

STORY OF A BOY

by Ken Bradbury



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Cast: Boy, Dad, Mom, Teacher, Girlfriend, Tom

This scene may be played by 3-6 characters. The role of "Boy" should be played by a constant actor but the other parts can be divided between two, three, four, or five other actors. The entrances and exits are indicated by the offstage actor simply turning his or her back to the audience.

BOY: I'm a boy. This is my story. *(a pause, then)* I'm confused.

DAD: Boy?

BOY: Yes, Dad?

DAD: You're my son.

BOY: I know that, Dad. It's been like that my whole life.

DAD: And there are certain things I expect from my son.

BOY: Is it a long list, Dad?

DAD: I don't know. I'm still making it. I'll get back to you, okay? *(He exits.)*

BOY: Where would I go? I'm a boy and I'm confused.

MOM: Son?

BOY: Hi, Mom.

MOM: You're my sweetheart. You know that, don't you?

BOY: I know, Mom. You always tell me that ... sometimes in public.

MOM: I just want you to know, no matter what happens, you'll always be my little darling. *(She exits.)*

BOY: I know. That's the word you shouted at the ballgame last night. "That's my darling!" It was a moment I'll never forget. It was beyond confusing.

TEACHER: Do you have your assignment?

BOY: This is my teacher.

TEACHER: It's due today.

BOY: I sort of forgot.

TEACHER: Again?

BOY: Sort of.

TEACHER: No pressure ... but your whole life depends on this. (*Teacher exits.*)

BOY: My whole life depends on coloring in the map of the major exports of Canada? Confusing.

GIRLFRIEND: You didn't call me last night.

BOY: This is my girlfriend ... sort of. She thinks we're going steady but I'm ... well ... confused. (*to the girl*) I was trying to find my magic markers to color in Canada.

GIRLFRIEND: Your magic markers are more important than me?

BOY: My whole life depends on it.

GIRLFRIEND: That's ridiculous. I'm confused.

BOY: That's two of us.

GIRLFRIEND: I gotta go.

BOY: Call me?

GIRLFRIEND: If I can find my markers. (*She exits.*)

BOY: You see, I'm never quite sure how to handle all this. Sometimes I'll be sitting in class and all I want to do is go outside and eat Cheetos. I really like Cheetos. Or sometimes Dad will be talking to me and I'll realize that I haven't heard a word he said because he's saying the same things he's always said. Or Mom will be hollering at me and I'll pretend I'm in Hawaii. Is that bad? Sometimes I wonder if I'm losing my mind.

DAD: You know, sometimes I wonder if you're losing your mind.

BOY: What'd I do?

DAD: Did I tell you to pick the sticks up out of the yard this morning?

- BOY:** I think so.
- DAD:** And did you?
- BOY:** I ... don't remember.
- DAD:** Where's your mind, son? (*He exits.*)
- MOM:** Sweetheart, I'm concerned about you.
- BOY:** How come, Mom?
- MOM:** You seem to forget everything.
- BOY:** Like what?
- MOM:** I forget. But it's happening more and more.
- BOY:** But you just ...
- MOM:** I have an excuse. I've got more to remember. But when I think of what it was, I'll let you know. Where are you going now?
- BOY:** To pick up sticks.
- MOM:** I told your father to do that last night.
- BOY:** Maybe he forgot.
- MOM:** Men! (*She exits.*)
- BOY:** I wish I had some Cheetos.
- GIRLFRIEND:** (*entering*) I've been texting you all day.
- BOY:** I didn't have my phone. I think I lost it.
- GIRLFRIEND:** Where did you lose it?
- BOY:** I've never understood that question.
- GIRLFRIEND:** How do you expect me to text you if you don't have your phone?
- BOY:** I think it's out in the yard. I was picking up sticks.
- GIRLFRIEND:** Picking up sticks is more important than our friendship?
- BOY:** It is to my dad. I'll call you tonight, okay?
- GIRLFRIEND:** I just don't understand you. (*She exits.*)
- BOY:** I don't either.
- TEACHER:** Did you see the grade you got on that test?
- BOY:** Yeah. It was right there at the top of the page.
- TEACHER:** What happened?
- BOY:** I studied the wrong thing. I thought the test was on Canada.
- TEACHER:** Guatemala. Canada was Tuesday.



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