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*Dramatic Publishing*



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# What I Wanted to Say

**Comedy/Drama by  
Saint Bede Academy  
Genesians**



# What I Wanted to Say

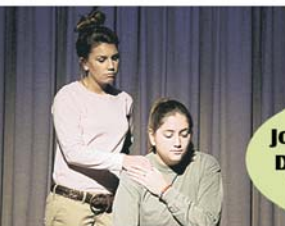
Comedy/Drama. By Saint Bede Academy Genesians:

Fr. Dominic  
Garramone, OSB

Kelsey Alig  
Abby Derix  
Joe Montez

Josh Margowski  
Dino Gualandri  
Brian Kusek

Annie Dumyahn  
RC Schultz  
Marisa Serafini



*Cast: 3 to 8m., 4 to 12w.* Written by a group of high-school students over the course of nine months, *What I Wanted to Say* is a series of scenes exploring the common human experience of wanting to say one thing and saying something else, or saying nothing at all. Each vignette is complete in itself, exploring a different situation: a father is unable to communicate his pride and love to his son who is going off to college; a teacher corrects students kindly and gently, but expresses her true feelings to the chalkboard through gritted teeth; teens comment on the fashions of others but secretly feel differently about what they are seeing; three abused children express what they wish they could say to their abusers; and much more. Ten scenes in a variety of styles yield a show that is touching, funny, sad and inspiring all at once. Excellent material for high-school actors with different levels of acting experience. *Simple staging and lighting. Approximate running time: 50 minutes.*

Cover photos: Saint Bede Academy, Peru, Ill. *Photos by Fr. Dominic Garramone, OSB.*

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What I Wanted to Say

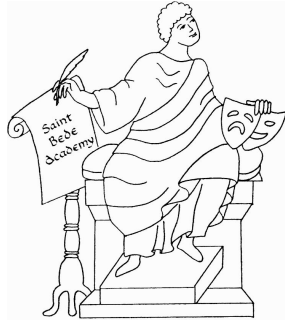
Saint Bede Academy Genesians

Dramatic Publishing



# What I Wanted to Say

By the Genesisius Project of  
Saint Bede Academy



*Design by Fr. Dominic Garramone, OSB*

Genesisians:

Fr. Dominic Garramone, OSB, Josh Margowski,  
Dino Gualandri, Brian Kusek, Annie Dumyahn,  
RC Schultz, Marisa Serafini, Kelsey Alig,  
Abby Derix and Joe Montez



**Dramatic Publishing**

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*What I Wanted to Say* premiered November 16, 2007, at Saint Bede Academy, Peru, Illinois, with the following cast and crew:

OFF TO COLLEGE

Dad . . . . . Kevin Rosenberg  
Mom . . . . . Megan Santman  
Son . . . . . Brian Kusek

CHALKBOARD THERAPY

Teacher . . . . . Maggie Lenac

MALL SURVIVAL

Mean Girl . . . . . Kelsey Alig  
Follower . . . . . Marisa Serafini  
Wannabe . . . . . Abby Derix

A HUSBAND EXPLAINS IT ALL

Narrator . . . . . Andrew Loebach  
Husband . . . . . Matt Hunt

11.9 PER THOUSAND

Amy . . . . . Rachel Struna  
Kate . . . . . Shelby McClenning  
Nathan . . . . . Andrew Loebach

SCHOOL NURSE

Girl . . . . . Kelsey Sondgeroth  
Nurse . . . . . Kelsey Alig

LITTLE LEAGUE

Dad . . . . . Daniel Uher  
Mom . . . . . Chase Leynaud  
Son . . . . . Pierce Ganassin

BEDSIDE CONFESSION

Woman . . . . . Anna Marini  
Sister . . . . . Chase Leynaud

I WANTED TO SAY I LOVE YOU

Ensemble

Director . . . . . Fr. Dominic Garramone, OSB  
Assistant Director . . . . . RC Schultz  
Light Board . . . . . Andrew Loebach  
Sound Board . . . . . Christopher Jacobsen

# What I Wanted to Say

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Ensemble	

## Off to College

SON

DAD

MOM

*(Lights up on SON waiting outside of dorm building. He is fidgeting a bit, but not from impatience, just from the excitement of the first day at college. DAD enters from direction of dorm, carrying a stack of cardboard boxes.)*

DAD. That's the last of it. We'll have to take these back with us—the Dumpsters are already full. Did you find your cell phone?

SON. Yeah, it was between the seats. Must've slipped out of my pocket.

DAD. As much crap as you had crammed in that car I can't believe anything could've moved.

SON. Where's Mom?

DAD. Probably bugging your dorm room. *(They both laugh.)*

SON. Either that or bribing the R.A. to spy on me.

DAD. Just make sure you use that cell phone to call *home* and she'll be fine.

SON. I will.

DAD. I remember when we sent you to football camp the first time: she cried and moped around the house for days. So make sure you call her a couple of times the

first week. Pretend you forgot something. I don't want her all weepy until Thanksgiving, she'll drive me nuts. Oh, and here— (*taking money out of wallet*) don't forget her birthday on the 28<sup>th</sup>. Send some flowers or something.

SON. Dad, you don't have to...

DAD. Just take it.

SON (*takes money*). Okay. I'll remember, thanks. And, Dad? Thanks for everything else you and...

DAD (*not looking at him, cutting him off*). Nice-looking campus. Your dorm looks OK, too.

SON. It's not exactly new, but at least it's close to the Student Union. (*Points out building.*) That's where we eat.

DAD. Where's the library from here?

SON. I'm not sure. (*Gestures vaguely.*) Over that way, I think.

DAD (*pointing*) And what's that big building there?

SON. Powers Hall. (*Smiles.*) Girls' dorm.

DAD. So you already know where to find lunch and girls, but you don't know where the library is.

SON. Dad, gimme a break! I just got here!

DAD. Yeah, so just remember *how* you got here—hittin' the books instead of the broads.

SON. Dad!

DAD. I'm just sayin'...

(*MOM enters from direction of dorm.*)

MOM. There you are! (*Hands SON a set of two keys.*) Here's your keys. I locked your room. (*Stage whisper.*) I didn't like the look of some of the boys on your floor. You be careful.

SON. Mom...

DAD. She's right, son. You're not in Avery anymore, where you can leave the door unlocked and the keys in the ignition. You watch your back.

SON (*sullen*). I will.

MOM (*always sensitive to his feelings and sympathetic*).

We don't want to spoil your first day at college, honey. We just want you to be safe.

SON. I know, Mom.

MOM. Now I checked with the R.A. and he says there's a complete clinic right on campus, so if that knee gives you any trouble you go straight there and let them take a look at it. I put all your clothes away just like you like them at home, and I made the bed. I'm going to send you a mattress pad—God knows what's been spilled on that bed. Your books are on the desk and I pinned your schedule to the bulletin board. All the emergency numbers are posted by the phone already— isn't that nice of them? Oh, the kitchenette on the third floor is *filthy* so don't cook anything in there, just use that little microwave Dr. Ferlman gave you for graduation. Oh, speaking of food, I met your roommate Matt in the elevator. (*MOM's lines begin to fade as DAD steps into the spotlight.*) I found out he's allergic to peanuts so I'll have to send sugar cookies or chocolate chip. I know peanut butter's your favorite, but I don't want to... (*MOM and SON freeze.*)

DAD (*looking in the direction of his son*). I wish I could I tell you how I feel.

The day you were born, I thought you were most beautiful thing I ever seen. I was afraid to hold you, like I was

gonna break you or something. It was nine months before I let your mother leave you alone with me...and then you rolled off the diaper table. She'd kill me if she knew that. I guess it didn't hurt ya—you turned out all right.

I've been thinking about this moment for a long time. You know, your grandpa wouldn't let me go to college. He said, "If you go away it would kill your mother." But he couldn't look me in the eye when he said it, so I think it was something else. I gotta admit, I'm a little jealous...you getting to go to college, make something of yourself. I worry people will look down on your old man, you know? Like they'll say, "Look how successful his son is, but he's just a plumber." But I won't never tell you that.

Good thing your mom made you keep your grades up—we probably couldn't afford this school without that scholarship. And sports management, that's a good major for you. Next thing you know you'll be running intramurals at UCLA. And I'll be proud of you no matter what you do, as long as you're the kind of man we raised you to be.

Don't forget what I said about calling your mother. You know she loves you very much. *(He reaches out to touch his son on the shoulder, but then pulls back.)* I love you very much. Someday I gonna say that out loud.

*(By this time he has returned to his place and assumes a pose appropriate to the scene; SON steps downstage into the spotlight.)*

SON (*looking at his father*). I don't know why it's so hard to say what I'm thinking and feeling right now. It would be easier if it were an English essay: "My Father: a retrospective." Then I could look at it objectively...analyze it, take some time to organize my thoughts. But it's all so random.

Thanks for making me learn the hard way sometimes.

Thanks for Little League and Bitty Basketball and Youth Football and summer camps and picking me up at practice, and for throwing a ball with me in the backyard, even after a hard day at work.

Thanks for telling me "no" sometimes—a lot of times.

Thanks for telling Grandpa to shut up and butt out.

Thanks for Saturday morning trips to the hardware store and Sunday afternoons at the park, and for teaching me the fine art of falling asleep while watching the Cubs on TV.

Thanks for showing me how a husband takes care of his wife.

And I never thought I'd say this, but thanks for making me buy my own car and fight my own battles and find my own way, and for never saying "I told you so." Well, almost never.

I know you've always wanted me to go to college, you wanted me to have it better than you did. But I want you to know—I'd be proud to be a plumber if I could be half the man you are.

*(SON steps back into the scene as MOM's lines fade up.)*

MOM. ...and I know I've said it before, but no partying on school nights and don't wait until the last minute to do your term papers. Remember your eighth-grade science project?

DAD. Sweetheart, he's not in eighth grade anymore.

MOM *(huge sigh)*. Oh, I know. He's all grown up *(she hugs him)* and I am just so proud of you. *(She brushes back his hair.)* You need a haircut. *(Another quick hug; then almost crying.)* Goodbye, darling.

SON. 'Bye, Mom. Thanks for everything. I'll call you if I forgot something.

DAD *(very deliberately puts out his hand, looking him in the eye)*. Goodbye, son. Behave yourself.

SON *(just as deliberately shaking his hand)*. I will, sir. Thank you.

*(DAD gathers up the boxes, DAD and MOM exit. SON looks after them a long moment.)*

BLACKOUT