

# Not Just a Brick in the Wall and Other Original Scenes

*By M. Nancy Zelenak*

## **Performance Rights**

It is an infringement of the federal copyright law to copy or reproduce this script in any manner or to perform this play without royalty payment. All rights are controlled by Eldridge Publishing Co., Inc. Contact the publisher for additional scripts and further licensing information. The author's name must appear on all programs and advertising with the notice: "Produced by special arrangement with Eldridge Publishing Company."

**ELDRIDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
**hiStage.com**

© 1999 by Nancy Zelenak

Download your complete script from Eldridge Publishing  
<http://www.histage.com/playdetails.asp?PID=152>

### **ABOUT THIS COLLECTION**

In scenes and monologues the world of troubled teenagers comes to vivid life on your stage. These kids, however, have problems that we can all relate to, unfortunately. Theft, physical and emotional abuse, teenage pregnancy, the death of a friend, gangs, child/parent conflict, youth in foster care, arson, truancy, homicide, loneliness and depression, stuttering, general adolescent insecurity, drugs, STDs, eating disorder, deceit -- all are talked about with candor and freshness. Use as a resource for auditions and competitions or for an evening of understanding and connecting to each other.

**SYNOPSIS**

INTRODUCTIONS: *Full cast*

BOULDER: *1 Male*

\*STAGE ONE: *1 Female*

RAGE: *2 Females*

KIDS HAVING KIDS: *2 Female, 1 Male*

AND THEN YOU DIE: *2 Males*

THE FIRST SESSION: *1 Female, 1 Male, 2 Flexible*

YOU'RE NOT LISTENING!: *2 Females or 2 Males*

\*STAGE TWO: *1 Female*

SALT IS A PRIVILEGE: *4 Females, 2 Males*

DYLAN'S DEAD: *2 Males*

*5 - 10 minute intermission*

JAG: *1 Female*

KILLING THE DREAM: *2 Flexible*

NOT JUST A BRICK IN THE WALL: *3 Females, 2 Males*

JUNE 16<sup>TH</sup>: *1 Female*

THE DEATH SCENE: *1 Flexible*

JOAN, THE MAID: *1 Female*

PLASTERED SMILES: *1 Female, extras*

IF LIZZIE TOLD THE TRUTH: *1 Female, 1 Male*

\*STAGE THREE: *1 Female*

*\* Three different scenes, same actress.*

## INTRODUCTIONS

*Some of the characters are already on stage, alone or talking in small groups, horsing around, jamming to music. Others enter and exit as directed. This is the preamble to set the tone for the rest of the evening. Joan is not included in the introduction due to her scene being a period piece. Other characters are not included because of their age. The point of this scene is to show that life consists of some leaders, some followers, some people who take the spotlight, and some who get lost in the shuffle. This scene should be no longer than two minutes. Welcome to high school.*

On stage, **NATHAN** leans his bike against some lockers, then he and **ERIC** throw a football around.

**MAGGIE** sits alone reading, shutting out the noise, as usual.

**JACK** and his **INTERPRETER** are in a downstage corner, signing and laughing.

**BECKY**, snacking on an apple, checks her watch and hurries across "campus."

**PEPSI** and **HIGH-TOPS** enter rough-housing with each other and Pepsi begins to make up a rap about violence. High-Tops jumps right in and helps his buddy out; a few gather around to listen and urge them on. Everyone is having a good time.

**AJ** and **MALIA** are intimately involved but nothing more than a PG rating. They are enjoying the guys rapping.

**BOULDER**, **DANNY** and **CORY** are making plans to steal a bike. Danny and Cory are supposed to be the distraction while Boulder rides away.

**JAG** is curled up, sleeping.

**LAMONT** and young **NEALIE** are escorted across and off the stage, handcuffed by **POLICE OFFICERS**.

**HEATHER** and **DARCY** give **CHRISTINA** and **TRISH** a hard time, not letting them pass by, or whatever.

**LISA** and **LAURA** sit together doing homework, checking out the guys.

**DYLAN** and another **BOY**, in trench coats, maybe with a swastika on the arm, cross the stage, talking to no one.

Scene ends with a class bell ringing and everyone going to class except **BOULDER**. He finds a wallet.

**End of Scene**

**BOULDER**

*(1 male)*

**BOULDER:** *17, tough life, survivor, thief, fighting his conscience.*

*(This scene begins in mid-thought...after he finds a wallet, when the rest of the kids went to class. At first he is glad he found it, but he is wrestling with his own thoughts, talking to no one in particular.)*

**BOULDER:** You've said that three hundred times already! Can't you just drop it, man?! I found it, it's mine. I didn't steal nothing. I didn't have no plans to steal. You're talkin' to me like I'm some freakin' thief. Get off my back! *(Short pause.)* Look, dude...is it possible that we have different ideas of right and wrong? I'm not asking you to feel like I feel, or do what I do...why are you in my face about this? Let me tell you something, man...I am the oldest of 12 kids...we have 10 different dads...or maybe I should say my mom had 10 different boyfriends...none of them were ever dads to us. We never had nothin'. We lived in a trailer house, man...it was cramped, it was a steam bath in the summer and a meat locker in the winter. Whatever I found was mine. If one of the kids found a bag of popcorn in the garbage outside some movie place, that was his. If one of us got in trouble...that was all ours too. No one ever rescued me from nothin'. And I ain't askin' to be rescued. Just leave me alone. Just let me do what I want...I found it, I'm keepin' it and I'm spendin' it. Dog eat dog. Ga'head! Walk away! Freakin' jerk...I don't need you, man. I'm a rock! *(To self.)* That's why they call me "Boulder." I'm tough, I'm hard. *(To person who left.)* I don't need you! Get outta my life! Go preach to someone else...! You think you're better than me?! *(Again to self, hitting himself on the chest.)* Man, I'm granite! *(Sits, pulls out wallet and starts looking through it, reading credit cards, looking at pictures, counting the cash, etc.)* Chevron card...library card *(Flips it away.)* ...yeah...right.

**BOLDER:** *(Cont'd.)* Visa! Cool! Gotta try this today! *(Puts it in his shirt pocket.)* Hey, pictures! *(Takes a couple out and reads the back.)* "I love you, Jerome, 1994." Ooh, baby, I love you, too! *(Kisses picture.)* 'Shasta and Stephen, age 2." Whatever. Make copies. Use for resume." *(Stares at this one for awhile.)* So, you're Jerome, huh? Well, Jerome, I found your wallet, dude. You missin' it yet? You want it back? *(Getting angry.)* Well, I want things too! I want a life, can you give me one of those?! No! No, you can't give me that... *(Rips picture to shreds, throws the pieces in the air.)* Why should I do for you? You're nothin' to me, man! I never had nothin' given to me! I deserve this! I found it, I'm keepin' it. You're nothin' to me. Nothin' but a good luck charm, that is... *(Laughs.)* How much cash-ola you got in here, Jerome? *(Counts.)* Twenty. Forty. Forty-five. Forty-six. That's cool. Maybe I will take that Chevron card... *(Puts it in pocket with Visa.)* You never know. *(Drops wallet, kicks it out of sight.)* I'm Boulder! *(Hits himself on chest again.)* I found it. It's mine! *(Angry...looks at the sky.)* Why'd you put me in that family? I mean nothin' to you?! Well, you mean nothin' to me either! This is mine! I found it! I'm keepin' it! *(Kicks at the ripped up picture.)* I ain't feelin' no guilt over this. I ain't! *(Starts to walk off, then to himself.)* I'm a rock...I'm the Boulder.

**End of Scene**

### **End of Freeview**

Download your complete script from Eldridge Publishing  
<http://www.histage.com/playdetails.asp?PID=152>

Eldridge Publishing, a leading drama play publisher since 1906, offers more than a thousand full-length plays, one-act plays, melodramas, holiday plays, religious plays, children's theatre plays and musicals of all kinds.

For more than a hundred years, our family-owned business has had the privilege of publishing some of the finest playwrights, allowing their work to come alive on stages worldwide.

We look forward to being a part of your next theatrical production.

Eldridge Publishing... for the start of your theatre experience!