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Product Code YA016-FC

Whose High School is it Anyway?

A Full-Length Play with Scenes and Monologues for Teens

by

Jonathan Turner Smith

DEDICATION

To the 1985-'86 theatre students of Brownfield High School
who had to suffer through my first year of attempting to teach theatre.

To my brother, David, and his wonderful family,
Gaylynn, Sarah, Bronson, London, and Charlotte,
and my hero, Michael.

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Whose High School is it Anyway?

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CHARACTERS

Flexible Cast of 8-19 or more as needed
Minimum 4F/4M playing multiple roles

In the original production, there were 19 actors as evidenced by the actor numbers assigned to each line in the opening and closing “I Am” scenes. However, each director may use as few or as many actors as is appropriate for their individual production. Directors may also block/choreograph all scenes in accordance with the size of their theatre and level of difficulty appropriate for their actors.

SCENES

ACT I

- 1) OPENING *“I Am”*
- 2) *Monologue: “My Name Is Clarissa”*
- 3) “Student Council Elections”
- 4) “Dating”
- 5) *Monologue: “Never Again”*
- 6) “Bullies 1”
- 7) “Friends Talking About Friends”
- 8) “Theatre Class”
- 9) “Dudes”
- 10) “You Don’t Have to Take It”
- 11) “Referrals”
- 12) *Monologue: “Acronyms”*
- 13) “Locker Room”
- 14) “Homecoming Queen”

ACT II

- 1) *Monologue: “Becoming”*
- 2) “Bullies 2”
- 3) “Working Together”
- 4) “Never Mind”
- 5) *Monologue: “CARLA”*
- 6) “Sex”
- 7) *Monologue: “Love”*
- 8) “Teen Pregnancy”
- 9) *Monologue:*
“He Said/She Said”
- 10) “Cheerleading Tryouts”
- 11) *Monologue:*
“Commencement”
- 12) FINALE *“I Am”*

NOTES FROM THE DIRECTOR

Hopefully if you are reading this you have decided to produce *Whose High School is it Anyway?* for your school or theatre group. As you read through the play, you will notice that there are few stage directions. There is a very specific reason for this. I want each individual Director to feel free to stage the production with as much freedom as possible. *Whose High School is it Anyway?* is intended to be staged as simply or as intricately as the Director feels compliments his specific group of actors and audience. The same is true for the set design. The play has been produced with an elaborate sets as well as simple ones comprised of only the necessary tables, benches, and chairs.

Also, and very important, some of the scenes are more “liberal” in nature than others. Therefore, based on their targeted audience, Directors are certainly free to omit certain scenes for their production. As you can see, it is important that each Director’s production is tailored to their school and community’s needs.

Please let me know how it goes and break a leg! Enjoy!

Whose High School is it Anyway?
by Jonathan Turner Smith

ACT I

Scene 1

OPENING: "I AM"

AT RISE: *ALL ACTORS on stage.*

Actor 1: I AM NOT WHAT YOU THINK OF ME.

Actor 2: I AM NOT WHO YOU THINK I AM.

Actor 3: I AM NOT WHO YOU THINK I SHOULD BE.

Actor 4: I AM NOT WHAT YOU WANT ME TO BE...

Actor 5: NOR WHO YOU HOPE I BECOME.

Actor 6: I AM NOT YOUR WORDS OF CRITICISM OR INDIFFERENCE.

Actor 7: I AM NOT YOUR SLURS NOR YOUR MOCKINGS.

Actor 8: I AM NOT THE NAMES YOU CALL ME NOR THE LOOKS YOU GIVE ME.

All Actors: I AM ME.

Actor 9: I AM A HUMAN BEING.

Actor 10: I AM WORTHY OF RESPECT.

Actor 11: I AM WORTHY TO BE CALLED BY MY NAME.

All Actors: I AM ME.

Actor 12: PROUD TO BE ME.

Actor 13: PROUD TO BE CALLED BY MY NAME.

Actor 14: NOT BETTER THAN NOR WORSE THAN.

Actor 15: BUT EQUAL TO.

Actor 17: WORTHY OF THE SAME RESPECT AND DIGNITY...

Actor 18: THAT I SHOW YOU.

Actor 1: I AM...

Actor 2: AN INDIVIDUAL.

Actor 3: YET TOGETHER...

Actor 19: WE ARE...

All Actors: THE SAME.

Actor 12: WE LAUGH...

Actor 3: AND CRY.

Actor 19: WE SHOUT...

Actor 11: AND WHISPER.

Actor 5: WE ARE HAPPY

Actor 15: AND JOYFUL...

Actor 2: SAD...

Actor 10: AND ANGRY.

Actor 12: WE ARE...

Actor 14: DISAPPOINTED...

Actor 4: AND EXCITED.

Actor 8: WE ARE INDIVIDUALS.

All Actors: WE MAY NOT AGREE...

Actor 14: OR BELIEVE THE SAME WAY.

Actor 16: YOU MAY NOT LIKE THE WAY I DRESS.

Actor 19: OR LIKE THE MUSIC I PLAY.

All Actors: BUT I RESPECT YOU.

Actor 1: AS YOU RESPECT ME.

Actor 13: FOR WE ARE ONE.

Actor 2: RESPECT

Actor 12: DIGNITY

Actor 3: ME

Actor 5: YOU

Actor 8: US

All Actors: TOGETHER

BLACKOUT

As soon as the Blackout occurs after the Opening and as the set is being setup, the actress playing "Clarissa" sets up a small desk and chair downstage left.

Scene 2

MONOLOGUE: "MY NAME IS CLARISSA"

Character

CLARISSA: *Student*

AT RISE: Clarissa sits at the desk and starts doing her homework. She stops and speaks directly to the audience.

My name is Clarissa. Clarissa Moore and I'm a senior. I've been going to school here for 12 years. I even had Mrs. Kempson in kindergarten. She's been here forever! I've walked these halls for twelve years, seen the same people, and have even had the same locker for the past 4 years. I've never been what you would call popular. I ran for Freshman class secretary, but came in last so that kinda ended my political career. I've always had a few really close friends and have made the A-B Honor Roll every six weeks since 6th grade. So you would think that after being here from Kinder through twelfth grade, people would remember my name, right? At least the teachers...like Mrs. Turner, my English teacher. At the beginning of school, she kept calling me "Marilyn." I kept

telling her very politely that my name wasn't Marilyn, but Clarissa, Clarissa Moore. One day around the end of the first semester, we were writing poems and she called on everybody in class to read but me. She started to go on to the next assignment, so I raised my hand and said, "Excuse me, Mrs. Turner, but I haven't read my poem yet. She looked at me and said, "Oh I'm sorry. Go ahead, Marilyn." I don't know what came over me, but I blew up and yelled as loud as I could, "My name is not Marilyn. It has never been Marilyn and never will be Marilyn. My name is Clarissa... (*Spelling her name*) ...C-L-A-R-I-S-S-A. My name is Clarissa Moore and I deserve to be called by my name! I deserve to be remembered! I spent the next five days in detention after school, but Mrs. Turner never called me Marilyn again.

BLACKOUT

Clarissa removes the desk and chair as the actors enter for the next scene.

Scene 3

STUDENT COUNCIL ELECTIONS

Characters

STUDENT COUNCIL PRESIDENT

JOE HURKEL: *Football Player in uniform*

BRANDY HARRIS: *Cheerleader like her sister*

CANDY HARRIS: *Cheerleader like her sister*

MARGARET THROCKMORTON: *Extremely intelligent; no sense of humor*

CLYDE THOMAS: *Cowboy; in shock by crowd*

AQUATANIQUA: *African-American with attitude*

GUADALUPE PEDRO JUAN JOSE RAMIREZ GARCIA...JR: *Hispanic student*

AT RISE: Characters are seated on eight chairs set down stage center in a straight line. A podium is in the middle of the chairs. The Student Council President is at the podium.

PRESIDENT: Okay, Everyone. If we could have it quiet, we can get started. As this year's Student Council President, it is my pleasure to introduce the candidates for next year's president. First, Joe Hurkel.

JOE walks to the podium.

JOE: I'm runnin'...well...I'm not really runnin'...I mean I'm not on the football field or track, or nothing like that. I'm not even outside...And I'd never run inside...I'd never run in the halls. No sir...don't want to go to no detention.

JOE pauses and stares into space with mouth wide open. He looks at the PRESIDENT.

JOE: Uh...What am I doing?

PRESIDENT: You're running for student council president, remember?

JOE: Oh yeah...I'm running for...well...I'm not really running. I mean I'm not on the football field or track, or nothing like that. I'm not even outside...

PRESIDENT: *(Cutting JOE off)* Uh, Thanks, Joe. Very informative. Now moving right along...For the first time ever, our next Candidates are running together. Brandy and Candy Harris.

BRANDY and CANDY excitedly go to the podium.

BRANDY/CANDY: Like, hi.

They both giggle.

CANDY: I'm Candy.

BRANDY: and I'm Brandy.

BRANDY/CANDY: And we're sisters!

Both girls jump up and down and hug each other.

CANDY: And we're running for...

BRANDY/CANDY: Student Council President!

Again, both girls jump up and down and hug each other.

BRANDY: It's like $1 + 1 \dots$

CANDY: Equals 1

BRANDY: I love Math!

CANDY: Me too!

They both jump up and down and hug each other.

BRANDY: It's like really, really important you vote for us.

CANDY: Yeah, like we think a really cool idea would be like to have nutrition and like lunch together and call it "Nunch."

BRANDY: And then like have it from 10 in the morning till like 2...not at night, but like in the afternoon.

CANDY: And another thing...if you already talk English, why should you have to talk a class for it?

BRANDY: I know. Like how silly.

CANDY: And don't forget Brandy that like only really cute people should be able to go to lunch early every day.

BRANDY: Like us!

CANDY Duh!!! Of course!

Both girls jump up and down and hug each other.

BRANDY: Well, maybe not every day, Candy, but like on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday.

CANDY: Great idea, Brandy.

BRANDY: Thanks, Candy

CANDY: And like if you're late to school because you couldn't find the right top to go with the jeans you bought at Forever 21, you shouldn't be counted tardy.

BRANDY: I know. I hate that. And like detention is so lame.

CANDY: I know. Like if you get a referral, you should just have to stay after school.

BRANDY: Duh!

CANDY: So...in summer-y, like really, really vote for us.

BRANDY: Vote for Candy.

CANDY: And Brandy.

BRANDY/CANDY: And we'll make Student Council so dandy!

They jump up and down and hug each other as they move to their seats and sit down.

PRESIDENT: *(Mimicking...)* Wow. Like okay. Like thanks, Brandy and Candy. Next Margaret Throckmorton.

MARGARET walks to the podium.

MARGARET: Thank you, Ms. President. Distinguished Faculty, Staff, and students, the role of student council president should not be taken lightly. It is a position that requires and demands a great deal of time, energy, and intelligence, which my opponents seem to lack. If elected I will require that all candidates for student council president be able to put a complete sentence together without the use of “like,” “duh”, and/or “uh.” Finally, and most importantly, I would pass a new school policy that would mandate that all teachers undergo severe psychological evaluations and pass an IQ test before stepping into the classroom. Those who fail these tests would immediately be demoted to Administrative positions! In closing, I demand...er...I mean I ask that you vote for me.

MARGARET sits back down.

BRANDY: Wow, Margaret. That was like a really good speech.

MARGARET: Shut up.

BRANDY: Like sure.

PRESIDENT: Next Clyde Thomas.

CLYDE just stares straight ahead with his mouth open.

PRESIDENT: Uh, Clyde. You're on.

CLYDE keeps staring ahead with mouth wide open.

PRESIDENT: *(Yelling)* CLYDE!

CLYDE looks at the President and nods and slowly gets up and walks to the podium. At the podium he looks like a deer caught in headlights. His mouth is still open. After several seconds...

CLYDE: Uh...

CLYDE, continuing to stare straight ahead, slowly smiles, but does not move, nor does he say anything else.

The PRESIDENT goes to the podium and pries Clyde's hands from the sides of the podium and helps him to his seat. CLYDE sits down and continues to stares straight ahead. The PRESIDENT returns to the Podium.

PRESIDENT: And now, moving right along... Aqua...uh...Aquani...uh Ms. Washington.

AQUATANIQUA: Oh no you didn't! My name is A-qua-ta-ni-qua. Get it right.

The PRESIDENT cuts in...

PRESIDENT: Okay, okay. So sorry. Please continue.

AQUATANIQUA: I'm runnin for Student Council Prez up in hur this Schoo...*(Distracted by two noisy girls in audience)* Uhum... *(Yelling)* What the... Excuse me...excuse me. I'm given a speech here and yo sho ain't gonna talk while I'm talkin.' Girl, I'll come down there and pull that weave right offa yo fat head. *(Stares at the two girls for a moment)* Whatever. Anyways...

CANDY *(Interrupting...)* You like tell 'em, girl!

CANDY and BRANDY both laugh.

AQUATANIQUA: Ah, hell no...Whatchu two laughin at...*(To the audience...)* These two so high they'd steal the crack off yo butt! You know what I'm sayin'? Uhum.

CANDY and BRANDY stop laughing and look at each other confused.

Anyways, vote for me, Aquataniqua Washington for Student Council Prezident.

AQUATANITQUA returns to her seat.

PRESIDENT: Thank you, A-qua-ta-ni-qua. And last, but not least...Guadalupe Pedro Juan Jose Ramirez Garcia...Jr.

GUADALUPE walks to the podium.

GUADALUPE: *(All in Spanish)* Estoy muy orgulloso estar aquí hoy y hablar con usted estudiantes maravillosos acerca de presentarse a presidente. Es un honor para mí estar aquí y para preguntarle para su voto en esta elección muy importante. Haré cuanto podré para ayudar todos y ser amable a todos los estudiantes. Por favor

voto para mí y nosotros tendrán un año escolar maravilloso. Vote para mí
Guadalupe Pedro Juan Jose Ramirez Garcia...Jr.

PRESIDENT: Uh...can you say that in English.

GUADALUPE: Oh yes...sorry...Uh me...for vote.

GUADALUPE returns to his seat.

PRESIDENT: Well, there you have it. Voting starts tomorrow, Candidates. Good night
and good luck. You'll need it.

BLACKOUT

Scene 4

DATING

Characters

THERESA	TOM
NOEMI	PETER
CARLA	JAMES

AT RISE: *THERESA, NOEMI, and CARLA are sitting on a bench talking at a table at lunch.*

THERESA: I am so excited about tonight.

NOEMI: Why? Just another date.

CARLA: Yeah. Why the big hype?

THERESA: Well...tonight's the night.

NOEMI: Oooh, girl. Get it!

THERESA: I'm a little nervous.

NOEMI: Why? No big deal. I still can't believe you're a virgin ay 17.

THERESA: Better than being like some people.

NOEMI: Uh uh, girl. You better not be looking at me!

CARLA: Are you sure you want to do this?

THERESA: We've been dating for 2 months. I think he's getting a little impatient.

NOEMI: You like him? I mean really like him?

THERESA: Are you kidding? He's the best guy I've ever dated.

NOEMI: Then you better give it up or he'll look for someone else.

CARLA: Really? I mean really? That's your advice?

NOEMI: You better believe it.

THERESA: Hah. You really think so?

CARLA: You would have sex with some guy just because he's getting a little "impatient?"

THERESA: Well...I just don't want to lose him.

CARLA: Why does the guy always get to make that decision? What if you said, "We're not having sex...or I'm not ready." And then said, "If that's not okay with you...bye bye."

NOEMI: Girl, what planet are you on? It don't work like that.

CARLA: It doesn't if you don't let it.

THERESA: Noemi's right. That's just how things are these days.

CARLA: You know, there are girls who wait until they're married.

NOEMI: Yeah the ugly ones.

CARLA: You are such a hater.

THERESA: Wait a minute. You and Peter have had sex right?

CARLA: Nope. Never girl.

NOEMI: And he's okay with that?

CARLA: Yep. Best believe it.

THERESA: Wow.

NOEMI: He's definitely gay.

CARLA: Why is it so hard for you to believe that some girls don't have sex with every guy they meet?

NOEMI: You're probably the only 18 year-old virgin in the world.

CARLA: And I wear the title well.

THERESA: On the real, though, why?

CARLA: One. I will never let a guy determine when I have sex. And two, I feel good about not giving in.

NOEMI: Don't you ever want to.

THERESA: Yeah, don't you ever get in the "mood?"

CARLA: Of course I do. But I also want to eat strawberry cheesecake ice cream with hot Cheetos 24 hours a day. But I don't do that either.

NOEMI: I'm telling you...there is something wrong with you.

CARLA: Look. All I'm saying is I think about it, Theresa. It's one of those things you can never take back. Don't do something you're gonna regret later.

THERESA: Yeah. I guess I should think about it more.

NOEMI: Speaking of the devil...

THOMAS and JAMES enter.

THOMAS: Hey Baby. What's up?

JAMES: Hey, Girls. How you doing?

CARLA: Good. You?

THOMAS: Great. Just chillin with my homey.

JAMES: What ya'll ladies talking about?

THERESA: Nothing. Just some girl talk.

CARLA: *(Laughs)* Yeah, "Girl Talk." *(She looks sharply at THOMAS and then looks back at THERESA.)* Well, Noemi and I have to bounce. We got softball practice. You coming Theresa?

THERESA: Yeah, I'll be right there.

NOEMI: Bye guys. See ya later.

NOEMI and CARLA exit.

THERESA: *(To JAMES)* I gotta go. I'm going to see you tonight, right?

THOMAS: Baby, yes. You already know. *(Laughs and winks at THERESA)*

THERESA: I can't wait. I'll see you tonight.

THOMAS: You know you will. *(THERESA leaves)*

THOMAS: Big J... you gonna stay.

JAMES: Yeah, Bro. I have to catch up on some 1st period work.

PETER enters.

PETER: What's up my boys? What are ya'll doing?

JAMES: Catching up on some homework. You done with Chapter 4?

PETER: Ummm, Nah, Bro. I'm going to do it right now. What about you Thomas? You gonna put some work in, too, or you just chillin.?

THOMAS: Yeah, I'm gonna put in some work, but not the kind ya need a book for.

JAMES: That's my boy! Get some.

PETER: You a dog, fool!

THOMAS: You already know, Bro and so what? But guess what? She a virgin.

PETER: Dang, dawg. You gonna make her fall head over heels for you with no intention of catching her. All bad, Bro.

JAMES: Well that's what's up, Player, Player.

THOMAS: Yeah, Bro.

PETER: Nah nah nah...Yo man. That's all bad. That's a shady move right there.

THOMAS: Come on, Dude. You know she wants it too. And yeah, I know she's gonna start saying I love you and all that woopity-woo. And ya'll know me. I don't love these girls. You know us football players gonna get first dibs on the new hotties. *(Turns to JAMES)* You get me, Bro?

JAMES: You know I do, Bro.

PETER: Nah, Man. That's shady. You can't do that. Just cause your first female played you don't mean you gotta play all the girls after her cause your sensitive, childish ego is still hurt. Grow up, Man.

JAMES: What are you talking about, Bro. Nothing wrong with being a player.

PETER: It is if the girl doesn't know you're playing her.

JAMES: Dude. What are you talkin' about? And since when are you so against having a little fun?

PETER: I'm not. It's just that Theresa doesn't need to get hurt.

THOMAS: Hey, It's not like I'm cheatin' on Theresa or anything. I'm just getting what's mine.

PETER: What's yours? You really don't get it, Bro. Girls are people. They're not yours or anybody's. We talk all this crap, but that's exactly what it is, crap. If girls treated us like some guys treat them, we'd be crying foul like nobody's business.

JAMES: Wait a minute.

PETER: What?

JAMES: Dude, you and Carla have had sex, right?

PETER shakes his head and rolls his eyes.

THOMAS: Whoa, Dude. You're not a virgin or you?

JAMES: Bro...

PETER: So what?

JAMES: That's crazy, Bro.

PETER: Okay, so I'm a virgin, big deal.

JAMES: No Bro. I mean it's cool. We just didn't know.

PETER: I mean we've talked about it, but we thought we should wait.

JAMES: For what?

PETER: Dude, you know my sister's story. Her son is 3 years old. She raised him on her own, because the sleazebag that got her pregnant bailed right after she told him. My sister works full time and is going to school at night. I never want to be that guy and I definitely don't want Carla or any girl to have to go through what my sister's had to.

JAMES: Dude, you'd never be like that idiot.

THOMAS: What a scumbag.

PETER: So if you got Theresa pregnant you'd step up and take care of her and the baby?

THOMAS. Never gonna happen. Protection, Bro.

PETER: But if she did get pregnant or any girl you decide to conquer?

THOMAS: Yeah, sure...I mean no... I'm not ready to be a dad or support anyone.

JAMES: Dude, you don't even have a job.

THOMAS: Whatever. Like I said...ain't gonna happen.

PETER: Only way you can you be 100% sure it ain't gonna happen is by waiting till you're ready to be a dad and support a family.

JAMES: Okay, dude. We get the message. Lighten up.

PETER: *(To THOMAS)* Just think about it.

THOMAS: Okay. Okay. I'll think about it.

JAMES: Yeah, you think about it. As for me, Dawg...I've been making the ladies happy since 8th grade and I mean really happy. You feel my, Bro. I mean I'm Alpha friggin Dawg.

THOMAS: Dude, the only time you ever make a girl happy is when you disappear.

PETER: Look, I gotta go. *(Looks at THOMAS)*

THOMAS: I said I'd think about it. Alright? Sheesh. *(Looks at JAMES)* Come on, Alpha Dawg – were late for practice.

PETER: Later, Dudes.

THOMAS and JAMES exit stage right. PETER starts to exit stage left when he meets Brad, a football player, who is entering stage left.

BRAD: Hey Pete.

They bump fists.

PETER: Hey, Brad. James and Thomas just left. Gotta catch up with them.

BRAD: Okay, Man. Later.

(PETER exits.)

BLACKOUT

Scene 5

MONOLOGUE: "NEVER AGAIN"

Character

BRAD: *Football Player*

AT RISE: The locker room. The table has been struck, but the bench remains. Brad goes to the bench and sets. He is changing into his football uniform for practice. As he is changing into his football cleats, he speaks directly to the audience, continuing to change as he speaks.

Ever since I can remember, I've been well-liked. I mean I've never tried to be popular; it just kinda happened. I'm not being conceited or anything. It's just how it is. It's pretty cool to be liked by everyone. I have to admit it feels good to have people say hi to me in the halls. Even the teachers wave me down sometimes. Of course, I was always taught to respect others and they will respect me. And for the most part, it has always worked... except for Phillip Clayton. Philip was one of those guys the jocks and popular kids made fun of. I mean he was an easy target...real skinny, wore these big ole glasses that always seemed to be broken and wore about a size 13 shoe. It seemed like he always said the wrong thing at the wrong time. It wasn't that Phillip wasn't smart. Shoot, he made better grades than me and most of the kids in our class. He was just...different. And in high school, being different can be a really bad thing. One day at lunch, Phillip was eating by himself like he always did and Jimmy Harris shouted at him, "Hey retard, sittin' with all your friends?" Of course, everybody started laughing. Phillip just sat there eating, trying to ignore Jimmy. Someone else said something pretty mean and then Jimmy threw a French fry and hit Phillip right in the middle of his head. Everyone

laughed even harder and before you knew it, everyone was pelting Phillip with fries. He screamed for them to stop, but the louder he screamed, the more food they threw. Philip finally stopped screaming and just sat there taking it. I wanted to yell at him and tell him to fight back and not to let these morons do this to him. But I didn't. I hated Jimmy Harris right then and wasn't too proud of myself, seeing that I was sitting at Jimmy's table. I wasn't throwing anything, but I wasn't stopping it either. Finally, a teacher walked in and everyone acted as if nothing happened. And Phillip? He just stood up, brushed the food off, and with as much dignity as he could muster, walked out of the cafeteria. I never saw Phillip again. No one knows what happened to him. Maybe he moved away. I don't know. I do know that at that moment I vowed to never treat anyone like that again and that I would stick up for people who are being bullied. No matter what. And if being popular means I have to make fun or put down other people, forget it.

You can have it. In ten years I won't be able to tell you who was class favorite and class president. But I'll tell you one thing...I'll never forget Phillip Clayton.

BLACKOUT

(At blackout, BRAD moves the bench to Downstage left. He then grabs his gym bag and exits.)

Scene 6

BULLIES 1

Characters

SAM: *High school student. A little overweight.*
JANE: *High school student. Petite and shy.*
TYLER: *High school student*
GOOFY: *High school student. His name says it all.*
ANA: *High school student. Very pretty.*

AT RISE: SAM and JANE enter stage right and sit on the bench.

SAM: Did you do Mr. Smythe's homework.

JANE: Of course. Didn't you?

SAM: Yeah, but man, did it take me a long time.

JANE: You should have called me. I would've helped you.

SAM: Next time for sure. Listen. I need to go to the office before next period. See ya in class.

JANE: Bye Sam.

JANE opens her journal and begins writing. GOOFY and TYLER, who were standing to the side, see SAM leave. They approach JANE. As they pass by her, GOOFY grabs her journal.

TYLER: Oink, oink, oink. I like Sam the Ham. I like Sam the Ham.

JANE: *(Gets up and tries to get her journal)* Hey, give that back.

TYLER: Awww. *(Talking like a baby...)* Does Sam's wittle girlfriend wants her wittle book back?

JANE: Grow up. Just give it back.

TYLER: Listen to this Goofy...Sam is such a nice guy...very thoughtful. I feel so comfortable with him.

GOOFY: Oh man do you have it bad.

JANE: Stop reading it. It's none of your business.

GOOFY: Everything in this school is our business.

JANE: Juts give me my book back, please.

TYLER: You really like Sam the Ham?

GOOFY: Yeah how could any girl like Sam the Ham?

JANE: Stop calling him that. At least he's not a jerk like you guys.

TYLER: Say what? Wha'd you say?

GOOFY: Maybe we should show Sam your journal.

JANE: No, No. Please...

GOOFY and TYLER walk away, then stop and continue reading journal. ANA approaches JANE.

ANA: Hey Jane. What's going on? Hey, what's wrong?

JANE: Aw it's nothing really.

ANA: Yeah it is. I can tell. What is it?

JANE: See those guys over there? They took my journal.

ANA: You mean your personal journal?

JANE: Yeah. I have everything in there and they're reading it.

ANA: Oh no. That's not happening. Don't worry. I'll get it back.

JANE: No, no! I don't want to cause any more problems.

ANA: What are you talking about? You didn't cause any problems. They did. You can't let them treat you like that.

JANE: They're never gonna stop.

ANA: They will today. I promise you.

ANA walks over to the TYLER and GOOFY.

ANA: Hey, guys. How's it going?

TYLER: Hey beautiful.

ANA: Aw. You are so sweet,

GOOFY: Hey, what about me?

ANA: Oh, there are no words to describe what I think of you. Hey, is that Jane's journal?

TYLER: Oh yeah. Man you should read some of this stuff.

GOOFY: Yeah. She has a huge crush on Sam the Ham. Can you believe that?

ANA: Actually, I can, because Sam is a really nice guy.

GOOFY: Say what?

ANA: Not only is he a really nice guy, but he would never bully a girl and take her journal.

TYLER: Hey, we were just goofing around. Right Goofy?

Both Boys laugh. ANA grabs the journal and hits GOOFY on the head.

ANA: You guys really need to grow up and learn to pick on someone your own size AND mentality. I'll see if I can find any two year olds around.

GOOFY: Hey, are you calling us babies?

ANA: No, that would be a compliment.

ANA acts as if she is going to hit them again with the journal. Both boys back up.

ANA: That's what I thought. *(ANA goes back to JANE and gives her the journal.)*

GOOFY: You gonna let her punk you out like that?

TYLER: Me? She was punking on you, man.

GOOFY: Then why did you flinch?

TYLER: Whatever, man. Just shut up. Let's go.

GOOFY and TYLER exit.

BLACKOUT

Scene 7

FRIENDS TALKING ABOUT FRIENDS

Characters

ALLY: *High school student.*

BETH: *High school student*

SONYA: *High school student*

AT RISE: BETH and ALLY are best friends and are walking to their lockers. They both have backpacks on and a book or two in their arms.

ALLY: Did she tell you?

BETH: OMG. I can't believe it!

ALLY: I know. I'm a little suspicious, though.

BETH? Of what?

ALLY: Come on. The Football Captain?

BETH: So...

They arrive at their lockers and continue talking as they open them, put their books up, and get what they need.

ALLY: Uh...I love, Sam. You know that. But the football captain? Please.

BETH: What exactly are you saying?

ALLY: Come on, Beth. Samantha's not exactly the most beautiful girl out there.

BETH: Oh my gosh. That is so mean.

ALLY: Well, it's true.

BETH: Sam's a great person. You should be ashamed of yourself for saying such a thing. Besides, "Mr. Football Captain" isn't exactly the best-looking guy in school.

ALLY: Football Captains don't have to be.

BETH: *(Obviously disgusted)* Oh, but girls do?

ALLY: I don't know why you're getting so upset. You know it's true.

BETH: All I know is Samantha has so much more going for her than being Somebody's idea of what beauty is.

ALLY: Well, when you put it like that...

BETH: Geez, Ally. Makes me wonder what you say behind my back.

ALLY: I don't say anything about you behind your back.

BETH: You're talking about Sam behind her back.

ALLY: That's because she's not in front of me...Get it...Back, front?

BETH: Not funny. You know what I mean.

Both girls shut their lockers and lock them.

ALLY: Come on, Beth. Lighten up. I didn't mean anything by it.

BETH: Friends don't put down each other, Ally. Ever.

ALLY: Okay, okay. I'm sorry.

BETH: And just for the record, if Sam or anyone said anything bad about you, I'd stand up for you too.

ALLY: Just forget I said anything.

BETH: Gladly. (*Looks at her watch...*) Geez, we're gonna be late to Math. Come on.

Just as they start to leave, SONYA approaches them.

SONYA: Oh my god! Did you hear about Sam?

ALLY and BETH look at SONYA and then each other and roll their eyes. They shake their heads and walk away. SONYA is obviously confused. After a brief moment, she follows the two girls.

SONYA: What? Wha'd I say? Hello!!!

BLACKOUT

Scene 8

THEATRE CLASS

Characters

MR. DRAMAN: *Theatre Teacher*

CARRIE: *Really into Theatre and role playing. Very excited.*

MARCIE: *Not into Theatre at all. Hates role-playing.*

RAYMOND: *Takes Theatre and the game a little too far.*

AT RISE: MR. DRAMAN and the students sit in chairs down stage center in a semi-circle. As MR. DRAMAN is speaking to the students, he pretends to hold an imaginary bird in his hands.

MR. DRAMAN: Now students, today I want you to hold the little bird that I have in my hand. Can you see it? Can you feel the little bird's soft feathers and light wings? Can you feel the texture of its oh so tiny head? Can you see it? It's in my hands. I am very gently caressing its downy head. Now I am going to pass the little birdie to Carrie. Be careful Carrie. It is very fragile.

*MR. DRAMAN pretends to hand the bird to CARRIE.
CARRIE reaches for the bird.*

CARRIE: Oh, Mr. Draman, I see it. I see it. Such a sweet little thing. Hello, Little bird. How are you?

MR. DRAMAN: Excellent, Carrie. Now pass it to Marcie.

CARRIE starts to pass the bird to MARCIE.

MARCIE: Uh...no...I really can't do this, Mr. Draman. I'm not very good at pantomime.

MR. DRAMAN: Well, let's see, Marcie. How can I motivate you? Let's see. Ah yes. Do you want to pass theatre this semester?

MARCIE reaches out and takes the bird.

MARCIE: Oh, there you are little Birdie. Aren't you just the cutest thing. Nice Birdie.

She pretends to throw the bird to RAYMOND. RAYMOND pretends to catch it.

MR. DRAMAN: Gently, Marcie. Don't want to injure our little friend.

MARCIE rolls her eyes. Suddenly RAYMOND gasps and looks in the air.

MR. DRAMAN: Raymond. What's wrong?

RAYMOND: *(Obviously upset)* It flew away.

MR. DRAMAN: What flew away?

RAYMOND: The bird. It flew away.

CARRIE: Oh no! *(She starts looking around.)*

MR. DRAMAN: No, Raymond. Let's keep the bird in our hands.

RAYMOND: I couldn't help it, Mr. Draman. I didn't grab it fast enough from Marcie.

MARCIE: Don't blame me.

MR. DRAMAN: No one's to blame, because the bird did not fly away. I don't want the bird to fly away. I want you to hold it and pass it to me, Raymond.

RAYMOND: I can't. It flew away.

MR. DRAMAN: Quit saying that. It did not fly away.

RAYMOND: Yes it did, Mr. Draman...just flew right out of my hands. I could go try and find it. I'm sure it's still in the theatre.

MR. DRAMAN: Raymond, there is no bird. How can something fly away that does not exist?

RAYMOND: Then what were you holding?

MR. DRAMAN: I was imagining I was holding a bird.

RAYMOND: Oh, no wonder I couldn't catch it.

MR. DRAMAN: *(Becoming more irritated)* You couldn't catch it because it doesn't exist. There is no bird. We were just pretending. No bird. Do you understand that, Raymond? No bird. No bird!

RAYMOND: Then what flew out of my hands?

MR. DRAMAN: Nothing flew out of your hands! How can something fly out of your hands that is not real?

RAYMOND: Birds are real.

CARRIE: Yeah.

MR. DRAMAN: Not that bird?

RAYMOND: I thought you said there was no bird.

MR. DRAMAN: I did.

RAYMOND: But you just said the bird that didn't exist was in my hands.

MR. DRAMAN: I meant...

MR. DRAMAN is interrupted by a screaming RAYMOND who starts running around.

RAYMOND: There it is. There's the birdie. Here little Birdie. Here little birdie!

CARRIE joins RAYMOND in running after the fictitious bird. MARCIE looks disgusted.

MR. DRAMAN: *(Losing it)* Get back here. Do you hear me? Get back here this minute!

MR. DRAMAN starts jumping up and down, yelling...

There is no bird. There is no...

RAYMOND screams in horror.

RAYMOND: Oh no!

MR. DRAMAN: What? What is it? Are you hurt?

RAYMOND: You stepped on it. You've killed the bird.

CARRIE begins to sob.

MARCIE: I am so out of here.

MARCIE exists. RAYMOND goes to where MR. DRAMAN is standing and just stares down at the floor.)

RAYMOND: Poor little birdie.

MR. DRAMAN: It's okay, Raymond...Carrie. It's okay. Look. I didn't kill the birdie. *(He pretends to pick up the bird off the floor.)* See? Here it is. It flew into my hands. See the cute little birdie?

RAYMOND: What bird?

MR. DRAMAN: *(Just looks at RAYMOND and screams!)*

BLACKOUT

Scene 9

DUDES

Characters

MANNY: *High school sophomore*

FRANK: *High school junior: Big guy*

AT RISE: *FRANK is sitting on a bench reading a book. MANNY approaches him. As he does, he looks back in the direction he came from.*

MANNY: Frank man. Que paso?

FRANK: Hey Manny. What's up?

MANNY: Nothing, man. Just waiting for 2:40.

FRANK: I hear that.

MANNY: Listen, was that Carlo you were talking to.

FRANK: Yeah. So.

MANNY: Dude, the guy's gay.

FRANK: Yeah.

MANNY: People are going to think you're queer.

FRANK: Don't be stupid.

FRANK goes back to reading his book.

MANNY: Hey, man, I mean I don't have a problem with it, but you're new here, man. People don't know you.

FRANK: So what? Just because I talk to someone who's gay, people will think I'm gay?

MANNY: Just sayin', man.

FRANK: So if I talk to an elephant, will people think I'm an elephant?

MANNY: Now you're being stupid.

FRANK: Same principle, man.

MANNY: Come on, you know what I'm saying. You're known by who you hang with.

FRANK: People can think what they want. I could care less.

MANNY: If you're going to survive here, you better care. Besides he's just a fag. What's the big deal anyway? It's not like he's your friend or anything.

FRANK: And what if he is my friend.

MANNY: Yeah, right. You hang with queers. Maybe I was wrong about you being a fag.

FRANK has had enough and grabs MANNY by the collar.

FRANK: Let me tell you what I am. I'm a man who talks to anyone I want to and I make friends with anyone I want to. I don't care if they're gay, straight, black, white, brown, yellow, or green. I decide who I hang out with – not you or anyone else.

MANNY: *(Pulls away from FRANK's grip)* Okay, okay, man. Chillax.

FRANK: You "chillax." And just for the record, calling a gay person a fag or queer is just like calling someone a nigger or spic or white trash.

MANNY: Whoa, Dude.

FRANK: Grow up, Manny. And quit being such an idiot.

FRANK picks up his book that he dropped on the chair he was sitting in and takes a step toward MANNY to scare him. MANNY jumps back.

FRANK exits.

MANNY: Wow! What's with him??

BLACKOUT

Scene 10

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE IT

Characters

CYNTHIA: *High school junior*

GRACIELA: *High school junior*

MARCY: *High school junior*

DWAYNE: *High school senior*

AT RISE: *CYNTHIA is sitting is on a bench. MARCY and GRACIELA approach her.*

GRACIELA: Hi, Marcy.

MARCY: Hey Girl.

CYNTHIA: *(Quietly)* Hi.

GRACIELA: Hey, how did you guys do on the Algebra test?

MARCY: Man, was it hard.

GRACIELA: I know. I just hope I made at least a "B."

MARCY: A "B?" I just hoped I passed it.

GRACIELA: Cynthia, are you alright?

CYNTHIA: Yeah. I'm fine.

GRACIELA: You don't act fine. You sure you're okay?

CYNTHIA: Really. I'm fine. Just a little tired.

GRACIELA: You and me both. I was up until midnight studying.

MARCY: Me too. But I wasn't studying. I talked to Jason until 2 in the morning.

GRACIELA: Are you two back together?

MARCY: Depends on where he takes me to dinner tonight. McDonald's, no. Very expensive restaurant, yes.

GRACIELA: Oh did you guys hear about Mrs. Hamilton today? Sam Blackwell had to do the Heimlich Maneuver on her today.

MARCY: You're kidding. What happened?

GRACIELA: I guess she choked on a chicken bone she was eating – you know how she's always eating between classes. I guess Sam was the first one in the classroom and there was old Mrs. Hamilton, choking and turning blue.

MARCY: But Bill is so little and Mrs. L so tall. How did he do it?

GRACIELA goes behind CYNTHIA and starts pretending she is Sam helping Mrs. Hamilton.

CYNTHIA: Gracie, stop it.

Both girls ignore MARCY and continue mimicking Mrs. Hamilton and Sam.

GRACIELA: Come on, Mrs. L. Cough it up.

CYNTHIA: *(Yelling)* Stop it. That hurts.

Both girls stop immediately and look at CYNTHIA. CYNTHIA winces in pain and rubs her shoulder.

MARCY: Cynthia, what's wrong? Are you okay?

GRACIELA: Geez, Cynthia. We were just kidding around.

CYNTHIA: I know. I know. It's just my shoulder.

MARCY: What did you do?

CYNTHIA: Nothing. Listen I better go.

GRACIELA: Wait a minute. What did you do to your shoulder?

CYNTHIA: Nothing, really. I just hurt it.

MARCY: How?

GRACIELA: Let me see.

She tries to pull the collar down on CYNTHIA's shirt.

CYNTHIA: No, don't

GRACIELA: Cynthia, something is wrong. What did you do? Why are you being so weird about it?

CYNTHIA: *(Pauses)* Dwayne accidently...

MARCY: What? What did he do?

GRACIELA: Cynthia, let me see your shoulder.

CYNTHIA flinches again.

GRACIELA: Either let us see your shoulder or we're calling Dwayne and ask him what happened.

CYNTHIA: *(Panicking)* No, no, please. Don't call him.

GRACIELA sighs and slowly pulls her collar down to reveal bruises.

GRACIELA: Oh my gosh! How did you get these?

MARCY: You said something about Dwayne and an accident.

GRACIELA: Doesn't look like an accident to me.

MARCY: Cynthia, talk to us. What happened?

CYNTHIA: Dwayne and I had a fight.

GRACIELA: He did this to you?

CYNTHIA: He didn't mean to.

MARCY: *(Sarcastically)* He didn't mean to?

GRACIELA: Is this the first time you've had an "accident" with Dwayne?

CYNTHIA: *(Quietly)* No.

GRACIELA: Why Cynthia? Why would you let him do this to you?

CYNTHIA: He didn't mean to. He loves me.

GRACIELA: Hitting someone has nothing to do with love.

MARCY: You can't let him do this you.

CYNTHIA: He used to be so sweet. Now all we do is fight. If I even look at another guy he goes crazy.

GRACIELA: You've got to let him go. He's a slime bag.

CYNTHIA: I can't.

MARCY: What do you mean you can't? Do you like being beaten up?

CYNTHIA: No, of course not.

GRACIELA: Then leave him.

CYNTHIA: You don't understand. I'm afraid. I'm afraid he'll get mad. Really mad.

GRACIELA: Let me tell you something, Cynthia Hernandez, you are better than this. You deserve far better than Dwayne Thomas. You deserve someone who loves you with kisses and roses, not his fists.

MARCY: You don't have to take this.

CYNTHIA turns her head away and sees DWAYNE approaching.

CYNTHIA: (*Panicking*) Oh no. Here he comes. Please don't say anything. Please.

DWAYNE: Hey pretty ladies. (*He goes to CYNTHIA and kisses her cheek*) How's my girl today?

CYNTHIA: Hi Dwayne.

DWAYNE: Ready to go?

CYNTHIA: Sure.

GRACIELA: Uh...she's not going anywhere with you.

MARCY: Yeah. She's leaving with us.

DWAYNE: Say what?

GRACIELA: What, are you deaf? She's going with us. Girls' night out. You understand.

DWAYNE: I don't think so. (*Starts to pull CYNTHIA up*) Let's go, Babe.

CYNTHIA: (*Timidly*) No.

DWAYNE: What did you say?

CYNTHIA: *(Stronger and looking him in the eye this time)* I said no. I'm going with Gracie and Marcy.

DWAYNE: Look, wench, I'm not playing. Get your butt up and let's go. *(He grabs her arm.)*

CYNTHIA: *(Pulling away)* No! I'm not going with you. Now or never. And I'm not your wench or girl or babe. Not anymore.

MARCY: You go, girl.

GRACIELA: *(Getting in front of CYNTHIA)* And if you ever touch Cynthia or any girl in this school for that matter, we'll call the police and have you arrested for abuse. You think you're so tough? See how tough you are in a cell with 40 other boys. Then who'll be the wench?

MARCY: Real men don't hit women. Real men don't call their girlfriends wenches. Real men treat women with respect and dignity.

DWAYNE: I...

MARCY: Shut up. I'm talking. If you think it is so cool or macho to go around beating up your girlfriend, then you need to go back to the beginning and start all over again. Because you have definitely missed the boat.

GRACIELA: Boat nothing. He missed the entire ship.

DWAYNE: But I...

GRACIELA: That's right you're a butt. Now get that sorry butt out of here before we tell you what we really think of you.

DWAYNE walks away sullenly. All three girls watch as he goes, then give each other high fives and hugs, being careful to avoid CYNTHIA's shoulder.

CYNTHIA: Thanks, guys.

GRACIELA: What are friends for?

BLACKOUT

Scene 11

REFERRALS

Characters

MRS. SMITH: *Teacher; very kind looking.*

TIM: *Student*

LINDA: *Student*

JOSE: *Student*

JAMIE: *Student*

JOSHUA: *Student*

PATRICIA: *Student*

LUCY: *Student*

TEDDY: *Student*

AT RISE: MRS. SMITH is standing in front of her class upstage center. She is facing the audience. There are six(6) desks in two(2) rows with three (3) desks in both rows center stage. The desk face Mrs. Smith which means the actors are facing upstage. Students sit in the following desks:

<i>1 - TIM</i>	<i>4 - TEDDY</i>
<i>2 - PATRICIA</i>	<i>5 - LINDA</i>
<i>3 - JOSHUA</i>	<i>6 - JAMIE</i>
<i>4 - LUCY</i>	<i>7 - JOSE</i>

MS. SMITH: Welcome students to the first day of our new school year. Good to see everyone this beautiful morning. I want this class to be a fantastic learning experience for all of you. Your Daily Journal topic is on the board. Please write until I tell you to stop.

TIM: Mrs. Smith, may I go to the bathroom?

MRS. SMITH: Why of course you may, Tim. Oh, and you can take this referral to the office while you're at it for trying to skip class.

TIM: But I...

MRS. SMITH: Would you like another one?

TIM shakes his head no.

MRS. SMITH: Then I suggest you not argue and go as quietly as you can.

TIM gets up out of his seat, takes the referral from MRS. SMITH, and exits.

TEDDY: *(Looks at TIM and whispers...)* Wow!

MRS. SMITH: What did you just say, Teddy?

TEDDY: Uh...n-n-nothing Mrs. Smith. I swear!

MRS. SMITH: Oh, so now you're swearing, are we. Well you take that potty mouth and this referral and go directly to the office.

Humiliated, TEDDY takes the referral and exits.

LINDA: Mrs. Smith, I'm not sure I understand the topic?

MRS. SMITH: No Problem, Linda. However, I suggest you go back to elementary school where perhaps you can understand better. Oh, and on your way you can take this referral to the office while you're at it.

LINDA starts to say something then thinks better of it.

JOSE: *(Very timidly)* Mrs. Smith, my pencil broke. May I sharpen it, please?

MRS. SMITH: Of course you may, Jose. I'm sure the principal has a sharpener in his office. And while you're there, please give him this referral for not being prepared for class.

JOSE retrieves the referral and as he is leaving, accidentally bumps into JAMIE and makes her drop her pencil. JOSE picks it up and hands it to her.

JAMIE: Thank you,

MRS. SMITH: And thank you, Jamie, for interrupting class yet once again.

JAMIE: But I was just being polite.

MRS. SMITH: And please continue being polite by taking your referral to the office.

JAMIE gets her referral and exits.

JOSHUA: *(Sneezes)*

PATRICIA: Bless you.

MRS. SMITH: Well bless me, another referral for both of you. Spreading germs and once again talking during journal time.

*After handing JOSHUA and PATRICIA their referrals,
MRS. SMITH looks around the classroom.*

MRS. SMITH: Now, who would like to share their journal entry?

LUCY: *(She looks at the empty desks and very nervously and slowly
raises her hand.)*

BLACKOUT

Scene 12

MONOLOGUE: “ACRONYMS”

Character

TABITHA: *High school junior*

AT RISE: TABITHA stands downstage center. She starts the monologue at a normal speed, but gradually continues to speed up as she starts using acronyms.

As a senior I had to talk to my counselor about graduation requirements. I told him I had taken all the necessary courses through my junior year. He suggested for my senior year that I take English 4, Chemistry 2, Algebra 3, Spanish 1 and Theatre 2. I told him I had already taken Chemistry 2 and Spanish 1. So he told me I should take Biology 3 and Spanish 2 as long as it didn't interfere with English 4 and Art 1. He also said I need an AP class ASAP, because I needed to take the SAT since I passed the PSAT. I asked him if he meant the ACT, but he said, “no.” However, I should take the MENC as well so it will help my GPA. I LOL, because IDK what that was. “BTW,” I said, “I was a member of FCS, FHA, and FTA as well as NHS. “AOK,” he said. He then suggested I get a new PC to apply to USC or UCLA, CSN, or CSLA, “You have a high IQ,” he said, “And could get a PHD and be an MD in an ICU.” “NW, I said. “I will get a BA or BS then an MBA after I pass the GRE Besides, My BFF and I really want to play for the NFL or NWBA and then work for the NCAAP. Then again maybe I should just get my GRE and RSVP. OMG!

BLACKOUT

Scene 13

LOCKER ROOM

CHARACTERS

STEVE: *High School Football Player*

KEVIN: *High School Star Football Quarterback*

AT RISE: *KEVIN is sitting on a bench changing clothes in the Locker room after a major high school football game. STEVE enters stage left very excited. Both boys have large gym bags.*

TEDDY: *(Seeing KEVIN)* Hey, there you are, man. Been looking all over for you. Thought maybe you had left already. Come on. We're all waiting for you to celebrate. State, here we come!

KEVIN: Yeah, I'll be ready in just a sec.

TEDDY: Man, you were amazing tonight!

KEVIN: Thanks.

TEDDY: Come on, man. You should be excited. Our first chance at state and you're the quarterback. Can't beat that.

KEVIN: I won't be going to state.

TEDDY: What are you talking about. Of course you will.

KEVIN: Nah, man. I've got more important things to take care of.

TEDDY: What could be more important than winning the state championship especially in our senior year. The only thing you need to be focusing on is being the number 1 Quarterback in the state, Bro. This is your ticket, man.

KEVIN: You don't understand, man.

TEDDY: What? Tell me.

KEVIN: *(Hesitates)* Remember that one night stand I had a couple of months ago?

TEDDY: Yeah. So?

KEVIN: So...she's pregnant.

TEDDY: It was a one-night stand. So what?

KEVIN: Didn't you hear me? She's pregnant.

TEDDY: Okay, and you should've used protection, Bro. But what's done is done. Move on.

KEVIN: Dude, she's having my baby. I just can't walk away like nothing happened.

TEDDY: Uh, yeah you can. And besides, why can't she have an abortion? That would solve everybody's problem.

KEVIN: Do you hear yourself, man? Abortion is not the solution. She's already told me that. And I wouldn't want her to have one anyway.

TEDDY: Do you love her.

KEVIN: Of course, not, man. I barely know her.

TEDDY: Then what's the problem. She knew what she was doing. Besides, you stop playing ball now and you can kiss any scholarships goodbye.

KEVIN: You think I don't that? You think I haven't thought about every possible angle? I love playing ball, man. It's my life.

TEDDY: Then don't give it up.

KEVIN: I have to, man. I have to get a job and support my kid. I can't do both.

TEDDY: You're talking crazy, Bro. And what about the team? We're all counting on you. Santos can't throw like you, much less run. We don't have a chance without you.

KEVIN: Look, I can't just walk out on my responsibilities. We're talking about my own flesh and blood here. Even if I don't stay with the mom, I still have to take care of the kid.

TEDDY: Dude, you're my boy. You just can't quit on us. Especially now.

KEVIN: How am I going to work a job and go to practice at the same time, much less find time to study. Huh? How?

TEDDY: You don't. Come on, man. You don't even know this chick. And if she did it with you, what makes you think you're the only one? You don't even know if the baby is really yours.

KEVIN. It's mine. I know.

TEDDY: So that's it, huh? You're just going to quit. Just like that? Leaving us without a quarterback? What about the rest of the team? Where's the loyalty there?

KEVIN: You just don't get it.

TEDDY: All I get is that you're bailing on us. Turning your back on us for some girl you don't even know.

KEVIN: *(Stands; his frustration and anger are obvious)* Dude, it's not about the girl. It's about the baby. My baby. Why can't you get that through your thick head? *(Starts to leave, then stops...)* You know, Teddy, I really thought you'd understand, or at least try to. But I tell you what. I'm through talking about it.

TEDDY: Just like that.

KEVIN: Just like that.

TEDDY: You're making a big mistake, Bro. You're going to regret this.

KEVIN: Then only thing I regret is thinking you were my friend.

KEVIN exits.

BLACKOUT

Scene 14

HOMEcomings

Characters

ANNOUNCER

GRETta HOGBACK: Boy Voice: Girl

SONIA CARTWRIGHT: Boy Voice: Girl

BUFFY SINCLAIR: Boy: Voice: Girl

CLARA MAY JORGENSON: Boy: Voice: Girl

BEATRICE JONES: Boy: Voice: Girl

MEGAN FULLBRIGHT: Girl: Voice: Boy

NOTES: *MEGAN is very pretty; a typical Homecoming Queen Candidate. Nominees 1-5 are all BOYS dressed as GIRLS. Nominee 6 is an actual Girl. The voices of Nominees 1-5 are GIRLS and the voice for Nominee 6 is a BOY with a very deep, masculine voice. The girls and boy who are voicing the Nominees sit directly behind the candidate they are voicing directly BEHIND the curtain or backdrop. It is recommended that each Voice Actor use a microphone. The Nominees pantomime the lines.*

AT RISE: *The Homecoming Queen Nominees are called individually and enter stage right. As the announcer is sharing a few facts about each Nominee, the Nominees sit in one of the six chairs set up center stage right in front of the stage curtain or backdrop.*

ANNOUNCER: Ladies and Gentlemen, we have come to that moment we have all been waiting for: The announcement of this year's Homecoming Queen. It is my privilege to introduce the six lovely ladies who have been nominated for this wonderful honor. Our first Nominee is **Miss Gretta Hogback**. Gretta is very active in girl's wrestling and was a state competitor last year. She also loves to cook and play the harpsichord. Our next Nominee is **Miss Sonia Cartwright**. Sonia is manager of the Girls Basketball team and is treasurer of the library club and Spanish club. Next: **Miss Buffy Sinclair**. Buffy is a Pom Pon Girl and loves to support all the sports teams. Buffy is very proud of her Britney Spears imitation! Our fourth nominee is **Miss Clara May Jorgenson**. Clara May is Captain of the Girls Basketball team and hopes to join the Boys team next year. Clara is also on the Varsity Bowling team and was last year's junior Bowling Princess. Our fifth nominee is **Miss Beatrice Jones**. Although Beatrice is not involved in school activities, the Joneses are well known here at Brownfield High as her father is Head football coach and her three brothers and six cousins all play on the varsity team. *(Announcer pauses for a second...)* Humm... *(more to himself than to the audience...)* Interesting... Anyway, our final Nominee is **Miss Megan Fullbright**. Megan is Senior class President and served her class as sophomore and junior class vice-president. Megan is a varsity cheerleader and a member of the National Honor Society. She has been class favorite for two years and in her spare times volunteers for her local animal shelter. And there you have it; our six beautiful candidates for Homecoming Queen. In just a few minutes we will find out who takes home the crown.

GRETTA: I am so nervous.

SONIA: Me too.

BUFFY: Me three.

CLARA: Girl, I can't believe I'm even nominated.

BEATRICE: I know what you mean.

SONIA: Oh please, you are both so beautiful.

CLARA & BEATRICE: Thank you

CLARA: You too.

GRETТА: I love your dress

SONIA: Thanks. Yours is gorgeous, too.

BUFFY: I wish they would announce the Queen already.

CLARA: What's taking so long.

SONIA: I don't know...Oh look, I see my Mom and Dad. *(To audience...)* Hi Mom. Hi. Dad.

GRETТА: I think my Dad's working.

CLARA: Bummer.

GRETТА: I know.

SONIA: Good luck everyone.

BUFFY: Ditto.

BEATRICE: Oh look. Here comes Mr. Gish.

GRETТА: Finally. Here we go girls.

SONIA: Shhhh. I can't hear.

GRETТА: Uh, please don't tell me to shush.

BEATRICE: Both of you be quiet.

CLARA: I'm not even talking.

SONIA: Mind your own business anyway.

CLARA: Excuse me.

SONIA: There is no excuse for you.

GRETТА: Or that dress.

CLARA: My dress. At least I don't look like some street walking skank.

GRETТА: Oh no you didn't...

SONIA: Who you calling a skank?

BUFFY: Oh please. It's a bit obvious.

SONIA: Girl, you obviously looking in a mirror.

CLARA: Apparently you haven't looked in one in a long time or you wouldn't be out in public.

GRETТА: Both of you could stand a serious makeover.

SONIA: You just told me you loved my dress.

GRETТА: I lied.

BEATRICE: You're both ugly. Now shut-up.

CLARA: Such children. Disgusting.

BUFFY: No, disgusting is taking a boatload of steroids and looking like a man.

GRETТА: Hey maybe you'll win Homecoming KING.

SONIA: Good one.

CLARA: Jealousy is such an unattractive color on you.

BEATRICE: Any color on you is unattractive.

SONIA: Such a pity.

CLARA: What?

SONIA: All those dye jobs finally ate your brain.

CLARA: I'll have you know this is my natural color.

GRETТА: Right. About as real as Buffy's boobs.

BUFFY: How dare you.

SONIA: I knew those weren't real.

BUFFY: Just like your pathetic weave

MEGAN: Would all of you heifers please shut the heck up? I want to hear when they announce me as queen.

All the candidates look at Nominee 6 and then, as if on cue, burst out laughing.

CLARA: Ain't gonna happen sweetie.

BEATRICE: Not in this lifetime.

MEGAN: Your lifetime is about to be shortened if you don't shut up.

CLARA: *(Sarcastically)* Oh, I am so scared.

GRETТА: Oh no! *(Starts crying)*

SONIA: What?

GRETТА: I lost one of my earrings. They're my sister's. She'll kill me if I can't find it.

BUFFY: Don't panic. It's here somewhere.

SONIA and BUFFY bend down to look for the earring and bump heads.

SONIA & BUFFY: OW!

BUFFY: You did that on purpose.

SONIA: No I didn't. You did.

BEATRICE: Is this it?

GRETТА: I can't see it. Just a minute.

GRETТА starts to get up and trips over the feet of SONIA. GRETТА falls to the ground. BEATRICE gets up to go to help her.

MEGAN: Get out of my way!

MEGAN pushes BEATRICE onto CLARA. As CLARA and BEATRICE fall, CLARA grabs BUFFY and they all land in pile on the floor. SONIA starts to stand and trips over the other Nominees. MEGAN is the only Nominee still sitting in her chair.

MEGAN: *(Takes a picture with her cell phone)* Now there's a pretty picture.

The five queen nominees on the floor try to unscramble themselves and get back in their chairs. Their hair is a mess, their makeup smeared, and their dresses completely disheveled.

As they get onto their chairs and are trying to pull themselves together...

ANNOUNCER: And this year's Homecoming Queen is...

The Nominees stare straight into the audience and look as if they were deer caught in headlights. MEGAN smiles beautifully.

BLACKOUT

INTERMISSION

ACT II

Scene 1

Monologue: "Becoming"

Character

COURTNEY: *High school senior*

AT RISE: COURTNEY enters stage right and goes downstage center as she finishes a conversation on her cell phone...

No, I really can't Sophie. I'm going to be up all night anyway just to pass the test. You know I want to go, but I really have to stay in and study. Maybe next week...Okay. See you Tomorrow. Bye.

COURTNEY sighs and stares at her phone for a sec. She then looks directly at the audience.

Ugh! Being in high school is not easy. People think being a teenager is so carefree, because many of us don't work or have to pay rent or bills. "My parents keep telling me to "Enjoy life now with no responsibilities, because it only gets harder." If I hear that one more time I think I'll puke. Sometimes I think teenagers have more pressure put upon them than adults do.

I mean, you can't even go to a party where someone doesn't offer you drugs or alcohol. And if you say no, they think you think you're better than they are or some kind of goodie-two-shoes. I mean it's not like I've never had a drink before, but when and if I drink I want it to be my choice, my decision, not someone else's or because of peer pressure. And to be honest, I don't want to drink, much less do drugs. People can do what they want. I don't judge them for it, but I hate not feeling like I have control. I guess I've been learning that I don't have to do anything I don't want to do when it comes to stuff like drugs and alcohol and sex. When I say "no," I mean "no." It's so hard sometimes, though, because everyone wants to be accepted. I don't know. I guess I'm just not willing to compromise anymore. I'm not willing to act a certain way or do something just so I'll be popular. It hurts, though, standing up and being your own person, not afraid to be different.

Like the other day, I was with a couple of seniors girls who were talking about another girl – how she didn't dress like they did and didn't wear any makeup. As they were talking, the girl just happened to walk by. She was dressed in an old skirt that the hem was coming out of and Lana, one of the senior girls, said, "Wow, nice skirt. And everyone laughed. I just looked at Teresa, the girl they were making fun of, and I'll never forget the look on her face. She just looked at us and smiled, as if she knew something we didn't, and then walked on. I just stood there staring at my "friend," wondering why I hang out with them in the first place. Then I walked away. Didn't even say goodbye. I felt so bad for Teresa. I knew I probably ruined my friendship with Lana and the other snobs. But I didn't care. So I went to the library to read a magazine, but couldn't concentrate. I kept thinking about Teresa and how she smiled instead of getting angry. And then it dawned on me. I knew why she was smiling.

Teresa isn't what other people think about her. She's who she thinks she is. She is not defined by her torn skirt or lack of eye shadow. She knows who she is, so what difference does it make what anyone else thinks. Wow! What a concept. That's the person I want to be. That's the kind of person I'm becoming.

BLACKOUT

Scene 2

BULLIES 2

Characters

TIFFANY: *High school student; Lucy's girlfriend*
LUCY: *High school student; Tiffany's girlfriend*
BETH: *High School student; Very pretty*
TYLER: *High school student; very juvenile*
PEDRO: *High School student: just like Tyler*

AT RISE: TIFFANY and LUCY are sitting downstage center on a bench. They are talking. TYLER and PEDRO are upstage left.

PEDRO: Hey Tyler, look at the two lesbos.

TYLER: Yeah I'd like to see some of that action.

PEDRO: I hear ya bro!

TYLER: Hey lets have some fun.

TYLER and PEDRO walk over to where girls are sitting.

TYLER: Hey lesbos. Why don't you get a room.

TIFFANY: Why don't you guys get lost.

PEDRO: Woah! I heard lesbos can be pretty tough.

TYLER: Aren't they just guys with boobs.

PEDRO: Good one bro.

TYLER: Hey, get with me and I'll straighten you up.

TIFFANY: Wait. You just said lesbians are guys with boobs so wouldn't that make you gay.

PEDRO starts laughing. TYLER punches him. BETH enters stage right. She is listening to music on her earphones. She hears TYLER shouting and removes her ear plugs.

TYLER: You better watch your mouth Dyke!

LUCY: Come on Tiffany, let's just go.

TIFFANY: No way! They're not going to make us leave.

LUCY: Please, come on.

PEDRO: Yeah, run away little girls, or boys.

BETH walks to TIFFANY and LUCY.

BETH: Are these boys bothering you girls.

PEDRO: Ohh baby... I'd like to bother you.

TYLER: Step away, this one's mine.

BETH: Excuse me! This "one"? Oh hell no!

PEDRO: Oh baby don't get upset.

BETH: You call me baby one more time, You're gonna be speaking in a very high pitched voice.

TYLER: Dang, Feisty! That's how I like 'em.

BETH: You don't get it do you.

PEDRO: I get you.

BETH: Did your mother have any children that weren't born braindead?

PEDRO: Uh...yeah.

TYLER: She's dissin' you, man.

BETH: Look, why don't you two just walk away and leave the girls alone. Go play in traffic or something.

PEDRO: I don't think I like your 'tude, dude.

BETH: And I don't like you, dude (*Mocking PEDRO...*) so we're even. Now go!

TYLER: Or what. Whachu gonna do. Huh?

BETH: Well, I'll tell you what. I just so happen to have me cell phone (*Pulls out her phone from her pocket*) and if you don't leave right now, I will call 911 which I have on auto dial and report you both for sexual harassment.

TYLER: Yeah right.

BETH: Ringing. Yes, I want to report two boys from Metro High who are sexually harassing and physically threatening two girls...

TYLER: Okay. Okay. We're leaving.

PEDRO: Yeah, come on, Tyler. I can't afford to get in trouble again.

BETH speaks into her phone.

BETH: Just one second Ma'am. (*Addressing PEDRO and TYLER*) Fine. But if I ever see you two male-chauvinistic, Neanderthal, ignorant bigots again bothering these ladies or any other ladies for that matter, I will not hesitate to call 911 again and this time I'll finish the call.

PEDRO: Come on, Tyler. I don't need more trouble.

TYLER: Yeah, we're outta here, you B—

BETH: Don't you even think about finishing that sentence.

TYLER hesitates.

PEDRO: Forget it, man. Let's just go.

TYLER and PEDRO exit.

BETH: (*Speaking into the phone again*) Hey Mom, sorry about that. I was playing a joke on a couple of guys...I know...I didn't mean to scare you...I will. I'll be home soon. Bye.

BETH walks back to the girls on the bench who have been watching the scene unfold. They both applaud as BETH approaches.

TIFFANY: That was awesome.

LUCY: Yeah, thank you so much.

BETH: No problem. I hate guys like that.

BETH puts on her earphones and exits stage right.

BLACKOUT

Scene 3

WORKING TOGETHER

Characters

CHRIS: *High school student*

PETE: *High School student*

MIKE: *High school student*

AT RISE: *PETE is sitting at a table with his feet propped up on said table. CHRIS enters upstage right and goes to PETE.*

CHRIS: Hey Dude, I've been looking for you.

PETE: Hey, Chris. What's up?

CHRIS: What happened to you in 2nd period?

PETE: What do you mean?

CHRIS: Our Group?

PETE: Oh that. Big deal.

CHRIS: What do you mean, "big deal". We all lost points because of you.

PETE: So what? It was only a couple of points.

CHRIS: Four to be exact and 4 points is 4 points. Everyone did their part but you.

PETE: Get off my case, man. Besides, since when did you start worrying about points.

CHRIS: Since I got here. I don't want to be 20 and still going to high school.

PETE: It was a stupid assignment anyway.

CHRIS: You don't get it do you?

PETE: Get what?

CHRIS: When we do group work, you're not just responsible for yourself. Everyone is counting on each other to do the work and get the points. One person screws up and we all get screwed.

PETE: Okay. Okay. Chill out, bro. Besides, It's just high school, not college.

CHRIS: Exactly. And if you screw up here, you won't be going to college.

PETE: Wow, dude. You need to chill out.

CHRIS: And you need to do your work.

PETE: Don't act like you're all better than me. If you're so hot on getting a diploma, why did you screw up your freshman year? Couple of D's as I remember.

CHRIS: Because I didn't realize how important it was.

PETE: Give me a break.

CHRIS: I'm gonna get out of here and go to a top university. And I'm not gonna let you or anyone else get in my way. I need 20 more credits and I'm outta here. You can stay here as long as you like, but I want more out of life than working at a fast food restaurant.

PETE: What are you saying?

CHRIS: If you don't get your act together and start taking school seriously, you're going to be stuck at Popeye's Chicken the rest of your life.

PETE: I don't work at Popeye's...It's KFC.

CHRIS: Whatever, Dude. You do what you want with your life, but you better not screw around with my points again. *(Stabs his finger at PETE's chest)* DO THE WORK!

PETE: Ow!

CHRIS exits stage left. He passes MIKE who enters.

MIKE: Hey, Chris.

PETE: Hey Mike.

MIKE: What happened to you today?

CHRIS: Oh brother.

BLACKOUT

Scene 4

NEVER MIND

Characters

KRISTI: *High school student; Trying out for cheerleader*

CYNTHIA: *High school Senior: Head Cheerleader*

AT RISE: CYNTHIA is in shorts, t-shirt, and tennis shoes. She is sitting down center stage in a chair wiping her face with a towel. Her gym bag is by her chair. She speaks directly to the audience.

KRISTI: Just got out of cheerleading tryouts. I'm sure I didn't get it. I never do. Same old girls always get chosen. Man, I hate them. There such phonies, especially Cynthia Temple whose been a cheerleader since time began. Right after tryouts she came up to me and said, "Oh, Samantha, I hope you make it. You were soooooo good." Yeah right. They're all probably in the gym laughing their heads off at what a fool I made of myself. Why do I do this? Why do I torture myself like this? Why can't I get it through my thick skull that I will never be a cheerleader? Who would want to be anyway. Those girls couldn't come up with an original idea if they had to. To think of it, I wouldn't be caught dead with them, especially Cynthia. I wouldn't be her friend if she paid me. Who needs cheerleading, Just a bunch of air heads in short skirts.

CYNTHIA runs in stage right and goes to KRISTI. She is obviously excited.

CYNTHIA: Kristi, there you are. I've been looking all over for you. Guess what? *(Before CYNTHIA can answer...)* You made it. You're on the Varsity Squad!

KRISTI stands up and faces CYNTHIA.

KRISTI: You're kidding.

CYNTHIA: No for reals, girl.

KRISTI and CYNTHIA jump up and down as they hug each other and scream.

CYNTHIA: Listen, we're all going to Chili's to celebrate. You're coming right?

KRISTI: Of course. Are you kidding?

CYNTHIA : Let's go. Ariel is driving.

They both start to leave.

KRISTI: Shoot. You go ahead. I forgot my gym bag. I'll be right there.

CYNTHIA: Hurry.

CYNTHIA exits.

*KRISTI goes back to the chair to retrieve her bag.
As she starts to exit she speaks to the audience.*

KRISTI: Uh...Never mind.

She runs off stage.

BLACKOUT

Scene 5

MONOLOGUE: "CARLA"

Character

DAN: *High school senior*

AT RISE: *DAN is sitting on couch at home. He is calling his girlfriend on his cell phone.*

Carla, before you say anything let me explain. I am so sorry for what I said earlier. I don't know what got into me today. Look, Babe, I don't really want to break up. You're everything to me. It's just that when I saw you talking to that jock, Pete...I don't know...I guess I went a little crazy. You know you're my world, Babe. I mean, when we kiss, it's like the 4th of July is nothing compared to the fireworks that go off in my heart. I love how soft you feel and you hair is like the golden rays of the sun. Come on, Babe. You know you're my one and only. Why don't you let your little Pooh Bear come over and apologize in person. I know your parents don't get home until after six. Let me come over and show you how really sorry I am. And Pooh Bear is really really sorry. Let me come over and kiss those incredible lips of yours. Please, Babe, I'm begging... (*DAN immediately stands up and curses silently...*) Uh...Hi, Mr. Thompson...I guess you got home early...uh...is Carla home?

BLACKOUT

Scene 6

SEX

Characters

ALLISON: *High school student*

JESSICA: *High School student*

AT RISE: The house lights come up as ALLISON and JESSICA enter the back of theatre/auditorium where the audience entered. The stage lights are already up. The girls are talking as they walk to the stage. Once they are on stage, the house lights slowly dim. The dialogue continues as ALLISON and JESSICA find two folding chairs downstage right and set them up downstage center. They unfold the chairs and sit.

JESSICA: Great idea to come to the theatre. It's empty. Perfect place to talk.

ALLISON: Yeah and it's warm.

JESSICA: History was such a bore today.

ALLISON: What a nightmare. I thought he would never shut-up.

JESSICA: I know. He just kept going on and on.

ALLISON: I am so ready for Winter break.

JESSICA: You got that right.

ALLISON: Hey, what did you get on your English test?

JESSICA: 89. Can you believe it?

ALLISON: Like he couldn't give you one more point to make an A.

JESSICA: Remember, we're talking about Mr. Smith here. He wouldn't give his own mother an extra point.

At this point, both girls should be unfolding their chairs and sitting down.

JESSICA: So...I have something really important to tell you. I've been waiting all day to finally get alone so we could talk.

ALLISON: What'd you do this time? Please don't tell you "borrowed" your Mom's car again.

JESSICA: No. Don't be ridiculous. I was grounded for like 5 years! NO, this is way better.

ALLISON: Wow. Okay. Tell me.

JESSICA: Well, you know last night was mine and Zack's 6th month anniversary.

ALLISON: Oh, that's right. Where'd he take you?

JESSICA: Wait a minute. Let me finish...First of all his parents weren't home so we had the whole house to ourselves. He told me this was going to be a very special occasion so I should dress up. Girl, I spent hours getting ready. I wore that new black dress I showed you. You remember, the one my Mom thinks is too revealing.

ALLISON: Nice.

JESSICA: I wore my hair up and my black heels. Girl, I looked hot!

ALLISON: Wow, not too conceited! *(Both girls laugh.)* What did Mr. Zack wear?

ALLISON: Oh you know how boys are. Dressing up to them is wearing a nice shirt, levis, and their best Jordan's.

JESSICA: Guys are so lame that way...Anyway...He made this candlelight dinner...

ALLISON: *(Amazed)* Zack actually cooked?

JESSICA.: Can you believe it? And it was actually good. Even better! It was soooo romantic.

ALLISON: Wow, I am impressed!

JESSICA: But the best part is that afterwards...

ALLISON: What, you played monopoly?

JESSICA: Uh...no. You really aren't that naïve or you?

ALLISON: I'm kidding. What did you really do?

*JESSICA just stares at ALLISON, waiting for her to get it.
ALLISON realizes what JESSICA is talking about as evidences by the expression on her face.*

ALLISON: You didn't? Please tell me you didn't do what I think you did.

JESSICA: Yes, Allison, we finally had sex. I mean we've been dating for six months. It just felt like the right time. And it's not's like he was my first.

ALLISON: Yeah and you said that was a horrible experience. I mean, I thought we talked about this and both agreed we'd wait at least until we got out of high school. What happened to that plan?

JESSICA: Dang, Allison. I thought you'd understand. I thought you'd be a little excited for me.

ALLISON: Excited for you? Are you kidding? Haven't you learned anything? You've heard all the lectures and statistics. You know the dangers of having sex. At least you used protection, right?

JESSICA: Well...I thought about it, but Zack said not to worry about it and that nothing would happen. He didn't seem to be worried. Besides, we were caught up in the moment and certainly weren't going to stop to find a stupid condom.

ALLISON: I can't believe you. So, you didn't have protection. Are you on the pill?

JESSICA: NO! Are you crazy? My mom would kill me if she found out I was having sex..

ALLISON: Have you even thought about any of the consequences'? First, you could be pregnant. I mean, how stupid can you both be, Jessica? If you're going to have sex, at least use protection. And if that isn't bad enough, you could get any number of STD's. You don't know who all he's slept with! Besides you could break up tomorrow and you would totally regret what you did last night.

JESSICA: We're not going to break up, Allison. He told me that he loved me.

ALLISON: Some guys will say anything to get what they want. Beside, you're only 17. We're too young, Jessica. I mean do you really think you and Zack will marry and live the rest of your lives together?

JESSICA: *(Thinks for a second)* Maybe...I don't know...no...

ALLISON: I mean I want my first time to be incredibly special. I want it to be with the man I plan to spend the rest of my life with.

JESSICA: Do you think I'm a bad person?

ALLISON: Of course not. I think you're just the opposite. This isn't about being a good or bad person, it's about making smart choices. Look, you're my best friend and I don't want anything bad to happen to you. You know Carmen. She had her baby when she was 16. She's a great mother and all, but look at all she's lost. I don't want to see you, at 17, having to raise a baby or getting sick from some stupid STD.

JESSICA: I know what you're saying. I just don't know if I can do it. And what if Zack says if I don't he'll break up with me?

ALLISON: Then I guess he's not the one.

JESSICA: Ugh! I wish I hadn't told you.

ALLISON: Well, I'm glad you did.

JESSICA: Man, it sucks being a teenage girl sometimes.

ALLISON: *(Laughing)* I couldn't agree with you more.

ALLISON and JESSICA pick up their chairs and place them against the wall where they got them. They exit the same way they came in. Theatre/Auditorium lights stay off as they exit. The stage lights dim slowly until they are completely out of the auditorium.

BLACKOUT

Scene 7

MONOLOGUE: "LOVE"

Character

GRACIELLA: *High school student*

AT RISE: GRACIELLA enters upstage left and goes to downtown stage left. There is a lunch table there and GRACIELLA goes directly in front of it and leans against it. She speaks directly to the audience.

Okay, so I like this guy named Gregory. He is on the varsity football team and lettered in baseball the past three years. He is so cute. Anyway, I didn't know if he really liked me, so I asked my best friend, Linda, to ask Gregory's best friend, Pete. Pete said he didn't know, so he asked his girlfriend, Jeannie. In the meantime, Linda asked Gloria, who is Pete's cousin. Then Gloria asked Rachel, who dates Gregory's brother, Jonny. Jonny didn't know so Jonny asked Rachel's sister Tamara, who asked her half-sister, Rebecca. Rebecca didn't have a clue so she asked her step sister, Colleen who is dating Rachel's twin brother from another marriage. His name is Harold and Harold just happens to sit next to Tamara in Algebra. So Tamara asked Johnny to again ask Rachel who again asked Gloria who again asked Jeannie to ask Pete to ask Linda to ask Gregory if he likes me. And he said yes! *(Pauses and smiles)* Love makes life so simple sometimes!

As GRACIELLA says the word “simple,” MONICA and SANTIAGO from the next scene enter stage right as GRACIELLA starts to exit stage right as well.

MONICA/SANTIAGO: Hey Graciella.

GRACIELLA: Hi, guys. See ya tomorrow in Biology. *(Exits)*

MONICA and SANTIAGO sit at the lunch table.

Scene 8

TEEN PREGANCY

Characters

MONICA: *High school senior; Santiago’s girlfriend*

SANTIAGO: *High school senior; Monica’s boyfriend*

TANYA: *High school junior; Monica’s best friend*

SANTIAGO: Listen, Monica. I need to tell you something.

MONICA: Okay. But I need to tell you something too.

SANTIAGO: Okay, tell me then.

MONICA: No, you first.

SANTIAGO: Fine. *(Awkward silence)*

MONICA: Well...Aren’t you going to tell me?

SANTIAGO: Okay. Yeah...well...umm...I really don’t know how to tell you this, but...

MONICA: ...What?

SANTIAGO: I...cheated on you.

MONICA: You what? What do you mean you cheated on me? *(Pushes SANTIAGO)*

SANTIAGO: Calm down, Monica. It was just a one-time thing.

MONICA: Don’t tell me to calm down...Who did you cheat on me with? When was it?

SANTIAGO: That’s not important anymore.

MONICA: To Hell it isn't. Was it that girl, Nataly?

SANTIAGO: No

MONICA: Oh my gosh, it's Rebecca...isn't it? That skank. How could you do this?

SANTIAGO: It's not Nataly or Rebecca. It'll never happen again so stop trying to guess who it is...I mean was.

TANYA enters and joins them.

MONICA: Hey guys, what's up?

SANTIAGO: Hey, we're in the middle of something. Can you leave?

MONICA: Why? What's going on?

SANTIAGO: Would you just get outta here.

MONICA: Don't talk to Tanya like that. She hasn't done anything to you.

TANYA: What the heck is wrong with you, Santiago?

MONICA: Tell her!

SANTIAGO: It's none of her business.

MONICA: Well it is now... I'm pregnant and Santiago cheated on me.

SANTIAGO: What? Wha'd you say?

MONICA: I'm pregnant. (*Sarcastic*) You know. Having a baby.

TANYA: You're Pregnant? Oh my gosh. (*Hugs MONICA*)

SANTIAGO: Why didn't you tell me?

TANTA: I was. That's what I wanted to talk to you about.

SANTIAGO: I can't believe you're pregnant. This changes everything.

TANYA: You mean you're not going to cheat on Monica again. It's not like it's the first time.

SANTIAGO: Shut up, Tanya!

TANYA: You shut up. You've been cheating on her since you started going out and now you get her pregnant?

MONICA: What are you talking about? Why didn't you tell me, Tanya?

TANYA: I didn't want you to be hurt. And besides I thought you'd find out soon enough on your own. I never thought you'd get pregnant.

MONICA: *(To SANTIAGO)* How could you do this to me? I thought you loved me.

SANTIAGO: I do.

TANYA: Wow, interesting way to show it.

SANTIAGO: Shut up, Tanya. This has nothing to do with you.

MARYANNE from the next scene/monologue enters upstage right. She has head phones on and is obviously listening to music. She also has a book in her hands. She goes downstage right and sits on the floor and begins to read, ignoring the scene taking place.

TANYA: Oh yeah it does. Monica is my best friend. What hurts her hurts me.

MONICA: How could I not have known?

TANYA: You're a real scumbag, Santiago.

SANTIAGO: *(Ignoring Tanya)* Come on, Monica, I'm really sorry. It'll never happen again. I promise. Besides, you know guys. We're all horn dogs. It means nothing.

MONICA: That's your excuse? All guys are horn dogs so that makes it okay?

SANTIAGO: No, but...

TANYA: So it's okay for guys to go out on their girlfriends, but if the girl plays around, she's a slut. I think I've had enough.

MONICA: Me too. *(Starts to leave with TANYA)*

SANTIAGO: Come on, Monica...

MONICA: *(Turns around)* By the way, I'm not pregnant. I just wanted to see if the rumors were true. Tanya told me you were cheating on me, but I didn't believe her. So...I guess I know now.

TANYA: (To SANTIAGO) Man, I wish I had a picture of your face right now.

MONICA: You don't really think I'd get pregnant my senior year in high school when I have my whole life ahead of me? Not to mention with a "horn dog" like you.

SANTIAGO: That's cold, Monica.

MONICA: No. What's cold is saying you love someone and then going out with other girls.

TANYA: Come on, Monica. Time to go.

MONICA: Yeah, I think we're done here.

MONICA and TANYA exit. SANTIAGO sits there shaking his head. After a brief moment he, too, gets up and exits.

BLACKOUT

Scene 9

MONOLOGUE: "HE SAID/SHE SAID"

Character

MARYANNE: *High school student*

AT RISE: *As SANTIAGO exits, MARYANNE addresses the audience.*

Why are guys such idiots sometimes? Like Teddy—we've been dating for over three months and yesterday I caught him talking to another girl. I asked him what he was doing and he said, "Nothing." I said, "Yeah, right! I saw you with Gloria Hardesty. You were flirting." Teddy says, "No I wasn't!" I said, "Yes you were. I saw you." He said, "Why would I want to flirt with Gloria Hardesty when I'm going out with you?" I said, "Good question." He said, "You're just jealous, but you don't need to be." I said, "Right about that!" He said, "What do you mean?" I said, "Because there's nothing to be jealous about since we're not dating anymore!" He said, "What are you talking about?" I said, "We're through, Teddy!" He said, "You're kidding." I said, "No, I'm not." He said, "Maryanne, come on!" I said, "Teddy, you come on! No boyfriend of mine looks at another girl the way you looked at Gloria. And that's that!" He said, "Fine! Be that way!" "Fine," I said, "I will." "Okay," he said. "Okay," I said. "Fine," he said. "Fine," I said. "Good-bye," he said. "Good-bye," I said. And I stormed off. That was three hours ago. Why hasn't he called?

BLACKOUT

Scene 10

CHEERLEADING TRYOUTS

Characters

BARBIE: *Boy* *Voice: Girl*
CINDY: *Boy* *Voice: Girl*
SOFIA: *Boy* *Voice: Girl*

AT RISE: Just as in the Homecoming Queen scene that closes ACT 1, boys portray the girls trying out for cheerleader and girls are voicing the lines as the boys pantomime. All three girls are sitting in chairs down or center stage. The girls are behind a backdrop or curtain, sitting directly behind the actor they are voicing. BARBIE, CINDY, and SOFIA are waiting to try out for cheerleading. They are wearing short cheerleading skirts and t-shirts and white tennis shoes. BARBIE is also wearing leggings.

BARBIE: Girl, I am so excited about cheerleading try outs!

CINDY: You and me both. I've been practicing all summer.

SOFIA: *(Under her breath, looking at her nails)* Good thing, because you're gonna need it.

CINDY: Excuse me?

SOFIA: Just kidding, Cindy. I know you're going to make it.

CINDY: Thanks. I'm just so nervous.

BARBIE: I know. I just hope I don't screw up my routine.

CINDY: Are you kidding? You know you're going to make it.

SOFIA: *(Again, under her breath)* Not if I can help it.

BARBIE: What did you say?

SOFIA: If there is anything I can do to help...

BARBIE: Oh...well thanks.

CINDY: Oh my gosh! The football captains are going to be judging.

BARBIE: That Trent is soooo cute. What I would give to go out with him.

SOFIA: *(More to herself)* Never gonna happen.

BARBIE: I didn't hear you, Sofia.

SOFIA: I said, I'm sure it'll happen, especially after you make cheerleader.

BARBIE: *(BARBIE stands up and practically puts her butt in CINDY's face...)* I don't look fat in these leggings do I?

CINDY: *(Pushing BARBIE back down in her chair)* You. I probably gained 10 pounds since I tried out last year.

BARBIE: Girl, you look great.

SOFIA: *(More to herself)* Oink. Oink.

CINDY: You know, Sofia, we're sitting right next to you.

SOFIA: And...

BARBIE: And we can hear practically everything you say.

SOFIA: You know I'm just kidding.

CINDY: Oh really. Well, you're fat!

SOFIA: Say what?

CINDY: I said, did you see that?

SOFIA: Very funny. Okay. I'm sorry.

BARBIE: Look, we have to stick together. There's only three spots on the squad.

SOFIA: Selfie!

The girls immediately pose for a selfie as SOFIA takes it with her cell phone. They continue their conversation as if they had never stopped.

CINDY: Yeah, and Angelica and Charlene are trying out.

SOFIA: Ugh! I hate them.

BARBIE: They are so fake.

SOFIA: Always putting other people down like their so much better.

BARBIE: I know, and that weave Angelica wears...

CINDY: Girl, she probably has an entire civilization going on up in there.

SOFIA: And Charlene wears so much makeup.

BARBIE: Can you say Raccoon with all that dark eyeliner.

CINDY: More like panda bear, if you know what I mean.

SOFIA: Girl, her butt is so big...

BARBIE: Shhhh. There they are.

BARBIE looks into the audience as if she sees them. We do not see them. Calling out...

Hi Angelica. Hi Charlene.

SOFIA: Hey girls. Good luck today.

CINDY: Hope you both make it...

BARBIE: Me too.

SOFIA: Me three.

There is a long pause as the girls stare into the audience looking depressed.

BARBIE: They are so going to make it.

CINDY: I know. They are both so beautiful.

BARBIE: We're doomed. Look at us. Why are we even trying out?

CINDY: I know.

They both start crying. SOFIA sighs, gets up, and goes behind the other two girls. She bangs their heads together.

SOFIA: Snap out of it! Sheesh!

CINDY/BARBIE: Ow!

BARBIE: What was that for?

SOFIA: You two need to get it together. We are just as beautiful as those bimbos and we are going to make it.

Both CINDY and BARBIE get up and hug SOFIA.

BARBIE: Oh Sofia.

CINDY: You're the best!

BARBIE: Yeah, I really hope we...

SOFIA: There's Trent!

SOFIA suddenly pushes them both away. CINDY falls to the ground. SOFIA looks into the audience.

Hi Trent.

CINDY jumps up from the floor.

BARBIE: Hey Trent. See you in tryouts.

CINDY: Hi Trent. Remember me?

SOFIA: Bye...

BARBIE: OMG. On a scale of one to even, I can't.

CINDY: Girl, I'm dying!

SOFIA: Come on, Ladies. Let's show them how it's done!

At Blackout, the three girls strike their chairs as two cast members enter center stage with a podium. As they exit stage right, JAKE CRENSHAW enters from center stage and stands behind the podium.

BLACKOUT

Scene 11

MONOLOGUE: "COMMENCEMENT SPEECH"

Character

JAKE CRENSHAW: *High school senior*

First of all, thanks for electing me to give the commencement speech.

This is Not the End of the Play
Ending Intentionally Omitted for Security Purposes