

This script is adapted from *Regular Guy*, by Sarah Weeks.

Characters (in order of appearance):

Narrator One

Narrator Two

Buzz

Guy

Narrator One: Having convinced himself that the man and woman who are raising him aren't his real parents and that he was switched at birth, Guy Strang sets out to find his roots.

Narrator Two: He and his friend, Buzz, headed out to the playground where they normally spend the second half of their lunch period.

Buzz: I've been thinking about that switched at birth thing some more. The way I see it is that if that happened, whoever you got switched with would have to be exactly the same age as you, right?

Guy: Yeah, so?

Buzz: Well, if they moved away, you're pretty much sunk, because it's very hard to track down people who traipse all over the world, especially if you don't even know their names. If they didn't move, though, couldn't that kid who's living with your real parents be right here under your nose?

Guy: You mean at school?

Buzz: Yeah, he'd be in the sixth grade, just like you, right?

Guy: You know, you could be on to something there, Buzz.

Buzz: Your birthday's July fourteenth, right?

Guy: Uh huh.

Buzz: Well, I happen to know that there's a file in the office that has all that sort of stuff. You know—birthdays, addresses, allergies, and junk for every sixth grader in the school. All we have to do is take a look in there and see if anybody else has a birthday right around yours.

Guy: How are we going to get in to the file?

Buzz: We gotta get detention.

Guy: *Detention?*

Narrator One: My voice cracked on the word. I've never been sent down to the office for anything in my life. I'm a major do-gooder, and I can't remember a teacher ever even looking at me sideways, let alone sending me down for detention.

Buzz: Yep. We've got to do something bad enough to get us both sent down to the office. That way one of us can search the file while the other one distracts old Mrs. Dipnower.

Narrator Two: The bell rang, and I went inside to French class. Buzz was taking Spanish, so I knew there was no point in trying to misbehave when I couldn't be assured that he'd get sent downstairs, too.

Narrator One: Next was a double period of Humanities. Buzz was already in his seat when I got there. He gave me a look like

Buzz: Get ready.

Narrator One: I took my place across the table from him.

Narrator Two: My teacher, Mr. Glass, really likes me. He's always reading my papers out loud to show how well I follow directions, and on the big homework chart I'm the only one who has check-pluses after every assignment. Buzz doesn't work quite as hard as me, but Mr. Glass likes him too, on account of his sense of humor.

Narrator One: We were studying Greek myths, so Mr. Glass started reading to us from *The Odyssey*. I was watching Melanie Mason doodle in the margins of her notebook. Meanwhile, Mr. Glass was up to the part about the one-eyed monster and the soldiers hiding underneath the sheep.

Narrator Two: I felt Buzz kick me hard under the table. Looking up, I saw him tapping his pencil rapidly on the top of his paper. Written upside down so I could read it was

Buzz: I HAVE A PLAN.

Guy: What is it?

Narrator Two: I mouthed.

Narrator One: He wrote and then tapped the message again, more insistently this time.

Buzz: FOLLOW MY LEAD

Narrator Two: For a second, I thought maybe this was the extent of Buzz's big plan, detention for table tapping. I waited nervously for my next instructions.

Narrator One: Turns out that Buzz's brilliant plan was that I was supposed to pretend to punch him in the nose. He had pinched a package of ketchup from the lunchroom and filled his hand with it.

Narrator Two: After I hit him he would smear the ketchup under his nose and off we'd go to detention for roughhousing.

Narrator One: Well, what happened was that I couldn't seem to find the right moment to fake my punch. Buzz got antsy and tried to grab my hand and make me hit him, but his sleeve got caught on his binder ring and the ketchup squirted out all over Melanie's notebook, which sent her completely around the twist.

Narrator Two: It worked out all right because I let her copy my notes while Buzz and I got sent down to the office for the second half of the period.

Narrator One: Once we were down there on the detention bench, Buzz whispered,

Buzz: (whispering) What do you want to do, snoop or distract?

Guy: Snoop, I guess.

Narrator Two: So Buzz sidled over to Mrs. Dipnower's desk, and I waited until he had her attention before sliding down the bench toward the tall green file cabinets.

Buzz: You know, Mrs. Dipnower, that brown dress you're wearing puts me in mind of the exact color of the cattails my mama and I used to pull down in Louisiana when I was little.

Narrator One: I had to hold back my laughter. Buzz was laying on his southern accent something fierce. The words were dripping out of his mouth like honey and twanging around the room like old guitar strings, and much to my amazement, it seemed to be working.

Buzz: That color is a kissin' cousin to the shade of those cattails we used to pick when Mama took a mind to making her famous tickly-stick stew with a biscuit to dunk in it and a couple of deep-fat-fried crawdads chunked on top for crunch.

Narrator Two: I happen to know that Buzz's mom cooks regular stuff like macaroni and cheese and meatloaf, but Buzz's story was buying me plenty of time to slip off the bench and snag the sixth-grade records file out of the bottom drawer. I slipped it into my binder and eased back onto the bench.

Narrator One: While Buzz launched into some ridiculous tall tale about his grandpappy getting a 'gator baby tangled up in his long johns, I flipped through the pages until I found what I wanted. Or anyway, what I was looking for.

Narrator Two: When I managed to stick the file back in the drawer I signaled Buzz that our mission was accomplished, and he cut his story short by slapping his knee and laughing like a fool.

Narrator One: Mrs. Dipnower was eating it up with a spoon, and I think she may have been disappointed when Buzz came back and joined me on the bench.

Narrator Two: He whispered.

Buzz: (whispering) Did you get it?

Narrator One: I nodded.

Buzz: What's the matter, Guy? You look like you saw a ghost.

Narrator Two: I handed him the sheet of paper on which I'd written the name of the one sixth grader who shared my birthday.

Buzz: Holy crow!

Narrator One: Just then the bell for the final period rang and Mrs. Dipnower released us from our detention with a finger wagging and a wink.

Narrator Two: I was numb as we walked down the hall to the science lab. Things were starting to make sense, but I wasn't at all sure how I felt about it.