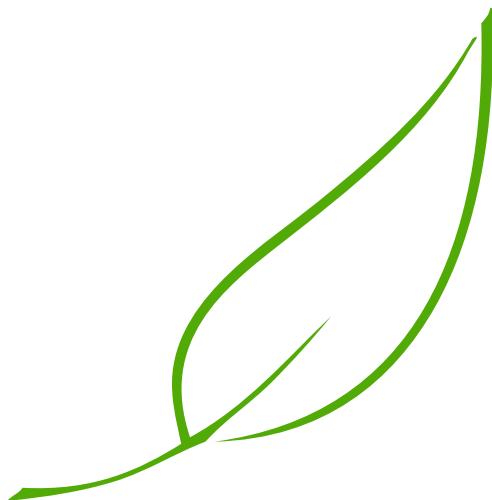


HE'S A GOOD KID

by Ken Bradbury



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*(This piece moves quickly. The action should be crisp, almost slapstick in nature. For contest purposes it should be noted that there are only two characters in this selection. Although the characters do a number of impersonations, they remain the same two characters. *)*

Matt: Presenting!

Amy: For the first time anywhere!

Matt: Unless you've seen it before!

Amy: Or perhaps experienced it yourself.

Matt: The complete, untouched, unabridged, and shrink-wrapped ...

Amy: Stupendous, Remarkable, and Totally Awesome...

Both: History of man! *(singing)* Ta-Dah!

Amy: From birth all the way through his long and terrifying history, right up until the ancient age of...

Matt: Sixteen!

Amy: Wow!

Matt: One day his parents fall in love! *(Matt and Amy look at each other longingly, then emit a lovesick "Ahhhhh!")* They marry! *(Matt and Amy go arm in arm and walk down an imaginary aisle, humming the Bridal March)* *(to Amy)* Do you?

Amy: Yeh. How about you?

Matt: I do!

Amy: Me too!

Matt: *(to the audience)* Great!

Amy: They build a house! *(Matt quickly arranges two chairs side by side. Amy looks disparagingly at the "house")*

Matt: Hey, it's all I can afford!

Amy: Some house. *(then turns her back to the audience)*

Matt: And then ... less than a year later!

Amy: *(turns, heavily)* I'm pregnant!

Matt: Oh, wow!

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Amy: It's time!

Matt: Already?

Amy: You wanna argue or you wanna get me to the hospital?

Matt: Yikes! *(Amy turns her back to the audience)* His father paces the floor

(Matt does), his father worries (Matt does), his father is a nervous wreck (Matt is).

Amy: *(still with back to the audience)* Meanwhile, his mother does all the work!

(Matt also turns his back to the audience. She slaps her hands together loudly then cries like a newborn baby. Immediately, Matt and Amy turn to the audience, Amy holding an imaginary baby. They both fawn over the child.)

Matt: *(nearly crying with joy)* He's ... he's so cute!

Amy: Actually, he's wet, wrinkled and ugly ...

Matt: All his aunts and uncles and cousins think he's adorable.

Amy: They lie, but that's what friends are for.

Matt: They take him home and make him a part of their little family.

Both: He's gonna be such a good kid!

Amy: *(they put him down on the chairs)* His wrinkles go away, he dries off, and he becomes much cuter.

Matt: His parents' lives change completely!

Amy: *(Matt turns his back to the audience and makes sound of baby crying)*

(sleepily) It's your turn.

Matt: *(Amy turns her back to the audience and makes the sound of the baby crying)* My turn! I got up last time! What if we just let him cry? *(Amy stops making sound of the crying and looks at him)* You're right. *(Matt picks up the baby and walks with him as Amy turns to the audience)*

Amy: He soon becomes Daddy's boy and before long, it's time for his first steps ... *(Matt plays the little boy and haltingly tries to walk toward Amy)* Come on! Come on, big guy! You can do it! Come to Mommy! *(he's almost there)* That's it! That's it! Come on! You're almost ... *(Matt falls on his face)* ... there. Definitely his father's child. *(moving as Matt gets up)* But before long, he is walking on his own ... *(Matt skips around)* ... talking on his own.

Matt: I hate green beans!

Amy: And becoming a regular little man!

Matt: I am so cool!!

Both: But he was a good kid.

Amy: And soon, it was time for him to go to school!

Matt: Already? Seems like I was just born.

Amy: (*assuming the role of teacher*) All right, class! I want to welcome you to your first day of school! Junior! Please have a seat there behind Judith.

Matt: Do I have to?

Amy: Are we going to argue with Mrs. Walker?

Matt: I don't know. (*looks at the other students*) Are we?

Amy: No!!! (*Matt sits in an instant*) Now, I expect you an to be able to tie your shoes, write your name, go to the bathroom by yourself, and be able to do to a simple computer program listing the relative position, size and atomic number of all the known galaxies.

Matt: (*turning to another student*) Did I miss somethin'?

Amy: (*to the audience*) Junior didn't learn as fast as his teacher wanted; he didn't learn as much as his parents would have liked, but Junior ... learned ...

Matt: (*now sitting backwards in his chair, facing the audience*) Wow! Look at that babe!

Amy: He learned very, very fast.

Matt: (*standing up and talking to an imaginary girl*) Wanna go to the dance?

Amy: (*becoming the girl*) I don't, Junior. I barely know you.

Matt: What's to know? I'm cool!

Amy: Good enough. Let's go.

Matt: Meanwhile, his parents were worried.

Amy: (*pretends to be mother*) I'm worried about Junior.

Matt: Me, too. (*thinks a minute, then*) Why?

Amy: He's becoming too much like you.

Matt: Uh-oh.

Amy: He's starting to notice girls.

Matt: What's wrong with that? Don't you? Doesn't everybody? I mean, they're real aren't they?

Amy: But I'm beginning to find notes from girls in the pockets of his jeans. And he's falling behind in school.

Matt: Come on, sweetheart, he's just a normal boy. He's twelve years old! He's got to notice them sometime!

Amy: I know. That's what worries me.

Both: But he was a good kid.

Matt: Suddenly Junior began to get grouchy with his parents.



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