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*Dramatic Publishing*

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# GLIMPSES

**A FULL EVENING OF THEATRE:  
SCENES, DRAMATIC MONOLOGUES  
& SHORT PLAYLETS**

**by some very talented  
young playwrights**



**THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY**

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(GLIMPSES)

ISBN 0-87129-316-1

This volume contains the work of young American playwrights. It was in no way edited, censored or re-worked by the adults directing the project. Those who experienced the artistic fulfillment generated by the project hope other young people might enjoy mounting these pieces in productions of their own. Further, it is hoped these new productions will include new work submitted by future producing organizations.

*The Original Project:* Walden Theatre, Louisville, Kentucky. Walden Theatre Playwright-in-Residence, Vaughn McBride, conducted tutorial sessions once weekly, at which only the writers were present. During these sessions, lasting approximately two hours, monologue as well as dialogue form was discussed. Topics running the gamut from news stories to color tones were assigned. Writing time was then allowed, and open discussion was invited on the resulting work.

Once weekly, following these tutorials, Nancy Niles Sexton, Producing Director of Walden Theatre, conducted workshop sessions where the writers were joined by young actors, directors and stage managers. Again, the pieces were read, discussed and open criticism encouraged. The pieces selected by this group were then given workshop staging, often resulting in necessary re-writing, additions and new focus demanded by theatricality. Again the work progressed through tutorial sessions and back to workshop staging.

In the fifth month, production teams were selected primarily by the choices of the group: a young director asking a writer if he might work with the piece in question or an actor requesting an opportunity to work on a piece that subjectively touched a chord within. Then, in the sixth month, the pieces were performed on a double bill playing in repertory on weekends only. A third bill was performed in March as part of the Humana Festival of New American Plays at Actors Theatre of Louisville during "critics' weekend." The following script is arranged to reflect the original ordering for Bill One and Bill Two. Those pieces selected for Bill Three are noted at the individual introductory page preceding the piece, with the number they held in the order of the bill. Also included in the script are several

pieces not performed in the original production. Substitutions or additions for future production are encouraged out of this new material. It is also hoped that new productions would include work newly written by performing groups.

*The Performing Space:* The original performing space was a large hall with a three-sided thrust stage fashioned out of small raised platforms along the back of a 30' by 20' rug. The script is extremely adaptable to any space, be it an open hall, a large proscenium stage or classroom. No stage setting is required.

*Required Set Pieces:* Stools and folding chairs were used in the original production, as well as one simple wooden table strong enough to be sat upon. These set pieces were moved and struck by the actors as the work progressed. The needs for each individual piece are noted on the page preceding each piece.

*Costumes and Properties:* Most of the material was performed without any special costume but rather in clothes from the actor's own wardrobe that reflected the fashion modes of contemporary youth that the company felt suitable to each piece as it was performed. Special costume needs are noted on the page preceding each piece, if necessary to the material. Several pieces demanded hand properties and they also are noted. In both costume and props, simple choices should be made.

*Lighting:* The original production was done with three major lighting special areas: UR, C and DLC. These areas are noted in the script as areas 1, 2 and 3. The general stage lighting was done with nine over-lapping areas.

*Music:* Each of the pieces was performed with lead-in music selected from the vast canon of classical and contemporary scores. It was a company choice and is not included by name in the script. Rather, each future performing company is encouraged to select their own score that they feel best reflects the mood of their work. Therefore, each cue is marked, but no specific musical piece is selected.

## NOTICE

*GLIMPSES* appears here in its original form, uncensored and unedited.

There are thirty-two “glimpses” and you may use all of them for your production or make choices among them. (The choices made by The Walden Theatre for three separate productions are listed on the following page.)

A few of the pieces contain expletives. If you feel that any of them are not appropriate for your production but you still want to include that particular “glimpse,” you have the playwright’s permission to delete any unacceptable word or phrase.

It is important to note, however, that all the included pieces were openly discussed in both tutorials and workshop sessions from all points of view. It was clearly felt, in all cases, that the work reflects an unwaivering address to truth and realism as the young company saw it to be.

*GLIMPSES*, in all its parts, mirrors its times.

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(Listed in order of appearance on each bill.)

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Your group may wish to present one of the above bills or create a new bill by choosing a different grouping or a different order, or by mixing these pieces with "glimpses" of your own.

## **BILL ONE**

**Pre-set: Choice of Director/Designer.**



***THE ADOLESCENT FUGUE***  
**By Ruth Jacobson**

<b>Bill One:</b>	<b>No. 1</b>
<b>Bill Two:</b>	<b>--</b>
<b>Bill Three:</b>	<b>No. 3</b>
<b>Lighting:</b>	<b>Full Stage</b>
<b>Music:</b>	<b>Classical Fugue</b>
<b>Costume:</b>	<b>See script</b>
<b>Props:</b>	<b>See script</b>
<b>Setting:</b>	<b>See script</b>

**Humorous**  
**Three Females/Two Males**

## CAST

Becky Jo Turner	A preppy high school junior. Very full of her own self-importance. Pamela Westmore's best friend.
Jim James	Twelve years old and into mischief.
Chordrice James . . . . .	Jim's older sister. Not too popular, but in love with Les Douglas.
Les Douglas	Most popular boy at school. In love with Pamela Westmore.
Cloris	A thin girl who thinks she's fat. She would like Chordrice James to be her friend.

## SETTING

UR is a small stool for Jim James. His area is littered with old Coke cans, candy wrappers, potato chip bags. Also there are various magazines: *Playboy*, *Field & Stream*, *Sports Illustrated*. DR is a chair and stool with a phone on it. Also on the stool beside the phone is a huge Hershey chocolate bar. UC is a large chair for Les. All about him is a litter of clothes — dirty socks, tennis shoes, shirts, etc. He is eating an apple and sits very casually without a shirt, socks or shoes. DL is a table with a chair. On the table are half-eaten McDonald's things — Big Mac, fries, Coke, etc. UL is Cloris' area to exercise in.

At the opening, JIM JAMES is UR, CHORDRICE moves DR, LES is at C, CLORIS is UL, BECKY JO is DC.

BECKY. Hi. My name is Becky Jo Turner, and I'm a student at Ferndale High. I've been class president two years in a row

now, and I'm on the honor roll. Well, I guess that's about it.

CHORDRICE. If I, Chordrice James, had to say what the worst thing on earth was, it would have to be brothers. My older one always thinks he knows everything and my younger one gets away with murder and pins it on me. Little brat.

JIM. Hi. My name is, uh, Jim. I'm twelve. Heh, heh . . . I'm sorry I'm so dead but whooo . . . last night me and some friends got so *drunk* . . . got us some beer and split it up . . . I don't remember *anything* . . . hee! hee!

CLORIS. God, I hate being fat. I mean, fat is so ugly, y'know? People hate fat, they laugh at fat, fat makes them sick. It makes *me* sick. It's like a big, quivering tumor all over your body. That's what I really hate about fat . . . the way you jiggle. I can't run in public without the whole town snickering, "Did you see Cloris run, isn't it a riot?" I can't wear anything tighter than a burlap sack without drawing glances and giggles. I've never been popular. I've had maybe two true friends.

JIM. Me and my best friend Denny, we always get loaded on weekends.

BECKY. I know I look really bad. You don't have to tell me. I didn't wash my hair today and my make-up is just a *mess*. I hate these clothes, too . . . they're almost two years old. My mother is such a tightwad . . .

LES. I guess you could say I'm popular. I always have a girl friend. I always know any girl would die to go out with me. I mean, let's face it — I am good-looking. But popularity can be a pain in the ass.

JIM. It's fun! We sneak some beer out of his parents' refrigerator and get so drunk! Last night we were all yellin' and stuff . . . it was really fun. We had some AC/DC and Van Halen cassettes and played 'em and it was just a blast! We were gonna call up some girls in our class but we didn't really feel like it.

CHORDRICE. I hate my brothers so much! They always make

fun of my zits. I do have acne, but do they have to remind me? I always call 'em zits because they don't deserve a better name. Why did God make zits? I mean, he could have just never invented them and everyone would do just fine. I tell myself not to eat chocolate but I do anyway — I love chocolate! That's like with my braces . . . I can't chew gum! I just said, up yours! Do you know how boring life would be without chocolate or gum? I'd rather not think about it.

CLORIS. God, look at me!

BECKY. I tell my mother everyone has new clothes . . .

CLORIS. I'm an object of ridicule, a freak!

BECKY. . . . or at least only a year old . . .

CLORIS. People look at me and say, how could any human being be so big and do this to herself?

BECKY. . . . but *no one* wears clothes that old . . . except maybe my grandmother.

LES. Take my girl friend, for instance — Pamela. She's really great-looking and wears nice clothes and has this mole on her cheek that really turns me on. But she doesn't have anything between her ears! She's a vacuum-head, y'know?

CHORDRICE. I know who I *would* rather think of . . . Les Douglas! He is the biggest fox in my whole school! He has the greatest body, and his legs are already hairy and everything! God! I would give my life to have a date with Les Douglas.

CLORIS. Well, I'll tell you. You aren't that pretty to begin with, you get your feelings hurt, you start to eat. You eat because it tastes good, you eat because the food comforts you. You eat and eat, saying so-and-so is fatter, and she gets dates.

BECKY. I saw this cute little purse at Pembley's, but it was sixty dollars. I begged my mother to take me back, but would she? No! She had to go get *her* clothes first! She always gets to buy all these clothes and I hardly get any! Sure, I could wear hers, but who wants to wear your *mother's* clothes? If anyone said, "I like your sweater, where'd you get it?" I would just *die*!

JIM. I got a girl friend, by the way. She's real tall, taller than me, and boy! Does she have big ones! Hee! Hee! Her name is Cindi, with an "i" at the end. She writes me notes in class and she always makes her "i's" with big hollow dots. I think it's kinda cute.

CHORDRICE. Of course, he doesn't know me, but there's always hope, right? Right now he's going with this sleaze-ball, Pamela Westmore.

BECKY. And my dad isn't any better. I asked him for a raise in my allowance, and would he do it? Of *course* not! He said five dollars is enough. A mouse couldn't live on five dollars! God! My parents! I don't know where they came from . . . a dinosaur egg, probably!

CLORIS. Then you get fatter than all the so-and-so's and you realize it, all of a sudden. Looking in the mirror makes you sick. You dread getting dressed up, shopping, and summer. You cry lots of lonely, boring Saturday nights when you're all alone.

JIM. Denny 'n' me are gonna try out for football together. I'm kinda little, but I can beat up any guy I want. I can. I beat up this one kid, gave him a black eye 'n' a bloody nose, and he was bawlin' . . . hee! hee! hee!

LES. Not that she's any different. All the girls I know are real spacey. The ones who have anything sensible to say are dogs. Some of them are ugly *and* stupid. There's this one girl who just stares at me all day long in class. She has all these pimples and braces — and this really weird name — Clorice or something. She always watches my butt until I feel like a hunk of meat or something.

CLORIS. You never go on dates. I haven't, not once. Once I got leered at by a drunk. I am seventeen and I have not been kissed, or held, or hugged by any member of the opposite sex except my father! I just want to scream sometimes, I just want to be loved so badly!

CHORDRICE. Ooh, she's such a slime bag! She wears the dumbest clothes and her hair is in one of those curly perms . . .

oh, it looks *okay*, I guess, but her nose is kind of crooked and she has this *mole* on the side of her cheek that I think is positively disgusting. I mean, it doesn't have hairs growing out of it or anything, but still . . . I don't think Les likes her that much anyway. But he'll never go for me . . .

BECKY. We have to do an English paper on Withering Heights by tomorrow. I hope I'll do okay on it . . . Ms. Grilstone *usually* gives me "A" 's but Withering Heights is so hard to read! I mean, not that I *couldn't* but I did skip some parts. It was so *bo-ring*.

JIM. When I grow up I'm gonna be a forest ranger. I like animals an' birds an' trees an' stuff. They're cute.

BECKY. Pamela Westmore is my best friend. Her middle name is Jo, too, isn't that weird? Her hair is always *so cute*! She got a perm the other day and it looks so good! She's really pretty. She went to Amazon Modeling Agency and that is expensive. My dumb parents won't let me go! She said she really looked gross until she went there. I wish my parents weren't so stupid! I want to be a model and everything but they still won't let me go! *God*!

CLORIS. I suppose you think I feel sorry for myself. You're right. I do. But look at me, really hard — Cloris the Freak, Cloris the Fat Lady — and then ask yourself — do you blame me?

JIM. Y'know what? Heh, heh. My name ain't really Jim. It's Walter. Walter James, see? I hate my parents! Why'd they hafta gimme some dumb name like Walter? It's embarrassing! In school, substitutes always read it out loud an' everyone laughs. That's why I gave that kid a black eye . . . he was laughing at my name. Well, it wasn't really a black eye . . . it was just red for a little while . . . But I gave him a bloody nose all right! Heh! Heh!

LES. You should see some of the losers that really think I'd go out with them. It's almost a joke! Tall, short, fat, scrawny, stupid, ugly, from dishwater blonde to mousey brunette! Every variety of pimple known to man. And they all wear

padded bras and brush up against you in the hall . . . I don't know. All I have to say about it is this — thank God there's some intelligent *men* to talk to. Girls can drive anyone up a wall.

(Actors repeat their last line to create a vocal fugue. Music repeats.)

LIGHTS ALL FADE

***THE BOOKWORM***

By Ruth Jacobson

Bill One:	No. 2
Bill Two:	--
Bill Three:	--
Lighting:	Area 2
Music:	Fade out on Fugue
Costume:	No special
Props:	No special
Setting:	See script

Humorous  
Male or Female



(An ACTOR enters, crosses to C stage, and speaks.)

ACTOR. There is only one vocation where every member of it fits a stereotype. That is the vocation of librarian.

Librarians are women. They are asexual or frigid. They *do* wear their hair in buns. They *don't* have lips.

I believe on an application for a librarian's position it asks if you can fulfill these requirements. It must. They also must decide on uniforms. Maybe they shop together. They all wear sensible shoes and prim little jumpers and pantsuits, and they all stare you down if you drop a book or something.

They must get all librarians from hospital wards. They look so pinched and dead. But most of all, they have no personality. Their life is books and rules and dust. No wonder they all act the same. What kind of person would want a job like that?