

Toys Will Be Toys
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BIG IDEA:

The toys are sorted into “Blues” and “Pinks” sections of a Toy Store. At the beginning, a child is looking at toys, and gets turned away from the section of interest by the parent. The Store Keeper turns off the lights and turn the “Open” sign to “Closed”. In the night, the toys will sing/talk about how they feel about being separated. The Lego Set will build bridges and the toys will mix themselves up in the store. The signs will be replaced by one sign that says “Everyone”. The next morning, the Store Keeper will scratch her head in confusion and shrug her shoulders. When the store is opened, extra kids will come in and be super happy about the new arrangement!!

Setting: Inside of toy store. Divided into “blue” and “pink” sections.

Parent and child come in. Child turns to look at a toy that interests [them]. Parent turns child to face in the direction of the other section. Child turns back. Parent steers child back to “matching” section.

Child looks disappointed. Parent and child leave. Shopkeeper turns “Open” sign to “Closed,” and leaves the shop.

Toys:

The people all leave, it’s the end of the day
Here’s where they put us, so here’s where we stay
Divided because of what they think is true.
But labels can’t show us the real me or you...

Spider Man and **Toy Soldier**:

Am I a figure? Am I a doll?
Why do those words even matter at all?

Fairies:

I’m tough and I’m magic. I’m smart and I’m wild.
I just want a home with my very own child.

Soccer Ball(s):

We’re told to score, soar, or roll on the ground
But lately we’re feeling a bit kicked around.

Evil Robot & “enemy”:

We were made to be enemies; fight to the end.
But we’re tired of fighting. We want to be friends

CHORUS:

Why, oh why do they sort us?
Why can't we be where we want to be?
Even a toy needs some justice.
We all deserve to be free.

Robots:

You might think we are just automatons
But I like to dance and I love to sing songs

Robot R2D2:

I make a great vegetarian stew
And Lego droids have feelings too

Animal Stuffies/Beanie Boo:

I'm fun to cuddle. I'm fierce and I'm strong.
Don't box me in! Where do I belong?

A few toys??:

They put me here, but it doesn't seem fair.
Because I don't fit here, but I don't belong there.

Aliens:

We've been lost in space. We don't know what to do.

Space Ranger:

I'm a space ranger and I've been lost, too.
I know what it's like to be out there, alone.

Aliens:

We just want a place that is ours to call "home"

Boxes are safe and they're good for display.
But it doesn't make sense to be sorted this way.
It isn't right that we don't get a choice
The wrapper I came in... that isn't my voice.

CHORUS:

Why, oh why do they sort us?
Why can't we be where we want to be?
Even a toy needs some justice.
We all deserve to be free.

BRIDGE:

Why do we have to put gender on toys?
There are way more choices than just girls and boys!
We don't want to be boxed up in just blue and pink.
We know what we feel and we know what we think!
Let's break the rules! We don't care what you say!

Toys will be toys. We just want to play!!

Pokeball:

This situation has got to improve.

I'll help transport you, if you want to move

Lego Set:

Hey I'll build a bridge! They can't keep us apart.

I'm ready to go! When can we start?

(Lego positions a few toys facing each other with arms up, to make a "bridge" and toys go through, and move around accompanied by...)

CHORUS (Instrumental):

Toy Soldier (spoken):

Hey, it's almost opening time! Everybody go back to where you're supposed to be!

Everybody (shouting): NO!!!

(Pulling down the pink and blue signs, tearing them in half, stomping on them, etc, and singing loudly)

We will not let them sort us!

We're going to be where we want to be!

Even toys deserve justice!

We all deserve to be free!

We all deserve to be free...

We all deserve to be free...

(Repeat final phrase, with lights dimming as toys move to new places, in different combinations, and "Everyone" sign gets put up in the centre. Toys sing more and more quietly, fading out once all the toys are in new positions and completely still).

Lights up. Enter shopkeeper. Looking around, confused.

Enter new children, looking around delighted at all their new choices.

END