**FREE TO BE …YOU AND ME**

**1. Song- Entire Class**

There's a land that I see where the children are free  
And I say it ain't far to this land from where we are  
Take my hand, come with me, where the children are free  
Come with me, take my hand, and we'll live  
  
In a land where the river runs free  
In a land through the green country  
In a land to a shining sea  
And you and me are free to be you and me  
  
I see a land bright and clear, and the time's comin' near  
When we'll live in this land, you and me, hand in hand  
Take my hand, come along, lend your voice to my song  
Come along, take my hand, sing a song  
  
For a land where the river runs free  
For a land through the green country  
For a land to a shining sea  
For a land where the horses run free  
And you and me are free to be you and me  
  
Every boy in this land grows to be his own man  
In this land, every girl grows to be her own woman  
Take my hand, come with me where the children are free  
Come with me, take my hand, and we'll run  
  
To a land where the river runs free  
To a land through the green country  
To a land to a shining sea  
To a land where the horses run free  
To a land where the children are free  
And you and me are free to be, And you and me are free to be  
And you and me are free to be you and me

**2. BOY MEETS GIRL**

Boy: Hi!  
Girl: Hi!  
Boy: I’m a baby!  
Girl: What do you think I am, a loaf of bread?  
Boy: You could be, what do I know, I’m just born. I’m a baby, I don’t even know if I’m under a tree or in the hospital or what. I’m just so glad to be here.  
Girl: Well, I’m a baby, too.  
Boy: Have it your way, I don’t want to fight about it.  
Girl: What, are you scared?  
Boy: Yes, I am. I’m a little scared. I’ll tell you why, see I don’t know if I’m a boy or a girl yet.  
Girl: What’s that got to do with it?  
Boy: Well, if I’m a girl and you’re a boy you could beat me up, you think I want to lose a tooth my first day alive?  
Girl: What’s a tooth?  
Boy: Search me! I’m just born, I’m a baby, I don’t know nothin’ yet!  
Girl: You think you’re a girl?  
Boy: I don’t know, I might be. I think I am, I’ve never been anything before. I have cute feet, small, dainty…yep, yep! I’m a girl, that’s it! Girl time.  
Girl: Well what do you think I am?  
Boy: You? That’s easy, you’re a boy.  
Girl: You sure?  
Boy: Of course I’m sure, I’m alive already four or five minutes, right? I haven’t been wrong yet!  
Girl: Gee, I don’t feel like a boy.  
Boy: That’s because you can’t see yourself!  
Girl: Why, what do I look like?  
Boy: Bald. You’re bald, fella. Bald, bald, bald. You’re bald as a ping-pong ball, are you bald.  
Girl: So?  
Boy: So? Boys are bald and girls have hair.  
Girl: Are you sure?  
Boy: Of course I’m sure – who’s bald, your mother or your father?  
Girl: My father.  
Boy: I rest my case.  
Girl: Hm. You’re bald, too!  
Boy: You’re kidding!  
Girl: No, I’m not –   
Boy: --Don’t look!  
Girl: Why?  
Boy: (sigh) A bald girl, yuck, disgusting!  
Girl: Maybe you’re a boy and I’m a girl.  
Boy: There you go again, I told you I’m a girl, I know it, I know it, I’m a girl and you’re a boy.  
Girl: I think you’re wrong.  
Boy: I’m never wrong, what about shaving?  
Girl: What about it?  
Boy: You just shaved, right?  
Girl: Wrong.  
Boy: Exactly. And you know why? Because everyone’s born with a clean shave, it’s just that girls keep theirs and boys don’t.  
Girl: So what does that prove?  
Boy: Tomorrow morning, the one that needs a shave, he’s a boy.  
Girl: Well, I can’t wait until tomorrow morning.  
Boy: See, that proves it! Girls are patient, boys are impatient!  
Girl: Yeah? What else?  
Boy: Can you keep a secret?  
Girl: Absolutely.  
Boy: There you go, boys keep secrets, girls don’t.  
Girl: Mmm, go on.  
Boy: Are you afraid of mice?  
Girl: No.  
Boy: I am! I’m terrified of them! I hate them! Squeak, squeak, squeak! Whatta you wanna be when you grow up?  
Girl: A fireman.  
Boy: What’d I tell ya?  
Girl: What about you?  
Boy: A cocktail waitress! Does that prove anything to you?  
Girl: Hm, you must be right.  
Boy: I told you, I’m always right. You’re the boy and I’m the girl.  
Girl: I guess so. (gasp) Oh, wait! Here comes the nurse.  
Girl: Hey! Look at that!  
Boy: What?  
Girl: You see that? I am a girl! And you’re a boy!  
Boy: Hey, it sure looks like it.  
Girl: What do you think of that?  
Boy: I can’t understand it.  
Girl: Well, it sure goes to show ya…  
Boy: What?  
Girl: You can’t judge a book by it’s cover.  
Boy: (Laughs) What does that mean?  
Girl: How should I know, I’m only a baby.  
Boy: So am I. Goo.  
Girl: Goo.

**3. Ladies First**

Narrator 1: Did you hear the one about the little girl who was a tender, sweet young thing? Well, that's the way she thought of herself.   
  
Narrator 2:And this tender, sweet young thing spent a great deal of time just looking in the mirror and saying:   
  
Little Lady: I am a real little lady. Anybody could tell that. I wear lovely starched cotton dresses with matching ribbons in my lovely curly locks. I wear clean white socks and shiny black patent leather shoes, and I always put just a dab of perfume behind each ear.  
  
Narrator 1: When she was at the end of the lunch line at school, all she had to say was:   
  
Little Lady: Ladies first, ladies first.

Extras: Hey  
  
Narrator 2: And she'd get right up to the front of the line. Well, her life went on like that for quite a while, and she wound up having a pretty good time.   
  
Narrator 1: You know, admiring herself in mirrors and always getting to be first in line and stuff like that.  
  
Narrator 2: And then one day she went exploring with a whole group of other people through the wilds of the deep and beastly jungle.   
  
Narrator 1: As she went along through the tangled trails and the prickly vines, she would say things like:   
  
Little Lady: I have \*got\* to be careful of my lovely dress and my nice white socks and my shiny, shiny shoes and my curly, curly locks, so would somebody \*please\* clear the way for me?"

Explorer 1- Why of course.

Explorer 2- Just go ahead.

Explorer 3- Be my guest.

Explorer 4- Like we have a choice  
  
Narrator 2: And they did.   
  
Narrator 1: Or sometimes she'd say:   
  
Little Lady: What do you mean, there aren't enough mangoes to go around and I'll have to share my mango because I was the last one across that icky river full of crocodiles and snakes? No matter how last I am, it's still 'Ladies first, ladies first,' so hand over a whole mango, please."   
  
Narrator 2: And they did.   
  
Narrator 1: Well then, guess what happened?   
  
Narrator 2: Out of nowhere, the exploring party was seized, grabbed up by a bunch of hungry tigers!   
  
Narrator 1: And these tigers tied all the people up and dragged them back to their tiger lair, where they sniffed around, trying to decide what would make the best dinner.   
  
Tiger Chief: How about this one?  
  
Tigers: Nah, too boney.   
  
Tiger Chief: Well, what about this one? It's got a lot of meat on it!  
  
Tiger 1: Uh-uh.

Tiger 2: Meaty, but too much muscle.  
  
Tiger Chief: Oh, for goodness sakes, don't take all night! I never saw such a pack of picky eaters. How about this one, then?"   
  
Tiger 3: Looks tender... smells nice.

Tiger 4: I never saw anything quite like it before.

Tiger 5: I wonder what it is?

Little Lady: I am a tender, sweet young thing.  
  
Tiger Chief: Oh, far out  
  
Little Lady: I am also a little lady. You should know that by my lovely clothes and my lovely smell. And if it's all the same to you, Tiger Tweetie, I wish you'd stop licking me. And untie me this instant! My dress is getting mussed."   
  
Tiger Chief: Yes... Well, as a matter of fact, we were all just... uh... trying to decide who to untie first.

Tigers: I wonder who should go first. ( smirking and staring at the Little Lady)  
  
Little Ladies: Ladies first! Ladies first!

Narrator 1 & 2: And so she was.  And mighty tasty, too.

**4. A Smile Connects Us**

(Narrator 1)

A smile’s as quiet

As a breath of air.

It says hello,

I’m here…you’re there.

If you’re feeling friendly,

Then a friend I’ll be.

A smile connects us,

You and me.

(Narrator 2)

A smile’s as simple

As a moon in space.

It fills a room,

It lights a face.

It’s a kind of message

Anyone can send.

A smile connects us,

Friend to friend.

(Narrator 3)

This planet sometimes seems a lonely world,

As we go traveling to find the things we seek.

Try to remember it’s our only world

And a smile can be the language

Anyone can learn to speak.

(ALL)

A smile is stronger

Than a bridge of steel.

It says the kindly

Things we feel.

And it’s easy giving,

And the gift is free.

(Narrator 1)A smile connects us,

(Narrator 2)A smile connects us,

(Narrator 3)A smile connects us, (ALL) You and me.

**5. Housework**

(Narrator 1) You know, there are times when we happen to be  
Just sitting there, quietly watching TV,  
When the program we're watching will stop for a while  
And suddenly someone appears with a smile,  
And starts to show us how terribly urgent  
It is to buy some brand of detergent,  
Or soap or cleanser or cleaner or powder or paste or wax or bleach,  
To help with the housework.  
  
(Narrator 2) Now, most of the time it's a lady we see,  
Who's doing the housework on TV.  
She's cheerfully scouring a skillet or two,  
Or she's polishing pots till they gleam like new,  
Or she's scrubbing the tub or she's mopping the floors,  
Or she's wiping the stains from the walls and the doors,  
Or she's washing the windows, the dishes, the clothes,  
Or waxing the furniture till it just glows,  
Or cleaning the fridge or the stove or the sink,  
With a light-hearted smile, and a friendly wink,  
And she's doing her best to make us think

(Narrator 3)  
That her soap, or detergent or cleanser or cleaner or powder or paste or wax or bleach,  
Is the best kind of soap, or detergent or cleanser or cleaner or powder or paste or wax or bleach,  
That there is in the whole wide world.  
And, maybe it is, and maybe it isn't,  
And maybe it does what they say it will do,  
But I'll tell you one thing I know is true.  
The lady we see when we're watching TV,  
The lady who smiles as she scours or scrubs or rubs or washes or wipes or mops or dusts or cleans,  
Or whatever she does on our TV screens,  
That lady is smiling because she's an actress,  
And she's earning money for learning those speeches  
That mention those wonderful soaps and detergents and cleansers and cleaners and powders and pastes and waxes and bleaches.  
  
(Narrators 1, 2 & 3) So, the very next time you happen to be  
Just sitting there quietly watching TV,  
And you see some nice lady who smiles  
As she scours or scrubs or rubs or washes or wipes or mops or dusts or cleans,  
Remember, nobody smiles doing housework but those ladies you see on TV.  
Your mommy hates housework,  
Your daddy hates housework,  
I hate housework too.  
And when you grow up, so will you.  
Because even if the soap or cleanser or cleaner or powder or paste or wax or bleach  
That you use is the very best one,  
Housework is just no fun.

**6. The Rotten Tomato**

Lucy Jane and James: Mommy and Dady, tell us another story. Tell us the one about the rotten tomato.

Mommy: Okay. But let’s make it a story about a nice tomato.

Lucy Jane: There can be a nice tomato, but I want a rotten tomato, too. And the rotten tomato has to win.

Daddy: In my house, the nice tomato has to win.

James: No. The rotten tomato.

Mommy: Okay. Then maybe there can be some other vegetables that are nice. There can be a nice carrot, and a nice pepper, and a nice cucumber.

Lucy Jane: Fine. But the rotten tomato has to win.

Daddy: Have it your way. But remember, nobody likes the rotten tomato. The rotten tomato doesn’t have any friends.

Lucy Jane: Why not?

Mommy: Because he’s rotten.

James: Well, this rotten tomato has lots of friends.

Daddy: Maybe. But they’re only his friends because they’re too scared not to be.

Lucy Jane: Does the nice tomato have friends?

Mommy: Oh, yes. The nice tomato has lots of friends.

James. How come?

Daddy: Because the nice tomato knows how to share, and to be a good friend to others. In fact, all of the other vegetables- the carrots, the peppers, the cucumbers-always want to hang out with the nice tomato.

Mommy: And you know what? When the nice tomato takes on the rotten tomato- which always seems to happen- all of the nice vegetables gather round the nice tomato and say to him, “We want to help you.”

Lucy Jane: (concerned) Fine. But what happens to the rotten tomato?

Daddy: The rotten tomato sees that the nice tomato has all of these friends who are real friends. And, of course, the rotten tomato realizes that it’s better to be a nice tomato than a rotten tomato.

James: So then?

Mommy: So then he tries very hard to be generous and kind and caring. But all of the other vegetables don’t believe it. They’re not sure he can pull it off.

Lucy Jane: Can he?

Daddy: Yes, he can. And he does! One day the rotten tomato realizes the even he can change.

James: And?

Mommy: And he becomes a nice tomato.

Lucy Jane and James: Okay, Mom. we understand (pause) Now can you tell us a story about a rotten banana?

**7. The Nothingest Girl in the World**

Narrator 1:

She had nothing at all,

nothing fancy or fine

like Penelope’s gown with

the tulip design.

Narrator 2:

Like Natalie’s dollhouse,

like Cynthia’s hats,

like Lacey’s spectacular

Siamese cats.

Whenever they gathered,

the girls would all boast,

and practically worship the one who had most.

And that’s when Delilah would turn

A shade red,

And hear those same words

Spinning ‘round in her head:

(Delilah)

I’m just plain Delilah!

Old worthless Delilah!

The nothingest girl in the world.

It happened on Friday when school was on break,

at Jesse’s big birthday event by the lake.

As always, the girls couldn’t wait to display

The presents they’d brought to give Jessie that day.

Teresa gave Twister, Melinda gave art,

and Gwen gave a locket the shape of a heart.

An Sara gave powder

(the kind with a puff)

And Lulu gave all sorts of roller-skate stuff.

(Delilah) Oh No

(Narrator 1) said Delilah in total defeat

(Delilah) There’s simply no way I can hope to compete.

(Narrator 2) Instead of a gift, she had worked really hard

on something as dumb as a hand-painted card.

(Delilah) How stupid

(Narrator 1) She groaned as she tossed it aside then sat by the lake with an ache in her pride.

(Narrator 2) So thoroughly saddened,

so wholly resigned,

she heard those old words

bubble up in her mind:

(Delilah ) I’m just plain Delilah!

Old worthless Delilah!

The nothingest girl in the world

(Narrator 1) Though doomy and gloomy and bluer than blue.

Delilah knew just what she needed to do:

(Narrator 2) Whenever she found herself anxious or sad,

or reeling from anger, or feeling just bad.

Or hurting from something that somebody said,

Mysterious music would play in her head.

(Narrator 1) Then, body in motion,

and head in a trance,

Delilah would joyously

Break into dance.

(Narrator 2) An always, but always, in just a short while,

the frown on her face would ignite as a smile.

(Narrator 1) An that is precisely what happened this day,

with all of her friends just a few feet away.

She kicked and she leapt and she buzzed and she whirred;

and she spun like a top and she soared like a bird.

(Narrator 2) She danced til her sorrow was nowhere about.

An that’s when she heard her friend Monica shout:

(Monica) Is that really you? Are my eyes playing tricks?

Those twirlies and whirlies! Those high-stepping kicks?!

(Narrator 1) And just as Delilah turned ‘round to reply,

a glorious spectacle greeted her eye:

All of them- all of them! - standing aside,

their jaws fairly dropping, their eyes opened wide.

(Narrator 2) You see, they’d apparently witnessed by chance,

Delilah’s delightful, delirious dance!

(Rosie) Again!

(Narrator 1) shouted Rosie

(Ling) Once more!

(Narrator 2) hollered Ling. An Carly (for once) couldn’t utter a thing.

(Narrator 1) Then Jessie stepped up to Delilah with glee.

(Jessie) Well, that was something amazing to see!

(Gwen and Sarah) You move like an angel, so graceful and swift.

(Melinda and Teresa) Your dancing, Delilah, is surely a gift.

(Delilah) A gift? So that’s how it goes! A gift doesn’t need to have ribbons or bows.

It needn’t be ritzy or swanky or smart. A gift can be something that comes from

the heart.

(Narrator 2) An that, for Delilah, was how the day ended:

by feeling so newly (and truly) befriended.

(Narrator 1) And later that night when she lay in her bed,

a new kind of thought buzzed around in her head:

(Delilah) I’m truly Delilah! Uniquely Delilah! The somethingest girl in the world!

**8. The Sun and the Moon (Entire class)**

The sun is filled with shining light.

It blazes far and wide.

The moon reflects the sunlight back,

but has no light inside.

I think I’d rather be the sun

that shines so bold and bright

than be the moon that only shines

with someone else’s light.