

**Labrador City Collegiate Drama Group  
Labrador City Collegiate  
Labrador City  
presents**

**“Everyone Is Unique”**

**Cast**

<b>Boy A.....</b>	<b>Jonathan Kean</b>
<b>Boy B.....</b>	<b>Brandon Hynes</b>
<b>Girl A.....</b>	<b>Caitlin Saville</b>
<b>Girl B.....</b>	<b>Kelsie Harte</b>
<b>Girl C.....</b>	<b>Megan Ford</b>
<b>Girl D.....</b>	<b>Ashley Nixon</b>

**Crew**

<b>Lights.....</b>	<b>Alicia Vey</b>
<b>Stage Manager.....</b>	<b>Ashley Drover</b>
<b>Props/Costumes.....</b>	<b>Calandra Lawlor</b>
<b>Sound.....</b>	<b>Nicole Northcott</b>

**Teacher Advisors**

**Nicole Simon  
Linda Nuotio**

**This play, created by the students of Labrador City Collegiate, examines the issues of popularity and finding one’s own identity from a junior high perspective. The play contains a series of monologues based on media materials. This is a collaborative work that offers insight into the minds of young people as they come of age.**

*Actors enter and sit on blocks that have been placed in a semicircle. Each is dressed alike in jeans and a similar colour T-shirt in varying styles. All actors are carrying a different colour balloon.*

All:           I was in a balloon  
                  Filled with hot air,  
                  It would pop just as soon  
                  As a needle was shown -  
                  And my world went KABOOM  
                  And now my world  
                  Is in lots of pieces  
                  Scattered around

*This is repeated in a canon style. The actors create chaotic zigzagging patterns. They pop their balloons at the end. Music. Actors arrange blocks in classroom style creating rows of desks.*

Girl C:       *(sits alone carrying backpack)* I always hate the first day of school. Not the shopping part - that I like. It's fun to get new clothes and stuff. Everything looks perfect. But I hate thinking about who I'm going to sit near. I know that all the "in kids" are gonna stick together and I never fit in with them. I wish I could be part of that crowd and that everyone would fight to sit near me. But I'm just a loser and always have to go over to someone and ask "Do you wanna sit next to me?" It makes me so nervous. What if they say no? I'll just die. I swear I will. Last year I finally got the nerve to ask Megan and she said "I'm already sitting with Jessica." I was so embarrassed and didn't know what to say. Everyone else was already sitting with their friends and the only seat left was in the corner. I wish I had a friend. Then I wouldn't have to worry about this again this year. Like Angela and Kathy - they always sit together ever since first grade. They're so lucky. They never have to worry that no one likes them. I don't really have any good friends in school, but the first day is the worst! Maybe I have bad breath, B.O. or something, and that's why no one wants to sit near me. I wish they made us sit in alphabetical order. Then I'd get to sit near Brittany - she comes right after me. But she's so popular she'd probably never want anything to do with me. I hate school sometimes. I wish there was no such thing as the "in crowd" and that everyone could be friends just the same, and no one would feel left out. When I was little I didn't mind so much, but now I just feel so ugly and stupid. I wish I had a best friend.

*Music. Actors pair off in groups of two. Girl B holds a fashion magazine*

Girl A:       Poor

Girl B: Freak

Boy A: Can't pay for clothes

Girl C: Or so we assume

Boy B: Just because I don't pay

Girl D: One hundred dollars for an empty status symbol

Boy B: Made by child labour in poor countries.

Girl A: Gap is what to wear

Girl C: If you're striving for popularity.

Boy B: Creates a gap in your life.

Boy A: Which do you choose

Girl D: Persecution or execution?

Girl B: Do we choose

Boy B: Or do others choose for us?

All: *(Chanting)* I wish you could hear what I hear  
I wish you could see what I see  
I wish you could feel what I feel  
And live your life through me.

*Actors arrange cubes to form a locker. Two actors Boy A and Girl D are near a locker, backs turned, talking, kissing, etc.*

Girl A: I am not easily recognized, or rather, I am easily ignored. My style of dress is T-shirt and jeans. I am a very unnoticeable teenager and have eaten just enough chocolate to have a round face and figure. With all this in mind, when I tapped the shoulder of the up-to-the-minute girl liplocked with her boyfriend-of-the-day, I was not greeted with a smile but the "you-only-wish-you-could-have-what-I-have look from the raccoon eyes behind me. I frequently disturbed this couple, since my locker was in makeoutville. The irony is - I don't want that. No, I am not a nerd in denial. Exchanging saliva with a different guy every week and making sure I look just like Brittany Spears

is not my top priority. Sorry to disappoint you Miss "I can't believe I had to buy a size 3" but you're a little conceited to think everyone wants to be just like you. I'll tell you what I want: I want to go to college. I want to get good grades. I want everyone to be nice. I want a cure for Alzheimer's so my grandmother and my family can have my grandfather back. I want to get to my locker without being scrutinized. Oh my goodness, what an outcast I am. What a nerd! Whatever is the matter with me?

I like boys. Simply because I choose to search for someone who makes me happy does not automatically prove that I live an "alternate lifestyle". Sorry to disappoint you: I apologize for taking away today's lunchtime conversation. I will tell you what I want in a boy. I want him to be my best friend. I want to be able to go to him with anything and for him to care about what I say. His favourite outfit on me is whatever I am wearing that day, and he smiles the moment he sees me. Anyone who will love me for who I am and not what I could pretend to be after hours of training and another two hours in the bathroom. Perhaps all this is not the popular idea or view on life. Maybe it is not even the best. I just wish some people would get their faces out of the mirror and do a little more work on what is on the inside.

All: I wish you could be inside of me  
And hear my angers, joys and cries.  
I wish you would stop and think about others  
I wish you could see the world through my eyes.

*The actors move cubes to form a bed. Girl D lies on the bed. Boy A sits.*

Boy A: I don't really want to, but she keeps saying if I love her, I should prove it. I'm happy the way things are now. It feels good just kissing. I feel safe just having her hold me. Why do we have to do more than that anyway? And what about AIDS stuff and getting her pregnant? I don't want a kid at my age! She says "don't worry, I'll take care of everything." But she's missing the point. I'm afraid if I don't go along with her, she'll drop me and find someone else. I really don't want that, but I don't like feeling pressured either.  
I wonder if Tom and Lisa really did it? She says Lisa told her they do it all the time - whenever her parents are out and he comes over when she baby-sits. People think it's easy for a guy. Guys talk about it all the time like it's so cool and the popular thing to do.  
I saw her looking at someone else. Maybe she'll ask him out if I don't say yes. I wish I could decide if I really want to do this. I don't feel ready yet. Once we start she'll probably want it all the time. Why can't we leave things the way they are right now? I just feel it's going too fast for me.

All:           *(Chanting)* I wish you could know how I think  
                          And understand what I do  
                          I wish you could have my emotions  
                          And see things from my point of view.

Girl C:       *(kneeling before a block)* God makes no deals, no exceptions. But maybe for me?  
I promise. So sorry, I tell him. I'll never do it again, but God knows the truth. I  
fall to my knees and cry at a loss for an appropriate prayer. I fold my hands and  
whisper my original plea. Please God, don't let me be pregnant!

*Music*

Girl B:       *(struts out and places her foot on the block)* Hot boys, she says, are like ice cream  
in a huge ice cream parlor. There are too many flavors and too little time. I say I  
disagree about the ice cream flavors because I like vanilla and nothing else. So I  
tell her I'll take it and sit in my room with my ice cream and keep my flavors  
limited.

*Music. Boy A and Boy B enter on skateboards*

Boy A:       I'm not the one who girls think of in their dreams.

Boy B:       I'm not the bully who's always mean.

Boy A:       I'm not the prep who listens to pop.

Boy B:       I am a skater who listens to punk rock.

Boy A:       I don't walk around in fancy clothes.

Boy B:       I don't pull my pants up so my ankles will show.

Boy A:       My pants are baggy so you can see my toes.

Boy B:       And at school, I hardly have any foes.

Boy A:       I'm not the kid who is a hunk.

Boy B:       I'm just a regular skating punk.

Boy A:       I'd much rather be skating with my friends.

Boy B:       Than watching a b-ball game that never ends.

Boy A: I want to get my brow pierced. My cap over my eye.

Boy B: We ain't perfect, I'm not gonna lie.

Boy A: But just because we're different from everyone

Boy B: Doesn't mean we can't have fun.

Boy A: If you think about it, we're all unique in some way.

Boy B: Some tall, some thin, some smart or some who don't have much to say.

Boy A: We're not big and bad, in fact we're real soft.

Boy B: Because no one can be someone they're not.

Girl D: *(sits on block with a book)* When I was young my mother always read me "The Ugly Duckling" and explained how I should never judge a book by its cover. I didn't realize it then, but Mrs. Becker's class was cruel. No one would have known this better than Dexter Dooley. He was the joke of the class. Dexter was short, fat, buck-toothed and an easy target. One day I started calling him "Beaver-face" and the whole class joined in. Soon everyone had almost forgotten his real name.

Mrs. Becker always let everyone sit with their friends, until one day we started throwing paper. In a matter of minutes the entire class was involved. For our punishment Mrs. Becker decided we would have permanent seating arrangement. When she read my name, I came face to face with Beaver. He was assigned to the desk right next to me! I thought I was going to die.

The next few days I ignored him. If sitting next to him was going to make me this miserable, I decided I would make his life twice as miserable. I started passing a note around the room that said Beaver smelled like fish. Everyone in the class caught on and started singing "Beaver, Beaver, smelly fish eater". The fish song was stuck in everyone's head for the rest of the day.

I went up to Mrs. Becker and asked if I could use the bathroom. On the way I heard a small sound coming from an empty classroom. I saw Beaver huddled in a corner. He hadn't noticed me. As I stood there watching him, I realized how awful we had made him feel. I walked over and laid my hand on his shoulder. He flinched as if I'd punched him. But then he turned, stood up and looked me straight in the eye. We stood there staring at each other for what seemed like an eternity. When I finally found my voice, it came out in a whisper "I am so sorry. I never knew how we were....."

He held out his hand and said "A new beginning." Shaking hands we began to laugh. "Wow, this is the first time you have ever spoken to me" he said. That day

Dex and I talked until the bell rang and then we walked into our classroom, friends.  
He has taught me the lesson my mother tried to so long ago. Never judge a book by its cover because true qualities lie beneath.

All:           *(Chanting)* I wish you could breathe through my lungs for just a while  
                    And live my life for a week or a day.  
                    I wish you could see yourself the way I do  
                    Then maybe you could change the words you say.

*Actors take the blocks and form a single bed and a locker room bench, each on opposite sides of the stage.*

Girl B:           7:45 the alarm goes off. I'm dazed after hitting snooze button for the third time. Jumped out of bed. I couldn't remember getting dresses that morning, but I remember the day vividly. I grabbed something at the back of my drawer, got dresses, only 10 minutes to catch the bus. I had gym first period. Just as I pulled my pants down to change, the most popular girl in the class burst out laughing. Oh my God she's wearing Barbie underwear. Got a Barbie bra to go with that. Everyone began pointing and laughing. Even my best friend was rolling around the floor in hysterics. "Well you have to admit" she says "they are Barbie. I mean Hello!"  
I wished the floor would open up and swallow me whole, right then and there. The incident spread around the school and sealed my fate. From then on, everyone knew me as Barbie girl. My life was miserable. I didn't realize that to be cool you had to wear a thong. When I got home I threw out every pair of underwear I had. I begged my mother to buy me some thong underwear. "But Mom" I said "everyone is wearing them. I'm 13 years old not 4." My mother says "everyone is not you. The only thongs my 13 year old should be wearing is on her feet. Boys can see thongs through clothes. You can mope in your practical cotton briefs for a few more years."  
Talking to Mom was like talking to the wall. My words were like some foreign language to her. I wish she came with a manual. She didn't give in so I had to go buy them myself. I think that was more embarrassing than the Barbie underwear. So, I'm finally wearing thong underwear and man these things are so uncomfortable. No pain no gain. But I guess that's the price you pay to be accepted.

*Music. The actors take the blocks and remove them offstage.*

All: I wish you could comprehend the reasons  
Why I act like I act  
Because if you were in the same situation  
I wonder how you would react.

Girl A: I walk past and say Hi how is your day?  
But you just said get out of my way.  
In a way I think that I understand  
The public has its own demands  
But please can you just give me a break?  
Forget I am here is all it takes  
Deep down I am the same as you  
Just a little different in what we do.

Boy B: I can't tell you what it's like to be dumb. Everything hurts, but I just pretend it doesn't. They just don't understand. They just don't want to believe that I am resistant to what they say. I'm a superhero.....your insults cannot hurt me. My skin is like a shield of steel.  
Oh no! There they are. The populars! They never say anything nice to me. Walk faster and maybe they won't notice you. Be noticed and be insulted. What a loser! You're a loser! Just walk faster and let them know it doesn't hurt a bit. I can feel it. Someone's looking at me. Their eyes are shooting loser beams at me. One of them is walking towards me. Look back down and walk fast. Keep your head down or you'll regret it.  
It's a girl. Pretty. Smiling. IS she laughing at me? No chance for a second look. Look away! No wait, she might not be laughing at me. Friendly smile. Not entirely bad. She smiles more! She's going to speak. Oh no! Here it comes, Loser! "Hi." Wha? Think fast. Say something back! Quick! "Hi." Oh, nice spluttering! You really screwed this. She smiled! SHE SMILED! WICKED! How awesome did that feel! Keep walking. You know what, brain? I really like this feeling. Wait a sec.....here comes someone.....looking down.....sad. I know how that feels. Just smile and say hi. "Hi." She looks up. She's looking at me! Oh no! It's a smile! It's over! Breathe out! No wait! She's about to speak. Here it comes. "Hi." Yes! Success! What do you think of that huh? Wait a sec. People are looking. Nooo, wait another sec. Who the hell cares. I sure don't. Forget them! Feel happy! I made someone happy, cha, I made someone happy, cha cha. You know what brain? I could get used to this.

*Music. Each actor enters as they speak with a block. Each block has a letter placed on it. The actors place the blocks together down stage. The blocks spell UNIQUE*

Girl A: Underneath the names, the customs, the stereotypes



Boy A: We conform to and wear like a mask

Girl B: Underneath our covers, we are all people.

Boy B: We are individual, unique, special. Each has something to contribute.

Girl C: An idea to add, a talent to perform, a goal to reach, that can make life better for all.

Girl D: We must make the effort, we must make the effort, we must take the time, to find the good in others.

All: .....and in ourselves.

Girl B: Every day teenagers are trying to be popular.

Girl C: They do drugs, drink, gossip, laugh at others just to be liked.

Girl A: I see kids being picked on cry, get angry or just walk away.