



**Sample Pages from
neeT Teen**

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NEET TEEN

A VIGNETTE PLAY IN ONE ACT BY
Lindsay Price



neeT Teen

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Characters

Many characters in this play only exist in one scene. For the script proper I have divided the roles between six girls and four guys. Additional possible character names are listed below.

All of the names are derived from words for teen, youth, girl, and boy in different languages, all starting with the letter T. The script uses ten of the names, but feel free to add other character names from the list. Feel free to mix up the names, they are all gender-neutral. If you want to come up with your own names, great. If the cast wants to use their real names, that's fine too.

Names Used In Script

Women: Tena, Tyne, Tiona, Telpa, Tar, Tizen

Men: Tic, T-jon, Toch, Tiono

Additional Names

Tona, Tyne, Ty, Tizen, Tanar, Tene, Tang, Tude, Tie, Tos

Set

This play could be easily set on a bare stage with a few small props. Levels are always going to make your blocking pictures more interesting, so risers at the back for the cast to sit on when they're not in scenes, and a couple of cubes downstage will give you some staging flexibility.

Costumes

Keep it simple and easy. Jeans and colourful t-shirts. All black with small pieces in a second colour. There is no need to change outfits between scenes.

Notes

neeT Teen is a vignette play, a series of short scenes all based on a theme: Teen life. Backwards, forwards, inside-out.

It differs from our other vignette plays because it was written within a specific framework that focuses on using forms and prompts as inspiration for the individual scenes. The aim was to showcase a wide variety of forms to highlight the theme: monologue, dialogue, movement, pantomime, poem, song, absurd, and so on.

Feel free to cut the play to fit a certain length. You can cut full scenes, but not edit within a scene. Further, if your cast gets inspired, look at APPENDIX A for the opportunity to write an additional scene to add to the play.

Enjoy!

Special Thanks

Eastdale Secondary School, Welland, ON

St Roch Catholic Secondary School, Brampton, ON

Almaguin Highlands Secondary School, South River, ON

I couldn't have put this play together without you!

The lights come up on a tableau. Everyone is scattered about the stage, on different levels, standing, sitting, in various poses of confidence: shy, über-confident, neutral, trying too hard, jealous of someone beside them, oblivious to everyone, happy in own world and so on.

TENA: Title.

TIC: neet Teen.

TIZEN: Neat. Pleasing.

TYNE: Neat. Well-groomed.

TELEPA: Neet. N-E-E-T is Teen spelled backwards. That's how I feel.
That's how I see the world.

TOCH: Neat is how I'm supposed to keep my room.

T-JON: Neat is how my mom takes her Scotch.

TYNE: "Isn't that neat." My grandmother says that. Sarcastically. "Isn't that the cat's pyjamas." Why is a cat wearing pyjamas?

TIONA: Neat as a pin. Do you know where that comes from?

TYNE: Grandmothers aren't supposed to be sarcastic.

TENA: It doesn't mean tidy, it means uniform. Orderly. Mass-produced.

TIONO: Handmade to factory made.

TAR: Each pin the same as the next.

TELEPA: Neet is not a word. N-E-E-T. *Need* is a word – what do you need? *Neem* is a tree native to India and Pakistan. *Neep* is a word. It's a turnip. Why do I know that?

TIZEN: The origin of the word is actually kind of beautiful. It used to mean shining, bright, the best of its kind.

TIC: Not pleasant or tidy. Not simple or clean.

TAR: Orderly. Mass-produced.

TOCH: My dad is in the military. Being neat, everything in its place, is important to him. Very important.

TIONA: I know "neat" girls. Pleasant, simple, each one the same as the next.

TYNE: “Isn’t that neat.” My grandmother doesn’t mean it. “Aren’t you peachy!” She uses old-fashioned words and puts a lot of poison behind them. Venom.

TIZEN: I don’t want to be pleasant.

TIONA: Neat girls want to be like everyone else.

TIZEN: I want to be shining and bright.

TIONA: Wear the same thing, look the same, laugh the same way.

TIZEN: I want to shine.

TIONA: They don’t want to stand out.

TELPA: I stand out. A lot. Some days that’s OK.

T-JON: Neat. No ice. No water. No mix. Room temperature. “Fix me a drink, Joshy.” That’s when I know the rest of the day is shot. She hates it when people call me Joshy.

TYNE: “That is neat-o Natalie. That is really neat.” It’s not a compliment. Grandmothers are supposed to be nice to their granddaughters. Bake things. Knit things. Smell of vanilla. That’s what normal grandmothers do.

TELPA: I am not normal. Some days that’s not OK.

T-JON: “Make sure it’s neat, Joshy.” I take swigs from the bottle. Which means I take my Scotch neat, too.

TELPA: I don’t like what I’m supposed to. I don’t like girl talk. It’s exhausting. Talk about boys, talk about clothes, talk about hair. *(she grabs her head and groans)* The hair.

TOCH: Can’t be lazy, can’t be a slacker if everything is in its place.

TELPA: There are these girls in math who talk nonstop about hair. Who knew hair was a never-ending topic?

TOCH: Mom and Dad? They aren’t talking. My brother just got arrested, again. But if my room is neat well then, that must mean it’s going to be OK. *(beat)* Nothing is OK.

T-JON: How long before someone finds out?

TOCH: How long will they ignore what’s going on? Before they look at what’s underneath my neat room. How long before they find out about me?

Transition

Everyone moves into action either exiting or helping TENA set up for the next scene.

TOCH: Title.

T-JON: Happy Birthday.

Everyone moves upstage and watches TENA.

TENA brings out a small TV table and sets it up, making sure it's in the exact right spot. She exits and re-enters with a tablecloth, a small vase of flowers, and fancy silverware. She sets all this up, making everything just so. She puts the tablecloth on with a flourish, she polishes the silverware, moves the vase a fraction to the right. She exits and re-enters with a small tray. On the tray is a single cupcake with a single candle. She sets the tray on the table just so. She lights the candle. She closes her eyes tight, takes a breath and blows out the candle. Her eyes pop open and she looks around...but she can see that her wish didn't come true. She is still alone.

Transition

Everyone comes downstage to address the audience. TIONO and TAR set up an easel which holds a big pad of paper. TELPA has a thick marker.

TIC: Title.

TIONA: Surprise.

TELPA: *(to the audience)* OK for this next scene we need a little help.

T-JON: I've got this.

TELPA: Do it.

T-JON runs out into the audience and chooses an audience member. He brings them on stage.

TELPA: *(while T-JON is in the audience)* So this is going to be quite easy, no need to stress, just a little audience participation, nothing complicated, nothing wild or crazy...

T-JON: Got me a live one!

TELPA: Great! *(to audience member)* OK, so hi! Welcome to the stage. Welcome to our little show. And you are...? *(gets the name and*

introduces them to the audience) Everyone say “Hi... (person’s name) So we’re all very harmless (*everyone onstage waves in a harmless way*) and we’re just going to play a harmless little game kind of like charades. You know charades? Where you get a movie or a book or a well-known phrase and you act it out? We’re not going to make you do that! It’s kind of like charades only we’re going to draw a picture. Actually, you’re going to draw a picture. (TELPA hands over the marker) Surprise! Here you go. And who’s got the clue?

TOCH: (*handing over the card*) Here.

TELPA: OK. (*she hands the card to the audience member*) That’s what you’re going to draw. OK. Go!

The audience member is going to get right into it or they’re not. If they do, awesome. Let them go for a couple of moments and have actors shout out completely wrong guesses. If the audience member freezes, TELPA and T-JON should help them and give suggestions, while everyone else shouts out completely wrong answers. Keep the energy up. T-JON encourages the audience to chant “Draw! Draw! Draw!” Perhaps he also gets them to hum the Jeopardy theme song. After a couple of moments, TIONA leaps up.

TIONA: I got it! I got it! I want to break up with you.

TENA: I want to break up with you?

TYNE: That’s not a movie.

TIONA: (*realizing*) I want to break up with you? (*turns to TOCH*) Jimmy? You want to break up with me?

TOCH: Uh...Surprise!

Transition

Everyone moves into action, ad-libbing this transition, TELPA and T-JON get the audience member back to the audience, thanking them along the way. TELPA keeps TIONA away from TOCH, who can’t believe what’s just happened. Once the audience member is back where they belong. Everyone faces the audience.

TAR: Title.

TOCH: A little mean.

Everyone moves upstage except for TYNE, who moves forward and starts to speak.

TYNE: I didn't kill her. She killed herself. She...It's her own fault. That's the truth. I'm good, a nice person. They keep calling the house. Surrounding the house. Flashes like lightning, over and over – get your side, tell us your side, tell us your side, killer...A shark feeding. Frenzy. The noise, the angry snapping. People foaming at the mouth, over me. They're not supposed to be angry at me. I'm right, a good person. She should have known it wasn't real. She should have had a tougher skin. I do. My parents taught me to be tough. You think they're babying me over this? To get what you want you can't be a baby. Stand up. I have four brothers. You want the turkey leg at Thanksgiving you better roll up your sleeves and fight. And if you have to bleed a little so be it. If you have to be a little mean, so be it. A little mean never... hurt anybody. Right? A little mean is all it was. That's the truth. You can't blame me, she should have stood up for herself. I do it all the time. My brother Jimmy calls me fat every day. "Hey fatso, pass the ketchup. Hey fatso, what do you want for breakfast?" It's just a little mean. Right? I take it and I don't crumble. She shouldn't have crumbled like that, she shouldn't have believed what we were saying if it wasn't true. If it wasn't true why did she... I'm not wrong. I'm not fat. My brothers do it to me all the time. I'm not wrong. I'm not. I can't be. *(she takes a breath)* It's her own fault she died. It was just a little... mean.

Transition

TYNE moves upstage as TIONO, T-JON, and TIC step forward.

TIONO: Title.

TOCH: Psych Up.

T-JON paces. He is trying to psych himself up.

T-JON: I will try out. I will try out. I will try out. I will try out. I will try out. Who's the best basketball player? Who's the man? Who's the best? Who's the man? Who's the man? Who's the man? I am the man. I am the man. The man is going in!

TIONO and TIC approach.

TIC: You coming in?

T-JON: *(beat)* No. *(he starts to run away and then freezes)* No! *(he turns back)* Yes. *(he turns away)* No! *(he turns back)* The man is going in!

Now, as if he is fighting against a tractor beam, T-JON slowly and with great effort moves toward TIONO and TIC. They watch with bemusement as T-JON struggles to get centre stage, two steps forward, one back and just when it looks like the invisible tractor beam (of insecurity and intense doubt) is going to win, T-JON throws his hands out to TIONO and TIC.

T-JON: Hey! Help!

TIONO and TIC look at each other and back at T-JON.

T-JON: Come on! Don't let the tractor beam of insecurity and intense doubt get the man!

TIONO and TIC shrug and grab his hands.

TIONO & TIC: One, two, three!

They give an extra big yank and all three fly off stage with a yell of victory!

Transition

TIONA: Title.

TELPA: Everybody's doing it.

Divide the following piece up among the group so that one actor says one word/sentence at a time.

All of these are said in a "dreamy" fashion.

Good. Good it. Feel good. Away. Why still good to. If. Feel slip. Good this still. Away. Why make. Good is. To it make. Slip do. Away. Supposed good. Make Good. I. Good. Away.

Everyone speaks in unison, and quite sharply.

ALL: If this is supposed to make me feel good, why do I still slip away?

Transition

TIZEN, TAR, and TENA step forward and stand stage left. TIONO stands stage right. Everyone else moves back.

TENA: Title.

TIZEN & TAR: A point where lines intersect.

TENA, TIZEN and TAR stand in a line and face the audience. They speak pleasantly. TIONO stands facing

downstage as if he's looking in a mirror. He is trying out different smiles.

TENA: What is the equation of the axis?

TIONO: Will you go out with me?

TIZEN: Find the vertex of the parabola.

TIONO: (*changing tone*) Will YOU go out with ME?

TAR: Which of the following is equal to the...

TIZEN: What is the value of...

TENA: What is the solution set for...

TIONO: (*changing tone*) Will you go out with me? Will you go out with me?

TIZEN: $A X^2 - B X$...

TAR: $X = 8$ or negative 4...

TIONO: (*changing tone*) Date. You. Me. Now.

TIZEN: Divide as indicated and simplify.

TIONO: Hey, you know, we could, you know, go out. You know.

TENA: Test for symmetry to the x and y axis.

TIONO: We are going out.

TAR: Which of the following numbers is irrational?

TIONO: Pi! It's Pi! Pi is irrational! Pi... (*the three girls look at him and cross their arm*) is... the wrong answer.

Transition

Music plays. Everyone moves forward and dances. Once everyone is in place, they freeze and the music pauses.

TIC: Title.

T-JON: People vs. Pimples.

This piece uses music to express the title. As a group, decide what piece of music most represents the struggle with acne. The piece should be a struggle between teens trying to be self-confident, and those

who represent acne, who swarm and take that self-confidence away. Think of how the character of acne could be personified: Sneaky, childish, devious, selfish, evil, always showing up at the wrong time – a bully. This could be done in the style of line dance (acne vs. teen) or perhaps like the Paso Doble, a dance that represents a fight between the bullfighter and the bull. Think of the teen as the bullfighter and acne as the bull. What comes to mind?

At the end of the dance, give the victory to the teen. The bullfighter wins, the bullfighter succeeds over acne and acne ends up on the floor, defeated. The teens raise their fists in success.

Transition

Everyone onstage shifts so that TIC and TAR are downstage. TOCH and TYNE move two chairs downstage for the scene.

TOCH: Title.

TYNE: The Test.

They move upstage. TIC approaches TAR.

TIC: Hi?

TAR: Hello! *(she makes a wide friendly gesture)* Welcome. Welcome!

TIC: *(stepping back)* OK.

TAR: Welcome to Guidance. We're so happy to see you.

TIC: OK. *(he takes a deep breath)* I have a... well,

TAR: Yes?

TIC: Problem.

TAR: Please, come on in. *(they sit)* Now. *(she makes a wide friendly gesture)* How can I help?

TIC: OK. Thanks. *(pause)* I have a problem.

TAR: *(leaning in)* Good, good, it's so good to be able to verbalize these things, isn't it? Say it out loud! *(she makes a wide get it out gesture)* Get those problems out! So. Any time you're ready. *(she leans forward with great intensity)* I am here for you.

TIC: OK. I don't want to take the test.

TAR: Pardon?

TIC: I don't want to take the test.

TAR: (*she leans back, closing up*) I see...

TIC: (*he exhales loudly*) You know, that does feel good to say out loud.
(*louder*) I don't want to take the test.

TAR: Not so loud.

TIC: Sorry.

TAR: (*cold*) Please. Continue.

TIC: I don't understand why I have to. Take the test.

TAR: But you must. Take the test.

TIC: Why?

TAR: It's the most effective means of assessment. You must believe that.

TIC: There has to be another way.

TAR: This is how we've decided it needs to be done. If you don't take the test. We won't know.

TIC: But, I think, I mean there are a lot of other ways, there have to be other ways to figure out if I'm a good person, if anyone is a good person, than from a test.

TAR: The test is what we have. The test makes sense. The test gives us a clear picture of who you are.

TIC: See, that's my problem.

TAR: Oh?

TIC: A test really isn't an appropriate... I mean how could it be, you can't figure out if I'm a good person or not by how well I do on a test. How can you?

TAR: That's how we do it.

TIC: What if I'm bad at taking tests?

TAR: (*wide friendly gesture*) Oh we can address that! That we can solve. We have lots of tutorials available. We have information sheets. We have practice questions. (*very proud*) We have graphs.

TIC: Yeah, I know all that but I don't –

TAR: There's no reason you can't take the test to the best of your abilities.

TIC: What if this test ruins my life?

TAR: Why would it? (*suspicious*) What have you done?

TIC: No, nothing, you're not hearing me.

TAR: If you try your best, there's no reason the outcome would reveal anything other than what you truly are. Whether you're good or whether you're...That's what tests are for.

TIC: So it's my fault then.

TAR: (*standing*) Thank you for coming in. We're so happy to see you. (*pulling TIC up and pushing him out*) I'm here any time you need help. I am here for you.

Transition

TIC and TAR move their chairs. TIONO stands centre stage. Everyone else forms two lines, downstage to upstage, facing TIONO.

TELPA: Title.

TIONA: Riptide.

The dialogue should overlap. The second section begins at the slash mark in the first section, the third begins at the slash mark in the second section and so on. Think waves of words. As they speak, everyone in the two lines exchange places. (those stage right, cross and re-form their line stage right and vice versa) As they walk past TIONO, someone must bump him. They are speaking directly to him.

SECTION ONE: Get you get you / get you get you get you get you.

SECTION TWO: Ur dead ur dead / ur dead ur dead ur dead ur dead.

SECTION THREE: Watch out / watch out watch out watch out watch out.

SECTION FOUR: Ugly ugly ugly ugly.

TIONO steps forward. He looks warily at the others. Whenever TIONO speaks, everyone else freezes.

TIONO: Just float.

The lines change places. TIONO gets bounced around.

SECTION ONE: Get you get you / get you get you get you get you.

SECTION TWO: Ur dead ur dead / ur dead ur dead ur dead ur dead.

SECTION THREE: Watch out / watch out watch out watch out watch out.

SECTION FOUR: Ugly ugly ugly ugly.

TIONO is thrown forward. Everyone freezes.

TIONO: (*starting to panic*) Don't panic. Just float. Don't fight. Don't try to fight. Don't try to swim to shore. Don't panic. Don't, don't –

The two lines exchange places. TIONO is bounced around.

SECTION ONE: Get you get you / get you get you get you get you.

SECTION TWO: Ur dead ur dead / ur dead ur dead ur dead ur dead.

SECTION THREE: Watch out / watch out watch out watch out watch out.

SECTION FOUR: Ugly ugly ugly ugly.

TIONO is thrown forward. Everyone freezes.

TIONO: Stop doing that! Stop it! All I'm doing is trying to get from one class to another. I am sick and tired of (*he points directly*) you and you and you, and everybody pushing me around!

TIONO is thrown forward and back as if getting smacked down by a wave. Everyone speaks at once this time as if a wave is pounding down on TIONO. They advance slowly in on TIONO, surrounding him.

SECTION ONE: (*unison*) Get you get you get you get you.

SECTION TWO: (*unison*) Ur dead ur dead ur dead ur dead.

SECTION THREE: (*unison*) Watch out watch out watch out watch out.

SECTION FOUR: (*unison*) Ugly ugly ugly ugly.

Everyone freezes.

TIONO: Float. Just float.

Transition

TAR: OK. Now for something a little different.

TIZEN: We can't announce the title of the next scene because we don't know what it is yet.

TAR: You're going to come up with the title for us.

TENA: But first...

ALL: But first!

TAR: We need something else from you.

TIZEN: We need five lines of dialogue.

ALL: Five lines of dialogue!

TENA: From five different people.

TAR: Hands up so we can choose you. Nice and high.

TELPA is in charge of pointing to specific audience members and getting them to stand up to say their line clearly. Beside her TIC and TIZEN (or two people with clear handwriting) have clipboards with strips of paper. TIC and TIZEN write down the lines, one line to one strip of paper. They then fold up each of the lines into a small square and pass them out.

TELPA: As you can see, each of us is putting one of your lines in our pockets.

ALL: In our pockets!

TENA: How's that for drama?

TAR: OK, to the title.

ALL: The title!

TIZEN: The theme of this particular scene is "The Language of Anger."

TAR: What would you call a scene based on anger?

TELPA is in charge of picking a couple people in the audience, having them stand up and say their title. She chooses a title and says it out loud.

Once there is a title, everyone in the cast repeats it.

TAR: Title.

TIZEN: (suggested from the audience)

TOCH makes stereotypical anger faces. He stomps the ground and clenching his fists. He's very exaggerated.

TOCH: (stereotypical anger sounds) Grr! Grr! Agh! Grr!

TYNE approaches him and watches what he's doing for a couple of moments. TOCH looks up.

TOCH: (not fazed at all) Hi.

TYNE: What are you doing?

TOCH: I'm feeling really angry right now and my therapist suggested that when I am feeling really angry, instead of letting anger consume me, I consume it. Get über angry. Grrr! (exaggerating) I am so mad!

TYNE: You go to a therapist?

TOCH: Of course I do. I am going through tough times which have battered my self-esteem and filled me with seething hatred which could possibly result in massive consequences if I don't seek help.

TYNE: Fair enough.

TOCH: (stereotypical anger sounds) Grr! Grr! Agh! Grr!

TYNE: Actually that looks like fun. Can I join in?

TOCH: By all means.

The two of them now make stereotypical anger faces, stomp the ground, and clench their fists. The two almost make a kind of dance as they move and sound off their exaggerated anger.

TOCH & TYNE: (stereotypical anger sounds) Grr! Grr! Agh! Grr!

T-JON approaches. He looks at the two. He looks at the audience. He shrugs and joins in. Avoid making a straight line. Think "Anger Amoeba." After a moment TIONA runs up.

TIONA: Awesome! (calling out) Flash mob!

TIONA, and everyone else but TELPA joins in really getting into this physicalization and sound of exaggerated anger.

ALL: (stereotypical anger sounds) Grr! Grr! Agh! Grr!

TELPA, as the principal walks over slowly, crosses her arms and stares. One by one, everyone slows and stops what they're doing. They stand meekly in front of TELPA.

TELPA: So, (name of one of the actors) what do you have to say for yourself?

*TELPA should NOT reveal ahead of time which person she's going to pick. Make it random. Whoever is chosen, slowly pulls out one of the pieces of paper from their pocket and **ends the scene with the audience line.***

Transition

Everyone snaps to attention and turns to the audience.

TIZEN: Title.

TAR: Leaning Tree.

Everyone raises their arms in the air like tree branches. They sway back and forth as if being pushed by the wind. There is the faint sound of a bitter cold wind. They move to form a semicircle around TENA.

TENA: Thick trunk. Heavy leaves. Sturdy branches. Abundant and large, taking up space.

One by one those surrounding TENA move from being trees to pointing mockingly at TENA.

TENA: Branches reaching wide, groaning, leaning under the weight. So much weight is powerful. (she reaches out) Tremendous! Beautiful. (she drops her arms) Beautiful in nature. (She turns to see everyone pointing at her. She crosses her arms, holding herself.) Beautiful... in nature.

Transition

Everyone looks up.

TAR: Title.

TIC: The world would be a better place if people weren't so easily offended by words that don't actually do anything, they just exist.

There is a pause. TELPA steps forward. There is a moment of silence.

TELPA: Fart.

Everyone overreacts. They scream, throw their arms in the air and faint. They run away, all reacting in an overly-offended manner.

Transition

TYNE: Title.

TELPA: Fish.

Everyone runs upstage as TIZEN and TOCH step forward and face each other.

TIZEN: Fish.

TOCH: Snowplow.

TIZEN: Lipstick.

TOCH: Couch.

TIZEN: Fork.

TOCH: Mailbox.

TIZEN: Blue eyes.

TOCH: Lonely.

TIZEN: Knapsack.

TOCH: Darkness.

TIZEN: Seaweed.

TOCH: Broken.

TIZEN: Do you need socks?

TOCH: Soup.

TIZEN: These have holes upon holes.

TOCH: Turtle.

TIZEN: Maybe they're your brothers.

TOCH: Cellphone.

TIZEN: Where are you going?

TOCH: To kill myself.

TIZEN: Dinner's in an hour.

Transition

T-JON: Title.

TENA: Girl Talk.

TAR is standing in front of a bathroom mirror. TELPA and TIONA enter mid-conversation and primp in front of the mirror. TAR follows the conversation with bewilderment. NOTE: Unless specified, TELPA and TIONA speak at exactly the same time.

TELPA: Did you see? Did you see?
She did that? You know, and she did. Do you know? I'm just supposed to accept? Like just, why? Totally. Totally. BFF is a two-way street. And I was like, IDK whateve and she was like (*makes a face*) French fry face. French Fry face. Face. Huge. Look. Look. Look. Lip balm. Lip balm. Dying. Look at them. Big cheeks tiny lips. Do you like Brandon? Brandon. You so like him. He's funny. He's funny. But kind of mean. OMG! LOL! Jinx! Ha ha!

TIONA: I know, I know, I know. She did. I know. It's like, what? Mind blown. So wrong. No. Exactly. Totally. So totally exactly wrong. She's supposed to be your BFF. I'm your BFF but she said she was and I was like IDK whateve and she was like (*makes a face*). You're not fat. You're not fat. You had like one french fry. Half a french fry. Bacon Lip balm. Everything tastes like bacon. Brandon? Uhhhhh. Brandon. He's OK. He's funny. But kind of mean. OMG! LOL! Jinx! Ha ha!

TAR: Ha ha! (*TELPA and TIONA slowly turn and look at her*) I mean, whatever, bacon, so funny. O...M... Q? Ha!

There is a pause.

TELPA: What are you talking about?

Transition

TIC, TIZEN, and TIONO run downstage.

TAR: Title.

TIONO: Opposite day.

TIC: I'm going to the beach. And every girl on that beach is going to fall madly in love with me. That's how good I look with my shirt off.
Instant love.

TIZEN: Of course I want to watch the game. I love football.

TIONO: Of course you're special. I never think of other girls. Why would I?

TAR: Dating? Boys? Never think of them. Uh uh. Why would I? No way, Mom.

TIC: I'm going to flex my muscles and every girl will fall at my feet.
That's how muscular I am. Instant faint.

TIZEN: We can do whatever you want. I love watching you play video games.

TIONO: Why would I think about other girls when I have you?

TAR: We're all going out in a group. I'd just rather hang out with the girls.

TIC: Girls want me. I can't help it. Instant animal attraction.

TIZEN: You can choose the movie, I don't mind.

TIONO: I take this relationship very seriously.

TAR: Boys are just a distraction.

TIC: Yes, I am a god.

TIZEN: Yes, I love sports.

TIONO: Yes, I just want to hold your hand.

TAR: Yes, I'm studying at Jennifer's house.

ALL FOUR : *(they all sigh)* Yeah.

Transition

Everyone turns to face downstage.

TYNE: Title.

TIC: Miss Manners.

During the following everyone slowly makes their way downstage as they read or repeat their line or section. NOTE: Feel free to read the long chunks off of a clipboard if necessary.

TIONA pulls a roll of masking tape from her pocket. As the others speak, TIONA silently rips off sections of tape with her teeth. She ritualistically takes these sections of tape and places them on her inner arms. Her legs. Her stomach. She is cutting herself.

Everyone speaks brightly and with purpose. They are not down or depressed, they are saying things they truly believe is right.

ALL: A Lesson for Children. (source: *The New England Primer, 18th Century*)

GIRLS: Call no ill names.

GUYS: Use no ill words.

GIRLS: Do not swear.

GUYS: Do not steal.

GIRLS: Play not with bad boys.

ALL: Speak the Truth. Tell no lies. Hate Lies.

They now begin moving downstage.

TIZEN: Children should be seen and not heard.

TOCH: Silence is golden.

TENA: Spare the rod, spoil the child.

T-JON: Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it.

TELPA & TIONO: And if any of the Select men after admonition by them given to such masters of families shall find them still negligent of their duty in the particulars aforementioned, whereby children and servants become rude, stubborn & unruly; \ (*quietly from here on*) the said Select men with the help of two Magistrates, or the next County court for that Shire, shall take such children or apprentices from them & place them with some masters for years which will more strictly look unto, and force

them to submit unto government according to the rules of this order, if by fair means and former instructions they will not be drawn into it. (Source: *Massachusetts Bay School Law, 1642*)

TIC: (start at the \ mark above) Surely there is in all children though not alike, a stubbornness and stoutness of mind arising from natural pride which must be broken and beaten down. \ For the beating must provide carefully for two things: first that children's wills and wilfulness be restrained and repressed. (Source: *John Robinson, 1576-1625*)

TYNE: (start at the \ mark above)...in beating Reginald Chancellor to death, he was but following out a system which has been strenuously maintained by religionists. \ (quietly from here on) And he cites cases in which the most cruel chastisements have been persevered by Christian parents, until exhausted and tortured children have been compelled to beg mercy. His argument is that we, the Wiser and Stronger, are entitled to use our strength against others until they admit our wisdom. (Source: *Punch, October 6, 1860*)

TAR: (start at the \ mark above) Their hearts naturally are a mere nest, root, fountain of sin and wickedness; an evil treasure from whence proceed evil things. Their hearts are unspeakably wicked, estranged from God. (Source: *Benjamin Wadsworth, 1721*)

ALL: Speak the Truth. Tell no lies. Hate Lies.

Work with the timing of this piece. You want it to be long enough to get the visual of what TIONA is doing. At some point there is a cacophony of sound, which needs to come to an end. Consider having someone cue the end of the piece, perhaps with raising a hand and slicing it down. Whatever you do, make the end clear and crisp. Then pause for a moment to let the audience take in TIONA covered with pieces of tape.

Transition

Music plays - a driving beat. Everyone's dancing at a dance, having a good time.

TIC: Title!

TENA: Normal?

TENA joins the dance while TIONO stands uncomfortable, off to the side. He is not into dancing. TIZEN dances over to him. She gestures for him to come dance. TIONO vehemently shakes his head.

TIZEN gestures again, as if saying “it’s OK.” TIONO vehemently shakes his head. TIZEN grabs his arm and starts pointing out others on the dance floor. She points at TELPA who moves as if she’s dancing in slow motion through molasses. She points out T-JON who is doing bad breakdancing moves. She points out TAR and TOCH who stand and bounce their heads. TIZEN gestures again to TIONO. TIONO takes a deep breath and steps forward. He counts to three and then starts to dance. It’s like he’s having a seizure. It’s awkward, clumsy, bizarre and he’s loving it. Slowly everyone stops what they’re doing to watch TIONO. He realizes everyone is watching and slowly comes to a stop. There is a moment, and then everyone starts dancing like TIONO. It’s a big gawky uncoordinated dance party.

Transition

TIZEN and TAR move downstage.

TIZEN: Title. *(She looks around, no one is stepping forward to help. She turns back to the audience.)* Alone. *(she moves upstage)*

TAR: I wish I was alone... I wish I was alone... *(sigh)* I wish...

T-JON: *(offstage voice, using microphone)* OK you got it. Poof.

TAR: *(looking around)* Excuse me?

T-JON: You’re alone.

TAR: Who’s talking?

T-JON: Doesn’t matter, I’m leaving.

TAR: *(looking around)* Where are you?

T-JON: Doesn’t matter. You are officially and unequivocally alone. OK?

TAR: Equiv what?

T-JON: Pay attention. You are alone. You are now, officially, the last person on earth. Poof.

TAR: On earth? What?

T-JON: Pay attention. You want to be alone, you’re alone.

TAR: Am I on camera?

T-JON: See you later. Actually I won’t. Ciao.

TAR: Wait a minute! Hold on. Are you God?

T-JON: Doesn't matter.

TAR: Why?

T-JON: You're there. We're all here.

TAR: We?

T-JON: Everyone but you.

TAR: This isn't happening.

T-JON: Oh I think you'll get it soon enough. Adios!

TAR: Wait! Why am I alone? Why me here, everyone there.

T-JON: You asked for it.

TAR: No...

T-JON: (*imitating her tone*) Yes... Over and over and over and over, actually we're all pretty happy we don't have to hear you say it anymore.

TAR: But, I didn't mean, not really. I was just, you know, being, you know...

T-JON: No.

TAR: I was just wishing. Talking out loud.

T-JON: Hardly my fault.

TAR: I wasn't being literal.

T-JON: Well now you are. Literally alone. Have a good time. Sayonara!

TAR: Wait! What do I do now?

T-JON: Whatever you want. All the cake is yours.

TAR: Wait don't leave – (*she stops*) All the cake? I don't have to share? With anyone? (*pause*) I can live with that.

Transition

TENA: Title.

TELPA: Doing Dishes.

TENA and TELPA turn upstage.

TOCH: The future for me is... I don't know. Uncertain. Unclear. A lot of un words. Un-talked about, oh that's not a word. Wait, unspoken! Ha! This week we had heat. And I was able to cook dinner for my sister. Spaghetti. I'm getting good at that. Afterwards we did the dishes. I wash. She dries. We... we laugh. Like we're doing something normal, like we do it all the time. "I can't do the dishes, I have a date tonight..." you know. Normal. We had food. And we didn't have to wear seven sweaters inside. We washed and dried the dishes like normal people do. And we talked about our day. Normal. We did not talk about Mom. Why would we? Nothing has changed. Where is she? Don't know. Did she give you any money? No. The rent is due. (beat) The rent is due. I have no energy to think about the future. The present takes everything I got. Doing the dishes isn't normal. It's fake but we do it because that's what a brother and a sister are supposed to do. "You dry, why do I have to dry, I always dry..." (beat) The rent is due.

Transition

TOCH: Title.

TIONO: Not.

TELPA and TENA stand side by side. TYNE and TIONA stand on either side of them. TYNE and TIONA hold a stack of cue cards that they pass to TELPA and TENA one at a time. After TENA and TELPA have held up a card they throw it to the ground.

TENA holds up a card that reads: CHEERLEADER. The card has an arrow on it that points to TELPA.

TELPA holds up a card that reads: NOT. The card has an arrow on it that points to TENA.

TENA holds up a card that reads: PRETTY. The card has an arrow on it that points to TELPA.

TELPA holds up a card that reads: NOT. The card has an arrow on it that points to TENA.

TENA looks pissed at that. She holds up a card that reads. DID I ASK U???

TELPA holds up a card that reads: TRUTH.

TENA holds up a card that reads: NO.

TELPA looks at TENA and shrugs.

TENA holds up a card that reads: UGLY. The card has an arrow on it that points to TELPA.

TELPA holds up a card that reads: LIAR. The card has an arrow on it that points to TENA.

TENA holds up a card that reads: SLUT. The card has an arrow on it that points to TELPA.

TELPA reacts. She holds up a card that reads: HEY.

TENA holds up a card that reads: WHORE. The card has an arrow on it that points to TELPA.

TELPA holds up a card that reads: HEY!! TELPA takes a step toward TENA, who backs down. TELPA looks upset and TENA looks uncomfortable.

TENA holds up a card that reads: SORRY.

TELPA holds up a card that reads: HURT.

TENA holds up a card that reads: ME 2.

TELPA looks at TENA weirdly.

TENA holds up a card that reads: NOT PRETTY.

TELPA holds up a card that reads: U...R... (she changes cards) PRETTY...

TENA smiles at the compliment and primps. TELPA turns away and rolls her eyes, shaking her head.

TENA holds up a card that reads: GIRL.

TELPA holds up a card that reads: GIRL.

Transition

TIONO: Title.

TAR: The Next Robot Generation.

TOCH moves forward robotically.

TOCH: My homework is complete. My room is clean. My clothes are appropriate. My attitude is positive. My music is pleasing to the ear. My hair is styled in a harmless manner. Is that all you want from me? This is all you expect me to aspire to? This is it? Do you have anything to say? (pause) Powering down.

Transition

TYNE: Title.

TIONA: The world would be a better place if every time a girl screamed her appreciation for something, cause screaming like that hurts the ears and makes all girls look so entirely stupid, magic elves would steal her voice box.

TIZEN runs centre screaming about seeing a top movie star or celebrity. TIONA jumps and covers her ears. TYNE skips forward like a magical elf, approaches the screaming girl, and touches her throat. TIZEN instantly stops screaming. TYNE laughs like a magical elf and skips away. TIONA nods in approval.

TIONA: Works for me.

Transition

TENA: Title.

TIZEN: Seven.

TIONO, TOCH, TIC and T-JON come forward. They are jostling each other, having fun.

TIONO: So?

TOCH: So?

TIC: So...

T-JON: Oh yeah.

TIONO: Oh yeah!

TOCH & TIC: Oh yeah!

TIONO: *(hi fiving)* The man!

TOCH: *(hi fiving)* Yeah!

TIC: *(hi fiving)* The man!

TIONO: So?

TOCH: So?

TIC: So...

T-JON: Guess.

The other three look at each other in amazement.



help@theatrefolk.com www.theatrefolk.com

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