

Did You Hear?

By

Mealy Mountain Collegiate

Happy Valley-Goose Bay

Child	Rachael Pike
Ashley	Ashley Dingwell
Michaela	Michaela Cabot
James & Bystander	James Cabot
Abby	Abigail Blackmore
Activist & Bystander	Liam Byrne
Activist and Emma	Emily Harris
Aaron	Aaron Cabot
Business Man	Jared Payne
Construction Worker	Shane Holloway
Narrator & Activist	Quinten Taylor
Cameron	Cameron Wilcox
Hobo	Mitchell Eddy
Mother & Rachel	Rachel Goudie
Toyshop Worker & Bystander	Candace Roberts Curlew
Construction Worker Man Bradley Baker	Joshua Wallace

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Teacher Directors: Tara Kennedy, Iona Strachan

Communicating with others is a basic instinct we all have. We want to be heard, we NEED to be heard. But what are we saying and are we listening? Join us as we are witness to many different moments of communication and miscommunication on a busy city street

Scene 1

Narrator: Communication is the activity of conveying [information](#) through the exchange of ideas, feelings, intentions, attitudes, expectations, perceptions or commands, as by speech, non-verbal gestures, writings, behavior and possibly by other means such as electromagnetic, chemical or physical phenomena and smell. It is the meaningful exchange of information between two or more participants. Communicating with others is a basic instinct we all have. We want to be heard, we NEED to be heard. But what are we saying and are we listening?

People are streaming back and forth across the stage during Narrator's monologue. They begin talking randomly (as their character from their scene) when Narrator has left.

Random person: Have you heard Miley Cyrus fell on stage and has broken her ankle?

Business man: I'm on my way to the meeting.

Mother: Come on, Taylor.

Noah and Abby emerge from the moving crowd. They walk towards each other and meet at center stage, without noticing each other. When they bump into each other, everybody around them halts and freezes. Abby drops her bags and Noah is clearly flustered. Noah and Abby are really flirty and there is obvious attraction

Noah: I'm so sorry! I never saw you there. I'm such a klutz.

Abby: No, I'm sorry. I should have been watching where I was going.

Noah: Where *are* you going? That's a lot of shopping bags for one person to handle.

Abby: I'm just out running some errands for my boss. Jeeze, he's such a jerk.

Noah: I feel ya. I work in a pizzeria. You don't know jerk until you've met my 50 year old Italian boss.

Abby: (*chuckles*) I should really get going now, I don't want to be late. Again, I'm sorry.

Noah: No, no, no, I'm the one who's sorry. It's my fault, really. Well, see ya around.

Abby: Bye!

People stream

Scene 2

Activists will have entered the stage and chained themselves to the booth by the time Construction workers enter. CWs notice activists and are very confused. Activists start chanting “save the booth” when CWs enter.

CW1: Hey dudes, what are you doing man?

A1: We know why you’re here. We can’t let you tear down the phone booth.

A2: The telephone booth is becoming an endangered species in New York. We cannot let you proceed.

CW2: Brah, we’re just, like, doing our job.

CW1: Yeah! We’re just doing what we’re payed to do.

A3: We don’t care! The city council might think that we don’t need phone booths anymore, but we know the people! Phone booths are still loved!

CW2: Well, why don’t you like, talk to the city council?

CW1: Yeah! Why are you bothering us, man? We need to like, do our job, brah.

A2: The city council wouldn’t take us seriously! They didn’t even think we were a real activist group. They said our cause was “a joke”.

Man rushes in.

Man: Hey, can you kids let me into the booth? It’s kind of urgent.

A3 to CWs: See?! People still need the telephone booth! *(to man)* We’ll let you right in sir.

A1: Hey, wait a minute! How can we trust you? I bet those guys told you to do this! So that way when we unchain ourselves, they can tear it down!

Activists cheer angrily.

Man: No, no, seriously I need to get in the booth right now-

Activists begin to chant “save the booth” again. Man continues to try to reason with them, but they cut him off, and continue to get louder.

Man: *(during chanting)* No, please- ... Can you just- ... I need to- ... This is really-... I just really need to-... Seriously- ... *(snaps)* WILL YOU JUST SHUT UP? All I wanted to do was make a call! What’s even happening here? Save the booth? This has got to be a joke. There’s no way you guys are serious. All you people do is look for something new to complain about! Well

I've had it up to here with everyone in this gosh darn city! I'll go find another damn booth!
(leaves)

CW1: Yeah, we're out too dudes. This has gotten out of hand. C'mon man, let's go tear down a different booth. *(leaves)*

Moment of silence.

A1: We did it guys! Another day, another booth saved!

Cheering, and they unchain themselves.

Scene 3

Mom & child walk across stage. Mom is constantly checking her watch. Child starts to walk slower because they see a toy store.

Taylor: Mommy! Mommy!

Mom: *(Exasperated)* Yes, sweetie?

Taylor: I see toys!

Mom: What?

Taylor: Toy store! Can we go in?

Mom: No I don't think so

Taylor: But Mommy...

Mom: Honey, mommy has a very important meeting to get to.

Taylor: *(Puppy eyes)* But... I want toys.

Mom: You've got plenty of toys at home.

Taylor: But I want new toys.

Mom: *(sigh)* Your birthday is coming up soon. You can get some new toys then.

Taylor: But that's too long! I don't want to wait till my birthday!

Mom: Taylor, we are not going in to they toy shop. We have to go.

Taylor: Daddy always takes me to get toys when we go out. You never do!

Mom: Taylor, No.

Taylor: *(Temper tantrum ensues)* I want daddy! Daddy gets me toys! Daddy's not always working! ...

Mom: *(Worried of the people around)* Taylor, this is not the time

Taylor: ... Daddy loves me!

Mom: Taylor! That isn't fair! Of course I love you!

Taylor: No you don't! You don't love me! You're never home! You never play with me! You never get me things.

Mom: Mommy wishes she could play with you and mommy wishes she could get you things but mommy has to work

Taylor: You always work. You're never home!

Mom: Taylor, please

Toyshop Worker: BALLOONS! BALLOONS! Would you like a balloon miss?

Mom: No thank you

Taylor: I WANT A BALLOON!

Mom: Taylor!

Toyshop W: No, it's fine. *(Hands Taylor a balloon)* Here.

Mom: *(Sighs)* How much?

Toyshop W: No Charge

Taylor: Thank you

Toyshop W: Is there anything I can help you with?

Mom: No we were just leaving

Taylor: Mommy won't let me go in the toy store. She won't buy me a toy for us to play with. She doesn't love me.

Toyshop W: Are you sure. Not many people that don't love you would get you such a beautiful balloon

Taylor: But she didn't get it for me, you did.

Toyshop W: Your mommy told me to come over and give you that balloon

Taylor: But you never talked to each other

Toyshop W: That's because us parents have a secret language only we can understand.

Taylor: Really?

Toyshop W: Really.

Taylor: Cool! *(Looks at mom)* Thanks!

Toyshop W: See, your mommy loves you even if she can't always spend time with you or get you everything you want. *(Looks at mom)* But that doesn't mean she shouldn't try. Good afternoon *(Leaves)*.

Mom and Taylor stand. Mom looks at watch.

Taylor: Are we gonna go mommy?

Mom: Actually... *(takes out phone and dials)* Hi, Janet? Yes, cancel my meeting for this evening. That's right. Cancel it. I'm taking my daughter to the toy store. *(Hangs up)*.

Mom and Taylor walk into store together. Cameron casually enters. Michaela rushes in when he's halfway down the stage. Michaela stands in front of Cameron when they reach the side of the phone booth.

Cameron: Hey, slow down, you're gonna hurt yourself.

Michaela: Oh, uh...sorry.

Both try to get into the phone booth, but Michaela pushes Cameron away and steps back out.

Michaela: Uh, whoa, what do you think you're doing?

Cameron: I'm...making a phone call.

Michaela: *(laughs sarcastically)* Very funny. No. I'M making a phone call.

Cameron: But I really need it!

Michaela: So do I. Why do you think I'm getting into this phone booth?

Cameron: *(begins to argue)* No, no, I NEED it. Mine's really urgent!

Michaela: *(arguing with him)* Mine is too!

Cameron: Not as urgent as mine!

Michaela: Oh, really? Enlighten me.

Silence on stage. Optional cricket sound effect.

Michaela: That's what I thought. Now move out of my way.

Cameron: Hey! You can't just come over and 'claim' the phone booth, it's for public use!

Michaela: Yes, and I'm a part of the public!

Cameron: So am I!

Michaela: Why am I even wasting my time arguing with you? Just go on your way and let me use the phone.

Cameron: Hold it!

Michaela turns back around

Michaela: (*exasperated*) What?

Cameron: Okay, listen here...

Cameron prepares his excuse

Cameron: My daughter is at ballet. I need to call my wife at work to pick her up.

Michaela: Mm-hmm.

Cameron: If I don't call her, she can't make supper. My car's in the shop, so I can't do it myself. The baby won't get supper either. He's gonna cry like anything. The dog's gonna hear and he'll start barking-

Michaela: Ugh, I doubt you even have a dog.

Cameron: The dog will start barking, and he'll wake up my brother, who's staying with us. He's an alcoholic, and he's going through a rough time. If my drunk brother tries to pick up my baby-

Michaela: My goodness, you do go on.

Cameron: Then, my wife will divorce me. I'll have no wife, I'll get depression, I'll lose my job, I won't be able to afford health care, and I'll die of ebola!

Michaela: (*Fake shock*) Ebola?! Oh, how terrible! Also, how far fetched. I'm not an idiot.

Cameron: Hey, now!

They argue. A man enters the phone booth calmly as boy and girl continue to argue.

Nerd: Hey man! How are ya? Have your heard about Miley Cyrus? Yeah! She fell off a ten foot riser in the shape of a booty, at one of her shows and broke both her legs! I know right?

Michaela and Cameron: Wait...

Michaela: Now look what you've gone and done!

Cameron: ME? This is all YOUR fault! If you had let me use the booth first, you could've had you call done by now! I mean, I was here first.

Michaela: Haven't you ever heard of ladies first?!

Both get frustrated and exit whilst arguing. Noah walks in carrying pizza boxes. Abby bumps into Noah, and Noah drops said boxes.

Abby: Oh my gosh, I'm so sorry! That's the second time that's happened to me toda- Oh my gosh, it's you again! I'm still so sorry! How does this keep happening? Oh my goodness, I've probably ruined your pizza.

Noah: Haha, it's okay. They're empty, see? *(shows her the pizza box)*

Abby: Thank goodness. That would have been a disaster. What are you doing carrying empty pizza boxes around?

Noah: I'm just taking out the trash. It just so happens that the nearest dumpster is almost two blocks away from work. I know, I'm so lucky. *(Sighs)*

Abby: *(Chuckles)* Oh, you poor thing.

Noah: What are you doing, walking back this way again, anyways?

Abby: I forgot to pick up a very important thing for my boss. A decaf venti latte with two sugars from Starbucks. Who would've thought that Satan likes extra foam in his coffee.

Noah: *(Laughs)* Well, you better not keep Satan waiting so long. He might take your soul. Or at least your pay check.

Abby: *(Chuckles again)* Alright then. See you around.

Noah: Hopefully.

Scene 4

The girl angrily enters stage left, the boy following her and trying to catch up to her

Ashley: I honestly can't believe you!

Aaron: Babe, come back, we can work this out.

Ashley: What do you mean, "we can work this out"? This happens all the time. What makes you think you can just "fix it"?

Aaron: (*nervous*) I'm guessing you're...pretty mad at me, aren't you?

Ashley: Of course, you jerk!

Ashley stomps on Aaron's foot, or cast member may fake it. Aaron is hurt. Ashley sighs, frustrated and tries to start her sentence.

Ashley: It's like, every time you see me with one of my friends, just hanging out, you have to pull me away from them. It's not like they're trying to hit on me, understand?

Aaron: I understand, but...I can't help it if I get a little jealous!

Ashley: A LITTLE jealous? Nope. You're completely possessive.

Aaron: And you're exaggerating!

Aaron tries to hug Ashley, Ashley pushes him away in disgust.

Aaron: (*mid-hug attempt*) Come on, Ashley, give me another chance...

Ashley: Ew, no! Get off of me!

Boy sighs and begins to reason with her, but is cut off

Aaron: ... Ashley, I...

Ashley: We should just break it off.

Pause for a second

Aaron: What?

Ashley: You heard me. Break. It. Off. I can't stand you being like...this all the time. Having you hover over me like a vulture is bad enough.

Aaron: Don't be so vicious, I'm just trying to pro--

Ashley: See? Ugh, you say you're protecting me, but in reality, you're always telling me "do this" or "don't do that".

Aaron: No, I don't, don't say that.

Ashley: (*exasperated*) Oh my goodness.

Girl begins to leave, but hobo hobbles out with his saxophone and calls out to her

Hobo: Hey, missy!

Girl turns around and approaches the hobo, talking to him bitterly

Ashley: What? Can't you see I'm busy?

Hobo: Busy? Whaddya mean, "busy"?

Ashley points her thumb to the Aaron, hobo makes a sound of realization

Hobo: Want me t'play ya something? Just to calm ya down...

Ashley sighs and agrees. Hobo starts to "play" his saxophone. Baby Come Back comes on. Boy grins at the hobo, and the Ashley looks up at the boy.

Ashley: (*quietly/gasping*) This was our song.

Aaron: It was, wasn't it?

Hobo stops and so does the music

Hobo: He loves ya. Don't you dare leave him, missy.

Ashley is confused

Ashley: How...did he...what?

Aaron: Never mind that. So, uh...could we...stay together for a little while longer?

Ashley sighs and nods

Ashley: Fine, a LITTLE WHILE longer. But try not to be so...

Aaron: (*sighs*) Possessive?

Ashley: See, now was that so hard?

Aaron: (*jokingly*) Oh, shut up.

The two, holding hands, exit stage right. Business man walks in from stage right, Hobo is still playing. Business man is on phone.

BM: Yeah, I'm on my way. I know! Geez. Why are you talking to me like that! I've been working all day. Do you realize how hard MY job is? ...Okay, okay... I'm sorry. Work was stressful. It's been a long day. I shouldn't be talking to you like that. I love you baby, I really do.

Bystanders begin to notice the hobo playing saxophone. They slowly start to crowd around him. By mid scene, there should be 6 or 7 of them.

Bystander 1 to hobo: Wow, this guy is really good! Where do you even learn to play the saxophone like that? This is crazy!

BM: Why are you rushing me anyways? I'm stressed out enough as it is... You have news for me? Why don't you just tell me now? ... It's really important huh? I'm sure it isn't THAT important. You can tell me now.

Bystander 2: I have to put this on instagram. This guys is amazing.

Bystander 3: I know right? I wish I could play like that.

Bystander 2: This is going on Facebook too. I should tag my mom in this. She loves this song.

BM: Yeah, I'm sorry. It's pretty crowded on this street. I'm just waiting to cross right now. There's a huge mob of people over there. They're making a lot of noise.

Bystander 4: Oh my gosh! This my jam!

Bystander 5: This is hilarious! Careless whisper? That's so corny! Hahahaha!

Bystander 6: This literally made my day.

BM: I don't think I'll be home any time soon. Why don't you just tell me what's up? I'm sure I can handle it. I'm sorry if it's kind of loud right now, there's like a street performer or something over there. Anyways, tell me your news! I can't stand the suspense!

There's a "quiet" moment for the Business man. The crowd behind are still cheering Hobo on. All of a sudden, Business Man yells really loud and is quite clearly excited

BM: OH MY GOODNESS! YOU'RE JOKING. YOU'RE LYING TO ME.

Bystander 2: Hey buddy, what's your deal? We're trying to enjoy the music.

BM: I've just found out that I'm going to be a father! This is the happiest moment of my life!

Bystander 2: Yeah whatever buddy. No one cares. This guy's sweet sax skills are much cooler.

BM: Hey man, no need to be a jerk about this. I'm just happy. You'd be happy to if-

Bystander 2: Hey, who you callin jerk? I'm a nice guy. It's people like you that make me act out. I was just trying to enjoy some music and lend support to a homeless man.

BM: Chill out man. No need to get heated...

B2: Heated? I'll show you heated in a minute. Maybe you should chill out, man. Why don't you get out of here?

BM: (*defensive*) Don't you tell me what to do. I don't need to take this from you. You're nobody to me. You see this suit? You know how much I paid for it?

B2: Oh, bringing status into this, eh? Look at this big man, with his expensive suit. No one's gonna be looking at your big expensive suit after I bust your nose open, buddy.

Hobo steps down to intervene

BM: listen here you little-

Hobo: Hey now, hey now. I'm here to make ya'll happy. No need to get all mad like that. I'll play ya'll another tune now.

Hobo plays Isn't She Lovely by Stevie Wonder. Song is subject to change but must be about parenthood.

BM: This is too much. I need to get home to my wife and celebrate with her. Thank you. That was beautiful.

Business man leaves, crowd cheers Hobo off the stage.

Scene 5

Emma and Rachel walk together.

Emma: So, how did your date go the other night?

Rachel: It was actually perfect! What about yours?

Emma: Oh my goodness! It was amazing.

Rachel: Ty is one of the nicest guys I've ever met.

Emma: Tyler, is so smart

Rachel: What'd you guys do?

Emma: Well first of all, we went out for a romantic candle lit dinner...

Rachel: So did me and Ty!

Emma: and then, we took a walk in Central Park...

Rachel: Aw, we took a carriage ride through Central Park...

Emma: He brought me white roses.

Rachel: Huh, that's what Ty brought me... What are the odds?

Emma: After the park, we just walked through the streets and he talked about his stand at the local market.

(Rachel realizes Emma's date went exactly like hers)

Rachel: Let me guess... Then you guys took a walk down the pier at sunset?

Emma: Yeah! Wait. How'd you know?

Rachel: Emma, did Tyler have brown hair? And a blackberry pearl?

Emma: Yeah...

Rachel: Is this him? *(Shows Emma picture of Ty/Tyler)*

Emma: This is a joke right? We went out with the same guy??

Rachel: This is definitely NOT a joke.

Emma: There's no way this is happening. When I'm done with him, he'll be in worse shape than Miley Cyrus.

Rachel: Why? What happened to Miley Cyrus?

(While walking off)

Emma: OMG, you're not gonna believe this, girl. She was trying to skydive onto stage from a plane, all while twerking! She was like, literally sky twerking. Then she ruptured her pelvis. Now she's in a body cast.

Rachel: OMG I literally can't even right now! Who even does that? Sky twerking? That's the dumbest thing I ever heard, like ever.

Scene 6

Noah and Abby meet center stage.

Noah: So we meet again!

Abby: Wow, hey!

Noah: Where are you headed to now? It's crazy that you've come down this street 3 times today. Satan need more cream?

Abby: *(Laughs)* Hahaha no, I'm just on my lunch break right now. I'm headed up the street because my favourite café is right up here. What are you still doing on this street?

Noah: I'm just here often, because of where my job is located.

Abby: Right, you work at that pizza place. Delfino's or whatever. Anyways, I'm really pressed for time. I only have so long until I have to be back, and I need to eat. I skipped breakfast this morning. So, see ya!

Abby begins to leave.

Noah: Wait!

(Pause for effect)

Noah: I think it's too much of a coincidence that we've ran into eachother three times already today. You seem like a really nice girl. I want to get to know you better. I have a confession to make; ever since our second meeting, I've been kind of hanging around this street, hoping you'd come back. And then you did, so this can't be a coincidence. I don't know if I believe in fate, but I think that I- ... *(sigh)* What I'm really trying to say is that- ... Why don't you just have lunch with me? I'm on my break too.

Abby ponders for a moment

Abby: Hmm, Okay! As long as we still go to my café, I'm down.

Noah: Really?!

Abby: Yeah, you're cute. This could be fun. The café is right down this turn.

Noah: Perfect! This'll be fun, I promise. *(short pause)* So did you hear about Miley Cyrus?

Narrator: Communication has the power to bring us together or tear us apart. As we attempt to communicate with others, the message we hope to convey can be misunderstood...or even changed. While communicating, we must try to be clear in our intent or face the consequences of a message lost. And the real question remains...What reeeallly happened to Miley Cyrus?