

Scene 7

(The bed is once again wheeled on stage.)

Daughter: I'm not sure if it's because of all the excitement, or maybe it's because of what I ate during our "intermission" but I feel a little woozy, Mom. It's almost like I have motion sickness. You know, like the bed has been pushed all over the place.

Mother: It must be the story's fast pace, honey. It has you in its grip.

Daughter: It really does. I have to, have to, find out how reading Tom Sawyer inspired Rebecca. The Adventures of Tom Sawyer is one of my all time favorite books. Keep reading Bookmarks, Mom. It's becoming a new favorite.

Mother: Here we go. Strap yourself in for the ride, girl. Chapter 7: Do NOT Read. Once again Rebecca found inspiration in a book. Tom Sawyer's whitewashing adventure had changed the color of Rebecca's blues and she began spreading a different kind of news.

(The bed is taken from the stage and the curtain opens on a scene reminiscent of Tom Sawyer. Rebecca has a table set up in the street. Signs such as Do Not Read This and No Reading Allowed are all around her. On the table are many pamphlets with another sign that says, "Do Not Take One". A few of Rebecca's friends stand to the side and curiously survey the scene.)

Rebecca: Don't read! You are not allowed to read this! Do not, N – O – T, read!

(One of the signs says, "Do not even read these signs that say Do Not Read".)

Daphne: Wait. Do not even read these signs that say do not read?

Danielle: You are joking, right Rebecca?

Rebecca: Look at my face. *(She looks a long and serious look.)* Do I look like I'm joking, cookie?

Don't Read

Rebecca sings:

Don't read

Don't read

This you must believe

Don't read

Don't read

This you must believe

Don't read between the lines

Don't read the traffic signs

The writing on the wall

The graffiti on the bathroom stall

Don't read

Don't read

Don't read

Don't read

Don't read

With you I plead

Don't read the open book

Don't take a single look

Listen to these vital tips

But do not read my lips

Don't read

Don't read

All:

Don't read your facebook page

Or the warning on the lion's cage

Don't read a recipe

The fine print about hidden fees

Don't read

Don't read

Don't read

Donny:

Can I read the sports page?

Rebecca:

No

Daphne:

Can I read a menu?

Rebecca:

No

Dolores:

Can I read a look on someone's face

Dee Dee:

The ingredients in my toothpaste?

Rebecca:

Don't read

Don't read

Don't read

Don't read

Make this your creed

To never

Ever

Read.....

Daphne: But now I wanna read!

Danielle: Me too, and I used to hate reading!

Rebecca: *(She shouts out as a few people pass by her table. Her friends remain standing to the side of her.)* Do not read this! Reading not allowed! Keep on walking by, please! Do not under any circumstances read this! Thinking about reading? Fuhgetaboutit! Do not read!

(Most of the friends wander off unhappily. Donny remains. Mrs. Weatherby jogs by.)

Mrs. Weatherby: Do you mind if I take one of these, dearie?

(As the old woman reaches for a pamphlet, Rebecca lightly spans her hand.)

Rebecca: I'm so sorry but no, you can't read this. *(Again she calls out.)* No reading here! Do not read! Nada! No reading!

Donny: Hey, Becky, still trying to save that crazy library, huh?

Rebecca: Why it's you, Donny, I warn't noticing.

Donny: Say, I'm going to the Potter Arcade to play some games but of course you'd rather work wouldn't you? Of course you would.

Rebecca: What do you call work?

Donny: Hello! How about what you're doing right here?

Rebecca: Well maybe it is and maybe it ain't, all I know is it suits Rebecca Thatcher.

Donny: Are you going to tell me that you like this?

Rebecca: Like it? Does a girl get a chance to do this every day?

Donny: Hey, can I read one of these things?

Rebecca: No! You can't. *(She continues to shout out to the passerby her message.)* No reading here! Do not read this!

Donny: Are you serious? Why are YOU reading it?

Rebecca: Oh this is not for just anyone. I reckon there ain't one girl in a thousand, maybe two thousand who can handle this material. *(She continues to shout out her message.)* No reading allowed! Do not read this! *(Her other friends draw closer again.)*

Donny: Please. Becky, I'll give you my Apple.

Rebecca: Donny, I don't want your half eaten apple.

Donny: Not this. *(Shows half eaten apple.)* My Apple IPOD. What do you think?

Rebecca: Well.....*(She reaches for it.)* No, I couldn't take that. I'm afeard.

Donny: What? Did you fall and hit your head? *(He shakes his head.)* Okay, look, I know you want to save the library, right? How about if I do what you're doing here, you know, just like you but in another part of Sunnydale? What do you say?

(The voice of Mother reads the story as Rebecca shakes hands in agreement with her friends.)

Mother: Rebecca gave in with reluctance in her face but alacrity in her heart. She sat on a barrel in the shade and planned the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material, boys and girls happened by every little while. They came to make fun of her but they stayed to join her cause. Rebecca had discovered a great law of human action – namely, that in order to make a person want something, it is only necessary to make the thing difficult to attain. Thank you Tom Sawyer!

(The curtain closes on Scene 7.)