

THE WANDERING LAMB

By Tambra Kay Petrie

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STORY OF THE PLAY

Frisbee Thorne has a crush on Jill, a good Christian girl, and hates to see where party-girl Courtney is leading her. As Jill is drawn into her web of deceit, she starts lying to her parents and turns into the proverbial wolf in sheep's clothing at her church. Along the way, she loses her best friend, hurts another and ends up being caught by her parents. She is grounded and faces the results of her parents' lost trust. In the end, Frisbee has good advice for all. This is a sequel to *New Kid in the Flock*.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I

Scene 1 - Jill's room (present day), then moves back in time
(Friday night - a year earlier, Jill's 16th birthday).

Scene 2 - Jill's vehicle, later that night (Jill's 16th birthday).

Scene 3 - Jill's room, three weeks later.

ACT II

Scene 1 - Jill's room, several months later.

Scene 2 - Jill's room, Saturday night, one week later.

Scene 3 - Jill's room, later that night.

ACT III

Scene 1 - Jill's room a month later.

Scene 2 - Jill's room later that week.

ACT IV

Finale - Jill's room, back to the present as in Scene 1.

CAST OF CHARACTERS/COSTUMES

(1 m, 1 w, 4 teen girls, 2 teen boys)

FRISBEE THORNE: The Narrator. He's a hyper 16-year-old, very animated, the typical class clown. He dresses slightly strange with over-sized, bright colored shirts and pants.

NOTE: Any time Frisbee speaks to the audience during an active conversation with cast members, the other actors should go on not noticing his conversation with the audience. They freeze only when the script instructs them to.

JILL MORGAN: Very sweet and innocent looking but she falls hard. As play progresses, she takes on a "harder" look. Dresses as a typical 16-year-old.

GREG MORGAN: Jill's father, 38 years old. He is congenial but extremely impatient with Frisbee. Dresses casually.

SUE MORGAN: Jill's mother, 36 years old. She is a lot like Jill, soft-spoken, sweet. Dresses casually.

COURTNEY MATTHEWS: A very attractive but outspoken and manipulative 16-year-old. She uses people for what she can get. She is clearly the villain of the play - yet has a sweet quality which she uses, as necessary. Trendy dresser.

KIM NELSON: 15 - 16 years old, Jill's best friend. Dresses very casually.

STACY SMITH: A very attractive 15-year-old, can be kind of an "airhead" at times. Wants to be popular. She is very trusting, but falls apart when betrayed. Trendy dresser.

SCOTT MARKS: Nice looking but cocky 17-year-old. He is on the wild side. Dresses in shirts and jeans.

Note: BRENT'S VOICE: Although you never see him, the teen's voice on the answering machine should sound as if he's drunk.

Playing Time: 60-75 minutes.

SET DESIGN

The majority of the play takes place in Jill Morgan's bedroom. An angled wall is SR of CS. This should be a two sided wall, with the interior decorated wall with window towards Jill's room, and the exterior wall towards the audience. The exterior wall should be covered with brick, siding, or stucco (you can use real material, or art work). The exterior wall under the window is where Frisbee spends a majority of his time. The window should be sturdy enough for Frisbee to sit on the window sill, and for Jill and Frisbee to climb in and out. I would not suggest putting glass in the window and leave it open at all times. On the interior side of wall, you can put up curtains and a window shade. The window shade will be closed at the beginning of the play, but after Jill raises it, the shade will remain up for the remainder of the play.

Left half of stage should be decorated as a teen girl's bedroom. The necessary bedroom furniture is: a bed with comforter and pillows, telephone w/answering machine, nightstand, mirror, chairs, any other accessories to make it look like a girl's room.

SR should be a four seat car facing the audience. This car can be as elaborate or as simple as you want to make it.

PROPS

2 additional telephones (1 for Scott and 1 for Stacy), table with chair, makeup, comb, brush, curling iron, watches, wallet, car keys, folded cash, snack tray with snacks and drinks, purse, jacket, 2 backpacks.

PRODUCTION NOTES

Telephone Calls with Scott and Stacy: No backdrop is really needed. Have actors stand or sit at table in front of a white wall or simply put the spotlight on them as they speak.

SOUND EFFECTS

Shrieking cat followed by screeching brakes, beeping of an answering machine.

ACT I
SCENE 1

(Jill Morgan's bedroom. AT RISE: JILL is putting finishing touches on her makeup and hair. FRISBEE is waiting outside Jill's window. She walks across room and raises shade. When Frisbee hears the shade going up, he sticks his face at Jill's face height, ready to scare her.)

FRISBEE: *(Loudly.)* Hey, Jill!

JILL: *(Startled, screams.)* Frisbee! Stop doing that! Why can't you go to the front door, like everyone else?

FRISBEE: 'Cause your dad won't let me in!

JILL: *(Walks away to work on hair.)* Oh, yeah.

FRISBEE: *(Talking through window.)* I hear you're going out tonight?

JILL: Yep. Dad's letting me take the car.

FRISBEE: Rrrreally? It's been six months already?

JILL: Already? I thought it would never end!

FRISBEE: Where are you going?

JILL: You are NOT going with me.

FRISBEE: Aw, come on, Jill! It'll be fun.

JILL: No.

FRISBEE: I'll sit in the back seat.

JILL: No.

FRISBEE: I'll be your gofer.

JILL: No.

FRISBEE: If an ugly guy hits on you, I'll pretend we're a couple.

JILL: I would rather kill myself.

FRISBEE: I'll pay you.

JILL: How much?

(FRISBEE excitedly reaches in his pockets and pulls out lining; he has no money.)

JILL: Oh, too bad.

FRISBEE: Come on, Jill. PLEASE!

JILL: Uh - NO!

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(SPOT on FRISBEE.)

FRISBEE: Bummer. *(Looks at the audience, startled.)* Oh, hey, didn't see you there! Remember me? Yep, that's right, Frisbee Thorne. What am I doing here? Just stopping by to see how my neighbor's doing. Kind of a neighborly thing to do, don't you think? Oh! I'm sorry! That's Jill Morgan. *(Looks at HER and grins.)* Ain't she about the cutest thing you've ever laid eyes on? We've been neighbors since kindergarten. She also happens to be one of the new kids in our flock at church. Jill Morgan is one of the nicest girls I've ever known. 'Course, that almost changed on her 16th birthday. What happened? She'd just got her driver's license, and to celebrate, her dad let her use his car to go out with friends. I'm sure you're thinking, "Sounds innocent enough." Well, let's just say, the little lamb ran smack dab into the clutches of a wolf. *(Pause.)* Okay, let's see ... *(Climbs through window, stands next to JILL.)* I was standing right about here, and ... here we go! *(Claps hands.)*

(SPOT off FRISBEE.)

GREG: Jill! *(Knocks on HER door.)* Jill, can I come in?

JILL: *(Startled.)* Just a minute, Dad! *(Grabs FRISBEE by shirt and forces him out the window.)* If my dad catches you in here, you're roadkill.

FRISBEE: Okay! Okay! Easy with the shirt! *(Dragged to window and forced out. Speaks to audience.)* Mr. Morgan tends to lose it a lot when I'm around. *(Ducks.)*

GREG: *(Sticks head in.)* So, how's my birthday girl?

JILL: *(Nervous that HE will find FRISBEE.)* Fine! Fine. I mean, I'm uh ... you know, great. Just great.

GREG: *(Enters, sits on bed with back to window.)* So ... sweet sixteen and never been kissed?

JILL: Dad.

GREG: It is true, isn't it?

FRISBEE: *(To audience.)* This could be valuable information.

JILL: *(Rolls eyes.)* It's true, okay ... happy?

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GREG/FRISBEE: (*Shout.*) Yes! (*GREG turns quickly towards window. FRISBEE covers mouth.*)

JILL: Yeah, well, by the rate I'm going, you should stay happy for a very long time.

GREG: (*Puts HIS arm around JILL and squeezes her close.*)
Now, that's what a dad likes to hear!

SUE: (*Entering.*) What do you like to hear?

JILL: (*Quickly.*) Nothing.

GREG: (*Innocently.*) I have NO idea what you're talking about.

SUE: (*Sarcastic.*) So, what's new? (*To JILL.*) Aren't you picking up Kim and Stacy?

JILL: Yeah.

SUE: (*Looks at watch.*) Well, you'd better get moving. The game starts at 7:30. I filled the car up this morning. And here's some spending money. (*SHE holds out some cash.*)

GREG: Where'd you get all that cash?

SUE: (*Smiles.*) From your wallet.

GREG: What!? (*Pulls out wallet, finds it empty.*)

JILL: (*Grabs money.*) Thanks, Mom! Well, I guess I'll see you around twelve.

GREG: Eleven.

JILL: Eleven-thirty!

GREG: Eleven. Remember the curfew law, you have to be off the road by eleven.

JILL: Okay, eleven. Bye! (*Exits.*)

SUE: Have fun!

GREG: (*Shouts down hall.*) Not too much fun! And don't forget to turn on your lights! Complete stops at all stop signs. Remember everything I taught you!

SUE: (*Shouts.*) No! Remember what your driving instructor taught you!

GREG: (*To SUE.*) Hey!

SUE: (*To GREG.*) Just kidding.

GREG: (*Shouts down hall.*) Your mother's kidding! (*To SUE.*)
Did I forget anything?

FRISBEE: (*Sarcastically.*) I think you forgot the eye exam.

SUE: (*Looks out window, not noticing FRISBEE.*) Ohhh, doesn't she look cute behind the wheel?

End of *Freeview*