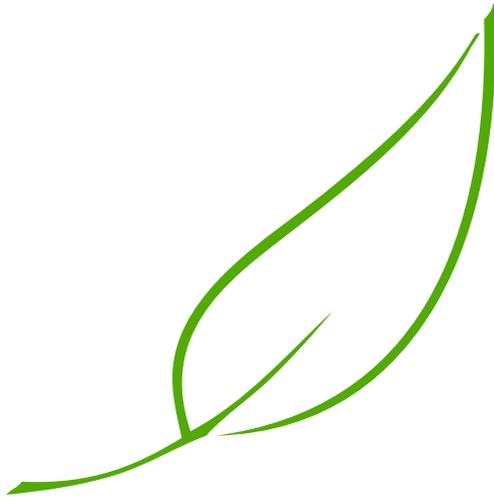


BOBBY & JANE

by Ken Bradbury



GREEN ROOM PRESS

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

(may be combined)

MALES (6)

Bobby
Harvey
Jason
Mike
Rick
Ralphie

FEMALES (8)

Jane
Jenny
Margaret
Jodi
Patricia
Jane's Mother
Marla
Amanda

OTHER VOICES (14)

Blackbeard
Emptybucket
Film Voice
Micky
Crusher
Ring Announcer
Fight Referee
Pageant Announcer
Bulls Announcer
George Clooney
Sean Penn
John Travolta
Spanish Announcer
Bullfight Spectator

OTHERS:

Pirates
Fight Crowd
Bulls Fans

(a school bell rings)

(bobby is sitting at a desk, writing)

BOBBY: Dear Girl, The teacher said we had to write a letter to somebody so I picked you because you sit behind me. What's your name? Signed, the boy ahead of you.

JANE: Dear Boy, How are you? I am fine. Thanks for writing. Don't worry. I don't like you very well either but I gotta do this stupid assignment. Signed, Jane.

RALPHIE: Dear Marla, Did you see the new kid trip when he walked in the room? I thought that was really funny!

MARLA: Dear Ralphie, You should not laugh at somebody on their first day of school. That is a sin. Signed, Marla.

BOBBY: Dear Jane, I didn't say I didn't like you. I just said the teacher *made* me write to you.

MARGARET: Dear Bobby, I did not say you were stupid, no matter what Jane told you. I said you *looked* stupid. There is a big difference. If you just look stupid you can change. Please don't be mad. Signed, Margaret.

JANE: Dear Margaret, Why don't you just keep your big mouth shut once in a while? You just think you know everything. Now Bobby won't even look at me. I'll bet he hates me. Signed Jane.

BOBBY: Dear Jane, I hate you ... Love, Bobby.

MARGARET: Dear Jane, Way to go. Now Bobby hates *me* too!

JANE: Dear Bobby, please don't be mad at me because of what I said in the letters. I'm new at writing just like you are. Don't worry. Next year we will be in third grade and we won't have that problem. We'll be a lot older.

BOBBY: Dear Jane, I don't want to talk about your opinion that I don't talk or write so good. OK? ... Guess Who. (bell rings)

MARGARET: Dear Jane, I'm glad we're in fourth grade. Third was so borrrr-ring.

HARVEY: Dear Jane, I heard Bobby likes you. You want me to ask him to go with you? Signed, Harvey.

JANE: Dear Harvey, I can do my own talking, thank you very much!

BOBBY: Dear Margaret, Does Jane like me? I mean not for a boy friend, but just sort of a friend, you know? Burn this letter. Signed, Bobby.

JANE: Dear Harvey, would you ask Bobby if he wants to go with me? I mean just as friends? Burn this letter.

HARVEY: I'll just save this letter in a secret place and burn it later.

JANE: Dear Diary, I want to grow up to be a nun or a waitress. Something where I don't have to worry about men!

BOBBY: Dear Journal. I am calling you a journal because a diary is for girls. Sometimes I just want to talk to somebody and so I'll write to you. Girls are so stupid sometimes. They never shut up. But some of 'em are sort of cool. Like guys are.

JANE: Dear Harvey, Has he said anything yet? Have you asked him? I'm in fourth-grade and I can't wait forever.

BOBBY: Dear Journal, I'm sure glad I got you to talk to. I've been havin' the stupidest dreams lately. I mean they're not even close to being real ... just stupid! Last night ... Journal, I'll be embarrassed is anybody reads this ... Last night I was dreamin' about ...

(in each "dream sequence" the actors step forward, acting out each fantasy)

JANE: *(is tied hand and foot, screams)* Help! Oh, help!

BLACKBEARD: *(a bloodthirsty pirate)* 'Ardy ar Ar! Ain't no use to be screamin' me lovely! Blackbeard's got you now! *(a chorus of vicious pirates join in ad-lib leers and taunts)*

JANE: Oh help me, someone! Please!

BLACKBEARD: And just 'oo do you spect to 'elp you, me pretty? Some 'ero gonna drop outa the sky and save that pretty smile of yours? *(pirates all laugh)*

EMPTYBUCKET: *(a barely literate pirate)* Huh huh huh. Dat's a good one, Cap'n! Drop outa da sky! Huh huh huh.

BLACKBEARD: Shut up, Emptybucket! It's nigh high noon. Time to feed the sharks!

JANE: No! No! Please don't make me jump!

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BLACKBEARD: No problem, me pretty. I'll just push you, then.

JANE: No! Please! Please!

EMPTYBUCKET: Huh huh huh. Drop outa da sky. Dat's a good one, Cap'n!

BLACKBEARD: Shut up, Emptybucket! Now, missy ... let's not tarry here. Go on. Just one little step and you'll make a shark happy.

EMPTYBUCKET: Jump!

PIRATES: (*ala organ at a baseball game*) Jump! Jump! Jump! Jump! ... Jump! Jump! Jump! Jump!

JANE: Please Someone! Stop them! Please! Is there anyone to save me?

BOBBY: (*suddenly jumping into the fray*) Avast!

BLACKBEARD: What?

BOBBY: Avast, ye dirty dog! Ye villain! Ye scoundrel!

BLACKBEARD: Who be you?

BOBBY: Bobby the Brave!

BLACKBEARD: Never 'eard of you!

BOBBY: You have now, Blackbeard! (*driving him back with his "sword"*) Take that! And that! And that!

BLACKBEARD: (*as he falls*) Drat!

(*the pirates portray a rolling sea by forming a line in front of Blackbeard, humming some known sea chantey. Blackbeard's head pokes up out of the waves as the chorus of pirates ducks down, then rises to hide him as he ducks down on each line*)
(*meanwhile Bobby moves to untie Jane and hold her in his arms*)

BLACKBEARD: 'Elp! Elp! (*coming up*) 'Elp me, ya dirty dogs! (*and down*) (*and up*) It's Moby Dick! 'E's got me leg! (*and down*) (*and up*) 'E's got both me legs! 'Elp me, ya bloody fools! (*and down*) (*and up*) 'E's got me bloody arms! 'Elp me! (*and down*) (*and up*) 'E's got me! (*as he's pulled down for good...*) Ahhhhhhhhh!

PIRATES: Hooray!

JANE: Oh brave, brave Bobby! You have saved me! How can I ever thank you?

BOBBY: Don't thank me, fair Jane. It was just something a man has to do. (*moves aside and writes in his journal*) And that's when I woke up. It was a stupid dream but I was just exhausted.

(*bell rings*)

JODI: Dear Jane, I saw him. I saw him do it. He kissed Jenny right behind the bleachers! Signed, Jodi.

JANE: Dear Jodi. Mind your own business. If you think I still like Bobby, then you are really, really wrong. *Sixth* grade is a whole different ballgame. If you don't believe me, just ask your mother.

JENNY: Amanda, if you tell anybody I like Rick, I'll kill you. Love, Jenny.

RICK: Dear Amanda, Will you be my Valentine?

AMANDA: Dear Rick, No. Signed, Amanda.

MIKE: Dear Bobby, Don't let Mr. Witham see I wrote this. I can't believe we gotta watch them stupid health films today. How come the boys gotta go in one room and the girls in the other?

BOBBY: Dear Mike, I don't know. I think it's got somethin' to do with how to wash under your arms.

(*the actors form two groups, boys and girls ... each staring ahead at the unseen movie screen.*)

FILM VOICE: (*in a nasal whine*) Sex is not something to be laughed at ...

(*a pause as the students glance at one another then all stifle a burst of laughter*) This film is intended to give you the straight facts.

JODI: Are we gonna have a test on this?

JANE: Well, if we do I'll just have to fail. I'm not writing out the answers even if I know them.

BOBBY: Are the girls watchin' this, too?

HARVEY: They're watchin' the girl version. It's just like ours ... maybe.

(*the group relaxes a bit, still dazed, as the film ends*)

JASON: Dear Harvey, How come the girls came out laughin'?

HARVEY: They prob'ly had the cartoon version.

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(bell rings)

JANE: I just cannot ...

ALL GIRLS: ... BELIEVE ...

JANE: ... seventh-grade boys! They are just ...

ALL GIRLS: SO IMMATURE!

RICK: Dear Amanda, Will you be my Valentine?

Signed, Rick.

AMANDA: Dear Rick, It depends. Did you buy candy this year or just that stupid card again? Signed, Amanda.

JANE: Dear Diary, He did it! He finally did it! Bobby wrote me a note and signed it, "Love, Bobby!" and then I saw where he made three X's but crossed 'em out! But I think he meant to write 'em! Really! Cause you can tell where he pressed down real hard before he chickened out.

BOBBY: Dear Journal, I had one of those stupid make-believe dreams again last night. I can't help it; it happened while I was asleep.

MICKY: *(a fight trainer, giving a quick rub-down to a shadow-punching Crusher as the pre-fight crowd murmurs excitedly)* You got it, kid. This fight's yours, I'm tellin' ya.

CRUSHER: *(a muscular but less-than-PhD prize fighter, throwing warm-up punches in the air)* I'll kill 'im, Micky. I'll kill 'im!

RING ANNCR: *(shouting in the elongated fight announcer style)* In this corner, weighing in at two-hundred-eighty-nine pounds! From Lower Philadelphia! The world heavyweight champion! Crusher Maddox! Maddox! *(the crowd roars with a couple of boos)*

MICKY: Dat's you, Crusher!

CRUSHER: Huh?

MICKY: Dat's you! Get out dere! *(and Crusher makes his pre-fight lap around the ring)*

MARGARET: Where's Bobby?

JANE: I told him not to come. They'll kill him, Margaret.

MARGARET: But the pride of our junior high is at stake!

RING ANNCR: And in this corner! Weighing in at one hundred and two pounds! From Tri-City Junior High School! The challenger! Bob-by Bal-bo-a!

BOBBY: *(still in his seat)* Huh?

RING ANNCR: Bal-bo-a!

(Bobby is "tossed" into the ring by others)

JANE: *(screaming but being held back by Margaret)*
Bobby!

FIGHT REFEREE: You both know the rules?

BOBBY: *(frantic)* I'm supposed to be in Social Studies!

FIGHT REFEREE: Great. Shake hands and come out fightin'!

(a huge cheer comes up from the crowd as the bell rings ... Crusher roars as he charges Bobby)

BOBBY: That was the bell! I gotta get to lunch!
(Crusher again roars and lunges at him as Bobby moves, barely evading his punch) We always have pizza on Monday. I gotta go! Really!

JANE: Bobby!

BOBBY: It's Jane!

JANE: Bobby!

BOBBY: Jane!??

JANE: *(tearfully shrieking)* Bobby!

BOBBY: *(and he becomes a Rocky-fied lion, screaming)* JA - A - NIE *(the crowd and the boxers go into slow motion, with the crowd making noises in the background. The two gladiators rage at one another with first one getting the upper hand and then the other. Finally Crusher lands a bone-crushing punch to Bobby's jaw and he slowly turns, and turns, and turns as the others fade away)* *(on his hands and knees)*

Dear Journal, Maybe these dreams are caused by what I eat before I go to bed.

(the bell rings)

JENNY: Dear Jane, If you thought boys were dumb in seventh-grade, you oughta see 'em in eighth.

MIKE: Dear Bobby, So are you gonna ask her or not? We only got one dance this year and if you wait too long all the good ones 'll be taken. You know she's likes you.

BOBBY: Mike, That's really great. Tell the whole world why don't cha?

JANE: Dear Diary, I mean is he gonna ask me or not? None of the other guys'll ask me 'cause they think *he's* gonna ask me! I'm never going to speak to another boy again as long as I live. but., after the homecoming dance.

BOBBY: "Dear Jane, Would you ... I mean ..." No. Let me try again. "If you aren't too busy, would ya ..." No, how about this, "Dear Jane, I just wondered ... if you were going to the homecoming dance *anyway*, maybe..." I sound like an idiot. (*rapid-fire*) "I want to go to the dance with you but it's okay if you don't but I'd like to go with you but don't think you have to if you don't want to but it might be ... fun." (*breathes a sigh of relief and looks at his letter*) Wow. It's poetry! (*bell rings*)

PATRICIA: Dear Jane, I can't believe it! We're finally in ...

ALL: High School!

(*the group erupts in an explosion of various activities. Girls talk loud and fast, try their hair in various quick-styles, much posing and preening; some boys assume a remarkable stupid "cool" look, one boy surreptitiously lights a cigarette; then they sit in unison and quiet immediately*)

MARLA: (*beaming*) Mature! ... At last!

JANE: Dear Jenny, Do you ever dream? I mean, when you're wide-awake? Like during English or something where you don't have to think?

JENNY: Dear Jane, I don't think so. Maybe. I don't know. Why?

JANE: Dear Jenny, You're a lot of help. I do it a lot lately. And ... I mean, they're so stupid, the things I daydream about.

PAGEANT ANNCR: And now, Ladies and Gentlemen! It's time to choose Miss Teen America of 1995! Full college tuition at Yale, a modeling contract, and the lead in the new Brad Pitt movie! All for one lucky girl! Just one more question for Miss Illinois. Jane, if you ruled the world, what

would it be like? Just relax! Only 12 million eyes on you tonight!

JANE: (*through her plastic smile*) If I ruled the world...

PAGEANT ANNCR: Yes? Yes?

JANE: If I ruled the world ...uh ... it would be really nice.

PAGEANT ANNCR: That did it! The winner! Miss Teen America of 1995! Miss Jane! (*singing*) “There she is! Miss America! There she is! Your ideal!” (*hums as Jane takes her runway stroll and the photographers crowd to flash their cameras as she waves and smiles*)

GEORGE CLOONEY: Pardon me?

JANE: G ... George Clooney!

GEORGE CLOONEY: I was just wondering ... I mean, if you don’t have a date for the Academy Awards tonight?

JANE: I ... I’ve got pom pon practice.

SEAN PENN: Hello there, doll.

JANE: Sean Penn!

SEAN PENN: Wanna go for a ride?

JANE: (*stumbling*) But ... but my math test ...

SEAN PENN: I could go over your figures for you.

JOHN TRAVOLTA: Hey! (*spinning, dancing, then finally coming to a halt*) You!

JANE: Mr. Travolta!

JOHN TRAVOLTA: Let’s dance. (*throws her into a back layout*)

JANE: Will this take me out of Honor Society?

JOHN TRAVOLTA: Think of it as extra credit.

(*bell rings*)

BOBBY: Journal ... It happened to me again!

BULLS ANNCR: Ladies---and---Gentlemen! Welcome to Chicago Stadium, the Home of The Chicago Bulls! (*stomp stomp clap begins*) Tonight! Joining the Bulls’ lineup for the first time! All the way from Tri-City High School! Sha-Bobby O’Neil! O’Neil! (*a cheer and the fans then follow the action with their noise*) (*Bobby plays the game alone, making a series*



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