

PLAYS FOR
New Audiences

A Division of Children's Theatre Company

***Girls Who Wear
Glasses***

by Anne Negri

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CHARACTERS:

Mira Pierce (G)	6th Grade Student	11	F
Tiffany/ Claire (G)	6th Grade Student 6th Grade Student	11 11	F
Lindsay/ Iris (G)	6th Grade Student 6th Grade Student	11 11	F
Ms. Scope/ (G) Sybil Pierce/	Middle School Language Arts Teacher Mira's Mother	38 38	F

** (G)-Signifies character who wears glasses.

This play is intended to be performed by four women. Three of the actors play two different characters in the story; one who wears glasses and one who does not. With a simple change of glasses 'on' or 'off' the actor can transform from one character to another.

SYBIL PIERCE is sitting at a small table. A backpack leans against a table leg. SYBIL is drinking from a mug while reading a newspaper. She looks at her watch. MIRA PIERCE runs onstage, stands in front of her mother, spins in a circle, and waits.

MIRA

Well???

SYBIL

You look wonderful dear. From head to toe. (beat) How long did you spend on your hair?

MIRA

I don't know.

SYBIL

Well, you can't get up at 5:30 every morning.

MIRA

I won't.

SYBIL

The first day is a special occasion and you certainly look ready on the outside.

MIRA

Thanks, Mom.

SYBIL

The real question is, are you ready on the inside?

MIRA

Sure. Yeah. Yep. I'm fine. Just dandy.

SYBIL

Dandy?

MIRA

Mm, hm.

SYBIL

OK.

MIRA

Welllllll...I am feeling a little off. (beat) My brain kind of feels like a nest of hornets that got poked with a stick.

Oh my.
SYBIL

MIRA
And my stomach feels like I swallowed a bag of spiky caterpillars that are building a house in my guts.

Oh dear.
SYBIL

MIRA
And my knees feel all wobbly like I just ran an uphill marathon.

I see.
SYBIL

MIRA
Actually Mom, I don't feel well at all.

I thought so.
SYBIL

MIRA rushes to her mother and they embrace.

SYBIL
Being nervous just means that you care and you know my motto...

MIRA
'Caring is better than not caring.'

SYBIL
You are going to be fine. Just be Mira and you'll be great.

MIRA
(sighs) Tiffany, Lindsay, and I have a plan.

A plan?
SYBIL

MIRA
This summer we wrote a plan for surviving middle school.

SYBIL
You three have it all figured out, hunh? Just take it one day at a time. OK, my Mira?

OK.
MIRA

SYBIL
I just wish he could see you today.

MIRA
Me too.

MIRA gives SYBIL a extra tight hug.

MIRA
Where's my backpack?

MIRA squints and looks around the room.

SYBIL
Right here, dear.

MIRA grabs her backpack. SYBIL sits down at the table and continues to read the paper. MIRA crosses the stage and meets TIFFANY and LINDSAY at the entrance to the school.

LINDSAY
Hey, Mira!

MIRA
Hi Lindsay! Hi Tiffany!

TIFFANY
Wow, Mira! Your hair looks perfect like that.

LINDSAY
Yeah. Really perfect.

MIRA
Thanks, it took forever.

TIFFANY
It looks exactly like the picture I gave you.

LINDSAY
Yeah. Exactly the same.

TIFFANY
I have a new one for you.

TIFFANY hands MIRA a picture.

TIFFANY

Don't worry Lindsay, I didn't forget about you. This is a fashion color wheel. It will help you match your outfit and figure out which colors are best for each season.

LINDSAY

Thanks. Where'd you find this?

LINDSAY spins the little wheel thingy playfully.

TIFFANY

My sister.

MIRA

Your sister let you tear up her Forever Fourteen fashion magazine?!

LINDSAY

What are you going to do if she finds out?

TIFFANY

She knows. (beat) She's been helping me with my middle school fashion choices. (steps back and shows off her outfit). Pretty hot, right?

LINDSAY

Model! Model! Model!

LINDSAY lays down a high energy beat to accompany Tiffany's strut. TIFFANY begins to walk an imaginary catwalk like her version of a fashion model. MIRA becomes a fashion commentator with a European accent.

MIRA

Ah! Here comes Tiffany...modeling the style sensation sweeping the nation.

A bell rings.

LINDSAY

That was the first bell. Only five more minutes. I'm kinda nervous.

MIRA

I couldn't really sleep last night.

LINDSAY

You know this is a seven-peat.

TIFFANY

A what?

LINDSAY

It's our seventh first day of school together.

MIRA

Do you remember our first day of kindergarten?

LINDSAY

Didn't we all have the same backpack?

MIRA

Yes! And the same shoes?!

TIFFANY

We had style...even way back then.

MIRA

No wonder we always stick together.

LINDSAY grabs MIRA and pretends she is stuck to her. MIRA touches and pretends she is stuck to TIFFANY. TIFFANY grabs LINDSAY and pretends she is stuck, giggles, looks around nervously, and unsticks herself.

TIFFANY

Sticking together is part of the plan.

TIFFANY opens her backpack and takes out a clipboard.

TIFFANY

And here it is: How to Succeed in Middle School.

LINDSAY

I still think we should call it: How to Survive a Middle School Zombie Apocalypse.

MIRA

Or mine! A Survivor's Guide to Puberty.

TIFFANY

I typed it up and made some little changes to make it stronger. I also made an extra copy for both of you.

TIFFANY hands out the copies.

LINDSAY

Much obliged.

MIRA

You're so well-prepared.

TIFFANY

I know. (beat) Let's review. "Tiffany, Mira, and Lindsay, besties forevs, we will always be LOYAL. That means that we stick together, no matter what. We will meet up in the morning, during passing periods, sit by each other in class, always pick each other as partners, obviously eat lunch together, and meet at the end of the day for goodbyes." Mira, your turn.

MIRA

"Tiffany, Mira, and Lindsay, besties forevs, we will always be HONEST. We promise to tell each other the truth because a true friendship can't be based on lies."

LINDSAY

"Like if you get really sweaty and stinky during gym class, we should be honest and tell each other so we can share deodorant." (grins) That was my part!

LINDSAY does the sniff test at each armpit.

LINDSAY

All clear.

TIFFANY

Here's mine. "And if someone's hair doesn't look good (TIFFANY quickly glances at MIRA) or their outfit doesn't match (looks briefly to LINDSAY) we should just tell each other. Honesty is the best policy. (beat) Read the last one Lindsay.

LINDSAY

"Tiffany, Mira, and Lindsay, besties forevs, we will always be good LISTENERS. If we need advice,"

MIRA

"or if we had a bad day,"

TIFFANY

"or if we hear a mean rumor that someone is spreading about us."

The sound of a school bell rings.

TIFFANY

Oooh! Here we go! It's our first chance to see everybody...and for everybody to see us!

MIRA, TIFFANY, and LINDSAY cross to sit down in the desks.

SYBIL takes out a pair of glasses, puts them on, and transforms into MS. SCOPE, a Language Arts teacher.

MS. SCOPE

Welcome to the wild and wondrous world of Language Arts! My name is Ms. Scope. You can call me Ms. Scope or Fearless Leader. We are going to begin class today with a writing activity to get your fingers and brains warmed up. Take out your notebooks.

MIRA, TIFFANY, and LINDSAY take out their notebooks.

MS. SCOPE

Each writer writes from a particular perspective. Who can tell me what perspective means?

MIRA raises her hand. MS. SCOPE looks down at her roster and gestures towards MIRA.

MS. SCOPE

Yes? Is it Mira?

MIRA

Yup. Mira. A perspective is like a point of view.

MS. SCOPE

Exactly! A perspective is everything a person perceives in the world around them. Today I would like you to write from your own perspective.

TIFFANY

Are we being graded on this?

MS. SCOPE

Today you will get a grade for effort and participation. (to TIFFANY) And please raise your hand.

TIFFANY raises her hand.

MS. SCOPE

Yes? (looks down at roster) Tiffany?

TIFFANY

How do you grade effort and participation?

MS. SCOPE

Very carefully. (beat, to the class) You only have one first day of middle school and I want you to express how you are feeling. What excites you?

What scares you? There are no wrong answers, just be honest and keep writing. Your prompt is written here on the board. Pencils ready? Begin...NOW!

For a few moments MIRA squints in order to see the prompt written on the board.

MS. SCOPE watches MIRA.

MS. SCOPE

Mira?

MIRA

Yes?

TIFFANY

Mira didn't do anything wrong.

MS. SCOPE

(to TIFFANY) Please keep working.

MS. SCOPE beckons MIRA over to her desk, out of earshot of TIFFANY and LINDSAY.

MS. SCOPE

(to MIRA) I noticed that you were squinting when you looked at the board. Do you wear glasses?

MIRA

No.

MS. SCOPE

Do you remember the last time you got your eyes checked?

MIRA

I don't know. Maybe a year or two ago.

MS. SCOPE

It looks like you might need an appointment. I'll contact your family to let them know.

MIRA

OK.

MS. SCOPE

If you do need glasses, have fun picking out your frames. That is my favorite part! (takes off her glasses) These glasses just spoke to me. The moment I put them on I knew we were a perfect match.

The school bell rings and LINDSAY exits. MIRA crosses to the table. MS. SCOPE takes off her glasses and transform back into SYBIL.

MIRA sits with her eyes blinking and watery. SYBIL crosses to MIRA.

SYBIL

C'mon, it wasn't that bad.

MIRA

Those eye drops made my eyes all blurry.

SYBIL

The doctor had to dilate your pupils so she could do the full exam.

MIRA

But what about that...that evil puffer machine!

SYBIL

(laughs) The glaucoma test.

MIRA

She didn't even warn me! She just said, "OK Mira. Just sit right down. Relax your chin on this little rest. And look into the light." And then POOF! out of nowhere they blasted that air right into my eye. Evil Eye Puffer!

SYBIL

The doctor says you've become quite nearsighted.

MIRA

What does that mean?

SYBIL

It means that your vision is fine when something is close to you, but you have trouble seeing things that are far away.

MIRA

As long as I can read and do my homework, who cares?

SYBIL

Honey, I want you to see everything clearly. Not just the things that are right under your nose!

Do I have to get glasses? MIRA

Yes. (beat) Your Dad wore glasses. SYBIL

I remember. MIRA

(long beat)

Let's start looking at frames. Or if you want to just sit here I'll pick a pair for you. SYBIL

SYBIL approaches a display of glasses frames.
MIRA sits for a moment, but quickly follows SYBIL.

Wait, Mom! No! No! I don't like those. MIRA

Try these. SYBIL

SYBIL holds up a bright pink pair. Mira tries them and looks in the mirror.

Too pink. MIRA

Is there such a thing? SYBIL

MIRA picks up a pair with very thick frames and tries them on.

Too Buddy Holly. SYBIL

Who's that? MIRA

You don't know who Buddy Holly is?! SYBIL

SYBIL closes her eyes and starts to hum a Buddy Holly tune.

MIRA

He's a singer?! Please don't sing. Please, please, please save it for the car.

SYBIL laughs and holds out a pair of rimless glasses.

MIRA

Those are practically invisible.

MIRA tries to grab for them a couple times, but intentionally misses and grabs air.

SYBIL

I have a feeling that these would get lost, oh, about twenty times a day.

SYBIL picks up another pair with a head strap.

MIRA

Too sporty.

SYBIL

You aren't going out for any teams in middle school?

MIRA

Mom. My best sport is badminton. I don't think there is a badminton team at my school.

SYBIL

You could always start one.

MIRA stops, sees a pair, and slowly picks them off of the rack.

(beat)

MIRA

I think Ms. Scope was right.

SYBIL

Right about what?

MIRA

These glasses are speaking to me.

SYBIL

I don't hear anything. What are they saying?

MIRA

It's just a feeling.

MIRA slowly puts on the frames.

SYBIL

They are lovely frames on you.

SYBIL sees the price tag on them.

SYBIL

Oh my word! Now they're talking to me!

MIRA

What?

SYBIL

They're saying ka-ching! ka-ching!

MIRA

Are they too much?!

SYBIL

No. As long as you don't mind foraging for nuts and berries for every meal for the next six months.

MIRA

Really?!

SYBIL

Of course not. I can cover it. (beat) But Mira, are you sure about these glasses? I'm willing to spend the money if these are the right glasses for you.

MIRA takes the frames off and looks down at them for a long moment.

MIRA

These glasses are me.

MIRA folds the glasses and puts them in a case.

We hear an alarm. It is the next morning.

SYBIL

Mira! Mira? You aren't going to have time for breakfast!

MIRA

Coming!

MIRA dashes into the room.