

*whispered.*) RIGHT WING! (*Matter-of-factly.*) Prissy's mom says so. Every single day.



**Peggy:** A drive-through window is a mother's nightmare. I took my daughter Prissy...and as always, Thomas to McDonald's before we went to the hospital today. The Happy Meal toys this week are tiny Barbie convertibles for girls and mini-monster trucks for boys. No question what country we live in, huh? I looked up at the rear-view mirror to see what Prissy wanted to eat. (*She waits, then in defeat.*) Silence. But Thomas, as usual, piped up cheerfully.

**Prissy/Thomas:** We want chicken nuggets with tongue-fre mustard please!

**Peggy:** I *know* I am supposed to be supportive. (*Speaking to the rear-view mirror.*) Can you two share one meal? (*Beat.*) I'll get you two toys? (*Beat.*) Silence. So I pulled around and the kid at the window took one look in my backseat and started to stick a Barbie car in the meal. (*To the drive through worker.*) Could we get one of each toy, please? And I got this...look. After however many billions are served, you would *think* there would be no surprises anymore.

**Prissy/Thomas:** Today in school, we had to do art. I HATE art, but Prissy's really good at it. Anyway, we were supposed to make a collage about what we like best about Northfeld...that's our stupid town. So Prissy picked up her scissors and started to use them *left-handed* like me—even though she's *right-handed* and her scissors are too. Stephen Petersen saw it and started to make fun of her...so she kicked him under the table! Well, that made him mad, and he started to make fun of me. (*Very sadly.*) He said that I was a fairy...and that fairies go to Hell. (*Nearly in tears.*) 'Cause his stupid dad said so. Well, Prissy put her scissors back in her right hand, which is her good one, and threw them at Stephen's ugly face! They didn't hit him in the face—but they hit him in the ear! His ear started bleeding, and he started crying. (*Giggling.*) I know it isn't funny. Prissy had to go straight to the Principal's office. I didn't even ask. I just went with her.

**Peggy:** I knew the second the phone rang that it was the school. I also knew I wouldn't be talking to Prissy.

**Prissy/Thomas:** (*On the phone.*) Hello? Mrs. Bookman?

# Prissy Thomas

By Sarie Fischer Norval

## NOTES

Traumatic experiences can often play tricks on one's psyche. *Prissy Thomas* is a short, dramatic play; therefore, it should be entered in Dramatic Interpretation and performed by a female. While there are four characters listed in the play, there are, in fact, only three characters. Prissy/Thomas is a six-year-old child that appears to be a little boy named Thomas; however, at the end of the play, it is revealed that the character is actually a little girl named Prissy, who speaks *as* Thomas in order to cope with an unforeseen tragedy. Prissy/Thomas should be portrayed as a small child—with childlike expressions and, when appropriate, the comic timing that accompanies childhood innocence. Peggy is a compassionate mother, and she is fiercely protective of her daughter, Prissy. Peggy should be portrayed maturely—not matronly. Principal Cox is an older man, and if desired, he may be portrayed overly-stodgy. Play the moments for honesty. There are a few places where pantomime might be used—i.e. driving the car and talking on the phone. Remember, when adding pantomime to any performance, always go for realism. A clenched fist can not hold a steering wheel, nor can a closed fist hold a telephone. Realistic pantomime—not charades—has the ability to add a touch of sophistication and technical difficulty to your performance. There are shifts in time and location throughout this play; therefore, make these transitions clear to the audience. This is a wonderful tour-de-force for the right actress. The drama mask icons are visible to show the performer where a teaser could be placed, if so desired.

### **Characters:**

**Prissy/Thomas**, a six-year-old child

**Peggy**, the mother

**Principal Cox**

**Prissy/Thomas:** Hello, my name is Thomas, and I'm six-years-old. My best friend's name is Prissy. She hates it. There's this boy at school. His name is Stephen Petersen. He smells like a pickle. That's just gross! He makes fun of us for being friends. He says that "boys should never be friends with girls, especially ones named Prissy." We just tell him to keep his big fat mouth shut or we're gonna tell everyone his secret. *(Smiling.)* You wanna hear? Ok. *(Whispering.)* Stephen Petersen's dad is *(Intensely*