



Sample Pages from My Hero

Welcome! This is copyrighted material for promotional purposes. It's intended to give you a taste of the script to see whether or not you want to use it in your classroom or perform it. You can't print this document or use this document for production purposes.

Royalty fees apply to all performances **whether or not admission is charged**. Any performance in front of an audience (e.g. an invited dress rehearsal) is considered a performance for royalty purposes.

Visit <https://tfolk.me/p184> to order a printable copy or for rights/royalty information and pricing.

**DO NOT POST THIS SAMPLE ONLINE.
IT MAY BE DOWNLOADED ANY TIME FROM THE LINK ABOVE.**

TEN MINUTE PLAY SERIES – GIRLS & GUYS

Swimming With Sins

Girls and Boys

Blue Sky

Normal vs Weird

Thief

My Hero

Weird

BY
Lindsay Price



Ten Minute Play Series – Girls & Guys

The plays in *Girls & Guys* look at gender relationships, gender stereotypes and there's a couple of gender-neutral scenes thrown in for good measure. Our aim with this series is to offer a vivid experience for teen performers. Whether it's vivid characters, a vivid conflict, or vivid moments, these plays leap off the page from the very first moment. Use them in class, use them in competition, combine them for a great one act. Focus on bringing your vivid experience to life.

Swimming With Sins (2M 4W).....	5
Girls and Boys (1M 1W)	17
Blue Sky (3 Either).....	25
Normal vs Weird (2 Either).....	35
Thief (1M 1W)	43
My Hero (1M 1W)	51
Weird (1M 1W).....	59

Acknowledgements

Thanks to Roxane Caravan, Karen Loftus, Kendra Blazi, and the students of Lakewood Ranch High School, St. Cloud High School, and New Smyrna Beach High School for workshopping these plays for me!

My Hero

by Lindsay Price

Characters

MILO (18) Older brother. Used to being a big fish in a small pond and is now a very small fish in a huge pond.

KENZIE (16) Younger sister. Idolizes her big brother.

Setting

Milo's old bedroom.

MILO is on stage. He's in his room, unpacking his suitcase. KENZIE runs in.

KENZIE: Hey, hey, hey! *(she poses)* Guess who?

MILO: *(hugging KENZIE)* Kenzie!

KENZIE: Milooooooooo.

MILO: It's so good to see you.

KENZIE: When did you get home?

MILO: Round noon.

KENZIE: *(playfully pushing)* Why didn't you come pick me up?

MILO: I couldn't.

KENZIE: *(mock)* I'm hurt.

MILO: I was catching up with Mom. And Grannie. And Aunt Laura, and Aunt Karen, Uncle Matt, and everybody...

KENZIE: So?

MILO: Some might say I was forced into catching up with Mom, Grannie, and everybody.

KENZIE: *(getting it)* You were surrounded.

MILO: Totally. They had me in their sights. If I breathed wrong, they flinched.

KENZIE: You were in a Calvert scrum.

MILO: If I tried to get away, one of them might have bit my arm off. I went to the bathroom and I thought they might follow me.

KENZIE: It's your own fault. That's what happens when you don't keep in touch.

MILO: I was busy.

KENZIE: If you don't come home for holidays, people get a little antsy and want to bite your arm off when you go to the bathroom.

MILO: I was busy! There's a lot of work.

KENZIE: Is it hard?

MILO: Some.

KENZIE: (*bouncing up and down*) I can't wait. I so cannot wait. One more half year and then one more year and then I am out! I'm so getting all the 'you better shape up cause you don't know what's coming' lectures. 'Professors don't care if you show up or not cause if you don't do the work you're out and you're just a number, there's five hundred other kids in the class...' blah blah blah. Is it really like that or are they just messing with our heads?

MILO: Did you go to the Christmas Ball?

KENZIE: (*rolling her eyes*) Maybe.

MILO: With a real or a fictional date?

KENZIE: (*hitting him*) Milo!

MILO: So fictional.

KENZIE: (*falling into the trap*) I had a real date.

MILO: You had a date? My little sister had an actual date?

KENZIE: Me and my big mouth...

MILO: Is he your boyfriend?

KENZIE: Agh!

MILO: Is he a good kisser?

KENZIE: (*covering her ears*) Shut up!

MILO: (*makes exaggerated kissing noises*) Do you love him?

KENZIE: (*still covering her ears*) I can't hear you. La, la, la, la, la...

MILO: (*fake dabbing at his eyes*) How fast the kids grow up. Just yesterday you were wearing pigtails and eating sand underneath the jungle gym.

KENZIE: (*laughing*) Jerk.

MILO: What's he like? Does he speak in sentences or grunts? Does he have enough brainpower to tie his own shoelaces?

KENZIE: Don't be stupid.

MILO: Oh, I get it. Velcro.

KENZIE: Shut up...

MILO: One of those guys...

KENZIE: If you had answered even one of my emails, you'd know all about my love life.

MILO: I don't want to know about your gross love life. That's why I didn't answer.

KENZIE: I didn't write anything gross!

MILO: How's the school?

KENZIE: Same.

MILO: Any gossip?

KENZIE: It's the same old stuff. I can't wait to get out of there.

MILO: What's your hurry?

KENZIE: It's horrible and boring.

MILO: Boring is good for you.

KENZIE: It smells.

MILO: I was always comforted by the smell of Higley High.

KENZIE: I hate it.

MILO: You do not.

KENZIE: I hate every brick, every desk, every piece of chalk.

MILO: Every piece?

KENZIE: Every piece.

MILO: Isn't it a little extreme to hate chalk?

KENZIE: I just started looking at brochures. I am so excited! Dad's going to take me to a couple of schools over spring break.

MILO: *(totally derailing her)* Hey, when did Mr. Lou break out the boat pictures?

KENZIE: Uhhhhh, October.

MILO: That's way early.

KENZIE: I guess.

MILO: Is the basketball team still on the longest losing streak in the history of mankind?

KENZIE: Get this. Robyn has cheerleader fever.

MILO: Robyn? Our Robyn?

KENZIE: She's a total cheerleader robot girl.

MILO: Cousin Robyn who also ate sand under the jungle gym and not so long ago used to have a cricket collection?

KENZIE: Ooooh can you bring that up at Christmas dinner? I think she's bringing her boyfriend.

MILO: Our cousin Robyn has a boyfriend?

KENZIE: Some knob on the basketball team. Why isn't he spending Christmas dinner at his own house? I asked Mom and she thought maybe he wasn't getting along with his family, which is weird. Who doesn't bury the hatchet at Christmas? Either that or he's a complete mooch and trying to get TWO Christmas dinners. OR he could be Jewish, couldn't he! I never even thought of that. My bad. *(MILO has been staring into space)* Milo? Helloooooo?

MILO: *(in his own world)* Geez I turn around for two seconds...

KENZIE: You'd have known if you came home for Thanksgiving...

MILO: I can't believe it.

KENZIE: So out of the blue Robyn starts doing cheers and wearing her hair in that stupid curly ponytail with all the stupid flair hair ribbons and saying 'like' every second word. How do those ribbons stay in place? They have to be stapled on. And her head's covered in sparkles. Wait till you see her, you'll be finding sparkles in your clothes for days. You'll think it's radioactive dandruff. I totally fear for her brain. (sees MILO is not paying attention to her) Helloooooo...

MILO: Sorry.

KENZIE: I said something funny.

MILO: I was thinking about the good old days.

KENZIE blows a raspberry.

MILO: They were.

KENZIE: Milo, nothing good is going on here.

MILO: I'm not so sure.

KENZIE: It's all happening out there (*she flings her arms out*) The whole world is zooming faster, faster while we all sit on our thumbs in podunk backward nowhere-ville.

MILO: That's not at all what's –

KENZIE: (*interrupting*) So, tell me about school already. I'm dying for the details.

MILO: Later.

KENZIE: We have time now. Later you may get caught in another scrum and then you'll be gone again.

MILO: Not now.

KENZIE: Come on, I'm the only one of all my friends who has someone on the outside. Except for Alicia but her sister's a total cow and she's only learning how to be a hairdresser anyway.

MILO: I don't want to talk.

KENZIE: Spill Milo!

MILO: I said I didn't want to and I don't want to! I don't want to talk!

There is a pause. KENZIE is stunned, MILO has never yelled at her before. MILO looks instantly weary. He rubs his face with his hands.

KENZIE: Okaaaaaay.

MILO: I'm sorry.

KENZIE: Wow. That made my ears ring.

MILO: I'm sorry.

KENZIE: Wound a little tight there, huh?

MILO: It's not funny. This isn't – I'm not...

KENZIE: *(realizing this is serious)* Milo?

MILO: I didn't mean to yell. I didn't mean it. You just – I didn't mean it. I'm –

There's a pause. MILO stares at his hands. KENZIE crosses her arms across her chest and gets serious.

KENZIE: What's the matter?

MILO: Nothing.

KENZIE: Don't say that! Don't say "nothing" like I'm Mom or Grannie. You can fake them out if you want, but I won't have it.

MILO: I can't talk about this.

KENZIE: Tough. Spill. What's going on with you?

MILO: I don't want to bum you out. About school.

KENZIE: I won't get bummed out.

MILO: You won't understand.

KENZIE: So make me.

MILO: It's... hard. And it's different. Lonely. I'm all alone. Everything was so easy here. My roommate hates me. He made a million friends in the first week. He's always partying and I'm not invited. I don't have any friends. I can't do the work. The work, I can't get a grip on it, Kenzie. I can't get a grip on anything. The whole world is sliding around me. The world keeps moving. I don't know what



help@theatrefolk.com www.theatrefolk.com

Want to Read More?

Order a full script through the link above. You can get a **PDF file** (it's printable, licensed for one printout, and delivered instantly) or a **traditionally bound and printed book** (sent by mail).