

2018 YOUNG PEOPLE'S
Creative Writing Contest
FOR AGES 10-16

“A Revolutionary Fraternity” by Esther Zhu
1st Place, Short Play 10-12

Poems ● Essays ● Comix
Short Plays ● Short Stories

CASH PRIZES!

Entries Accepted Feb. 1-March 3

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At the most esteemed university in the country; Liberty Nation

JAMES MADISON opens the door where THOMAS JEFFERSON and ALEXANDER HAMILTON lay sprawled across two couches. The room is decorated with a polished taste.

MADISON: Uh, wow, I'm quite nervous. This is the most prestigious group on campus.

FRANKLIN: Yeah, whatever, dude.

JEFFERSON and HAMILTON take notice of FRANKLIN and MADISON.

HAMILTON: Hey Franklin!

JEFFERSON: B-Frank!

FRANKLIN: Sup, guys.

FRANKLIN high-fives JEFFERSON.

FRANKLIN: We gotta new guy.

Points to MADISON.

FRANKLIN: James Madison.

JEFFERSON: Oh, what's up? Tom Jefferson.

Offers hand to fist bump. MADISON, confused, slowly fist bumps.

MADISON: Hey man.

HAMILTON: Alex Hamilton.

MADISON: Hey man. *(notices Hamilton's slightly feminine features)* Man?

FRANKLIN: Man.

HAMILTON becomes annoyed.

HAMILTON: Why does everyone ask that?!

A beat.

JEFFERSON: So you want to join the Founding Fathers, huh?

JEFFERSON pokes MADISON in the chest.

MADISON: *(Nervous laugh)* Gee, would I!

JEFFERSON: Well first, you gotta impress Washington.

HAMILTON: Yeah.

MADISON: Uh, who?

FRANKLIN: George Washington! Led our troops to a winnin' season this year.

JEFFERSON: Yeah. Almost got suspended for the Rowboat Prank.

JEFFERSON laughs with FRANKLIN.

MADISON: What was that?

JEFFERSON: He got some boats and ruined Christmas for some Hessian Foreign-Exchange kids.

HAMILTON: Classic.

All but MADISON chuckle.

MADISON: Well, he sounds kind of cocky.

HAMILTON: Dude, not at all.

Door opens and WASHINGTON walks in.

WASHINGTON: Let's see, I got the quarter, the dollar, the capital, my own state, my face carved into the side of a mountain, but I could use a giant spike with my name on it.

HAMILTON, JEFFERSON, FRANKLIN: Yeah!

WASHINGTON high-fives JEFFERSON, HAMILTON, and FRANKLIN.

WASHINGTON: Who's the new guy?

MADISON: Uh, James Madison.

MADISON offers a hand to shake, but WASHINGTON knocks it with his fist instead.

FRANKLIN: He wants to join the Founding Fathers.

WASHINGTON: Oh, does he now? Well how about for initiation, he faces Jefferson on a write off!

FRANKLIN, HAMILTON: Oooh!

WASHINGTON: One dollar says Madison can't hold his prose.

JEFFERSON: Make it two.

HAMILTON: Ten!

FRANKLIN: Hundred!

MADISON: Well, okay!

MADISON sits down.

WASHINGTON: Alright! First person to lay down a historically significant document wins! Quills up! Write!

WASHINGTON, HAMILTON, FRANKLIN: Write! Write! Write! Write!

JEFFERSON puts his quill down and stands up.

JEFFERSON: Done.

FRANKLIN: OHHHHH!

HAMILTON: Boom!

WASHINGTON: Jefferson for the win!

JEFFERSON: Gotta declaration for Britain, baby! All men are equal!

JEFFERSON shows off paper.

FRANKLIN: Wait, wait, hold up. Even if you're not a white male landowner?

JEFFERSON: Oh, there's a footnote.

WASHINGTON takes MADISON'S paper.

WASHINGTON: Alright, what ya got, Madison?

MADISON: Uh, I call it the Constitution.

WASHINGTON: Aah! A bunch of rules?!

MADISON: I thought we could make a government!

WASHINGTON: Government is good, but what we need in here are some pranks!

JEFFERSON, HAMILTON, and FRANKLIN nod their consent.

MADISON: We're pranking the future America?

ALL ignore him.

HAMILTON: Alright, alright. We'll pretend that it's a democracy, but we'll give little states as many senators as the big ones!

HAMILTON writes on JEFFERSON'S paper.

ALL but MADISON cheer.

MADISON: Everyone gets to choose the president, right?

MADISON smiled nervously.

WASHINGTON: Right, right, right. As long as you're from Ohio or Florida!

ALL but MADISON laugh.

FRANKLIN: Yes!

JEFFERSON: I don't know, it still makes too much sense to me.

FRANKLIN: Then let's add the Electoral College.

HAMILTON: Yes! Yes!

MADISON: No, no. But you're ruining politics! You are making a system where everyone's mad at each other and no one knows what they're talking about!

WASHINGTON: Hey guys, you know what we need?

WASHINGTON wears a smirk.

HAMILTON: What?

WASHINGTON: We need some hazing!

MADISON: Hazing?

JEFFERSON, HAMILTON, FRANKLIN: Yes!

JEFFERSON: How about if you want to join politics you either have to be on Team Donkey or Team Elephant!

JEFFERSON writes something down. EVERYONE but MADISON laughs, while MADISON sits confused.

JEFFERSON: Or better yet, better yet, Team Tea Party.

HAMILTON: Oh yeah!

WASHINGTON: Oh man, that sounds girly.

FRANKLIN: (*Referring to HAMILTON'S rather feminine features*) Hey, Hamilton can join!

WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON: Oooh!

HAMILTON: Okay, that is it! THAT IS IT! (*Takes pen*) Fifth Amendment, you can remain silent!

FRANKLIN: First Amendment, I can say what I want.

MADISON: Go in order!

HAMILTON walks to bookshelf.

HAMILTON: Tell that to the heat I'm packing! (*Holds up gun*)

EVERYONE but HAMILTON: (*Holds up hands*) Whoa!

HAMILTON: Look, I may be a little androgynous-

JEFFERSON: That's giving you a lot of credit.

HAMILTON: But the only girl I see is that sissy Aaron Burr!

HAMILTON begins yelling insults.

WASHINGTON: Alright! Take it outside.

WASHINGTON shoos them out.

WASHINGTON: Don't worry, he's just letting off a little steam. Nothing will happen, I'm sure.

JEFFERSON: Yeah, he's fine.

WASHINGTON picks up drink.

MADISON: That's it! You are all acting immature and-and irresponsible! I don't know if I want to be a Founding Father anymore.

WASHINGTON spits out drink.

WASHINGTON: What is this stuff?

JEFFERSON: I don't know. Sam Adams made it.

WASHINGTON: No one should every drink this!

MADISON: Um... I don't want to stand around and have you take my ideas, and take all the glory and leave me historically underrated!

WASHINGTON: Listen, Madlener-

MADISON: It's Madison!

WASHINGTON: Look, if it means that much to you, we'll put you on the five dollar bill and the penny.

JEFFERSON and FRANKLIN nod.

MADISON: You really mean it?

WASHINGTON: Yeah, unless someone cooler comes along.

Tall figure walks in.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: Sup, peeps!

2018 YOUNG PEOPLE'S
Creative Writing Contest
FOR AGES 10-18

“Missing Money” by Amanda Hogle
2nd Place, Short Play 10-12

Poems ● **Essays** ● **Comix**
Short Plays ● **Short Stories**

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Missing Money 1/5

The scene opens with a little girl hiding behind a tree while a slightly old girl (her sister) is covering her eyes and counting to ten

Chloe: 6-7-8-9-10 Ready or not, here I come!

Chloe gets up and begins looking for her little sister. Upon finding her she says,

Chloe: Found you! TAG you're it!

Grace: Aw – I thought for sure you wouldn't find me here! I guess I'll go count while
You hide.

Chloe: Hey – What's that?

Grace: What's What?

Chloe: What's that right there? Under where you were sitting.

Grace: It looks like a wallet.

Chloe: Pick it up!!!

Grace: OK OK!!

Chloe: What's inside?

Grace: (pause with astonishment) A one hundred dollar bill

Missing Money 2/5

Chloe: WHAT?!

Grace: You heard me right! What could we get with one hundred dollars??

Chloe: We could get a bunch of dogs!!

Grace: No, no no! Let's go get some candy from that candy shop by the school. Those lollipops look really good!

Chloe: No, Grace- You're thinking too small – you don't understand how much one Hundred dollars will buy!

Grace: Yes I do! We could go get a lot of candy with it!!

Chloe: No – we should get (she ponders and thinks....) ummm, oh I know!

Grace: What? I want candy! A bunch of candy! Pretty please, with a cherry on top? I bet we can afford to buy the cherry!!!!

Chloe: No – We should go to the store and buy art supplies!!! (Dreamingly) Think about how many pencils, pens and markers we could get!

Grace: Why don't you like candy??? (Saying to herself)...well, I do like to paint!

Chloe: Yeah! Let's do that Grace! It will be so fun!

Grace: Okay! Okay! You sure you don't want some candy??? (A matter of factly) Wouldn't you be sad if you lost \$100?

Missing Money 3/5

Chloe: Well, yeah – I guess so....Look in the wallet again – is there anything else in there?

Grace opens the wallet and looks inside.

Grace: It looks like someone's name is on this card of some sort.

Chloe: Let me see!

Grace hands her the card.

Chloe: It looks like his name is Frank ba-ba Backster – Yeah, Frank Backster.

Grace: I don't know a Frank Backster – do you? Do you think he'd like candy??!!

Chloe: We need to try and find Mr. Backster – Let's go ask mom.

The girls walk home to talk to their mother.

Chloe: Mom? Are you home?

Grace: MOM!

Mother: Hi my darlings, how was the park?

Grace: Mom, we have something we need to ask you about!

Mother: What is it??!

Chloe: Well, it's more like something that we need to show you...something we found in the park.

Mother: If this is another puppy.....

Missing Money 4/5

Chloe: Oh no, but that would be fun?

Mother: (A bit relieved) OK, let me see!

Chloe hand her mother the card and she looks at it intently.

Mother: Why this is just a business card, why are you so excited about this? Was there anything else with it?

Grace: Well yes.... There was ummmm, a one hundred dollar bill.

Mother: OH! (Surprised but composed) – Well I bet this Mr. Frank Backster would like to have it back, don't you think?

Chloe: (disappointed, but honest) Yes I do.

Mother: Let's call this number on the card and tell him the good news.

Grace thinks to herself, good news would be going to the candy store.

Grace: (disappointed) okay.

Mother phones Mr. Backster

Mother: Hello – is this Frank Backster?

Frank: Yes.

Mother: My daughters were playing at the park today and found something they believe belongs to you. Have you lost anything and would you be able to identify it?

Frank: MY WALLET!!! And yes, there was a one hundred dollar bill inside! I walked through the park this morning, sat on the bench. I arrived home and have been searching for my wallet ever since. This means so much to me! You see, my family just started a business and we've been tight on money and today is my 10 year old daughter's birthday and I was going to buy a bike for her. I was just about to tell her that I had lost my wallet, (excitement growing) but now I can tell her! I cannot thank you enough!!!

Mother: You are very welcome, I would like for you to meet my daughters and allow them to hear the story first hand! May we personally return the wallet to you?

Frank: I'll tell you what – You know that little candy shop on Main Street, across the street from the school? Well, that's the business that I own. Would you girls be able to come by this afternoon? I would like to thank them by allowing them to pick out any candy they want!!!

2018 YOUNG PEOPLE'S Creative Writing Contest

FOR AGES 10-18

"The Mouse" by Harini Senthil
3rd Place, Short Play 10-12

Poems © Essays © Comix
Short Plays © Short Stories

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3rd

The Mouse

Cast of Characters:

Mrs.Brown

Alex

The mouse

Kylie

Janitor

Locations:

Mrs.Brown's classroom

The hallway

Scene I

Mrs.Brown's classroom

Alex and Kylie enter the stage. They mumble loudly and look at the ground.

Alex and Kylie:It wasn't my fault

Mrs. Brown: Now children, you aren't parrots so stop squabbling like it

Mrs.Brown: You are both in detention and arguing won't help your case

Kylie walks to the table and sits down. Alex follows Kylie. Kylie moves her chair to the end of the table and glares at Alex.

Mrs.Brown: I suggest you get a head start on the homework for this
weekend

Alex and Kylie both walk to their bags and pull out paper. They sit down at
a table and start scribbling things on them. Alex glances up.

Alex:(yells excitedly) There's a mouse in the classroom

Kylie:It's probably just another one of Alex's stupid pranks

Alex: No,really there's a mouse right there

Kylie: In your dreams,Alex

Kylie looks up and rolls her eyes. The mouse moves to the center of the stage and squeaks loudly. Kylie shrieks and hides under the table. Mrs. Brown wipes her glasses and looks up above her papers.

Mrs. Brown: Calm down, children. It's just a harmless mouse

Kylie: (stutters) But it could have rabies

Alex: Mice don't have rabies, Kylie

Kylie: Stop acting like the teacher's pet that you know you aren't

Mrs. Brown: Children, be nice to each other

Alex reaches down to pet the mouse. Mrs. Brown shakes her head at Alex and the mouse silently scurries away into a corner of the stage.

Kylie: Do you have any mice traps, Mrs. Brown

Alex: Don't kill the poor mouse. That's animal abuse

Alex stands in front of the mouse with his arms stretched out.

Mrs. Brown: I'm going to call the janitor. Don't worry we're just going to put the mouse outside into its natural habitat

Mrs. Brown picks up the phone. The mouse silently exits the stage.

Mrs. Brown: Can the janitor come to room 512? We have a little creature in this room that's causing a disruption.

Janitor enters the stage through the left.

Janitor: (in a loud voice)Where's this little mouse?

Janitor waves his mop around in the air.

Kylie: I think it escaped into the hallway with your loud voices

Janitor: Well, what are we waiting for then. Let's check in the hallway

Alex: Are you going to kill the poor thing?

Janitor: If it doesn't bother us we won't bother it

Scene II

The hallway

Alex,Kylie,Mrs.Brown and the Janitor exit and reenter the stage.

The mouse stands there eating not noticing the people around him.

Janitor: There's a lot of food for this mouse. It looks really chubby for a

normal mouse

Alex: But what if it's not a normal mouse

Mrs.Brown: Have you not been putting your snack trash in the trash can?

Our school is one of the cleanest schools in the state.

Mrs.Brown: Even if someone else does leave trash, just put it in the trash
can

Alex and Kylie: But one tiny piece of trash not in the trash can isn't a huge
deal.

Mrs.Brown: One small thing can make a big difference

Alex: I totally need to start a Save the Mice campaign

Kylie rolls her eyes and groans.

Mrs.Brown: In my nine years of teaching science, this has never happened.

Janitor: We won't have to put mice traps everywhere if the mice weren't
even here.

Janitor: Speaking of the mouse, how about we just set it free.

The mouse squeaks and smiles at them