DREAMS OF HOPE PRESENTS:

BULLY ME

THE HEINZ ENDOWMENTS

ARIS

MUFTI Fund

Dreams of Hope is a Creative and Performing Arts Organization for Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender, and Supportive Youth.

(2010-11)
Bully to the Brink
by Dreams of Hope with Vanessa German

I’ve done it.
Me too
Me too.
I laughed / giggled
CRACKED A JOKE AT SOMEONE ELSE’S EXPENSE
I spread the rumor
made fun let it go on & on
& DIDN’T TRY TO STOP IT WHEN I WATCHED IT HAPPENING TO SOMEONE ELSE
I—TURNED MY BACK
WHY?

Because I was with my friends
Because it made me feel good at the time /
I thought it was funny
I wanted to fit in
It made me feel
BIGGER STRONGER FASTER BADDER BETTER YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT—

I’VE BEEN A BULLY TOO

ONE.

He did it for laughs
to pass the time
Said—it’s no crime /
It’s just THE WAY THINGS GO
let them know you don’t like
their hair
their clothes
their shoes
the way they walk
dance or move
or
WHO THEY CHOOSE TO BE WITH

see / if you are
MEAN ENOUGH & LOUD ENOUGH
/ people will just / FORGET EVERYTHING AND RUN

IN FEAR
& whoever can make the most people AFRAID—WINS
& it isn’t my fault that you

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Dreams of Hope does not grant permission for recording, broadcasting, arranging, adaptations, or performance for commercial or for-profit use. Permission for such use, or other uses not listed here, must be obtained from the copyright holder.
Are an EASY TARGET / MORE—BULLSEYE than HUMAN BEING / BUT—you are
/ SO—READY AIM FIRE SHOOT & THE BANG IS A LAUGH

& I am
THE SHELL OF THE BULLET IN YOUR HEART /
With words
SHARP AS SHARDS
like a dagger to the gut /
I shoot
I stab
I cut
I laugh & just keep on
LAUGHING / STABBING / JABBING & POINTING —AT YOU
Because it’s fun

Can’t you take a joke?
Why are you crying?
Stand up /
Shut up /
YOU ARE SO FAKE
Forget everything and Run /
it’s just a Rumor /
Rumors can be true
rumors can be lies
take it with a grain of salt
STOP CRYING!

Remember
YOU’RE NOT A PERSON
YOU’RE A BULLSEYE
& your shoes are 2 sizes too small for my big feet
SO I AM GOING TO KEEP WALKING ALL OVER YOU

or maybe it’s more complicated than that
maybe it’s HOME
the fist
the punch
the fury
the kick
and the wooden spoon
maybe it’s the
CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK SYNDROME /
(put up your dukes)
my world is destroyed / so I become
A DESTROYER /
Why, because I can /

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holder.
because rage is my religion
my language
my way
& my reason for existing

WHY, BECAUSE
what I see in you
is what I despise
is what I so deeply tried to hide in
MYSELF

WHY, BECAUSE
I'M SCARED—SO I SCARE
I'M ASHAMED—SO I SHAME
I'M PAINED—SO I PAIN

EXPERTLY EXECUTING
THE YOU FROM ME
SO NO ONE WILL SEE THE
MIRROR OF US
IN WE

now
I cannot stop looking at my hands
THESE HANDS
are blood red / with YOUR BLOOD
I shoved
MY SHOES—ON YOUR FEET
and never bothered to try on yours

WHY
because I aimed myself at you
READY
SHAME
FIRE
SHOOT
YOU—WERE MY ESCAPE
BECAUSE I KNOW I COULDN'T TAKE EVERYDAY—THE WAY—YOU DID
TERRORIZED
VICTIMIZED
BRUTALIZED
NOW I CRY—BECAUSE I
TOOK IT OUT—ON YOU
& you took it out with a rope to the neck
a gun to the head
a razor to the wrist
pills to the mouth
a jump off the bridge

and now
I DON'T SLEEP WELL AT NIGHT
my mind runs rampant /
why WHY WHY

IF I COULD BRING YOU BACK TO LIFE I'D—JUST
STOP—
I'D WALK AWAY
I'D TRY WALKING THE HALLWAY IN THE MILE OF YOUR SHOES

IF I COULD BRING YOU BACK TO LIFE
I'D JUST SAY—I'M SORRY
I'D
mind my own business
let you be
I could have taken a moment to see that INSTEAD OF HATING OUR
DIFFERENCES
I COULD HAVE ACTUALLY—ADMIRE THEM
IF I HAD TAKEN THE TIME TO GET TO KNOW YOU MAYBE WE COULD HAVE
BEEN

I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD END THIS WAY
NO HAPPY ENDINGS EXCEPT TO SAY

I've done it.
Me too. Me too
ME TOO
BUT NEXT TIME I'LL STOP TO THINK
WHAT HAPPENS (IF I) BULLY SOMEONE TO THE BRINK

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There's Been a Mistake
by Dreams of Hope with Ted Hoover

Characters
Principal Robbins  Justin Miller  Mr. Miller  Mrs. Miller

School principal's office. PRINCIPAL ROBBINS sits at her desk, JUSTIN MILLER sits in a chair nearby. At rise, MRS. & MR. MILLER come running in.

MRS. MILLER: Where is he? Where's he—? (Sees JUSTIN and runs to him.) Oh, Justin, there you are, what happened honey? (JUSTIN just stares straight ahead.) What happened?

MR. MILLER (crossing to ROBBINS): Principal Robbins, I want to thank you for looking after our son.

ROBBINS: It's not a problem Mr. Miller, not a problem at all. (Takes him aside.) I think between the three of us we can find a solution to all of this.

MRS. MILLER (looking at JUSTIN's head): Justin, were you bleeding? (JUSTIN says nothing.) Justin?

ROBBINS: It's only a slight abrasion. We've cleaned him up and the nurse says there's nothing to worry about.

MRS. MILLER: Justin please, what happened?

MR. MILLER: Answer your mother. (JUSTIN stares.)

MRS. MILLER: Principal Robbins, could you tell us?

ROBBINS: We don't really know any more than what I told you on the phone. Mr. Warren was teaching in the computer lab when the whole class heard shouting from the stairs next door. He found Justin lying on the ground and there was some blood and bruises. Justin said he was all right, but... He begged us not to call you.

MR. MILLER: Where you in a fight? Justin, answer me. Were you fighting?

MRS. MILLER: It's okay honey, you can tell us.

JUSTIN: I wasn't fighting. I just fell. Can we go?

MR. MILLER: We're not going any place until you tell Principal Robbins what happened.

JUSTIN: Let's just drop it, okay?

ROBBINS: The problem, Mr. & Mrs. Miller, is that... well, this isn't the first time.

MRS. MILLER: This happened before?

MR. MILLER: How many kids have you been starting fights with?

ROBBINS: Actually, Mr. Miller, he's not starting fights.

MR. MILLER: What do you mean?

ROBBINS: Justin doesn't pick on the other kids... they pick on him.

MRS. MILLER: Someone's been—? Who is it, Justin? Tell us who's picking on you.

MR. MILLER: And tell us why.
ROBBINS: We haven’t wanted to make too much of a deal out of it—you
know boys will be boys especially at that age—but it’s been more
frequent in the last month and just this past Monday some of the boys
threw his school books into one of the urinals.
MRS. MILLER: Justin.
MR. MILLER: Why are they doing this to you?
JUSTIN: I just want to go home, all right?
ROBBINS: I think it’s time for all of us to discuss a permanent solution.
MRS. MILLER: Why are these boys teasing you?
JUSTIN: Teasing?
MR. MILLER: What’s going on, Justin?
JUSTIN: I want to leave.
MR. MILLER: You’re going to tell me what the problem is.
JUSTIN (pauses): You know.
MR. MILLER: What?
JUSTIN: You know why they’re attacking me.
MRS. MILLER: Justin’s right, honey, I think it’s time we go home.
MR. MILLER: You’re going to tell me what you mean.
MRS. MILLER: He doesn’t have to.
MR. MILLER: Yes, he does.
ROBBINS: Maybe this is a conversation to have at home.
MR. MILLER: Why?
JUSTIN: Because I’m gay! Because I forgot to delete my browser history one
time! Because everybody in this school hates anyone who isn’t just
like them! Because I’m gay!
ROBBINS (after a pause): And the problem, you see, is all this commotion.
Several of the teachers have requested that he be removed from their
classes because of the reaction of the other students. I think it’s best,
Mr. & Mrs. Miller, if you start thinking about an alternative educational
experience for your son.
MR. MILLER: I’m sorry, Mrs. Robbins, but there’s some mistake. We don’t
have a son. (He turns and walks out.)
MRS. MILLER (she turns and starts to leave, stops at the door, looks at him
sadly): You were my baby. (She exits.)
ROBBINS: I’ll get someone to help you clean out your locker.

*She exits. JUSTIN is alone.*
Letters
by Shanai Sloan, Evan Harris, & Ben Leo Alt with Ted Hoover

SHANAI: If I could write a letter to my twelve-year-old self, there are a lot of things I would tell her.
EVAN: Dear me, / I know that right now you don't trust / anyone, anything.
BEN: Dear Struggling—I remember when I was in your shoes: terrified to tell the truth, afraid that no one would understand.
SHANAI: I would tell her that you are beautiful no matter what people may tell you;
BEN: Fearful of their words, and scared of being gay. I was beaten up, made fun of, kept on the outside, nearly bullied to the brink, and I thought that I had lost myself completely.
EVAN: All the lies they told you are racing / through your heart / through your mind / we've trapped everything they said to us / inside.
SHANAI: If I could write a letter to my twelve-year-old self, I'd tell her that your crush on little Sarah is not something to be frightened about or try to fix;
EVAN: We've been / Broken and Beaten / Abandoned Abused / Waiting for the World to end
BEN: But I was also angry at myself for my fear and cowardice.
EVAN: Trembling. / With words unverbalized / Shivering / a shallow breath we breathe / and whisper good night / Is all we could do
SHANAI: If I could write a letter for my twelve year old self, I'd tell her to not fear judgment or unkindness, not everyone will like you, but everyone should respect you.
BEN: I know that you're struggling, and I know how it feels to have people make you feel worthless, with all the pain held in your heart,
SHANAI: I would tell her that many people will enter and leave your life for a variety of reasons; if they are good, enjoy and nurture their time with you, if they aren't, let them go as soon as possible.
BEN: But raise yourself up. It's okay to be scared, but you are just as normal, deserving, and meaningful as anyone else.
EVAN: Dear me / you brave and stubborn / pure in your innocence
BEN: All you got to keep is strong.
SHANAI: I would tell her that you are a lot more amazing than you think.
EVAN: I want you to read this letter,
BEN: And when it seems like your hope is gone, just move along.
SHANAI: Because of everything else you have to offer. A lot of people will see it,
EVAN: Hear my plea / unselfishly / trust your heart and know / It does get better.
BEN: Just remember that it will get better.
SHANAI: Hang in there and continue to blossom into the woman you will become.
It Gets Better
by Kaitlin Hunter, arr. by Douglas Levine

I know you feel like no one cares,
Stuck in a bottomless pit of despair.
Reaching your hand up to the sky, tryin’ to find something to hold.
I’m here to tell you if you can survive the cold,

(CHORUS)
It gets better . . .
You can depend on me whenever you need a friend.
It gets better . . .
I know for sure that the sun will shine again.
It gets better . . .
Even when you feel alone, you’re never really on your own.
It gets better, gets better,
If you feel me, sing along.

Don’t let those haters drag you down.
Cast off that burden before you drown.
I know you’re lonely, but don’t believe you’re the only one
To wanna surrender before the fight’s even begun!

(CHORUS)
You are loved and you matter.
Your dreams no one can shatter.
It can all change in a blink,
‘Cause you’re stronger than you think . . . than you think!

(CHORUS 2x)
If you feel me, sing along.
If you feel me, sing along.
It Gets Better

Words and Music by Kaitly Hunter
Arr. Douglas Levine

Medium \( \frac{d}{\text{min}} = 75 \)

\( \text{Bm11} \quad \text{G6} \quad \text{C Maj9} \quad \text{Bm11} \quad \text{G6} \quad \text{C Maj9} \)

I know you feel like no one cares.

\( \text{Bm11} \quad \text{C Maj9} \quad \text{Bm11} \quad \text{Bm11} \)

Sucked in a bottomless pit of despair.

\( \text{C Maj9} \quad \text{Bm11} \quad \text{C Maj9} \)

Reaching your hand up to the sky, tryin' to find something to hold.

\( \text{C Maj9} \quad \text{Bm11} \quad \text{C Maj9} \)

I'm here to tell you if you can survive the cold, It gets

\( \text{Bm11} \quad \text{C Maj9} \)

Better.

\( \text{Bm11} \quad \text{C Maj9} \)

Better.
It Gets Better

B

G6

better... You can depend on me... whenever you need a friend... It gets

G6

Cmaj9

better... I know for sure... that the sun will shine again... It gets

B

G6

Cmaj9

better... Even when you feel alone... you're never really on your own... It gets

G6

Cmaj9

better... gets better... if you feel me sing a-long...
It Gets Better

Bmin G Cmaj7 Bmin G Cmaj7

Don’t let those haters drag you down.

Bmin Cmaj7 Bmin

Cast off that burden before you drown.

Cmaj7 Bmin Cmaj7

I know you’re lonely but don’t believe you’re the only one.

Bmin Cmaj7

to wanna surrender before the fight’s even begun!

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It Gets Better

2 Bm7 G sus/C
You are loved...and...you matter...

G Maj7 D Bm7
dreams no one can shutter.
It can all change...

G sus/C G Maj7 D/A A7 Bm
in a blink...cause you're stronger than you think...

D/A D7/A Gm9 Bb Maj7/C

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It Gets Better

Dmaj11
Solo
B9
Emaj9
Emaj9
B9
Emaj9

better. You can depend on me when ever you need a friend.

better. I know for sure the sun will shine again.

better. Even when you feel alone, you're never really on your own.

better, better, if you feel me sing a-long.

B9
Emaj9
Emaj9
B9
Emaj9

feel me sing a-long. If you feel me sing a-long.

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Letter to a Young One
words by AllyKay Kamlet, music by Douglas Levine

(INTRO)

(VERSE 1)
Dear young one,
Since I was you, so much has changed.
All the confusion and pain have been rearranged
Into a life I live without regret.
I have the job they said I’d never get.
I have the love they thought would never last,
And the strength that comes from surviving your past.

(PRE-CHORUS 1)
If I could cradle your face in my hands,
I’d look deep into those shining eyes of yours, and say:

(CHORUS 1)
Don’t give up on your dreams.
And trust me, I know it’s as tough as it seems.
But with all your courage and poise,
If you can block out the noise,
Then I will guarantee it gets better.

(INTRULEDE)

(VERSE 2)
Oh, young one,
When I was you, I’d lay in bed,
Letting the things that they said to me fill my head.
And there were times I thought, “I can’t go on.
Why should each day feel like a marathon?
When will they get a life and let me be,
So I can smile, again, and just be me?”

(PRE-CHORUS 2)
I know you think that your options are few,
But, I’m telling you now: there’s so much in store for you!
(CHORUS 2x)

(OUTRO 4X)
SOLO OR GROUP 2: Dear young one.

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Letter To A Young One

Words by Ally Kay & Douglas Levine
Music by Douglas Levine

Medium rock ballad $d = 82$

E₆/B₆, C₆ All
C₉/D₆
G₆/E₆

(Vox in 2nd x)
Ooh
Ooh
Ooh

F₆/G₆, C₇-5
E₆/m₆, C₆

solo:
D

Dear
Young One,
Young One,
Young One,

Since I was you, so much has changed
When I was you, I'd lay in bed
All my con-fu-

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Letter To A Young One

G E/G# Em/A A D7 Gm7

...ision and pain have been rearranged into a life

I feel

Em/A F7-9 D7 Gm7

I live without regret. Why should each day

Em/A F7-9

they said I'd never get. And when have they gotten

Em/A F7-9 D7 Gm7 E/G#

they thought would never last, and the strength that comes

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Letter To A Young One

2 feel

Gmaj7

If I could see your face in my hands,
I know you think that your opinions are few,

D/A
Bm/G#

But I'm telling you now: there's so
Don't give up on your dreams:

Bmaj9
F/A
B/E
Cmaj7/D
Fmaj/C
Bb

And trust me, I know it's as tough
as it seems. But with all your courage and poise:

F
B7/G

2 feel
Letter To A Young One

Cm/A

Bm7 5

C

block out the noise, then I will guarantee it gets better

Emi/C

C/D

Ooh

Ooh

Gb/E

F/A7 C7 5

Emi/C

Solo

Oh

Bm/E

much in store for you!

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Letter To A Young One

4 feel
B₇add  F/A  B₉/E₉  C₉/D  F₇m/C  B₉

Don't give up on your dreams. And trust me, I know it's as tough.

mf

2 feel
F  B₇/G  C₇m/A

—as it seems. But with all your courage and poise, if you can block out the noise, then I will.

B₇m7.₅  C

guarantee it gets better. Oh.

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Letter To A Young One

Don't give up on your dreams.

But with all your courage and poise, if you can block out the noise, then I will as it seems.

guarantee it gets better.

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The Way My Heart Goes

46  F#m7   A/G#   A   Gm/Bb   F#m7/B   D6/E   G#m/F   F#m7

sing 'til ev'rybody knows... Yes, I will sing

48  A/G#   A   Gm/Bb   F#m7/B

'til ev'rybody knows the way my heart

50  The way my heart grows stronger.

52  E   F#m7   Bsus

The way my heart goes.

54  E   F#m7   Bsus

The way my heart beats faster.

56  E   F#m7   Bsus

'Til ev'rybody knows... The way my heart goes.

Rit.

E   F#m7   Bsus   B   E

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