

## Scene 2

*(The bed is wheeled back on stage in front of the curtain while between scenes music is played.)*

**Daughter:** I'm thinking that Rebecca is going to be the protagonist in this story.

**Mother:** That's such a big word, sweetie.

**Daughter:** We learned it in school. It means the hero or heroine of the tale. Don't you think that Rebecca will be the heroine, Mom? I just really identify with her. What do you think, Mom, don't you think she's a little like me?

**Mother (distracted):** Oh, sorry, honey. I was just wondering if the protagonist of Hot Summer Nights on the Jersey Shore is Tab, the good looking tennis instructor or Vito, the good looking ballroom dancer. By the way, I love talking literature with you.

**Daughter:** I'm also curious about who the antagonist might be. That means the villain.

**Mother:** Oh, that would be Rico, the good looking investment banker.

**Daughter: (exasperated):** No, Mom, in Bookmarks. In my story. Please read me more of my story, okay?

**Mother: (She reads from the book.)** Chapter 2: I Can Be Anyone At All. Sometimes Rebecca would bring a friend to the Sunnydale library. On the day that Rebecca first saw Ms. Potter, Rebecca was in the library with her friend Terry. Terry wanted to know why Rebecca loved books as much as she did. Rebecca wanted to know how Ms. Potter could smile and still look like the evilest person in the world. They would both find their answers.

*(The bed is wheeled off stage. The curtain opens on the Sunnydale library. Miss Read is at her desk. Rebecca is standing near a stack of books as Terry enters.)*

**Terry:** Hey, Bec, I got a new video game! It's called Supermodel Makeover. You start with a really lame character, just some normal person with skin problems, okay, and you like turn her into a hot supermodel. Cool, huh? She goes to the gym with a personal trainer, sees a dermatologist, gets plastic surgery, and then she dates an NFL quarterback. It's like very realistic.

**Rebecca:** Oh, sorry, Terry. I was looking at this book of poetry by Emily Dickinson. Did you know that Emily Dickinson lived just a few miles from here in Amherst?

**Terry: (She shakes her head.)** Okay, so I have to ask you a question, girl. Is there like some really cute boy who hangs out here at the library? You know, like maybe he has glasses and they make him look a little geeky smart but when he takes off the glasses to play basketball you notice how super cute he is. And you can't stop staring at him. Is there some boy like that here at the library? Is that why you hang out so much at the library?

**Rebecca:** No, Terry, that's not it. It's really pretty simple. Miss Read, the librarian, is awesome. And the place is jammed full with books. Books and books and more books. And all of it is totally free. Cool, huh?

**Terry:** *(Not so certain)* I guess; but you have to admit that a super cute boy with geeky smart glasses wouldn't hurt. One more question, Bec. So you really, really, really love reading books, right? Why? Why do you love reading books?

## ***I Can Be Anyone at All***

**Rebecca:**

*In a book I can fly with Peter Pan way up high*

*I can sail the seven seas as a pirate if I please*

*I can find a special world over the rainbow*

*I can dance with a prince at the ball*

*I can ride a dragon*

*Chase a whale*

*Fight for freedom win or fail*

*I can be anyone at all*

*Oh anyone*

*I can be anyone at all*

*I can be anyone at all*

*It's not like I'm unhappy*

*I love my life*

*And I know it might sound sappy to say*

*But books are like bridges to hopes and dreams*

*When I'm lost they show me the way*

*I can be anyone at all*

*Oh anyone*

*I can be anyone at all*

*I can be anyone at all.*

*I can be anyone at all.*

**Terry joins Rebecca:**

*In a book I can fly with Peter Pan way up high*

*I can sail the seven seas as a pirate if I please*

*I can find a special world over the rainbow*

*I can dance with a prince at the ball*

*I can ride a dragon*

*Chase a whale*

*Fight for freedom win or fail*

*We can be anyone at all*

*Oh anyone*

*We can be anyone at all*

*Oh anyone*

*We can be anyone at all.*

*At all.....at all.*

**Terry:** Rebecca, I like so get it now. I am totally going to read more books. And they have so many here in the library. Do you think they have one on supermodel makeovers?

*(The music plays an ominous undertone as Ms. Potter enters the library and scans the room. With an evil grin she makes some notes on her clipboard.)*

**Rebecca:** (to Terry) Am I the only one who feels a chill in here? Like someone just sucked out all the warm air from the room?

**Terry:** I don't know about any of that stuff, but I did just hear some really spooky music.

*(The music plays again as the focal point of the scene switches to Miss Read and Ms. Potter.)*

**Potter:** Yet another quiet afternoon in the library, Miss.....what is it again?  
Miss.....?

**Miss Read:** It's Miss Read. How are you today, Ms. Potter?

**Potter:** Ah, yes, Read. And ironic too for that very thing, reading, is what seems to be happening less and less and less around here.

**Miss Read:** Well, Ms. Potter, we are in a bit of a slump, I suppose.

**Potter:** A bit of a slump? Why if our library gets any quieter it might be mistaken for the Potter Funeral Home. Of course, we are turning a tidy profit there. Let me see, late charges here in the library, are what, a nickel a day? And you have two children today. One who looks like she doesn't much like reading and the other who probably always gets her books back on time. Not much profit there. Hmm. No, I think not. A slump? No, not much profit at all.

**Miss Read:** The entire Sunnydale community profits from the library, Ms. Potter. Don't you see that?

**Potter:** No, I don't see the entire Sunnydale community here. And as Chairwoman of this library's board of trustees, well, I think I need to point that out at our next meeting. Times are changing, Miss Librarian, and changes must be made to profit from these changing times. We must stay ahead of the curve, so to speak, and sometimes things have to be steamrolled to make that happen. Yes, yet another quiet afternoon in the library. Times are changing. And changes will need to be made. Times are changing.

*(The curtain closes on Scene 2.)*