

# THAT'S MY STORY AND I'M...

By Alan Haehnel

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## CHARACTERS

*(11 F, 9 M; genders flexible; number of characters may be reduced for a smaller cast by re-assigning lines.)*

MEG

A teenage girl with a story to tell about how unfairly she was treated.

### MEG'S CLASSMATES

JON

ANDREA

LIZZY

SARAH

DAN

TRAVIS

JAKE

MELISSA

BEN

DOUG

ADDY

CHRIS

GRACE

HOLLY

EMILY

DELIA

MORGAN

CARL

PETER

### SET

Bare stage or minimal staging to provide levels and seating for the characters

## THAT'S MY STORY AND I'M...

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**(Lights up to a bare stage. After several seconds, MEG enters, speaking directly to us.)**

MEG: Oh, man. I cannot believe this. I'm going to tell you something. Fair? You want to talk about fair? Let me tell you about fair. What is and what is not, okay? Mrs. Mullins is always talking about fairness, right? She's all over the idea. If somebody so much as glances at someone else's paper during a quiz, bam! She takes the paper and gives you a zero. It happened to me last week, and I wasn't even trying to cheat! I lifted my head for a second to look out the door because I heard a noise in the hall. Next thing I know, there's Mullins, standing next to me with my paper in her hand. I go see her after class and she gives me this lecture about how cheating isn't fair. I didn't even cheat. But, okay, I'll admit it, I looked up from my quiz paper and that's the big no-no in her class and I knew that and everybody else who gets their paper taken away, whether they're looking out the window or actually trying to steal somebody else's answers, they know that. They get their paper taken away, too, so fine. Because Mullins makes such a big deal about fairness, I got a zero on my quiz last Friday.

But don't you think somebody who's going to be so nutso about being fair should be consistent, huh? Isn't that fair? Here's the deal. Oh, I am so steamed right now I could...argh! Two weeks ago, Mullins hands out an assignment for a big paper. Guess who's sick the day she hands it out? I am. I'm not there the day she hands out the assignment. I'm home sick. So that's unfairness number one—I find out about the assignment later than everybody else. Mullins starts talking about it in class, like, a week later. "Don't forget about your *Catcher in the Rye* essay, due a week from today." "What *Catcher in the Rye* essay?" I'm asking--first I've heard about it, first I actually get a copy of the assignment. I mean, I'm already a week behind!

Whatever, though. I'm working on the paper. Trying to, anyway. It's due Friday. The first I get a chance to work on it is Monday. I take out the assignment. It's something about the main character, Holden Cauldwell, being an unreliable narrator and how are we supposed to know if what he says is something we can actually

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believe. Your typical school assignment, right—I mean, who cares? I read the book, I thought it was okay, kind of boring, but whatever. Unreliable narrator? That's what the paper's supposed to be about? And of course, all the typical yada-yada about the requirements—1500 to 2000 words, typed, double-spaced, using evidence from the text, introduction, body paragraphs, conclusion, please shoot me. 1500 to 2000 words? That's like, what, ten pages? In a week? And I don't even understand the assignment? Nobody does. I'm asking around—nobody has a clue about this crazy assignment. So how fair is that? I get the thing like a week after everybody else; I don't understand it; nobody else can explain it to me because they don't understand it...it's crazy. It's ridiculous!

So it's like Wednesday, next time I get back to the paper, I'm like, okay, I just have to pound this out. I'll just get something in—it'll have to be good enough. I'll re-write it later, if Mullins lets me. I mean, now I'm down to just two nights for this crazy-long paper, and guess what? No book. I can't find it. Anywhere. An-y-where. So I'm tearing around the house, looking for the book—nobody's seen it. What am I supposed to do? How do I write a paper on a book that I don't have? I can't. So that's Wednesday night gone.

Thursday. One day left. I get the book. I go to class. I ask Mullins, in class, if she can please explain the assignment. She says—get this—no. She tells me I have to ask someone else. Ask someone else? Can we talk about fair now? Is it fair for a teacher to refuse to explain an assignment? Is it fair for a teacher to tell you to ask other students to explain the assignment when no one else understands it? So I'm on my own Thursday night, with one day left. Oh, minor detail—what time do I get home Thursday night to work on this paper? 5:00? 6:00? Try 9:00 at night. I had a track meet! I was pole-vaulting that afternoon. Or night, I should say, at an away meet, where, of course, they ran the boys pole-vault first, and it took forever, and then they did the girls pole vault. By the time we got done, everybody on the track team is waiting for us to finish vaulting so we can load on the bus and go home. It's practically dark out! So I get back to the school, call my mother. She's late picking me up. I eat—first meal since lunch like eight hours ago. I'm exhausted. And I'm supposed to write this paper. Do you know what I do? What do you think you would do? You've been at school all day, then at a track meet for five hours, then you're sitting in your room late at night? You'd probably fall asleep,

wouldn't you? Because you're a human being and not some robot that can just keep going and going! Well, that's what I did, too.

So today is Friday. Last period was English. I go in, first thing before class starts, and I tell Mrs. Mullins what happened and ask for an extension until Monday. She says no. She says the paper will be late if I turn it in on Monday. Minus twenty percent. Fair? Every other teacher would have given me the extension. And even if they didn't, they wouldn't take off twenty percent! Ten percent, max—not twenty! But I'm not all that surprised, really. I'm not happy, but I'm not all that surprised. That is, until everybody's handing their papers in and I look over at Jon Minton and he's not handing his in and I say to him, "Didn't get it done, either, huh?" And he says to me—get this, now; remember we're talking about fairness!--he says to me, "I got an extension until Tuesday." Tuesday! Not Monday! Tuesday! No penalty for lateness, either. So you wonder why I'm steamed? You wonder why I can barely see straight? I have just been treated extremely unfairly. That, ladies and gentlemen, makes me really mad!

*(From the wings, a GROUP of STUDENTS from MEG's English class enter, applauding. THEY ad lib congratulatory words: "Nice job. Good for you. All right, Meg. Well said, well said." THEY bring out chairs and blocks to sit on or they lounge on the floor, making themselves comfortable, as if THEY plan to stay for a while.)*

Uh, thanks. I...you guys were listening to that? I didn't know you were...

CHRIS: Absolutely.

LIZZY: Wouldn't have missed it, Meg.

MEG: Great. Thanks. I guess.

DAN: So that's it, huh?

MEG: What do you mean?

DAN: That's your story and you're sticking to it?

MEG: Yeah. Yeah, that's my story.

ADDY: What do you call it?

MEG: I don't know. It's just...my rant. It's what happened.

GRACE: I think you could call it "Unfairness." That's what I got.

MEG: That would work. Yeah, that would definitely work as a title.

ADDY: Nice.

EMILY: Cool.

MEG: So, what are you guys doing?

MORGAN: We're just here for support.

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PETER: Right. Want to help.

MEG: Okay. But I'm pretty much done. I said what I wanted to say.

ANDREA: Don't you think there's more?

MEG: Well, I mean, I could go on all day if you wanted me to talk about how unfair this place can be.

TRAVIS: No, actually, could you start over?

MEG: Start...what are you talking about?

JAKE: Do it again. The monologue you just did.

MEG: Why? Everybody heard it the first time.

SARAH: Yeah, but we want to, like we said, help you with it this time.

MEG: I don't need help. I'm done.

SARAH: We think you do. We want to.

DOUG: Do it for us. Your good old classmates.

MEG: Well, this is going to be really boring for everybody. I mean, they already...

HOLLY: That's okay. Things are always different the second time around.

MEG: I guess. So...you want me to just...start again?

DELIA: Yeah, yeah. Just like you did before. Same emotions, same story—go for it.

CARL: Start from offstage, like you did the first time.

*(MEG starts to exit.)*

MEG: You guys are just going to sit here?

LIZZY: I'm actually lying down.

DAN: We'll be here. For you.

JAKE: We've got your back, Sister.

MEG: This is weird.

*(MEG exits, leaving just the CLASS onstage. After a few seconds, MEG re-enters, just as SHE did at the beginning of the show.)*

Oh, man. I cannot...

BEN: Meg?

MEG: What?

BEN: Are you sure you want to start like that?

MEG: Like what?

BEN: With "Oh, man."

MEG: Yeah.

BEN: Your audience consists of both genders. I know it's not your intention, but you might be excluding someone, starting out as if you're talking only to the men.

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MEG: That's not what I meant. I'm not trying to.... "Oh, man" is just an expression. You know that.

BEN: So you're not meaning it literally then. You're talking to both male and female when you say "Oh, man."

MEG: Yes.

BEN: All right. My mistake. Go ahead.

MEG: What is this, anyway? What are you guys...

BEN: Sorry I interrupted. It's just, if this is all about fairness, I figured you'd want to know if you were unfairly leaving someone out of your audience.

MEG: Right. *(to the audience)* Uh—where was...okay. I'm just going to start again.

*(The CLASS applauds a bit, encouraging her.)*

ADDY: We're with you, Meg.

GRACE: Let 'em have it!

EMILY: Go for it, kid!

MORGAN: All right!

MEG: Oh, man. Or...people. Oh, everybody! I cannot believe this. I'm going to tell you...

PETER: Hey, Meg?

MEG: What now?

PETER: Quick check-in. When you say, "I cannot believe this," that's kind of like the "oh, man," right?

MEG: What do you mean?

ANDREA: No, I think he's asking what *you* mean. Do you literally mean you can't believe what you're about to tell us, or is that just a saying, too?

MEG: Why are you doing this?

ANDREA: Doing what?

MEG: Why do you keep interrupting me? Why are you picking on me like this?

*(Ad libs from the GROUP: No, no, no! We're not picking on you! Don't think like that. Come on, Meg.)*

Then what's this all about?

SARAH: Meg, you came out here so fired up, so enthusiastic with your monologue...

TRAVIS: We got into it!

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PETER: And since it, in some ways, involved us, the kids in your English class, we wanted to help make sure the audience got a really clear picture of what you were talking about.

MEG: Okay, fine, thanks—but they can't get a clear picture if you guys keep interrupting me every other word. I mean, come on! I can't even get, like, a flow going.

DOUG: That's true.

CHRIS: Makes sense.

MEG: Of course it does. How would you like it?

HOLLY: I wouldn't.

CARL: None of us would.

DELIA: So, guys, how about it, huh? Language is language, right? I mean, if I say I'm dog-tired, you all know I'm not talking about actually being a dog, right?

CARL: For the record, anybody who calls you a dog is in big trouble with me.

DELIA: Thank-you very much. I appreciate that. But the point is, let's not get hung up on Meg being 100% literal or she'll never get a chance to express herself at all.

MEG: Right.

MORGAN: (*whispered to another classmate*) I thought we were out here to make sure she told the truth.

MEG: What?

DAN: We're out here to support Meg. To help her get her message across in the best way possible.

MEG: Is somebody saying I'm lying? Who's saying I'm lying?

LIZZY: Nobody, Meg. We're here for you, not against you.

MEG: Because I was telling the truth. Am telling the truth.

PETER: Uh...

MEG: What? What?

PETER: I really wasn't trying to be picky when I asked about "I cannot believe this" part. I wanted to know if that's what you actually meant.

MEG: You guys have got me so messed up I don't even remember what you're talking about.

JAKE: You'll be okay when you get back in the flow.

PETER: You said, "Oh, man"--which we've already talked about--and then you said, "I cannot believe this." What did you mean by that?

ADDY: Is this important?

MEG: Or are you just being ridiculously picky?

PETER: It is important.

MEG: Why?

PETER: I guess I'd just like to know if what you described, the whole incident about the paper and Mrs. Mullins, if it was all literally unbelievable to you. If it all totally shocked you, what happened. If, in a million years of guessing, you never could have predicted what took place.

MEG: I...yes. Yes! I could not believe it. I still cannot believe it.

PETER: Okay.

MEG: Satisfied?

PETER: Satisfied, thank-you.

GRACE: Now, go ahead, Meg.

MEG: (*back to the monologue*) I cannot believe this. I'm going to tell you something. Fair? You want to talk about fair? Let me tell you about fair. What is and what is not, okay? Mrs. Mullins is always talking about fairness, right?

EMILY: Actually...

MEG: Hey!

SARAH: Don't get picky, remember?

EMILY: But she did put it as a question: "Mrs. Mullins is always talking about fairness, right?" I mean, if she's actually asking...

MEG: I'm not actually asking and I know "always talking about fairness" is an exaggeration.

EMILY: Right. Because sometimes she's talking about things like...

MEG: How am I supposed to do this?

TRAVIS: We're sorry. Right, Emily?

EMILY: Sorry.

MEG: (*to audience*) Anyway, she's...

EMILY: It's just hard. When somebody puts something as a ques...

(*EVERYONE gives EMILY a look.*)

Sorry.

MEG: Fairness. Mrs. Mullins is all over the idea. If somebody so much as glances at someone else's paper during a quiz, bam! She takes the paper and gives you a zero. It happened to me last week, and I wasn't even trying to cheat! I lifted my head for a second to look out the door because I heard a noise in the hall. Next thing I know, there's Mullins, standing next to me with my paper in her hand. I go see her after class and she gives me this lecture about how cheating isn't fair. I didn't even cheat. But, okay, I'll admit it, I looked up from my quiz paper and that's the big no-no in her class and I knew that and everybody else who gets their paper taken away, whether they're looking out the window or actually trying to steal somebody else's answers, they know that. They get their

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paper taken away, too, so fine. Because Mullins makes such a big deal about fairness, I got a zero on my quiz last Friday.

(MELISSA clears her throat.)

What?

MELISSA: What what?

MEG: You cleared your throat like you had something to say.

MELISSA: Oh, um, no. Not really.

MEG: She's taken *your* paper before, I know that for a fact.

MELISSA: Yup. She has. Two days ago, actually. Because I was cheating. Had the answers on my cellphone. Definitely wasn't fair.

MEG: That she took your paper?

MELISSA: Nope. Taking my paper was fair. Me trying to cheat wasn't.

MEG: Yeah, well.

DOUG: What's your story, Meg?

MEG: About Mullins taking my paper?

DOUG: Uh-huh.

MEG: I was just telling about that to show how much she cares about fairness, or claims to. How she...watches everybody like a hawk. You can't get away with anything.

CHRIS: But you weren't trying to get away with anything.

MEG: No! Like I said, the only reason I looked up from my quiz was because something distracted me in the hall.

HOLLY: Now, this thing that distracted you in the hall, was this before or after you kept looking at my paper?

MEG: What?

HOLLY: I'm just trying to get the order of things straight. The distraction in the hall, was this before or...

MEG: I wasn't looking at your paper!

DELIA: Yes, you were.

MEG: How do you know?

DELIA: I was sitting right behind you. I saw you looking at her paper.

CARL: So did I.

MEG: Well, the only way you could have seen me was if you were looking up from your quiz, so Mullins should have picked yours up, too! Plus, so what if I was cheating?

HOLLY: Were you?

MEG: Yes! Okay, I admit it. I was looking at your paper last Friday. But that's not even the point.

LIZZY: It's not?

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MEG: I was talking about how much Mullins pays attention to fairness. That whole part of the story was not about me cheating. It was about Mullins being such a...freak about it. So she claims to be all about fairness then, but later on, if you remember, she's not consistent! She's not fair about fairness!

DAN: Oh.

MEG: You know what? You guys aren't interested in my story.

JAKE: No, no, we are!

ADDY: That's why we're out here.

MEG: I'm not doing this anymore. If you guys want to do something different, you go ahead.

GRACE: Meg, we want to help you tell your story.

MEG: No, you don't, because if you did, you'd stop interrupting me, you'd stop correcting me, you'd stop making me be so...you'd just let me tell it!

ANDREA: We'd stop making you be so—what?

MEG: You'd just let me tell it!

ANDREA: What were you going to say?

MEG: Forget it!

SARAH: Look, Meg, how about this—we won't say anything. We promise we won't say another thing. We'll sit here. We'll listen.

MEG: (*disbelieving*) Right.

SARAH: Really! Everybody, right? Right? (*to MEG*) We won't say another thing unless you invite us to. That way, you can control your own story.

MEG: But I've already said the whole thing. Why should I do it again?

SARAH: People should have a chance to hear it again. It's important, the fairness thing. Go ahead. We'll be quiet.

MEG: I don't get this. Okay. Anyway.... Don't you think somebody who's going to be so nutso about being fair should be consistent, huh? I...I'm talking about Mrs. Mullins, in case you forgot. This whole thing has been so choppy, I.... All right, let's get back to it, here. Isn't that fair? Here's the deal. Oh, I am so steamed right now I could...argh! (*Turning to look at her CLASSMATES*) And no, I don't mean I actually feel steam coming out of my ears or anything, okay? I'm not being, you know, literal.

(*Some CLASS MEMBERS smile and gesture for her to keep going—THEY won't keep her from it. MEG turns back to us.*)

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They've got me all...I keep thinking they're going to.... Two weeks ago, Mullins hands out an assignment for a big paper. Guess who's sick the day she hands it out? I am. I'm not there the day she hands out the assignment. I'm home sick.

*(TWO CLASSMATES put their hands over their mouths.)*

So that's unfairness number one—I find out about the assignment later than everybody else. Mullins starts talking about it in class, like, a week later.

*(THREE more put their hands over their mouths.)*

“Don't forget about your *Catcher in the Rye* essay, due a week from today.” “What *Catcher in the Rye* essay?” I'm asking—first I've heard about it, first I actually get a copy of the assignment. I mean, I'm already a week behind!

Whatever, though. I'm working on the paper.

*(SEVERAL more CLASSMATES cover their mouths. MEG notices the motion for the first time. SHE looks over briefly, then continues.)*

Trying to, anyway. It's due Friday. The first I get a chance to work on it is Monday. I take out the assignment. It's something about the main character, Holden Cauldwell...

*(DELIA covers her mouth quickly. MEG stops to address her.)*

What are you doing?

*(DELIA drops her hand as if to say SHE isn't doing anything.)*

What did you do that for? Delia?

DELIA: We're not supposed to say anything.

MEG: Unless I ask you. I'm asking you, what are you doing?

DELIA: What do you mean?

MEG: Why did you go like that, cover your mouth just now?

DELIA: Because the main character's name isn't Holden Cauldwell. It's Holden Caulfield.

MEG: Caulfield. Sure. Okay. It's about Holden Caulfield being an unreliable narrator and how are we supposed to know if what he says is something we can actually believe. Your typical school assignment, right—I mean, who cares? I read the book, I thought it was okay, kind of boring, but whatever.

*(MORE cover their mouths.)*

Unreliable narrator? That's what the paper's supposed to be about? And of course, all the typical yada-yada about the requirements—1500 to 2000 words, typed, double-spaced, using evidence from the text, introduction, body paragraphs, conclusion, please shoot me. 1500 to 2000 words? That's like, what, ten pages? In a week? And I don't even understand the assignment? Nobody does.

*(MORE cover their mouths.)*

I'm asking around—nobody has a clue about this crazy assignment.

*(MORE cover their mouths. By now, ALL of the MEMBERS of the CLASS have their mouths covered. As MEG continues to speak, SHE looks around, noticing this, getting more and more distracted.)*

So how fair is that? I get...I get the thing like a week after everybody else; I don't understand it; nobody else can explain it to... *(to her CLASSMATES)* All right, what the heck is the deal now? Did I get somebody else's name wrong? What does this mean, that you have your hands over your mouths? What does this mean, I'm asking you!

DOUG: We can't say anything. That was our agreement.

CHRIS: So, whenever something would...come up, we just covered our mouths, to remind ourselves.

MEG: Whenever something would come up.

CHRIS: Yeah.

MEG: Like Caulfield instead of Caldwell.

CHRIS: Yeah.

MEG: So you're not interrupting anymore, but everybody can see your hands going over your mouths as I'm talking, so you might as well be interrupting. Everybody's wondering, "What's she saying wrong now?"

LIZZY: No, no. The hands didn't mean you were wrong.

DELIA: Well, mine did. It is Holden Caulfield.

MEG: See?

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DAN: But for the rest of us, it was just a reminder not to interrupt. Not to...ask a question or offer clarification.

MEG: Clarification. Clarification. Ben, what did you want to clarify when you covered your mouth?

BEN: Are you sure you don't want to keep going?

MEG: No, I don't want to keep going! I want to know what everybody's problem is with my story!

BEN: Well, you said you were home sick the day Mrs. Mullins handed out the assignment.

MEG: Yeah, so?

BEN: You told me you faked it so you could sleep in.

MEG: That is not the point! You guys are experts at focusing on things that are not the point! The point is that I was not in school the day everybody got the assignment so that made me a day behind! You, Carl, why did you have your hand over your mouth?

CARL: All of Mullins' assignments are posted on-line every week. You're supposed to check it if you miss school.

MEG: Yeah, well, who does that? Nobody does that.

(MOST of the CLASS MEMBERS raise their hands.)

Okay, okay—I didn't do that! I didn't go on-line like some super geek and check to find out what I missed the day I slept in. I shouldn't have to do that. That's Mrs. Mullins' job! Plus, what if somebody doesn't have Internet?

TRAVIS: You do.

MEG: What if I didn't? How fair is that? Not everybody can check an on-line calendar.

TRAVIS: She hands out a paper copy at the beginning of the week, too.  
ADDY: Plus she talked about this *Catcher in the Rye* paper every day. She went over it in class a lot.

MEG: How come I never heard about it? Huh?

GRACE: I don't know. If Mrs. Mullins talked about it just about every day, answered all kinds of questions...I'm guessing maybe...

MEG: Maybe what? What? That I didn't listen?

GRACE: You said it, not me.

MEG: You might as well have said it. This is crazy. Why are you guys...? Melissa, what was your problem? Why'd you cover your mouth?

MELISSA: You never read the book.

MEG: What are you talking about?

MELISSA: You never read *The Catcher in the Rye*.

MEG: How do you know?

MELISSA: Because you told me.

ANDREA: Me, too, Meg. You bragged about getting high scores on the reading quizzes because Neil Martin had copies from last year for you to look at.

MEG: Look, none of this is what I'm talking about. I can't believe this! This is help? I thought you guys said you wanted to help me!

DOUG: We did. We do.

MEG: Help make fun of me? Help me look ridiculous?

CHRIS: No. You said you wanted to talk about fairness.

MEG: No, somebody else said that. (to GRACE) You—you said this story of mine should have the title "Fairness." I didn't.

GRACE: You agreed.

MORGAN: "Fair? You want to talk about fair? Let me tell you about fair. What is and what is not, okay?"

MEG: What are you doing?

MORGAN: I'm quoting you. That's what you said, twice now, to start off your monologue.

MEG: All right. All right, fine, so I was talking about fairness, I was talking about how Mrs. Mullins wasn't being fair. That is still my story, and I am still sticking to it! Are you going to tell me I can't? Or are you going to "help" me change my mind?

EMILY: You can tell whatever story you want.

MEG: Ha!

LIZZY: Meg...

MEG: You know, "Meg" is a nickname, short for Megan.

LIZZY: I know.

MEG: I only let my friends call me "Meg." As far as I'm concerned, none of you qualify anymore.

LIZZY: Look, Megan, your story is about fairness. So we just thought, in all *fairness*, that you might want to add in some of the details you didn't have in your original version.

DAN: Yeah, right—the more info, the better the story, don't you think?

MEG: No, I don't think. Who can tell a story if you include every little detail? It would take forever. So if you guys think you've been helping me with this, let me give you a clue: You haven't! You've been ruining my story, thank-you very much.

JAKE: Meg...

MEG: Hey!

JAKE: Megan, don't you think some of the details you left out actually made the story...unfair?

MEG: All the things you guys have pointed out so far have been minor. Minor! Don't you remember the most important stuff? Like, that I couldn't find my book that one night?

EMILY: Where was it?

MEG: What?

MELISSA: Yeah, I thought that was sort of an interesting part of your story, how you spent a lot of time talking about how you couldn't find your book. Then, you just sort of dropped the subject. All of a sudden, you were talking about having your book again. Did somebody steal it? How'd you get it back?

MEG: What difference does it make? The point isn't that I got it back; the point is that I didn't have it for a whole night when I needed to work on the assignment!

MORGAN: It was in your locker the whole time.

MEG: How do you know? Maybe somebody did steal it, for all you know!

PETER: But that would have been an important detail. That would have helped you prove your point about unfairness.

BEN: Where was it?

MEG: All right, fine. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, my book was in my locker. I forgot to bring it home. The next day, I got it from my locker. Isn't that amazing? But whether it was in my locker or abducted by aliens, I did not have it so I could work on my paper!

PETER: But, see, Meg, remember a few minutes ago when I was being so insistent, asking if you really meant that you couldn't believe the story you were about tell?

MEG: "Insistent"? Try "annoying."

PETER: I'm asking you again—can you really not believe it?

MEG: What are you trying to say, Peter? What are you accusing me of?

PETER: Maybe of not knowing yourself very well.

ANDREA: We all procrastinate sometimes.

MEG: This is not about me! How many times do I have to say that? In how many different ways! This is not about what I did; this is about what was done to me. Don't you get that? The unfairness that was done to me. And yes, yes, yes, I still do not believe it! And you want to know something else I can't believe? How you guys, my "good old classmates," have twisted things until it seems like...

CARL: We've just been trying to help you make the story more complete by reminding you...

MEG: Reminding me? Reminding me of what, Carl?

CARL: Of the whole story.

MEG: Yeah, well, did it ever occur to you that your "whole story" wasn't my story?

TRAVIS: Doesn't fairness require the whole story?

MEG: Who's talking about fairness?

JAKE: We thought you were. The whole time.

*(MEG pauses for a long moment, clearly rattled.)*

MEG: I had a track meet.

DOUG: I know. I was there, too. Coach tells us to do our homework on the bus if we have a lot of time to wait around. Plus, you didn't clear the opening height in the pole vault, did you?

MEG: Thanks so much for reminding me. Why don't you twist that knife a little harder?

TRAVIS: He's just pointing out that you had a lot of...

MEG: I can see what he's pointing out, Travis! I can see what you're all trying to point out, thank-you very much! That I'm a slacker, that I'm a procrastinator, that I'm a cheat, that I'm a liar! Does that about sum it up? But how about this—did you all forget about the very last detail of my story?

JON: No, I remember. It involved me.

MEG: You better believe it did.

JON: I got an extension on my paper, and you didn't.

MEG: Exactly. So how about if we throw out the whole rest of the story, okay? If you want one solid example of unfairness, we have it, right there! If I want to talk about unbelievably unfair, I can talk about it!

SARAH: Really?

MEG: What do you mean, really? Yes, really! You heard Jon admit it just now—Mullins gave him an extension on the paper until Tuesday! Tuesday! And she wouldn't even give me one until Monday. Un-fair!

JON: Megan, have you noticed how many times I've been in class for the past week and a half?

MEG: I...I don't know. But hey, if you're going to claim sickness, it's not going to fly with this bunch because...

GRACE: Once! He's been in class once in the last week and a half.

MEG: Well, that's not...where have you been?

JON: At the hospital. With my dad.

MEG: Oh. Is he sick?

JON: He was. He died.

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