

Adolessons

Scene 1

A yard on the right, A fence in the middle, a small forest on the left. Tommy plays with toy soldiers, alone.

N:	Sitting there The wind combed his scraggly hair Within his yard Tommy sat there like a guard
T:	<i>Tommy plays soldier and marches up and down Infront of various toys (far left stage side)</i>
N:	He wasn't quite aware What that stench was in the air Tommy felt it so intense He just had to hop the fence
T:	<i>Tommy smells the air, looks around and fixes something on the right stage side. Hops the fence and looks around.</i>
N:	He looked over his head and shoulders. Over sticks and stones and boulders. Looking down his knees and toes He turned his gaze until he froze.
T:	<i>Tommy freezes up, his eyes locked onto something hidden behind a rock</i>
N:	He knew the thing Jumping up and down in spring. It's brown and cute and full of fluff And what he'd seen was well enough So tommy knew what that thing was With big round eyes and tiny paws:
T:	A squirrel
N:	But somehow it seemed queer Why was it laying here? It seemed a squirrel, but was not It smelled of forest, leaves and rot No nuts in sight, just but a stick Tommy's next idea came quick
T:	<i>Tommy picks up a stick and visibly has an idea</i>
N:	The squirrel seemed so deep in slumber It should be up, though it was under. Tommy knew to help
T:	<i>Tommy pokes the squirrel</i>
N:	With the twig he pinched and poked And he saw the thing was soaked
T:	Poor little thing
N:	He saw to help But then he heard his mother yelp She was over there in
M:	Just three seconds! I can't leave you alone for three seconds, can I now?
T:	Pssssssshhhh!
N:	Tommy hushed in fear
T:	Don't you see the squirrel here?
N:	His mom looked down and then she froze How worried her expression grows
M:	Tommy get away from that! That's just the kill of neighbour's cat <i>pulls him away from the thing behind the rock</i>
T:	But mom I want to stay!

Adolessons

N:	Mother sees just the decay
M:	Tommy that's enough
N:	Her voice is harsh and rough So thoughts don't lead her back To long lost pets and good 'ol Jack
M:	Death is just a thing of nature It was just a little creature That's just how things here run and go Think of it with little woe Since it's death is and always be <i>A distant tone in her voice</i> of little consequence
N:	She strokes his hair And leads him on with lots of care Takes his hand in her strong grip So he'll obey and doesn't slip
M:	<i>She leads him away, back to their house</i> One day it'll all make sense
N:	And with that they hop the fence
M:	<i>She takes Tommy over the fence and she goes herself</i>
N:	Soon he sits just like a guard, Sees the trashmen just discard His little-
T:	pet
N:	As he corrects
T:	thing
N:	he recollects Is what it is
T:	<i>Stares as the men blankly for a bit, then happily plays with his toy soldiers</i>

Scene 2

Inside a church, a few benches on the left, a casket elevated on the right, a few people stare inside.

M:	<i>Cries and cuddles Tommy</i> She meant so much to me She was just eighty-three! Why did she have to go? Soon Six feet below. When we close the casket We'll throw away the baskets And flowers, gifts and cards They sting my heart like shards.
T:	<i>Tucks her shirt</i> What is it Mommy?
N:	Her eyes tear up and she says-
M:	Oh Tommy Mommy has to go real quick
N:	He looks in shock, Is mommy sick?
M:	<i>Leaves Tommy on the bench and goes off</i>
N:	Tommy looked around On the top and ground In the middle there a box People stood around in flocks He stood up and went along While the organ played a song.

Adolessons

	The song was way too loud
T:	What is this all about?
N:	He looked inside He knew the thing Baking pies and paste in spring. It's old and nice and full of joy It knew him since he was a boy So tommy knew what that thing was With big grey eyes and its own laws:
T:	Granma
N:	But somehow it seemed queer Why was it laying here? It seemed Grandma, but was not It smelled of perfume, paste and rot No pie in sight, just but some flowers She'd been gone for days and hours
M:	<i>Comes back in the church hall</i>
N:	Grandma seemed so deep in slumber It should be up, though it was under. Tommy just stood and stared
M:	<i>Yelps in shock and goes running</i>
N:	Mother came and she was scared This was surely way too much Tommy flinched at mother's touch
M:	<i>Yanks him away at his arm; Hugs him</i> Are you okay? What did I say? Don't go there! That's nothing you should have to bear!
N:	But Tommy didn't cry He wasn't sad or shy He looked her in the eyes There wasn't shame or lies Just honesty how young kids are His solace wasn't far
T:	Death is just a thing of nature It was just another creature That's just how things here run and go Think of it with little woe Since it's death is and always be <i>A happy tone of voice of little consequence</i>

Adolessons

Adolessons

Adolessons