

**St. Mary's All Grade School
Mary's Harbour
Presents**

"Take A Closer Look"

Cast of Characters:

**Nicki Rumbolt.....Vicky
Kimberly Russell.....Sass, Christa
Dustin Spence.....Joe
Wendy Fifield.....Erica
Kelly Russell.....Karen**

**Written by: St. Mary's All Grade students
Teacher Advisor: Jennifer Rumbolt**

Scene 1:

(Girls enter, Vicky is talking about the events of the previous night. They are just getting home from school where they had a presentation on drug use. Girls find this very amusing and funny.)

Vicky: So anyways, on with my story! We were all out riding around last night and I got that baked it wasn't fit, but it was wicked! I didn't make it home until 3 AM. Mom was pissed too! But I told her me and Robbie got into a fight and we were out all night talking and stuff. I swear that woman would fall for anything.

Joe: If that was me, my parents would have the cops out looking for me!

Vicky: Yah, Mom don't care enough for that.

Erica: Man, what an ole lame presentation today though? I mean come on, "Don't do drugs, they kill you, they fry your brain, they make you stupid!"

Joe: Yah, how many times have we heard the drug presentation? Same thing every year, just different people.

Vicky: Well I thought the presentation was quite informative... A lil' dry but I mean, I learned some new things! Oh and did you see all the drugs that are left for us to experience?

Joe: ahhh... I just didn't pay any attention until they opened up the brief case full of drugs! IT'S LIKE WHOA!

Erica: Didn't you think the dudes doing the presentation were hot? I mean, How hot would they look with a joint in their mouth... Friggin Sweeeet! I bet they do it all the time anyways, everyone does.

Joe: They were hot alright (**sarcastically**)... but it's like they were telling us not to do drugs, but their lips were saying, "DO IT, DO IT"

(Erica and Vicky Laugh)

Vicky: Did you two have crap in your eyes? Those men were "NASTY"... I think you two smoked a little too much weed before the presentation today!

Joe: I agree with you there!

Erica: What the heck are yah talking about bh'y, yah can never get enough of the Mary-Jane, and listen here... those dudes were wicked.

Joe: Ok, enough of that damn “don’t do drug” talk for now... it gives me the shivers when I can’t smoke a draw right here, right now! So, are you girls going to basketball today?

(Everyone except Sara- DUH!)

Vicky: Whatta ya stupid or something? I wouldn’t miss basketball practice if my life depended on it... Sir would flip out anyways!

Joe: Yah, he’s like that with us too! I heard that he was supposed to get a game against the crowd from down the shore for you guys again this week!

Erica: I just love playin’ against those people. They crack me up!

Vicky: Yah, I know by’ h, I just wish they’d give up already!

(Joe interrupts Vicky)

Joe: Oh My God, Oh My God! Did you guys hear about the drama thing that’s on the go? I think it’s in Happy Valley Goose Bay. Not sure though!

Vicky: Goose Bay? *(Thoughtfully)*

Erica: Oh man... that’s wicked I have a really good friend in goose bay! I was down there a few times before... that place in the BOMB baby!

Vicky: Yes man... I was on one of those drama trips before... and I had the best time of my life. It was so crazy! I loved it!

(Everyone Laughs)

Sara: Ok... I really need to smoke a draw!

Vicky: I wish you would just lay off the weed for a bit . God man... “CHILL”!

Erica: Gee Vicky maid... how can you get enough of weed? God , I dunno what I would do without it!

Vicky: Live I suppose! It wouldn’t be half as fun...cus, I got stoned and I missed it, I got stoned and I missed it, I got stoned, and I dunno why *(She and Erica continue singing)*

(Everyone agrees)

Joe: Anyways, back to what I was saying before. Do you guys wanna tryout for the play or what?

Vicky: Whatta you think!?

Erica: I really don't know if I'll be able to or not because I have so much school work. And the school work it's just so crazy! And I don't know if I'll be able to get time off of work or not!

Vicky: SOOO... Screw Work! Quit if she won't let yah go!

Joe: Ha Ha! I know you'd be able to live without money too!

Erica: Yah I know! It's hard enough now to get money for my weekend stash! And I'm definitely not giving up my beer and pot... they're like a girl's "BEST" Friend!

Vicky: Thanks a lot there chicky! What about us? *(laughing)*

(Erica gets up and starts tormenting Vicky by saying... oh you know I love you and things like this!)

Joe: *(Looks at watch)* Oh crap! I was suppose to pick up Jewls like 20 minutes ago!

Erica: Oh yah! We're gonna be late for ball! Lets get on the jizzo...oh God, we still needs to smoke a doobie. I got one rolled up and ready to go, we'll smoke it on the way up there.

Joe: Ohhhhh Doobie Snacks!

(All exit stage)

{Lights out}

{Song: #1- I got stoned and I missed it- Dr. Hook}

Scene 2

Christa and Karen have gotten together for a cup of coffee and begin talking about Karen's daughter, Vicky. Vicky enters half way through and causes an argument. Karen decides it is time for all of her daughters outrageous behavior to stop.

(Christa enters with two cups of coffee while Karen begins sorting through the pile of mail)

Christa: Did you want sugar or milk in your coffee?

Karen: No, that's alright. I like mine black. *(Sips coffee)* Did Adam go down alright?

Christa: Yah, I'm surprised actually. He's been really fussy the past few days, but when I gave

him his bottle he settled right down.

Karen: Well that's good then. It's been forever since we've been able to sit down and have a sensible conversation. Neither one of us ever seem to stop. Work, meetings, life...Especially now you have a baby too.

Christa: I didn't realize it was going to be so stressful being a mom. I feel like I need to give him my complete attention all of the time. I can't wait for him to get old enough to do some things for himself, then I might actually get some time back for myself.

Karen: Oh Karen, don't start wishing away these years. You'll be wanting them back once he becomes a teenager and you have a whole new set of worries. It's no longer "*I wonder will he sleep right tonight*", but rather "*Will he come home tonight*". Last night Vicky didn't show up till three. Me and Bill were up worried sick.

Christa: *(concerned)* Where was she!?

Karen: *(Starts flipping through her mail and talking in a sarcastic way)* Out with her boyfriend, or so she says. I really don't know what to believe from her anymore, it seems like she's always sneaking around or into something she shouldn't be. I try to do everything possible to keep her happy, but it seems like it's never enough. *(Holds up a piece of paper)* Like this! I bought her a pair of basketball sneakers like 4 months ago, but apparently they're not good enough, so a few weeks ago I ordered her new ones.

Christa: Karen, you can't possible afford that after all the layoffs at the plant.

(Vicky enters)

Vicky: Hey Christa. Mom I need some money!

Karen: I gave you some last night Vicky.

Vicky: *(Very demanding)* Yah, and it's gone, so I need more!

Karen: *(Confused)* What did you spend it on that quick??

Vicky: *(Rudely)* Do I ask you what you spend your money on!!? No! So just give me some money!

Karen: I beg your pardon young lady! I don't appreciate your attitude, and all I have is a twenty anyways, and you're not getting that

Vicky: *(Takes it out of her mother's hands)* Thanks! *(Vicky Exits)*

Karen: I'm so sorry Christa. I can't believe she would come into someone else's house and make a scene like that! I'm so embarrassed!

Christa: Don't worry about it Karen, it's only me. What I'm worried about is how she's treating you. You can't let her walk over you like this. You're the parent, she's the child. You're suppose to be able to tell her what to do, not her tell you.

(Karen is becoming upset)

Karen: I just don't know how to deal with this anymore. When she was little, it was so easy. She would follow my every move, she believed everything we would tell her. Every night when I would tuck her in I prayed that she would be happy and safe and have a good life. Everything has stayed the same for me, but she's not that little girl anymore. She doesn't listen to me, let alone believe me or even consider that anything I tell her may be true.

Christa: Well if that's how you feel, you have to do something about it. You can't just sit there and let this get worse. 17 years ago, this was your little baby. I'm not an experienced parent, but I know if I was in your situation I would not let my child slip away...

(Karen proceeds to open her mail)

Karen: Yah, I know me and Bill are going to have to fix this. It just can't... *(stops)*

Christa: What's wrong?

Karen: It's from the school... her report card... *(Karen begins to gather her mail and stands up to leave)* I'm sorry to cut this short, but I have to go

Christa: Ok, well call me if you need anything...

(Karen Exits very frustrated and upset)

(Lights out.)

{Song # 2: I'm not okay- My Chemical Romance}

Scene 3

(Karen goes to a party to confront Vicky and bring her home. She finds Vicky in a "high" state, Vicky tells her mother to leave her alone, and takes off running. Her friends go looking for her, and finally her mother comes looking for her at the end as well.)

Karen knocks on the door, far side of the stage, Vicky answers feeling high.

Vicky: Mom! Oh my god... Wow! What are you doing here? *(Steps outside and closes the door)*

Karen: Do you know what time it is? I waited and waited for you to come home. I've had it with you. And your grades? Vick, what has gotten into you? I thought everything was okay... you just had a little attitude problem or something. But your grades are ... you are not getting into Bishop's you know... there not good enough. *(Vicky jumps in)*

Vicky: What are you talking about Mom, I don't understand. *(Eyes are half closed, trying to come around).*

Karen: *(takes a long look at Vicky, realizes there is something wrong)* Wait, something is not right here, what's going on inside there? *(Steps to the side to look in the window, she sees people inside with joints)* Is that what I think it is? Are your friends smoking weed in there?

Vicky: Mom, I don't want to deal with this now, leave me alone *(runs off the stage).*

Karen: Do you know what you're doing to yourself? Vicky get back here right now! Do you want to be a pot head loser for the rest of your life??

(Karen exits stage. Black out. Vicky is sitting centre stage with spotlight on her. Her friends Joe and Ericka come up behind her.)

Ericka: Vick, What happened, what's going on, why did you leave?

Vicky: Mom came to the door.

Ericka: You mean, at my house?

Vicky: Yes.

Joe: What did she say?

Vicky: I don't know, I was too messed up, she knows guys.

Joe: She knows what?

Vicky: She looked in the window, she seen you guys. How could you have been so stupid to just stay in the living room and smoke your precious draw?

Ericka: Damn, I don't know, I never thought anyone would come, I'm sorry Vick.

Vicky: Well sorry is no good. She knows now, God only knows what she'll do...

Joe: Wait, what was she doing there in the first place?

Vicky: It was late, and she got my transcript today I guess. She didn't say, but I went by Christa's today for money and she had mail there, and I don't know, I was in too big of a rush, it never came my mind.

Ericka: So are your grades okay?

Vicky: Apparently not.

Ericka: How did that happen, you were so focused?

Vicky: Was I really? Take a closer look at stuff guys! What have we really accomplished in the past year, other than blowing thousands of dollars and failing exams?
(Everyone is silent for a moment)

Joe: So no Bishops?

Vicky: *(mutters)* She said my grades... Well, they weren't good enough...

Karen appears on stage again, she decided to come back and resolve some issues with Vicky.

Karen: I thought I'd find you here; can you girls excuse us please?

Vicky sits in silence, as her mother sits next to her.

Karen: I was talking to your dad, we decided to work this out this time. Not block you out, I think we've done our share of blocking each other out lately.

Vicky still silent.

Karen: Are you that stoned that you can't talk to me because I'm not wasting my time here Vicky, I'm worried, if you can't comprehend what I'm saying... *(Vicky cuts in)*

Vicky: Mom I'm fine now. *(Pause)*...are you serious that my grades weren't good enough?

Karen: If what you told me was true. If you needed an 80% average, you certainly didn't get that, your math, chemistry, and biology all dropped by 30% Vicky, I thought you were going to work extra hard on your public?

Vicky: I guess not hey. I'm a failure...better yet, I'm a pot head loser who's not going anywhere in life!

Karen: *(Sarcastically)* Wonderful attitude there Vicky! You're not a failure, not even a little bit. Sure, times are tough right now, but I know you can make it past this. I believe in you.

Vicky: *(Surprised)* Really? You believe in me...?

Karen: *(Shocked)* Did you ever doubt that I did!?

Vicky: Well...I dunno...you've never really told me...

Karen: *(Quiet for a moment)* I'm sorry Vicky. I'm sorry that I haven't been more involved...I'm sorry for letting you slip away from me.

Vicky: No mom...It's not all your fault...I'm sorry...it's just...the drugs...

Karen: Victoria...I love you, and so does your father. Never forget that ok. And never forget that we're here for you and believe in you! I know that we need to make some changes if this is going to work, but I need you back in my life.

Vicky: I guess there's a few changes I need to make in my life to...The pots gotta go...*(shivers from cold)*

Karen: That's great Vick, the first step to solving anything is to admit that there's a problem. It's kind of chilly out here hey. Come on, lets go home. We can finish talking about this there.

(Karen puts her arm around Vicky and proceed to get up)

Vicky: Mom, I really am sorry. *(Pause)* I didn't mean for this to happen. I love you

(Lights out)

Song #3: Feet of a dancer- The Cobblestones