

(a school bell rings) (bobby is sitting at a desk, writing)

BOBBY: Dear Girl, The teacher said we had to write a letter to somebody so I picked you because you sit behind me. What's your name? Signed, the boy ahead of you.

JANE: Dear Boy, How are you? I am fine. Thanks for writing. Don't worry. I don't like you very well either but I gotta do this stupid assignment. Signed, Jane.

BOBBY: Dear Jane, I didn't say I didn't like you. I just said the teacher made me write to you.

MARGARET: Dear Bobby, I did not say you were stupid, no matter what Jane told you. I said you looked stupid. There is a big difference. If you just look stupid you can change. Please don't be mad. Signed, Margaret.

JANE: Dear Margaret, Why don't you just keep your big mouth shut once in a while? You just think you know everything. Now Bobby won't even look at me. I'll bet he hates me. Signed Jane.

BOBBY: Dear Jane, I hate you ... Signed, Bobby.

MARGARET: Dear Jane, Way to go. Now Bobby hates me too!

JANE: Dear Bobby, please don't be mad at me because of what I said in the letters. I'm new at writing just like you are. Don't worry. Next year we will be in fourth grade and we won't have that problem. We'll be a lot older.

BOBBY: Dear Jane, I don't want to talk about your opinion that I don't talk or write so good. OK? ... Guess Who.

(bell rings)

MARGARET: Dear Jane, I'm glad we're in fourth grade. Third was so borrrr-ring.

BOBBY: Dear Margaret, Does Jane like me? I mean not for a boyfriend, but just sort of a friend, you know? Burn this letter. Signed, Bobby.

JANE: Dear Harvey, would you ask Bobby if he wants to go out with me? I mean, just as friends? Burn this letter.

HARVEY: I'll just save this letter in a secret place and burn it later.

JANE: Dear Harvey, has he said anything yet? Have you asked him? I'm in fourth-grade and I can't wait forever.

BOBBY: Dear Journal, I'm sure glad I got you to talk to. I've been havin' the stupidest dreams lately. I mean they're not even close to being real ... just stupid! Last night ... Journal, I'll be embarrassed if anybody reads this ... Last night I was dreamin' about ...

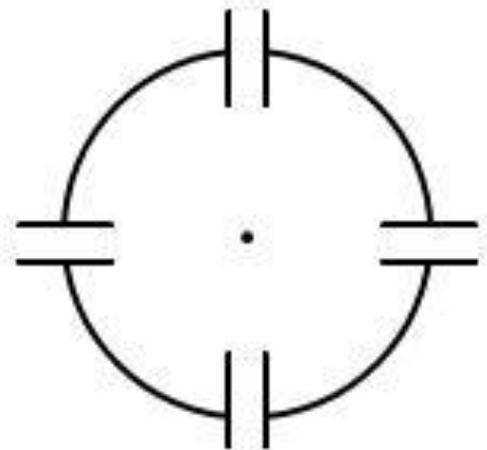
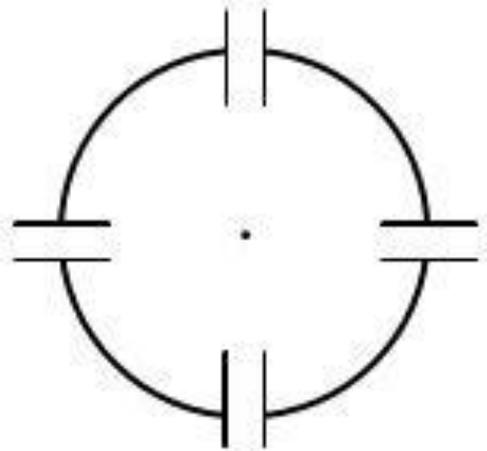
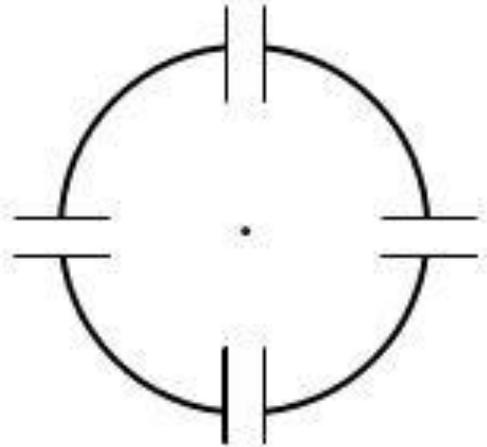
(in each "dream sequence" the actors step forward, acting out each fantasy)

JANE: *(is tied hand and foot, screams)* Help! Oh, help!

BLACKBEARD: *(a bloodthirsty pirate)* 'Ardy ar Ar! Ain't no use to be screamin' me lovely! Blackbeard's got you now! *(a chorus of vicious pirates join in ad-lib leers and taunts)*

JANE: Oh help me, someone! Please!

BLACKBEARD: And just 'oo do you spect to 'elp you, me pretty? Some 'ero gonna drop outta the sky and save that pretty smile of yours? *(pirates all laugh)*



EMPTYBUCKET: (*a barely literate pirate*) Huh huh huh.

Dat's a good one, Cap'n! Drop outa da sky! Huh huh huh.

BLACKBEARD: Shut up, Emptybucket! It's nigh high noon. Time to feed the sharks!

JANE: No! No! Please don't make me jump!

BLACKBEARD: No problem, me pretty. I'll just push you, then.

JANE: No! Please! Please!

EMPTYBUCKET: Huh huh huh. Drop outa da sky. Dat's a good one, Cap'n!

BLACKBEARD: Shut up, Emptybucket! Now, missy ... let's not tarry here. Go on. Just one little step and you'll make a shark happy.

EMPTYBUCKET: Jump!

JANE: Please Someone! Stop them! Please! Is there anyone to save me?

BOBBY: (*suddenly jumping into the fray*) Avast!

BLACKBEARD: What?

BOBBY: Avast, ye dirty dog! Ye villain! Ye scoundrel!

BLACKBEARD: Who be you?

BOBBY: Bobby the Brave!

BLACKBEARD: Never 'eard of you!

BOBBY: You have now, Blackbeard! (*driving him back with his "sword"*) Take that! And that! And that!

BLACKBEARD: (*as he falls*) Drat! (*meanwhile Bobby moves to untie Jane and hold her in his arms*)

JANE: Oh, brave, brave Bobby! You have saved me! How can I ever thank you?

BOBBY: Don't thank me, fair Jane. It was just something a man has to do. (*moves aside and writes in his journal*) And that's when I woke up. It was a stupid dream but I was just exhausted.

(*bell rings*)

MARGARET: Dear Jane, can you believe that we're in sixth grade??

JANE: Dear Margaret, it feels like young love is in the air!

RICK: Dear Amanda, Will you be my Valentine?

AMANDA: Dear Rick, No. Signed, Amanda.

(*bell rings*)

JANE: I just cannot believe seventh-grade boys! They are just ...

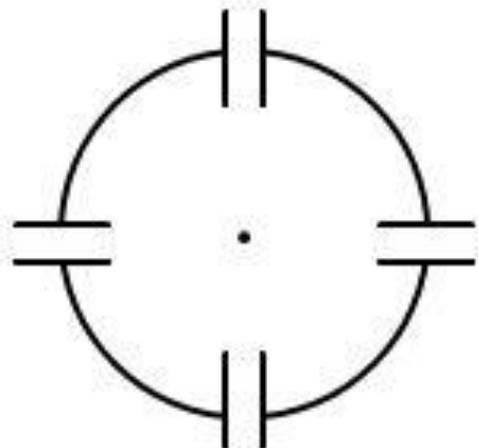
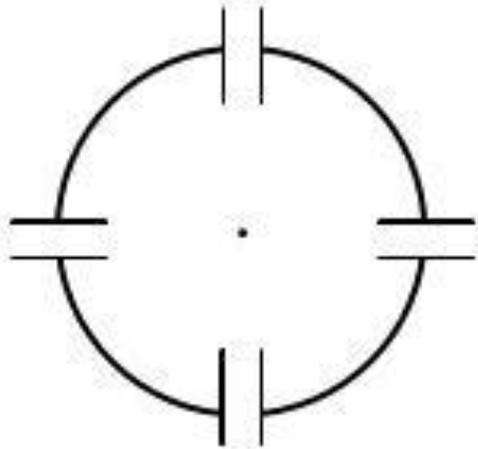
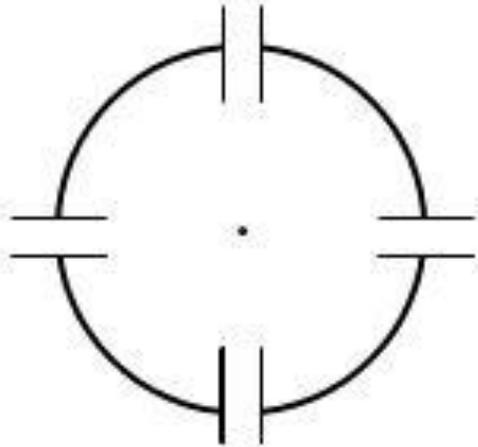
ALL GIRLS: SO IMMATURE!

RICK: Dear Amanda, be my Valentine? Signed, Rick.

AMANDA: Dear Rick, It depends. Did you buy candy this year or just that stupid card again? Signed, Amanda.

JANE: Dear Diary, He did it! He finally did it! Bobby wrote me a note and signed it, "Love, Bobby!" and then I saw where he made three X's but crossed 'em out! But I think he meant to write 'em! Really! Cause you can tell where he pressed down real hard before he chickened out.

BOBBY: Dear Journal, I had one of those stupid make believe dreams again last night. I can't help it; it happened while I was asleep...



(DREAM SEQUENCE)

MICKY: *(a fight trainer, giving a quick rub-down to a shadow-punching Crusher as the pre-fight crowd murmurs excitedly)* You got it, kid. This fight's yours, I'm tellin' ya.

CRUSHER: *(a muscular but less-than-PhD prize fighter, throwing warm-up punches in the air)* I'll kill 'im, Micky. I got this!

RING ANNCR: *(shouting in the elongated fight announcer style)* In this corner, weighing in at two-hundred-eighty-nine pounds! From Lower Philadelphia! The world heavyweight champion! Crusherrrrrrrrrrr Maaaaaddoooooox!

(the crowd roars with a couple of boos)

MICKY: Dat's you, Crusher!

CRUSHER: Huh?

MICKY: Dat's you! Get out dere! *(and Crusher makes his pre-fight lap around the ring)*

MARGARET: Where's Bobby?

JANE: I told him not to come. They'll kill him, Margaret.

MARGARET: But the pride of our junior high is at stake!

RING ANNCR: And in this corner! Weighing in at one hundred and two pounds! From All-American Junior High School! The challenger! Bob-by Bal-bo-a!

BOBBY: *(still in his seat)* Huh?

RING ANNCR: Baaal-booooo-aaaaaaa!

(Bobby is "tossed" into the ring by others)

JANE: *(screaming but being held back by Margaret)* Bobby!

FIGHT REFEREE: You both know the rules?

BOBBY: *(frantic)* I'm supposed to be in Social Studies!

FIGHT REFEREE: Great. Shake hands and come out fightin'! *(a huge cheer comes up from the crowd as the bell rings ... Crusher roars as he charges Bobby)*

BOBBY: That was the bell! I gotta get to lunch! *(Crusher again roars and lunges at him as Bobby moves, barely evading his punch)* We always have pizza on Monday. I gotta go! Really!

JANE: Bobby!

BOBBY: It's Jane!

JANE: Bobby!

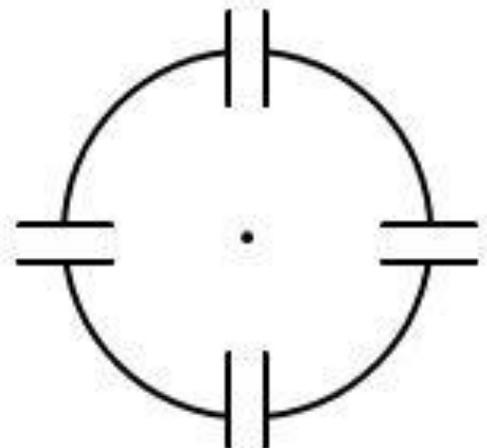
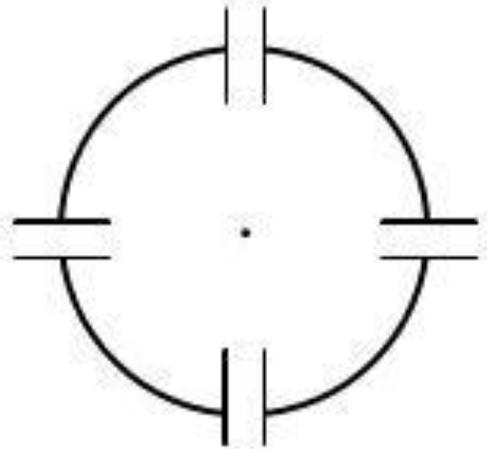
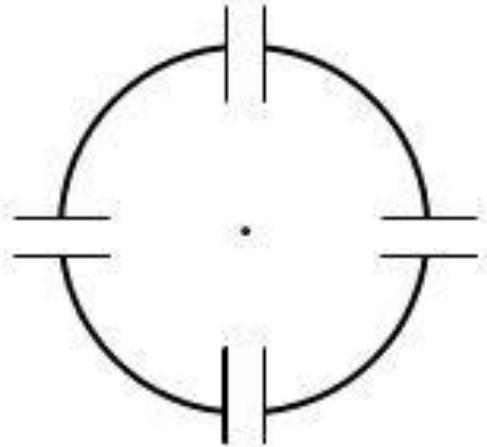
BOBBY: Jane!??

JANE: *(tearfully shrieking)* Bobby!

BOBBY: *(and he becomes a Rocky-fied lion, screaming like "ADRIENNE")* JA - A - NIE

(the crowd and the boxers go into slow motion, with the crowd making noises in the background. The two gladiators rage at one another with first one getting the upper hand and then the other. Finally, Crusher lands a bonecrushing punch to Bobby's jaw and he slowly turns, and turns, and turns as the others fade away)
(on his hands and knees)

Dear Journal, Maybe these dreams are caused by what I eat before I go to bed.



(bell rings)

PATRICIA: Dear Jane, I can't believe it! We're finally in...

ALL: High School!

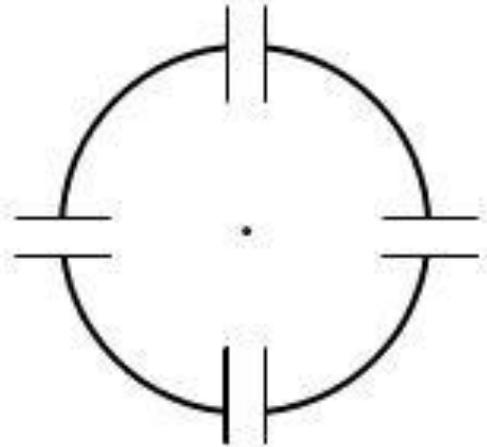
(the group erupts in an explosion of various activities. Girls talk loud and fast, try their hair in various quick-styles, much posing and preening; some boys assume a remarkable stupid "cool" look, then they sit in unison and quiet immediately)

MARLA: *(beaming)* Mature! ... At last!

JANE: Dear Jenny, Do you ever dream? I mean, when you're wide-awake? Like during English or something where you don't have to think?

JENNY: Dear Jane, I don't think so. Maybe. I don't know. Why?

JANE: Dear Jenny, You're a lot of help. I do it a lot lately. And ... I mean, they're so stupid, the things I daydream about. Bobby being Ron Weasley and me being Hermione Granger...



(bell rings)

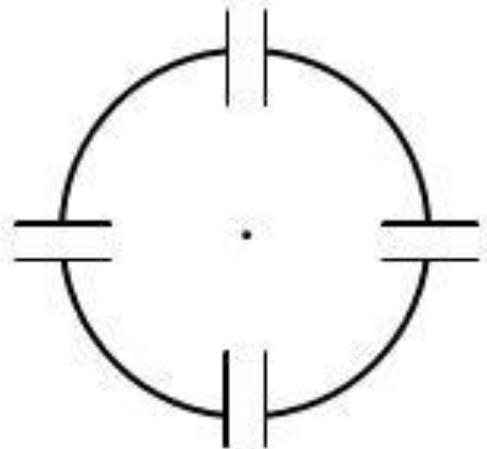
JANE: Dear Diary, We've got to write a theme on what we'd wish for if we had three wishes. OK! Number one: A guy you could really talk to.

JENNY: A guy who doesn't look at other girls when you're with him.

PATRICIA: A guy who smells good.

MARGARET: A guy.

JODI: I don't even want to talk about them ... I mean it.



(bell rings)

JENNY: Dear Jodi, I think it's just more fun to go to prom without a date, don't you? I mean, look at everybody who's going together. All they do is fight ... You don't have a date do you?

JODI: Dear Jenny, Do you??? Jodi.

PATRICIA: Dear Jane, I can't wait for prom. How long you been thinkin' about it? Write back. Patricia.

JANE: Dear Patricia, Since third grade, I think.

MIKE: Dear Jason, You goin' to prom?

JASON: Dear Mike, You're not my type.

MIKE: No, stupid! I wondered if you wanted to double with Margaret and me.

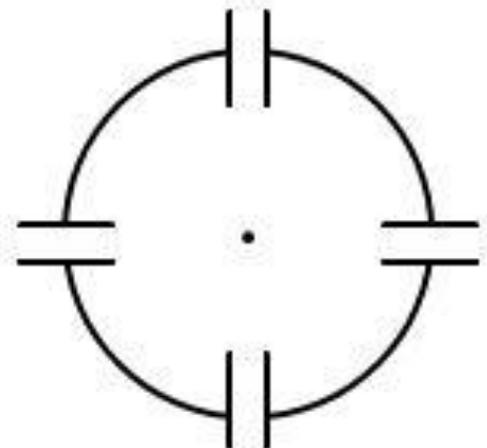
BOBBY: Dear Jane, I wanted to ask you ... you know, personally ask you ... today after school but there was too many people around ...

JENNY: Dear Jodi, Let's just go to prom together and just bum around, Ok? I mean, who wants to spend a hundred dollars for flowers and junk anyway? I think it's more fun to just go with a friend, don't you?

BOBBY: ... and I been wantin' to ask you for a long time now. I mean, we've been friends since first grade. I think we sort of bonded from that moment on, don't you?

JANE: Dear Bobby ... "bonded?"

BOBBY: Dear Jane, I can't believe I said that! That was stupid! Burn that letter! Do you want to go to prom with me?



AMANDA: Dear Rick, You haven't asked me to go out with you since fourth-grade. Did I make you mad or somethin'? Amanda.

RICK: Dear Amanda, I've been too embarrassed to ask you.

AMANDA: Dear Rick, I've been waitin' for you to grow up. Have you?

JENNY: Dear Jodi, I know that as a friend, you will understand what I'm about to say.

And please don't be mad at me.

(a long pause, then) I'm going to the prom with Rodney Paris. Please don't be mad.

He came up to me in PE class and you know how he wears that USC T-shirt that's torn down both sides and you can see his chest all the way across? I mean, that's not why I'm going or anything but it just sort of got my attention you know, and before I knew it, I said yes.

Please don't be mad. Friends 4-Ever? Jenny.

JODI: Dear Jenny, You are a jerk.

MARGARET: Dear Patricia, Can you believe the prom's tonight! I mean, I just can't wait! Nobody's paying any attention in class today. It's just so cool!

(all overlapping each other while Bobby and Jane get "ready")

MARGARET: Dear Jodi, I can't believe it's finally prom. I mean, that's all I've thought about for like a month now. I mean, I've known exactly what I was going to wear ever since I was in Jr. High. You remember how we used to dream about what we were going to wear? ...

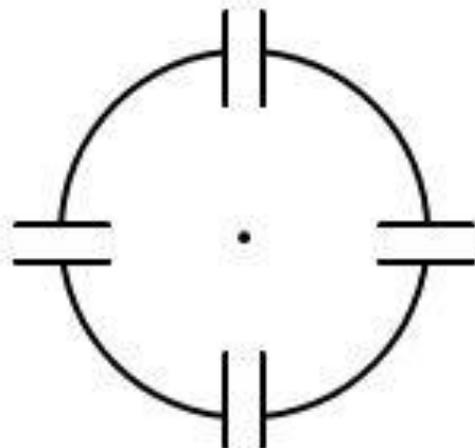
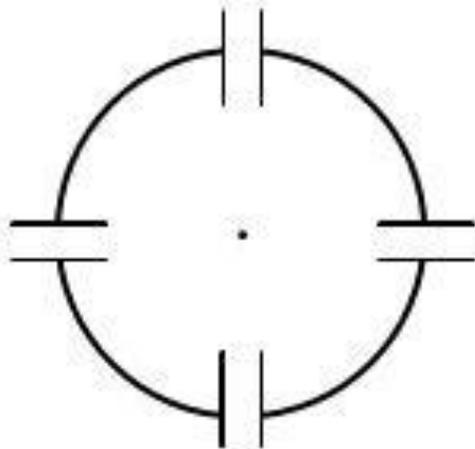
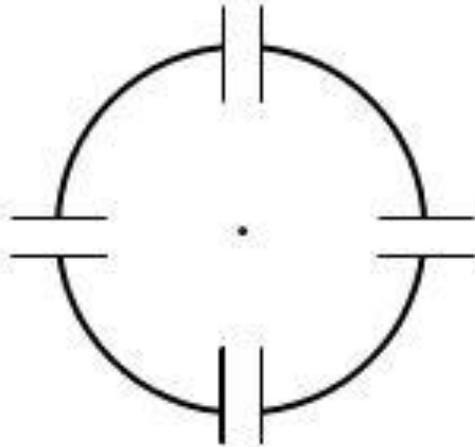
JODI: Dear Jenny, I guess I don't mind goin' to prom with just a bunch of girls but I hope we don't look stupid. I mean, it's not like I can't get a date or anything but I just don't want to. I hope people know that because I wouldn't want them thinking anything else, would you? ...

JENNY: Dear Jodi, Only wimps have to have dates. I mean like Cindy Barnes who just dies if she isn't going with somebody every minute, no matter what he looks like. I can't believe some of the skuzz balls she's dated just to say that she's dating somebody. I'm sure glad I'm not like that ...

JASON: Dear Phyllis, I gotta work until five o'clock tonight at the grocery store but I'm takin' my prom clothes with me so I can just change there then to pick you up. I hope you don't mind if we're a little bit late because I get paid tonight and unless I get paid we can't go to prom ...

MIKE: Dear Dad, I left the keys to my car under the mat if you want to use it. Thanks a lot for letting me use your car tonight. I'll park way out in the parking lot where none of the other kids can whack their door into yours. I really do appreciate this. Thanks a lot, dad. And remember, you can use my car if you want to ... if it starts ...

HARVEY: Dear Abby, Am I still normal if I can't get a date to prom? I mean, I'm popular and everything but it seems like none of the girls ever want to go with me. Is there somethin' I could do like maybe work out or take one of the courses on how to get women? I've even tried the Internet.



PATRICIA: Dear Carrie, If that guy tries anything with me, I swear I'm gonna smack him right across the mouth. I mean it, Carrie! Right across the mouth! I didn't want to go with him that bad anyway but he asked me, and I mean, what could I say? Just what could I say? But if he tries anything, I'll bust that sucker right across his wet lips! ...

RICK: Dear Patricia, What color of dress are you wearing tonight? I know I shoulda found out by now. Mom told me to so she could buy the flower but I forgot to ask you. I can still call her at lunch hour if you'll write me back quick. I'm really glad you decided to go with me to prom. Really. I think you are really cute and have a nice personality ...

(all the cacophony stops when:)

JANE: Dear Diary, This is it ... the night I've been waiting for, for years and years.

BOBBY: Dear Journal, I think I'm gonna ... throw up. If I knew dating was like this then I'd have stayed home tonight. I mean I am really, really nervous.

JANE: Dear Diary, He should be here any minute. I think I'm in heaven.

(bell rings)

(Slowly, Bobby stands and straightens himself out. Jane stands, nervously. Both continue to face forward.)

BOBBY: Hi. You ready?

JANE: You look very nice.

BOBBY: I know. I mean, that's a good dress you got, too.

JANE: Thank you. Bye, Dad. Bye, Mom.

(Jane's mom and dad wave goodbye to them, smiling)

(bell rings)

PATRICIA: Dear Jodi, The final bell on the final day of our final year in school! Can you believe it?

JANE: Dear Bobby, ... *(tries again)* My dearest Bobby, ... *(thinks, another attempt)* To the boy I love ...

BOBBY: Dear Jane, I don't know how exactly to start this letter.

JANE: *(overlapping the following lines a bit)* I've never really told you how much you meant to me, but ...

BOBBY: I got to thinking today of all the things we've done together ...

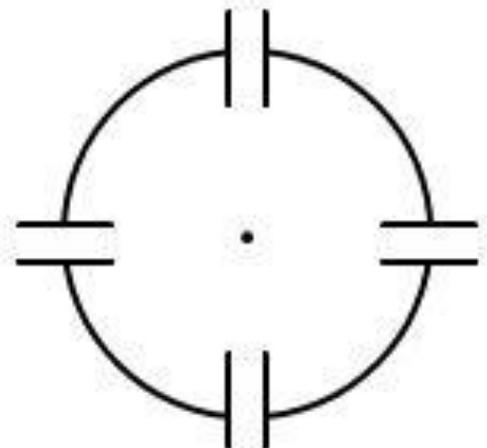
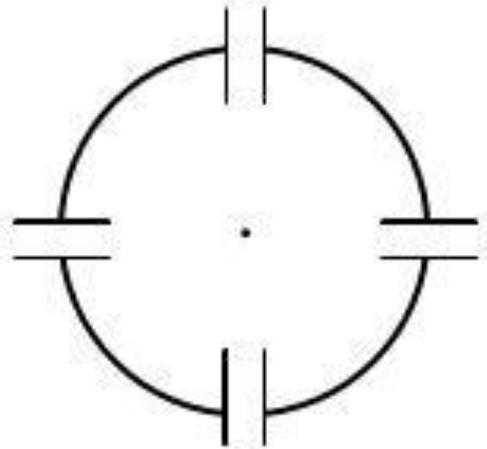
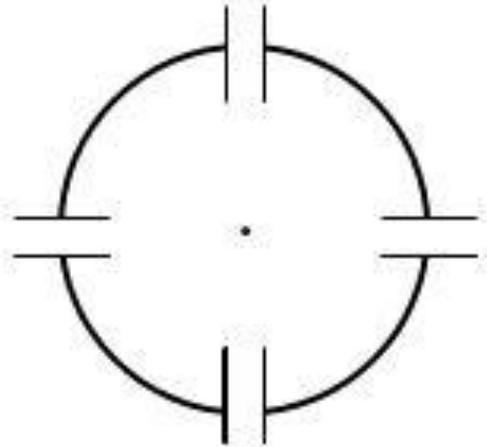
JANE: ... but I want to tell you now. I think I ... I want to tell you just how much you ...

BOBBY: I guess I didn't realize until now since we're about to graduate, just how much you ...

JANE: ... how much you mean to me. We're going to different colleges, but I want you to know that there'll always be a special place ...

BOBBY: ... and there's always gonna be a special place for you in my heart, Janie. I've never known anybody ...

JANE: ... I've never known anybody like you before, Bobby. Never. And I know I could tell you all this in person but I wanted to write it down so you could take it with you.



BOBBY: Remember that journal I used to write in? I still have it...your name is all over it.

JANE: I've written in my diary about you every day. But today I'm going to close the diary, Bobby. Because this is part your diary, too.

BOBBY: ... but I'm gonna start a new one tonight. I'm keeping the other one just for you and my memories of you.

Last night I was just lying there in bed and I started thinking about you and everything you meant to me and I just started crying. And you know what, I didn't even think it was stupid to cry. It felt sort of good.

JANE: I cried last night when I closed my diary, Bobby. For no good reason, I just cried. I was thinking about you.

BOBBY: Mom told me to start packing my things to get ready for college and I found the dumbest note ...

JANE: ... and you won't believe what I found when I woke up this morning, Bobby. Mom had saved it all these years ...

BOBBY: "Dear Girl, The teacher said we had to write a letter to somebody so I picked you because you sit behind me. What's your name? Signed, the boy ahead of you."

JANE: "Dear Boy, How are you? I am fine. Thanks for writing. Don't worry. I don't like you very well either but I gotta do this stupid assignment. Signed, Jane."

(a pause as they both think on this, then turning to face each other)

BOBBY: I don't have those stupid make-believe dreams anymore, Jane.

JANE: My dreams have come true.

BOBBY: Jane?

JANE: Bobby?

BOBBY: I love you. Your friend, Bobby.

JANE: Dear Bobby. Me too. Your friend, Jane.

(a short pause, then ... the bell rings)

END

