

Bigfoot, Campers, Cheerleaders, Nerds, and the Three Wise Guys

By

Edgar Eaton

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Bigfoot, Campers, Cheerleaders, Nerds, and the Three Wise Guys

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Bigfoot Goes to Girls' Camp

A comedy in one-act

By Edgar E. Eaton

Characters 1m9w

Bigfoot Dean -- Male adult, best played by someone large, burly, with a beard

“Tiger” Avery – Colorful, take-charge person in her twenties or older. She is the camp leader of these eight girls.

Melissa

Danielle

Sara

all teenage girls at camp

Mallory

Emily

Madeline

‘Becca

Elizabeth

Bigfoot Goes to Girls' Camp

The scene opens with the teenage girls around the campfire (done with logs, red see-through paper and a light globe) with their camp director, Tiger Avery. They are roasting marshmallows and making "s'mores."

Melissa: Yuck. I'm getting chocolate all over me. You didn't tell me these smores were so messy

Danielle: Don't worry. Just lick your fingers. .

Melissa: Yuck.

Sara: Give it to me. I'll eat it. I love chocolate.

Becca: Me, too.

Elizabeth: I love'em.

Mallory: Won't the chocolate melt with hot marshmallows on it?

Tiger: That's the idea, Mallory.

Emily: It's delicious.

Madeline: It's not good for diets, but diets are outlawed at camp.

(Bigfoot comes wandering on stage from the woods, stage right.)

Bigfoot: Did I smell chocolate?

(The girls all scream and run all possible directions. Emily, Mallory and Danielle go to their respective tents, others off stage into the woods and Madeline hides behind Tiger.)

Tiger: All right, Buster. Move it. No men allowed in camp. This is GIRLS' Camp.

Bigfoot: *(Slowly walking back the way he came.)* Sorry. I just wanted some chocolate. I didn't mean to frighten you. Everyone come back. I will leave.

(The girls all start to peak out from behind trees, through stage curtains, from tents. Emily has a baseball bat in her hand. Mallory has a walking stick, Danielle a frying pan, Becca has small limb of a tree.)

Melissa: *(Bravely stepping out from behind a tree.)* Miss Avery. Can't we at least give him a smore before he goes? I don't think he meant any harm.

(Bigfoot looks back over his shoulder, waiting to be accepted. The girls gradually come out and those without "weapons" hide behind Tiger.)

Tiger: Who are you? What are you doing here?

Bigfoot: *(Nervously watching all the girls with their various clubs.)* I live here. Not here, exactly. Down by the river in a hut hidden in the branches. But don't come looking for me. No one else is allowed there. No room. Especially for girls.

Emily: Who are you?

Bigfoot: *(Breaking into a big smile)* I'm what most folks call Bigfoot.

(They all run and hide behind Tiger)

Madeline: *(Bravely coming out from behind Tiger)* You're pulling our leg. There's really no such thing as Bigfoot.

Bigfoot: *(Lifting up one foot, then the other. He has big feet. If the actor playing the part doesn't really have big feet, have him wearing oversized old, beatup hiking boots or logging boots, even rubber boots.)* I wouldn't lie about something like that.

Melissa: *(Bravely walking toward him, tentatively)* Wow. You do have big feet.

Sara: *(moves to her side)* Don't hurt his feelings.

(The following lines are spoken rapidly, one line on top of another, as the girls come out from behind Tiger. All move a little closer to him.)

Mallory: Do you really live out here like a hermit?

Becca: What do you eat?

Elizabeth: How do you keep warm?

Emily: Do you have TV?

Madeline: How do you wash your clothes?

Danielle: Where do you bathe?

Tiger: Ladies. I'm sure he doesn't want all these questions. That is none of your business.

Bigfoot: (*Moving back toward them. They hold their ground but are cautious.*) I don't mind. I would like to talk to someone . . . (*looking at their clubs*). . . I think. Most people run away from me. (*Turning to Madeline, the smallest of all the girls.*) Why didn't you?

Mallory: She did. She hid behind Miss Avery.

Becca: Tiger, I mean Miss Avery, is not afraid of anything.

Melissa: She could wrestle a bear and win.

Sara: We call her Tiger.

Bigfoot: Must be a lot of fun on a date.

Tiger: (*Giving him a dirty look*) Girls, don't exaggerate. We don't fight bears and you don't call me Tiger. I'm Miss Avery. And how I am on a date is none of your business. What am I doing, talking to Bigfoot about dates? This isn't "*Ricki Lake*" (*or any current talk show*).

Bigfoot: Sorry.

Tiger: I didn't mean to chew you out, Bigfoot. Is that what you go by? Bigfoot?

Bigfoot: (*Crossing to her by the campfire*) My friends call me Larry. My real name is Hansel but I never liked that name.

Tiger: Bigfoot, I mean Larry, do you still want to answer the girls' questions?

Danielle: (*Crossing to him*) Now that you're on a first name basis maybe he will ask you for a date.

Melissa: Danielle!

Danielle: Sorry.

Bigfoot: (*Putting his hands on his knees and bending down to her*) You're a bright young lady, Danielle. (*Turns back to the girls who gather around him, sitting on the ground, logs or stumps.*) But I think you were asking some questions.

Sara: Do you need us to repeat them?

Bigfoot: Of course not. My mind is like a steel trap. Nothing gets away from me. (*Pause*) Maybe you could tell me the first question.

Mallory: I asked if you live out here like a hermit.

Bigfoot: Yes, as a matter of fact, I do. I have lived here ever since I was younger than most of you. My wicked stepmother took me and my sister, Gretal, out in the woods and left us. Gretal was rescued by our dad a day or two later but I was busy picking berries for us to eat and when I came back, they were gone.

Emily: How do you know your dad was there?

Bigfoot: They left me a note.

Elizabeth: Why didn't you go back?

Bigfoot: My sister put up with my stepmother better than I did. I'd rather live out here.

Becca: What do you eat?

Bigfoot: I love smores. I had a bag of nuts with me and fed them to the animals and ate some myself. We became great friends and the animals now

share food with me. I learned to eat the roots of plants . . . berries; the forest is full of food. I was hungry at first, but I learned.

Elizabeth: How do you keep warm?

Bigfoot: That was the hardest part at first. But I had a coat with me when I was left here and I have a pet raccoon that cuddles up to me at night.

Emily: Do you have a TV?

Bigfoot: Yeh. I have rabbit ears and plug the TV into a current bush.

Emily: (*Shaking her head to indicate No.*) Uh huh.

Bigfoot: I can't fool you, can I? But, really, I do have TV. I stole it out of a camper some hunters brought up here. I don't like hunters because they shoot at my friends. I scare as many away as I can. (*Acting out sneaking up on someone*) I love to sneak up behind the ones that have been drinking. I'll never forget this one jerk who . . . but you don't want to hear about that. Anyway, this one bunch came up to drink and play cards and leave their garbage on the ground. They were pigs. They never did go hunting. So when they all passed out from the booze, I took their battery powered TV. (*Turning to Emily*) You're not going to turn me in, are you?

Emily: Not me. (*Moving to him*) Would you steal one for me?

Melissa: Emily!

Emily: Just kidding.

Bigfoot: Anyway, I got a TV I watch once in a while. I get an educational channel really good, but cable is out of the question and so is a dish. I never see the Disney channel or HBO.

Madeline: How do you wash your clothes?

Bigfoot: I just wear'em when I go in swimming.

Emily: (*Shaking her head again*) Uh huh.

Bigfoot: I do. In the summer, I take them off and wash them in the river when no one is around. Once I heard someone coming and I had to grab my

clothes and hide under the water until they passed. I thought I was going to drown.

Danielle: Where do you bathe?

Bigfoot: In the river. I go swimming year round. I keep clean.

Sara: How old are you?

Melissa: Sara, you don't ask people how old they are. That's not polite.

Bigfoot: I don't mind. But I don't know how old I am. I've never had a birthday. I was seven when they left me here. But a lot of birthdays have gone by since then.

Madeline: (*Crossing to him*) You have not had a birthday since you were seven?

Becca: I think I'm going to cry.

Danielle: Becca, you cry during commercials.

Becca: There are some very moving commercials, especially at Christmas.

Melissa: (*Standing*) That's it. Let's have a birthday party for Bigfoot.

Sara: Larry.

Mallory: Hansel.

Bigfoot: (*Turning to Mallory*) No, I'm not coming to the party if you call me Hansel

Elizabeth: Is it all right, Miss Avery? May we have a birthday party?

Tiger: Sounds very creative to me. I think it would be a fun way to end the evening. \

Melissa: OK. Five minutes. You've all got five minutes to go to your tents and come back with a creative gift for Bigfoot, I mean Larry.

Elizabeth: I'll bring the cake.

Emily: You can bake a cake, out in the woods, in five minutes? I gotta see this.

Elizabeth: Count on it.

Melissa: Miss Avery, you visit with . . . ah . . . Larry while we put together a party.

(Everyone heads for her tent, which could be offstage in all directions, leaving Tiger and Bigfoot alone. They sit on a log near the campfire, stage center, facing the audience.)

Bigfoot: I didn't think we would ever be alone.

Tiger: Don't try anything. Remember, I can out wrestle a bear.

Bigfoot: I promise to behave myself.

Tiger: You say your friends call you Larry. Do you have any friends out here, I mean ones that can talk?

Bigfoot: Yes We get together every Tuesday night over at the church for basketball.

Tiger: You have a church with a gym up here?

Bigfoot: Wow, you'll believe anything, won't you? I was named MVP in the tournament last year.

Tiger: Why should I doubt you? You seem like the most honest forest hermit I've ever met.

Bigfoot: You've met a lot of "Forest Hermits" in your day? Thanks, I guess, for saying I'm honest. *(A pause. He rises and walks away from her a few steps.)* Forest hermit. I've really never thought about my being a hermit because I'm surrounded by friends – a pet raccoon, deer that stroll through my front yard, even bear that don't bother me. I've never challenged one to a wrestling match.

Tiger: Neither have I, actually. It's just a reputation I need to maintain control with the girls.

Bigfoot: I'm happy here, away from the cares of the world. No, I don't have any people friends. I just made up that Larry bit. But I guess I am a hermit.

Tiger: Have you ever thought of coming back, of adding some people to your circle of friends?

Bigfoot: No, I haven't really. (*A pause. He sits.*) Until I met you.

Tiger: WHAT?

Bigfoot: I meant "you" plural, not "you" singular. I didn't mean to sound forward. But you are a part of it. You and these girls have been a breath of fresh air to me. It makes me wonder -- could I actually make it in the "real world."?

Tiger: You sound like you're tempted.

Bigfoot: Not really, I guess. I've never been to school. I have no skills, no college, I'd never find a job. And can you imagine the publicity? I can see the headlines now: (*He stands*) BIGFOOT STUMBLES OUT OF WOODS; DISCOVERS HE IS JUST A BIG DUMMY. I'd be in the all the tabloids, probably; visit all the talk shows.

Tiger: (*She stands*) You're no dummy. You could make a lot of money on the talk shows, then maybe go on the speaking circuit, hire a writer to tell your story and put together a best seller.

Bigfoot: Right. You have enough imagination to be my agent and write the book. We'll both be rich.

Tiger: I don't want to be rich.

Bigfoot: Really? I thought everyone wanted to be rich.

Tiger: I am rich. You met my wealth. They're in their tents now spontaneously planning a birthday party for someone they just met. No arguments. No questions. It looked like a good idea so they do it. You can't have more wealth than that.

Bigfoot: I think I would actually come back to society if I could gain that kind of riches.

Tiger: You could. These girls are the beginning.

Bigfoot: But it would be tough.

Tiger: It would. You would face challenges we can't even imagine, standing here alone in the Cascade Mountains. But you're already done something few men have done.

Bigfoot: You mean cuddling up to a racoon to keep warm?

Tiger: No. Most men don't really want to do that. No, I mean walking into our camp. We don't allow men at Girls' Camp.

Bigfoot: You were supposed to throw me out?

Tiger: Of course. Girls need a time to get away from boys for a week.

Bigfoot: And I'm crashing the party, aren't I? *(He stands up.)*

Tiger: Don't you dare leave now. It would break their hearts.

(Melissa runs onto the stage from stage left)

Melissa: All right everyone. Time for the party.

(The girls come from all corners of the stage, Elizabeth carrying a cup cake).

Melissa I want to see your cake, Elizabeth.

(Elizabeth has a cupcake with a wooden match for a candle.)

Elizabeth: The cupcake is one of the treats I had stashed away in my hidden store of treasures I was saving it for a special time. Hostess and I and all the girls and Miss Avery wish you a Happy Birthday.

Bigfoot: Thank you. *(He downs it in a couple bites.)* Ummm, Ummm good.

Melissa: Each of us have brought you a present. Please understand. We didn't know we were coming to a party so we won't have typical presents.

Mallory: *(She hands him a carved walking stick)* My big brother carved this for me to use when we go hiking. I would like you to have it and think of me and my brother as you wander these hills.

Bigfoot: That is something I can really use. It is getting harder and harder to get up down these hills in my old age.

Melissa: I want to give you this whistle. When you go back to your hut by the river, if you ever need anything, just blow on that whistle and we'll come running. My dad used to use this as a football referee. It was very special to me, but I'm giving it you to help you remember this occasion.

(He puts the whistle in his mouth and is ready to blow it.)

Melissa: Don't blow it now. All the others in Girls' Camp will be down here in a minute. We want you all to ourselves.

Bigfoot: You got me.

Sara: I want to give you my lucky coin. It's a Susan B. Anthony dollar. I know you can't spend it here but it's not to spend. It's a keepsake.

Bigfoot: I'll hang it on my wall in a frame.

Sara: You have a wall and frames and things like that?

Bigfoot: Of course. If you don't need electricity for it, I have it. I can make the frame myself out of unique pieces of wood I find.

Sara: Thank you. Susan B. Anthony will be proud to hang on your wall.

Becca: Larry, I drew you a picture.

Elizabeth: You did, Becca. Becca is a very good artist.

Becca: It's a picture of you and me sitting by the campfire.

Bigfoot: It's great. You are a good artist. I will frame it and hang it next to Susan B. Anthony.

Danielle: Everyone is making fun of me because I brought an air mattress to camp. We're supposed to be roughing it, sleeping on the ground. So I want you to have it.

Bigfoot: An air mattress for me?

Danielle: Sure. You can use it for a bed or float down the river on it.

Bigfoot: Maybe I'll use it for both. I have been sleeping on the ground for so long I am kinda used to it. But, at my age, I might like an air mattress. Floating down the river on an air mattresses sounds like fun. Thank you, Danielle.

Madeline: I thought and thought . I don't have anything you can use. I thought about the story about Danny who asked everyone what to give his mother for her birthday. Finally, the bear told him to give her a big bear hug. That's what I brought you. May I give you a hug for your birthday?

Bigfoot: That will be one of my favorite presents. *(She gives him a big hug.)*

Emily: I brought you my favorite book. I apologize that it is kind of battered. I read it a lot. It is about Calvin and Hobbs. I have others at home. This is one is called 'Buried Treasures Are Everywhere.' It's by Bill Watterson, a wonderful cartoonist. I want to give it to you because you're a buried treasure. You'll like it

Bigfoot: Thank you. *(He looks at it for a minute and smiles.)* I like it already. Thank you. Thank you for calling me a treasure. . Right now, you're asking a guy who learned to talk by watching TV, not by actually doing it. I don't know what to say. I wish I could tell you how I feel right now, but those are words I haven't learned.

Emily: I would accept a thank you.

Bigfoot: Thank you. And maybe a Madeline gift. *(She gives him a big hug.)*

Elizabeth: I'm last. I've written you something:
My mother made me go to camp, because, she said, it will make me grow.

I complained and whined and groaned. Living outside and sleeping on the ground,
Cooking over a campfire, making up skits and singing campfire songs, living without my curlers
Or tv or my stereo. . .
It was not my bag.
Carrying water from the creek, using latrines instead of flush toilets and not seeing a boy friend for a week:
Bah humbug.

Then one night into our camp wanders Bigfoot. Who is going to believe this?

A furry, animal-like monster, I had always heard. Not someone to take home to mother, I had believed.

But Bigfoot wasn't a monster. He was just like us. No, he didn't produce skits or sing campfire songs.

But he likes chocolate. And, I think, he likes us. I know we like him.

And he needs us. So we put on a birthday party for him and we had to look inside ourselves to know what to give.

I've always been a receiver. What fun it was to learn to give and I had to learn it in just five minutes.

Happy birthday, dear friend.

Bigfoot: No one has ever written anything for me before. I will hang it on my wall with my other gifts.

Elizabeth: It's not typed or anything. It's written on a paper plate.

Bigfoot: I like it that way.

Melissa: I think that's everyone.

Tiger: Not quite. I have a present.

Melissa: But you were with Larry. You didn't have time to come up with a gift.

Tiger: We talked about what he would do if he ever decided to come out of the woods. I have a present he can use, if he ever does that. My phone number. (*She hands him a piece of paper.*)

Elizabeth: Your . . . phone number?

Tiger: Who does Larry know? Who would he contact? Us! Would one of you get a piece of paper or even a paper plate and everyone who wants to may write down her phone number so we'll be the first to know if Larry, Bigfoot, decides to come out of hiding. But should he stay here, we must keep this our secret. Don't let anyone know he is here. Let us respect his privacy.

Bigfoot: Wow. Now I have my own phone book. No phone. But my own phone book. It may be worth hitch hiking to the nearest pay phone.

Tiger: Here's 50 cents (*or whatever is the going phone toll at the time this play is being produced*). I don't want you to cash your Susan B. Anthony dollar. Let's all follow Madeline's gift and give him a big hug before we all hit the sack.

(As the curtains close – or lights fade to black – or both, everyone hugs Larry and wishes him one final series of Happy Birthdays.)

In the dark we hear:

Danielle: *Good night, Melissa,*

Melissa: *Good night, Elizabeth,*

Mallory: *Good night, Becca*

Elizabeth: *Good night, Mallory*

Becca: *Good night, Danielle*

Emily: *Good night, Sara*

Madeline: *Good night, Emily*

Sara: *Good night, Madeline*

Everyone: *Good night, Tiger. Good night Larry.*

Becca *Don't do anything we wouldn't do.*

Bigfoot Comes to Town

By Edgar E. Eaton

Characters 1m9w

Bigfoot Dean -- Male adult, best played by someone large, burly, with a beard

“Tiger” Avery – Colorful, take-charge person in her twenties or older. She is the camp leader of these eight girls.

Melissa

Danielle

Sara

all teenage girls

Mallory

Emily

Madeline

‘Becca

Elizabeth

Bigfoot Comes to Town

The set is a modern living room, simple – a couch, two chairs, an end table and a coffee table. The door bell rings.

Tiger: *(She doesn't recognize Bigfoot.)* Yes. May I help you?

Larry: *(Larry is a handsome young man, about 27, well dressed in casual clothes.)* I didn't think you would recognize me. My name is Larry, Larry Dean.

Tiger: Do I know you, Mr. Dean? Your voice is familiar.

Larry: They used to call me Bigfoot.

Tiger: *(Happy, Delighted.)* Hansel!

Larry: Please. Larry will do.

Tiger: Larry. You have changed. You're . . . a . . . a . . . younger.

Larry: Once I shaved the beard and cleaned up, I found I wasn't so old.

Tiger: Come in, come in, Larry. What are you doing here?

Larry: I came to see you, if that's all right.

Tiger: All right? It's wonderful. *(They sit, Tiger on the couch and Larry in an easy chair so they are both facing the audience.)*

Larry: When we met last summer, your wonderful girls were feeding me smores in the woods not far from here in what you called Girls' Camp. They all gave me very special presents because they found I had never had a birthday. You got me to thinking and I really fell in love with your girls and decided you're right. They're all the most riches anyone could ever hope for. I want to see them again. . . and you.

Tiger: They're just getting out of school. Let me call Melissa and see if any of them are available to come over.

Larry: Really. You could do that? *(She dials a number.)*

Tiger: Melissa. You're home already. Good. Guess who is at my house. No, not Martin Sheen. Not my grandfather. You're not even close. How did you guess? Yes, Larry is here. You'll never recognize him. Would you call the girls and see how many could come over right away and meet him. See you in a little while. *(She hangs up the phone and turns to Larry.)* Whatever made you leave the woods?

Larry: I told you. I'm in love.

Tiger: Be serious.

Larry: All right. It is true that I wanted to see you all. Nothing else would have got me out of the forest. But, as it turns out, I wanted to come to the city for more than just that. *(He gets up and puts his hands in pockets and walks slowly around the room as he talks.)* I wanted to see my dad, and – believe it or not – my stepmother.

Tiger: That's wonderful, Larry.

Larry: *(He faces her.)* It's your fault.

Tiger: *(She rises, crosses to him)* My fault?

Larry: You and those beautiful, wonderful teenagers you introduced me to.

Tiger: Go on.

Larry: First of all, you challenged me to think about coming back to civilization but I didn't dream I would even consider it. Then those girls, one by one, each gave me a piece of her heart. And left. *(He is obviously choked up and has a hard time speaking.)* Suddenly I was all alone with things to think about, to pray about. *(He looks at her.)* Do you believe in prayer?

Tiger: Funny you should ask, Larry. I have been praying for you ever since we got back.

Larry: You prayed for me to come back?

Tiger: No. I wanted to, but I decided that would be selfish. I just prayed for God to protect you and guide and help you make good decisions. I prayed that you would decide what was really best for you. And . . .

Larry: And?

Tiger: *(She looks at him for a minute)* And I prayed that you could forgive.

(There is a silence that engulfs them both as they stare at each other. Larry suddenly gives her a huge hug)

Larry: *(He is in tears, holding her, then finally letting her go.)* Please forgive me. I had no right to do that, but I couldn't help it. God must really hear your prayers.

Tiger: There's no question about that. I know God answers prayers and, for some reason, when you hugged me just now I knew it had something to do with my prayers. I don't know why, but I knew it. Am I right?

Larry: You won't believe how right how you are .

Tiger: Yes I will.

Larry: When I was left alone again, alone to think, my mind drifted back to my childhood when I was left in the woods by my wicked stepmother. That's when I realized she was not wicked at all. I was. Both Gretal and I were so crushed when our mother died, we never gave our new mother a chance. We were brats. She didn't leave us in the woods. We hid from her and I know now that must have broken her heart. She couldn't find us and left crying. I didn't tell you that. We both saw her but didn't come out. My father came back later and found Gretal but I was picking berries and they couldn't find me and left me a note, but I decided to stay in the woods, unwilling to forgive my stepmother for taking my mother's place. I was too selfish to understand what I had done and I don't think I really grew up understanding love, until you and the girls taught it to me. It changed my life.

Tiger: It did. Really?

Larry: I started thinking and realized all these years later what I had done. I prayed about it and knew I had to come back and apologize. I realized I had

missed some wonderful years without a dad and mom that I could have had if pride hadn't blinded me.

Tiger: When did you come back?

Larry: A couple days ago. Guess what I found.

Tiger: I can't. Tell me, please.

Larry: First, my father was killed in a car accident three years ago. The years I could have spent with him are gone, erased by my stupidity. Second, Gretal is now grown and married and has a baby. My childhood with her is gone but I got to meet her and her little girl and now try to make up for some lost time.

Tiger: That is good.

Larry: You won't believe this. I came to my stepmother's front door, bearded, long hair – a forest hermit you called me. She still lives in the same house. She opened the door, this woman who hasn't seen me in twenty years when I was seven years old, somehow knew it was me. She stood there, speechless, and started to cry. "Hansel," she said through her tears. "You're alive." "How did you know it was me," I asked her. "I don't know," she said. "I think our spirits recognized each other, but I knew, I knew for sure it was you."

Tiger: Isn't that wonderful?

Larry: That doesn't begin to describe it, Tiger.

Tiger: You can call me Jamie. That's my real name.

Larry: I love that name. Jamie, she took me in and we talked far into the night. She let me take a bath and shave with my father's razor, gave me his clothes that she has been unable to give away, and cut my hair. I looked in the mirror and didn't recognize myself. Of course, I didn't have a mirror so I don't know for sure what I looked like, but I have an idea.

Tiger: You were a mountain man. I'm glad you didn't decide to give me a big hug then.

Larry: You cut me to the quick.

Tiger: Sorry. Uh, where's your quick, anyway?

Larry: I don't know. I heard that on TV. Seinfeld, I think.

Tiger: Probably. Seinfeld probably doesn't know where his quick is either.

Larry: Anyway, I know now why you didn't give me hug then. But the girls all did.

Tiger: They all talked about it later, something about a bath in the river wasn't enough.

Larry: I used soap.

Tiger: Where did you get soap? You never went shopping.

Larry: I lied. I didn't use soap.

Tiger: What am I going to do about you, Hansel?

Larry: I don't know, Tiger!

Tiger: I mean Larry.

Larry: Hansel is that selfish kid who, I hope, doesn't exist any more... .
Jamie.

Tiger: What are you going to do now?

Larry: That's why I'm here. I need advice. You owe it to me since you're the one who suggested I come back and face society.

(The doorbell rings and Tiger gets up to answer the door. It is Elizabeth, Becca and Danielle. Bigfoot gets up as soon as he hears their voices.)

Tiger: Danielle, Becca, Elizabeth come in. Come in. Meet a new friend of mine.

Elizabeth: Wow. What happened to Bigfoot?

Larry: Larry came in his place.

Becca: Is it really you?

(They all give him hugs.)

Danielle: You are one handsome, dude. What are you doing Friday night?

Tiger: Danielle!

Danielle: I should have known you would beat me to him.

Tiger: Danielle, no one “beat you to him.” He’s too old for you anyway.

Danielle: I know. But I can dream, can’t I? *(Aside to Tiger).* How old is he?

Tiger: How should I know?

Larry: I told you, Jamie. I’m 27.

Becca: Jamie? Sounds like you two have been getting acquainted while waiting for us.

Elizabeth: Aren’t you 27, Miss Avery?

Danielle: And you’ve been here long enough to get a shave and all dolled up.

Becca: We know this transformation didn’t take place in the woods.

Tiger: Girls, please.

Elizabeth: Looks very suspicious to us.

Tiger: You’re really jumping to some conclusions, ladies. Let me explain.

(The doorbell rings)

Becca: I’ll get it. *(It’s Mallory and Sara).* Mallory. Sara. Welcome to Miss Avery’s house .

Mallory: *(She looks around, starring at Larry)* Where’s Larry? Bigfoot, where are you? Are you hiding?

Sara: Something's going on here, Mallory. They're all smiling. That guy is smiling. Maybe that's Tiger's brother. She couldn't be going with anyone that cute.

Mallory: Sara!

Larry: Yes she could. I'm her new boyfriend. My name is Bucky.

(The girls all laugh, except Mallory and Sara)

Mallory: Something's going on here, Sara. I don't get it.

Sara: Wait a minute. *(She stares at Larry, Bigfoot, or Bucky, whoever he is)* It has something to do with Bucky, or whatever his name is. *(Suddenly, a light bulb goes on over the heads of Mallory and Sara. They shout in unison.)*

Mallory and Sara: LARRY! It IS you. LARRY. *(They both give him a big hug.)*

Elizabeth: Hey, wait a minute. We want another hug..

Becca: Can we hug him, Miss Avery?

Tiger: I don't know. CAN you?

Becca: I mean, MAY we?

Tiger: You better ask him. I am not his keeper.

Danielle: We thought you were.

Tiger: *(As they all rush Larry and nearly sweep him off his feet with hugs)* I think some explanations are necessary here. *(The doorbell rings.)*

Sara: I'll get it. *(It is Melissa, Emily, and Madeline)* Welcome to the Girls Camp reunion, girls. Meet Bigfoot. *(All three of them stand staring, their mouths open)*

Larry: If you all stood out in the woods like that – with your mouths wide open – you each would have swallowed three mosquitoes by now. Could I have a hug? Everyone has given me a hug. *(They each hug him.)*

Becca: Miss Avery. Did you get a hug? We thought . . .

Tiger: That's your trouble. You think too much.

Larry: No they don't. You all will always be dear to me because of your imaginations, because you think. You are why I came to the big city, ready to brave the wilds of urban America.

Becca; Really?

Larry: Really. Sit down, girls. Let's visit. I need your help.

Tiger: Larry didn't shave and change clothes here. This is his second stop.

Larry: I have been to see my stepmother and found out my father was killed three years ago in an auto accident, Gretal is now married and has a little girl, and . . . and my stepmother actually loves me. (*There is a pause. No one speaks for a minute.*) I don't know how she can love me. I told you she left Gretal and me in the woods to fend for ourselves. But that wasn't true. We were so upset about losing our real mother to illness, we never gave our stepmother a chance. Gretal and I hid in the woods when she was trying to find us and that was cruel. But we were kids, selfish little kids, and we never realized it. I think Gretal learned right away when my father found her and took her back that our new mother was a good person who cared about us. But I was stubborn. I hid every time my dad or anyone else came looking for me. I learned to survive in the woods and liked it. What I didn't know was that I missed growing up with a father . . . and a mother and a little sister. I never knew those things and what I was losing, until I met you.

Tiger: That birthday party you gave spontaneously to Larry at Girls Camp when he was lured out of the woods by your chocolate smores, that made him think about things.

Larry: I went to see my mother and she welcomed me back. She should have slammed the door in my face after what I did to her, but she accepted me, cut my hair, gave me by dad's razor to shave with and gave me his clothes she had been saving.

Melissa: Are you saying she felt you might come?

Larry: Maybe. She recognized me, even though she hadn't seen me in 20 years. She told me – you won't believe this – that I reminded her of my dad's brother. His name was Larry. Can you believe that?

Danielle: That's amazing.

Larry: I remember my uncle, but not very well. When I told you my friends call me Larry, I made that up. I didn't have any friends to speak to, just the animals and they didn't speak back. They never called me Larry. I just knew I didn't want to be called Hansel, probably because I realized subconsciously little Hansel was kind of a brat. So please, don't call me Hansel. Only my mother can call me that. She can call me anything she wants to.

Elizabeth: You mean your stepmother?

Larry; From this day forward I will always think of her as my mother. If any of you have step parents, I want you to treat them with the respect they deserve. Don't any of you be like Hansel.

Becca: Are you here to stay?

Danielle: Where are you going to live?

Emily: You can live in our tree house.

Madeline: Are you going to get a job?

Mallory: How about night school?

Elizabeth: Are you going to get married?

Melissa: Will you come to church and sit with us?

Sara: Are you going to write a book?

Elizabeth: Be a movie star?

Larry: Hold it. Wait a minute. It's just like at Girls Camp. A million questions all at once.

Mallory: You can answer them one my one. Remember, you have a mind like a steel trap. We won't even have to repeat them.

Larry: Right. (*A pause*) What was the first question?

Sara: You haven't changed a bit. The first question was Are you going to write a book?

Becca: That wasn't the first question. The first question was Where are you going to live?

Larry: My mother is going to let me live with her and sleep in the room I slept in as a boy. No, I'm not going to write a book but I will explain that in a minute. Thank you Emily for offering to let me sleep in your treehouse but I am getting too old for that kind of thing. Besides, your folks might kick me out because I snore.

Emily: You do?

Larry: I don't know, really. I never stay up and listen. But the animals never said anything. Come to think of it, that raccoon did leave one night and never came back.

Sara: What racoon?

Larry: Remember, the one I would cuddle up to at night and he could keep me warm. Maybe my snoring drove him away. He didn't move in with you guys, did he?

Melissa; Come to think of it we did have some raccoons get into our packs and steal some sunflower seeds and grapes.

Larry: I wondered where he got those. Back to your questions. I'd love to go to church with you if you can find a church where they'll let me in.

Madeline: Our church likes visitors. Maybe if you sit with us Miss Avery will, too.

Becca: She already does sit with us.

Madeline: Don't tell him. Let him think she is there because of him.

Tiger: Do I get to say a word in my own defense?

Melissa; No. Go on, Larry.

Larry; Where was I?

Madeline: Are you going to get a job?

Mallory: How about night school?

Elizabeth: Are you going to get married?

Larry: That's what I want to talk to you about. Do any of you know of anyone who will hire an uneducated, untrained hermit? If I want to go to school, do I have to go back to the second grade and sit in those little chairs? And do you know anyone who will marry me?

Becca: I will.

Madeline: So will I.

Sara: Me too.

Tiger: Hold it, girls. I'm in big trouble if you all go home and tell your parents you are engaged.

Becca: I knew she wanted to have first crack at him.

Tiger: Why don't we let Larry make some more important decisions before we marry him off, OK?

Larry: Party pooper.

Sara: You can propose to her later, Larry. Let's talk about work and school.

Tiger; Well put, Sara.

Sara: About proposing later?

Tiger: No, about a job and education. I've been thinking, Larry. You are not a man without skills. You could look for a job where people need advise about camping out, living outdoors, dealing with forest animals, using streams and rivers for transportation. That kind of thing.

Madeline: My mom works for REI. Maybe she could help find him a job.

Melissa: Maybe he could even get a job as a Boy Scout executive.

Larry: Those are ideas worth exploring. Thank you.

Madeline: I'll talk to my mom and maybe she can set up an interview for you. REI might really like Bigfoot working for them.

Larry: I would love to work for someone who sells camping gear and that kind of stuff but I don't want to get a job because I was Bigfoot. That's why I don't want to write a book. Maybe later after I graduate from elementary school.

Tiger: Larry, you don't have to go back to grade school and sit in little chairs and write on the board math problems and spelling words.

Larry: That's a relief. It's OK to just go on being stupid?

Tiger: First, you're not stupid. Second, you should go back to school. The local community college has lots of classes, many of which meet in the evening just in case you get a day job. You can learn to improve your reading, develop various job skills, learn math and history and culture arts and even earn a high school diploma.

Larry: Really?

Tiger: Really. Now these girls all have homework to do . We better let them get back home.

Danielle: See, I told you. She's trying to get rid of us so she can have him all to herself. Right, Bucky?

Larry: Danielle, sometimes I think you watch too much TV.

Danielle: That's what my dad says.

Larry: Sounds like a wise man to me. Now go and leave me alone with . . . What did you say your name was?

Tiger: Call me anything you want. Just don't . . .

Larry: Just don't call you late for dinner.

Tiger: Where does a guy who lived 20 years in the woods hear a joke like that.

Larry: I never heard it in the woods. I heard in the second grade before I ever went camping.

Tiger: Good bye, girls.

Larry: Just a minute. This is very important, I told my mother about all of you and she told me I should take Tiger out for dinner.

Danielle: I told you so.

Larry: Don't rush to judgment, dear heart. My mother would like you come over for dinner Sunday afternoon, Jamie.

Becca: He called her Jamie. The plot is thickening.

Tiger: Are you serious? I'm invited to dinner after church Sunday?

Madeline: I'm not leaving until I hear the end of this.

Larry: Do I have to get down on my knees? Are you going to go or not?

Melissa; (*Crossing to Larry, putting her arm around his shoulder.*) Look, big guy. I know you're not experienced at this dating game, but you don't say (*imitating him*) : "Are you going to go or not."

Larry: What do I say, o expert on dating?

Melissa: Don't be smart with me or I won't help you, and believe me, you need help.

Larry: Quick. What do I do? If we give her time to think about it, she'll probably turn me down.

Melissa; Say something like, "O flower of my heart, girl of my dreams, vision of loveliness, will you be my guest for dinner Sunday?" (*The girls all laugh.*)

Larry: Maybe I should have stayed in the woods. I could watch soap operas all day and get better help than I'm getting from you. If I wasn't in love with you, I wouldn't listen to another word you said.

Melissa: You're catching on, big fellow.

Tiger: If you two keep this up Sunday will be here and dinner will be over. Yes, Larry, I'll be glad to go to your mother's for dinner Sunday.

(The girls all cheer and applaud.)

Larry: Oh, I forgot to tell you. She invited all of you, too.

(They applaud and cheer again.)

(The lights fade to black and the curtains close In the darkness we hear a voice on the public address system).

Announcer: And they all lived happily ever after. The girls all grew up, married, had large families and for years went to Larry's mother's house on the first Sunday of every June. So many people were coming, eventually, that it had to be an outdoor barbecue in his mother's large backyard. And, yes, Tiger and Bigfoot, rather Jamie and Larry, were married, had eight girls who they named Melissa, Danielle, oh you know their names, and Larry went on to earn a college degree, become of CEO of a large outdoor supply company, spoke frequently at civic clubs, church and at youth meetings. He was a popular speaker at Girls Camps but never wrote a book. His oldest daughter did, though, called "My Dad Was Bigfoot, No Big Deal."

The Cheerleader and the Nerd

A unique Christmas story in one act

By
Edgar E. Eaton

Characters: 4w, 2m

Debbie Degler , 16, cheerleader

Warren W. White, 16, nerd

Lois Lane, Warren's grandmother

Other residents at Care Center:

Hilda

Eva

Fred

The Cheerleader and the Nerd

Scene I

The scene is an elevator at a local high school. Getting in are a cheerleader and a nerd. Both are about 16. She is typically cute, wearing her cheerleader outfit, and he is typically different, like most nerds. He buttons every button, including the top one, on his plaid shirt. He could have a pocket protector in his shirt pocket, wears white socks, and has glasses. They don't speak until the elevator stops suddenly. They indicate this by their actions, a sudden jerk.

Debbie: What happened?

Warren: I think the elevator stopped.

Debbie: Duh. Thanks for pointing that out, sport. Of course the elevator stopped. Why?

Warren: It must be broken.

Debbie: You figured that out pretty quickly, Einstein. Of course it's broken. Why?

Warren: Maybe it was God, suddenly thrusting us together. This is a turning point in our lives.

Debbie: My mother said God would get me someday for not cleaning up room. I never dreamed this is what she meant.

Warren: I was kidding. Did it ever occur to you that you may not be my dream date either. When and if I do ever ask anyone out, it won't be a cheerleader.

Debbie: At least there is some good news in this little disaster. Not just me, but most of my dearest and closest friends are safe from the catch of the year, Warren Wonderful.

Warren: How did you know my name was Warren?

Debbie: It is? It really is Warren?

Warren: Warren W. White.

Debbie: WWW. Now that's appropriate. You're probably an expert on the World Wide Web and the entire universe of cyberspace.

Warren: Thank you.

Debbie: Thank you? That wasn't a compliment, Nerd. You're probably the most boring date in Western America, maybe in all of America. North and South.

(There is silence for a minute as he looks at the floor and she punches the buttons of the elevator, trying to make it go.)

Warren: That is obviously not doing any good, Debbie.

Debbie: How did you know my name is Debbie?

Warren: All cheerleaders are named Debbie. . . or Cindy or Jenny or Wendy or Cookie or something ending in y or ie.

Debbie: That's not true. Donna's a cheerleader.

Warren: One. Maybe one. But most are named Debbie. Besides, I knew who you were before we were trapped on this elevator. You're probably the most popular girl in school. Even a nerd knows Debbie Degler. Everyone does.

Debbie: I am not the most popular girl in school, Warren.

Warren: Sure you are. Weren't you Homecoming Queen this year?

Debbie: Yes.

Warren: Anything that's big on campus, that gets a lot of attention, you're right in the middle of it.

Debbie: There's something wrong with that?

Warren: Not at all, if you're a sosh, one of the upper crust on campus, the elite. But if you're one of those people who never get noticed because the

sochs have their nose so high in the air they can't see anyone else but other soshs, it's hard to be impressed.

Debbie: If you'd get your nose out of the computer long enough to see the rest of the world, you might find out it's not so bad. You're in your own private world which is just as bad as being a sosh, as you call us. Maybe you need to make some effort to see the rest of the world.

Warren: I do, Debbie. I see a part of the world you never see when you're all caught up in the party scene.

Debbie: Maybe you ought to get out and go to a party once in a while and you wouldn't be so boring.

Warren: Are you inviting me to a party?

Debbie: Not on a bet.

Warren: I rest my case.

Debbie: *(After slight pause)* You wouldn't go if I invited you.

Warren: We'll never know, will we?

Debbie: I guess that's a moot question as long as we are trapped in this unimpressive little prison.

Warren: You know, I have to admit that at times I've dreamed about being trapped in an elevator with a beautiful woman. In the dream, it was nothing like this.

Debbie: You're calling me a beautiful woman?

Warren: You're stunning. I'd love to have a picture of you for my wall. But, to people like me, that's all you'll ever be – a picture on a wall, a decoration. Actually, real beauty is a lot more than that.

Debbie: Tell me, doctor, what is real beauty?

Warren: *(After a slight pause)* It's not something you can see in a picture. It's inside. It's how you feel, how you reach out to people, how you're able to see inside others and bring out the best in them.

Debbie: *(She studies him for a minute)* Can you do that. . . see inside someone?

Warren: I wish I could. But, yeh, I try.

Debbie: You can't see inside me.

Warren: I don't know you that well. But I don't think you'd let me. I don't really think you want me to know you that well. I'm not sure you want anyone to know you that well.

Debbie: *(She sits down and rest against the wall.)* Wow. That hurt.

Warren: Sorry about that. I didn't know sochs could be hurt.

Debbie: They can. Everyone can hurt sometimes.

(A long pause.)

Debbie: I wish this stupid elevator would move.

Warren: *(Pulling out his handy knife with a Phillips screwdriver on it.)* Let me see if there's anything I can do. *(He takes off the panel, messes with some wires, and suddenly the doors open).*

Debbie: You did it. You fixed the thing, Maybe a nerd with the weird pocket knife isn't the jerk I though he was. Warren, you're pretty useful.

Warren: And maybe the prettiest sosh in school isn't the airhead I thought she was. I apologize for what I said earlier. *(A pause as they walk out of the elevator,)* Debbie, do you want to find out if you have the feelings I accused you of not having?

Debbie: This sounds like scary stuff. What are you suggesting?

Warren: I am on my way to a Care Center where my grandmother is staying. She conned me into playing Santa Claus for their annual Christmas

party. I'm on my way there now. Would you come along as my elf, my trusty assistant?

Debbie: I'm in my cheerleading outfit because we just finished a Pep Rally after school. I have to be at the game at 7.

Warren: We've got plenty of time. The party won't be long. Your cheerleading outfit is perfect. I'll get you a Santa's helper's hat and a pair of boots with pointed toes and you'll be a hit. We'll jump in my pickup and be back before the team starts warming up. I'll even buy you a hamburger on the way.

Debbie: Well . . .

Warren: If those old folks don't help you see inside people, nothing will. That's where you find real beauty, tucked away inside a body now confined to a wheel chair. But look at the eyes. The twinkle is there. Look at people's souls.

Debbie: You're serious, aren't you? You actually enjoy those old fogies, don't you?

Warren: Forget it. It was dumb idea. How did I ever get nerve enough to propose it?

Debbie: You know something, Warren? There's a lot of people who think I'm beautiful and wonderful to be with. But you're not one of them. You would really rather go a senior citizen's Christmas party than say, a party with my friends.

Warren: It's not a fair comparison. The senior citizens want me there and will even let me play Santa Claus. I have never been and never will be invited to a party with the most popular kids on campus. That's not my thing and I can do without it. I don't think I'm missing anything.

Debbie: I can't believe what I'm about to say. I will go and be your elf . . .

Warren: You will? You really will?

Debbie: On one condition: You have to come to a party we're having after the game tonight. . . in your Santa suit.

Warren: Hey, I admit I'm not the brightest guy in school . . .

Debbie: I'll bet you get straight A's.

Warren: But this kind of dumb isn't measured in grades. Here are all these "cool" kids – the cheerleaders, the athletes, the Mr. And Miss Cool's of this world, and I stroll in – in a Santa suit, mind you – and try to crash the party.

Debbie: True, Warren, you could come off as the biggest jerk in the world, but . . .

Warren: I can hardly wait. But?

Debbie You're in a Santa suit. They won't know who you are. They'll think you're one of them and welcome you. Everyone will be trying to guess who you are. You play the Santa thing to the hilt and you'll be the hit of the party. When they find out who you really are, it will blow them away. It will be too late to reject you.

Warren: This is the stupidest thing I have ever done in my life. But to get you to my grandmother's rest home . . . I'll do it.

Debbie: Merry Christmas, Warren.

Warren: Merry Christmas??? I hope so. I really hope so, Deb.

(Curtain)

Scene II

The scene is a care center with Santa in his chair, Debbie standing next to him, and the seniors, some in wheelchairs, sitting around a single round table.

Warren: Ho, ho, ho. Merry Christmas, everyone. Merry Christmas.

Hilda: That's Lois' boy, Warren. Isn't he good?

Eva: Very good, very good. I'm going to sit on his lap.

Hilda: Eva, you will embarrass the boy to death.

Eva: He'll love it. He's a young man. He needs to get used to beautiful women sitting on his lap. (*She uses her cane to hobble over and sit on Warren's lap.*)

Warren: Hello there, little girl. What do you want for Christmas?

Eva: A man!

Hilda: Eva!

Lois: (*Sitting by her grandson*) She wouldn't know what to do with a man if she had one, Santa.

Eva: It sure would be fun figuring it out.

Warren: Well, little girl, I'm not sure I could get both me and another man down the chimney. Is there anything else you'd like for Christmas?

Eva: A box of cigars.

Warren: A box of cigars?

Lois: You don't smoke, Eva.

Eva: I know, but with a good box of cigars, maybe I could get a few men to drop by once in a while.

Warren: Sounds like a good plan to me, young lady. I'll see what I can do.

Fred: Santa . . .

Warren: You want to sit on my lap, too, do you?

Fred: No, but your little elf there can sit on mine.

Warren: What is it with these people? They have a one track mind.

Debbie: (*Going over the sitting on Fred's lap*) Tell me what you want for Christmas, young man. And don't say a woman.

Fred: You have me figured out. You're a pretty smart elf.

Debbie: Santa warned us about you in the sleigh coming over here.

Fred: He didn't need to warn you about us. We're a pretty harmless bunch. All talk All we want is love.

Hilda: That's what she is worried about.

Fred: Naw, Hilda. *(to Debbie)* Get up honey. I'm too old to hold someone on my lap more than 16 seconds. Then I get a pain in my back.

Debbie: I'll be back when you're ready for another 16 seconds.

Fred: *(Standing, with the help of a cane)* I said all we need is love. Sometimes we leave our families to stay here because we need the medical attention that it would be impossible to get at home. But we still need love. We need our families visiting. They don't come by often enough, you know. We need nurses to stop and tease us a little once in a while. Sometimes they're too busy. Overworked and underpaid. But we need you and your boyfriend here coming down occasionally. They call this a Care Center. That's what we need. Someone to care.

Debbie: Santa is not my boyfriend.

Fred: *(Leaning over to her)* I hate to break this to you, dear, but most of us here don't think he's the real Santa. That Lois's grandson. You could do worse, you know.

Warren: *(embarrassed)* I think I hear Rudolph calling. It's time to go visit other good little boys and girls. *(He gets up.)*

Lois: Rudolph can wait, Warren. Go visit with the people while I talk with this young lady.

(Santa visits quietly with the other residents of the care center while Lois and Debbie talk.)

Debbie: Mrs. White, I'm not Warren's girl friend, you know. We just met today.

Lois: That's OK. By the way, I'm not Mrs. White. That's Warren's father's mother. I'm his mother's mother. My name is Lane.

Debbie: (*Trying to figure out if she's serious*) You're telling me your name really is Lois Lane?

Lois: You're quick. That's right. I dated Superman.

Debbie: Uh uhuh.

Lois: All right. I never dated Superman, but there were some pretty super men in my life.

Debbie: Am I too young for this story?

Lois: Story? My dear. . . we'll save that "story" for another time. I want you to know how lucky you are to be with Warren.

Debbie: Mrs. Lane. I told you, I'm not his date. I'm not going with Warren.

Lois: He comes to see me a least once a week. And he takes me to ball games.

Debbie: You like ball games?

Lois: I love'em. I was a cheerleader in high school.

Debbie: Does Warren know that?

Lois: I doubt it.

Debbie: He thinks cheerleaders are snobs.

Lois: Some of them are, Debbie. But so are some scientists. It takes all kinds. The best way to eliminate the snobs is for all of them – cheerleaders, scientists, athletes, computer geeks, whatever – to get to know each other, to appreciate each other.

Debbie: When you talk, your eyes sparkle. You believe that love makes the world go round, don't you?

Lois: With all my heart. And no one loves people in this world more than Warren does.

Debbie: He loves everyone. ..except the soshs.

Lois: What's a sosh?

Debbie: The social snobs, I guess. The popular kids at school.

Lois: He's not one of those, is he?

Debbie: With all respect, Mrs. Lane, he's a nerd.

Lois: I guess I'm not sure what a nerd is, but if Warren is one, we need more nerds in this world. I told you how often he visits me. He reads to me, calls me up, takes me to see exciting things he finds on his computer network.

Debbie: And you like that?

Lois: I just like being around him. He has a special quality about him. You see, Warren loves people. How many teenagers would play Santa for a bunch of senior citizens? Look at him chatting with them. They love him.

Debbie: I think you're right. Perhaps I misjudged him because he buttons the top button on his shirt and wears white socks. He looks like a nerd.

Lois: I never noticed. You know, one time he came down to see me and my roommate, Hilda, was crying. It was her 88th birthday and no one remembered.

Debbie: You're going to tell me he went out and got her flowers.

Lois: How did you know? He picked them in the flower beds out front. The staff was really mad at him until they found out why he was doing it. Then he talked a whole bunch of the staff into coming back to the room with him to sing Happy Birthday to Hilda. He said he didn't buy her a birthday cake because he didn't know it was her birthday. But he offered her a candy bar he had been carrying around in his pocket. It was all melted but she loved it. She bawled like a baby.

Debbie: Would you say he can see inside people?

Lois: Exactly. You see, Warren knows that when you can see inside to the soul of a person, you see beauty that no one else can find.

Debbie: Thank you.

Lois: For what?

Debbie: For teaching me to find inner beauty. Warren tried to teach me but I didn't understand. You're right. He's pretty special. *(She turns to him.)* Come on, Santa. We have other calls to make.

Lois: Come here, Santa, and give Grandma Lane a hug good bye. *(He hugs her. She speaks to him quietly.)* Warren, when you get out of that costume, I want you to unbutton the top button of your shirt, and here's ten dollars. Go buy yourself some dark socks.

Warren: What?

Lois: Just do it. And don't let this girl get away.

Warren: Grandma, please. This is the most popular girl in school. And you're telling me to not let her get away. Where does it say she's mine to not let get away. She's an elf, not my fiancée.

Fred: She should be.

Warren: *(Taking off his beard and hat.)* I'm sixteen. I'm not ready to get married.

Fred: I didn't say to marry her. Just ask her to marry you so she'll be available when you're ready.

Warren: I hardly know her.

Fred: Just take my word for it, son. She sat on my lap, you know. I know her quite well.

Hilda: Fred has never been right in all the times I've heard him give advice but he is this time. You ought to at least ask her to go steady.

Warren: Hey, did I write a letter asking all of you for advice? Why don't you say a word into the microphone?

Eva: OK. Where's the mic?

Warren: That's a figure of speech; there is no mic. You'd think I was calling Dr. Ruth

Lois: You're not supposed to know who Dr. Ruth is.

Warren: I don't. I read about her on the internet.

Lois: You may spend too much time on that computer.

Debbie: May I say something?

Hilda: Who are you?

Debbie: Santa's elf, remember?

Hilda: Oh yea. Right.

Debbie: Earlier this afternoon I met Warren when we were stuck in an elevator at school. It's the only elevator in the whole place and it stopped between floors with us in it. Neither of us was too thrilled about it. I decided he was a nerd.

Eva: What's a nerd?

Debbie: Never mind. Just trust me. Warren is a nerd. But he thinks I'm an airhead.

Warren: I didn't exactly say that.

Debbie: You said I was stuck up.

Warren: You are . . . were . . . a snob. But you're not an airhead.

Debbie: Thanks. May I go on?

Warren: You may have acted like one at times but I didn't say you were one.

Debbie: Are you quite through?

Lois: He is. If he interrupts again, we'll all sit on his lap, all at once.

Debbie: Anyway. He said I live in a different world, that my life revolves around a bunch of people incapable of seeing beyond their own little clique made up of people who think they're cool. They think no one is as pretty as they are. (*A pause. She looks at Warren*) He was right. He challenged me to come here to meet you, to see real beauty in action. He wanted me to meet people who can look inside each other and discover those things that may never make it to the surface without help. I felt you look inside me and bring out things I never knew were there. I have been pretty shallow. Thank you for ignoring the pretty person I may be to some people and finding the beautiful person I can become. Warren . . .

Warren: I can speak now?

Debbie: No. I am excusing you from your part of our bargain because I don't want to go to the party myself now.

Warren: But Debbie . . .

Debbie: Did I say you could speak?

Warren: Sorry.

Debbie: In your grandmother's day, a girl never asked a boy for a date. So she may not understand, but, Warren, I'd like to be your first date. Let's both skip the party and do something together. Please.

Warren: Gulp.

Debbie: All right, wise guy. You may speak now.

Warren: Gulp.

Fred: I don't think he can.

Lois: It's a date, isn't it, Warren?

Warren: Gulp!

Lois: That means Yes.

Debbie: *(She gives him a big hug)* Thank you, Mr. White.

Warren: You're welcome, I guess. *(The seniors applaud)* Where shall we go? What'll we do?

Debbie: Let's go for a walk in the park, dance under the stars, sing Christmas carols.

Warren: Is that what people do on dates?

Debbie: Does it matter what other people do on dates?

Warren: I'd like to ask for a second date.

Debbie: Wow, you really move fast.

Warren: On Christmas Eve, I'd like to wear the Santa suit, take my cute little elf with me, and deliver presents to grandkids of all the people who live here, not just those who came to our social today. They buy the presents and we deliver.

Debbie: I'd love to.

Warren: Merry Christmas to you all. And thank you so much. You're beautiful.

Debbie: I didn't even know what beauty was until I met them.

Warren: You know something? You were stunning before you met them but now . . .

Debbie: Now?

Warren: You kind of glow. You're gorgeous. Merry Christmas, Debra. This is going to be my best Christmas ever.

Curtain

Christmas on a City Bus

A Christmas play in one act

By Edgar E. Eaton

This play has fictional characters and this little bus ride never really happened. However, the lines of the bus driver, Al Oldham, were actually used day after day by a Seattle bus driver, Keith Newman. Credit must go to this wonderful real life character that was the inspiration for this play.

The cast of characters 5m 2w 5 short speaking parts that could be either men or women

Al Oldham	<i>Middle aged man</i>
University student	<i>College age student, University of Washington</i>
Second student	<i>College-age student. The students may be young men or women or both</i>
Older lady	<i>A lady in her seventies, had trouble with stairs</i>
Maughn Donnier	<i>Large, husky dock worker</i>
Varro Thomson	<i>County police officer</i>
George Murdock	<i>Short, older man</i>
Jose	
Maria	

Several customers from a local restaurant who form a choir with the students on the bus.

Christmas on a City Bus

Scene One

The scene is a city bus in Seattle. It is snowing outside. The bus can be represented by just chairs four across with an aisle down the middle. The bus driver should be in a larger chair. The characters are all bundled up for cold weather, snow, which is unusual in Seattle. The dialogue will explain that.

College student: Does this bus go to the university?

Al: This bus never got out of the second grade. *(His smile invites the student aboard)*

Maughn: *(To the student as he gets on board)* Al does that to all new riders. The bus heads down Third away from the University until we get to Yesler. Then we turn left on Yesler for a block and left again so we head back to the University on Fourth. It's confusing to people who want to go to the U Dub to get on a bus going away from the school.

Student: This is the last day of Fall Quarter finals. I'm confused enough without trying to figure out the bus route.

The bus makes another stop to pick up a student. This is indicated by the passengers swaying in unison to indicate bus movement.

Second student: Do you go to the university?

Al: Naw, I went there for ten years but Metro gave me a job and I've been driving bus ever since.

Second student: *(Sitting next to the other student)* I have never seen snow like this in Seattle. Traffic is snarled all over the place. Northwest drivers don't know how to drive in snow.

Varro: Doesn't bother Al. He learned to drive in New York and he's used to snow in December.

Al: I remember the time . . .

Georg: Save it, Al. You keep your mind on the road in this weather and don't tell any of those "I remember the time" stories.

(The bus stops again to pick up an older lady)

Lady: Does this bus go to the University?

Al: Is the Pope Polish?

(The lady is puzzled and doesn't know whether to get on or not.)

Varro: Yes, lady, the Pope is Polish. That means get on the bus and close the door. We're freezing in here. *(He offers her a helping hand. She takes an empty seat. Varro goes back to his seat.)*

Al: For youse guys who don't them, Maughn, Varro, and Georg are the three wise guys. They ride this bus every day and tell me where to go if I forget. Sometimes they tell me where to go when I remember. Don't tell them I said this, but three better guys youse will never meet.

(They stand and take a bow, but nearly fall over, trying to stand while the bus is moving.)

Varro: I remember once when somebody asked Al if this bus went to the university and he got out and walked to the front of the bus, looked at the sign on the front of the bus for a minute, got back in and said, "Yep, that's what the sign says."

Maughn: How can you remember that? That was last summer. You can't remember what you had for breakfast.

Varro: Remember? I got a mind like a steel trap. Snap! Once it takes hold, nothin' gets loose.

Georg: Snap? I think it snapped a long time ago.

Varro: Look who's talking. You can't even remember your wife's birthday. You probably can't remember your birthday.

(The bus stop again, but not for students. A man and wife get on. They are not dressed for the cool temperatures. They speak broken English. They are from Mexico.)

Jose: How much?

Al: Depends on how far you're going, how many zones we cross.

Jose: We don't know. We're just getting out of the weather.

Al: What? You don't know where you are going.

Jose: No, couldn't we just ride the bus for a while? I have two dollars. *(He starts counting his change.)*

Al: Sure. Keep your money for now. You pay when you get off *(Jose looks confused.)* Don't worry about it. It'll be less than two bucks.

Jose: *(He breaks into a big smile)* I'm Jose. This is my wife, Maria. She is heavy with child.

Al: When . . . is she .ah . . . ?

Jose: Any day now. Any day.

Georg: *(Jumping up)* Here. She can have my seat.

Maughn and Varro: *(almost in unison, jumping up)* She can have mine.

Jose: Gracious! *(They sit down in the seats closest to them.)*

Al: That was nice of you guys but, with this weather, this ain't one of our busier days. There are plenty of seats on the bus.

Georg: Where are you staying?

Jose: We were going to stay with friends on Capitol Hill. But we didn't tell them we were coming. We wanted it to be a surprise. But they are gone for the holidays. So we've been looking for a room downtown. Nothing is available. There is no room.

(Just then the bus comes to a stop, indicated by everyone leaning forward suddenly at the same time.)

George: What happened?

Varro: Al, this ain't no bus stop.

Maughn: We're in the middle of the block.

Al: It's an accident. A car skidded into a delivery truck and they're blocking the way. Wow. There goes another car skidding on the ice and into the truck.

(We hear the sound of crunching metal.)

First student: *Can we back up?*

Al: You kidding? We're locked in. Make yourselves comfortable. We're not going to be moving for a while.

Varro: You heard about the cross-eyed teacher who couldn't keep his pupils straight?

Maughn: Varro!

Varro: Just trying to break the tension.

Maughn: Can't you sing instead?

Georg: Something like "Far, Far Away on Judea's Plain." *(He settles back to take a nap.)*

(Passengers visit, look over papers, pass the time until a scream is heard)

Maria: Jose. Help.

Jose: What is it? Maria, what is it?

Maria: It's time. The baby.

Georg: A baby. A baby here? You gotta be kidding.

(She lets out a muffled cry, leaning into Jose's shoulder.)

Jose: Can you get us to a hospital?

Al: I wish I could help, but I'm afraid we're going nowhere. Maughn, see if you can get off the bus and find us some hot water and towels.

(Maughn hurries off the bus, then off stage. Georg and Varro fall over each other trying to help Maria.)

Varro: Take my coat. Put it over Maria.

Georg: Mine, too.

Jose: Gracias. *(He takes the coats and tries to make his wife more comfortable)*

(We hear police sirens, traffic noise All the people on the bus try to help. Maughn comes back with towels and water. The lights dim and come up.)

Scene Two

Two hours later. The baby has been born and Jose holds his newborn infant. He hands him to Maria. Several of the customers from the local restaurant arrive at the bus and admire the baby.

Restaurant customer: He's beautiful, just beautiful.

Another customer: I feel like a shepherd being guided to a stable on Christmas Eve. I feel we should be singing.

Maria: That would be nice.

Third customer: But we're not a choir.

Maria: You are to me.

First student: We'll join you.

(They sing "Away in a Manger")

Voice of policeman: *(Outside the bus)* Hey, Mac. Get that bus outta here. The traffic is moving now.

(The customers leave the bus. The others move to their seats.)

Al: Right. Grab a seat folks. *(Sound of bus engine starting.)* And you guys say nothing ever happens on my bus.

Maughn: I didn't say that. Did you say that, Georg?

Georg: No, Did you, Varro? *(They turn and look and Varro is curled up asleep in the back of the bus.)*

Maughn: Just a typical, peaceful Seattle Christmas.

Al: Yea, right. Merry Christmas everyone.

ALL: Merry Christmas, Al.