

GCA on Tour *Somebody Catch My Homework*

Audition Sides

Pg 11-12: Samantha and Everyone Else (Samantha's Mom)

Pg 14-15: Samantha and Claire

Pg 19-21: Samantha, Claire, Sidney, Bradley, Everyone Else (Mr/Mrs Jones)

Pg 33-35: Samantha, Claire, Sidney, Bradley

Please prepare the following sides. The director may ask you to read for multiple roles.

SOMEBODY CATCH MY HOMEWORK 11

SIDNEY.

Scads of time!

CLAIRE.

What's the fuss?

(CLAIRE takes another moment to admire her hair; SIDNEY flexes his muscles; BRADLEY notices his toothbrush at last, quickly brushes his teeth, and then uses the toothbrush as a bookmark. ALL THREE toss on additional "dress" pieces and run offstage in any direction other than where SAMANTHA is standing. SAMANTHA goes back to her bed, picks up her stuffed cat and sadly hugs it. DRESSING MUSIC fades.)

START SAMANTHA'S MOM *(enters)*. Samantha, honey, breakfast is ready.

SAMANTHA *(with a sorrowful sigh)*. I'm not very hungry.

SAMANTHA'S MOM *(worried and sympathetic)*. You're not?

SAMANTHA. I miss Corky.

SAMANTHA'S MOM. I know, sweetheart. Daddy and I miss him, too.

SAMANTHA. Do you think he'll ever come back?

SAMANTHA'S MOM. I really can't say, hon—

SAMANTHA. Are you sure we looked *everywhere*?

SAMANTHA'S MOM. Samantha, we don't have time to discuss this now. You don't want to be late on your very first day at your new school, do you?

SAMANTHA *(softly)*. Do you think he's dead?

SAMANTHA'S MOM. I hope not. *(Beat.)* Tell you what, sweetheart. If Corky doesn't come back soon, we'll get you a new cat—

12 SOMEBODY CATCH MY HOMEWORK

SAMANTHA. I don't want a new cat!

SAMANTHA'S MOM. —whenever you're ready.

SAMANTHA. I'm not ready!

SAMANTHA'S MOM. That's fine. You don't have to be.

But let's talk about this when we have more time, okay?

SAMANTHA. Okay. (*SAMANTHA'S MOM exits. SAMANTHA kisses her stuffed cat and replaces it on her chair with a pat. CAT MUSIC begins. POEM.*)

Through the window
Sunlight streams
To warm the kitty
Where he dreams

And interrupt
His peaceful doze
With sunny kisses
On his nose.

(*Beat, CAT MUSIC ends.*)

Please be alive, Corky. Please come home. **END**

(*She closes her eyes for a moment, then places the stuffed cat back on the chair, and exits. A beat, then SCHOOL BUS HORN toots and SCHOOL BUS MUSIC begins. EVERYBODY ELSE enters downstage as MR. JONES, bops across the stage once or twice "driving a school bus" with a steering wheel and a honking horn. Ideally, the horn and the background MUSIC will complement one another in a playful way, particularly when MR. JONES brakes for frequent, sudden stops. During these bops and stops, OTHERS clear off blankets and*

14 SOMEBODY CATCH MY HOMEWORK

BRADLEY. There are three thousand, five hundred different kinds of frogs in the world!

SAMANTHA (*impressed*). I didn't know that!

BRADLEY (*taps his book*). It's true.

SAMANTHA. Wow!

BRADLEY (*quietly pleased with her reaction*). Yeah. Wow.

(He sits down and after another interested glance at SAMANTHA, whose returned glance sets them both blushing, he reads his book. SCHOOL BUS MUSIC resumes. MR. JONES enters and bops across the stage once or twice, then exits. BRADLEY and SAMANTHA alter their waiting stances in some way, without seeing the "bus." CLAIRE enters UL, also with a bookbag, and skips down toward SAMANTHA. SCHOOL BUS MUSIC fades.)

START

CLAIRE. Hi!

SAMANTHA. Hello.

CLAIRE. You're new here, aren't you? I saw the moving van at your house!

SAMANTHA. Uh-huh.

CLAIRE. What grade are you in?

SAMANTHA. Fourth.

CLAIRE. Me, too! (*Beat.*) You've already missed three weeks of school.

SAMANTHA. I know. I'll never catch up.

CLAIRE. Sure you will. It's not that hard. And Miss Kerr is really nice.

SAMANTHA. I'm glad.

CLAIRE. My name's Claire. What's yours?

SAMANTHA. Samantha.

CLAIRE. Ooooooh! "*Samantha*"! That is *such* a cool name!
I wish my name were Samantha!

SAMANTHA. Claire's a nice name...

CLAIRE. It's okay. But it's not *cool*, like *Samantha*. (*SAMANTHA shrugs, not sure what to say to that.*) You seem sad. Are you? (*As SAMANTHA turns away, to hide tears.*) I hope it's not because you're the new girl. Our school is fun. You'll like it, I promise! (*Beat.*) Our class is a little goofy, but—

SAMANTHA. No, it's not that...

CLAIRE. Don't tell me! Do you have a new baby at your house, too? We have a new baby at our house, and she's enough to make *anybody* sad. All she ever does is scream her head off—and sleep!

END

(BABY POEM MUSIC begins. EVERYBODY ELSE enters upstage as CLAIRE's MOM, holding a "baby" and pacing nervously. Ideally, the baby is a hand puppet with a large head and very large mouth. CLAIRE and SAMANTHA do not see CLAIRE's MOM, but CLAIRE mimics some of her actions as they perform POEM.)

CLAIRE (*cont'd*).

Every minute she's awake,
Life is very different now,
Nothing seems the same somehow—

CLAIRE & CLAIRE'S MOM (*in stage whispers*). "Mustn't wake the baby."

CLAIRE.

They smile at every move she makes,

SOMEBODY CATCH MY HOMEWORK

19

CLAIRE (*amused, but with maternal firmness*). That never happened, Sidney. (*To SAMANTHA.*) That never happened, Samantha.

SIDNEY (*pulls his essay out of his backpack, along with much debris*). Are you sure you don't wanna hear my essay on birds?

CLAIRE. Not now, Sidney.

(*BUS MUSIC begins. MR. JONES bops in and across the stage, closer to them now.*)

START

SIDNEY. The bus is here! (*Scrambles to get his debris back into the backpack. BRADLEY gets up and gets in line for bus with OTHERS. MR. JONES brings "bus" to a stop at C.*)

MR. JONES. 'Mornin', whippersnappers!

OTHERS (*mime entering bus*). Good morning, Mr. Jones!

MR. JONES (*as OTHERS lock inside arms, "sit" two by two. CLAIRE and SAMANTHA are behind SIDNEY and BRADLEY*). Everybody ready?

OTHERS. We're ready, Mr. Jones! (*MR. JONES beeps horn, ALL lean backward and forward quickly, then bounce in place during following dialogue as if riding the bus. SCHOOL BUS MUSIC continues softly.*)

SIDNEY (*after a moment's travel time*). Want to hear my essay on birds, Bradley?

BRADLEY (*still reading*). Not now, Sidney.

SIDNEY. I've been talking to the new girl. Samantha. Want me to introduce you?

BRADLEY (*casually, still reading*). I've already met her.

SIDNEY. You have not!

BRADLEY (*not terribly concerned about this*). Have, too.

SIDNEY. Have not!

BRADLEY (*more engaged*). Have, too!

SIDNEY. Prove it.

BRADLEY. How?

SIDNEY. Talk to her.

BRADLEY. Talk to her? What about?

SIDNEY (*thinks about it, then—*). The animal kingdom.

BRADLEY. *The animal kingdom?*

SIDNEY. Yeah. Ask her if she'd like to hear my essay on birds.

BRADLEY (*shrugs*). Okay. (*He turns around, as if in his seat, locking his inside arm with SIDNEY's. ALL continue bouncing. To SAMANTHA.*) Hello, again.

SAMANTHA. Hello.

BRADLEY. How are you?

SAMANTHA. I'm fine, thanks. How are you?

BRADLEY. I'm fine.

CLAIRE (*suspiciously*). What's up, Bradley?

BRADLEY. Sidney wants to know if you'd like to hear his essay on birds.

CLAIRE & SAMANTHA. Not now, Sidney! (*They giggle together over this.*)

BRADLEY. I didn't think so. (*A beat, he'd like to say more, but—*) I guess I'd better turn around.

SAMANTHA. Okay.

BRADLEY (*another beat, then—*). Okay. (*He begins his turn, then stops and turns toward SAMANTHA again.*)

Guess what?

SAMANTHA. What?

BRADLEY. Some turtles live to be more than a hundred years old!

SAMANTHA (*impressed*). I didn't know that!

BRADLEY *tapping his book*). It's true.

SAMANTHA. Wow!

BRADLEY *(again, pleased with her reaction)*. Yeah. Wow.

(With effort, he turns around, relinks his inside arm with SIDNEY's and they bounce on for a moment, as if riding. GIRLS look at one another and giggle. MR. JONES toots horn. ALL lean forward and back quickly as BUS comes to a stop.)

MR. JONES. Out you go, whippersnappers! Watch your step! And don't forget your lunch...your luggage... and...your litter!

(OTHERS ad lib, "Thanks, Mr. Jones." "Bye, Mr. Jones," as they file off of the bus and wave goodbye. MR. JONES honks the horn and makes his way offstage, taking his bus sign with him. SCHOOL BUS MUSIC fades. DRESSING MUSIC may be used again here as OTHERS put away their bookbags, etc., arrange chairs for classroom, take their seats and begin busily working problems in their math books as if the day were already well underway. EVERYONE ELSE enters as MISS KERR and walks among them, checking their work. DRESSING MUSIC fades.)

MISS KERR *(after a moment)*. All right, fourth-graders, let's put away our math books for now and get out your animal kingdom essays. *(Much scrambling under and around chairs.)* Who's ready to read an animal kingdom essay to the class? *(ALL but SAMANTHA raise their hands. SIDNEY's hand waves madly in the air.)*

SIDNEY. Ooooh! Ooooh! Ooooh! Ooooh!

BRADLEY. A gecko can run up and down walls—and across ceilings!

SAMANTHA (*puzzled, but interested*). I didn't know that.

BRADLEY (*tapping his book*). It's true.

SAMANTHA (*thinks about it, then—*). What's a gecko?

BRADLEY (*opens his book and flips pages madly until he can show her*). A kind of lizard. They have these little creases in their toes with all these tiny bristles and they just latch on! See?

SAMANTHA. Wow!

BRADLEY. Yeah. Wow. (*A beat, a smile, then the WHISTLE blows again, jarring them out of their mutual fog.*)

BRADLEY. We better go in.

SAMANTHA. Okay.

BRADLEY. Okay.

(Another smile, and they race off side by side. A beat, then SCHOOL BUS HORN blows, followed by BUS MUSIC. MR. JONES enters, driving, as if bringing the bus around to pick up the children at the end of the day. He exits. BUS MUSIC fades. CLAIRE and SIDNEY enter, with their bookbags, getting ready to go home. POEM.)

START

CLAIRE.

We really learned a lot today!

SIDNEY.

Opal Johnson broke her arm.

CLAIRE.

Martin's dog got into school,

SIDNEY.

Carlos tripped a fire alarm.

34 SOMEBODY CATCH MY HOMEWORK

*(BRADLEY and SAMANTHA enter, with their bookbags,
and join the line and the POEM.)*

SAMANTHA

Grace gave half the class the flu,

BRADLEY.

Ruby lost her garter snake,

SAMANTHA.

Cecie fell and chipped a tooth,

SIDNEY.

Nate threw up his birthday cake.

CLAIRE.

Carolina got a splinter,

BRADLEY.

Tyler Williams ripped his pants,

SIDNEY.

Someone stopped up all the toilets,

SAMANTHA

Kris knocked over all our ants.

*(BUS MUSIC resumes. MR. JONES enters, driving, and
stops in front of OTHERS, who board bus and continue
the POEM as they follow MR. JONES on a bumpy ride
home.)*

CLAIRE.

Sasha had her tonsils out,

BRADLEY.

Ivan ate his contact lens,

SIDNEY.

Our worm collection died and stank,

SAMANTHA.

Mrs. Purrington had twins.

BRADLEY.

We found the snake in Ashley's horn,
SIDNEY.

My essay earned a star!

OTHERS (*waving*). Oh!

All our teachers waved goodbye—

SIDNEY.

But we'll be back tomorrow!

END

(BUS stops and OTHERS get off.)

MR. JONES. See you in the mornin', whippersnappers!

(CLAIRE and SAMANTHA exit together as OTHERS also exit, dispersing toward their "houses" and ad libbing goodbyes to each other and to MR. JONES, who toots his horn and does a turn or two around the stage again before driving off. SCHOOL BUS MUSIC fades. A beat, then EVERYONE ELSE is heard offstage as BRADLEY's MOM.)

BRADLEY'S MOM (*offstage voice*). Bradley, dear, would you mind taking out the trash?

BRADLEY (*enters, with trash bags or can*). Okay, Mom. And then I'll be outside for a while, okay?

BRADLEY'S MOM. All right, dear. Don't be late for dinner.

BRADLEY. I won't, Mom.

BRADLEY'S MOM. I know, dear.