

Act 1 Preview: Voices from the Heart

Act 1 of the Jellybean Conspiracy Show is an anthology of songs, poems, dances, sketches, monologues, scenes, or video pieces.

These are presented in readers' theatre format around the Jellybean themes of kindness, caring, and thoughtful inclusion. Each piece is intended to help people see the world compassionately through the eyes of children and young adults with disabilities and their families.

The Act may be presented as suggested in the following script or may be Reconstructed using compatible materials found elsewhere or with original material written by students.

Act 1 may be staged with the whole cast on stage of the set created for Act II or as in readers theatre with an artful arrangement of chairs or stools or boxes. Actors stand, move, or sit according to the requirements of the various pieces.

It offers performance opportunities for 5-30 students with and without disabilities.

Welcome to the Jellybean Show

(Can be presented as a monologue by a student with or without disabilities)

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Welcome to (name of high school) and to our production of the Jellybean Conspiracy Show. What you are about to witness is not a play, not a musical, not a variety show. It is something more. We offer you a glimpse at the world as it could be, images of a culture of kindness, where every person finds a place to belong. This isn't a Show about DIS-abilities.....it is a show about each of us finding the ability to live in harmony with others no matter what our differences. We invite you to join us in the Jellybean Conspiracy.

We Are all like Jellybeans

(Assign different lines to different actors)

We are all like different jellybeans
In the great glass jar of life.
Everyone has a gift inside
A gift that's precious and just right.

Every jellybean has a place,
Whether red or brown or yellow
Everyone's life is important, they say;
Each has a right to grow.

To have healthy communities and a peaceful world
We must find a way for jellybeans
To be accepted for who and what they are
The purples and oranges and greens.

All our jellybeans have a right to know
Their potentials for love and delight
Every jellybean needs to see
That blue is not pink yet both are light.

We invite you now to see the world
From a different point of view
To see it through another's eyes
And thereby see it new.

Don't Laugh at Me

*(May be sung or spoken as a solo or by a group or presented as a video
show with sound track from a recorded version of the song)*

I'm a little boy with glasses,
the one they call a geek
a little girl who never smiles
cuz I got braces on my teeth
and I know how it feels
to cry myself to sleep

Don't laugh at me, don't call me names
Don't get your pleasure from my pain
In God's eyes we're all the same
some day we'll all have perfect Wings

Don't laugh at me

I am that kid on every playground,
whose always chosen last
a single teenage mother
trying to overcome her past
You don't have to be my friend
if it's too much to ask

Don't laugh at me, don't call me names
Don't get your pleasure from my pain
In God's eyes we're all the same
some day we'll all have perfect Wings
Don't laugh at me

My Brother

(Can be presented as a monologue or as group piece with several performers)

The boy you are mocking at the lunch table
The kid trying to fit in at any cost
The one dying to be friends with you
The kid who's birthday party you wouldn't be caught dead at
That's my brother....

The person you stare at in public
The person you laugh at and call retarded
The one you pick last for the sports team
The kid you're unsure about talking to
That's my brother.....

The one you leave out for being different
The person you put down to feel better about yourself
The boy you ask sarcastic questions about
The boy you harass to his face thinking he's too simple minded to understand
That's my brother.....

The one you joke about not caring who's listening,
The boy who loves everyone and ignores differences
The kid who wants to accomplish goals and dreams
The boy who understands more than you would think
That's my brother.....

The boy who may never live alone
The one who will probably never be able to drive a car
The person who may never be offered the opportunity to go to college
The boy who might never find a girl to take care of him
That's my brother.....

The person who takes for granted all of the things they can do
The person who takes for granted their ability to read
The one who is blessed with strong motor skills and intelligence
The person who has the ability to affect my brothers' life in a positive way
That's you.....,

The girl who you don't realize is hurt when you make fun of someone with a disability
The girl who wants you to understand the hope you can add to someone's life with
just a friendship
The girl who prays you learn to ignore my brother's differences
The girl who wants you to know that kids with special needs can't help the way they are
or change it

That's me.

Wind Dancer: A poem for my Autistic Daughter

She had come home,
with so much joy
the house could not contain her.
So we went out onto the hillside.

A cold wind swept across the valley
running its fingers through the tall grass
She pointed to the road and said "walk",
so we ran,
scattering the sheep before us.

At the top of the hill
she put out her arms
and slowly began to dance
for the light and the air.

She has not seen Rainman,
no one has told her how to think or feel,
this is the dance of her soul.

As I watched I began to see
that as she danced with the wind
the wind danced with her.

He's My Son

(Can be presented as a performance piece, dance, video montage or slide show with song as background. A boy with disabilities appear on stage as the son.)

I'm down on my knees again tonight
I'm hoping this prayer will turn out right
See there is a boy that needs your help
I've done all that I can do myself
His mother is tired
I'm sure you can understand
Each night as he sleeps
She goes in to hold his hand
And she tries not to cry
As the tears fill up her eyes

Can you hear me?
Am I getting through tonight
Can you see him?
Can you make him feel all right?
If you can hear me
Let me take his place somehow
See he's not just anyone

Sometimes late at night I watch him sleep
I dream of the boy he'd like to be
I try to be strong and see him through
But God who he needs right now is You
Let him grow old
Live life without this fear
What would I be
Living without him here
He's so tired and he's scared
Let him know that You're there

Can you hear me?
Am I getting through tonight
Can you see him?
Can you make him feel all right?
If you can hear me
Let me take his place somehow
See he's not just anyone

Can you hear me?
Can you see him?
Please don't leave him

He's my son