

SETTING: *Various locations in the world of Clementine, including her classroom at school, the principal's office, the playground, the elevator in her apt. building, and her family's apartment in Boston.*

AT RISE: *An empty stage – or the recesses of Clementine's mind.*

#1 I've Had a Not So Good of a Day

(CLEMENTINE runs on as if chased by the demons of her not-so-good-of-a-day. She looks around, trying to catch her breath. One-by-one, MR. D'MATZ, NORRIS, WAYLON, and LILLY enter from different directions.)

Clementine! LILLY

Clementine! NORRIS

Why can't you behave? MR. D'MATZ

Clementine! WAYLON

Why can't you sit still? NORRIS

Clementine! LILLY

Pay attention. MR. D'MATZ

Clementine... NORRIS

Clementine... WAYLON

This is all your fault MR. D'MATZ/NORRIS/WAYLON/LILLY

CLEMENTINE

Shh!
Shh!

(CLEMENTINE turns to the audience.)

*I've had a not-so-good of a day...
I really thought that today was gonna be okay
In my cereal this morning there were twelve banana slices
And everyone knows that's a sign things are going your way
But I'm having a not-so-good of a day*

LILLY

Clementine!

NORRIS

Clementine!

WAYLON

Clementine!

CLEMENTINE

*It's already bad enough
That my parents named me after a fruit*

MR. D'MATZ/NORRIS/WAYLON/LILLY

She's named after a citrus fruit!

CLEMENTINE

*Now my teacher doesn't get me
And he's wearing out my name
It's been an ab-so-lute-ly
Not-so-good of a day*

(Music continues under.)

I started third grade two weeks ago and it has N-O-T *not* been easy. But today's been the worst day yet. The trouble started when I got to school. My teacher, Mr. D'Matz...

*(MR. D'MATZ steps forward as the scene shifts to the Classroom.
LILLY, WAYLON, and NORRIS all take their seats.)*

... was in a not so good of a mood.

MR. D'MATZ
Clementine, pay attention!

CLEMENTINE
I *am* paying attention, Mr. D'Matz.

MR. D'MATZ
No you're not. You're looking out the window again!

CLEMENTINE
That's because I'm paying *attention* out the window – which is how I know that the lunchroom lady and the janitor are *kissing*.

MR. D'MATZ
(*Warning*)
Clementine...

NORRIS
What?!

LILLY
Are you kidding me?

WAYLON
Where?!

(*They crowd around CLEMENTINE. CLEMENTINE points off.*)

CLEMENTINE
There! In the janitor's car.

NORRIS
Eww!

WAYLON
Disgusting!

CLEMENTINE
This isn't the first time. I saw them kissing yesterday, too – because I was paying attention.

MR. D'MATZ
Clementine, we've talked about this! You can't keep distracting the class...

CLEMENTINE

I'm not, Mr. D'Matz – I promise. Oh, hey! See that egg stain on your shirt? If you squint your eyes just right, it looks like a pelican.

(NORRIS, WAYLON, and LILLY take a look.)

NORRIS

She's right!

WAYLON

It does! It's a pelican!

LILLY

I think it looks like a tulip.

CLEMENTINE

You think everything looks like a tulip, Lilly.

MR. D'MATZ

All right, that's enough. Norris, Waylon, Lilly – take out your journals. Clementine, go to the principal's office.

CLEMENTINE

The principal's office? Why?

MR. D'MATZ

Because you refuse to pay attention.

CLEMENTINE

But Mr. D'Matz...

MR. D'MATZ

(Pointing off)

Now!

(CLEMENTINE starts off. The scene shifts to the hallway.)

NORRIS/WAYLON/LILLY

She's had a not-so-good of a day...

(CLEMENTINE turns back to MR. D'MATZ.)

CLEMENTINE

But I didn't do anything wrong!

NORRIS/WAYLON/LILLY

Mr. D'Matz didn't listen and he sent her away

(MR. D'MATZ points in the direction of the Office.)

MR. D'MATZ

Clementine!

NORRIS/WAYLON/LILLY

*She was paying close attention
To the world outside the window*

CLEMENTINE

*But nobody cares, no one hears
Anything that I say
I am having a not-so-good of a day!*

(NORRIS, WAYLON, and LILLY exit.)

CLEMENTINE

(Addressing audience)

I started down the hallway toward the principal's office walking real S-L-O-W slow...

(She demonstrates.)

When all of a sudden I saw my best friend Margaret come out of the art room.

(MARGARET enters in a special.)

Margaret is in fourth grade and I am in third. She thinks that makes her the boss of me. She's always telling me...

MARGARET

Remember the rules, Clementine!

CLEMENTINE

(Addressing audience)

I hate Margaret's rules. She's got a bunch, but her all-time favorite number one rule is...

MARGARET

Don't touch my stuff!

CLEMENTINE

Why not?

Germs.
MARGARET

But I don't have any germs!
CLEMENTINE

MARGARET
Everyone has germs, Clementine – and I don't want your germs on my stuff.

CLEMENTINE
(To the audience)
Margaret is very frustrating.

(MITCHELL enters in a special. He wears a Boston Red Sox ball cap.)

MITCHELL
Tell me about it.

CLEMENTINE
(To audience)
This is Margaret's older brother Mitchell. He is funny and nice but he is N-O-T *not* my boyfriend.

MARGARET
Mitchell, shouldn't you be in gym class or something?

MITCHELL
Oh, right!

(He turns and runs off. Music out. MARGARET grabs a chunk of her own hair and starts to cross in front of CLEMENTINE.)

CLEMENTINE
Hey, Margaret – where you going?

MARGARET
Get out of my way, Clementine!

CLEMENTINE
Why? What's the matter...? Are you crying? Margaret, why are you crying?

(MARGARET runs off.)

CLEMENTINE

(To audience)

Margaret never cries. I knew something must be wrong, so I followed her into the girl's bathroom...

(The scene shifts to the Ladies Room. MARGARET stands in front of a "mirror," facing the audience. CLEMENTINE enters behind her.)

CLEMENTINE

Margaret, what's the matter.

MARGARET

My hair. I got glue in my hair.

CLEMENTINE

So? Wash it out.

MARGARET

I can't wash it out.

CLEMENTINE

Sure you can. School glue is *made* to wash out.

MARGARET

I didn't use school glue. I used this.

(She holds up a bottle of super-glue.)

CLEMENTINE

Super-glue?! Margaret, where did you get that?

MARGARET

I brought it from home. I'm tired of using school glue for my projects. Fourth graders deserve something better. Something stronger.

CLEMENTINE

But super-glue doesn't wash out!

MARGARET

I know. So I'm going to cut it out.

(She holds up a pair of safety scissors.)

CLEMENTINE

Margaret – NO!

MARGARET

I have no choice, Clementine. Now – stand back.

(CLEMENTINE takes a step back. Music under as MARGARET grabs a hunk of her hair. CLEMENTINE covers her eyes with her hands.)

CLEMENTINE

I can't watch.

(Music crescendos as the scissors slowly approach the hair. Then...)

MARGARET

I can't.

(Music out. MARGARET holds out the scissors.)

You do it.

CLEMENTINE

Me?!

MARGARET

You're my best friend, Clementine. Please.

(Beat. CLEMENTINE takes the scissors. Music underscores. MARGARET turns her back to the audience. CLEMENTINE faces her and slowly grabs a hunk of MARGARET's hair. Music crescendos as the scissors approach then – SNIP! CLEMENTINE holds up the hunk of hair, staring at it. Music out. Beat.)

MARGARET

Well? How does it look?

(CLEMENTINE looks back at MARGARET, studying her face.)

CLEMENTINE

No so good.

(MISS DAPHNE enters.)

MISS DAPHNE

Clementine! What are you doing with those scissors?

(MISS DAPHNE and MARGARET freeze.)

CLEMENTINE

(To audience)

This is Miss Daphne, the art teacher.

(MISS DAPHNE and MARGARET unfreeze as the action resumes.)

MISS DAPHNE

Margaret – what happened to your hair?!

(MARGARET turns and looks at herself in the mirror. We see that a big chunk of hair is missing.)

CLEMENTINE

(To audience)

And that's when Margaret got all historical...

MARGARET

AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHH!

(MARGARET turns and runs off, screaming the whole way.)

MISS DAPHNE

Clementine, this is all your fault! Go to the principal's office!

CLEMENTINE

But...

MISS DAPHNE

No buts! Go!

(She off then exits opposite. WAYLON and NORRIS enter carrying a small desk with a phone attached and a chair. They proceed to set up the office as CLEMENTINE crosses.)

CLEMENTINE

*I've had a not-so-good of a day
I try to help
And I get in trouble anyway*

CLEMENTINE (cont.)

*It's not my fault that Margaret glued her hair
And needed me to cut it.*

WAYLON/NORRIS

*She was just being a friend
And now she has to pay*

CLEMENTINE

I am having a not-so-good of a day!

*(Music continues under as the scene shifts to the Principal's Office.
NORRIS and WAYLON step back and watch.)*

CLEMENTINE

(Addressing audience)

When I got to the principal's office, no one was there – so I sat down and waited. And waited.
And waited.

*(Suddenly the phone on the desk rings. And rings again.
CLEMENTINE looks around.)*

NORRIS

Clementine, don't do it...

(The phone rings again. CLEMENTINE stares at it.)

WAYLON

Clementine, don't answer that phone...

(The phone ring again.)

NORRIS/WAYLON

Clementine, you'll rue it...

(CLEMENTINE starts reaching for it...)

Clementine! Clementine! Clementine!

(CLEMENTINE answers it.)

CLEMENTINE

Hello...?