



THE GHOST IN ALLIE'S POOL

A young adult novel by Sari Bodi

A Reader's Theater Version

Scene I

Narrator: Today is a warm fall day. Allie, an eighth grader, sits on the curb in front of Bristol Pizza with her best friend, Marissa. They're waiting for the cool kids to show up. Marissa and Allie have been friends since kindergarten, but this summer Marissa started hanging out at the beach so she could become friendly with the popular girls.

Allie: We shouldn't be here, Marissa. We should be at the library working on our family tree paper for Mr. Sampson's class.

Marissa: Do what I'm going to do, Allie. Tell Mr. Sampson your mother had a nervous breakdown and you had to go to the hospital with her.

Allie: Yeah, that would really work since she's the school psychologist.

Marissa: Why not? Tell him your mother couldn't deal with the kids anymore so she went crazy.

Allie: Right. Anyway, I already started working on my paper. My mother gave me this chart of my family tree that goes back to the Mayflower.

Marissa: The Pilgrims? Doesn't she know how uncool it is to be descended from anyone as totally white as the Pilgrims?

Allie: I guess not. We can't all be descended from someone like your mother who modeled for *Vogue* magazine.

Marissa: Yeah, *Vogue's* cool. Mom says she's going to try to get me into *Teen Vogue*. Do you like my hair? I washed it three times today.

Allie: It looks nice. Do you think your mother could get me into *Teen Vogue*?

Marissa: You'd have to go on a diet. Models weigh like 25 pounds and only eat gross stuff like broccoli and seaweed. Oh, here come Crystal and Suzanne. Fix your hair. It's doing that frizzy thing.

Allie: I can't help it. It is frizzy.

(Marissa tries to fix Allie's hair.)

Marissa: Forget it. It's so snarled. Quick. Pretend we're having an interesting conversation.

Allie: Oh, okay. My mother told me this story about one of our ancestors whose wife jumped off the Mayflower and killed herself because she thought her husband was in love with someone else. Her name was Dorothy May.

Marissa: Do me a favor. Don't bore Crystal and Suzanne with that stuff.

Allie: I thought it was kind of inter...

Marissa: They're waving for me to come over there. I'll be right back.

(Marissa walks over to Crystal and Suzanne.)

Marissa: Hey, what's up?

Suzanne: You missed a great shopping adventure, Marissa. Like the jacket?

(Suzanne models her green, clingy jacket.)

Marissa: Nice. You didn't...

Suzanne: Absolutely. Five-finger discount. Practically right in front of the security guard.

Crystal: They never suspect you're going to shoplift right in front of them. Ooh, I like your belly ring.

(She points at Marissa's belly ring.)

Marissa: Ooh, yours looks cool, too.

Crystal: We're going to my house, Marissa. My parents aren't home. Josh and Sam are coming over, too.

Suzanne: Josh is totally into Crystal.

Marissa: What about Allie?

Crystal: There's not enough room.

Suzanne: Yeah, tell her Crystal only has five chairs.

(Suzanne and Crystal laugh. Marissa walks back to Allie.)

Marissa: I have to go, Allie.

Allie: What do you mean you have to go?

Marissa: Crystal wants me to come to her house. I'd ask her if you could come, I really would, but I don't know her well enough.

Allie: But your mother is supposed to pick us up.

Marissa: Sorry. They're waiting for me.

(Marissa leaves.)

Allie: (to herself) Oh, don't cry, Allie. Don't be a wimpy-doodle.

Narrator: That was the word Marissa and Allie had made up for crybaby. Allie sadly sat back down on the curb and wondered if this was how Dorothy May felt the night she jumped off the Mayflower — so lonely. The most depressing part is that after Dorothy May killed herself, her husband married the woman he truly loved. And that woman and Dorothy May's husband are Allie's ancestors.

Allie: I guess I should be grateful that because Dorothy May sacrificed her life, I'm alive. But right now, I'm not too happy with the life I have.

Scene II

Narrator: That night Allie sits outside by the pool in her backyard and tries to think of ways to write her family tree paper. But all she can think about is Marissa leaving her alone today and how she'll probably have to sit in the lunchroom by herself for the rest of her life. Allie gets so mad at Marissa that she throws the friendship necklace Marissa gave her into the pool. When she leans over the pool to try to find it, she hears someone say...

Dorothy May: Jump not! Thou art too young to take thy life.

Allie: I wasn't going to jump. Who are you?

Dorothy May: I am a friend come to be of assistance. When I espied thee close to the water, my worst fears were summoned.

Allie: But why are you wearing that Pilgrim costume? Are you from one of those weird organizations like Daughters of the Mayflower or something?

Dorothy May: Indeed. I did journey to the New World in a ship by the name Mayflower. 'Twas the year of our Lord sixteen hundred and twenty.

Allie: Oh, sure. Where are my manners? Can I get you anything? Like a therapist?

Dorothy May: I do not know this word "ther-a-pist." I was compelled to save thee from drowning, but now that I am assured thou art safe, I shall be on my way.

Allie: Wait! What's your name?

Dorothy May: (*whispering*) Dorothy May.

Narrator: Just then something shiny catches Allie's eye in the water. It is her friendship necklace. After she retrieves it with the pool net, she looks around for Dorothy May, but...

Allie: She's gone.

Scene III

Narrator: The next day in Mr. Sampson's Language Arts class, he asks Allie to read from her family tree journal. Marissa is sitting in the front row and she won't even look at Allie.

Allie: (reading from her journal in front of the class) *My Family Tree Project* by Allie Toth. I am descended from the Pilgrims, the people who landed on Plymouth Rock. By the way, there's not much left of the rock from people taking pieces of it. The person I've decided to write about is Dorothy May Bradford who jumped off the Mayflower. After doing some research, I think the reasons she jumped are: 1. She was very cold. It was December in Cape Cod. You can imagine how cold that would be. 2. Maybe because the cabin she was staying in was packed with smelly people because no one could take a bath on the Mayflower.

Dorothy May: (*appearing suddenly*) 'Twas because mine husband loved another.

Allie: (*to class*) Or 'twas because her husband loved another.

Marissa: 'Twas? What kind of language is that?

Mr. Sampson: That's Elizabethan English, which is what Dorothy May would have spoken. Very good, Allie. I liked the way you combined historical fact with imagining what happened. Okay, Josh, can you get your mind off lacrosse for a minute and tell us why this makes an interesting journal entry about family history?

Josh: Uh, because Allie's smart and everything she writes is interesting.

Mr. Sampson: Not the answer I was looking for you unless you're trying to get on Allie's good side.

Josh: Always.

(*Allie blushes.*)

Mr. Sampson: Or maybe you're trying to get everyone on your side. Are you by any chance running for class president again this year?

Josh: Of course. How else can I get rid of all these "Josh Bryce for President" pencils?

Mr. Sampson: All right, Sports Fans, the reason Allie's journal entry is intriguing is because she's starting from a unique premise – that her Pilgrim was a real person with her own problems, not just a noble symbol of our country that we trot out at Thanksgiving. Allie, keep writing about your friend, Dorothy May.

Allie: She's not my friend. She's just someone I picked out of history.

Dorothy May: Art thou not my friend?

Allie: What are you doing here?

Marissa: Allie, who are you talking to? There's nobody there.

Allie: (*flustered*) Oh, I was just reading more from my journal.

Mr. Sampson: Well, let's save that for another day, Allie. It's almost time to pack up.

Mathew Huddle: Mr. Sampson, my great-grandfather was a bank robber. Can I write about him?

Mr. Sampson: Sure, Mathew, just as long as you realize that bank robbery is not a valid career path for you to take. I don't want your mother calling me to say that I'm encouraging the wrong values.

Mathew Huddle: I'm sorry she called you about the Idiot Meter you started for all the stupid answers we give you. I thought she'd think it was funny.

Mr. Sampson: There's no predicting the sense of humor of a mother. When I was a kid, I brought my mother breakfast in bed, and put my hamster inside the sugar bowl. She wasn't amused.

Emily: What'd your mother do?

Luke: Did the hamster eat the sugar?

Nora: Did the hamster get away?

Ben: What was the hamster's name?

Sophia: Is the hamster still alive?

Jamie: Can I bring my hamster into school?

BELL RINGS

Mr. Sampson: Ah, that discussion is for another day. See you tomorrow. "Parting is such sweet sorrow." I'll award the rubber chicken to the first person who can tell me which Shakespeare play that quote is from.

Allie: (blurts out) *Romeo and Juliet*.

Marissa: (under her breath) Teacher's Pet.

Mr. Sampson: Coming at you, Allie.

(Mr. Sampson throws Allie the rubber chicken.)

Mr. Sampson: "Parting is such sweet sorrow that I shall say good night till it be morrow."

Narrator: Marissa and a couple other girls glare at Allie. Between Mr. Sampson's positive comments on her paper and being awarded the rubber chicken, Allie had definitely reached her daily quota of compliments from the teacher. Allie tried to talk to Marissa, but she raced out of class to meet Crystal and Suzanne in the hall. Allie was very upset. But then out of the corner of her eye, Allie saw someone slip into Marissa's seat. Allie turned to look to see who it was.

Allie: Oh, it's you again.

Dorothy May: Yes, 'tis I, your friend, Dorothy May.

TO BE CONTINUED...

THE GHOST IN ALLIE'S POOL

ISBN: 978-09768126-61

Brown Barn Books

At your favorite bookseller

"Just wait until you meet Allie and her mysterious friend in this imaginative, satisfying story. Heart stopping and unusual. I couldn't put it down. You won't be able to either."

Patricia Reilly Giff, Newbery Honor Book Author of "Lily's Crossing" and "Pictures of Hollis Woods"

Check out Sari Bodi's website:
www.saribodi.com

