talking when I'm trying to talk.”

I don't think I've ever felt that exposed.

I know these kids were younger than me – just like you are - and I shouldn't care what you think about me, but I do. We're all human beings.

Afterwards I was really shaky, but I also felt good – it felt right to stand up for myself.

I wanted them to take it to heart and I knew that wouldn't happen unless I let myself be vulnerable like that.

Thanks for letting me share my story with you.

*\* See note in the beginning about the True Stories and using actor's names.*

**SCENE SIX**

MR. F's classroom, Monday.

*LEA enters, waving at someone in the hall and texting.*

*MR. F enters on the opposite side.*

*LEA, head in her phone, crashes into him.*

MR. F.

Hey.

Oh wow, a human.

*(Re. her phone)*

Once the bell rings, I don't want to see that.

LEA

Yes, Sir.

*KAILEY enters. LEA stays with her phone.*

LEA

Hey, come here.

I got like 100 more followers last night – all these kids from Amy's old school, it's crazy. Did you see what I posted?

KAILEY

I saw it.

LEA

Oh my God, this guy Dwayne from her old school – we texted for like an hour last night. He's hilarious.

So how come you haven't re-tweeted anything I wrote?

KAILEY

Did you do it?

LEA

Did I do what?

KAILEY

The picture of Amy and me that I had on Instagram? Someone copied it and drew all this stuff all over it

LEA

Oh really?

Was it you?  
 No.  
 Why would people write all that stuff about us?

KAILEY

LEA

KAILEY

LEA

Gee, I wonder.

*Bell rings.*

MR. F.

Sit down.

*KAILEY slumps into her seat. LEA sits.*

MR. F.

Wow, that was easy.  
 So today you're handing in your origin stories.  
 Wait, where's Amy?  
 Kailey?

KAILEY

I don't know.

MR. F.

Is she sick?

*KAILEY shrugs. LEA is silent.*

MR. F.

Anybody talk to her over the weekend?

*Silence.*

MR. F.

Anybody? Kailey?

KAILEY

Why do you keep asking me?

LEA

You guys are new besties.

KAILEY

I barely even know her.

MR. F.

Okay – okay.

Everybody, take out your book and finish reading Chapter 8.  
Lea, can you come up here? Bring your origin assignment.

*LEA goes to MR. F.*

MR. F.

There something going on that I should know about?

LEA

No.

MR. F.

Got your origin story all done?

LEA

Also no.

MR.F.

Why don't you read me what you've written.

LEA

Do I have to?

MR. F.

Yes.

LEA

*(Reading)*

I live in this stupid town and I always have.

I have a dog.

I had a hermit crab but it died. I forgot to feed it but I was only two. I guess I'm  
a bad person. The end.

*KAILEY has heard this and starts to write on large  
pieces of paper—same as were used before.*

MR. F.

You're a bad person?

LEA

Well it wasn't really my fault he died.

MR. F.

I let my goldfish drown. I didn't know they could do that.

KAILEY

*(Holding up papers up silently)*

(CARD) Lea is a bad person because of what she did to Amy.

MR. F.

Hold on – Kailey?

KAILEY

*(Silent)*

(CARD) She forwarded all this bad stuff from her old Fb account.

*LEA goes to try to stop her.*

LEA

What are you doing? Are you crazy?

*MR. F. gets between them.*

MR. F.

Both of you sit down –

<p>LEA You're really going to tell everyone that?</p> <p>MR. F. Lea!</p> <p>LEA They only like you because of me.</p>	<p>KAILEY <i>(Silent)</i></p> <p>(CARD) I thought someone would stop her but I'm her BFF so I should have done it</p>
---	---

*MR. F. grabs the papers from KAILEY.*

*KAILEY runs off.*

MR. F.

*(Reading)*

“No one stood up for Amy and now she's not coming to school.”

*(To LEA)*

Lea, is this true? This is serious.

LEA

You don't even know what's going on and you're just going to accuse me.

MR. F.

I'm not accusing you.

LEA

Oh really?

MR. F.

What's this about?

LEA

You don't really care. I know you have to pretend you do because you're the teacher, but you don't actually care. You're probably like, "You stupid kids with your stupid problems – wait till you get into the real world and you'll realize how easy you had it."

MR. F.

I didn't say that.

LEA

It's probably what you think though. My dad says it all the time. Like it's my fault he can't find a job. Just because we're kids it doesn't mean we don't feel stuff too. We still worry about stuff.

MR. F.

I know you do.

LEA

But what are we supposed to do – we're just kids. We're not allowed to do anything.

MR. F.

So can you tell me what happened?

LEA

It's the new girl. She acts like she's so special but she did all this stuff before, like online, she posted these pictures of herself and now I'm supposed to feel sorry for her because people reacted? No one made her do that.

MR. F.

You're right.

LEA

I am?

MR. F.

But from what I understand, it happened last year.

LEA

So? She can't just come here and act like it doesn't exist.

MR. F.

Why not?

LEA

Because it happened. People should know what she's like.

MR. F.

You've never done something stupid that you wish you hadn't? I have.

LEA

Yeah, right.

MR. F.

Bobby Robertson.

LEA

Who's that?

MR. F.

Bobby Robertson was a kid I went to school with. I still see him around town. He works at the grocery store – I see him stocking shelves. He should be the manager by now – he was a smart kid - but he's still doing the same thing he did when he was in high school.

You know what he does when he sees me, Lea?

He looks away. Like he's scared of me. You know how that feels?

*LEA shrugs.*

MR. F.

I was a student here.

LEA

I know.

MR. F.

You may find this hard to believe, but I was pretty popular back in the day. Bobby wasn't.

He didn't do anything to me, I just decided I didn't like him. It was fun, at the time. I'd push him around, try to scare him. I put his head in a toilet once. I

MR. F. (*CONT'D*)

thought it was funny. And when everyone started to laugh, I felt like I had to keep going. Like if I stopped, they wouldn't like me.

LEA

That's stupid.

MR. F.

I know. But it's true. It's why I'm here doing this job.

LEA

You're a teacher because you put some kid's head in a toilet?

MR. F.

It sounds kind of bad when you put it that way.

All I'm saying is, I can't do anything to change what has happened. I can only try to make things better now.

Think about it.

And finish your origin story. You've got more to write.

*He leaves her. LEA writes the following:*

LEA

*(Holding up the cards and speaking)*

(CARD) Lea is a bad person ☹

(CARD) with a lot of friends ☺

(CARD) so does it matter?

*She exits.*

**TRUE STORY THREE\*****BARRINGTON\***

I'm Barrington. True story:

When we were working on this play, we got talking about when we were in junior high, and I remembered this one kid, Jordan. He was huge. He was almost six feet tall in eighth grade and he must have weighed about 300 pounds.

He'd never played sports but Coach wanted him to be on the football team because he was so big he figured the other team would just kind of bounce off him.

First game we have, Jordan goes out, a kid hits him and BOOM, Jordan goes down. He didn't understand how to use his center of gravity. We all thought it was hilarious but Coach was furious.

The next practice he makes us do suicides - you know that's where you sprint to the first line, do ten pushups, sprint back, do ten pushups, sprint to the next line... you get it.

Coach said to Jordan, "I bet Barry can do two in the time you do one" and I did. I was competitive.

It wasn't until a lot later that I realized how unfair that was. I mean, I was smaller, faster, I'd done them before. He'd wanted to humiliate Jordan and I'd helped him.

Something went out of Jordan that day and it never came back.

*\*Same deal as before.*

**SCENE SEVEN**

The lunchroom.

*KAILEY enters and sits.*

*AMY enters, looking nervous.*

KAILEY

Hey.

*AMY doesn't answer.*

KAILEY

I haven't seen you in like – all week.  
Do you want to sit here?

AMY

Sure.

*AMY sits. Silence.*

KAILEY

If you want to borrow my notes from the classes you missed, you can.

AMY

Thanks.

KAILEY

Were you sick?

AMY

No.

KAILEY

Oh. Well, I'm glad you're back.

AMY

I just came back to hand in my origin story. I don't know if I'm staying.  
My mom said I could switch schools again if I wanted to. It's complicated but  
she said she'd do it.

KAILEY

Well, I hope you stay here.

AMY

That's what you honestly think?

KAILEY

Yeah.

AMY

You don't have to check with Lea first?

KAILEY

Lea doesn't really talk to me any more.

*LEA enters and sees KAILEY and AMY sitting together.*

*They see her.*

*LEA texts KAILEY. KAILEY ignores the text.*

KAILEY

So what'd you do while you were gone?

AMY

Nothing. Watched TV.

*LEA texts KAILEY. KAILEY ignores it.*

KAILEY

*(To AMY)*

So, what'd you watch while you were at home?

*LEA texts KAILEY. KAILEY ignores it.*

AMY

Eight seasons of Project Runway. By the end of it, I was pretty sure I could make a dress out of a doormat and a houseplant.

*KAILEY laughs.*

KAILEY

That would be the best challenge ever. Or what about food? Like at the end, you eat the whole outfit.

*Furious, LEA texts her again. KAILEY puts her phone away.*

AMY

Oh my God – they did that. This one guy made an entire suit out of a pancake.  
*(Imitating a very hip designer)*

“So um the inspiration for this suit was IHOP.”

*They laugh.*  
*LEA storms over.*

LEA  
*(To KAILEY)*  
Aren't you going to reply to my text?

*KAILEY takes her phone back out.*

KAILEY  
*(Typing)*  
"Yes."

LEA  
Yes?

KAILEY  
You wrote, "r u seriously sitting with her?"  
"Yes," that's my answer.

LEA  
Let's go.

*KAILEY is unsure what to do.*

LEA  
Come on, I want to tell you something.

AMY  
*(To LEA)*  
Is there something you wanted to say to me?

LEA  
If I wanted to say something to you I would have said it.

AMY  
No, you would have texted it.

LEA  
It's the same thing.

KAILEY  
No it's not. When you actually talk to someone, you have to look them in the face.

LEA  
*(To AMY)*

Everything was fine before you got here. Now everything's messed up.

AMY  
 I wasn't trying to mess anything up.

KAILEY  
 What are you so upset about? You've got all these new friends online. If you don't want to hang out with us, go sit with them.

LEA  
 How am I supposed to sit with them? They're *online* duh, they're not here.

*School bell rings.*  
*LEA starts to leave.*  
*AMY runs after her.*

AMY  
 Wait –

*LEA turns around as if she's about to hit AMY.*

LEA  
 What?!

KAILEY  
 Lea...

AMY  
 You know why I decided to come back to school? Because it's really easy for people to write whatever they want about me online - they never have to deal with me face to face. Well I'm tired of making it easy for them. Do you think I would have taken that picture if I'd known what was going to happen? It wasn't real. That's why I did it. I was just bored and goofing around. And then I hit send and even then it wasn't real. It wasn't real until all these people at my school saw it. So I realized that me posting that picture is kind of like people writing stuff about me online. That made it better somehow.

LEA  
 How does that make it better? That doesn't make any sense.

AMY

Because most of the stuff people post online is really about *them*. It isn't about saying something real. It's about getting more likes and tweets and followers.

KAILEY

It still sucks.

AMY

Yeah. It totally sucks. But they're not going to realize that I'm a real person they're talking about unless they see me. If all they know about me is what they see online... that's so lame.

KAILEY

Has anyone said anything mean to you since you've been back?

AMY

Not so far.

*(Taking out her phone and scrolling through)*

I've got twelve new texts since I sat down and they're all pretty nice so far.

KAILEY

Twelve?

LEA

From this school?

AMY

*(Reading)*

Tiara, Dorian, Luke, Anne-Marie -

LEA

Anne-Marie?

AMY

*(Pointing)*

Who's right over there, yeah.

*(She waves at Anne-Marie and continues)*

Jordan, Heather, Tiffanie, Nathan, Chloe, Sarah, Yasmin and Mr. F.

KAILEY

Mr. F.?

AMY

Yeah, his says, "level two".

**SCENE EIGHT**

MR. F.

Mr. F's Book of Life, Rule Numero Uno  
 Primo Rulo  
 If you remember nothing from junior high, remember this:  
 Avoid the box.  
 Everybody wants to put you in a box:

KAILEY

You're a computer geek, because you like computers

AMY

You're a jock, because you're good at sports

LEA

You're a basketball player because you're tall

MR.F.

I think you should be able to define your own box  
 Decorate it however you like  
 Cause the more you define your own box, the more you realize there is no box  
 there at all.  
 It's a magic trick – the box disappearing act.  
 So when people ask, "what's he like?"  
 "What's she like?"  
 People will be stuck for words  
 Well he's this ...

LEA

But he's also that.

KAILEY

She does this ...

AMY

*And* she does that.

MR. F.

And then they can't define you as this box or that.  
 They'll have to define you as you.  
 So who are you?

AMY

And you?

And you?

LEA

And you?

KAILEY

*End of play.*