



Sample Pages from Hall Pass

Welcome! This is copyrighted material for promotional purposes. It's intended to give you a taste of the script to see whether or not you want to use it in your classroom or perform it. You can't print this document or use this document for production purposes.

Royalty fees apply to all performances **whether or not admission is charged**. Any performance in front of an audience (e.g. an invited dress rehearsal) is considered a performance for royalty purposes.

Visit <https://folk.me/p189> to order a printable copy or for rights/royalty information and pricing.

**DO NOT POST THIS SAMPLE ONLINE.
IT MAY BE DOWNLOADED ANY TIME FROM THE LINK ABOVE.**

TEN MINUTE PLAY SERIES – BE CHALLENGED

Bottle Baby

Juice Box

Hall Pass

Oh Chad

You

Sunday Lunch

BY

Lindsay Price



Ten Minute Play Series – Be Challenged

Bottle Baby (2W)	5
Juice Box (2W)	15
Hall Pass (2M)	25
Oh Chad (1M 1W)	35
You (3M)	43
Sunday Lunch (2M)	51

Acknowledgements

Thanks to Roxane Caravan, Karen Loftus, Kendra Blazi, and the students of Lakewood Ranch High School, St. Cloud High School, and New Smyrna Beach High School for workshopping these plays for me!

Hall Pass

Characters

HENRY (15) Comes across as a nerd. Wears a sash that identifies him as a hall monitor.

BRADY (17) Cool laid back surfer kind of guy. T-shirt and jeans. (Can't dress too differently than HENRY, because of the ending.)

Setting

An empty school hallway.

HENRY stands at attention centre stage. He's wearing a sash over his shirt. He is a hall monitor. BRADY enters and walks up to HENRY with confidence.

BRADY: (*with a wave*) Dude!

HENRY: Hello Brady.

BRADY: (*trying to pass by HENRY*) How's it?

HENRY: (*getting in the way*) Sorry.

BRADY: What?

HENRY: You know.

BRADY: Really? You're really gonna do this? To me?

HENRY: Hall pass please.

BRADY: Dude.

HENRY: Hall pass please.

BRADY: Dude.

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: To me?

HENRY: To everybody.

BRADY: Dude!

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: I'll be late.

HENRY: Hall pass.

BRADY: (*patting his pockets*) I got it.

HENRY: Show me.

BRADY: It's right here.

HENRY: Ok.

BRADY: (*patting his pockets*) I just had it.

HENRY: Fine.

BRADY: Musta stuffed it somewhere.

HENRY: Must have.

BRADY: Musta dropped it.

HENRY: Shame.

BRADY: You believe me, don't you?

HENRY: No.

BRADY: Dude!

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: Come on. We're buds. We know each other, right?

HENRY: I don't know you.

BRADY: What?

HENRY: I don't know you.

BRADY: It's Brady.

HENRY: Are you?

BRADY: You know I am.

HENRY: You say you're Brady. You may imitate Brady. But I don't know for sure.

BRADY: Of course you do!

HENRY: Do I?

BRADY: Dude.

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: You just called me Brady.

HENRY: Did I?

BRADY: Just now.

HENRY: Did I.

BRADY: You just said, 'Hello Brady.'

HENRY: Interesting.

BRADY: You did!

HENRY: I don't recall.

BRADY: Right. Ok. Look. This has been... this has been, but the fun's over ok? I gotta get to class. *(Tries to get by. HENRY stops him.)* Let me by.

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: I'll be late.

HENRY: Should have known better.

BRADY: You're gonna make me go all the way back down there?

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: I can't.

HENRY: It's quite easy.

BRADY: I can't.

HENRY: You turn around and use your feet to take you to the front office.

BRADY: Ok. Look. I can't.

HENRY: No?

BRADY: You're not going to believe –

HENRY: No thank you.

BRADY: I'm telling you –

HENRY: No thank you.

BRADY: What?

HENRY: I don't want to hear it.

BRADY: I have a reason.

HENRY: I don't care.

BRADY: It's a good reason.

HENRY: Tell the front office.

BRADY: I can't.

HENRY: (*with a shrug*) Sorry.

BRADY: Come on. For old times' sake?

HENRY: Whose old times?

BRADY: Ours.

HENRY: I don't know you.

BRADY: You do.

HENRY: Do I?

BRADY: I'm Brady.

HENRY: So say you.

BRADY: Dude!

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: It's me.

HENRY: So you say.

BRADY: I know everything about you.

HENRY: Imitators can be sneaky.

BRADY: I'll be late.

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: I'll fail.

HENRY: Should have taken that into consideration.

BRADY: (*pointing a finger in HENRY's chest*) It will be your fault.

HENRY: I beg to differ.

BRADY: (*pointing a finger*) Everyone will hate you if I fail.

HENRY: Really? Really. Huh.

BRADY: They'll hate you.

HENRY: Who?

BRADY: Everyone.

HENRY: That's a lot of hate.

BRADY: At you.

HENRY: Really. How so?

BRADY: I'm loved around here. I'm a loved person.

HENRY: And?

BRADY: They'll get you.

HENRY: Who?

BRADY: Everyone.

HENRY: I'm trembling.

BRADY: They'll hurt you.

HENRY: Everyone?

BRADY: Yes.

HENRY: On your command?

BRADY: Yes.

HENRY: Fascinating.

BRADY: So?

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: Come on!

HENRY: Not a chance.

BRADY: Who stood up for you in the second grade. When Joe
Whatshisname –

HENRY: Johan Van Marten.

BRADY: When he shoved you down and stomped on your glasses and
everyone was afraid except for me.

HENRY: Everyone.

BRADY: I stood up for you.

HENRY: And?

BRADY: That counts.

HENRY: For what?

BRADY: Something. Doesn't it count for something?

HENRY: If you were Brady.

BRADY: I am! You know I am!

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: I'll be late.

HENRY: Your time management skills are lacking.

BRADY: I'll get caught.

HENRY: (*pause*) Ah.

BRADY: Ok, so I came in the side door. So what? What's the big deal?
So I knew you'd be here. So I thought for old times' sake... for an
old friend...

HENRY: We're not friends.

BRADY: Dude, I'm telling you –

HENRY: We are not friends. Brady and I are not friends.

BRADY: Not now, maybe not now. But before.

HENRY: Before?

BRADY: Yes.

HENRY: Never.

BRADY: A long time ago.

HENRY: No.

BRADY: Yes. A long time ago. That makes us old friends.

HENRY: Interesting.

BRADY: So?

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: I stood up for you.

HENRY: I have a different memory.

BRADY: I stood up to Joe Whatshisname –

HENRY: Johan Van Marten.

BRADY: I remember. I remember his name. I remember standing up for you when no one else would.

HENRY: So?

BRADY: You owe me.

HENRY: Not a chance.

BRADY: You owe me!

HENRY: Forget it.

BRADY: It's the right thing. Let me by.

HENRY: No.

BRADY: You have to.

HENRY: Hmm.

BRADY: Don't you want to do the right thing?

HENRY: I am doing the right thing.

BRADY: I'm going to be late!

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: Are you calling me a liar? That we're not old friends? That I don't know you?

HENRY: You're doing all the talking.

BRADY: I know you. (*getting frustrated*) You know me! Are you saying that we didn't live on the same street, that our parents didn't know each other? Are you saying that my sister wasn't friends with your sister? That our sisters weren't in the same car coming back from the movies when they were hit by a drunk driver? Are you saying I don't remember my own sister's death? Are you saying we don't have a bond? That we didn't sit side by side at the funeral and you didn't see me bawl my freaking guts out? Are you saying we're not friends, Henry? I dare you to say that.

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: (*with fury*) Goddamn you!

HENRY: Stop that. Don't be vulgar.

BRADY: Don't be vulgar? I'll give you vulgar, if I want to be vulgar, you can be damn sure I'll – Let me through!

HENRY: No.

BRADY: Let me through!

HENRY: No.

BRADY: I'm warning you – Do it now!

HENRY: Or what?

BRADY: Now!

HENRY: No.

BRADY: You want this?

HENRY: Talker.

BRADY: You want me to hurt you?

HENRY: Bragger.

BRADY: Do you?

HENRY: Loser.

BRADY: Do you?

HENRY: Yes.



help@theatrefolk.com www.theatrefolk.com

Want to Read More?

Order a full script through the link above. You can get a **PDF file** (it's printable, licensed for one printout, and delivered instantly) or a **traditionally bound and printed book** (sent by mail).