

LIGHTS UP. THE STAGE IS EMPTY. THERE'S A CHALKBOARD AND ROWS OF DESKS. SCHOOL BELL RINGS. MR. EUGENE REMY ENTERS THE STAGES. HE SETS HIS BAG ON HIS DESK AND WRITES ON THE CHALKBOARD "AFRICAN AMERICAN FOLK TALES: THE TAILS OF BR'ER RABBIT". THE STUDENTS BEGINS TO WALK IN TALKING AND CHATTERING. *NOTE* WHENEVER THE STUDENTS ARE MENTIONED WITHIN THE DIALOGUE THEY ARE TO BE CALLED BY THEIR REAL NAMES, I.E STUDENT 1 WOULD BE MARK OR STUDENT 2 WOULD BE MARTHA. ALL ODD STUDENTS ARE MALE AND ALL EVEN STUDENTS ARE FEMALE. STUDENT 6 & 10 ENTERS

STUDENT 6:

(RUNS UP TO STUDENT 10)
Did you watch it last night!?

STUDENT 10:

(EXCITED)
O-M-G, I almost fainted when he walked through the door to proclaim his love to her.
(MELODRAMATIC)
I wish all guys were like him.

XAVIER:

(ENTERS, LOUD)
Alright ladies, I have arrived!

**STUDENTS REACT DISGUSTED.
ISAAC, STUDENT 3, 7 AND 11 ENTERS.
SHORTLY AFTER MARSÈ ENTERS.**

ISAAC:

(WALKS IN TAKING HIS SEAT. NOTICES MARSÈ WALKING IN. SHYLY)
Hey, I, uh, I... I like your shirt!

MARSÈ:

(BLUSHES)
Thanks, Isaac.

MARSÈ TAKES HER SEAT.

STUDENT 3:

Tryouts are after this class, are you guys going?

STUDENT 7:

Do look like I can try out for any sports?

STUDENT 11:

(SCOFFS, SITS BACK IN SEAT. PROUDLY)
I'm trying out for cheerleading!

STUDENTS 3 AND 7 LOOKS ODDLY.

STUDENT 8:

Ugh, I can't wait to go home. All I want to do is just lay on my bed and listen to music. Here listen to this!

(GIVES STUDENT 12 ONE OF THEIR EARBUDS)

STUDENT 12:

Oh, I like this song.

(STARTS TO SING ALONG, LOUDLY)

STUDENTS AROUND LOOKS AND STUDENT 12 SLINKS IN CHAIR.

STUDENT 1:

(TAPS ON STUDENT 2'S SHOULDER)

You shouldn't write with a broken pencil. It's pointless!

(LAUGHS)

STUDENT 2:

(TURNS TO STUDENT 1)

You know it's inappropriate to make a "dad joke" if you are not a dad. You're just being a faux pa.

STUDENT 2 SITS BACK and SMILES.

STUDENT 9:

Did you guys do the assignment for Math?

STUDENT 4:

You mean the one that was due today three periods ago?

STUDENT 9 LOOKS SHOCKED.

STUDENT 5:

Hey, it's the last class of the day! Now you don't have to do it!

(HIGH FIVES STUDENT 9)

MR. REMY:

Alright class lets settle down. Good day, everyone!

STUDENTS:

(AS IF THEY DO THIS EVERY DAY)

Hello, Mr. Remy!

MR. REMY:

Well, well! You guys are wide awake for the last period of the school day!

Now, who can tell me what month it is?

(SEVERAL STUDENTS RAISES THEIR HANDS)

Isaac?

ISAAC:

It's Black History Month, Mr. Remy.

MR. REMY:

Good! And who can tell me about their assignment?

(SEVERAL STUDENTS RAISES THEIR HANDS)

Xavier?

XAVIER:

(VERY ENTHUSIASTICALLY; OVER-THE-TOP)

We were to take the stories of Br'er Rabbit and present them to the class in a fun and theatrical way.

MR. REMY:

(CHUCKLES)

Yes, that is right. Br'er Rabbit holds a very special place in my heart. Being from Georgia, my mother would tell me these stories as a child. These folktales were passed down from generation to generation and even created into novels for people to read to their children. Now, *(BEGINS TO PASS OUT THE STORIES TO THE CLASS)* since I only gave you guys one story for each group, I'm giving you the rest of the stories, so you can read on your spare time or to even follow along with what your classmates are presenting. I'm really looking forward to seeing what you all have come up with for these stories and if you're story telling is good enough, we can use our imaginations to envision what you are saying. So, with that in mind which group would like to go first?

NO ONE RAISES THEIR HAND AND THE STUDENTS LOOK AT EACH OTHER SEEING WHO WILL MAKE THE FIRST MOVE. MARSÈ RAISES HER HAND.

MARSÈ:

I guess my group will go first, Mr. R. To get it out of the way.

XAVIER GROANS. ISAAC SMILES.

MR. REMY:

Thank you, Marsè. Your group is with Isaac and Xavier. Come on up!

ISAAC AND XAVIER GET UP AND STANDS IN FRONT OF THE CLASS. MARSÈ JOINS THEM. EACH OF THE KIDS HAVE A PIECE OF PAPER WITH THEM.

MARSÈ:

Um, our story is Br'er Rabbit Earns a Dollar-A-Minute.

XAVIER:

(INSERTING, HYPERACTIVE)

Yea! And it stars, Br'er Rabbit, Br'er Fox, and my favorite Br'er Bear!

ISAAC:

(MEEKLY)

Once upon a time there was a rabbit....

MR. REMY:

(INTERRUPTING)

Hold on, hold on. You guys have the privilege of going first. Why don't you set the scene, so your classmates will know what to imagine with the rest of their stories?

MARSÈ:

I don't understand.

ISAAC:

Yeah, what do you mean?

MR. REMY:

Well why don't you guys describe the characters. And this is a note for the rest of you, describe your character, let us imagine them, let us see them!

XAVIER:

OH!! I get it! Well Br'er Bear is big! Um, powerful. But not too bright! Definitely a follower!

BR'ER BEAR ENTERS AND POSES

XAVIER:

Yeah just like that! I imagined him good!

MARSÈ:

And...

ISAAC:

(INTERRUPTING)

OH! Okay! Then Br'er Fox is sly, smaller, but fiery and feisty.
Fox definitely demands and commands attention!

BR'ER FOX ENTERS POSES

ISAAC:

(LAUGHS)

Yeah! Just like that! This is too funny!

MR. REMY:

And you Marsè? How does Br'er Rabbit look.

MARSÈ:

Well. I wanted to do Br'er Fox. Um, let me think. Yeah, I think I have it.
Br'er Rabbit's tall/small, but not too tall/small. Big, no thin, because rabbits eat mostly veggies.
Br'er Rabbit would be kind, caring, but mischievous and energetic.

XAVIER:

(STEPS FORWARD)

Oh! Like me!

MARSÈ:

No, like... like (smiles)

BR'ER RABBIT CARTWHEELS IN AND SUPER HERO POSES

BR'ER RABBIT:

LIKE ME!

BR'ER FOX:

(GOES TO BR'ER RABBIT)

You always have to make an entrance.

BR'ER BEAR:

(PICKS UP BR'ER RABBIT)

Let take care of him right now, Fox!

BR'ER FOX:

In due time, Bear. These kids have stories to tell. Let's help them out.

FOX, RABBIT, and BEAR EXITS

MR. REMY:

(TO MARSÈ, ISAAC, AND XAVIER)

You kids have a great imagination. Now let's see where you go from here!

ISAAC:

It's a hot Georgia day. Set in the early 19th Century!

MARSÈ:

Our story is entitled....

ISAAC, MARSÈ, XAVIER:

Br'er Rabbit Earns a Dollar-A-Minute.

LIGHTS CHANGE. BR'ER FOX ENTERS

ISAAC:

(SUDDENLY HAS A SOUTHERN ACCENT, MARSÈ AND XAVIER LOOKS IN SHOCK.)

One fine morning, Br'er Fox decided to plant a patch of goober peas.

It didn't take too long before those goober vines grew tall
and long and the peas ripened up good and smart.

MARSÈ:

(WITH A SOUTHERN ACCENT)

Since when do you have an accent?

(COVERS HER MOUTH IN SURPRISE)

XAVIER:

(WITH A SOUTHERN ACCENT) (LAUGHING)

Why do you have a southern accent.... WHY DO I HAVE A SOUTHERN ACCENT?!

BR'ER FOX:

You're in our world now! Just go with it, silly boy. Continue the story!

BR'ER RABBIT ENTERS AND SITS ON A HIGH LEDGE. AS THE STORY IS BEING TOLD, RABBIT, FOX, AND BEAR ACT OUT THE SCENE. THE STUDENTS ARE GOING AROUND THE STAGE LIKE STORY TELLERS BEING HEAVILY INVOLVED INTO THE PROGRESSION OF THE PLOT, EVEN AT TIMES BECOMING PART OF THE STORIES THEMSELVES. THE STUDENTS AS THEY ARE TELLING THE STORY CAN SEE RABBIT, FOX, AND BEAR, THE REST OF THE CLASS ROOM IS SEMI DARK WATCHING THE SCENE AS IF WATCHING THE PRESENTATION HAPPENING IN FRONT OF THEM. THEY ARE ENGAGED AND FOCUSED ON THE STORY THAT IS BEING TOLD, LAUGHING WHEN PROPER, AND CLAPPING WHEN APPROPRIATE, THEY ARE THE AUDIENCE AS WELL.

XAVIER:

Now Br'er Rabbit watched Br'er Fox planting the goobers and as soon those peas were ripe, the little Rabbits and Br'er Rabbit would sneak on in and grab up them goobers by the handfuls. It got so bad that when Br'er Fox came to the goober patch, he could hardly find a pea to call his own.

MARSE:

He suspected that Br'er Rabbit was to blame for this, but the rascally rabbit had covered his tracks so well that Br'er Fox couldn't catch him. So Br'er Fox came up with a plan. He tied a rope to a nearby hickory sapling and with the other end of the rope and made a loop knot that he fastened with a trigger right around the hole in the fence. If anybody came through the crack to steal his peas, the knot would tighten around their body, the sapling would spring upright, and they would be left hanging from the tree for everyone to see.

ISAAC:

The next morning, Br'er Rabbit came slipping through the hole in the fence. The trigger sprung, the knot tightened on his forelegs, and the hickory tree snapped upright. Br'er Rabbit found himself swinging from the hickory sapling.

XAVIER:

Br'er Rabbit was in a fix. He was trying to come up with some explanation for Br'er Fox when he heard someone a-rumbling and a-bumbling down the road. It was Br'er Bear, looking for a bee-tree so he could get him some honey. As soon as Br'er Rabbit saw Br'er Bear, he came up with a plan to get himself free.

BR'ER RABBIT:

(CHEERFULLY)

Howdy, Br'er Bear!

BR'ER BEAR:

(NOTICES RABBIT)

Oh, its you! Howdy Br'er Rabbit! How are you this morning?