

Unfortunately, My Dream Came True

Lizzy Lee (2009-2010)

Landing the part was my dream. I rehearsed the audition scene so many times, I could recite it in my sleep.

I walked onto the stage, ready to convince the director I was a perfect fit for the part of the lead female role of the tragic play my school was putting on.

I put my heart and soul into the scene. I faked the tears in the right places, kept a straight face, steadied my voice and sounded depressed and distressed. The producer stood with amazement, clapping. "Amazing, Taylor, simply amazing!" he cried.

The casting director next to him was on the verge of tears. "Forget the others, you, Taylor, have the part!" she exclaimed.

At that point I jumped off the stage and ran up to the casting director, throwing my arms around her. "Thank you so very much!" I cried.

I could hear the voices of my classmates in the audience calling my name, also amazed with my brilliant performance.

It was at that point in my wonderful dream I woke to my mother shaking me. "Taylor, dear. Taylor, wake up. It's quarter of. You're going to be late!" she gently warned me as she woke me up.

I then realized that it really was a dream. Landing the part only *happened* in my dreams. The auditions were weeks ago, and every night since then I've dreamed of landing the part. In reality, though, the part went to Monica DiTello, probably the most popular girl in Heart Springs High. She was a cheerleader, a blonde; the only thing she was lacking from perfection was a brain. Whatever her intelligence, she somehow landed my dream part. I wasn't jealous, though, because she probably did deserve it. She had everything else, so why not stardom, too?

After getting ready for school, I ran out to my car and was on my way to school before eight. I had to practically crawl to school the roads were so bad. School cancellations didn't happen in Heart Springs, since it snows just about every day. So I just put my awesome little car into four-wheel drive and slowly made my way to the prison people like to call school.

I ran into the building just as the bell rang, and unfortunately couldn't stop at my locker before class. As I walked down the hallway, there seemed to be a poster every three inches taped to the wall declaring the opening night of the play. *Come support your friends! Buy tickets for the school play! Opening night January 11!* they all screamed at me. Because I was the understudy for the lead character, I couldn't actually see the play from the audience's point of view, but I got a nice backstage view of it. Yay me.

As I sat down in my first period class, my best friend, Alexandra Dawn, leaned over and whispered in my ear as the teacher took attendance. Thank goodness I'm one of the top students in our French IV class, so the teacher didn't mind me being late. Besides, she realizes the weather is bad out at this time of year, and she drives to school, too.

Taylor, this might be your lucky day. I don't think Monica is here today," she whispered.

I shook my head and looked at her, confusion in my expression. "What? It's opening night, she has to be here. If she's not, she can't be in the play," I explained, doubtful.

Alex shrugged. "I dunno," she said as the teacher finally started class.

Because I don't have any classes with Monica in the morning, I wasn't able to tell if she was really absent or not. By lunch, though, the truth was revealed.

It was January, and in the winter, it's common for the temperature to drop below freezing point. Well, that means that when it's going to rain, it turns into snow and sleet. For most people of the world, that's a rather obvious fact. But like I said, Monica was a blonde, and though she had a small brain in her airy head, she rarely used it. She decided that her car would become some sort of super car and have the ability to drive perfectly in this kind of weather. It's actually amazing that she managed to make her way to twelfth grade.

Well, brilliant Monica slid off the road, and unfortunately broke her leg in the accident. She was thankfully alright other than that, but this meant that she wouldn't be able to act in the play. Everyone felt bad for her, and I even caught myself feeling sorry for the poor blonde. She wanted this part as bad as I did, and though I was bitterly jealous of her for getting it, I knew that she deserved it just as much as I did.

Because most people were obsessing over poor Monica, I never had time to think of what this meant for me. It wasn't until I was sitting in History after lunch that I realized this really did mean Monica wouldn't be in the play, and that her understudy would be stepping up. With shock, I realized that her understudy was me. I didn't catch a single thing the professor-like teacher Mr. Yale lectured about because I was so caught up in the realization that I would be the lead role in the play tonight.

After having my own little cheer party in my head, which lasted about half the period, I finally came to the final conclusion: I was so sure that Monica would be performing in the play tonight that I never once looked over the lines. I could, of course, recite that one scene that was used in the auditions, but beyond that, I was absolutely in the dark about it. I knew what the plot was, but I hadn't a single idea what to say, and when.

When the bell rang, I practically ran to Study Hall, completely ignoring every teacher that lectured me for being in too much of a hurry. I was thoroughly glad that Alex had Study Hall this period, too, because I was in full panic mode at that point. I was also thankful that this was the last class of the day.

When Alex finally walked through that door and took her seat next to me in the back of the room, I nearly exploded. "I thought you said this was going to be my lucky day, Alex!" I cried to her, my voice shaking.

"Well, wasn't it your dream to be in the play?" she asked as she got out a book to read. Did she really think she would be getting any reading done today?

I smiled frantically at her. "Well, yeah. Except for the fact that I don't know a single line past the audition scene!"

She finally caught on to my panic. "Ooh, ouch, yeah. Now I see your point." She thought a minute, and then smiled sarcastically. "Well, Miss Understudy, didn't it ever occur to you that Miss Airhead had the lead part, and that you should have memorized the lines just in case she decided to pull some blonde move like this and get herself out of the play?"

I shook my head, her sarcasm lightening the mood a little. I had to admit, though I was panicking, and though this really didn't help, she actually could make me laugh under any

situation. That's one of the reasons she's my best friend. "Well, I guess my half-Native American brain isn't as wise as I thought it would be, eh?" I forced myself to laugh to the best of my ability.

She shook her head, laughing at my brilliance. I suppose I was no smarter than Monica, was I? Regardless, I went to my locker and tried with all my might to find my copy of the script. "No...!" I cried as the image of me throwing away my copy flashed in my head. I was so upset I didn't get the part that I completely lost interest in the play, and only showed up to practice because I didn't want to seem pathetic. Why would I be so stupid and throw away my copy of it? I was *really* questioning my intelligence at this point.

"Well, I'll be sitting there in the front row, subtly flashing giant cards with the lines written on them to you, okay? Look for me!" Alex called to me as she left the building, ready for her walk home.

"Ha, yeah, thanks, Alex, so very much!" I called to her as I headed down to the auditorium for what would be the most important play practice yet.

Once the entire cast was there, the producer began explaining the horrible accident Monica had. He then turned to me and smiled. "Thankfully, her perfectly capable understudy is here, ready to take on the role!" he proudly told everyone as he walked over to me and patted me on the head.

Freak, I thought, though I felt ashamed and stupid. "Heh, about that..." I muttered, turning away.

"Let me guess. Thinks-she's-so-smart Taylor Moss hasn't even opened the script yet, has she?" Ian Busch commented sarcastically as he crossed his arms.

"Oh, wow, you closet drunk, you think you're tough?" I snickered, taking a threatening step towards him.

He returned the gesture, and smiled. "That'll be a *no*. Well, I guess Monica's not any stupider than you, is she?"

"I have two words for you, *Joshua*," I growled at him, using his first name rather than his middle name of Ian. He hated it when I did that, and I knew it.

"Well, then, Miss Moss. You really haven't read the lines at all, have you...?" It was more of a statement than a question. I looked down. "Well, you have six hours. Do you know where your copy... Probably not," he sighed, answering his own question. "Let me find you a copy, and you can read it over for an hour. Then we'll gather for a quick run through of your scenes. Can you handle *that*?"

Well, I wasn't a complete moron. Just half one, I suppose. I sighed and nodded as Ian broke into laughter. "Would you look at that? Not even Mr. Jameson thinks Taylor can handle this!"

I nearly lost my temper there, but held myself back, following Jameson instead. I mumbled a few words under my breath and began ignoring Ian.

After reading the script over, and over again, I was pretty sure I could handle the quick run through. It was a little after three, and the curtain opened at eight. I was pumped and ready for it (sort of)!

As I through myself onto the ground, my character finally dead, I sighed. I didn't do too bad, seeing how I only read the script twice my entire life. The play was still had a few scenes left, but

Jameson was convinced the play would be fine. I glanced at the large clock on the wall, and saw that it was about four-thirty.

After going over those scenes again, it was six. We all threw down a small dinner, something that wouldn't upset us during the play, and it was time for us to start getting ready. Costumes, make-up, hair, props. All that good stuff was being prepared.

By the time the curtain opened, I had convinced myself that I knew enough of my lines, and knew enough of the plot to improvise the rest. I was standing there, backstage, ready to pour my heart and soul, once again, into this play. This time, however, I was giving the *entire* play my best, which made me feel so amazing.

My heart was racing when my cell phone started singing the chorus of the song I had set as the ring tone. I pulled it out and slid it open, only to find a text message from my mother in my inbox. *Alex told me about Monica, and I'm so proud of you! I just hope that you have photographic memory... Good luck, sweat pea!* the message read. I smiled. Great, so my own mother doubted my ability! Thanks a whole lot, mommy dearest.

An hour and a half after the curtain opened, I threw myself onto the hard floor of the stage once again as my character died. I laid there until Ian, who unfortunately played the lead male part, carried me off stage. "I think you were awesome," he whispered as he let me down backstage. Again, I smiled. Well, I didn't know all the parts, but I made it look great. Great enough to have Ian, someone who has hated me since kindergarten, think I was awesome. Yay me.