

ST. LEWIS SCHOOL, ST. LEWIS

presents

PARENTS' WISH - CHILD'S BURDEN

CAST:

Gizelle Lanse - Irene Poole
Corey Lanse - Neil Chubbs
Jim Lanse - Dawn Mangrove
Allie Lanse - Karen Brown
Rob - Kim Poole
Bag Lady - Karen Brown
Jamie - Darlene Curl
Calvin - Lucy Brown

INTRODUCTION:

A play about the problems that can occur between an adolescent girl and her slightly overprotective parents.

SCENE I

(There is a small party going on at the house of Gizelle and Corey, who are brother and sister.)

JAMIE: Hey, Corey! Are you and Gizelle coming to my party tomorrow night? Jim and Ken are going to be there.

COREY (TEASING): Why are you worried about me coming? I heard you invited that new guy on campus. The one with the curly, blond hair.

JAMIE: Yeah. He said he should be able to come. Why?

COREY: Relax, I was only kiddin'. I'm going. I'll see what Gizelle is doing. She and Rob might have other plans. Hey, Jamie, did you invite Pamela and Sheila? They have the best...

CALVIN: Nah, I like taht one, (pause) Zelma better. She has the coolest hair, it's all spiked and it has the greasy look, too.

COREY: She's O.K. but not my type. But Sheila, she's awesome, severely awesome.

(The music that had been playing goes off. Gizelle and her boyfriend, Rob, enter. Gizelle stands and stares at the people.)

JAMIE: I'll switch the tape - can't have a party without music. (Notices Gizelle and Rob.) Hi, Gizelle, where have you been all night? Sit down and join the fun.

COREY: Hey, Gizelle, could you hand me that tape case on the table?

(Gizelle hurls the tape case at Corey, then crosses to where he is sitting.)

GIZELLE (VERY ANGRY): Corey, what is going on here? Where's Mom and Dad?

COREY: Ah, relax, Gizelle. They won't be back for hours yet, and besides, this is my mess. I invited the guys, so you don't have to worry about Mom and Dad. Want some chips?

GIZELLE: No, I don't want any of your stupid chips. It was your party the last time Corey, and the one before that, but who got the blame for it? It wasn't you and I don't see anyone else living here. Every time Mom and Dad leave, you guys do this and I get the blame. They always say they're going for a few hours but they go for an hour or so. They'll be back any minute, and I'll get the blame for this like I always do.

(Calvin begins to applaud.)

COREY: Shut up, Calvin. I guess I didn't think about it that way. I guess I'd better get this mess cleaned up.

CALVIN: Yeah, man, I'll help you. Let's just push everything under the couch.

(Calvin sweeps chip bags, etc., off the coffee table and on Jamie's lap.)

JAMIE: Man, this night wasn't bad enough all the time and now you had to go and ruin my pants. You think you're the coolest thing in this world - well I've got news for you. You ugly, stupid, clumsy...

GIZELLE: Jamie, would you just shut up and help me get this mess cleaned up?

COREY: Yeah, come on you guys, knock it off.

(Everybody starts to shout. Parents enter.)

FATHER: What...is going on here? And you (points to Calvin)? What are you looking at? I think it's about time you all left.

MOTHER (POINTING TO ROB): That includes you too, Slick.

ROB: Mr. and Mrs. Lanse, let me try to explain about this whole...

FATHER: Just get out, Slick.

ROB: Gizelle?

GIZELLE: You'd better go, Rob, before they have a cat or something.

(The friends leave the house, and Gizelle starts to go up to her room.)

MOTHER: Get back here, Gizelle, and start explaining.

GIZELLE: Mom, this wasn't my fault. I just got here a few minutes ago. Ask Corey about it.

MOTHER: Don't you try and pin this on your brother.

FATHER: You didn't mention anything about that boyfriend of yours, he was here.

MOTHER: This was probably his fault, anyway. He's just the kind of person who'd do something like this. Why do you go out with him anyway? He's on a road to no good, he'll end up like his father, drunk and no money.

FATHER: That's right. He is no good.

GIZELLE: Shut up. You know, I don't believe what I am hearing here. How can you say that? You two are the most snobbish people I've ever known.

MOTHER: That's enough from you. Now go to bed and we'll settle this tomorrow.

FATHER: There's nothing to settle, you are never to see Mr. Rob again. Now go.

GIZELLE: You can't do that to me. (Starts to leave, then turns.) And I'll tell you something else, Daddy, and you can put this in writing...I'm not going to stop seeing Rob.

SCENE II

(The next day at lunch time. Corey is seated at the kitchen table. Gizelle enters.)

COREY: Where did you get off to so early this morning? You weren't down for breakfast.

GIZELLE: No, I left early so I wouldn't have to face Mom and Dad.

COREY: Well, you have to face them sooner or later.

GIZELLE: Later will be fine. I'm going over to Jamie's after school and we're stayin for the party so I won't be home till late.

COREY: O.K., see you tonight.

(Gizelle leaves. Mother enters, sits at the table and pours herself a cup of tea.)

MOTHER: Corey, did Gizelle come home to her dinner?

COREY: Yeah, but she left again, she's going right to the party after school.

MOTHER: Corey, how does Gizelle act when she's out with the crowd? I mean... is she wild or...or you know?

COREY: Why all this sudden interest in Gizelle's social life, Mother?

MOTHER: Just curious. I'm also curious about Rob. What kind of a boy is he? Is he any good for Gizelle?

COREY: Look, Mom. Rob's a nice guy. Like you always said, you can't judge a book by its cover.

TRACY: I know what you mean. I'll be glad when winter comes. I never thought I'd say that!

MIKE: You can't even sleep at night, with all the stupid flies buzzing in your ears.

TRACY: There's flies in my cereal every morning.

MIKE: Aghh, there's flies everywhere. I feel like a mummy. We may as well go back indoors.

(They start to leave.)

KIM (RISING): Wait a minute! Don't go!

(Mike and Tracy are startled.)

TRACY: A bat!

MIKE: I thought they were all gone!

KIM: They are all gone. And can you blame them? They were sick of you children picking on them, killing their sisters and brothers and uncles and cousins whenever you got a chance. They flew away in search of someplace where they could live in peace and quiet.

MIKE: Yeah, well, maybe we were wrong. But it's too late now.

KIM: Maybe it isn't.

TRACY: What do you mean?

KIM: Well, I think they might just consider returning to Mud Lake, but only on certain conditions.

MIKE: Yeah? What conditions?

KIM: Every child in Mud Lake would have to make a solemn promise never to kill or injure a bat again.

MIKE: Aw, come on. Killing bats is good fun.

KIM (STARTING TO EXIT): Alright. Have it your way. But there'll never be a bat in Mud Lake again.

TRACY: No, wait! (To Mike.) Maybe she's right. Killing bats is pretty mean and it sure would be nice to be able to play outside again.

MIKE (TO KIM): Well, maybe you've got a point. But we can't promise for all the other kids.

KIM: You certainly can't! And that's why you've got to get every single one of them to sign this solemn oath and I won't call back a single bat until all of you have signed it.

TRACY (READING): We, the undersigned, do solemnly swear never to be cruel to bats again. We understand that if we break our oath, the

FATHER: Shut up, Corey. Gizelle, go home and I don't ever want to see you with him again.

GIZELLE: One of these days, you're gonna be sorry for this. (Runs out.)

ROB: Look, sir...

FATHER: Corey, it's about time you got home, too.

COREY: In awhile, Dad.

(Father leaves.)

ROB: I'm going with you, Corey. I've got to try to straighten this mess out.

COREY: Jamie, I'm really sorry about all of this. I hope Dad didn't ruin the party.

JAMIE: It was pretty rotten, but there'll be other parties.

CALVIN: Hey, Corey, man, like, like, like, this is the second party your old man has ruined. He's a real un-hip dude, man. Like he's a real.. (Corey pushes Calvin into a chair but he is not really angry.)

COREY: I guess I should go home and see how Gizelle is doing.

JAMIE: Alright. I'll see you tomorrow.

CALVIN: Hey, Jamie, where's Zelma?

SCENE IV

(In the park. There is an old bag lady sleeping on the park bench. She has covered herself with newspapers and Gizelle does not see her. Gizelle goes over and sits on the bench.)

BAG LADY (SITS UP): My soul! What are you trying to do? Squat the guts out of me? I haven't had a decent nights sleep in two days. I gotta get my beauty sleep for tomorrow. I'm checking out a new garbage can around the corner.

(Bag Lady goes over and starts rooting in a garbage can. She spots Gizelle's hand bag, goes to the bench, takes the bag, roots in it and finds a chocolate bar.)

GIZELLE (SNATCHES BAG): Hey you! See that hand? Move it or lose it.

LADY: I figured that if you can come here and sit on me, I can root in your purse. Besides, what's an ol' bar anyway? You've got enough meat on you to last for a couple of weeks. I haven't had a decent meal in two days. The last thing I had was a mangy old piece of bologna.

GIZELLE: Listen, lady, just leave me alone.

LADY: Ooh...too good for the likes of me, are yah?

GIZELLE: Lady, you are annoying me.

(Bag Lady starts to mimic and make faces at Gizelle. As she is dancing around, she bangs into the garbage can and falls to the ground in great pain.)

LADY: Ooo...me elbow. Ooo...me hip.

GIZELLE: It never rains but it pours.

LADY: Feel guilty, feel guilty, huh?

(Gizelle goes over and tries to help the Bag Lady up.)

GIZELLE: Oh, lady, you're giving me trouble that right now I don't need.

LADY: Listen, missy, you don't know what troubles are. You think I'm a common bag lady? No sir. I eat at all the finest restaurants and sleep on all the finest benches in town. You know that little restaurant down on 7th Street? Well, they have excellent garbage at breakfast, and that bench ain't bad either. And that little diner down near the waterfront? Well, the rats usually leave me enough for lunch and the bums don't sleep there anymore.

GIZELLE: Well, do you know what it's like to have your parents constantly picking on you day in and day out?

LADY: As a matter of fact, I do. But not I'm sorry for it. I wanted my freedom - just like you probably do - I fought and finally I got it. Look at me now. Come on, take a good look at my face. Look at this park - it's my home. What you see is all I have. Not much, is it? Do you want to end up like me? I don't think so. Take it from someone who's been there. They only want what's best for you. They've made decisions for you ever since you were a baby, and they feel they still have to make them for you.

GIZELLE: But I'm not a baby. I have my own mind. I want to make my own decisions, but they won't give me the chance.

LADY: Well, prove to them that you can make the right decisions. Act your age, not your shoe size.

(Bag Lady begins to laugh uncontrollably at her own joke.)

LADY (CLUTCHING AT HER HEART): OH NO...

GIZELLE: What? What is it? Is it your heart?

LADY (IGNORES GIZELLE); Hey you Snag. That's my garbage can. I've got squatter's rights on that can...take off.

(Bag Lady runs off to save her garbage can.)

GIZELLE: Hey, you got a name? Thanks for the advice.

SCENE V

(At Gizelle's house. Father paces, looks at his watch, puts hands on his hips and turns around.)

FATHER: Where is Gizelle? She should be home by now. Besides, we have alot to talk about and I personally want to get it over with.

MOTHER: Now, Jim, settle down. If you were in Gizelle's position, you'd hesitate to come home, too.

FATHER: Yes, but I want to settle this now.

MOTHER: I'm so glad that you agreed to compromise with Rob and Gizelle. I thought you'd be angry because I called him.

FATHER: No, I'm glad you did it, because now we will have both of them clear on how we feel, if Gizelle would only come home.

(Gizelle enters, throws handbag on chair adn heads for her room.)

MOTHER: Gizelle, come back and sit down. Your father wants to talk to you. I'll go make some coffee.

FATHER: Gizelle, this is not going to be easy for me to say, so don't make it any harder. Be patient and listen to me first before you say anything.

GIZELLE: Dad, would you just say what you're going to? I have to go to bed.

FATHER (GETS UP AND STARTS TO PACE): For starters, about the party tonight, I only crashed it because I care about you. You are our only daughter and if anything happened to you, I would never forgive myself. So, you see, I don't try to hurt you or harass you, only protect you.

GIZELLE: I don't need so much protection as you give me. Believe it or not, Dad, I can make my own decisions and protect myself. I may be only 16, but I can make a decision as good as you or somebody else your age can. I don't know if you noticed it or not, but you did hurt and embarass me, and that's something I may never be able to forgive you for, until a long time.

FATHER: I can understand that, Gizelle, and I wish that you would understand that I want what's best for you, and now I see that it would be best for all of us if you were given the chance to live your own life. You can see Rob if you please, it's entirely up to you. And I told him the exact same thing when he came over after the party.

GIZELLE: Dad, do you really mean all of that?

FATHER: Yes, I really do.

GIZELLE: Thanks, Dad. You know, you are pretty terrific.

(Father goes to the kitchen. Gizelle goes to the phone to call Rob.)

GIZELLE: Hi Rob...guess what?

THE END