

Lindy Luna's Last Lesson

by  
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CHARACTER NAME	BRIEF DESCRIPTION	AGE	GENDER
ANNE MARIE WIDDICOMB	An elementary school librarian	30+	F

TIME  
Now.

A meeting room.

ANNE MARIE is at a podium. A voluminous tote bag sits near her.

ANNE MARIE

(clears throat, checks podium mic)

Hello, Anne Marie Widdicomb. Thank you for letting me speak.

Okay - where do I wanna start?

I am a white lady.

Clearly.

More to the point: I am a white lady librarian at Eagle Ridge Elementary School. When I am not teaching literacy to the young scholars of Eagle Ridge, I'm introducing them to a very important friend and confidante of mine.

She is - to put it mildly - a local celebrity.

Really, she's - as the children say - a baddie.

If you are unaware of her fame, I assure you your children are not. If you will give me just a moment, I'll get her to come greet you.

ANNE MARIE digs in to her tote bag and pulls out some outrageous, goofy costume pieces. A wig, a hat, some wacky glasses, and perhaps a smock and skirt. Think less clown and more Pride Parade Mom meets amateur community theatre costume designer fever dream.

Once dressed, she turns away from us.

ANNE MARIE

Lindy! C'mon Lindy! It's alright...it's fine. It's your turn to speak now. Gentlefolk of the Eagle Ridge Unified School District School Board, I give to you: Lindy Luna, the LOOPY LIBRARY LAAAAADYYYYYYYYY!

(She leaps back around. She starts using a voice with the huskiness of Carol Channing and the melodic swoops of Julis Andrews)

Oh my my my my my my! Anne Marie didn't tell me there would be so many of you! You look so serious tonight. SO. VERY. SERIOUS! And you look monochromatic. Do you know that word? "Monochromatic?" It means "one color." Do you know what that color is?

(leaps around, Anne Marie voice)

Move it along, Lindy!

(leaps back around, Lindy  
voice)

I'm a-going, a-going, a-going!

(Anne Marie's worried I'll say somethin' I oughtn't tonight  
but why invite me then? I ask you!)

Like she said: I'm Lindy Luna, THE LOOPY LIBRARY LADY. I tell  
the children about all the things that books and words and  
pictures and texts and news and information can do for them.

Information is wacky and wild and wonderful isn't it? Those  
little brains always just suck suck sucking up all the things  
around them. Just:

(makes a huuuuge sucking  
squelching sound)

\*squuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuUUUUUUUUUSH\* SUCK SUCK SUCKING UP  
knowledge like sponges. It's everywhere around them. And my  
goodness my word my 'lanta they really do just want it all.  
And I know you know that! That's why you all are thinking  
about aaalllllll these new rules about what my friends can put  
on the shelves and the racks and the computers and in their  
little hands. Cuz anything there - MAN! Just:

(squelching sound again)

\*squuuuuUUUUUUUSH\* suck suck sucked right up in their heads.  
And that's scary. I get it. It's scary to think about what  
might get sucked up in there if we aren't very very very very  
careful. I think you are scared about what those little  
sponge-sucks might pick up. *I get it.*

And maybe I'm just a leeeeeeeetle too loopy to make those  
decisions. Oh, I understand. Loopy Little Me, I go to the  
schools and I take my Big Bag of Bodacious Bursting Books and  
Beats. Do you see it? It's right here!

(As she goes she reaches in to  
the bag)

There's all kinds of stories in here. Stories and books and  
songs and ideas. It's almost all about children like them:  
Children from here, children from there  
Children with red hair, children with blue hair  
Children from now, children from them!  
Stories that make their little sponge-suck brains swim  
Stories that make them ask questions  
Stories that make them giggle and smile  
Stories that--

(There's a question. Pause)

Oh sorry, ma'am. Aren't you just a delicious, dandy delight.  
(I'm using alliteration to be sardonic. Can you tell me what  
"sardonic" means? Loopy Lindy loves textual tones!) But yes,  
you asked about my point.

I think some of you are surprised to meet me. Most of you don't know who I am. Such a shame, such a sham, such a sin! Buuuuuuuuuut one of you does! One of you knows my Loopy Library ain't so loopy on some days.

Some days...

Some days aren't loopy.

Some days Lindy has to tell the children things that aren't so much fun.

Some days, Lindy has to tell the children about the world and the land they live in and on.

One of those kinds of days I was at Farmdale School, where Board Member Murray's children are little scholars. And I told the children about schools where children with different skins and different churches and no churches and moms and dads and no moms or no dads or two moms and big adults who don't have their same blood - kids with all those differences went to school together.

And they wanted to know how come this school, THEIR school wasn't like that.

And one thing that Little Loopy Lindy has promised to never never never never do is tell a little lie to those sponge-suck little brains.

So I told them how lines were drawn around neighborhoods a long long time ago. And rules were made about who could live on one side of the line and who could live on the other. And those rules were made because of who had money and who didn't. And THOSE rules were made because some people thought they could own other people. And I told them some of those things changed. But some didn't. And that's why your school looks like the way it does. Why it has the things it does. Why it doesn't have the people it could. People who might make you see the world in other colors and hues.

It wasn't so loopy. It wasn't so fun.

And now...

And now...

OH ANNE MARIE...and now, LOOPY LINDY IS LOSING LOSING LOSING--  
!

(she cries. It is elaborate. It  
is bizarre)

I can't go on, I can't go further. Loopy Lindy is LEAVING...!

ANNE MARIE slowly peels out of the  
costume. Turns around, now a bit of a  
bedraggled mess.

## ANNE MARIE

(back to her normal voice)

I guess Lindy isn't coming back tonight.

She's a bit overcome.

She was told she was ruining the children. Making them feel awful because she told them the truth. She's very sad - because somehow a story about meeting new people and making a home for people who look a little different somehow became this ugly, terrible thing. And she doesn't understand why. It's not clear to Lindy why telling the truth is such an awful thing.

I was wondering, Board Member Murray, if I brought Lindy here tonight if you might tell her what she did to hurt your beautiful little children. Lindy thinks your children are brilliant. She thinks they are brave, kind, bold and open. She's read stories to them, shown them magazines for young scientists, helped them translate writing from children in other nations writing in other languages. Lindy knows your children; not the way you do. But she knows them. And she cares about them. And she would never tell them they are bad or that they made the world a bad place. But Lindy wants them to know the world is a terrible place for other people, some of them they know and some of them they don't. And they will share this colorful, complicated world with those people. And Lindy wants them to be ready. She wants them to be ready to share and build and grow with those people who don't have the same history as you and me, Ms. Murray.

Well, at least, that's all Lindy DID want.

She's been told it's time to go. To be put away. Like a horse going to glue.

So she told me to come on her behalf. Before she says good-bye to the children. She was scared they would think she left them. But she wants them to know, if they watch the news tonight, or read a newspaper, or years from now wonder why Ms. Widdicomb and Lindy never came back, it isn't because they weren't willing to stand in front of some small-minded, sour-faced, silly-headed, simpering, simpletons and call them out as the belittling, bastardized, birdbrained bigots that they are.

But Lindy believes the children will be better.

The sponge-suck is as natural as breathing.

The questioning will never stop. The search for knowledge is within them. No matter what they do. *No matter what YOU do.*

The sponge-suck can not be stopped.

SUCK SUCK SUCK SUCK SUCK SUCK

(she launches back in to the  
squelching sound)

\*squuuuuuuuuUUUUUUUUUUUSH

\*squuuuuuuuuuuUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUSH\*

\*SQUUSH\*

ANNE MARIE continues making the  
squelching sound as she packs up her  
bag.

She disappears.