

Queen of Peace Middle School
Happy Valley Goose Bay

presents

Bobby's Girl

Darlene MacKay
 Gr. 6
 Queen of Peace Middle School

Cast in Order of Appearance

Kelly McLean
 Haroun Zayed
 Kelley Cadwell
 Josh Vey
 Ashley Poole
 Tyler Dyson
 Tom Niles
 Rebekkah Fox
 Courtney Broomfield
 Kevin Hedderson
 Tara Saunders
 Brittany Chubbs
 Ciara Hodge



Sound Elizabeth Hodge
 Lights Kristen Johnson

Teacher Advisor

John Hicks

In this play the students incorporate popular songs from the 60's and 70's into a piece about the struggles young people have with the authority figures in their lives. Their opinions and ideals seem to get little respect from the people around them.

Bobby's Girl

After Soccer

Scene opens with Kelly sitting downstage center. She does nothing except to raise her head and look around as if she is surprised to find herself alone.

Enter immediately Haroun as soccer coach. She smiles tentatively and he starts.....

Coach: Look Kelly, I don't want to pressure you but the deadline to accept that scholarship is next week. I know you've got a lot on your mind but this is a once in a lifetime opportunity.

Kelly: *(shifts and looks away)*

Coach: Kelly, I've coached a lot of kids.....I've never seen anyone with your soccer skills.....This school in England specializes in developing these talents. Tuition is \$30,000 dollars a year. How can you say no to a full scholarship?

Kelly: *(shifts and turns away)*

Coach: Kelly.....your heading.....your throw-ins.....your goal kicks.....I've never coached anyone with your stamina, speed and agility. Please Kelly, don't let this opportunity slip by. I want to be proud of you.....

Kelly turns even further away. Coach pleads with his eyes then walks off.

After school

Enter the Principal and Guidance Counselor. They talk above and about her. She looks from one to the other.

Principal: Now Miss Cadwell.....what seems to be the problem here?

Guidance Counsellor:

Mr. Vey this is Kelly McLean and as I briefed you, her project in the local science fair on rocketry has caught the attention of NASA. They want to give her a full scholarship to MIT. And then have her come and work for them.

Principal: Sounds like a dream come true...So what seems to be the problem Kelly?

Kelly: *(Doesn't answer but starts to shut him out also)*

Guidance Counsellor:

That's it Mr. Vey, she just doesn't seem interested. The deadline for this offer is next week.

Principal: Well, Kelly, you realize that most young people would give almost anything to be in your shoes. So what is your problem?

Kelly: *(starts to retreat even more)*

Guidance Counsellor:

Oh Kelly, can't you understand the honour you would bring to the school...or even the community.... please, Kelly.

Lights down

At Home

Same as before with Kelly's mother and father doing the talking.

Mother: So Kelly, your father and I have had a call from that nice Miss Cadwell at the school. She was so excited about the scholarship and the NASA offer. But she says she can't understand your reaction. What's the matter?....

Father: Yes dear, and I had a call from your soccer coach. He was saying much the same thing about a scholarship to some special school in England. He said it was a once in a lifetime opportunity...

Mother: *(Touching, showing forced affection)* You know that your father and I only care about what is best for you. It's just that we don't want you to miss an opportunity...

Father: Look dear, I know its hard to know what you really want. Sometimes I wish I had your choices when I was your age...

Mother: So, really dear, you're going to have to make up your mind.

Father: Kelly, you're not a kid anymore!

Kelly in a trance, starts to sing

Bobby's Girl

Marcie Blane

(You're not a kid anymore)
(You're not a kid anymore)

When people ask of me
What would you like to be
Now that your not a kid anymore
(You're not a kid anymore)

I know just what to say
I answer right away
There's just one thing
I've been wishing for

I want to be Bobby's girl
I want to be Bobby's girl
That's the most important thing to me

And if I was Bobby's girl
If I was Bobby's girl
What a faithful thankful girl I'd be

Each night I sit at home
Hoping that he will phone
But I know Bobby has someone else
(You're not a kid anymore)

Still in my heart I pray
There soon will come the day
When I will have him all to myself

I want to be Bobby's girl
I want to be Bobby's girl
That's the most important thing to me

And if I was Bobby's girl If I was Bobby's girl
What a faithful thankful girl I'd be
What a faithful thankful girl I'd be

I want to be Bobby's girl
I want to be Bobby's girl
I want to be Bobby's girl

Calendar Girl

Bobby's House

Mother: Bobby could you come in here, please? Your father and I have something we want to talk about.

(Bobby enters reluctantly) and sits on stool.

Father: Bobby the time has come for you to start considering your future ... and quite frankly I want you in the family oil business!

Bobby: I'm sorry Dad, but I just don't want to.

Father: Bobby you would be the third generation in the oil business and we would rather have you selling it than pumping it!

Mother: Bobby, your father is right, listen to him.

(Mother and Father freeze while Bobby addresses the audience)

Bobby: " I don't understand it. They don't understand about happiness. Only money, money, money. My friend's parents have normal jobs like English teachers! It's not fair!

(Parents out of freeze)

Father: Stop muttering son, its extremely rude. I was always the perfect one in my family. Father gave me the business because I was the oldest and wisest. Bobby your school work has fallen to pieces and you are spending too much time with that girl the "hippy" one. The one that needs to gain a few dollars and lose a few plants!

Mother: I agree with your father Bobby, that girl is only young and she's always trying to stop progress!

Bobby: She's a good singer; you like good singing don't you?

Mother: Nonsense! She's only following that Joni Michelle fool! She's just taking advantage of you so you'll help her water her plants!

Bobby: Leave me alone! You don't even know her and your prejudiced! Leave me alone now! I'll talk to you later.

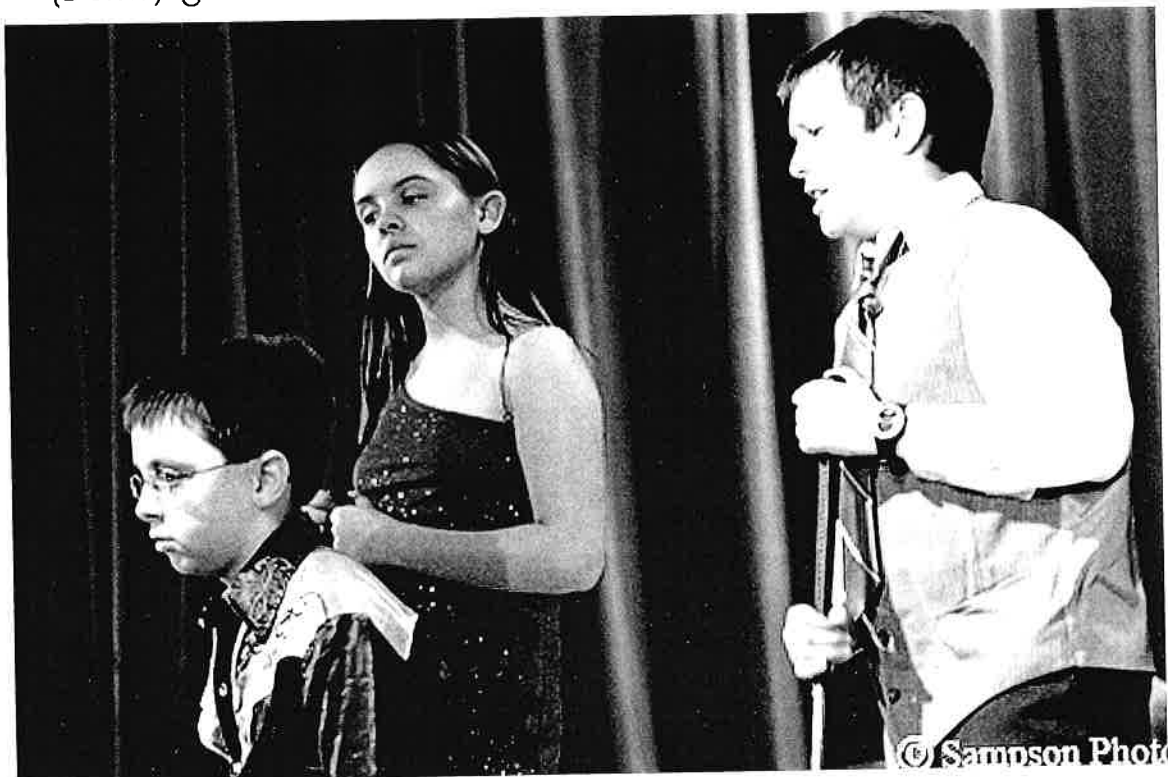
(Parents leave)

Bobby: (to the audience)

Why can't they understand? It's not fair! Nobody listens to a kid! ... Ever since I was seven they have been bugging me about the family oil business. Perfectly preposterous pompous parties! The importance of work. And most recently money. I would rather be poor and happy than rich and sad. Money can't buy everything. It can't buy love, hope, and peace. The President of the United States supports war and my parents love the Americans on the base. I wish everyone thought the way of my girlfriend.

I love her. Maybe more people will start to think like her. I love that girl.

(Bobby goes for the mic and Rebekkah comes in)



Calendar Girl

Neil Sedaka

(N.Sedaka/H.Greenfield)

I love, I love, I love my calendar girl
Yeah, sweet calendar girl
I love, I love, I love my calendar girl
Each and every day of the year

(January) You start the year off fine
(February) You're my little valentine
(March) I'm gonna march you down the aisle
(April) You're the Easter Bunny when you smile
Yeah, yeah, my heart's in a whirl
I love, I love, I love my little calendar girl
Every day (every day), every day (every day) of the year
(Every day of the year)

(May) Maybe if I ask your dad and mom
(June) They'll let me take you to the Junior Prom
(July) Like a firecracker all aglow
(August) When you're on the beach you steal the show

Yeah, yeah, my heart's in a whirl
I love, I love, I love my little calendar girl
Every day (every day), every day (every day) of the year
(Every day of the year)

(September) Light the candles at your Sweet Sixteen
(October) Romeo and Juliet on Halloween
(November) I'll give thanks that you belong to me
(December) You're the present 'neath my Christmas tree
Yeah, yeah, my heart's in a whirl
I love, I love, I love my little calendar girl
Every day (every day), every day (every day) of the year

Pretty Women

Three majorly cool guys walk on stage and stop down stage center where follows this:

Josh: Hey Guys, I gotta go home for supper or my old lady won't feed me!

Kevin: Yeah, what time is it?

Haroun: It's six o'clock,,, Look guys why don't we meet at the mall after supper ... Some of the girls are gonna be there!!

Josh: That's sounds like a plan!

Kevin: Maybe that hot new chick from Nova Scotia will be there!?!?!?

All: Whoaaaaa
Bring It On!!!
Owwweee Baby! (*Mike Myers*)
Shagadelic
Groovy Baby!

(Major sexually suggestive carrying on)

Haroun: The Mall at 7:30!! Don't be late.

They disperse.

Later at the mall..... A very different and subdued Kevin enters the scene. He looks for others and finding himself alone wonders to a box down front. He starts to Checks breath and pits.

Kevin: Why do I do this to myself? Is this supposed to be fun. Oh, its easy to **look** at girls, I do it all the time, or at least til they notice me and walk a way. If one actually talked to me I probably wouldn't know what to do. I'm sure my deoderant would give out. (*Checks again*)

One girl did talk to me once, she called me over in the hall and said "Ah, look, there's really no way to say this, but you have a serious breath problem".

I went home sick and spent two days brushing my teeth, then I went to the dentist and learned about flossing and mouthwash and nobodies said anything to me since.

Of course, with these freckles what else could they say? I think I'd rather have acne!

You know there's only one thing that I do that always gets a laugh. I fart, yup, fart. The girls say it's gross but man they always laugh and then I feel noticed.

Ahh....(*farts*) I think I'll go to the can.....

Josh: Hey, where are the boys? Just like them to not be here.
(*Looks around nervously*)

It's not much fun being here alone. Actually, I find it tough being around all these people anyway. See, for seven years I've been in like a "special class" you know for "gifted kids" and this year we've been mixed up with regular kids so we don't turn out weird.

The neat thing is that some regular kids are pretty decent and the girls—**WOW!!** I never knew there were so many types and I love them all!! Trouble is they don't have the same attraction for me.

I've been working on my body you know, weights and a diet but I still look like a little puffball. The girls think I'm cute.....(*Girls enter*) and *ohh soooo cute*.....The doctor says its baby fat but I say "I'm not a baby!"

The other thing is my piano lessons, always having my mother on my case, I hate it but you know.....

I think some of the girls are beginning to notice my playing, that just might be my ticket! I'll think I'll slip over to the music store until the boys get here.

Exits

Enter Haroun

Haroun: Wow, I can't believe it. They aren't here. In my culture we are taught to be on time....so, I move here and no ones on time.....so I

plan always to be five minutes late and here I am the first one here again...Well a bit of time to do some reading....*(Pulls out a serious looking thick paper back)*

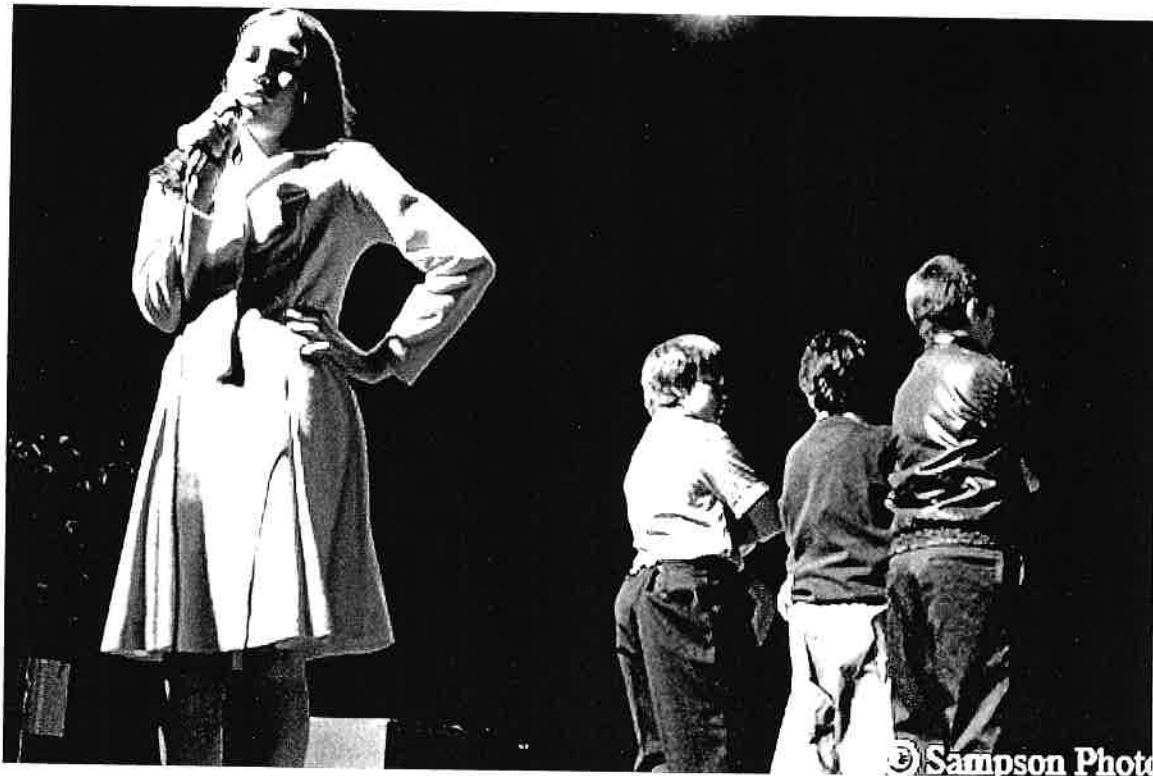
Is interrupted by two girls: Oh, look there's Haroun! Haroun, did you get the answer to the bonus question for our Math assignment?

"It's amplitude 8, period 3"

See, I told you he would know" (They walk off)

It's so nice to be of use. Don't you love how girls are attracted to smart guys? Maybe I could help them with their homework and then one thing would lead to another and then.....nah.....I think I'd be better off if I joined the football team. Those guys **always** score. Or maybe I should act stupider or is that the same thing as joining the football team?

Boys come from opposite back corners, see Haroun and call. He gets up and goes to them. When the three hot babes walk across the stage. The boys' break into Pretty Women.



Pretty Woman

Pretty woman, walkin' down the street, pretty woman
The kind I like to meet, pretty woman
I don't believe you, you're not the truth
No one could look as good as you. Mercy!

Pretty woman, won't you pardon me? Pretty woman,
I couldn't help but see, pretty woman, that you look lovely as can be.
Are you lonely just like me? Wow?
Pretty woman, stop awhile.
Pretty women, talk awhile.
Pretty woman, give your smile to me.
Pretty woman, yeah, yeah, yeah
Pretty women, look my way
Pretty woman, say you'll stay with me.

'Cause I need you, I'll treat you right
Come with me baby, be mine tonight
Pretty woman, don't walk on by
Pretty woman, don't make me cry
Pretty woman, don't walk away, hey, o.k.

If that's the way it must be, o.k.
I guess I'll go on home. It's late.
There'll be tomorrow night, but wait!
What do I see? Is she walking back to me?
Yeah, she's walking back to me, oh, oh, pretty woman.

Roy Orbison, 1963

Stand By Me

Tyler: I know we all have problems, but sometimes I think kids my age have more than most. Can you remember your puberty?

Kelly Cadwell – First it was “ Take a bath, your filthy” now all I hear is “You’re using all the hot water”

Kevin – Homework, homework, homework don’t they know there’s other things to worry about like girls.

Elizabeth – I hate it when they’re always asking me to babysit my little brother. He’s not MY kid!

Tom – I just love it when they tell you its wrong to lie and then they go and do it.

Kelly McLean – I hate it when they embarrass me and don’t know when enough is enough.

Ashley – They’re always saying, “Treat people with respect” That means everyone but their own kids.

Courtney – We are getting older and we need our privacy. Why cant they understand that?!?

Kristen – They say don’t make fun of anyone and then they go and make fun of me!

Rebekkah – I hate it when they make promises and then never keep them!

Haroun – They tell me to manage my time better, and when I tell them I need to quit figure skating they say “no”!

Josh - I hate it when they are constantly asking about our day at school, why can't they wait for a report card?

Tara – I wish just once I could talk back to my parents.

Tyler: So you see, it isn't easy and that's why we need to stick together kinda like a union.



Artist: King, Ben E. Lyrics
Song: Stand by Me Lyrics

Published 1961

When the night has come
And the land is dark
And the moon is the only light we'll see
No I won't be afraid, no I won't be afraid
Just as long as you stand, stand by me

So darlin', darlin', stand by me, oh now now stand by me
Stand by me, stand by me

If the sky that we look upon
Should tumble and fall
Or the mountains should crumble to the sea
I won't cry, I won't cry, no I won't shed a tear
Just as long as you stand, stand by me

So darlin', darlin', stand by me, oh stand by me
Stand by me, stand by me, stand by me-e, yeah

Whenever you're in trouble won't you stand by me, oh now now stand
Oh stand by me, stand by me, stand by me

Darlin', darlin', stand by me-e, stand by me
Oh stand by me, stand by me, stand by me

Big Yellow Taxi

Principal's office

Rebekkah: Excuse me Mr. Vey?

Mr. Vey: Yes Rebekkah?

Rebekkah: I was wondering if you thought about my idea of composting all the wasted food from the cafeteria?

Mr. Vey: Well, yes, I did but it just seems to me to be a bit too complicated to start at this time!

Rebekkah: How is it "too complicated" Mr. Vey?

Mr. Vey: Well, I just don't think we could train the kids to use the composter instead of throwing everything out. Most of them don't even use the garbage cans!

Rebekkah: *(with strong feeling)*
So you think that trying to get kids to develop good habits is too hard to try? Are you going to give up on trying to get them to study and do homework too?!!

Mr. Vey: No, that's not what I'm saying.

Rebekkah: Well that's what it sounds to me like your saying.

Mr. Vey: Maybe you're right Rebekkah, I suppose we have to start somewhere.

Rebekkah: *(shakes his hand)*
Well, thank you very much Mr. Vey.

Town Hall The Mayor's Office

Rebekkah: *(Knocks)*
Hello?

Mayor Shouse: Yes, come in.

Rebekkah: Thank you for seeing me Mr. Shouse. My name is Rebekkah Fox. I'm a grade 10 student at Robert Leckie High School.

Mayor Shouse: *(stands up and shakes her hand)*
Well I'm very pleased to meet such a pretty young girl. What can I help you with?

Rebekkah: Well sir, our biology teacher took us on a field trip below the toboggan hill and we were shocked at all the garbage that was being dumped over the bank and buried...

Mayor Shouse: Now, now, don't talk to me about things that are happening on the base, you know I have no control over what the American's do.

Rebekkah: Sir, it's not just the Americans doing it. The Canadians are right there with them.

Mayor Shouse: You may be right, but I still have no control.

Rebekkah: But sir that buried garbage will be polluting our land long after they've left...

(Lights fade)

Rebekkah's House

(phone rings)

Rebekkah: Hello?

Bobby: Hello, it's me. Do you have time to talk?

Rebekkah: Sure, I have a bout five minutes before I go out to a meeting on the base.

Bobby: But we never spend time together any more!

Rebekkah: I 'm sorry Bobby, but I've been really busy.

Bobby: So you're busy all the time?

Rebekkah: Well it seems there's just one issue after the other. They just discovered fuel leaking from the tank farm.

Bobby: Well I think you should find time to fit someone important into your life. I mean I 'm your boyfriend!!!

Rebekkah: You are important to me Bobby, but it's just that these things can't wait. Look, I've got to go. I'll call you on the weekend.

(Hangs up)

Music Starts



Big Yellow Taxi

They paved paradise
And put up a parking lot
With a pink hotel, a boutique
And a swinging hot spot
Don't it always seem to go
That you don't know what you've got
Till it's gone
They paved paradise
And put up a parking lot.

They took all the trees
And put them in a tree museum
And they charged all the people
A dollar and a half just to see 'em
Don't it always seem to go
That you don't know what you've got
Till it's gone
They paved paradise
And put up a parking lot.

Hey farmer farmer
Put away that D.D.T. now
Give me spots on my apples
But leave me the birds and the bees
Please!
Don't it always seem to go
That you don't know what you've got
Till it's gone
They paved paradise
And put up a parking lot.

Late last night
I heard the screen door slam
And a big yellow taxi
Took away my old man
Don't it always seem to go
That you don't know what you've got
Till it's gone
They paved paradise
And put up a parking lot.