

DAGS by Debra Oswald

GILLIAN:

All right. I'm going to admit something I never thought I'd admit to anyone ever. I've got a crush on Adam. Head over heels. Uncontrollable passion, etcetera. Unrequited passion, of course. Now I know this sounds like I'm throwing away everything I've said so far. And I guess I am. I know every girl at school except Monica is in love with him. I know he'd never go for a dag like me. I know it's hopeless. I know all that. But I can't help it. Just thinking he might look at me, my heart starts pounding like mad. And then I worry about whether he can tell my heart's going crazy, and I have to act really cool. This crush – it's like a disease. Do you know – oh, I'm almost too embarrassed to admit this – Adam misses the bus sometimes. 'Cos he's chatting up some girl or something. And do you know what I do? I get off the bus after one stop and walk back to school, so I can hang round the bus stop hoping he'll turn up. Just so I can ride on the same bus with him. Isn't that the most pathetic thing you've ever heard? I'm crazy. I can lie here for hours thinking about him. Writing these movies in my head where Adam and me are the stars. I try to imagine how he'd notice me and fall hopelessly in love with me and all that. Like, one of my favourites is that the bus breaks down one day in this remote place and there we are stranded together. He discovers that I was this really fascinating woman all along. Far more interesting than all those silly girls at school. But – I say that I can't bear to be just another notch on his belt. So Adam has to beg me to go out with him. Grovel almost. That's a pretty over-the-top version.

HOLD ME by Jules Feiffer

Katy:

I talk too much. I'm quite bright, so it's interesting, but nevertheless, I talk too much. You see, already I'm saying much more than I should say. Boys hate it for a girl to blurt out, 'I'm bright.' They think she's really saying, 'I'm brighter than you are.' As a matter of fact, that is what I am saying. I'm brighter than even the brightest boys I know. That's why it's a mistake to talk too much. Boys fall behind and feel challenged and grow hostile. So when I'm very attracted to a boy I make a point to talk more slowly than I would to one of my girl friends. And because I guide him along from insight he ends up being terribly impressed with his own brilliance. And with mine for being able to keep up with him. And he tells me I'm the first girl he's ever met who's as interesting as one of his mates. That's love.

A Property of the Clan

FEMALE

Jade visits her friends' grave and talks to her about the night of the incident.

I'll bring this song for you. Every time I come. The paper said somebody nicked you flowers. People are really off. But they're planting a tree for you at the front of school. Tomorrow at lunchtime. Or do you know that now? I bet you know a lot of stuff now. I should have been there with you, Trace. A few times that night I thought I might sneak out. I really wanted to. Mum was reading in her room, I was watching TV, I could have just left it on, and sneaked out, come and found you. But I didn't. And I keep thinking if I had... Would it have been different? No one seems to say anything straight. All these rumours go round, and I want to yell out, this is Tracy you're talking about. She was here last week, going to netball, working at the Pizza Hut, getting the ferry. She was one of us. I wish I'd kept them earrings... *[She plays the song again, then turns it off.]*

I woke up that night. Faces looking down at me. I should have known... when I went round your place on Sunday, and saw the cop car outside, and the guys from Channel... should have realised. You were calling to me. That nightmare. It wasn't one. It was you calling. Because all the faces. They were guys' faces. And I knew them all. The cops came round our place last night. Mum was spewing. They're interviewing everyone who was at the party. Seventy kids they're going to talk to. But no one can talk to you. You can talk to me whenever you want to. Please talk to me.

When it's Over – by Christyna Beldon

Female – 13 – 17 years

Length – approx 3 minutes

Background Info: *A young woman approx. 13-17 years old enters looking torn tattered and abused... Cradling a jacket. She is facing herself after making the decision to have an abortion.*

He said it would be easy, that no one would know. Just go quietly and have it done, after all he said it is only a little procedure. He said it was my responsibility to handle it, that I should have been more careful in the first place. I asked him to not make me go alone... he said he would call me later when it was done.

And so I went, alone and scared... not sure what I was doing or why; it had to be the only choice, the right thing to do... didn't it? I mean after all I'm young and I have my whole life in front of me. It was just one little mistake; I can't let that ruin my life... or his.

One of the other girls there began to talk to me her name was Jenny. She was chewing gum nonchalantly and just chatting away. She said this was her second time and that it wasn't a big deal anymore. But her eyes looked hard and hollow, but I just figured that was the type of person she was.

They called my name and in I went. It didn't take long really... just signing some papers, lying on the cold table, and then before I knew it... it was over. That was days ago... I still haven't been home. Did he call that night? I don't really know. Would I have spoken to him? I can't really say. Oh they were right... don't get me wrong. It really was a simple little process, done quickly and efficiently... afterwards whooshing you out the door so they can get on to the next in line.

But they forget something. They don't tell you about the ache. Not a pain in your body but a pain that goes deep into your heart and feels like it will never go away. That is why I can't go home. My family will see it on me, the pain that is... I know I won't be able to hide it. Now I understood why Jenny looked like she did. This makes you hard and hollow.

Why didn't they tell me about this part? Where you want to die inside, where you wonder if it really was the only choice. Did I really have to? Was it really my only option? Will God ever forgive me? Will I ever forgive myself? I think I would have named her Emily.

Obsession

I don't know how it started. Wait, no. That's a lie. I know how it started, but I don't know how it got out of control. "Just a few pounds", I kept telling myself. "Once you drop a two sizes then everything will be back to normal."

I have never considered myself overweight. However, I knew that I was a little chunkier on the bottom half than what I was supposed to be. It didn't help when my friend and I were talking about having trouble fitting jeans. She said, "You're so different. You are so tiny on top and then round out. Mis-proportioned." After that, I decided that I was going to exercise and lose the weight. I worked out every day after school and on weekends. I only eat low calorie food and I only lost a pound in a few months. So, I started to skip meals. Not eating lunch was not such a big deal. My school has a messed up schedule, the lunch hour was at eleven o'clock, and I wasn't hungry anyway. Then, I stopped eating breakfast. After awhile I would lie to my parents, saying that I ate during my break at work when in fact I tossed my supper that my mom packed for me out.

Now, I can't stop. I am so obsessed and I know that something is wrong with me. But is it so wrong to want to be thin? Now people look at me and notice me. Now boys think that I am attractive. I want to be attractive. I want to wear the trendy clothes. I want to look good but how can I keep this size if start to eat regularly? I can't. That's right, I can't. I know what I am doing is wrong, but it is the only way and I have accepted that. I have decided that I have survived this far and I will continue to survive. Once you have experience the feeling of going into a jeans store and having no frustrations, there is no way that you are going back. Nope, there is no going back now. I'll just have to keep trying to fool mom and dad and keep exercising. *(pause)* You get used to the hungry feeling after awhile. *(pause)* Listen to me. Listen to me. I have a problem. I have a big problem and my vanity is keeping me from getting help. I need help. I really need help but I can't have my cake and eat it too. Cake.....eating.....I need something.....something to tie me over.....I'll get a glass of water.....

My Real Father

FEMALE

Trina, a well loved and happy teen, is living with her foster parents. She's talking with her foster mom in the kitchen about meeting her biological father for the first time. Like any teen in her predicament, she has always been curious.

Trina: (Pacing the floor) Mom, I don't know if I can do this. I don't know if I'm ready to meet this man that I've never known. Gosh, what if he hates me? (Points to herself) I mean what if he thinks I'm ugly? I just know he's not going to like me...Oh no! What if I don't like him? Whaaat if he comes through that door, right, and our eyes meet and the feeling's not there? (Beat) Yeah, he's my father, but not like Frank is. Frank is Dad, this guy...I mean Ben, is just a father, right? I mean he and my biological mother decided they couldn't hang with having a kid at such a young age so they gave me up. And I'm cool with that, I think. It's just that I really don't know what to expect from him. I mean the letters he sent were cool and all, but they were just words on paper. (Shakes her head) I don't even know why I bothered looking for him, I'm eighteen now I should be getting ready for college and not sweating the old stuff. I mean my biological mother couldn't deal with it when I found her. She's got her own life now with her own kids, the one's she actually wanted. I'm just a bad memory she's trying to erase. (Beat) What do you mean I don't understand? Mom, she doesn't want to know me, and she sure doesn't want her husband and kids to know that she had a bastard kid when she was sixteen. So, what if, my father feels the same way? Rejects me like she did? I should have never contacted him. I'm setting myself up big time, I just know it (Pause) He's here isn't he? Okay, I'm ready to meet him!