

JACOB: Yeah, but a quarter hour is fifteen minutes. A quarter means one-fourth. You divide by four. A dollar has one hundred cents, so a quarter of a dollar is twenty-five cents. That's why they call it a quarter. An hour is sixty minutes . . . [*He's drawing a clock on a piece of paper.*]

GLORIE: And if you divide sixty by four, it's fifteen. A fourth of an hour is fifteen minutes.

JACOB: Yes!

GLORIE: A fourth is a quarter is fifteen. So if it's one-fifteen, we have fifteen minutes until it's one-thirty.

JACOB: That's right.

GLORIE: Did I just do fractions?

JACOB: Yeah.

GLORIE: Oh. Fractions. So that's fractions.

[*They go back to work.*]

Have a Hoppy Holiday

Scot Walker

Comic

PAT: 9 to 12, a boy or a girl

CHRIS: 9 to 12, a boy or a girl

CHRIS is in PAT's house. PAT enters, crying.

PAT: He's dead.

CHRIS: What?

PAT: He just croaked . . . right there before my eyes! He croaked!

CHRIS: Your dad? He was in the hospital . . . is he okay?

[*PAT falls onto the floor in a heap, banging fists.*]

PAT: One minute he was hopping all around the room, and now he's gone . . . like he hopped off to froggy paradise!

CHRIS: Oh my goodness! You mean Hoppy died!

PAT: What do you think I've been crying about? I bet Hoppy's eating a thousand heavenly bugs for breakfast right this very minute.

CHRIS: Shouldn't we get a . . . bag or something? Or . . .
[*Voice fades off.*]

PAT: I guess. . . . But he probably needs a few minutes to stiffen up . . . I want to make sure he's really gone.

CHRIS: I think a box is better than a bag.

PAT: You're right. Hoppy would like that; it'll give him more room to play with his friends. But we've got to find a safe place for him.

CHRIS: Won't he be in Heaven?

PAT: I wonder what Heaven's really like . . . for a frog.

CHRIS: And what type of service we should give him.

PAT: Maybe we can ask Father O'Brien?

CHRIS: Maybe, but when Father blessed the animals, he didn't bless any frogs. Do you think Jesus even wants frogs in Heaven? Didn't we read about the plague of frogs back in the Bible—when Moses had them descend on the Egyptians? I bet God hates frogs!

PAT: Maybe Allah likes frogs? Do you think Hoppy might have been Muslim?

CHRIS: Maybe.

PAT: Or Hindu? I read the Hindus worship millions of gods—maybe one of them is a frog. Maybe Hoppy could be a Hindu god right now.

CHRIS: Or maybe Hoppy's just an atheist.

[*Both children look up to Heaven for a moment, and then down.*]

PAT: Maybe that's good news—if he didn't believe in it, then at least he won't go down there.

[*Both children look up to heaven for a moment, and then down.*]

Now we don't have to worry about Hoppy going up or down.

CHRIS: We can just bury him in the backyard so his friends can come and find him.

PAT: He'll be so happy outside next to the lily pads, it will be like he's having a Hoppy Holiday!

CHRIS: I've got an idea. . . . Excuse me.

[*CHRIS exits. PAT walks to the window, looking up and up and up, turns, takes a deep breath.*]

PAT: He'll be safe again, he'll be safe forever and ever.

[*CHRIS returns with a small box containing HOPPY, takes PAT's hand, and slowly heads toward the door as they sing.*]

CHRIS and PAT: [*Singing to any tune they devise.*] HOPPY was a bullfrog, he was a friend of mine . . .

CHRIS: Wait! Now that we know Hoppy was an atheist, we can give him all those good things Mom told us were bad for him. [*Reaching inside a pocket.*] Look, I've got a cookie.

PAT: [*Reaching in pocket.*] And I've got candy.

[The children place the cookie and candy inside the box and begin to exit as they sing to whatever tune they make up.]

CHRIS: Hoppy was a good old bullfrog . . .

PAT: He was a friend of mine . . .

CHRIS: Hoppy was my beautiful old bullfrog . . .

CHRIS and PAT: We'll love him all the time.

The House of Broken Dreams

Carol Costa

Dramatic

TRACEY: 15

JOE: 15

TRACEY and JOE are sitting at the kitchen table having soft drinks. TRACEY, desperate to save her parents' marriage, enlists the help of her boyfriend, JOE, who is now having second thoughts and wants out of the deceitful plan.

TRACEY: Do you want some chips or something to eat?

JOE: No thanks. I'm in training. I shouldn't even be drinking this.

TRACEY: *[Teasing.]* We do a lot of things we shouldn't do.
[JOE looks around nervously.]

JOE: Maybe I'd better go. Your stepmother could come home any minute now.

TRACEY: She's not my stepmother. She's my father's mistress, but not for long. It's beginning to work.