

Normal

Begin DSL

Goodbye Mam, see you later!

Looks out at audience, tension in face muscles

If ...

If only she knew!

Walk aimlessly to CS. Look over to CSL, notice group of 'friends', walk towards them.

Good morning guys.

Can I come play with ye?

Pause for a moment, look out to audience, stare, and look back at group of 'friends'.

No? That's okay then.

Return to CS, notice another group of 'friends' who are playing near CSR.

Good morning guys. What are ye doing? Can I join in?

Slowly back away from group, return to CS, facing out to audience.

That's ok. I'll just sit here on the muddy grass and play by myself ... Was I happy?

No!

Were they happy?

Yes?

School bell rings. Stand up and sigh,

Ugh! Here we go.

Walk sluggishly from CS to CSR and gradually stroll to CSL.

It was about time that silly woman rang that annoying bell. I was sitting down there for ages. (*Emphasis on ages*)

I guess it's time to go in there. That dungeon of dragons and devils and evil spirits! I mean that dungeon of teachers and friends who ... Well you know ...

Enter classroom. Place John's chair CSL facing out to audience.

This is where John sits; he's one of the 'boyos' so he never talks to me.

Place Ciara's chair next to John's chair.

This is where Ciara sits. She's really, really pretty.

Stumble against chair and stutter.

I mean I like her, but, she doesn't like me, yet, but I know she will soon (*Wink and smile at audience*)

Aimlessly chuck your chair behind John and Ciara's chairs and fling school bag next to your chair.

And this is where I sit.

Alone!

Pause – look sad, disheartened and frightened.

Alone ... and nobody to talk to.

With great disgust and anger, pick up teacher's chair and effortlessly place it CS. Point at chair and look at audience.

And this is where SHE would sit.

Return to chair, still looking out at audience and occasionally look back at teacher's chair.

She says the dreaded morning-prayer from there. She would point her stick at those who weren't saying the prayer so I made sure that I always said it ... Well, mimed it. But she didn't know that.

Sit and slouch on John's chair.

Well teacher what do you want me to do now?

Pause

Ok so teacher, I'll practise my writing.

Proceed to Ciara's seat. Sit with back straight, legs crossed and look at teacher.

Good morning teacher. How are you? What do I do now?

Pause

No problem teacher, I'll do that straight away and if there's anything else that you want me to do just ask away. Thank you teacher!

Resume your own character. Return to own seat and stare at teacher.

Good morning teacher. What are we doing today? Something exciting is it?

Look at audience. Anger in voice.

She ...

She didn't answer me.

She didn't even say good morning to me.

She never answers me!

Never!!

Pause

Every single morning she would say: 'Right pencils out and start practising your number seven formation. Remember proper grip.'

Get pencil and copy from bag. Begin writing with left hand.

Ok, I can do this!

Across the sky and down from heaven, that's the way to make a seven.

Occasionally look at John's and Ciara's work with the aim of not getting caught.

Across the sky and downnnnn ...

Use right hand, grab pencil from left hand and fling USC. Look up at teacher standing behind you, in the direction of CS.

What teacher? What did I do wrong?

Become teacher. Look down at chair and occasionally look out at audience.

You silly little boy!

I have told you over and over again, that you're NOT to write with your left hand.

Resume role as child.

But ... but ... but ...

Teacher ... This is my left hand.

Eyes begin to tear. Show hand to audience and to teacher.

This is the hand I always use to write. Always, teacher!

Resume role as teacher. Stand up and look down on chair.

Go pick up your pencil NOW and come up to my desk.

Retrieve pencil from USC and begin to slowly approach teacher's desk, shaking with fear. Begin to frown.

'Look at the rest of your classmates', she said. Look at the way they're writing and look at the hands they're using. She shoved the pencil against my right hand and said 'this is the hand that NORMAL people use to write'.

Return to DSC.

Normal?

Look out at audience.

That heartless bitch didn't think I was normal because of the hand I was using to write! But thank God my experience with her hasn't stopped me in pursuing my ambition in becoming a primary teacher. Look at me now. I am soon to become a graduate of Mary Immaculate College!

Look back at the teacher's chair/desk and exit DSR.

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