



THE STAGELIGHT

By: Gilad G

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“OH MY GOSH!” “I want that part in the audition!” Molly shouted in the hallway of her school after the last bell rang.

She dashes home skipping three steps at a time making her way to the sidewalk outside her school in the cold December wind. Molly is running as fast as she can, then she sees a bush in her way, she jumps over the bush with all her might then finally makes it home. Then she asks her mom if she can go to the audition, and her mom told her yes. Then Molly slaps on her lucky bracelet and runs out the door. On her way to the Wicky Theatre she crosses her fingers as tight as she can for good luck. Finally she arrives at the Wicky Theatre.

“The doors are so big.” She mumbled to herself. After that she runs as fast as she can with her long brown hair flying behind her, and the butterflies in her stomach going crazy!

As she crashes through the doors just in time for the audition, Molly gets her number for the audition. Then she busts through the doors like there was no tomorrow! She waits for number to get called, as the goosebumps rise on her pale arms. Molly's number finally gets called, Molly goes up on stage and starts singing like she has never sang before. Then it happened... everyone heard a loud snap, Molly looked up and the stagelight was falling. Everybody was yelling at Molly to move out of the way, but she was too scared to. BAM! The stagelight hit Molly in the head, and she fell to the floor unconscious.

They all rushed around her.

“I’ll call 911!” Director Ron said. They all started hearing an ambulance rushing down the street. The people in the ambulance dash in, put Molly in the ambulance and drive as fast as they can to the hospital.

“You’re awake.” said Director Ron.

“Where’s my mom? Where’s my dad?” Molly shouted when she woke up in the hospital.

“They didn’t come.” Director Ron said.

“Of Course they didn’t.” Molly mumbled to herself sadly.

“Molly unfortunately we can’t give you a main role in the play because, you have a little brain damage, that’s what the doctor told me.” Director Ron said morosely.

Molly was frustrated that she could not get the part that she could have gotten. So Molly talked to Director Ron and Ron felt bad that he couldn’t give Molly the part. But he gave her a really small part with about two to three lines with no singing.

Ron gave Molly a script to practice with. She practices day and night.

“I can’t do this.” Molly thought every night to herself, because it was hard to remember her lines and cause because of her brain damage. She tries as hard as she can to remember her lines and her lines, but they just don’t seem to stick very well. But, three weeks later Molly is ready for the play.

“NO! NO! NO!” “I’m going to be late.” Molly said exhaustedly as the butterflies turn into doves in her stomach. She runs as fast as she can to the Wicky Theatre. Molly sprinted through the side door to backstage and finally makes it for the show.

“There you are Molly.” Director Ron said. Director Ron pulled Molly to get ready.

“Alright I’m ready to go on stage.” Molly roared.

“Good” Director Ron said to Molly. Molly goes up on stage with a brave face and says her lines amazingly, everyone loved it, and Molly was proud of herself because she got to be in the play and perform. Director Ron was proud of Molly also!