The Graduation Project
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Dramedy

(Maya, an overachieving high school senior, is tasked with helping her fellow students in order to graduate. Ben is sent to see her for assistance, but doesn’t know why. He looks like your friendly run-of-the-mill student. A little disheveled, he carries a backpack and a basketball.)

BEN: Hello? I’m Ben Ortiz. I’m supposed to meet about graduation requirements or—

MAYA: Ah, Ben. Hi.

(Ben finds Ben’s folder.)

BEN: I’m actually not really sure why I had to come here. I’m getting o.k. grades in all my classes.

MAYA: I see.

BEN: Maybe there’s been a mix-up.

MAYA: Let me take a look.

(She looks through his folder.)

BEN: Do you have to do this as some sorta punishment?

MAYA: No, I’m doing it for extra credit.

BEN: What are you doing exactly?

MAYA: Helping other students graduate, ideally.

BEN: So you have all the answers?

MAYA: Ha—no. More in a mentorship-type role.

BEN: So what does the folder say?

MAYA: It says…you do fine in all of your classes.

BEN: See? Is that it?

MAYA: I guess so. Yeah actually you have great grades.

BEN: See that, Spalding? We’re at the top of our class.

MAYA: I’m sorry?

BEN: Don’t be sorry. We can’t all be at the top.

MAYA: Did you call me Spalding?
BEN: Why would I call you Spalding?
MAYA: I don’t know. That’s why I’m asking.
BEN: I called Spalding, Spalding.

(Maya realizes something is very off.)

MAYA: Who is Spalding?
BEN: I’d introduce you but Spalding says you’ve already met. Actually he’s offended you don’t remember him.
MAYA: Spalding…remembers me?
BEN: He does. He remembers it quite vividly. Sophomore year. Junior Varsity. It was a home game.
MAYA: Huh.
BEN: Still don’t remember?
MAYA: Can’t say that I do.
BEN: It was the fourth quarter. Two minutes left. You were called off the bench. For the first time all season, but that’s beside the point. You catch a pass from center, you dribble once, poorly, and you shoot. And as if it was some sort of slow action shot in an underdog sports movie, you make the shot to win the game.
MAYA: That was a great game. And the last time I played. You were there?
BEN: No, Spalding was. Remember him now?

(Ben holds out the basketball. “SPALDING” [the brand] is written across it.)

MAYA: Spalding is your basketball.
BEN: Spalding is a basketball. He doesn’t belong to me any more than I belong to him. Or you. Don’t you think you owe him an apology?
MAYA: For what?
BEN: For forgetting him.
MAYA: I didn’t. I haven’t forgotten him. I just didn’t…recognize him.
BEN: Everyone just wants a little recognition, that’s all. Something the school administration fails to comprehend. If Spalding hadn’t helped me this whole time I certainly wouldn’t be graduating. I don’t think it’s too much to ask to have his name announced during the ceremony.
MAYA: During the graduation ceremony?
BEN: This is his graduation as much as it is mine. Or yours. If he doesn’t graduate, I don’t.
MAYA: But—
BEN: What?
MAYA: I don’t know. I just think maybe you shouldn’t let that prevent you from graduating.
BEN: Sometimes you have to stand up what you believe in. Even if that’s something no one else can understand. Well, anyway. We ought to be going. We have a physics exam tomorrow to study for.
MAYA: You’re in Physics? I’m in—
BEN: Spalding took AP Physics last semester and ace-d it. He’s brilliant. He’s helping me.
MAYA: He did, huh. Do you think maybe I could study with you guys?
BEN: Um, I don’t think that’s a great idea. It’s kind of a private—
   (Ben stops. Listens to Spalding.)
BEN: Oh. Well, Spalding says it’d be an honor.
MAYA: Great.
BEN: Great.
MAYA: Where do you wanna meet?
BEN: We always meet in the same place. The gym closet. Four P.M.
MAYA: I see. Gym closet it is. See you there.
   (Ben smiles and walks out. He drops Spalding on the way and Spalding rolls/ bounces away.)
BEN: Oops. Sorry. Hey come back. Hey!

End of Scene.