



**Sample Pages from
The Other Room**

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CHEMO GIRL AND OTHER PLAYS

Red Rover
Waiting Room
The Other Room
Chemo Girl

BY
Christian Kiley



Chemo Girl and Other Plays

Chemo Girl and Other Plays can be performed as a full night of theatre, or as individual plays for performance or competition, or as a combination of more than one play. Please play each moment with full life and gusto. This is truly the best way to honor those who exhibit, and have exhibited, so much courage and heart in their battles against cancer.

The plays can be performed with simple blocks, chairs, or stools that can be reconfigured for each play (a hospital room for **Red Rover**, a waiting room for **Waiting Room**, the living room of a home in **The Other Room**, and the altered video game reality of **Chemo Girl**). Please feel free to be imaginative and/or use very little in the way of literal set pieces. This can also be the case with costumes, where suggestions made with a single signature costume piece for each character may be a very efficient way to visually convey the character and help the audience get a visual sense of who's who.

Red Rover (1M, 3W, 12E, doubling possible).....5

A young girl is pulled out of her history class to go to the hospital where she discovers she has cancer. She befriends Lucy (who is chemotherapy personified) and she and Lucy prepare to take on cancer.

Waiting Room (4M, 7W, 1E, doubling possible with parents)..... 21

A group of teenagers who all have various types of cancer are waiting to be called into the doctor's office to receive updates on their progress. At first everyone wants to be by themselves, to stay in their personal bubbles. But as they discover their similarities and appreciate each other for their quirky eccentricities, a bond is created. Their common desire to find out who the mysterious Mr. Fitzpatrick is, after he is called time and time again to go into the office with no response, allows them to express their own feelings about their illnesses.

The Other Room (4M, 3W)..... 39

Dad is recovering from cancer and heavy chemotherapy treatments in the other room. It has become a dark corner of the house, especially for Mary, who rarely goes in there. Tommy goes in to watch Cubs games and wonders how the team's over a century-long World Series drought is helping his Dad. Mom is trying to hold the family together, but it is not an easy challenge for a family dealing with cancer in The Other Room.

Chemo Girl (3W, 13E, doubling possible, ensemble expandable to 26 or more) 53

Camille is given a video game system from her Mom as a form of recovery therapy for cancer. She prefers reading books and finds that video game worlds lack realism and believes they will not help with her fight against cancer. However, Camille is pulled into the video game world that mirrors her fight with cancer. She meets the Gamemaster and takes on the screen name Chemo Girl. Through the levels of this video game Camille discovers many things and must confront a recurring nightmare.

Special Thanks

The playwright would like to thank Bill and Ellen Kiley for their proofreading and editing assistance. Also, special thanks to Bradley Hayward, Rebecca Eckhoff, and Misha Tutt for their advice and support throughout the writing and development process.

Chemo Girl was produced by the Etiwanda High School (Etiwanda, CA) Theatre Arts Department and premiered on December 15, 2012 at the Rancho Cucamonga High School One-Act Festival where it was awarded First Place. The director of *Chemo Girl*, Jasmine Hamming was awarded a scholarship to California Youth In Theatre Day in Sacramento for her skillful direction. Amanda Lucido was awarded Best Actress for her portrayal of Chemo Girl. Madeline Barayang was awarded Outstanding Performer for her portrayal of Mom and Jack McDonald was awarded Outstanding Performer for his portrayal of Lagger/Ensemble. The playwright would like to thank the director, cast, and crew for their dedication, creativity, and heart in producing *Chemo Girl*.

Girl (Chemo Girl)	Amanda Lucido	Director	Jasmine Hamming
Mom	Madeline Barayang	Crew Manager/	
Gamemaster	Dustin Darr	Light Design	Kristiana Perez
Witch	Lauren Dumapias	Costume Design	Lizbet Limon
Ensemble.....	Jack McDonald	Sound Design.....	Victoria Andriessen
Ensemble.....	Candice Ervin	Sound Operator	Zipporah Anderson
Ensemble.....	Jordan Ferman		
Ensemble.....	Zoi Gray		
Ensemble.....	Kaycee James		
Ensemble.....	Amber Knudson		
Ensemble.....	Kevin McCondie		
Ensemble.....	Morgan McInnis		
Ensemble.....	Denia Moore		
Ensemble.....	Andrew Nguyen		
Ensemble.....	Adrien Ochoa		
Ensemble.....	Tyler Reinhold		
Ensemble.....	Tommy Russell		
Ensemble.....	Daryl Santos		
Ensemble.....	Arnulfo Sifuentes		
Ensemble.....	Ashley Supall		
Ensemble.....	Sarrah Twineham		
Ensemble.....	Allante Walker		
Ensemble.....	Brad West		
Ensemble.....	Faith Williams		

The Other Room

4M, 3W

DAD, In the other room, is seen on stage in three flashbacks

TOMMY, Watches Cubs games with his dad

MARY, Avoids the entire ordeal by going to her best friend's house

MOM, Trying to keep the house in order

ROB, Tommy's friend

BOB, Tommy's friend

JEN, Mary's best friend

This play is dedicated to my friend David Vedder.

When the lights come up the stage is empty. We hear a voice from offstage. The voice is normal, kind, even familiar.

VOICE: Tommy. Tommy, could you come here? Tommy.

TOMMY enters from the audience, he hurries in and puts down his backpack.

TOMMY: I'm coming, Dad.

TOMMY exits and MARY enters. She keeps her backpack on and stands center stage. MOM enters.

MOM: Hey, sweetie. Take off your backpack and stay awhile.

MARY: Can I go over to Jen's?

MOM: Again? You've been over there practically every day.

MARY: Chemistry has been tough for me. Jen has an A in Chemistry.

MOM: But you stay there for dinner and don't come home until we are all asleep. We miss you. Hey, tell me the truth, is Jen's mom a better cook than I am?

MARY: Mom, I am a high school girl. I am supposed to be moody, fickle, and mysterious. It's part of the job description.

MOM: Alright. Go in and say hi to your dad before you go.

MARY: That room.

MOM: What about it?

MARY: You know.

MOM: What? Go ahead and say it Mary.

MARY: Mom, please don't take it so personally.

MOM: It is your Father and he is very sick; and let me get this straight, you want me to not take it so personally?

MARY: And you wonder why I don't want to be here.

MOM: There are times in our lives when it is not about where we want to go and what we want to do. It is about what we have to do.

MARY: But I'm not an adult.

MOM: Yes, but you are part of this family.

MARY: I'll be back before dinner. Okay?

MOM: Tomorrow Jen comes over here. You guys can alternate days.

MARY exits.

MOM: I was a teenager once. Why does it seem so far away?

TOMMY enters.

TOMMY: Hey, Mom.

MOM: Tommy, what's been going on with Mary?

TOMMY: A prolonged and agonizing condition. I believe it's known as puberty. It might be permanent.

MOM: How are you?

TOMMY: Mom, you know me. No worries.

MOM: Yeah, that's what worries me.

TOMMY: You're a mom. You have to worry.

MOM: Actually, I enjoy worrying so much. I'm not sure I could live without it.

DAD: (*offstage*) Tommy, the game is starting.

TOMMY: Coming, Dad.

MOM: No sneaking in the contraband snacks today, Tommy. You're not helping him.

TOMMY: In Psychology class we learned that a favorite food or snack can create endorphins, and those puppies can make a person feel more positive and help promote healing.

MOM: There are pills for that.

TOMMY: There are studies, Mom. And I know where you hide the French truffles by the way.

MOM: That is a break-glass-in-case-of-emergency thing.

TOMMY: I almost forgot, Rob and Bob are coming over to study for History.

MOM: Can we call one Robert? The rhyming names are just too weird.

TOMMY: It kind of makes me feel like a superhero with two sidekicks.

ROB: (*offstage*) Tommy!

ROB and BOB enter. They are dressed eerily similar.

BOB: Are you ready to play some Halo and eat a family-sized bag of Spicy Cheetos?

ROB: Each!

MOM: (*trying not to laugh*) Hello, Rob...Bob.

ROB and BOB: Hello, Mrs. H.

MOM: You are here to study, right? Not poison your body and mind.

TOMMY: Oh, no. I told my dad I would watch the Cubs game with him.

ROB: Spoiler alert. They're going to lose.

TOMMY: Guys, we are going to have to watch at least some of the game with my dad.

BOB: That room.

TOMMY: What about it?

BOB: It's just...

ROB: That's okay, we'll watch a few innings.

BOB: I always feel sad when I leave that room.

TOMMY: Well suck it up. I live here and you don't see me jumping off the roof of the gym.

ROB: Do you think that would work with a bed sheet as a parachute?

BOB: Yeah, and we could post it on the internet and become superstars.

TOMMY: No, it would not work. Plus the urine from your sheets would impede flight.

BOB: Are you saying I pee my bed?

TOMMY: Yes, that's exactly what I'm saying.

BOB: That was one time and I was wearing an adult diaper as an experiment to see how much liquid it could hold.

ROB: What class was that for?

BOB: A little class I like to call life. Life knowledge. What, everything has to be for a grade? What are you going to do when you get in the real world?

TOMMY: Pee in a toilet, not a diaper.

BOB: Don't knock it 'til you've peed in it.

MOM: Okay, mom in the room.

TOMMY: You know how this goes Mom, press the emergency eject button.

MOM: I think that means leave. Got it.

MOM exits.

ROB: She's pretty cool, Tommy.

BOB: And pretty. Does she have a date for Homecoming?

TOMMY: Yeah, my dad you idiot.

ROB: Take it easy, Tommy.

BOB: Plus, isn't your dad, you know...

TOMMY: What? My dad is what?

BOB: He's sick right? I mean he's really sick.

TOMMY: Maybe you guys should go.

ROB: Don't take everything so personally, Tommy.

TOMMY: Not everything. Just this. I'll walk you guys out.

BOB: We need help to study for the History test.

ROB: When you add up both of our grades, they don't equal your one grade.

TOMMY: I will email you my study sheet. Just drill that over and over.

ROB: Look, I'm sorry that we were...

BOB: I was pretty insensitive.

TOMMY: And pretty. What are you doing for Homecoming?

TOMMY, BOB, and ROB try to laugh it off.

TOMMY: I'm just moody. We good?

BOB: Most abso-def-certainly.

TOMMY: What was that?

ROB: I'm coming up with the new hip word. Yeah, we're good.

TOMMY, BOB, and ROB exchange forgiveness gestures. Handshakes and half-hugs, etc. They exit. DAD enters. TOMMY reenters.

DAD: Want to play catch?

TOMMY: Of course. I want to try out my new glove.

DAD and TOMMY mime tossing the ball back and forth during the following conversation.

DAD: There was a little heat on that one.

TOMMY: I can bring it from time to time.

DAD: Remember when I had to lob it to you underhand?

TOMMY: And I would close my eyes.

DAD: And somehow it would end up in your glove.

TOMMY: You would say...

TOMMY and DAD: Now, you trust me? Right, Tommy?

TOMMY: Yes, of course I do.

DAD: When do you think the Cubs will win a World Series?

TOMMY: You don't want me to answer that.

DAD: Why? You think I can't deal with the truth?

TOMMY: I'm afraid I can't.

DAD: There is an entire generation of fans that never saw the Cubs win a Championship.

TOMMY: Yeah.

DAD: But there is something neat about that.

TOMMY: You think so?

DAD: Loyalty. Complete loyalty. You don't give up on your team just because they haven't won for over a hundred years.

TOMMY: So I should keep wearing my hat?

DAD: Absolutely.

DAD throws the ball over TOMMY's head and TOMMY has to retrieve it. When he does, DAD exits.

TOMMY: Dad, I was thinking we could go to Wrigley Field and...Dad?

MARY and JEN enter.

JEN: I am so sorry, Mary. My mom is so wrapped up in organizing that bake sale at school that you would think she was a muffin pan giving birth to a litter of chocolate chip muffin-children.

MARY: It's okay. Things get pretty weird over here too.

JEN: We have been friends a long time and I have never been to your house. I like it.

MARY: Let me show you my room.

TOMMY: Hey, Mary.

MARY: Tell Mom that we're going up to my room and that Jen is staying for dinner.

TOMMY: Okay.

JEN: I'm Jen by the way.

TOMMY: Yeah, I've seen you at school.

JEN: You go to RHS?

TOMMY: Yeah, I'm practically invisible.

MARY: He's a freshman.

JEN: You're cute. You should sit with us at lunch sometime.

MARY: No and no. Not cute and never sitting with us ever during any meal ever.

JEN: Mary, you love your brother.

MARY: I want to be clear about the separation of friends and family. You may acknowledge each other, nod, even a small wave, perhaps some single syllable greetings: "Hi, hey, Tom, Jen."

JEN: Well, that's efficient.

TOMMY: Save the syllables. It could be a new movement.

JEN and TOMMY laugh a little despite trying to follow MARY's edict.

MARY: *(as if physically separating them)* Alright break it up, break it up. We're going upstairs.

MARY starts to lead the way and then comes back to get JEN when she lingers.

JEN: Nice to meet you, Tom.

TOMMY: Yes, good to see you too Jen.

MARY starts to lead JEN offstage, clearly miffed.

JEN: What? We followed the rules and everything. Not a multiple syllable word exchanged.

MARY: You are breaking the rules of nature. He is a freshman and my brother.

MARY and JEN exit. TOMMY stands stunned. MOM enters.

MOM: I heard the fanfare, Mary must be home.

TOMMY: Yes, with her friend Jen.

MOM: Something must've happened.

TOMMY: Something about muffin babies for a bake sale. But Jen's staying for dinner and they are upstairs fake-studying. Can I eat dinner with Dad in his room?

MOM: Nice. You're going to leave me with the best-friend twins.

TOMMY: Quality bonding time. I have to watch the Cubs fall deeper into the cellar.

MOM: Alright, we'll bring dinner to the two of you. But only because you are Cubs loyalists.

TOMMY: Thanks, Mom.

TOMMY exits. MOM starts to exit but DAD enters. She feels his presence and stops.

DAD: Care to dance? But I will warn you, I am entirely unskilled.

MOM: *(turning around)* There's no music playing.

DAD: You ever see an old couple dancing, too old or too in love to realize that there is no music playing?

MOM: Are we going to get there one day?

DAD: That's a little presumptuous. We just met.

DAD and MOM start to dance.

DAD: I hope you have good insurance. I have bruised and battered my share of toes in my day.

MOM: I am unscathed.

DAD: Maybe because you're leading.

MOM: Sorry.

DAD: No I like it. Close your eyes.

MOM: Okay.

MOM closes her eyes.

DAD: Where do you want to be?

MOM: Right here.

DAD: Anywhere in the entire world, the entire universe?

MOM: Right here is where I want to be.

DAD steps away from MOM and exits. MOM continues dancing. MARY and JEN enter. They watch MOM dance alone for a moment.

MARY: Mom.

MOM is still caught up in the moment with her eyes closed, perhaps even humming.

JEN: It's sweet.

MARY: Crazy is what it is. Mom. Mom!

MOM: (*opening her eyes*) Sorry, sorry. Just daydreaming.

MARY: Mom, this is Jen.

JEN: Hi, Mrs. H.

MOM: Sorry, Jen. You must think I'm nuts.

JEN: No, I actually put on full ballets in my room. Very therapeutic.

MARY: Remember separation of friends and family.

JEN: Yes, I am sad that I broke the rule. (*breaking out of the one syllable routine*) How do you want me to say Mary with one syllable?

MOM: Am I missing something?

JEN: Rules of engagement for friends in socializing with family.

MOM: Don't make eye contact with me or you might...

MOM and JEN: Turn to stone.

MOM and JEN try not to laugh but do so nonetheless.

MARY: What is up with you people?

MOM: Yeah, that's a tough one.

MARY: Jen is going to stay for dinner. Okay?

MOM: Yes, it will be just the girls. Tommy is watching the Cubs game with your dad.

MARY: It's an addiction.

JEN: I love the Cubs. The more they lose, the more I love them. Kind of a dysfunctional relationship.

MOM: Maybe you two could go in and watch with the boys?

MARY: Mom.

JEN: Great idea!

MOM: I told your brother not to bring snacks in there, which means there are plenty of ooey-gooey things to eat.

MOM exits into the kitchen.

JEN: Nice!

MARY: That room.

JEN: What's wrong, Mary?

MARY: I don't really want to get into it.

JEN: You want to see your dad, right?

MARY: There is something about that room.

JEN: Sorry.

MARY: I just don't like to go in there. And I know that makes me sound like a terrible person. Like I'm afraid it's catching. Or that there is a horrible monster in there that will get out if I open the door too long, that it will get me, get us all. I just...

JEN and MARY: Don't want to see him like this.

MARY: Yes.

JEN: My dad had it. And no one would say it, like acknowledging it would make it real, would make it stay. My dad had cancer. And he fought. A long and valiant fight. And I would put on a happy face and read to him. The newspaper, sports magazines, my Biology book, anything I could get my hands on. And the Cubs and their quest to break the over-century-long curse became something

to believe in and cheer for. If the Cubs could do it, end the curse, the century-long drought, then anything was possible, even overcoming something that seemed incurable.

MARY: I am so sorry, Jen.

JEN: Me too. We're friends for many reasons. Some of which we don't know yet.

MARY: Yeah.

MOM reenters holding a mixing bowl and spoon, excited to be one of the girls.

MOM: I'm going to go make the gooiest Macaroni and Cheese and then after dinner we will make a giant chocolate cake for no reason in particular and we will stick our faces in the bowl and lick it clean. Okay, maybe just eat some of the batter with spoons.

MARY: Nice recovery, Mom.

MOM: Thanks. I'm old but not beyond repair.

MARY: We're going to watch the game. Hey, why don't we just all eat with Dad tonight?

JEN: Absolutely. You need comfort food to watch the Cubs.

MARY: For sure.

MOM exits back into the kitchen.

MARY: Go on ahead, Jen. *(she indicates with a gesture)* First door on the right. I'll be in soon. I just need a minute.

JEN: Don't worry. I won't sit too close to Tommy.

MARY: Hey, you're a big girl.

*MARY looks out and considers what has taken place.
DAD enters.*

DAD: Mary, have you ever played "See It, Believe It"?

MARY: That's a made-up game.

DAD: No. It's been around a long time.

MARY: Well, how do you play it?

DAD: Well, I cover your eyes.



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