

Amazing Grace

a short play by

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ACT I

Scene 1

*GRACE on top of her bed, tapping away at keys on her laptop, from which the audience can hear music blaring. She yawns. NARRATOR enters and sits on the floor beside GRACE. The music fades to a lower level.*

NARRATOR

It's 3:47. (Grace rubs her eyes) A.M.

*GRACE rolls out of bed, placing hands and feet on the floor to stretch, then stands upright. She walks to the kitchen and pours herself a glass of water. NARRATOR follows.*

*GRACE curls up on the couch with her phone, NARRATOR takes a glance at it.*

NARRATOR

Tumblr.

*GRACE quickly falls asleep. Stage fades to black.*

*Morning: NARRATOR has returned to Grace's room. BETH is at the bottom of the stairs.*

BETH

Grace. (GRACE jolts awake, and BETH returns to the kitchen).

*GRACE checks the time on her phone.*

NARRATOR

6:19 A.M.

BETH

Morning, sleepyhead. Why are you down here?

GRACE

I must've... fallen.. asleep? (she rubs her eyes)

BETH

You were upstairs before. What are you, sleepwalking?

GRACE

No no, I went to get water before finishing my paper.

*GRACE jumps to her feet and scrambles upstairs to her room.*

(CONTINUED)

GRACE

(under breath) Shit shit shit shit shit.

*GRACE pulls out her laptop and opens it to her paper, beginning to type.*

NARRATOR

"In conclusion, the theory of geographical luck then connects back to the dependency theory. If the countries with less geographic luck are unable to produce or get their hands on any resources necessary for living, they are in extreme poverty and may die off eventually. To prevent that, the geographically lucky countries, also known as the dominant states, help the unlucky out by buying their exports and making useful products with those and other exports (making them rich)."

BETH

Jim, Olivia, Grace! Breakfast is ready!

*JIM sulks down hallway, thumps down stairs. OLIVIA follows him into the kitchen, where they begin eating.*

*GRACE is showering.*

OLIVIA

Is Grace up?

BETH

Yeah, I'm sure. Just saw her. Had to finish a paper or something. Jim, is the coffee ready yet?

JIM

Yeah, hold on. (he continues eating but soon gets up to pour coffee)

*GRACE enters her room in a towel and stares at herself in the mirror. NARRATOR is chillin on her bed.*

NARRATOR

Broad shoulders... So angular nowadays. Sharper jawline. So gross. (GRACE touches each of these parts in the mirror as mentioned)

GRACE

I don't want any of this.

*GRACE rolls her eyes and begins to pull on briefs, skinny jeans, t shirt, worn Toms/etc. Hair into ponytail, shoves books and papers into backpack. Keys, hoodie, heads downstairs.*

BETH

Olivia, eat it or don't. Grace is gonna leave ya.

OLIVIA

Ehhh... (she continues to pick at her plate)

JIM

Here, Beth. (he hands Beth a mug of coffee before returning to the table with his own. BETH pats Jim's shoulder.)

*GRACE is pacing at the front door. NARRATOR unnoticeably has crept downstairs too, and is having a cup of coffee of their own.*

GRACE

Olivia, am I waiting for you or not?

OLIVIA

I feel kinda sick

GRACE

Yeesh. It's only the second week of school and germs are already at it again... Well, hope you feel better. I'll see you guys later.

*GRACE exits. Stage fades to black, set change to SCHOOL. Cue trains.*

*Lights come up. Classroom 412. GRACE enters amongst a humming of students. She finds a seat near the back of the classroom. MR. MORALES stands up to greet the class, putting his glasses on.*

MR. MORALES

Alright, settle down and take your seats. Welcome to your second week as sophomores at Bennett High. I'm Mr. Morales, your actual teacher. No more subs for now. (He smiles. BOY 1 raises his hand) Yes?

BOY 1

Why weren't you here the first week? (puts his hand down)

MR. MORALES

I was outside of the country on vacation, thanks for asking.

BOY 1

Didn't you have all summer for vacation?

MR. MORALES

Yes, um, well, not really. I'll get back to you. Let's take roll first.

Chris Anderson?

CHRIS ANDERSON

Here.

MR. MORALES

Luke Brown?

LUKE BROWN

Here.

MR. MORALES

Emily Davis?

EMILY DAVIS

Here.

*GRACE buries her face in her hoodie, taking deep breaths. NARRATOR enters.*

MR. MORALES

Jude Michaels?

JUDE MICHAELS

Here.

MR. MORALES

Grayson Mitchell? (pause) No Grayson? Alright, then. Julia Myers?

JULIA MYERS

Here.

NARRATOR

At least it wasn't another sub.

*MR. MORALES leads a class discussion while GRACE daydreams, letting her eyes wander around the room. Music.*

MR. MORALES

Everyone turned in the disparity paper online, yes? Those who haven't I need the hard copy right now.

*The bell rings.*

On your way out or by the end of the school day. Have a wonderful rest of your day. I'm looking forward to teaching you all this year!

*Other students begin to gather their things and exit. GRACE walks over to MR. MORALES.*

NARRATOR

Palms sweaty. (GRACE opens her mouth) No sound. Please, no tears.

MR. MORALES

How can I help you? I don't think I got your name down...

GRACE

Um... I'm Grace.

MR. MORALES

Hi Grace, I'm Mr. Morales. (they shake hands) Are you a new student?

GRACE

No, no, I'm returning. I wasn't in any of your classes last year, though.

MR. MORALES

Oh, alright, got it. That's silly though, I didn't get your name in my roll book. You're enrolled in this class, right?

GRACE

Yes, I am.

MR. MORALES

What's your last name?

GRACE

Mitchell. My name is Grayson Mitchell; I prefer Grace. And she, and her, and hers pronouns.

MR. MORALES

Alright, Grace, thanks for letting me know. You are a very brave girl. (he corrects his roll sheet)

GRACE

Thank you, Mr. Morales. Like, a lot.

MR. MORALES

No problem, it was nice meeting you. Let me know if you ever need anything, alright? And, uh, get to class.

*GRACE exits, stage fades to black, second bell rings. Transition to end of day, homeroom. Lights up.*