



## Sample Pages from Passing Period Purgatory

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://tfolk.me/p439> 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.**

# PASSING PERIOD PURGATORY

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT BY  
*Christian Kiley*



Passing Period Purgatory  
Copyright © 2022 Christian Kiley

CAUTION: This play is fully protected under the copyright laws of Canada and all other countries of the Universal Copyright Convention and is subject to royalty. Changes to the script are expressly forbidden without written consent of the author. Rights to produce, film, or record, in whole or in part, in any medium or in any language, by any group amateur or professional, are fully reserved.

Interested persons are requested to apply for amateur rights to:

**Theatrefolk**  
theatrefolk.com  
help@theatrefolk.com

Those interested in professional rights may contact the author c/o the above.

No part of this script covered by the copyrights hereon may be reproduced or used in any form or by any means - graphic, electronic or mechanical - without the prior written permission of the author. Any request for photocopying, recording, or taping shall be directed in writing to the author at the address above.

Printed in the USA

## Characters

### 15 Any Gender + 1 Non-Binary

**Toxic 1:** A conventionally popular student who blends in with the crowd

**Toxic 2:** A conventionally popular student who blends in with the crowd

**Toxic 3:** A conventionally popular student who blends in with the crowd

**Toxic 4:** A conventionally popular student who blends in with the crowd

**Toxic 5:** A conventionally popular student who blends in with the crowd

**Toxic 6:** A conventionally popular student who blends in with the crowd

**Toxic 7:** A conventionally popular student who blends in with the crowd

**Toxic 8:** A conventionally popular student who blends in with the crowd

**Quin:** Non-binary. Trying to be their truest-self (Non-Toxic)

**Newel:** A new student (Non-Toxic)

**Uniform:** Attempting to blend in but not accepted into the cool crowd (Non-Toxic)

**Invisible:** Everyone ignores them (Non-Toxic)

**Serene:** Holding onto a balloon of hope (Non-Toxic)

**Hero:** Dresses as a superhero and does their best to defend others (Non-Toxic)

**Proctor:** An adult supervisor

**Fashion:** Dresses with unique style (Non-Toxic)

The chorus is referred to as TOXIC. When TOXIC appears in the script all the TOXIC characters should speak the dialogue that follows in unison.

The listed cast size is sixteen (as seen above). The cast can easily be twelve by combining the Toxic parts (1 with 8, 2 with 7, 3 with 5, 4 with 6). The cast can also be expanded to twenty-four by alternating Toxic members lines. Toxic 1 becomes two parts by alternating the lines, etc. The cast range becomes 12-24 actors.

## Note on Lighting

The lights should stay up for the duration of the play to indicate the idea that students are constantly cycling through the passing period. Even when they are not having to navigate through the physical, emotional, and psychological challenges of passing period, it is still there (a perpetual purgatory).

## Setting

A hallway at your school. Today.

## **Special Thanks**

To Madison Brock, Marissa Candelaria, Ella Kiley, and Nora Rosener for their notes and feedback during the editing process.

## Scene I

*Lights up on PROCTOR who puts up a very bland sign that seems to be made with the minimum possible effort, lacking any heart or feeling. It simply says: NO BULLYING. PROCTOR admires the sign for a moment. PROCTOR remains on stage the entire play in various states ranging from disinterest to selectively supervising.*

PROCTOR: Perfect. Problem solved.

*PROCTOR admires the sign for a moment. Bell rings. PROCTOR moves upstage and sits on a high stool or chair that a tennis referee or lifeguard might sit on. During this scene PROCTOR is playing a game on their phone. TOXIC enters and begins moving from place to place frantically. Actors can move back and forth, repeating movements. The movement pattern that is established by TOXIC in this first scene can be repeated throughout the play. It represents the conventional, popular, and accepted rhythm. Anything that disturbs this rhythm or stands out will be frowned upon, mocked, and quelled. The NON-TOXIC characters except Newel and Uniform enter and stand in the background, clearly not a part of TOXIC and keeping their distance.*

TOXIC: *(speaking in unison, chanting, and moving together like a machine)*  
Moving, moving, blah, blah, blah. Moving, moving. Eyes down, don't stop. Moving, moving, normal as can be. Only behave in ways that draw no attention to me. Moving, moving, blah, blah, blah.

NEWEL: *(entering)* Excuse me, where is room A-I?

TOXIC: *(clearly annoyed with having to stop their chant/movement)* No!

NEWEL: There is no room A-I?

TOXIC: There is.

NEWEL: Where is it? I'm new.

*TOXIC laughs.*

NEWEL: What are you laughing at?

TOXIC: You.

NEWEL: Oh.

TOXIC: You suck.

NEWEL: That's rude.

TOXIC 1: But honest.

TOXIC 2: Who are you?

TOXIC 3: What are you?

TOXIC 4: Where are you from?

NEWEL: My name is-

TOXIC: NO!

NEWEL: Oh.

TOXIC 5: Your name is Oh.

NEWEL: No, my name is-

TOXIC 6: Don't cause trouble, Oh!

NEWEL: I'm just trying to get to my class.

TOXIC 7: But you're doing it weirdly.

TOXIC 8: Yes, Oh, you're odd.

TOXIC: Strange. Peculiar. Not like the rest of us.

*UNIFORM enters and is clearly trying to blend in.  
NEWEL approaches UNIFORM.*

NEWEL: My name is Newel. I'm new here. Do you know where room A-I is?

UNIFORM: Yes, I'm going to room A-I.

NEWEL: May I walk with you?

UNIFORM: I don't want to draw attention to myself.

NEWEL: I'll just follow you from a distance.

UNIFORM: No thanks. Maybe just go to a different class.

TOXIC 1: (to NEWEL and UNIFORM) Are you friends?

UNIFORM: No.

TOXIC 2: I only hear the opposite.

UNIFORM: Then yes.

TOXIC 3: They're friends!

UNIFORM: But I-

TOXIC 2: That was me. I hear the opposite.

TOXIC 4: What do you call two losers?

TOXIC 5: What do you call two losers?

TOXIC 4: Two losers. They don't deserve a creative punchline.

*TOXIC laughs as they exit. The NON-TOXIC characters want to help but are unable to muster the courage and exit.*

UNIFORM: You compromised my anonymity.

NEWEL: I'm sorry.

UNIFORM: Don't talk to me, follow me, or acknowledge me ever again.

NEWEL: But I'm in your class.

UNIFORM: I don't care what you do. Just don't blow my cover again.

*Bell rings. UNIFORM storms off. PROCTOR looks up for a moment and then returns to their game.*

NEWEL: *(to the fourth wall/audience)* Being new isn't bad. And being alone, when you choose to be, can be alright, good even. But when you are new and alone and it's not your choice, that's tough. My parents got divorced and it was better than the years they tried to cling onto this fast-dissolving chunk of Styrofoam in the stormy flooded mess of life. I'm not popular. And I'm fine with that. You get a sense pretty early on where you stand socially and I've been an outlier since kindergarten. But I had my little friend group and we found ways to thrive. We called ourselves tardigrades which are also known as water bears or moss piglets. They basically look like microscopic manatees. And although bullies made us feel miniscule, tiny, and unimportant, we thought we could survive anything. And in a way, we did. When my mom told me we were moving I broke down. I worked so hard to build something sustainable. I know I'll never recreate what I had. I just want to get through school without having to curl up into a ball and wait for the danger to subside. What if it never does? Did the



bell ring? Being late on my first day...perfect. I guess I'm going to find out if I can withstand the minus 328 degrees Fahrenheit of social deprivation. I miss my friends.

*NEWEL suddenly exits, realizing they will be late. The lights stay up. In between each scene there can be a brief pause of a few seconds to indicate the passage of time. This is an opportunity for PROCTOR to look around and "do their job" or to play music to set the tone for the next scene.*

## Scene 2

*Bell rings. TOXIC enters and begins speaking in unison/chanting and moving together like a machine. PROCTOR continues to play a game on their phone.*

TOXIC: *(speaking in unison/chanting and moving together like a machine)*  
Moving, moving, blah, blah, blah. Moving, moving. Eyes down, don't stop. Moving, moving, normal as can be. Only behave in ways that draw no attention to me. Moving, moving, blah, blah, blah.

*QUIN enters with their head down, trying to move across stage quickly without drawing any attention. TOXIC 1 moves in front of QUIN, blocking their path.*

TOXIC 1: Where are you going?

QUIN: Class.

TOXIC 2: *(crossing over to QUIN, forming what will be a semi-circle upstage of QUIN)* No. Where are you really going?

QUIN: Class.

TOXIC 3: *(crossing)* No. In life. Where are you going in life?

QUIN: In the right direction, I hope.

TOXIC 4: *(crossing)* I have bad news.

TOXIC 5: *(crossing)* Yes, very bad news.

TOXIC 6: *(crossing)* You're going the wrong way.

TOXIC 7: *(crossing)* Yes, you're confused.

TOXIC 8: *(crossing)* Distorted.

*NEWEL enters upstage, unnoticed by everyone.*

QUIN: I get it. I'm not like everyone else.

TOXIC 1: We're trying to see everyone the same.

QUIN: Everyone is not the same.

TOXIC 2: We're trying.

TOXIC 3: And you're making it incredibly difficult.

TOXIC 4: What are you?

QUIN: Human.

TOXIC 5: Be more specific.

QUIN: A young human.

TOXIC 6: More specific.

QUIN: A student.

TOXIC: NO!

TOXIC 7: We don't know what you are?

TOXIC 8: And it's confusing and frightening.

QUIN: You're the ones circling me. I'm the one who should be confused and frightened.

TOXIC: Are you?

QUIN: A little.

TOXIC: Good!

TOXIC 1: You should be.

TOXIC 2: We don't know what you are?

QUIN: Who I am, right?

TOXIC 3: No. What are you?

QUIN: Are you asking about my gender?

TOXIC 4: We are asking what you are?

TOXIC 5: It's bothering us.

TOXIC 6: Distracting us.

TOXIC 7: Disrupting our learning.

TOXIC 8: Unnatural.

QUIN: There is nothing more natural than being your most authentic self.

TOXIC: NO!

TOXIC 1: Stop being difficult and tell us what you are.

QUIN: My pronouns are they and them.

TOXIC 2: That makes no sense.

QUIN: Granted it takes some getting used to.

TOXIC 3: Pick: blue or pink?

QUIN: I prefer pastel purple.

TOXIC 4: You don't even like regular purple.

TOXIC 5: Yes, like grape jelly.

TOXIC 6: Yes!

TOXIC 7: With no chunks of fruit in it.

TOXIC 8: Chunks of fruit have no business being in jelly.

TOXIC: And you have no business being in our school.

QUIN: Believe me, I want to be here even less than you want me here.

TOXIC 1: Blend in or get out!

*The bell rings.*

TOXIC: (*as they exit*) Moving, moving, blah, blah, blah. Moving, moving. Eyes down, don't stop. Moving, moving, normal as can be. Only behave in ways that draw no attention to me. Moving, moving, blah, blah, blah.

QUIN: (*to the fourth wall/audience*) It's not that my parents don't love me. They're just not ready to accept me for who I really am. "It's a phase" they say with their fingers crossed, hoping that this will be like a poor fashion trend that will one day soon be outdated. But it's not like that. When you feel something deep, deep inside yourself and you know with certainty it's true, the only course of action is to honor that feeling. And that's what I'm trying to do. It isn't easy but it's who I am. I just want to get to my next class without being interrogated. I just want to be able to struggle in math class or pretend to understand the meaning of an abstract

poem in English without the snickers, giggles, and side comments from my classmates. Occasionally, one of my classmates will get the nerve up to ask, “are you a boy or a girl?” They don’t wait for my answer. They just quickly return to their friends, “did you see the look on its face?” I made the mistake of confronting a group of gigglers once. They said I was egocentric and probably a narcissist to think they were talking about me. It just feels like we’re still treating bullying like we did twenty years ago. It’s a lot more subtle and damaging now. Like microscopic structural cracks you can’t see until, everything collapses. Sometimes I feel like I’m just going to collapse.

*QUIN starts to exit, NEWEL steps downstage and waves to QUIN.*

NEWEL: Are you alright?

QUIN: I’ll survive.

NEWEL: Sometimes it’s easier to survive if you have a friend. That’s how people survive in zombie apocalypse movies.

QUIN: That’s fiction, this is reality. And in reality, I have to survive passing period and get to class.

NEWEL: Yeah, me too. But what if we changed our reality.

QUIN: Not today. Today I think I’ll focus on surviving.

*QUIN and NEWEL exit in opposite directions.*

### Scene 3

*Bell rings. TOXIC enters and begins moving from place to place as in previous scenes. QUIN enters and stands in the background unseen. PROCTOR is taking a nap.*

TOXIC: *(speaking in unison/chanting and moving together like a machine)* Moving, moving, blah, blah, blah. Moving, moving. Eyes down, don’t stop. Moving, moving, normal as can be. Only behave in ways that draw no attention to me. Moving, moving, blah, blah, blah.

*INVISIBLE enters dressed very differently than everyone else and yet as they move around, they go unnoticed by everyone. The sound suddenly stops and everyone freezes except for INVISIBLE. It’s as if someone has muted the scene except for INVISIBLE.*

INVISIBLE: (*approaches TOXIC 1*) Hello?

*INVISIBLE is ignored by TOXIC 1 who, like the rest of TOXIC is frozen.*

INVISIBLE: (*approaches TOXIC 2*) What are you doing?

*INVISIBLE continues to be ignored by TOXIC 2.*

INVISIBLE: Me? Oh, you know. The usual.

*INVISIBLE continues to be ignored by TOXIC 2.*

INVISIBLE: (*waves and approaches TOXIC 3*) Hey, it's me.

*INVISIBLE is ignored by TOXIC 3.*

INVISIBLE: Yeah, I don't expect you to light up like a Las Vegas marquee when you see me.

*INVISIBLE continues to be ignored by TOXIC 3.*

INVISIBLE: Maybe an elementary school sign. "Have a great day Muskrats!" This is not elementary school and our school mascot is not a muskrat but...

*INVISIBLE continues to be ignored by TOXIC 3.*

INVISIBLE: (*crosses to TOXIC 4*) Remember me? In third grade you told me that I looked like I belonged in the circus. The circus with elephant poop, not the Cirque du Soleil kind. Remember that? Well, I do.

*INVISIBLE continues to be ignored by TOXIC 4.*

INVISIBLE: Sometimes it's the little things. The little connections that make all the difference.

*INVISIBLE continues to be ignored by TOXIC 4.*

INVISIBLE: (*approaching TOXIC 5*) Even a nod, or a wink, or a twitch, an involuntary one even...

*INVISIBLE continues to be ignored by TOXIC 5.*

INVISIBLE: ...is better than nothing.

*INVISIBLE continues to be ignored by TOXIC 5.*

INVISIBLE: Being disliked is a form of acknowledgment.

*INVISIBLE continues to be ignored by TOXIC 5.*

INVISIBLE: (*approaching TOXIC 6*) In my last class somebody said, “I don’t know your name but you’re weird.” And I just nodded. I mean, I know. It’s not new news. But people don’t see me. Not really. I’m not acknowledged with that nod, nudge, or small gesture that means acceptance.

*INVISIBLE continues to be ignored by TOXIC 6.*

INVISIBLE: I don’t know what kind of compliment I’m expecting. Maybe, “way to go, we like how you blend into the background. Good job.” Something.

*INVISIBLE continues to be ignored by TOXIC 6.*

INVISIBLE: (*approaching TOXIC 7*) Remember me? For the longest time I was your next-door neighbor. Remember? We used to play catch with a spongy orange ball. The ball was so soft and forgiving. But that was a long time ago.

*INVISIBLE continues to be ignored by TOXIC 7.*

INVISIBLE: (*approaching TOXIC 8*) Maybe it’s best to...

*INVISIBLE is suddenly muted. The scene continues this way for several seconds until TOXIC breaks into the chant again with full sound.*

ALL: Moving, moving, blah, blah, blah. Moving, moving. Eyes down, don’t stop. Moving, moving, normal as can be. Only behave in ways that draw no attention to me. Moving, moving, blah, blah, blah.

*The bell rings. TOXIC exits. INVISIBLE considers their own body parts as if pondering whether they are actually invisible.*

INVISIBLE: (*to the fourth wall/audience*) You see me, right? Sometimes I have to really look at myself to confirm that I’m still there. I have this recurring nightmare where my body parts disappear one by one until my eyes are all that’s left and I get to see that no one has any reaction or response to me dissolving into nothingness. They do need our butts, maybe even more than our brains. Butts in seats mean dollars in pockets. And that matters. In the Hokey Pokey of schools, putting your whole butt in is not something they take lightly. My teacher still doesn’t know my name. I get marked absent half the time. But I swear, my butt is in my seat. Speaking of which...I better get going. Don’t worry, you won’t miss me.

*QUIN crosses downstage, staring at INVISIBLE.*

INVISIBLE: What are you looking at?

QUIN: I see you.

INVISIBLE: Yeah. I've got to get to class.

QUIN: Yeah, me too.

*INVISIBLE and QUIN exit in opposite directions.*

## Scene 4

*SERENE enters holding a balloon and stands for a moment. PROCTOR continues to nap.*

SERENE: (to the fourth wall/audience) Why bring a balloon to school? It's my birthday. No, no. Please don't sing. There's nothing worse than someone who sings *Happy Birthday* out of obligation. It's painful. Like asking how someone is doing when you really don't care but a cappella. I know this makes me a target. I might as well wear a shirt that says hit me. But my friend gave it to me. My best friend. My best friend's breath is in here. In many ways that's the best gift you can give another person. It's as close to giving your actual life as you can get without actually giving your life. And what can I do except carry it around? There's nowhere else to put it.

*The bell rings. SERENE remains perfectly still as TOXIC enters along with UNIFORM, who is trying to blend in. FASHION enters upstage and pulls a coat over their colorful outfit, trying to blend into the background.*

TOXIC: (speaking in unison/chanting and moving together like a machine) Moving, moving, blah, blah, blah. Moving, moving. Eyes down, don't stop. Moving, moving, normal as can be. Only behave in ways that draw no attention to me. Moving, moving, blah, blah, blah.

*TOXIC I crosses to SERENE and pops their balloon. UNIFORM and FASHION both react individually and clearly want to help SERENE but do nothing.*

SERENE: Hey. That was my balloon.

TOXIC I: It's still a balloon.

SERENE: Yes, but...

TOXIC I: But what? I made it a lot easier for you to carry.

SERENE: My best friend gave that to me.

TOXIC I: That's a lie.

SERENE: That my best friend gave it to me?

TOXIC I: That you have a best friend.

*HERO enters dressed imperfectly but with great gusto as a superhero, replete with cape and approaches TOXIC I.*

HERO: Don't do that.

TOXIC I: Do what?

HERO: What you just did. Don't burst someone's hope.

*HERO points to a sign that reads "NO BULLYING."*

HERO: It says right there. No bullying.

TOXIC I: That wasn't bullying.

HERO: I beg to differ.

TOXIC I: It's a game we play. Right... *(doesn't know SERENE's name)*  
friend?

SERENE: Friend? Sure.

TOXIC I: See.

HERO: *(to SERENE)* Is that true? Is it a game?

TOXIC I: Of course.

HERO: I wasn't talking to you.

TOXIC I: That hurt my feelings.

HERO: I don't think that hurt your feelings.

TOXIC I: Are you saying I don't have feelings?

HERO: No that's not what I-

TOXIC I: If popping a balloon is bullying, what's next? Making loud noises? Feeling emotions too deeply? This is not a museum. This is not the library. This is a school. Popping balloons has always been a part of school.

TOXIC: Leave our friend alone!



TOXIC 2: Yes, popularity is like shiny armor. Don't be jealous of our shiny armor.

TOXIC: Leave our armor alone!

TOXIC 3: Don't tarnish it with your jealousy and hatred.

TOXIC 4: (to HERO) Are you wearing pajamas?

TOXIC 5: Like little kids wear.

TOXIC 6: Toddler PJs.

TOXIC 7: Who are you?

TOXIC 8: Where are you from?

TOXIC: What are you?

HERO: I'm...I'm...I'm...

TOXIC: No one cares!

*TOXIC 1 steps on HERO's cape. HERO tries to run away and the cape is pulled off. TOXIC 1 uses HERO's cape like a bullfighter, taunting HERO. HERO charges at TOXIC 1. Once again UNIFORM reacts with concern but does not help. A member or members of TOXIC record the action with their cellphones. TOXIC 1 puts the cape over HERO's head and spins HERO around. The bell rings. TOXIC exits. FASHION wants to help but exits quickly. HERO sits/falls down with the cape over their head. SERENE considers helping HERO but after a moment of hesitation, exits quickly leaving HERO alone.*

HERO: There are no heroes. Only people in pajamas dreaming of saving the day.

TOXIC: (from offstage) LOSER!

HERO: (to the fourth wall/audience) I loved heroes growing up. I actually hoped something really horrible would happen to me because it would make a great origin story. It's hard to get behind a hero when their main challenge is that they're an awkward kid who struggles making friends. That's me. My parents hoped I would grow out of it. You know, like that kid who carries around that insufferable blankie that would make a sticky convenience store floor look like a sterile operating table. Well, here's my vile, germ-infested secret. I'm running around in my PJs believing I

can save the day. Who am I kidding? I can't even make it to class on time. You can't be late if you dress like a superhero. It goes against the whole "saving the day" mantra and draws way too much attention to yourself.

*HERO exits awkwardly. UNIFORM stays on stage stunned by what they've witnessed.*

## Scene 5

*Bell rings. TOXIC enters, moving from place to place as in previous scenes. UNIFORM is already on stage and tries to move like everyone but their heart is just not in it. This becomes more and more obvious as UNIFORM moves. NEWEL and SERENE enter from opposite sides of the stage and stand in the background, silently observing.*

TOXIC: Moving, moving, blah, blah, blah. Moving, moving. Eyes down, don't stop. Moving, moving, normal as can be. Only behave in ways that draw no attention to me. Moving, moving, blah, blah, blah.

TOXIC 1: There is a faker among us.

*TOXIC stops the formulaic movement and freezes momentarily.*

TOXIC 2: Yes, I sense that too.

TOXIC 3: Clearly.

TOXIC: Fake! Fake! Fake!

*TOXIC turns and looks/points at UNIFORM.*

TOXIC: YOU!

TOXIC 4: You don't know the words.

TOXIC 5: You don't know the routine.

TOXIC 6: Your timing is off.

TOXIC 7: And you're not like us.

TOXIC 8: Not like us at all.

TOXIC 1: You are...

TOXIC: BANISHED!

UNIFORM: Please.

TOXIC 2: Prepare the garb of shame.

TOXIC: The garb of shame! The garb of shame! Prepare the garb, the garb of shame!

*TOXIC 8 exits and reenters with a unicorn hoodie or similar costume piece. It's placed on UNIFORM.*

UNIFORM: It's not my fault. The new kid. It's the new kid!

*The bell rings. SERENE quickly exits.*

TOXIC: Only behave in ways that draw no attention to me. Moving, moving, blah, blah, blah.

*Everyone exits except UNIFORM and NEWEL. PROCTOR wakes up from their nap and listens intently to the downstage conversation between UNIFORM and NEWEL.*

UNIFORM: I'm dressed in motley like a fool.

NEWEL: "O noble fool. A worthy fool."

UNIFORM: You.

NEWEL: I'm sorry.

UNIFORM: You should be.

NEWEL: At least you're a magical creature.

UNIFORM: What good is being a magical creature if no one appreciates your magic?

NEWEL: I see it. Your magic.

UNIFORM: I wish you wouldn't. I worked so hard on blending in. And it was working. It was really working.

NEWEL: We have to stand up against this.

*NEWEL puts on a unicorn or similar hoodie that was tied around their waist.*

UNIFORM: Are you nuts?

NEWEL: You're not alone. If we don't do something it will destroy our community from the inside until our school crumbles from within. We can work together to stop this.

UNIFORM: I'm late for class.

*UNIFORM exits.*

NEWEL: (*calling after UNIFORM*) You might be late for class but you're on time for the meaningful change that's going to take place. You can help bring it about.

*PROCTOR crosses to NEWEL.*

PROCTOR: What are you doing out of class, speaking about meaningful change? Are you trying to overthrow our principal and start a revolution?

NEWEL: No. I better get going.

PROCTOR: You look like trouble.

NEWEL: What does trouble look like?

PROCTOR: You.

NEWEL: I'm not trouble. Isn't it my right to be respected?

PROCTOR: You're trouble! Making demands and asking challenging questions to a grown-up in a uniform.

NEWEL: I can't question you because you're in a uniform?

PROCTOR: That was a defiant and flippant response. Only dolphins and other finned aquatic creatures can be flippant and get away with it. You're not a dolphin. What are you?

NEWEL: A human.

PROCTOR: (*handing NEWEL a slip of paper*) A human who just received a citation. Now get to class on the double you...whatever you are.

NEWEL: I just think we can treat each other better.

PROCTOR: Looking for a handout. A free pass. You kids are ridiculous. You want a rainbow hankie to blow your pathetic sniveling nose with. GET TO CLASS!

*NEWEL exits quickly. PROCTOR looks out.*

PROCTOR: This is exactly how it should be. Empty. Quiet. Neat. This is exactly as it should be. We've given them too much room, these kids. It's a mess. It's anarchy. You can't just be whatever you want. That's not how civilized society works.

*PROCTOR starts the chant and movement.*

PROCTOR: Moving, moving, blah, blah, blah. Moving, moving. Eyes down, don't stop. Moving, moving...

*The bell rings. PROCTOR stops the chant, checking to make sure everyone is gone, and looks out for a moment as if assessing whether they can trust the audience. After a moment PROCTOR pulls out a stuffed unicorn and pets it softly.*

PROCTOR: (to fourth wall/audience) What? I'm not allowed to have a placation plushy? You do this job for five minutes and tell me you don't need something to soothe you. My dentist said no more lollipops. I had seven teeth on the cavity watch list. The things I see. It's flashback city. You think I was popular as a kid. Not likely. Look at me. Don't! Stop looking at me. I know I said to look at me but listen to the undercurrent of the message. I wear my pants a little too high and my value is almost entirely invested in the number of citations I write. Like I get a commission. I wish. I'd be rich. Maybe then I could move out. Don't get me wrong, I love my momma's meatloaf but it might be time for me to learn to... make...it...on...my...own. Not just the meatloaf. My life-loaf.

*PROCTOR continues to pet the stuffed unicorn.*

## Scene 6

*The bell rings and PROCTOR puts away the stuffed unicorn and returns to "supervising" as TOXIC enters.*

TOXIC: Moving, moving, blah, blah, blah. Moving, moving. Eyes down, don't stop. Moving, moving, normal as can be. Only behave in ways that draw no attention to me. Moving, moving, blah, blah, blah.

*FASHION enters, dressed uniquely but appropriately. Everyone stops and glares at FASHION. It really amounts to gawking. HERO and INVISIBLE enter from opposite directions and stand unnoticed in the background.*

TOXIC: You.

TOXIC 1: Color-ful.

TOXIC 2: Pulp.

TOXIC 3: Citrusy.

TOXIC 4: Fruit-meat.

TOXIC 5: We eat.

TOXIC 6: Yum-yum.

TOXIC 7: Treat.

TOXIC 8: Sweet treat.

*FASHION is embarrassed and tries to cross off discreetly but is blocked by TOXIC in a kind of phalanx. INVISIBLE wants to help FASHION but stands upstage frozen, unnoticed.*

TOXIC: Where are you running off to?

FASHION: Class. I'm just trying to get to class.

PROCTOR: Stop this!

*PROCTOR steps between FASHION and TOXIC.*

PROCTOR: This has got to stop!

FASHION: Thank you.

PROCTOR: This kind of behavior is outlandish.

FASHION: Thank you but I really just want to get to class.

PROCTOR: You'll go to the dean's office immediately!

FASHION: That's not necessary, I can just-

PROCTOR: No! (*harshly, to FASHION*) You will not dress in such a way. You colorful, pulpy, citrusy, fruit-meat. You've turned our school into something it's not.

TOXIC I: Yes, that's what I was saying.

TOXIC: What we're all saying.

PROCTOR: (*handing FASHION a slip of paper*) Here's your citation. Now go!

TOXIC I: Sweet treat.

TOXIC & PROCTOR: Yum-yum.

PROCTOR: Move along fruit-meat before you distract the entire school.



[help@theatrefolk.com](mailto:help@theatrefolk.com) [www.theatrefolk.com](http://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).