



Herb and Lois Walker's

SCRIPTS FOR SCHOOLS

The Red Jacket

By Rita Hestand

**A Traditional
Play Script**

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

Sam: An ordinary boy around 10-11

Jeremy: An unusual boy who looks on the outside like a nerd

Leroy: A big boy

Butch: Another big boy

Three ordinary girl classmates of different backgrounds

Jeremy's sister, frail little girl

ACT ONE

Scene One

Narrator: Jeremy Michael Myers moved to Wylie about three years ago. I met him in the third grade. We used to kid him about his name, since Michael Myers was the famous monster from a Horror movie. Jeremy took it in his stride though and only smiled. He was a shy, quiet, and *very* smart person.

Most of the girls liked Jeremy despite the fact that he wasn't exactly cute. I mean, if you looked on the outside, he had teeth that stood out when he talked, hair that moped his face, freckles that had no direction and he wore glasses that slipped down his nose. But the girls liked him because he was a brain, and he'd help them with their math.

Jeremy was a sharp dresser too. He wore those non-wrinkle pants, and a clean white shirt, the kind of clothes that brainy kids wear. He always looked so neat, as though he'd just stepped away from a party or something.

He wasn't good at sports, even though he gave it his all. He couldn't bat a ball, pitch or even catch. On the field Jeremy was a real klutz. But because he *did* try, we gave him his due. I liked him because he always made me think about things.

{Lunch Room}

Leroy: *{Jeremy's classmate with his big hand stuck out}* Okay, Jer, hand over the food.

Jeremy: *{Jeremy gathers his big selection of Little Debbie's and sandwich and chips and hands them over to Leroy with a smile}*
Sure Leroy, anything you say.

Leroy: You aren't going to fight about it?

Jeremy: Nope, you can have it.

{Leroy takes the food, but scratches his head in disbelief that Jeremy would hand it over so easily}

Butch: *{Watching Leroy collect Jeremy's food and wanting in on a good thing}* But I wanted your lunch today, Jeremy. So you better give it to me, tomorrow, understand?

Jeremy: *{doubling his fist at Butch}* Can't do that Butch. You'll have to fight me for it.

(Scene ends with two boys frozen into position, looking as though they are about to fight)

Scene Two

{New scene opens with Sam throwing a ball up and catching it a couple of times. Jeremy enters scene and Sam throws the ball to him. Jeremy misses it. Jeremy can't catch the ball and chases after it each time Sam throws it}

Sam: Jeremy, I've been wondering about something?

Jeremy: What?

Sam: Well, why do you always give Leroy your lunch and not knock his lights out? Then you turn around and threaten to hit Butch for trying to do the same thing? That doesn't make any sense to me!

Jeremy: *{laughing}* that's simple, Sam. You see Leroy was *really* hungry. He's got like seven brothers and three sisters at home. He doesn't get a lot of snacks and junk food like we do, because it takes a lot of money to feed his family. He wanted my food...*to eat*. Butch just wanted to be a bully, he wasn't interested in the food. He just wanted to brag about how he could take my lunch away from me.

Narrator: I didn't know Leroy had so many brothers and sisters. But Jeremy did. Jeremy was that kind of kid. He was really interested in people. He cared. Jeremy seemed to understand why things were the way they were and found answers for anything questionable.

Sam: You are smart, Jer. But why are you such a klutz at baseball?

Jeremy: *{thinking about that question, he shrugs}* I guess because my brain's too heavy, it makes me clumsy.

ACT TWO

Scene One

Narrator: Jeremy and I walked home from school together every day because we lived in the same neighborhood. We would have played together, but Jeremy didn't play outside much, he was too busy getting his lessons. At least that's what he said. Anyway, on our way home each day, we waited for the daily train to come through our small town. The engineer would blow his whistle and wave at us every time. As if he knew us. We'd wait by the tracks, amusing ourselves with one thing or another. Sometimes we'd catch bugs, or play kick the can, if we could find one. This got to be pretty routine with us.

Then one day, out of the blue, Jeremy changed. Or so it would seem. He came to school carrying a girl's red jacket. It had to be a girl's jacket because it had flowers and hearts on it. We all stared at him as though he'd grown two heads.

Not only was it a girls' jacket, but the way he carried it, over his arm, all folded up neatly, as though it were some prize possession. It was weird, even to me. When some of the others noticed, they stopped and jeered at him.

{Three girls stand together watching Jeremy}

First Girl: What's with the jacket, Jer? *{snickering}*

{Jeremy hangs jacket up, buttons it, then goes to his desk while the girls point their fingers at him and snicker}

Narrator: Despite the fact that he was my friend, even I couldn't help but stare. This was completely weird and there was no explanation offered. Right away, the kids began to talk and whisper things about him behind his back. I hated seeing my best friend mistreated, but even I had to wonder about that red jacket.

First Girl: Did you see how he takes care of that jacket? As if it were his own.

Second Girl: Surely it's not his.

Third Girl: It's so creepy the way he brings that jacket and hangs it up, as though it were valuable or something. I've seen several like it this year, there's nothing *that* special about it.

First Girl: It's such a shame. Jeremy seemed so smart. He always helped us with our homework when we didn't understand math. I don't think I'll ask him to help me anymore, though.

Second Girl: Yeah, he's just getting so creepy about that red jacket.

{The girls all nod, and stare at Jeremy as they take their seats in the classroom}

Scene Two

Narrator: Jeremy heard the whispers and ignored them. Almost as if he didn't care. But I had come to like Jeremy and decided not to turn my back on my friend. It was the right thing to do. Not the easy thing, the right thing. It was all over school about Jeremy and the red jacket and he was no longer looked upon as the good kid he had always been.

Jeremy talked about everything as we walked home from school, except why he carried that jacket. I wanted to ask him, but just couldn't bring myself to. For weeks he brought it, hung it with care, and acted as though it were the most natural thing in the world to do.

For weeks the kids jeered him. They began to ignore him, as though he were an embarrassment. But somehow, I just couldn't stop liking Jeremy, even though that jacket did give me the creeps.

ACT THREE

Scene One

Narrator: Then one day while waiting for the train...

{Sam and Jeremy are playing tag around the tracks. Jeremy had laid the jacket down neatly on the tracks, so it didn't get dirty while they played tag. The train whistle blows and the boys run for the tracks}

Jeremy: *{running and crying}* No...no!

Sam *{runs after Jeremy, not knowing what is wrong}*

Wait Jeremy, wait up. Watch out! You're heading straight for the train!

{Jeremy is headed straight for the train. Sam lunges for Jeremy to keep him from running into the train, pulling them down and away from the tracks}

Sam: It's okay, Jeremy, you're safe now....

{Jeremy stumbles to his feet, crying aloud}

Jeremy: Oh no....Oh God, no!

Narrator: Jeremy scrambled to reach for the jacket, it was in shreds, torn, black, and mutilated by the train. There was no way Jeremy was going to keep that jacket now. I sighed with relief. It was over, and now Jeremy would be back to normal. But Jeremy gathered it to him and held it as though it were a living object, and began crying like a baby. I didn't know what to do. I wanted to let him know it would be all right, but he kept sobbing. I didn't understand, and it was making me mad because I just didn't understand Jeremy anymore.

Sam: Jeremy, it's just a jacket. You can get another one....

Jeremy: No, I can't. You don't understand.

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