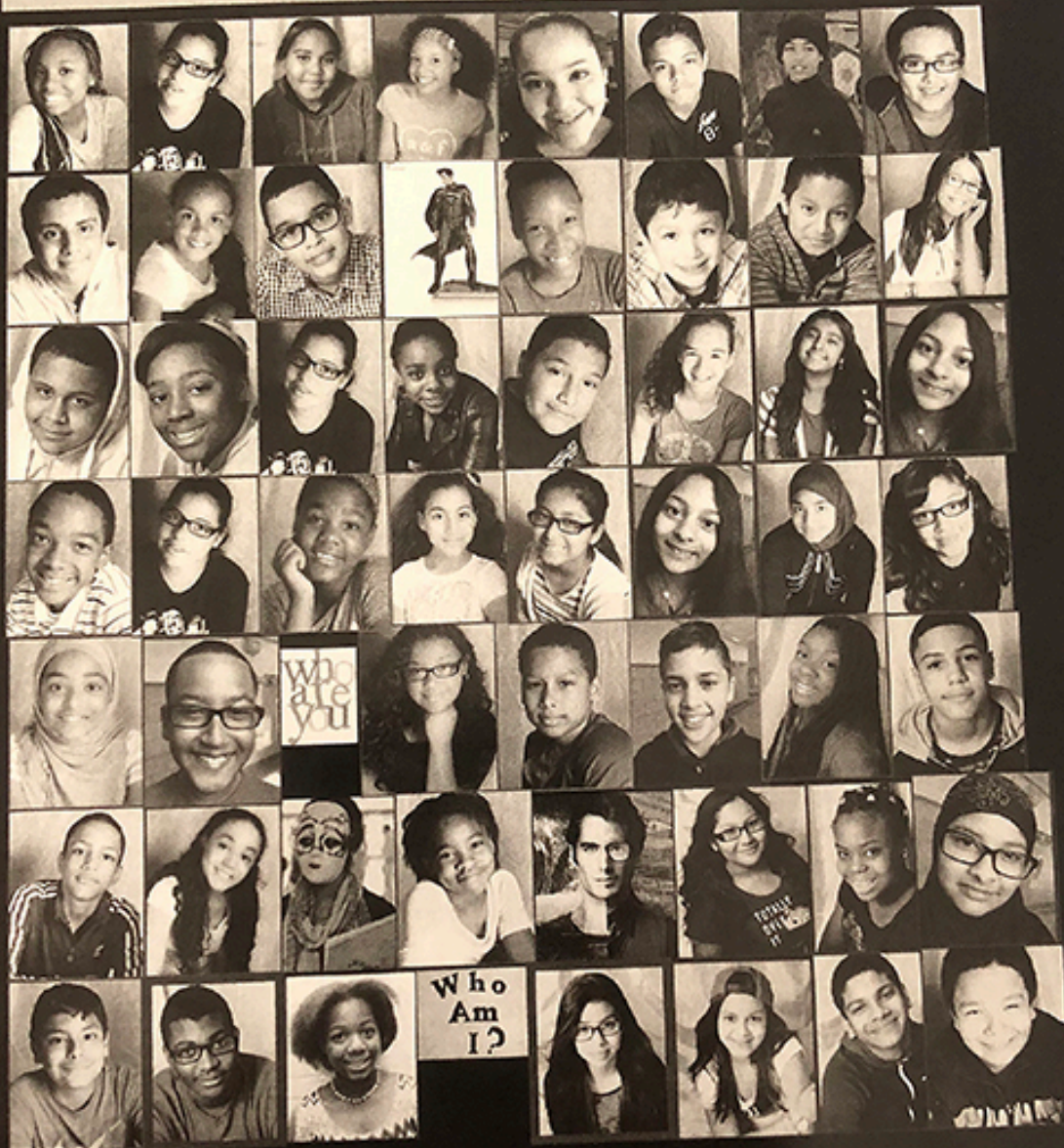


# PLAYBILL

A Read Aloud play



# IDENTITIES

The Sensational, Sassy Sixth grade Squad of School #5 Superstars  
Paterson Public School #5, 430 Totowa Avenue, Paterson, NJ 07502

# IDENTITIES

Based on

“Eleven”

by Sandra Cisneros

&

The Fourth Stall

By Chris Rylander

&

Chicken Soup for the Soul:

Just for Pre-Teens

By Jack Canfield, Mark Victor Hansen and Amy Newmark  
(*various excerpts*)

A “Read Aloud Play”

Script Adaptation

by

Mrs. Wilson-Redmond

6<sup>th</sup> Grade IFL Unit 4<sup>th</sup> Marking Period

**Theme: Identity**

**Narrator 1:** *(scene is a flash forward)* As the curtain rises... it's finally SPRING and the students are back on the playground of Dove Elementary/Middle School in Patersonia, California... instead of being cooped up in the cafeteria. A wildly chaotic scene is unfolding and everyone is running around in clusters of friends, talking, tussling and toying with hairstyles and lipstick before school begins. Everyone is speaking with someone. All **except** one girl. She is standing wearing a bright purple outfit - her favorite color - with a red bow in her hair and a purple mask representing a metaphor for her true identity.

She seems lost in her own thoughts ...like something very special is on her mind. But the question is...what?

**Narrator 2:** She is daydreaming. It is almost as if a party was going on in her head and she was the only one invited. She was oblivious to the series of vignettes of different kids laughing and playing together.

**Narrator 3:** There... in the center of the playground... were several different groups of kids. All having different conversations.

### **Vignette #1**

**music:** Take the Lead, Jennifer Lopez

**Noah:** What's up, Jackie? Did you hear about what Mariana said about what Meghan did when I went to the dance with Meghan's cousin?

**Jackie:** Hey hey... NO, I didn't hear about it ...What did Mariana say about what Meghan did when you went to the dance with Meghan's cousin?

**Noah:** It was kinda fun, but she was really annoying like Meghan. You could tell that she was REEEEEAAALy over protected 'cause her big brothers crashed the 6<sup>th</sup> grade dance. It was so ridiculous for them to be there.

**Jackie:** Well, she just came to this country from the Dominican Republic and she doesn't speak English at ALL, so I

and still mess with those newbies EVERY morning!  
(she roars with laughter)

**Random High Schooler:** (*yelling out at The Graffiti Ninja from a slow moving car*) Hey SKYLAR, why don't you pick on someone your own size? Huh? (*roaring with laughter*) GROW UP and get off the middle school playground...Get to your own high school homeroom.

(*The Graffiti Ninja's face drops to a dull frown as scene ends*)

music: "Do My Thing," Bruno Mars

(*Graffiti Ninja steps back as Jada steps forward into the spotlight*)

**Jada:** School itself wasn't my enemy. No, the enemy existed in the crowds of kids who didn't care about me, the teachers with too many students to pay me much attention, the students who left me to play alone, here, on the playground. I would walk through the halls of the school as my "peers" bumped me, passing by in their cliques, and I would be alone.

My trials at school began a journey for me.

**Destination?** (*voice raises in inflection then a pause*)

**True identity.** I always knew that I was more than just a wallflower. While there is certainly nothing wrong with being nice and smart, I know now that I am designed to bloom and be more than just an ordinary flower.

music: "I Will Survive," Rerecorded Gloria Gaynor

(*Jada steps back as Alexandra steps forward into the spotlight*)

**Alexandra:** What's my name, who am I?  
Why don't I feel I belong?  
Why are there pimples on my face?  
Why are my legs so long?

Why are the boys still shorter than me,  
And why am I so tall?  
When will I understand these things?  
Maybe sometime next Fall?

Unfortunately, it's hard for me to imagine having straight teeth and contact lenses in my future or imagine becoming a beautiful swan.

music: Identity, Lecrae

*(Isabella steps back as Staples steps forward into the spotlight)*

**Staples:** Other than my neat appearance, everybody considered me a monster. I am huger than huge, like the human version of a grizzly bear crossed with **that** shark from JAWS and a giant troll. And despite my dress clothes and smiling face, I still look mean enough to eat little kittens and puppies like they were fruit snacks. My eyes brag of **inhuman** intelligence. They are sharp, as if just a glance could gash your cheek like a razor blade. I am definitely still a teenager, but in the right lighting I could pass for 22. My confidence makes these middle school kids nervous, which is why ...I **like** to hang out on the playground. It makes me feel **POWERFUL!**

music: "Basketball," Lil' Bow Wow

*(Staples steps back as Christian steps forward into the spotlight)*

**Christian:** Two seconds were left on the clock. We were down by one point, and I was at the free throw line. If I made the first shot. I would take a second shot. If we lost, *(pause)* we were out. *(pause)*  
It was the playoffs.  
Elimination style!

I started playing basketball in the fifth grade. This year, I'm in the sixth grade and I have always played hard. I am not a natural athlete, but I like basketball. I practice outside for hours and hours, days and days and my shot has become very good. I hustle and play as hard as I possibly can every game.

So this was my moment. I had the ball in my hand, all eyes on me. I was a good free throw shooter. I'd practiced a thousand times.

But on that day...on that shot...I missed. *(pause)* The season was over. *(pause)* We were out.

Here comes Grace. Yo she is always lyin'!  
I wish she knew that I would be her friend  
regardless of all that stuff she makes up.

**Grace:** *(exhaling, loudly)* I'm sooooo tired. My mom and I got a call late last night from Disney. *(waiting for a response)* Now I have an audition and I have to remember **ALL my lines**, and manage to stay on the honor roll, making straight A's.

Plus my modeling career is taking off.

I really don't know which career path to choose.

*(Sophia looks out to the audience with a look of exasperation)*

**Sophia:** Sure, Grace. ...whatever you say.  
*(rolling her eyes)*

**Mr. Rivera:** *(blows whistle)* Yo, everybody...LINE UP! ALL BALLS AWAY!!

**Principal Murphy:** All students and teachers ...please report to your designated areas. Thank you.

music: "GDFR," Flo Rida (feat. Sage the Gemini)

## **Scene 2**

*(Outside on Dove Elementary/Middle School playground before school)*

**Narrator 4:** There were seven boys and *just* two girls... each more dangerous than the last. Here's all you need to know about them. Each one of them carries the ability to beat a person senseless in one way or another in less than a second.

*(Nubby, the first bully, enters the stage.)*

**Nubby:** *(standing proudly, almost defiantly)* Hey...I kinda stick out 'cause I'm, by far, the biggest of the bunch. I am a seventh grader and the kind of bully who picks on other kids to avoid being bullied myself. I'm a believer in the old saying, "the best defense is a good offense." Yuh know that's what coaches are always talkin' about...

**Krissy:** Well, "they" (*making air quotes*) say his hand is really messed up. Like his left hand is really messed up. Like his left hand has only nubs for fingers.

**Jamie:** (*genuinely surprised*) Really? YUCK! How'd it happen?

**Krissy:** Well... it was some horrible accident. But nobody really knows for sure what the details were.

**Jamie:** (*glancing over to where Nubby was standing still harassing Jimmy*)

...That must be why they call him, Nubby...Yuh know nubs, nubs of fingers...Nubby

(*both break into laughter*)

(*A guy named Paul walks over to where Jamie and Krissy are standing*)

**Paul:** What's up, girlies?

**Krissy and Jamie** (*in unison and almost sing-song-y*):  
Hey Paul! What's up?

**Paul:** Hey Listen, I heard you talking about that big Bully...Nubby. Ya know 'they' say (*making a gesture of air quotations with his fingers*) he lost the fingers in a horrible petting zoo mishap, but yuh know somethin'?

**Krissy and Jamie:** (*in unison, in a sing-song -y voice*) What??

**Paul:** ...Nobody seems to know for sure if that is actually true and yuh know something else?

**Krissy and Jamie :** (*in unison, in a sing-song -y voice*) Whaaaat, Paul?

**Paula:** Nubby is definitely an easy target for teasing, but he happens to be bigger than the other kids...(pause) AND I heard his father beats him up pretty bad all the time.

**Jamie:** Yeah...so instead of being nice and getting picked on, he's mean and quick to club kids over the head with his fingerless mallet of a hand anytime he wants.

(*Emile walks up on the group*)

**Emile, Jamie & Krissy:** (*in unison*)  
Everybody even looks at him funny!

**Beth:**

*(frightened and shaken)* But it's triply terrifying considering that her signature move, which she performed on me one day last year, is a bite SOOO HARD *(said with emphasis)* ...it could snap a man clean in half if her mouth were big enough. And it isn't too far off. Sometimes if you look at her right before she's about to strike, her face is all mouth and nothing else.

**Snapper:**

*(addressing the audience)* Well, I'm not so different. Lots of little girls are biters. But people say I'm an especially talented biter... And if I don't get my way, I strike hard and fast. Here's how it usually goes...once my iron jaws are clamped around whatever appendage I'm close to, you can pretty much kiss it goodbye until either several teachers are able to pry open my jaws or I simply get tired of making you beg for mercy.

The thing is.... the worse part about my bite and perhaps what makes it super deadly is that when you struggle... it only makes me bite harder.

**Narrator 4:**

Word on the street is that one kid even was poking Snapper in the eyes and pulling her hair so hard we all thought she would soon be bald, but all that did was make her bite so hard she broke the skin and the kid ended up with an infected arm for three months.

*(gesturing toward the Dove School's playground)*  
Let me introduce you to the rest of the Band of Bullies: Little Paul... 'The Hutt' ...Kevin... iBully...Great White... PrepSchool...and my personal favorite... 'Kitten.'

**Narrator 3:**

The bullies come in all shapes, sizes and grade levels. The one thing all of them have in common is that they secretly want to be liked.

music:

"Mama Said Knock You Out," LL Cool J

## **Scene 4**

*(Outside on the Dove Elementary/Middle School playground before school)*

snacks, because so few kids could afford to buy that stuff anymore.

*(Kevin enters the spotlight as The Hutt leaves the stage.)*

**Kevin:** Yeah, I am tall, big and I like to make kids miserable. I'm a lunch money guy. I really thrive on lunch money the way zombies thrive on brains. I've gotten so good at taking lunch money that I rarely have to beat anybody up anymore. Kids basically just throw their quarters at my feet as I walk by them in the halls.

**Narrator 1:** Now introducing...iBully. Now iBully is a tall fifth grader who weighs about sixty pounds pure skin and bone... with oily hair.

*(iBully enters the spotlight and Kevin leaves the stage.)*

**iBully:** I am what you would call a computer or cyber bully. I don't get out much, literally, outside, yuh know with sunshine, fresh air, etcetera. I guess that's why my skin is so pale.

Anyway, I am a master at hacking kids' email and Facebook accounts while wreaking havoc on their personal lives. I log in and send nasty emails to their best friends. I write inappropriate messages on teachers' blogs and Facebook walls and Twitter accounts.

One time I even sent a horrible message to the President of the United States from this one kid's account, and these dudes in black suits showed up in dark SUVs with tinted windows and escorted the kid out of school. The kid came back three days later and he hasn't spoken a word since. *(pause)* Not one.

*(Great White enters the spotlight as iBully leaves the stage)*

**Narrator 2:** And heeere's Great White! Great White is a shark, just like his name might make you think. But really people call him Great White because he has super pale skin, white hair and freaky whitish blue eyes. Great White moved to America because he was kicked out of darn near all the schools in England.

**Narrator 3:** A lot of girls are pretty jealous of her and I guess that's probably why everybody believes what she says about the other kids all the time. So enough about her, let's look at our last but not least bully...Kitten

*(Kitten enters the spotlight as PrepSchool leaves the stage)*

**Narrator 2:** Kitten is BY FAR the king of the bullies at Dove Elementary/Middle School. Actually he is the king of everybody. No one messes with Kitten. But the truth is, he doesn't cause a lot of problems either. Let's hear what he has to say...

**Kitten:** I am Kitten and I got my nickname because I look like a kitten. Well, not really, like with fur and stuff, but you know, metaphorically or whatever. People say I have a real nice look with neat, short and perfectly parted hair. I always wear sweaters and collared shirts and I have big kind eyes. I am really little and meek and I'm actually one of the smallest 6<sup>th</sup> graders in the school. My voice is real high and soft, like I might start crying at any moment.

**Narrator 4:** He looks and acts like the biggest mama's boy in the whole state. How can he be the top bully?

**Kitten:** Well, I AM A PSYCHOPATH, pure and simple. I look like an angel, but if you get on my bad side, I'll GO NUTS!! I use weapons and teeth and fingernails. Check this out...  
One time in math class I did something with a compass that would get most people arrested. Another time I wrote all over some guy's brand-new WHITE basketball shoes with a black Magic Marker.

**Narrator 2:** He's CRAZY and everybody knows it...

**Kitten:** ...So they leave me alone and listen to what I say!

**Narrator 1:** The thing about Kitten is that he only bullies if someone else starts it. He never picks on innocent kids for no reason. He isn't a mean guy. Just INSANE!!!!

**Marianna:** Give me your lunch money...

**Narrator 1:** A young girl is standing in the middle of a circle of girls who are taunting her and calling her names. One of the bullies finally taking Isabella's book bag and throwing it on the playground concrete.

**Meghan:** You are so ugly, you made my little brother cry.  
*(the group of bullies breaks out into laughter)*  
Hey everybody listen to this one.  
*(turning to address Isabella)*  
Hey, Isabella, I saw your Mama kickin' a can. What was she doing?

**Sophia:** MOVIN...  
*(the group of bullies breaks out into laughter)*

**Isabella:** *(trying to find the words, she turns to the group of bullies)*  
I never did anything to you. Why don't you leave me alone? Ever since we were in the 1<sup>st</sup> grade, you have been bothering me and you have been mean to me.

*(Isabella begins to cry and plead with the group)*

Now that we are all 11 years old, can't we just be friends...PLEEEEEAAASE?

*(softly playing War's, "Why Can't We Be Friends" plays in the background)*

**The Bullies** *(in unison and in a mocking way)* WHY CAN'T WE BE FRIENDS??... WHY CAN'T WE BE FRIENDS??... WHY CAN'T WE BE FRIENDS??... WHY CAN'T WE BE FRIENDS??...

*(Isabella snatches up her book bag and runs off stage as bullies continue to mock and taunt her)*

music: Mean Girls/Happy Birthday *(Stevie Wonder)*

## **Scene 6**

*(Inside Rachel's Bedroom)*

**Setting:** **Inside Rachel's bedroom**  
*(soft music playing in the background, "Fifteen" by Taylor Swift)*

days you might need to sit of your Mama's lap because you are scared, and that's the part of you that's five. (*Rachel @ 5 comes on the set and waves but then leaves*) And maybe one day, when you're all grown up maybe you'll need to cry like if you were three (*Rachel @ 3 comes on the set, waves and then leaves*), and that's okay.

(*turning to Angel*)

And that's what I tell Mama when she's sad and needs to cry. I tell her, "Mama, maybe you are feeling three."

Because the way you grow old is kind of like an onion or like the rings inside a tree trunk or like my little wooden dolls that fit one inside the other, each year inside the next one. That's how being eleven years old is.

**Rachel's Mom:** (*entering stage left, singing*)

Happy birthday to ya, Happy Birthday to ya, Happy BIRTH DAAAAY, sweetheart!

(*to the tune of "Happy Birthday" by Stevie Wonder*)

How does it feel to be eleven, darlin'?

(*smiling*)

(*Rachel's Dad enters*)

**Rachel's Dad:** Good morning, princess and Happy birthday.

**Rachel:** (*looking shy and embarrassed, but smiling*)

Thanks, Mama! Thanks, Papa!

Papa...Can we go now? I don't want to be late for school. I'm hoping to have a really great day!

**Rachel's Dad:** Yes, honey, I'm sure you will! And after school we will be showing you lots of love for your big Golden birthday, so don't forget...Who loves you, baby girl?

**Rachel:** I know...I know...you do, Papa. I won't forget. Now can we get to school? I don't want to be late.

**Narrator 2:** What Rachel DIDN'T (*with emphasis*) know was that *her* day was not going to be the day she was expecting...

## Scene 8

*(Inside Mrs. Price's Math Classroom)*

- Narrator 1:** School has begun. Rachel and Sam are sitting in Mrs. Price's classroom, surrounded by their 6<sup>th</sup> grade class awaiting instruction.
- Rachel:** *(talking to the audience)*  
As I was saying ...  
...And you don't feel 'smart eleven,' not until you're almost twelve. That's the way it is....Only today.. I wish I didn't have only eleven years rattling inside me like pennies in a tin Band-Aid box. Today... I wish I was one hundred and two instead of eleven because if I was one hundred and two, I'd have known what to say when Mrs. Price put the red sweater on my desk. I would've known how to tell her it wasn't mine instead of just sitting there with that look on my face and nothing coming out of my mouth.
- Mrs. Price:** *(holding up the sweater, asking)*  
Whose is this?  
*(She holds the sweater up in the air for all the class to see...gesturing)*  
Whose? It's been sitting in the coatroom for months.
- The Class:** Not MINE! *(everyone says randomly around the room)*  
Not MINE!
- Narrator 2:** Mrs. Price keeps asking, but nobody can remember. She persists. It's an ugly *(emphasis on the word 'ugly')* sweater.
- Mrs. Price:** *(still holding up the sweater, asking)*  
It has to belong to somebody.
- Isabella:** *(talking to Rachel)*  
That sure is an ugly sweater ...I can't believe anyone would want to claim THAT ugly sweater.  
*(laughing)*
- Rachel:** Yea, it's an ugly sweater with red plastic buttons and a collar and sleeves all stretched out like you could use it for a jump rope. *(they snicker, quietly)* It's maybe a thousand years old...

**Rachel @ 3 years:** I don't know why, but all of a sudden, I'm feeling sick inside, like the part of me that's three wants to come out my eyes, only I squeeze them shut tight and bite down on my teeth really hard...

**Rachel:** ...and try to remember today I am eleven, ELEVEN. Mama is making a cake for me tonight, and when Papa comes home, everybody will sing Happy birthday, happy birthday to you.

**Narrator 4:** But when Rachel's sick feeling goes away and she opens her eyes, the red sweater's still sitting there like a big red mountain. She moves the red sweater to the corner of her desk with her ruler. Then she moves her pencil and books and eraser as far from it as possible. She even moves her chair a little to the right as she mumbles quietly to herself...

**Rachel:** (*mumbling*) not mine...not mine...not mine...

(*a long pause and then Rachel continues*)

In my head... I'm thinking. How long 'til lunchtime? How long 'til I can take the red sweater and throw it over the school yard fence, OR even leave it hanging on a parking meter, OR bunch it up into a little ball and toss it in the alley.

Except that's when math period ends...

And Mrs. Price says out loud and in front of everybody,

(*Mrs. Price enters...*)

**Mrs. Price:** Now Rachel, that's enough...

**Rachel:** (*to audience*) ...because she sees I've shoved the red sweater to the tippy-tip corner of my desk and it's hanging all over the edge like a waterfall, but I don't care.

(*Suddenly, Rachel is startled out of her day-dreamy state by the sound of Mrs. Price's voice.*)

**Mrs. Price:** RACHEL!!!!!!!!!!!!

**Rachel:** (*to audience*) She's says it like she is getting mad.

**Mrs. Price:** You put that sweater on right now and...  
NO MORE NONSENSE!

**Phyllis Lopez:** OH! I remember now...that's MY sweater!

**Narrator 4:** Rachel takes the sweater off right away and gives it to her, only Mrs. Price pretends like everything is okay!

**Rachel:** Today, I'm eleven. There's a cake Mama's making for me tonight, and when Papa comes home from work, we'll eat it!

There'll be candles and presents and everybody will sing, "Happy Birthday, Happy Birthday to you, Rachel!"

...only ...it's too late. *(music begins to play softly as scene ends)*

music: "See you Again", Wiz Khalifa & Iggy Azalea (feat. Charlie Puth)

### **Scene 9**

**Rachel:** I'm eleven today. I'm eleven...and ...*(stays standing)*

**Rachel @ 10:** *(stand)* TEN... *(then sit right back down)*

**Rachel @ 9:** *(stand)* and NINE *(then sit right back down)*

**Rachel @ 8:** *(stand)* and EIGHT *(then sit right back down)*

**Rachel @ 7:** *(stand)* and SEVEN *(then sit right back down)*

**Rachel @ 6:** *(stand)* and SIX *(then sit right back down)*

**Rachel @ 5:** *(stand)* and FIVE *(then sit right back down)*

**Rachel @ 4:** *(stand)* and FOUR *(then sit right back down)*

**Rachel @ 3:** *(stand)* and THREE *(then sit right back down)*

**Rachel @ 2:** *(stand)* and TWO *(then sit right back down)*

**Rachel @ 1:** *(stand)* ...and ONE! *(then sit right back down)*

**Rachel:** ...but TODAY...RIGHT NOW..I wish I was a hundred and two. I wish I was **anything** but eleven, because I want today to be far away already, far away like a runaway balloon, like a tiny 'o' in the sky, so teeny-tiny you have to close your eyes to see it.