



Newport, Maine

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DEBBIE: DIARY OF A MORMON GIRL

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Cast of Characters

5M 3F + 8 Dancers (4M 4F)

DEBBIE
SOLOMON
MOTHER
DADDY
JANA

Other Characters are played by the “DANCERS” (or they can be separate)

ARNIE
STAN FORD
JOSEPH “JOEY” GARDNER
BOY 1, 2, 3,
GIRL 1, 2,
Father Figment
Debbie Figment

The Original Cast of the Premiere 1978 production was as follows:

Debbie – Heather Young
Solomon – Michael Flynn
Stan Ford – Philip Clayton (yes, spelled "Philip")
Jana – Ruann Christian
Joey – Harry Boquist
Company:
Philip Clayton • Ruana Christian • Richard Battaglia • Margaret Francis

DEBBIE: Diary of a Mormon Girl A Musical by Heather Young and Lex De Azevedo. 5M 3F + 8 Dancers (4M 4F) Fluid setting with projection screen or scrim and multi-level platforms. Contemporary costumes (or set it in the 1980s) About 2 hours. Approaching her 16th birthday, Debbie is unsettled and unsure – about everything. Adolescence has really gotten her bewildered. She spends all her money on an expensive journal, in the hopes that she can keep track of all the things she wants and hopes for and despairs over. She names it Solomon. She talks to it, and it takes on the personality of a Young Man. Debbie dates. She despairs. Debbie searches for her testimony. She despairs but writes a letter to Boyd K. Packer. She dates and despairs again. She teaches primary, she plans a Youth Conference, she gets a job at the local hospital caring for sick children – after several years she begins to find herself through the wise counsel of Solomon, her anthropomorphic Journal. She sorts through the hazards of adolescence. She navigates the paths of conscience and desire. She lives. **ORDER #2078**

Musical Numbers

ACT ONE

#1 – Prelude		
#2 – Interlude		
#3 – Song To Solomon	Debbie	2:24
#3a – Song To Solomon (reprise)	Debbie	
#3b – Song To Solomon (reprise 2)	Debbie	
#4 – How Can I Know How Far I Can Go?	Debbie & Solomon	6:19
#4a – How Can I Know How Far I Can Go? (reprise)	Debbie	
#5 – I Wonder If He Loves Me	Debbie	3:42
#6 – If Someone Really Cared	Stanford	2:52
#7 – Popularity	Company	5:45
#7a – Underscore		
#8 – An Ordinary Man	Debbie	3:29
#9 – Questions To Boyd K. Packer	Debbie	2:04
#10 – Pure And Simple No	Solomon & Debbie	4:10
#11 – Here Comes Love Again	Debbie	1:50

ACT TWO

#12 – Entr'acte		
#13 – Once Upon A Star	Joey	2:15
#14 – Pomp And Circumstance	Company	
#15 – Once Upon A Star (Reprise)/When A Woman Loves A Man	Joey	3:55
#16 – How Far Can I Go?	Debbie	3:07
#17 – Where Are You Now?	Debbie & Jana	3:55
#18 – New	Stanford	2:54
#19 – Song To Solomon	Debbie	2:10
#20 – How Far Can I Go? (Reprise)	Debbie	2:24
#21 – Curtain Call		

NOTE TO THE PRODUCERS: if there is a discrepancy between the lyrics of the score and the lyrics of the script, please follow the lyrics of the script.

ACT ONE

Stage lights are on. No music. When the curtain opens, we see a bedroom, or a hint of one—a girl's, an adolescent. The bedroom does not take up the whole stage, however. There are platforms and scrims beyond the boundaries of the bedroom to indicate that the center of action may perhaps take place within the room, certainly not all. After a few seconds to take in the stage, we see DEBBIE pop in the door of the bedroom. She appears to be in her teens; also, a little tired and disheveled. It could be the end of a hard day at school. She is carrying some books and pompoms (whatever). A white envelope slips out of the books and onto the floor. She throws the books on the bed, and picks up the envelope, taking out the contents. It looks like pictures – school pictures. After regarding them with a critical eye, she takes the largest one, and making a place for it on her wall or bulletin board, she sticks the picture up with a couple of tacks. At this point we hear—as though from a far corner of the house—a voice calling.

MOTHER'S VOICE: Debbie!

(Pause)

Deborah Barrett!

(DEBBIE looks at the picture one more time, snaps her fingers to the dawning of an idea, and quickly goes to a desk drawer. From out the desk she pulls a large, black marker. She walks with a sense of purpose to the picture and draws on it a large mustache. Satisfied, she throws the pen down on the desk and exits hastily. With the slam of the door, MUSIC floods the theatre.)

MUSICAL #1 – PRELUDE

MOTHER'S VOICE: Hi, sweetheart, did you get your school pictures today like you wanted?

DEBBIE: Yeah.

MOTHER'S VOICE: Well? How did they turn out, dear?

DEBBIE: Oh—they were terrific, Mom, just terrific. Hey, Mom, you haven't forgotten it's my sixteenth birthday next week, have you?

MOTHER'S VOICE: Forgotten? Hardly, dear. I don't know though, it's hard for Daddy and me to think of you dating already.

(Popping into DEBBIE's room)

Don't you think you ought to wait another couple of years?

DEBBIE: Mother! I hate it when you tease me—you know how I hate it

(Pause)

Besides, I've got someone all picked out for my first date—you're going to love him.

MOTHER: My, times have changed! In my day the boys picked out the girls.

DEBBIE: Oh. Yes. Well, that's still sort of how it is, except in my case, I don't think it would work. I mean, I don't think he even has my phone number or anything.

MOTHER: Uh huh. Well, who is it, dear? Do I know him?

DEBBIE: Jay Osmond.

.....

(MUSIC ends, LIGHTS come up slightly brighter on stage and DEBBIE enters through the bedroom door. She is obviously talking to someone off stage.)

DEBBIE: I will too! Hey, listen, I thought you'd be glad.

(She closes the door and leans against it.)

Oh, never mind.

(She is holding a large leather-bound book with brass fittings. She holds it up, kisses it, and begins to speak directly to it.)

Dear Diary... Dear Diary, yesterday was my sixteenth birthday, and in honor of the occasion, I went out and bought you. I had to spend all my birthday money to do it, though, but I like quality. Daddy just laughed.

(Side glance to the door.)

He said that you are the type of journal that rich old ladies keep their memoirs in. He doesn't even think I'll keep you up to date. But I'll have the last laugh. You know what I made him promise me? His most expensive necktie for a bookmark when I'm all finished. He said that for that price, he ought to at least be able to read it. I told him okay, but he'd probably have to keep it under his bed in a brown wrapper.

(She pauses to feel the leather and trace the gold letters.)

Hey, you know what I'm thinking? You're just like me – four years of empty pages to fill...and expensive to have around. You'll be my best friend and I'll tell you everything I think and feel, and you'll record it all faithfully – and never tell what you know. I'll have to give you a name. Let's see...uh...who was that King in the Bible that was so wise and everything...uh, Solomon. Yeah, I'll call you Solomon.

MUSICAL # 2 – INTERLUDE

(DEBBIE sits and begins to write.)

September 30 – Dear Solomon, everything in my life so far is absolutely, positively boring! I haven't even been on a date with a boy, for pete's sakes. I mean, I'm practically the most boring person I know. I guess I'm not really ugly, but I'm not pretty either. I think my eyes are sort of ... light-hazel, I don't know. Daddy says they're blue and Mother says they're green. Daddy says I take things too seriously, and Mother says that if I don't quit being so silly I'm going to drive her crazy! She's says I'm never there when she needs me, and Jana—that's my eighteen-year-old sister—Jana thinks I'm always in the way! See what I mean? It's really hard to describe a boring person, I mean, there's nothing that stands out that everyone can agree on. Well, there is this one thing—but nobody knows about it yet—

(Sotto Voce)

– one of my arms is a half an inch longer than the other one. See?

(She holds them up.)

Oh, but I'd die if anyone found out.

(She gets up and goes to the mirror.)

I don't know, I have all these ideas, see, how I could be. I know I could look terrific with the right hair style

and stuff. I'm going to buy this super new matching nail polish and lipstick—Carnival red—as soon as my nails grow out. And then, I've got to work on how to act in front of boys and everything—ahhhhhh—I can hardly wait; oh, there's so much to talk about and plan when you're sixteen.

(She drops back into her chair and begins to write again.)

I guess I've needed someone like you for a long time, Solomon.

MUSICAL #3— SONG TO SOLOMON

I mean, who could I tell all this to, really? Mom was sixteen once...I think. But it would be different now. I guess I can talk to her about some things all right, but some things are just private, you know? Besides, she hates Carnival Red, And Jana—shoot—she has such a big mouth, I could never tell her how I feel about boys and stuff. So, I guess it's just you and me, Solomon. Hey, this is crazy, I know, but I feel like you are real, sort of, I mean, in a way. In fact, it's absolutely traumatizing! Oh, you'll be so understanding, Solomon—the strong, silent type, you know—and best of all, you won't give me long sermons on dress standards and eye makeup! Ahhhhhhhhh! I love you already!

(Use first verse of the song in the Piano-Vocal Score)

DEEP INSIDE
I'VE TRIED TO HIDE
THE THINGS I'M FEELING NOW.
COULDN'T FIGURE HOW
TO GET THEM OUT.
BUT HERE YOU ARE
AND I'M NOT FAR
FROM TELLING ALL I FEEL.
CAN YOU BE SO REAL?
COULD I EVER DOUBT?
THAT SOLOMON, DEAR SOLOMON,
YOU'RE ALL I HOPED YOU'D BE
CAUSE I ALWAYS NEEDED SOMEONE
WHO COULD BE A FRIEND TO ME.
NOW SOLOMON, SWEET SOLOMON
YOU MAKE MY LIFE A SPECIAL ONE
AND I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT
IN MY SONG TO SOLOMON.

(LIGHTS down.)

.....

(LIGHTS come up. DEBBIE enters room with bathrobe on, disgruntled. Sits down to write in her journal. The room could be lit by a small desk light to give a night-time, almost “eerie” effect when we first hear the voice of SOLOMON.)

DEBBIE: Dear Solomon...

(SOLOMON appears from behind a scrim.)

SOLOMON: Yes?

(DEBBIE looks around, startled, not believing that she really heard anything. Then begins again slowly...)

DEBBIE: Dear Solomon...I've only had you for one day and already I've got problems!

SOLOMON: Peculiarly coincidental. As it happens, I have a bit of a problem myself.

DEBBIE: What?

(DEBBIE gets up to look around and discovers a man, SOLOMON, rather mature, in some respects, yet with a youthful charm – the embodiment of what every young girl might imagine a thoroughly marvelous male creature to be.)

Who are you?

SOLOMON: Me? Why, I'm not sure I know how to explain...a...a fabrication of fancy, a slight of mind, perhaps... Look here, surely you must know this better than I...

DEBBIE: *(laughing)* Solomon! You're Solomon! You're Solomon, right?

SOLOMON: Right... on all three counts.

DEBBIE: But, I mean, where did you come from? Hey, you look just like I thought you would, you know?

SOLOMON: Of course I do! I'm a figment.

DEBBIE: Oh. A what?

SOLOMON: A figment...your figment, to be exact.

DEBBIE: Oh! You mean a figment of my imagination!

SOLOMON: I suppose, if you want to be redundant. It's all one and the same, of course. That's what a figment is—something from your imagination.

DEBBIE: A figment, huh? You make it sound like a race or something— I mean— Indian, Caucasian, Figment...

SOLOMON: Quite so...only, a figment has...no...pigment.

DEBBIE: Ha-ha. Hey... That's pretty corny! Do you tell a lot of jokes or what?

SOLOMON: Why not? You love them.

DEBBIE: How do you know what I love? Hey!—Do you know what I'm thinking?

SOLOMON: Yes, but go ahead and tell me anyway.

DEBBIE: No, I mean, do you know what I'm thinking before I think it?

SOLOMON: Not before. Only at the moment you're thinking it. And I should like to write them all down for you, but I...

DEBBIE: Wait a minute. If you are my figment, how come you're so proper and everything, that fancy way you talk and stuff. I'm not like that. How come you are?

SOLOMON: I'm afraid I have no idea. Figments don't know much about themselves, as a rule, unless of course, they've been very thoroughly imagined; which unfortunately, you did not take the time to do.

(SOLOMON glances at the left side of his body and DEBBIE notices for the first time that he does not have a left arm.)

DEBBIE: Oh! I didn't even notice, You only have one arm!

SOLOMON: Precisely.

DEBBIE: Is that my fault? I'm not sure how I even got this much of you here. What can I do about the rest!

SOLOMON: Perhaps if you concentrate very hard, it might just pop out... like the end of a balloon...

DEBBIE: (*unsure*) Yeah. Well, I'll try.

(*DEBBIE closes her eyes tightly and nods her head sharply. The arm appears with a loud pop.*)

Hey, it worked! It worked! Oh, hey, how would you like another arm, or maybe another head or something!

(*DEBBIE goes into her concentration thing again.*)

SOLOMON: No, please! Let me get used to what I've got first, huh?

(*SOLOMON comes out from behind the scrim.*)

That is, maybe we should get to know one another first. You never can tell, you might like me just the way I am. Say, one arm was all right enough, but two is rather...marvelous, don't you think?

DEBBIE: Yeah. Hey, you're pretty cute, you know? And I think I know why you're so proper, too.

SOLOMON: You do?

DEBBIE: Yeah. Well, see, deep inside, I'm very proper myself. I've felt it for a long time.

SOLOMON: Is that so?

DEBBIE: I belong back when Knighthood was in flower and all that. I should have been a princess...a princess with blue blood and long hair, back in the fifteenth century somewhere. Instead, I'm stuck here—in the boring old last days.

SOLOMON: Last days? Wouldn't you know – I just get here, and they're winding everything up!

(*SOLOMON picks up the journal, apparently to write in it.*)

DEBBIE: Hey, what are you doing with my book? I'll have you know, that book cost a lot of money. What are you doing?

SOLOMON: Why, I'm going to write down everything you say.

DEBBIE: You are? What are you doing that for? I might say something I don't want written down.

SOLOMON: Oh, come now, little...uh...what is it you wish to be called?

DEBBIE: Debbie.

(*SOLOMON proceeds to write the name.*)

No, wait! Make that ...

(*DEBBIE says this slowly and dramatically.*)

...Deborah Catherine Barrett. Well, all right, you can shorten it to Deborah C. Barrett.

(*SOLOMON writes the name.*)

SOLOMON: Come now, Deborah C. Barrett. Isn't that exactly what you wanted. Someone to record every word you say?

DEBBIE: And never tell what you know.

SOLOMON: Yes, yes, I remember.

MUSICAL # 3A – SONG TO SOLOMON (REPRISE)

(*Begin in the Piano-Vocal Score from the pick-up measure on the last of page three, through page 4 and take the second ending.*)

OH, SOLOMON, SWEET SOLOMON
YOU'RE ALL I HOPED YOU'D BE

CAUSE I ALWAYS NEEDED SOMEONE
WHO COULD BE A FRIEND TO ME.
NOW SOLOMON, SWEET SOLOMON
YOU MAKE MY LIFE A SPECIAL ONE.
AND I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT
IN MY SONG TO SOLOMON

SOLOMON: Now, why don't we get on with November first, shall we? What is this terrible problem you seem to have, Deborah C. Barrett?

DEBBIE: It's just that mother won't let me go with Christy and Cheryl to see this R-rated movie—but its got such fantastic photography, everybody says! I just about sold myself into slavery to make her say yes, but she wouldn't budge! I mean, I told her I'd do the dishes every night for the next hundred years, for pete's sakes...Are you really getting all this? And I hope you're getting the feeling of it, I mean, the feeling is practically the most important thing. Are you married?

SOLOMON: Married? Do you imagine me to be?

DEBBIE: (*thinks for a minute, then slyly*) No.

SOLOMON: Ah! There—you see? I'm afraid I'm subject to the whims of a fickle, feminine ego—a sixteen-year-old one at that.

DEBBIE: Sixteen! Oh, don't even mention it! Sometimes I think being sixteen is the worst decision I ever made! It hurts so much inside. You know, sometimes I just wish I didn't have any feelings at all. Then I could never get hurt. People could do or say anything to me and I just wouldn't even care.

SOLOMON: No feelings, huh? I was just getting used to them, actually.

DEBBIE: Hey, listen, I can't stay up all night crying. I've got to go to school in the morning. Aren't you supposed to see that I say my prayers and get to bed on time and all that kind of stuff?

SOLOMON: I should say not. I'm just here to take a few notes. I'm afraid, Deborah C. Barrett, that for always and ever—discipline is a matter you must see to, yourself.

DEBBIE: For always and ever, huh?

(*DEBBIE sits on the edge of her bed.*)

In that case, I hope I die young. This could get very tiring, making all my own decisions. Solomon, will you be here tomorrow?

SOLOMON: That, little friend, is also entirely up to you. Just one thing, however...

DEBBIE: Yes?

SOLOMON: Could you try to get me here in one piece next time?

(*SOLOMON vanishes.*)

MUSICAL #3b – SONG TO SOLOMON (REPRISE 2)

(*Sing the entire second verse with the second ending, from the Piano-Vocal Score*)

DEBBIE:

SOMETIMES WHEN I FEEL AN ACHE
BEGIN WITHIN MY HEART,

WHEN EMOTIONS START
TO GET ME DOWN.
WELL, I BELIEVE THAT I COULD LEAVE
THEM ALL AND FLY AWAY,
KNOWING THAT TODAY
I HAVE FINALLY FOUND
MY SOLOMON, DEAR SOLOMON.
A FRIEND TO FLY WITH ME
PAST THE OLD FAMILIAR SUNRISE
TO A PLACE I'D RATHER BE.
NOW SOLOMON, SWEET SOLOMON
YOU'LL MAKE MY LIFE A SPECIAL ONE.
AND I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT
IN MY SONG TO SOLOMON.

(DEBBIE falls asleep. Lights out.)

.....

(Lights up.)

DEBBIE: And then he said he was on the basketball team, as if he had to tell me! And then he asked me, why he'd never seen me at any of the games. Can you imagine? How humiliating! Since I'm a songleader and I'm practically jumping all over him every time he makes a basket and all.

SOLOMON: All what?

DEBBIE: What do you mean, all what?'

SOLOMON: '...every time he makes a basket and all...'??

DEBBIE: Oh, Solomon, 'And all' is a figure of speech!

SOLOMON: Oh, I see... like 'and everything' or 'and stuff'?

DEBBIE: Yeah, sort of.

SOLOMON: Sort of what?

DEBBIE: Solomon, would you just write it down like I say it and stop trying to analyze everything!

SOLOMON: Right. At any rate, you were fascinated by this fellow, but you couldn't figure out why, since he really isn't your type.

DEBBIE: Isn't my type? How do you know? I didn't say that.

SOLOMON: You thought it.

DEBBIE: Good grief, Solomon. I might be thinking it, but that doesn't mean I want it written down for all my posterity to read!

SOLOMON: ... a thousand pardons, Deborah C. Barrett. Consider it erased, and please continue.

DEBBIE: Okay, well, anyway... he turned me on, see, but I couldn't figure out why, since—he really isn't my type.

SOLOMON: Isn't that...?'

DEBBIE: What?'

SOLOMON: Never mind, Go on.

DEBBIE: Well, it all boils down to this. Daddy says that even though I can date now, I have to be careful about who I choose to go out with. He thinks I've got all these guys waiting around to go out with me, and all I have to do is punch their tickets or something. Anyway, I'm really stuck on this Arnie Brazier, but, I'm not sure Daddy will approve. Its just that he's been raised different than me.

SOLOMON: Differently.

DEBBIE: Yeah, okay, differently. What are you, Solomon, some kind of a word freak?

SOLOMON: Yes, I suppose I am. I seem to possess a peculiar fascination for the English language; a passion, you might say...

DEBBIE: Well, if you think this love affair is gonna last, maybe you can help me with my vocabulary test on Friday, All those words are so confusing to me—expedite...expedient...expend...

SOLOMON: Ah, yes, marvelous words, all.

DEBBIE: *(with a mischievous smile)* All what?

SOLOMON: Why, I...

DEBBIE: Gotcha, Solomon!

SOLOMON: *(laughing)* Yes, I suppose you did.

DEBBIE: So what d'ya think...about Arnie Brazier, I mean? He sure is cute.

SOLOMON: Obviously, 'cute' is very important to you, Deborah C. Barrett. Perhaps we should decide on Arnie Brazier, then.

DEBBIE: Yeah, I think I've decided on him. There's just one thing, inconsitentia— inkonsikental...

SOLOMON: Inconsequential.

DEBBIE: Inconsequential thing, yeah. Do you think he's gonna ask me out?

(LIGHTS out)

.....

(LIGHTS up.)

SOLOMON: *(sitting)* Standards night? Tell me more about this night of standards.

DEBBIE: *(pokes her head out of the closet)* Well, it's where we talk about the standards we live by—you know the clothes we wear, and the language we use, and sex and stuff.

SOLOMON: Sex?

DEBBIE: And stuff. Right.

(DEBBIE pops back into the closet.)

SOLOMON: Ahem. Go on...I think.

DEBBIE: *(from the closet)* Well, for one thing, this lady who spoke to us said that people are very cynical about sex and if you act like it is special or something — I mean special enough to only have with one person — they'll think you are being melodramatic and say that you're making too much out of it. But on the other hand, everyone seems to think sex is so terribly important, like you better get it right the first time or you'll be absolutely nowhere. I mean, they act like if you don't have sex just about every day before you're married, you are never going to get the hand of it, for petes sakes.

SOLOMON: This lady that spoke to you said all that?

DEBBIE: Well, not all of it. Some of it I thought of myself.

(DEBBIE is pleased.)

SOLOMON: Yes... I see ... Look here, Deborah C. Barrett, I happen to know that this subject hasn't been occupying your mind for every long. Are you sure you know what you're talking about? Perhaps you're assuming a lot.

DEBBIE: No. It's true. Honest, it is. Solomon, look, I have this girlfriend, Jennifer, who really gets around, see, and she says it's true. I mean, she didn't go into detail, or anything. But what she said was, "Listen, Deb, when you know you're going to be compared to a hundred other girls, you'd better get it right the first time."

SOLOMON: (*raises his eyebrows*) I suppose she has a point there.

DEBBIE: Yeah, and Solomon, I've decided something.

SOLOMON: Yes?

DEBBIE: Well, it's just that ... that nobody is ever going to get a chance to compare me to anybody. I've been thinking about it, and I don't know, but I just think sex is a pretty natural thing. I mean, I don't see why everyone's so hung up about it, and why they have to read a hundred books that tell them how to do it. What did Adam and Eve do, for pete's sakes?

SOLOMON: I'm sure I don't know. Still, I don't suppose they came with an owner's manual.

DEBBIE: And I'm so sure if Mom and Dad can do it, its gotta be pretty easy, don't you think?

SOLOMON: I don't believe I ever thought of it that way before.

DEBBIE: Anyway, they had this question and answer period at the Standards Night, after all the speakers, but its pretty embarrassing to ask questions like that right in front of the Bishop and everybody. So no one asked what they really wanted to know.

MUSICAL #4 – HOW CAN I KNOW HOW FAR I CAN GO?

DEBBIE:

HOW CAN I KNOW
HOW FAR I CAN GO?
BEFORE MY FIRST DATE –
I THINK I SHOULD KNOW.

(DANCERS appear coy and flirtatious in the dance.)

HOW CAN I KNOW
HOW FAR I CAN GO?
BEFORE MY FIRST KISS –
I REALLY SHOULD KNOW

SHOULD I TAKE HIS HAND AND POLITELY FOLLOW HIS LEAD?
OR DO I REFUSE HIM AND SAY THAT I NEED
SOME SMALL REASSURANCE
OF HIS PROPER RESPECT.
A COAT IN THE MUD
OR A SWORD FOR PROTEC...TION.
THREE CHAPERONES

SHOULD SUIT ME QUITE NICELY.
A LIGHT ON THE PORCH
WHEN WERE HOME AT PRECISELY
9:15.

Go ahead, you may kiss my hand.

(DANCER kisses DEBBIE'S hand, she salutes, and clicks his heels)

DANCER: Is that all, Miss?

(Now, there are FOUR MALE DANCERS, all in tuxedos, standing in a row.)

DEBBIE: Not quite. You must also fill out this simple form, giving my father a full account of your social status, your weekly allowance, and a list of possible career choices. Have all this completed and signed by you, your parents, and two other qualified witnesses by Wednesday, and maybe—I shall accompany you to the prom on Friday. Well, what do you think, Solomon?

SOLOMON: I don't quite know what to say, Deborah. Perhaps it's a bit too much to ask on the first date?

(As SOLOMON speaks, he runs over to the door and opens it, watching the DANCERS exit, dropping their wadded up forms in the waste can as they go.)

DEBBIE: Yes. I think I see what you mean.

(SOLOMON and DEBBIE go over to center stage, sit down and remain silent for a second or two.)

HOW CAN I KNOW
HOW FAR I CAN GO?
BEFORE MY FIRST DATE –
I THINK I SHOULD KNOW?
HOW CAN I KNOW
HOW FAR I CAN GO?
WHEN HE SAYS, "COME ON, BABE,"
DO I HAVE TO SAY "NO"?

(DANCERS come back in black leather jackets. The dance becomes bolder.)

CAN'T I GO ALONG ONCE FOR A DANGEROUS RIDE?
MUST I ALWAYS CONTEND WITH THIS FUNNY LITTLE FEELING INSIDE?
OH, SPARE ME THE LECTURES
ON VIRTUE AND VICE.
THE CHOWDER IS NOTHING WITHOUT
ALL THE SPICES.

SOLOMON: *(shouted)* Now, just remember, your virtue is more precious than rubies and pearls!

DEBBIE: *(shouted also)* Yeah, but Ruby and Pearl had a lot more fun, you know what I mean?

WHY DO I HEAR
THIS LITTLE VOICE INSIDE ME?
IF I TOOK THIS ADVICE
THERE'S NO QUESTION THAT I'D BE...

An absolute wallflower! What is that crazy voice, anyway?

(SOLOMON starts to answer.)

DEBBIE: Did I ask for someone to tell me I'm not gonna like myself? I mean, just because I do one little thing wrong? No, I didn't.

(DEBBIE paces around SOLOMON as though she were conducting an interrogation.)

Listen, Solomon, you're a figment, right?

SOLOMON: True.

DEBBIE: And that means that you're a part of my imagination, and so is this little voice. That means you must know what it is.

SOLOMON: You've got it wrong, Deborah C. Barrett. It is true that I am but a poor, humble figment, something you have only imagined. But that voice is much more substantial. It is your conscience, and it is real. It's true.

DEBBIE: *(thinks for a moment)* Well, maybe I don't want it. Maybe I never wanted it in the first place. Listen, you voice! If you're really real, then show yourself!

(DEBBIE looks around.)

Go ahead.

(Looks more confidently.)

There, see, Solomon? Just what I thought. That settles it, then.

(While DEBBIE is talking, there appears behind her a shadowy FIGURE with a dignified appearance.)

I can take care of myself. Oh, there's so many things I want to do, Things I want to try while I'm still young.

(DEBBIE becomes a full-fledged Imp. SOLOMON is standing high on a platform.)

SOLOMON: *(intoned)*

I'M VERY HAPPY TO ANNOUNCE THAT FROM THIS DAY FORTH,
DEBORAH C. BARRETT HAS COME TO THAT TIME IN HER EARTHLY EXISTENCE
WHERE THERE TAKES PLACE AN EFFECTUAL CHANGE IN HER METAMORPHOSIS.

DEBBIE:

DON'T TRY TO SLOW ME DOWN
OR STAND IN MY WAY!
SO WHAT ABOUT TOMORROW,
I HAVEN'T LIVED TODAY!

I'll follow the spirit of adventure, and when I'm old I can say that I did everything at least once!

(MUSIC continues under.)

SOLOMON: Climb Mount Everest?

DEBBIE: Yes, I did that.

SOLOMON: Swim the English Channel?

DEBBIE: Oh, yes, I did that many times!

SOLOMON: Paint the White House?

DEBBIE: Yes, one summer I painted it green!

SOLOMON: Sailed the Atlantic?

DEBBIE: On a raft made of popsicle sticks!

SOLOMON: Rebuilt New York?

(SOLOMON is trying to think of harder and harder things, to get her calmed down, but she rises to each occasion. "NEW YORK", however, has her stunned for a moment. She takes a big breath and tackles it.)

DEBBIE: Uh, yes, that was me! After the terrible earthquake. And the amazing thing is, I did it entirely out of Lego!

SOLOMON: Uh...on the social register?

DEBBIE: *(in rhythm)* Yes.

SOLOMON: Dated every eligible bachelor?

DEBBIE: *(in rhythm)* Yes. And some who were not. Caused an absolute scandal wherever I went.

SOLOMON: Did you eat and drink?

DEBBIE: *(in rhythm)* Yes.

SOLOMON: Were you merry?

DEBBIE: Yes!

SOLOMON: Did you fly?

DEBBIE: *(in rhythm)* Yes.

SOLOMON: Was it high?

DEBBIE: *(in rhythm)* Yes!!

(At this point DEBBIE is so overwrought that she jumps down and runs around the room, wreaking havoc where ever she goes, pulling pillowcases off, etc., emptying trash all over the floor. SOLOMON follows, helpless.)

HOW CAN I KNOW

HOW FAR I CAN GO?

I'LL CHOOSE FOR MYSELF

HOW FAR I CAN GO.

(Suddenly they run into the 'conscience' FIGURE that appeared before when she tried to call it out. DEBBIE screams and looks very sheepish. She turns, with a hand to her mouth.)

Is that...Why didn't you stop me?

(SOLOMON shrugs [he tried].)

I guess this is what they call having a run-in with your conscience, right?

(FIGURE disappears. DEBBIE is humiliated.)

What am I doing? I'm gonna get myself in trouble before I've even been on a date, for pete's sakes. Is it that easy?

(DEBBIE sits down to think.)

I mean, in a few seconds I changed from a very average sort of person into this raving lunatic! What'll I do when I'm out with a boy?

MUSICAL #4a – HOW CAN I KNOW HOW FAR I CAN GO? (Reprise)

(DEBBIE goes to knees, at bedside. SOLOMON takes it all down.)

Dear Heavenly Father, I thank Thee for so many things, mostly my friends and family...and Solomon. Bless us all. Bless the Prophet and the missionaries... And I'm sorry to have to cut this short, but it's been a long day and I'm afraid if I stay up any later, I'll turn into something really weird.

(Yawns. DEBBIE gets into bed. LIGHTS dim except for one small light around her face. She sits up suddenly.)

Oh, and one more thing—I know it sounds silly, but I just have to know soon—

HOW CAN I KNOW
HOW FAR I CAN GO?
(LIGHTS out.)

(LIGHTS up. The Bedroom again. DEBBIE is removing rollers from her hair. JANA enters.)

JANA: Debbie, aren't you through with those rollers, yet? I've got to use them, too, you know.

DEBBIE: *(preoccupied)* Yeah, okay, I'll be through in a minute.

JANA: I told you this would happen, Deb, but instead of buying a set of rollers for yourself, you had to buy that stupid diary.

SOLOMON: Did you hear that? She called it a diary! A diary, indeed.

(SOLOMON goes to the journal that is sitting on the table and very sneakily pushes it off the end of the table so that it will land on JANA's foot.)

JANA: I don't get it. What's so important about that dumb book — you could have bought a dozen other things if you hadn't spent so much on ... Ouch! Ooooh, how did that happen? It was sitting in the middle of the table a minute ago.

(JANA limps over to DEBBIE.)

I wish you'd hurry up with those — her let me help you. Maybe then...

DEBBIE: Oh, here. Here's your stupid rollers!

(DEBBIE starts to cry.)

Just take them and leave me alone, will you?

JANA: *(Immediately sorry for causing a ruckus)* Look, Deb, I'm sorry to bother you on the night of your first date. Don't get all upset, okay? Okay?

DEBBIE: Okay... It's just that I'm so nervous. Maybe Mom's right. Maybe I shouldn't go out for another couple of years.

JANA: Oh, Debbie, you'll be fine. Hey, what's the matter?

DEBBIE: *(holds her stomach)* Ohhhh, I think I'm going to be sick.

JANA: Oh, no you're not. Not all over my bathrobe. Come on, Sis. Sit over here for a minute.

(JANA grabs DEBBIE out of her chair and takes her downstage. They sit on the platform and everything that SOLOMON reads is pantomimed in front.)

SOLOMON: December 16th. Dear Solomon, tonight is my first date ever. It's with Arnie Brazier. We're going to the school Christmas Dance. I'm so nervous, my hair is standing on end and I can't do a thing with it! Everything has gone wrong today, and to top it all off Jana had to come in and bug me about her hair rollers. I guess she felt pretty bad, though, because she asked me if I'd sit down with her for a while and she told me all about her first date, and we just about died laughing! I guess it made me feel a lot better. Then Daddy

came and asked if he could give me a Father's blessing, since it was my first date and all. You'd think I was going away on a mission or something. I mean he even blessed Arnie's reflexes, for pete's sake. I guess it is a little bit icy on the roads, and all. I just wonder what Arnie would say if he knew that Daddy blessed his reflexes.

(JANA has taken DEBBIE back to her chair and stoops to pick up the diary.)

JANA: Oh, and here's your diary. Man, that thing fell like a ton of bricks on my foot. Must be some pretty heavy stuff in here, huh?

(JANA exits laughing and gathering up the rollers.)

DEBBIE: *(slipping her robe off)* Well, I guess I'm all ready.

(DEBBIE stands, looking at SOLOMON, waiting for a response, gets none.)

Well, aren't you going to wish me luck?

SOLOMON: *(Sullen, moody – a touch of jealousy?)* I wish you luck, Deborah C. Barrett.

DEBBIE: Solomon?

SOLOMON: *(long pause)* Yes?

DEBBIE: Just call me Deborah, Okay?

SOLOMON: *(From behind the scrim)* Arnie Brazier, indeed!

(DEBBIE moves to a solo place.)

DEBBIE: I was reading in the Book of Mormon last night– in Jacob –there's a whole thing in there about how the Lord feels about women. I read it to Mom, she got tears in her eyes. I don't think I want to be a mother, you know, Solomon? They work so hard and get so emotional about things. You know what she said? The Lord loves girls like me with a special love. I think I know what she means, because when I read it, I felt all safe inside, like when Daddy used to hold me on his lap in Church.

MUSICAL #5 – I WONDER IF HE LOVES ME

I wonder ... I wonder if the Lord really does?

I WONDER IF HE LOVES ME LIKE I LOVE HIM.

I WONDER IF HE EVER MISSES ME.

IS HE LONELY LIKE I'M LONELY WHEN I'M WITHOUT HIM?

DOES HE EVER WISH HE'D NEVER SET ME FREE?

WILL I EVER TOUCH HIS HAND OR FEEL HIS ARMS AGAIN?

HAS HE CHANGED FOR ALL THE PAIN AND SACRIFICE?

I CAN SEE THERE'S MORE INVOLVED HERE THAT I'LL EVER KNOW,

BUT I WONDER, DOES HE THINK I'M WORTH THE PRICE?

OH, I'M REALLY NOT TOO CLEVER AND I HAVEN'T TRAVELED FAR.

SHOULD A GIRL IN MY POSITION BE REACHING FOR A STAR?

HAS THERE EVER BEEN A MOMENT I DON'T NEED HIM?

DOES HE NEED ME IN PERHAPS A DIFF'RENT WAY?

IS THERE SOMETHING I CAN GIVE HIM THAT HE DOESN'T HAVE?

IF I FIND IT, CAN I GO BACK HOME TO STAY?

OH, I'M REALLY NOT TOO CLEVER AND I HAVEN'T TRAVELED FAR.
SHOULD A GIRL IN MY POSITION BE REACHING FOR A STAR?
HAS THERE EVER BEEN A MOMENT I DON'T NEED HIM?
DOES HE NEED ME IN PERHAPS A DIFF'RENT WAY?
IS THERE SOMETHING I CAN GIVE HIM THAT HE DOESN'T HAVE?
IF I FIND IT, CAN I GO BACK HOME TO STAY?
IF I FIND IT, CAN I GO BACK HOME TO STAY?

.....

(The DATE: ARNIE and DEBBIE enter on opposite side of stage, apparently in the middle of conversation. SOLOMON appears in time, above.)

ARNIE: Aw, come on, Debbie, all I wanted to do was kiss you good night. Look, I just spent twenty bucks on you...isn't that worth one kiss?

DEBBIE: *(defensively)* I don't know. I've never sold a kiss before.

ARNIE: *(pauses for a minute)* ...you know what I think, Debbie? I think you've never even given a kiss to a guy before. In fact, I bet I'm the first guy you've ever been out with, right? Huh...?

(ARNIE seems to know all the moves, and uses them.)

DEBBIE: No... Arnie!

(DEBBIE pushes ARNIE away.)

It's just that...I don't kiss boys...on...on...the first... date....

ARNIE: *(nodding a bit sarcastically)* Not on the first date, huh?

(Turns away, exasperated, then back around to her all of a sudden.)

How about the last?

(DEBBIE drops her head and laughs a little, embarrassed.)

ARNIE: No. I mean it Debbie. You're not going to get anywhere with guys if you can't bend a little on those "middle-class" values of yours...

(ARNIE kisses DEBBIE on the neck.)

You gonna help me with my math tomorrow?...I can't play basketball next quarter if my grades aren't up...

(DEBBIE is weakening, just as she turns to kiss ARNIE, however, he turns away slapping his leg, apparently oblivious to her gesture.)

Hey, wasn't that a great game last Tuesday night? I scored more points than I have all season.

DEBBIE: *(disappointed)* Mmmm...

(SOLOMON strolls over near DEBBIE)

SOLOMON: Ah, Miss Barrett! Fancy meeting you out here at this time of night!

DEBBIE: *(sits back with arms folded, disgruntled, rolling her eyes.)* Hi.

ARNIE: High? Oh, yeah! Well you saw the score, it was high all right, and I was high-point man. Whew!!
Everybody was high that night.

(ARNIE puts his arm back around Debbie.)

SOLOMON: He's in good spirits, isn't he?

DEBBIE: I guess so.

ARNIE: You guess so? Man, sometimes I don't think you cheerleaders know a thing that's going on in those games. You dance around on the side lines and there we are out there, busting our tails to...

SOLOMON: *(snaps his fingers in ARNIE's face and he freezes)* Don't you find him a little crude?

DEBBIE: *(noticing that ARNIE is frozen)* What are you trying to do, ruin my very first date.

SOLOMON: It doesn't appear to be going to well, anyway.

DEBBIE: What do you mean?

SOLOMON: Well, its obvious that all he wants is to copy ten pages out of your math book.

DEBBIE: How can you say that? Look at this, he's got his arm around me and he even wants to kiss me.

(She realizes ARNIE's face is turned away from her and she quickly turns it toward her.)

SOLOMON: That doesn't prove a thing, tomorrow he'll be kissing Marcia Jennings and she won't hold out on him.

(Standing above the boy, SOLOMON turns ARNIE's head the opposite direction.)

DEBBIE: Oh, how do you know so much?

SOLOMON: I only know what you know.

DEBBIE: Well, in that case, Solomon, would you leave me alone! You're right—I know all about Marcia Jennings, but I've managed to stay ahead of her even if it is because of my math book. So I will handle this my own way if you don't mind.

(DEBBIE snaps her fingers several times, no effect. SOLOMON finally snaps his fingers and ARNIE comes alive, in the midst of his previous conversation.)

ARNIE: To make some points and you girls don't even know what team you're rooting for!

(DEBBIE, extremely upset over Marcia Jennings and her conflict with Solomon, slaps ARNIE on the face.)

ARNIE: Why did you do that?

SOLOMON: I don't think I would have taken that approach.

(DEBBIE comes to her senses and immediately feels stupid.)

ARNIE: Listen, Debbie, you don't have to get so mad. I just meant that you need to pay more attention, that's all.

DEBBIE: I'm sorry...it's just that I...

ARNIE: What's the matter, kid?

DEBBIE: Nothing.

ARNIE: Well, then...hey...let's forget it okay?

DEBBIE: Okay.

ARNIE: Are you going to help me with my math? Maybe tomorrow morning, Saturday, that's a good time, huh?

(After her talk with Solomon, however, DEBBIE's not going to be such a push-over.)

DEBBIE: *(looking over at SOLOMON)* I don't know... I don't know if I'll have the time...

ARNIE: But, Deb, listen, I need your help, the test is on Monday, come on babe.

DEBBIE: *(throws a look at SOLOMON, decides to throw caution to the wind and begins a giant bluff. Throws her head back.)* I'm sorry. I have a date.

ARNIE: A date, at 10:00 in the morning? Well...how about later then, say 5 or 6...?

DEBBIE: *(shaking her head)* I'm sorry...

ARNIE: Another date or the same one all day?

(Doesn't wait for the answer.)

I know, maybe Sunday, huh? We could...

DEBBIE: *(cuts him off)* ...I don't...like to study on Sunday.

(Quick after-thought)

and besides I have a date.

ARNIE: *(angrily)* Look, Debbie, you're not that hot with the boys.

(Immediately sorry.)

I'm sorry, Debbie. I didn't really mean that...I guess I'm the jealous type or something.

(Puts his hands on DEBBIE's shoulders, touches her hair.)

Who is it anyway? What's his name?

DEBBIE: *(mesmerized by ARNIE's tenderness and backed into a corner)* Uh...Nephi.

ARNIE: Nee-Fi? What's Nee-Fi?

DEBBIE: His...his name. That's his name. You don't know him.

ARNIE: I sure as heck don't. Where's he from?

DEBBIE: Oh...well...uh...out west... I think.

ARNIE: Nee-Fi? What is he, a cowboy or something? Or maybe he's an Indian! Huh?

(Laughs out loud. He finds this idea rather hilarious.)

DEBBIE: *(digging herself in deeper)* ...it's just that my father has always wanted me to get to know him and...

ARNIE: *(still laughing)* Come on, Debbie, let's stop playing games. You've always been up front with me.

Where'd you come up with a name like that anyway? You're crazy, you know that?

(No response from DEBBIE.)

Debbie, come on...there's no guy named...what was it?

(Laughing again.)

Lehi?

DEBBIE: *(laughing, turning towards him)* That's close. No. There's no other guy. Look Arnie, I like you alot... I mean I love being with you, you know? I guess I shouldn't just say it out like that, but that's the way I feel...so...I guess I will help you with your math tomorrow.

ARNIE: All right!

DEBBIE: *(adds quickly)* ...but, you'll have to keep your hands wrapped around your pencil, okay?

ARNIE: *(chuckling)* Okay.

DEBBIE: So...I guess I'll see you tomorrow then...good night, Arnie.

(DEBBIE is kind of wishing ARNIE would try to kiss her again and she almost closes her eyes, waiting. But instead, ARNIE has given up and walks away.)

ARNIE: Good night.

(ARNIE turns and looks back at DEBBIE, who's a little disappointed.)

I like your style, though Deb, I mean, most girls say they won't kiss you, but they give in pretty easy. You really mean what you say. That's cool. How do you do it?

DEBBIE: *(smiling, thinking of how many times she almost gave in and glancing over at SOLOMON, who is standing high on a platform somewhere)* I have friends in high places.

(DEBBIE exits. As ARNIE stands blankly, looking after her. SOLOMON continues reading diary.)

SOLOMON: I guess it is a little icy on the roads, but I wonder what old Arnie would say if he knew Daddy had blessed his reflexes.

(LIGHTS out.)

•••••

(Back to the bedroom. DANCERS prepare to enter to enact the scene in pantomime.)

DEBBIE: ...and that's when this guy in my history class asked me to go out with him. His name is Stan Ford—Stanford—Stanford, get it? We just call him Stanford. Anyway, he's about the weirdest guy I've ever met. And I just didn't feel comfortable about it, so I told him I couldn't. He's a really funny guy, though. I mean, I'm practically falling out of my chair every fourth period. I guess he was hurt when I turned him down, because he came up to me right in front of this whole bunch of kids after school and said really loud...

STAN: Hey, listen, I guess you know you're a real turn-off. You're not so hot as you think, y' know.

DEBBIE: Really, Solomon! I was so embarrassed. Everyone in the entire school was looking at us. I tried to think of something to say back, something really cool, y'know? What would you have said, Solomon?

(No response, just hemming and hawing.)

Well?

(DEBBIE drags SOLOMON to center. DANCERS and STAN freeze.)

DEBBIE: Here we are standing around with all of my friends at school, and old Stanford just comes up and says, "Deb, you're a total wipeout, turn-off, zilch." What would you say, Solomon, to defend me?

SOLOMON: Ah...ahem... Well, I... er... uh... Perhaps something like...

(Sotto Voce)

What did you say his name was?

DEBBIE: Stanford.

SOLOMON: Oh, yes, that's right. Ahem. Stan— Mr. Ford. How is it you dare to... dare to... uh...

DEBBIE: Solomon, the crowd is breaking up. You've got to hold their attention. Use some of those words I had in English Grammar today...uh...defile, dispersions...

SOLOMON: Aspersion.

DEBBIE: Right. That's it. Use those.

SOLOMON: As I was saying, how do you, Mr. Ford, dare to defile the name of Deborah C. Barrett? Why, to cast aspersion on the character of such, would be to commit slander. It was Simon R. Barrett who first landed on Plymouth Rock...and everything. Samuel P. Barrett was with Benjamin Franklin himself when he first discovered electricity, and all. And it was Frederick M. Barrett who single-handedly wiped out an entire platoon of English soldiers crossing the Delaware, and stuff!

DEBBIE: *(sotto voce)* Solomon! Is that the best you can do? What kind of a speech is that?

SOLOMON: Shhh...I'm trying to reach him on his own level. Watch. This is really very effective.

(Turning with full force back to the inactive STANFORD.)

And you're not so hot yourself, buddy. Any fellow who goes around wearing an earring must certainly have something screwy up his own family tree!

(Back to DEBBIE.)

Or should I have made allusions to skeletons in the closet?

DEBBIE: Forget it, Solomon, old Stanford doesn't want to hear all that junk. He'd just laugh and walk away! I guess that's why I decided not to say all those things. I felt like I ought to be offended, but I wasn't. Isn't that weird? Anyway, I decided to say what I really felt, no matter how corny it sounded. So, do you want to hear what it was?

SOLOMON: Certainly, by all means.

(SOLOMON prepares to take it all down.)

DEBBIE: Huh?

SOLOMON: What did you say, and how did he take it?

DEBBIE: Oh. Well, what I said was, "Hey, Stanford, you know, I think you're kinda cute. And I don't exactly wanna be on your bad side, so if you'll stop acting like a total idiot, maybe I'll give you a break and let you buy me lunch in the cafeteria sometime."

SOLOMON: Really?

DEBBIE: No. I said,

(Stands by STANFORD)

Stanford, I refuse to be your enemy.

SOLOMON: That's it?

DEBBIE: Of course that's it. See, the way I had it figured, Stanford was probably thinking he'd go home with another person hating him and that would just prove he was supposed to be hated. That's the game he plays in life; I learned all about it in my psychology class at school.

(They freeze for a moment. STANFORD enlivens.)

STAN: Please, someone anyone, hate me, despise, me, go ahead, I can take it. Feel something about me. If not love, then a vague dislike, a mild nausea, something. Don't leave me with nothing.

MUSICAL #6 – IF SOMEONE REALLY CARED

STANFORD:

IF SOMEONE REALLY CARED I THINK I'D CHOKE!
BUT I MUST ADMIT I ALWAYS LOVE A JOKE!
IF SOMEONE REALLY CARED WHAT'S THAT TO ME?
THE FURTHEST THING FROM HYPOCRITES IS WHERE I WANT TO BE...
YEAH, YEAH!
DON'T NEED ANYONE TO FEED ME THEIR STORIES.
DON'T WANT ANYBODY PUSHIN' MY BELL.
I HAVEN'T GOT THE TIME TO GET THE APPROVAL
OF A WORLD THAT JUST AIN'T DOIN' TOO WELL!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT CATCHES MY FANCY:
DOIN' SOMETHIN' THAT EVENTUALLY PAYS!
BUT THERE ISN'T MUCH MONEY IN HELPING YOUR BROTHER,
AND I JUST CAN'T WORK FOR NOTHING THESE DAYS.

IF SOMEONE REALLY CARED WE'D ALL BE TOUCHED,
THOUGH THE STRAIN UPON THE BRAIN MIGHT BE TOO MUCH.
IF SOMEONE REALLY CARED THE WORLD WOULD STOP.
BUT PLEASE DON'T LET IT END, OH, PLEASE DON'T LET IT END
BEFORE I DRINK MY SODA POP!

I HEAR THERE'S A PLACE THAT PEOPLE CALL HEAVEN
WE CAN GET TO, BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW.
IT WOULD BE SUCH A GAS, BUT I DON'T THINK WELL MAKE IT
CAUSE WERE RIDING ON EMPTY NOW.

IF SOMEONE REALLY CARED I WOULD BE SPACED.
I MIGHT EVEN WANT TO JOIN THE HUMAN RACE.
IF SOMEONE REALLY CARED, IF SOMEONE REALLY CARED,
THE DAY WOULD BREAK, THE NIGHT WOULD FALL
IF ANYONE REALLY CARED AT ALL,
I THINK THAT I WOULD...

(DANCERS enliven.)

Hey, guys, did you hear the one about the man who takes his wife on all his business trips? Its easier than kissing her goodbye!

(DANCERS deadpan STAN, who at last, spreads himself out on the floor and waits. TWO DANCERS try to revive STAN.)

DANCER: What is it?

DANCER 2: What happened?

STAN: *(sits up sharply)* I don't know. I just got here myself.

(DANCERS walk away in disgust.)

Please ... don't leave me with nothing.

(STAN exits as LIGHTS go out.)

.....

(LIGHTS up in the bedroom)

DEBBIE: Life is funny, Solomon. All that stuff we've been talking about in Sunday School about returning good for evil kind of hits home to me all of a sudden. I mean, I guess we can do it if we stop and think before we do something rash. I wonder what old Stanford is thinking right now. He just stood there and kind of smiled. What do you think he felt, Solomon?

SOLOMON: Deborah, I wouldn't doubt that he felt very curiously loved. I wouldn't doubt it for a moment.

DEBBIE: Yeah.

SOLOMON: And you know what else?

DEBORAH: What?

(SOLOMON approaches DEBBIE closer than is comfortable for her.)

SOLOMON: I think you're turning into...quite a lovely young lady... and stuff.

DEBBIE: Oh, Solomon!

(DEBBIE retaliates by slapping SOLOMON's shoulder as LIGHTS go out.)

.....

(Another day, or just later. DEBBIE enters through the door.)

DEBBIE: Old Stanford feels curiously loved! Only he doesn't say it that way. He says, "That was the..."

SOLOMON: Yes?

DEBBIE: Oh, forget it. I don't want this journal to be X-rated. Anyway, we had a long talk and you know what? I told him about you, Solomon.

SOLOMON: Me?

DEBBIE: Yeah, he's the first person I've ever really told — that I gave you a name and stuff and that you're a figment. It really blew his mind. He said that you were my alter-ego. What do you think about that?

SOLOMON: *(Considers it)* I'm not sure. It sounds like a step up.

DEBBIE: But I was too afraid it would break the spell and you wouldn't be real to me anymore. But you are, and I'm so happy. I love you, Solomon.

(Pause.)

And also, remember that old teacher I had for German last year? Well, she had a stroke just out of the clear blue sky and we all decided to take up a collection and take some flowers over to her apartment. And boy, was it dingy. I mean it was clean and everything, but she sure doesn't spend any money on herself or else she's working for free. There was absolutely nothing but an old couch two chairs and not even a TV, for Pete's sakes, no wonder she was grumpy, huh, Solomon?... Solomon?

(DEBBIE has been changing into some other outfit either behind the screen or in the closet.)

Listen, I've got to go—I've got a piano lesson in ten minutes. See you later.

(DEBBIE is out the door.)

SOLOMON: An alter ego.

(End of first year. LIGHTS out.)

.....

(SECOND YEAR – DEBBIE, MOM and DAD. LIGHTS up.)

DEBBIE: But Dad, I didn't know those guys had marijuana with them! I didn't even know what it was...

DAD: Debbie, I realize that you didn't know, but what I am saying is you've got to choose your companions more carefully. It's what I've been telling you all along.

DEBBIE: Some birthday party! The whole thing was ruined. Why'd they have to bring it here? They know I'm a Mormon—they know the things we believe!

MOM: *(emotional)* Do they, Deborah? Maybe just once you ought to tell your friends that are not in the church, clearly what you believe and the standards you live by.

DEBBIE: Oh, Mom, that is so boring. What am I supposed to do, give a seminar or something?

DAD: Don't you sass your mother, Deborah Barrett! She worked harder than anybody to make this party nice for you. I'm sure she feels as badly as you do that the party had to break up early. Don't talk back to your mother.

DEBBIE: I'm sorry, mom. I'm sorry for everything. I'm sorry I was ever born!

.....

(The bedroom—again.)

DEBBIE: I don't know why mom was crying—it wasn't her party ruined.

SOLOMON: Parents can be highly unreasonable at times.

DEBBIE: Now, I'll never be popular.

SOLOMON: Popular—popular—what is this you keep saying, Deborah? What is 'popular'?

DEBBIE: I don't know how to explain it exactly. Its something you always want to be and never are.

SOLOMON: Hmm...sounds rather elusive.

DEBBIE: Oh, it is—totally elusive and unattainable—that's what makes it so wonderful. When you're popular, hardly anybody else is!

SOLOMON: I see...but, isn't that rather lonely?

DEBBIE: Oh, no, see, if you're popular, then all the other popular people like you.

SOLOMON: But didn't you just say that there are very few people who are popular?

DEBBIE: Yes.

SOLOMON: Well, that must mean that almost everyone else in school is unpopular.

(DEBBIE glances aside. She's not sure she understands where this is going to lead.)

DEBBIE: Right.

SOLOMON: This is the most extraordinary thing I've ever heard! Why would you want to be popular and have just a few friends, when you could be unpopular and have many?

DEBBIE: *(exasperated)* Solomon, why do you have to mix everything up? Just once, couldn't you try to look at something in a logical way?

SOLOMON: All right... I will try, if you'll answer me one question.

DEBBIE: Shoot.

SOLOMON: Shoot?

DEBBIE: *(impatient with his lack of understanding)* Go ahead! What is your one question?

SOLOMON: Just this. What is popular?

MUSICAL #7 – POPULARITY

DEBBIE: *(still exasperated)* Ooo...okay! Well, see, its like if you're walking down the hall and everybody practically stands at attention when you go by their locker or something; except maybe for this one girl, who's very popular herself. She turns her head and looks the other way.

SOLOMON: But ...

DEBBIE: And then this guy that you really like walks right past her and comes over to talk to you,

SOLOMON: But ...

DEBBIE: ...and then pretty soon the whole school is talking about it and saying how crazy about you this guy is.

SOLOMON: But, I ...

DEBBIE: ... and that snobby girl is so jealous she can't keep her socks up...

SOLOMON: But ...

DEBBIE: Then you know.

SOLOMON: Then you know what?

DEBBIE: That you're popular! Look, Solomon, just pretend you're standing by your locker, see, and this guy actually walks up and talks to you.

(DANCERS enter and gather around to look at SOLOMON in his attire.)

1st BOY: Hey man, what's this you got on? I mean, is this the new thing? Hey, guys, are we losin' touch?

2nd BOY: Yeah, man, we better get with it. Where'd you get the threads?

DEBBIE: Eh ... Right here!

GUYS & GIRLS:

HAVE YOU HEARD? HAVE YOU HEARD?

HAVE YOU HEARD WHAT THEY'RE WEARING?

HAVE YOU HEARD WHAT THEY'RE WEARING AT POLY HIGH?

HAVE YOU HEARD? HAVE YOU HEARD?

HAVE YOU HEARD WHAT THEY'RE WEARING?

HAVE YOU HEARD WHAT THEY'RE WEARING AT POLY HIGH?

CAN I GET ONE, MAMA?

PLEASE, MAMA...

IT'S GONNA MAKE ME POPULAR.

SOLOMON: *(sotto voce)* But this is just an old sweatshirt...

DEBBIE: *(cutting him off)* Shhh! You're in, Solomon! This could be our big chance. Do me a favor, okay? Pretend you know me.

SOLOMON: Pretend? But I do know you, Deborah, can't we discuss popularity without all this?

GUYS & GIRLS:

IT'S IN THE WAY YOU SMILE – POPULARITY

YOU GOT TO SHOW SOME STYLE – POPULARITY

ITS HOW YOU FIX YOUR HAIR – POPULARITY

ITS EVERYTHING YOU WEAR – POPULARITY

YOU'VE GOT TO SMILE HOW THE POPULAR PEOPLE SMILE,

YOU'VE GOT TO WEAR WHAT THE POPULAR PEOPLE WEAR,

YOU'VE GOT TO DO WHAT THE POPULAR, POPULAR PEOPLE DO.

1st BOY: Hey, sorry man, you ain't got it.

SOLOMON: I ain't? I mean, I aren't? I mean...

1st BOY: Oh, no, you gotta be cool, controlled, see? I mean, your cells has gotta be jammin' on the inside, but the epidermis is gotta look ... bored.

SOLOMON: Bored? But how can I be havin' fun and look ... bored, is it? This is a paradox.

1st BOY: I know what you mean. I had a paradox when I was a kid. Spots all over.

SOLOMON: Is that so? Say, you seem to know a lot about things. Maybe you could help me out. Well, how does one get to be popular around here?

1st BOY: Popular? Hey, fellas, this kid wants to know how to be popular.

(Laughter.)

Hey, it isn't somethin' you get to be, man. You either are, or you aren't. It's how you move.

1st GIRL: It's the car you drive.

2nd BOY: It's the way you talk.

ALL:

HAVE YOU HEARD? HAVE YOU HEARD?
HAVE YOU HEARD WHAT THEY'RE SAYIN'?
HAVE YOU HEARD ALL THE JIVIN' AT POLY HIGH?
HAVE YOU HEARD? HAVE YOU HEARD?
HAVE YOU HEARD WHAT THEY'RE SAYIN'?
HAVE YOU HEARD ALL THE JIVIN' AT POLY HIGH?
LISTEN TO ME, MAMA!
PLEASE, MAMA...
IT'S GONNA MAKE ME POPULAR!
I'M GONNA FIND A WAY – POPULARITY
I'LL LEARN THE WORDS TO SAY – POPULARITY
DON'T GET A MENTAL BLOCK – POPULARITY
IT'S IN THE WAY YOU TALK – POPULARITY
YOU GOT TO WEAR WHAT THE POPULAR PEOPLE WEAR
YOU GOT TO SAY WHAT THE POPULAR PEOPLE SAY
YOU GOT TO DO WHAT THE POPULAR, POPULAR PEOPLE DO.

SOLOMON: *(finally getting the spirit)* Hey, man! This is groovy, swell. Real boss party, huh? Jam city, ya know? Hang ten? Give me five? How about three?

1st BOY: *(Shaking his head disapproving.)* Could I ask a question here?

SOLOMON: *(smugly)* Shoot!

(At last, he's sure he's said the right thing. Then all kids give him a look)

ALL KIDS: BANG!

1st BOY: Who invited this weirdo, anyway?

1st GIRL: Richard.

2nd BOY: Jeannie.

2nd GIRL: Marcia.

3rd BOY: Larry...

ALL: DEBBIE!

DEBBIE: Me? But, I've never seen him before in my life!

(To SOLOMON)

Solomon, pretend you don't know me!

KIDS:

HAVE YOU HEARD? HAVE YOU HEARD?
HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEW MUSIC?
HAVE YOU SEEN HOW THEY'RE DANCIN' AT POLY HIGH?
HAVE YOU HEARD? HAVE YOU HEARD?
HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEW MUSIC?

HAVE YOU SEEN HOW THEY'RE DANCIN' AT POLY HIGH?
COME AND WATCH ME, MAMA!
PLEASE, MAMA...
I'M GONNA BE SO POPULAR!
DON'T WANNA TAKE A CHANCE – POPULARITY
I GOT TO LEARN TO DANCE – POPULARITY
I HATE TO INTERRUPT – POPULARITY
COULD YOU TURN THE MUSIC UP – POPULARITY
YOU GOT TO DANCE HOW THE POPULAR PEOPLE DANCE
YOU GOT TO TRY TO IMPROVE YOUR CIRCUMSTANCE.
YOU GOT TO DO WHAT THE POPULAR PEOPLE DO.
YOU'VE GOT TO SMILE HOW THE POPULAR PEOPLE SMILE.
YOU GOT TO WEAR WHAT THE POPULAR PEOPLE WEAR
YOU GOT TO SAY WHAT THE POPULAR PEOPLE SAY.
YOU GOT TO DANCE HOW THE POPULAR PEOPLE DANCE.
YOU GOT TO DO WHAT THE POPULAR, POPULAR PEOPLE DO.

SOLOMON: Stop!

(At this all action on stage comes to a halt. All DANCERS are frozen, except for DEBBIE and SOLOMON, who wander through them, talking as they go.)

DEBBIE: What did you do that for? Another few minutes and I woulda had it made!

SOLOMON: I bet every father in the world wishes he could do that! Deborah, if that's what they were doing at that party of yours, its no wonder they thought they could get away with smoking marijuana. Loud music covers a multitude of sins.

(SOLOMON snaps his fingers to make the DANCERS come alive again; as they do so, DANCERS ad. lib. and leave the stage as though they cannot even see DEBBIE. She tries to stop them, but they do not respond, and presently, SOLOMON pulls DEBBIE back into the room. DEBBIE turns on SOLOMON, viciously)

DEBBIE: Ohhh... Solomon! Now I'll never be popular!

SOLOMON: *(a little condescending)* I still don't think I understand the meaning of that word. Good night, Deborah.

(DEBBIE gets an idea—looks over to where the DANCERS exited—maybe she can bring them back yet.)

DEBBIE: Solomon? Let me explain it to you, just once more okay? See... its like if you're walking down the hall at school and everybody practically stands at attention when you go by their locker or something...

SOLOMON: *(interrupting and stepping into the closet)* Uh uh uh—I am not going to fall for that again! Good night, Deborah!

(Closes the door on her.)

DEBBIE: Except...except...maybe...for this...one girl...

(DEBBIE's sentence trails off. That didn't work, obviously. DEBBIE turns and leans against closet door, disgustedly.)

SOLOMON: (*off stage, singing*) ...you've got to smile how the popular people smile, you've got to wear what the popular people...

(*DEBBIE rolls her eyes in disbelief. LIGHTS out.*)

.....

(*LIGHTS up.*)

DEBBIE: So anyway, you just have to help me think of a way to get the money for a new dress.

SOLOMON: But isn't that at least five weeks away? Why do we have to worry about that now?

DEBBIE: Five weeks! That's hardly any time to save enough money to buy the kind of dress I want. It has to be terrific! This rock concert is very high class, you know. Not something you just wear any old thing to.

SOLOMON: I see.

DEBBIE: And Charles even made reservations at this really neat health food restaurant afterwards, called "Mind and Body". Do you know how much it costs to eat there?!

SOLOMON: (*dryly*) An arm and a leg, I suppose. And...who is Charles? I thought Arnie Brazier was the only boy in your life.

DEBBIE: Arnie Brazier!? Honestly, Solomon! Arnie was just a childish infatuation. Charles... I'm in love with Charles! And he's so much more mature than Arnie could ever be.

(*SOLOMON looks incredulous.*)

Well, he's three months older!

SOLOMON: Oh yes, I see. But wasn't it only yesterday, that you were crying because Arnie hadn't called and...

DEBBIE: Yesterday! That was twenty-four hours ago! Oh, when I think of the heartache I went through just because of that stupid Arnie Brazier...

15 more pages in ACT ONE

PLUS,

18 more pages comprise ACT TWO