The Girl Who Fell in Love With a Squirrel

By Gwen Hansen

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STORY OF THE PLAY

Braz, a soft gray squirrel, easily captures the heart of Ann, a nurturing teenager who wants only to please. “I love you, Ann,” Braz proclaims, “but I need you to do a few things for me. Do you think you could bring me some nuts—cashews are my fav, Ann.” But he really isn’t appreciative of her best efforts: “Peanuts! I thought I said cashews!” he complains. In this allegory Ann makes Braz very happy, seeing to his every demand, but what is this love-professing squirrel doing for Ann? Ann has to think about this when she sits with a boy named James while an enraged Braz pelts nuts at them. But Braz loves her, and she loves him…or will she decide, like James points out, that a squirrel is just a rodent with a tail.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 - 4 m, 2 w)

ANN: 15 year-old typical student.

BRAZ: A male gray squirrel who lives in Ann's back yard.

DAD: Ann's father.

MOM: Ann's mother.

***MIKE:** Ann's 12-year-old brother.

***JAMES:** A boy in Ann's history class.

**Mike and James may be played by same actor with a costume change.*

PRODUCTION NOTES

This one-act play takes place over a few days in the spring at the home of a middle-class family living in a warm state. There are three scene locations, kitchen, living room, and back yard with a bench and a large oak tree, which are all visible on stage. The tree could be a ladder with leaved "branches" affording Braz to walk from the tree to the bench.

A "squirrel house" is needed. Any standard birdhouse, hopefully with a tall, slanted roof, may be used with a front extended platform to represent a porch. Placement in the "tree" could actually be on a well-located stool whose base is disguised by "tree" leaves, visible but somewhere it can't be knocked over by Braz.

The only costume needed is for Braz, the squirrel, and could be a tie-on cap with ears, a pin-on long tail, and a pin-on piece on a shirt back, all made of fake gray fur.

Scene 1

(At RISE: ANN, a teenage girl, is standing in the living room of a middle-class home. There is a music stand in front of her and she is facing a window. She is playing the last phrase of Pachelbel's "Canon in D" on a violin. It is afternoon. As her bow plays the last note she raises her eyes to the oak tree visible through the door. A gray SQUIRREL sits motionless on a low branch. He seems to be looking directly at her. She stares at him for a moment.)

ANN: If I do say so myself, Ann, you've practiced enough for today. Go out in the yard and get some sun.

(SHE walks through sliding glass "doors" into the back yard and sits on a bench under a tree. She hears humming: "Canon in D." She looks around.)

BRAZ: You play really swell.
ANN: *(Looks toward the voice.)* Who's up there?
BRAZ: You saw me through the window. You know who I am.
ANN: I see a squirrel, but I don't see you.
BRAZ: A lot of people look and don't really see, but I expected you to be different. That's why I decided to talk to you.

(BRAZ walks down the tree and stops just before the ground. He starts humming her violin piece.)

ANN: This is ridiculous. Who is doing this?

(ANN gets up and walks under the tree, looking up through the branches. She comes back to the bench.)

BRAZ: My name is Braz, and I think you're wonderful.
ANN: This is not possible. Someone is playing a trick on me and I'm not going to fall for it, so you can just stop.

BRAZ: No trick. Just me. I'm going to come over beside you so you can believe me. *(Jumps from the branch to the arm of the bench.)* I've been watching you every day when you practice. I'm afraid I've fallen in love with you.

(BRAZ rubs his head on HER hand.)

ANN: I've been wanting someone to love me. I've been listening for the phone waiting for James to call. He's in my history class. You must be something in my imagination that has wished too hard for James. It is a trick.
BRAZ: James, Swames. Whoever he is, I don't like him. I'm here, and I love you.

(BRAZ rubs his head on HER hand.)

ANN: You feel so real. I know this is a trick and I should just get up and walk away, but you feel so soft and nice. What could it hurt?
BRAZ: Love is the all. Love is the leader. Nothing else matters. I love you, Ann.

(HE rubs HER hand.)

ANN: You are different than anyone I imagined who would love me.
BRAZ: But you do like me loving you, don't you?
ANN: I don't know. You are so…unbelievable.
BRAZ: I know. I'm really different, aren't I?
ANN: You are different for me. Of course you are different. I can't call my friend Sally and tell her about you. What if I called her and told her there was a squirrel who said he loved me?
BRAZ: I'm sure she would be happy for you, if she really is your friend. *(HE hums her tune again.)*
ANN: Is it the song that attracted you?
BRAZ: Your violin playing is nice, but it's you that is the attraction. *(HE looks into HER eyes.)* May I sit in your lap?
ANN: …All right.

End of Freeview

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