

THE FOURTH LOCKER

By Maureen Brady Johnson

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CHARACTERS

- JENNIFER Type-A student. Organized and neat, she is an efficient, capable student
- SUZANNE Creative and imaginative = messy. Fearless, courageous and strong
- CHRIS The peace-maker

**They are all close friends.

PROPS AND COSTUMES

- LARGE garbage can A package of snack cakes
- Three large garbage bags Small bag of carrot sticks
- “Stuff” you find in lockers;
books, papers, folders 2 small paintings preferably on canvas
- Three tupperware containers with
the dates written on them. (ie.
10/5/2008) Stapled research paper with a
big D- in red
- A package of cheese crackers Backpacks for each girl.

**Costumes should be appropriate school wear and give us clues as to the girl's character traits and taste in clothing.

***SOUND FX: School bell. Opening and closing music

DIRECTOR'S INSTRUCTIONS

The large garbage can should be half full so that by the time Suzanne throws her locker “stuff” in it, she is able to stand on it without any trouble or without sinking down into it.

***The Fourth Locker* was a FINALIST for the Youth Education On Stage Summer Shorts 2006 Williston, North Dakota Jack Dyville - B. Michael Quale, Producers

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SET: Four lockers: Stage Right, Right of Center, Left of Center and Stage Left. One garbage can. The locker Left of Center stays closed throughout the play.

AT RISE: *Bell rings. Music plays . . . perhaps “School Days” or something equally sweet and upbeat. Three girls enter. CHRIS is Stage Left, SUZANNE Center and JENNIFER Stage Right. THEY stop by their closed lockers, take out a garbage bag and open it. CHRIS has trouble opening hers.*

(THEY open the lockers. JENNIFER’s is perfectly organized. Books and papers fall out of the other two lockers as soon as they are opened.)

SUZANNE: My life is in this locker.

JENNIFER: I don’t know about you guys, but I’m glad to be cleaning out my locker.

SUZANNE: This is the first time I’ve actually cleaned it this year. I’m not sure what I’m going to find.

JENNIFER: I love this job. It’s so cool to look back on everything. It’s an adventure.

CHRIS: *(Examining a Tupperware container SHE’s pulled out of her locker)* Well, my adventure includes something blue-green and fuzzy. I think it was mac and cheese from December. Hey Suzanne, this looks like something you’d want for an art project.

SUZANNE: No, my blue-green-fuzzy period passed in ninth grade . . . and just why is that Tupperware dated?

CHRIS: My mom dates everything.

SUZANNE: Yeah, I know.

CHRIS: Hey. She’s “newly divorced.”

JENNIFER: Hey, it’s been a tough year. Let’s just get through this last day.

SUZANNE: Jenny, you don’t know how tough a year can be . . . Miss Homecoming Queen – Miss I’m On the Honor Roll, AGAIN . . . -Miss Most Likely to Succeed. Your locker screams PERFECT.

CHRIS: *(Taking more leftover containers out of her locker)* If her’s screams perfect, what’s mine saying?

SUZANNE: “I’m a living breathing Biology experiment.” Why didn’t you take any of those home and wash them?

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CHRIS: ‘Cause since the divorce, my mom doesn’t do dishes any more. And most of the time I forgot they were in there. (*CHRIS finds a package of cheese crackers.*) Ooh, cheese crackers. (*SHE opens them and eats one.*) Want some?

SUZANNE: NO.

JENNIFER: EEEW!

SUZANNE: Chris, look at it this way . . . your locker will be the only one whose contents will make it into the 25th century.

CHRIS: Can I help it if my mom buys this stuff? Oh, my gosh, look what I found! A raspberry HO HO. They don’t make these any more.

SUZANNE: Sell it on E-Bay. It’ll help you pay for college.

JENNIFER: You **do** know that’s not real raspberry.

CHRIS: (*Unwraps the HO HO and takes a bite.*) Nothing like a little red food dye #2.

JENNIFER: Here. Try a carrot. I didn’t eat all of them at lunch.

SUZANNE: Dieting again? Better watch out. Someone will think you have an eating disorder and report you.

JENNIFER: That was 9th grade, this is now. I’m in therapy.

SUZANNE: . . . For a lot of things . . .

JENNIFER: Don’t go there, Suzanne.

CHRIS: (*Looks into her locker and pulls out a small canvas painting*) Whoa. Look what I found.

SUZANNE: Hey, that’s mine. It was taped on the inside of my locker in September. Then it disappeared.

CHRIS: No. Jeanne did this one for me. Look at the date. 12/12. She gave it to me because I told her I liked the one she did for you.

SUZANNE: And it’s been at the bottom of your locker since when?

CHRIS: Look, Suzanne. You weren’t her only friend.

SUZANNE: No, but I was the only one who spoke up . . .

JENNIFER: (*Interrupting the impending argument*) Can we please just get through the last day?

(*Pause. SUZANNE and CHRIS return to cleaning out their lockers.*)

SUZANNE: (*Looking for her painting*) My painting’s got to be in here.

(*More stuff falls out of her locker. SHE starts to toss stuff into the garbage can. SHE gets more and more frantic as SHE throws books and notebooks into the garbage. JENNIFER and CHRIS stop to watch.*)

CHRIS: Here, you can have mine. You were a better friend to her than I was.

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SUZANNE: (*Stops. SHE picks up a graded research paper. Sarcastically*) Oh my. Look what I found . . . my paper on stem cell research . . . D-

JENNIFER: (*SHE takes the paper.*) You got a D-??? I read your paper. It was good.

SUZANNE: I dared to disagree with my teacher. Did you guys ever sit through a class loving the subject matter as the teacher slowly and methodically destroyed your undying passion for that subject?

JENNIFER: There are no comments on this . . . just the grade.

SUZANNE: He was a man of few words. He offered to change the grade. At first, I didn't understand what he wanted in return. Maybe if I had, Jeanne would be cleaning out her locker with us now.

CHRIS: Hey, he was way past giving Jeanne a better grade for what he was doing. He was getting tired of her and he was looking for someone else. What she did actually saved you. And in return, you were the only one who spoke up for her and told the truth.

SUZANNE: Too little, too late.

CHRIS: He's in prison.

SUZANNE: You know what I mean. Jeanne's locker is empty.

(*Pause. SHE returns to cleaning, pitching books into the garbage.*)

JENNIFER: You should save some of these. (*SHE fishes a book out of the garbage.*) You might need them in college.

SUZANNE: If I get into college. (*Still searching and pitching books into the garbage*) Where the heck is that painting?

JENNIFER: You can re-apply and get in.

SUZANNE: My art portfolio's incomplete. I didn't have time to get it finished. They don't allow witnesses to paint and draw when they are waiting to testify in court. (*Searching*) I know it's got to be here. Where the heck is it? (*Her locker is almost empty. The garbage can is full. SHE climbs on top of the can to look into the top of her locker. SHE reaches way into the top and produces a small canvas painting.*)

CHRIS: You found it!

(*SUZANNE sits on top of the garbage can looking at the painting.*

CHRIS and JENNIFER stand on either side of her.)

SUZANNE: (*Pause*) She was a really incredible artist.

JENNIFER: Well, are we going to finish?

SUZANNE: It's not over 'til it's over, Jenny.

JENNIFER: I *meant* finish cleaning out our lockers. We have to get out of here when the bell rings.

SUZANNE: I know what you *meant*, Jenny. And you know perfectly well what I meant.

JENNIFER: I am going to finish this. (*SHE returns to face the inside of her locker, turning her back to the audience.*)

SUZANNE: All I'm asking is that you stop hiding behind that perfectly organized locker and finish it the right way.

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