

# **I'm Alright**

**by**

**Michael Lushington**

For my family, without which, none of this would be possible.

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ISBN: 978-1-105-24356-1

*I'm Alright* was first performed at the little theatre at Canyon Middle School on November 20, 2008. It was directed by Michael Lushington

The cast was as follows:

ERIN Erin Ardito

DANA Dana Deras

EMILY Emily Highstreet  
JILLIAN Jillian Davis  
OLIVIA Olivia Shelvy  
CLARISE Clarice Velardo  
ERICA Erica O'dell  
ANJYLA Anjyla Alvarado  
SHANNON Shannon Farell  
MARISSA Marissa Cuevas

KATE (was not in original production)

\*Anjyla was a part of the original script but was later moved in to a different play.

## **CHARACTERS**

ERIN – 19 but could easily be 29. She's been taking care of her sister since she was 14. She is attractive and smart but already looks world weary.

DANA – 18, an artist.

EMILY – 18, incisively smart. Sharp with lots of hard angles and corners. Smarter than most anybody in the room and she knows it.

JILLIAN – 18, everything's a joke.

OLIVIA – 18, a closet romantic.

CLARICE – 17, wants to be a punk rocker. Intuitive and bright. She is all rock and roll attitude and energy.

ERICA – 17, fed up with high school and tired of worrying about how things will turn out.

PARIS – 19, a dancer, coming to terms with herself.

SHANNON – 17, ready to take care of herself.

MARISSA – 19, a thinker.

Time: The present.

Place: Various

*(An empty stage with a white projector screen as the back wall. 10 chairs displayed in an arc with their backs to the audience. One chair is in the center.)*

## **LIGHTS UP CENTER**

*(Actors walk in they are talking to each other as if before a class in High School. They all sit with their backs to us except Erin who is in the center. Erin picks up her chair and turns it around sits in it and faces the audience. As she does this the other actors stop moving.)*

ERIN

Ugh...I hate this...first day of school...GOD..."so let's go around the room and tell a little something about ourselves"...please!...like we don't know each other already?...why do these people act like this? All positive and shit...what a twit...like I need to listen to this...like why don't we say something truthful about ourselves? Like why don't we talk about why that girl's always going to the bathroom all the time or that loser was out behind the dumpster getting high 10 minutes before class. How about that? How would that be? *(pause)* Or I could talk about what I did last night. How would that be, mmm?, let's see, well, when I got home at eight my 12 year old sister was stuck to the couch where she'd been since she came home at three. She finished her homework in an hour and managed to stay transfixed to the TV, in the same spot for the next 4 hours. I got home at 8 because I work. I work at the grocery store. It's not a great job but I make decent money so it's ok. I work because my dad left when I was 7 and my mom...well, my mom, comes and goes. Oh, don't get me wrong, it's not that she doesn't have a job and take care of us, for the most part she does, it's just that some of the time...well...she's not there some of the time. Anyway, after I got home from work I heated up a can of soup and some bread and made a salad and my sister and I had dinner. I always make a good dinner. I love food and I don't care how bad things get we will always eat well. Give me a piece of bread and some jam and I will make you a meal fit for a king. I think my cooking is one reason why my sister and I have remained close. No matter how much teenage angst she has she is never willing to risk alienating the food source.....

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## LIGHTS UP CENTER

*(Jillian comes out. She is in a prom dress. She is slightly frantic looking for something. She sees a garbage can and dives headfirst into the can until half her body is inside.)*

JILLIAN

Uhhhh...has anyone seen my phone? ugh...oh...ugh, that's so gross ugh! *(she lifts her head out of the garbage can)* has anyone seen my phone? Hello! ....has anyone seen my

phone!...No? Of course not. You don't care. What am I doing? You don't care. This is the prom for Chrissakes and I'm lookin' for my friggin phone...shit *(she plunges back into the garbage can then comes back up)* It's an Iphone. My dad's phone really, not mine. Sorry Dad. *(She looks back in the garbage can but can't bring herself to go back in.)* Oh screw it! *(She sits down, noticing how much dress is all around her.)* Wow. Look at me, man, you know? I'm all dress. *(pause)* You know what this is? Taffeta. You know who the last person to wear Taffeta was? *(pause)* Doris Day. That's right. Doris Day...she loved Taffeta....you know she lost her top in a movie once...yup...she was swimming with Rod Taylor and he didn't even look. Can you imagine that? You think some guy would do that today? No way....

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## **LIGHTS UP CENTER**

*(Erica is lying on the floor in front of a chair. She is daydreaming.)*

ERICA

I'm tired. I'm really tired. I know, I'm seventeen, how can I be tired right? But I am. Yesterday I woke up at 6am to get to school by 7, went to class, then after school to rehearsal for the play for an hour then cross town to my jazz class then ½ hour for dinner (a bagel and some apple

juice) then back to school for Model UN until 8pm then home for homework until 11:30. My dad thinks its good, "she's busy" I heard him say to my mom, "it'll keep her out of trouble" ...my mom didn't say much so I don't know what she thinks, but me? I'm just tired. I want to lie here. I want to lie here and stare at my ceiling until something occurs to me. I guess that's what my dad means by trouble. But really, what kind of trouble is that? I mean what if I don't know what I want to do. What about that? What if I don't know the answer and don't have a plan for what I'm going to do next and what if I just sit here until I do? Hm? What then?.....

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