**ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON  
By: James Hagan** *AMY*  
  
*This lovely, if somewhat sentimental play, written in 1930, is about young love in a small Midwestern town. Amy, a romantic young girl, has a crush on the town bully and she's describing it to her friend Virginia.*  
I don't know. Maybe it was love, I don't know, but-- Well, when I was very young -- of course, that's a long time ago, you understand. It was in school. There was this boy. I don't know--he never looked at me and I never...Virginia, did you ever have a feeling in your heart--Something that you feel is going to happen and it doesn't--that's the way my heart was--*(she touches her heart)* It wasn't love, I know that--*(pause)* He never even noticed me. I could have been a stick in the mud as far as he was concerned. Virginia, this boy always seemed lonely somehow. Everybody had it in for him, even the teachers--they called him bully--but I know he wasn't. I saw him do a lot of good things--when the big boys picked on the smaller ones, he helped the little fellows out. I know he had a lot of good in him--good, that nobody else could see--that's why my heart longs for him.