



**Sample Pages from
School Daze**

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SCHOOL DAZE

A MIDDLE SCHOOL COMEDY
IN ONE ACT BY
Lindsay Price



School Daze

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Characters

See next page for Character layout. There are upwards of 54 characters in this piece: 16 guys, 24 girls, and 14 either. You can have a very large cast with everyone getting one part, or double up the roles.

Costumes

Because of the swift turnaround from scene to scene, I would suggest that specific costume pieces not be used. Jeans/pants and coloured t-shirts will work the best. That way actors can move from one scene to the next quite smoothly without worrying about changing costumes.

Props

- Book bags, cafeteria trays, lunch bags, lunch boxes.
- A book for Mary Jean.
- A class schedule and textbook for Baranova.

Lights

There should be no blackouts between scenes. As actors leave at the end of one scene, others should be entering. Use music or school sounds or improvised chatter if you need to cover time.

Setting

A bare stage. There are a set of bleachers (risers, seats, benches, cubes, whatever works for you) at the back of the stage. This is where the actors will sit when not performing. If you are using a large number of actors, I would suggest bleachers at the back of the stage for actors to sit, instead of having them corralled offstage. For one, you just may not have the room backstage! Second, it will offer an opportunity for them to learn how to maintain focus on stage and not steal it from others. Other options are to have the bleachers off to the side in the audience and have actors enter and exit using stairs at the front of the stage.

Running Time

Approximately 30 minutes.

Text Note

Middle school is not a set range of grades. It can be 5-8, 6-8, or 7-9. You can change the grades and ages in the script to suit your school. Also, some places say “grade 6” while others say “6th grade.” Use what is familiar to you.

Casting

Guys (16)	Girls (24)	Either (14)	All
Dad	Lacy	Big Kid One	Students moving to class
Big Kid Two	Mom	Big Kid Three	Tableaux
Jimmy	Mary-Jean	Eighth grader (One)	Runners
Fear Boy	Fear Girl	Eighth grader (Two)	Pizza Poem
Positive Boy	Positive Girl	Eighth grader (Three)	
Negative Boy	Negative Girl	Eighth grader (Four)	
Forward Boy	Backward Girl	Locker Two	
Backward Boy	Forward Girl	Sam	
Locker One	Locker Three	Pat	
MacDougal	Locker Four	Short One	
MacGreggor	Announcement Girl	Short Two	
Johnson	Baranova	Frustrated	
Bully	Stewart-Rosen	Home Ec One	
Invisible	Cara	Defensive	
Marty	Tammy		
Edwin	Amee		
	Snobby Friend		
	Girl One		
	Girl Two		
	Girl Three		
	Girl Four		
	Home Ec Two		
	Crush One		
	Crush Two		

Doubling

GUY ONE: Dad, Fear Boy, Johnson

GUY TWO: Big Kid Two, Backward Boy, MacGreggor, Edwin

GUY THREE: Jimmy, Positive Boy, MacDougal, Bully,

GUY FOUR: Eighth Grader Two, Negative Boy, Invisible, Marty

GUY FIVE: Eighth Grader Four, Forward Boy, Locker One, Edwin

GIRL ONE: Lacy, Forward Girl, Locker Four, Ameer, Girl One,

GIRL TWO: Mom, Positive Girl, Baranova, Snobby Friend, Girl Two,

GIRL THREE: Mary-Jean, Backward Girl, Announcement Girl, Tammy

GIRL FOUR: Eighth Grader Three, Negative Girl, Stewart-Rosen, Girl Three, Crush One

GIRL FIVE: Fear Girl, Locker Three, Cara, Girl Four, Crush Two

EITHER ONE: Big Kid One, Locker Two, Frustrated, Home Ec One

EITHER TWO: Big Kid Three, Sam, Home Ec Two

EITHER THREE: Eighth Grader One, Pat, Defensive

To give more parts to the Either actors, Announcement Girl could certainly be Announcement Boy and Invisible could be a girl.

Lights up. The stage is bare except for a couple of rows of bleachers at the back of the stage. Downstage there are three groups of actors, each in a frozen pose. There is the sound of a large crowd offstage. The offstage crowd double-stomps their feet and then claps. They do it again. The first onstage group has a MOM and DAD. A voice is heard calling from offstage and the MOM and DAD unfreeze.

LACY: (*offstage*) Mom! Mom!

MOM: In here honey.

LACY: (*runs onstage*) Mom look! (*she thrusts her chin out at her parents*)

MOM & DAD: Awwwwwwww.

LACY: Awwwwwwww? What do you mean, "Awwwwwwww?"

MOM: George look!

DAD: I'm looking. It's the cutest thing ever.

MOM: This is a proud day.

LACY: What are you talking about!

MOM: Honey, it's your first zit.

LACY: WHAT!

DAD: Where's the camera. (*he exits on the run*)

MOM: I remember my first zit.

LACY: Mom.

MOM: Right in the middle of my nose.

DAD: (*offstage*) Where's the camera Betty?

LACY: Mom.

MOM: (*with a sigh*) Those were the days.

DAD: (*offstage*) I can't find the camera!

LACY: Mom! I can't start school with a zit on my face!

MOM: Oh you'll be fine. Everyone'll have them.

LACY: What if they don't?

DAD: (*offstage*) Betty!

MOM: Honey, it's middle school. There'll be a pizza face round every corner.

LACY: (*horrified*) Mom!

MOM: Oh I wasn't calling you a pizza face.

LACY: But no one knows me. How am I supposed to make friends with zits all over my face?

MOM: You've got one little perfectly ordinary pimple.

DAD: (*offstage*) Mayday Betty! Mayday!

LACY: Please tell Dad I don't want him to take a picture of my zit.

MOM: If you put some toothpaste on it, it might dry up by tomorrow.

LACY: Really?

MOM: I used to do it all the time.

DAD: (*running onstage*) I found something better than the camera! Video!

They freeze. From offstage there is the sound of the large crowd doing the double-stamp and clap. They repeat it. The second onstage group comes to life as BIG KIDS ONE, TWO and THREE crowd around JIMMY. Throughout the following JIMMY is a cool customer. He doesn't react.

BIG KID ONE: So off to another year of school, eh Jimmy?

BIG KID TWO: (*evil laugh*) Bwa-ha-ha!

BIG KID ONE: Are you scared Jimmy?

BIG KID THREE: Shaking in your shoes?

BIG KID ONE: Quaking in your boots?

BIG KID THREE: Trembling all over?

BIG KID TWO: (*evil laugh*) Bwa-ha-ha!

BIG KID ONE: Remember how scared he was last year?

BIG KID THREE: He was so scared!

BIG KID ONE: Scared stiff.

BIG KID THREE: Terrified.

BIG KID ONE: Petrified.

BIG KID TWO: Ooooooh look at me. I'm Jimmy. I'm scared to go to school.

BIG KID ONE: Be afraid Jimmy.

BIG KID THREE: Be very afraid.

BIG KID TWO: (*evil laugh*) Bwa-ha-ha! Bwa-ha-ha! Bwa-ha – (*he stops suddenly and stares at JIMMY*) Hey Jimmy. How come you don't look so scared?

JIMMY: Guys. It's grade 7. The most perfect grade ever.

BIG KID ONE: Really?

BIG KID TWO: It is?

BIG KID THREE: How so?

JIMMY: I'm not new, so I don't have to be scared about that. And I don't have to think about high school yet, so I'm not scared about that. I'm right in the middle. It's perfect! I'm going to stay in 7th grade forever!

JIMMY exits leaving the BIG KIDS with their mouths open. They freeze. From offstage the large crowd does their double-clap and stamp. They repeat it. The third onstage group, the 8TH GRADERS come to life as they hi-five each other.

ONE: This is it!

TWO: Who-hoo!

THREE: We are the best!

FOUR: Top of the heap!

They all give each other complicated handshakes.

ONE: We are number one!

TWO: Numero Uno!

THREE: Tomorrow, we own the school.

FOUR: Own. It.

THREE: Everyone better just step aside.

ONE: Cause we make things happen.

TWO: In school.

FOUR: In life.

THREE: We are the best!!

ALL: We rule middle school! We rule middle school! Middle school we rule!

They all shout and give each other complicated handshakes. MARY-JEAN enters with her face in a book. She walks by the group as they celebrate.

MARY-JEAN: Till next year when you're in high school, and you'll be at the bottom of the heap, and no one will care about you, and it'll be four long years to claw yourself up to the top again. Four long years.

She exits. They others have stopped dead as MARY-JEAN talks. They watch her exit.

ALL: Shut up Mary-Jean.

FOUR: Your sister is such a pain.

TWO: Tell me about it.

ONE: Four. Long. Years.

ALL: Hmmmmm. *(there's a pause)*

THREE: But we're good now, right?

ONE: Yeah.

TWO: Now we're great!

FOUR: We're number one!

THREE: The best!

ALL: Whoo-hoo!

A bell rings. Everyone floods the stage, carrying schoolbooks and knapsacks. There is a babble of noise. Everyone is walking in different patterns as if going from class to class. After a moment, everyone stops and turns to the front.

ALL: This is it!

POSITIVE GIRL: I've been waiting all summer for this.

NEGATIVE GIRL: School. Here we go again.

BOYS: Middle school.

POSITIVE GIRL: No problem!

GIRLS: New school.

NEGATIVE GIRL: I hate it.

BOYS: Middle school.

FEAR GIRL: What if no one likes me?

GIRLS: New school.

FEAR BOY: New problems.

BOYS: Middle school.

FEAR GIRL: What if I don't fit in?

GIRLS: New school.

FEAR GIRL: The new kid.

FEAR BOY: I hate being the new kid.

POSITIVE BOY: We're all new kids.

BOYS: Middle school.

FORWARD GIRL: I can't wait. Leave all that kid stuff behind.

BACKWARD BOY: I miss kindergarten. I miss nap time.

BACKWARD GIRL: I don't want to grow up so fast.

POSITIVE GIRL: Finally, I get to grow up.

FORWARD BOY: I hate being treated like a kid!

BACKWARD BOY: What's wrong with being a kid? Kids do fun things.

POSITIVE GIRL: I've been waiting all summer for this.

BACKWARD BOY: Play games, eat ice cream, run around the jungle gym...

POSITIVE GIRL: I've planned out my clothes a hundred times.

FEAR BOY: I have been warned. Don't go to the bathroom alone. Don't do it.

POSITIVE BOY: I can't wait to go to different classes.

BACKWARD GIRL: I miss my old classroom.

BACKWARD BOY: I miss recess.

POSITIVE BOY: Shop, Home Ec, Band...

NEGATIVE BOY: I have to take band this year. What if I choose the wrong instrument? What if I choose an instrument that makes me look bad?

NEGATIVE GIRL: Like what?

NEGATIVE BOY: I don't know. The flute?

NEGATIVE GIRL: What's wrong with the flute?

NEGATIVE BOY: Only girls play flutes.

NEGATIVE GIRL: Since when?

NEGATIVE BOY: Since forever.

FEAR GIRL: I don't really need to take shop do I? They don't make girls take shop.

FEAR BOY: They don't make boys take Home Ec, do they?

FORWARD GIRL: I can't wait to take shop. I'm dying to build stuff.

POSITIVE GIRL: I love my school. All my friends are here. It's going to be great.

NEGATIVE GIRL: I hate where I live. Because of where I live, I have to go to a different middle school than all my friends. I don't know anyone. Except Skinny Marie. Everyone at my old school hates Skinny Marie and I know, I just know, she's going to try and be my friend because we're the only ones who know each other. I hate it.

POSITIVE GIRL: Finally I'm not a kid anymore. I love it!

ALL: This is it!

A bell rings. Everyone bumbles and stumbles to get to their first class. There is pushing and laughing and a babble of noise. Everyone moves to the back and sits

*in the bleachers except for the LOCKER QUARTET.
They move down stage in a line.*

LOCKER ONE: Left 12. Right 7. Left 3. Open.
(repeats combination as LOCKER TWO joins in)

LOCKER TWO: Left 2. Right 11. Left 10. Open.
(repeats combination as LOCKER THREE joins in)

LOCKER THREE: Left 9. Right 6. Left 1. Open.
(repeats combination as LOCKER FOUR joins in)

LOCKER FOUR: Left 4. Right 8. Left 11. Open.

*Everyone says their combo again, all at the same time.
Then they stop.*

LOCKER ONE: All I want to know is when. When's it going to happen?
Before school? After school? Today? Tomorrow?

LOCKER TWO: Left 2. Right 11. Left 10. Open.

LOCKER ONE: When am I going to get shoved into my locker? It happens to everyone, right? Do "they" just randomly push? Is there a list? A draw? Let's see. *(he mimes reaching into a bag)* Today's lucky contestant is... Simpson! It's Billy Simpson's turn. Simpson, it's your lucky day.

LOCKER FOUR: Left 4. Right 8. Left 11. Open.

LOCKER TWO: What if I forget my locker combo? What if I have to get to a science test and I don't have a pen? My pen's in my locker and I blank. Freeze. Nothing! I try one set of numbers.

LOCKER THREE: Left 5.

LOCKER FOUR: Right 10.

LOCKER ONE: Left 6.

LOCKER TWO: No good. Another set.

LOCKER THREE: Left 4.

LOCKER FOUR: Right 9.

LOCKER ONE: Left 7.

LOCKER TWO: Open! Come on, open! Open!!!! The hall is empty.
The test is starting and I don't have a pen. My whole life is ruined.

LOCKER THREE: Left 9. Right 6. Left 1. Open.

LOCKER FOUR: I love lockers. I especially love decorating my lockers. My mom won't let me do anything with my room, but she can't say word one about what I do in my locker. In grade six it was a mishmash: a mirror, some stickers, a couple of magazine photos. I hadn't honed my skills. Last year it was:

ALL FOUR: Dana's night club extravaganza!

LOCKER FOUR: Black crepe paper, metallic stars, I even had a disco ball. This year is tough. I want to go out with a bang. I was thinking Dana's beach party extravaganza, but I don't want to deal with sand in my gym clothes.

LOCKER ONE: Left 12. Right 7. Left 3. Open.

LOCKER THREE: I don't want to share a locker. I'm not the sharing type. I don't want my lunch to be contaminated by anyone else's odours. I don't like odours. What if my books get odours all over them? Ugh!

LOCKER FOUR: I might go with Dana's European adventure extravaganza and change to a different city each week. I think there should be an extra credit for locker decoration.

They all repeat their combinations at the same time and then –

ALL FOUR: OPEN!

A bell rings. Everyone moves downstage, forming three separate groups. When their group is not moving, actors stand still with their heads down.

ANNOUNCEMENT GIRL stands at the side of the stage. She keeps talking throughout the following.

ANNOUNCEMENT GIRL: Good morning staff and students. Welcome to the first day of school at Wilson Park Middle School. Here are your announcements.

The first group begins to move into their Tableau: a classroom setting with various reactions – some students with their hands up, some whispering to each other, two girls passing a note, a boy sleeping, another boy pointing it out to the teacher. They freeze.

NOTE: Please encourage your students to come up with their own Tableaux. What issues are important at your school?

ANNOUNCEMENT GIRL: Today we are on a Day One schedule. A Day One schedule. The schedule is Day One. Tryouts for the girls basketball team will be held Thursday at 3:30 in the gym. That's Thursday at 3:30.

The second group moves into their Tableau: a bullying situation – someone going to push another student, with some students on the side of the bully, and other students on the side of the kid being pushed.

ANNOUNCEMENT GIRL: The newspaper club will start its meetings Wednesday in Room 117. Come with a story idea! Today's lunch will be cheese or pepperoni pizza with side salad, pudding, and milk. Hot veggies are also available.

The third group moves into their Tableau: a gym class. A game of basketball. Some students are really excited in the pose as they are excited about the game. There are others off to the side, not having fun.

ANNOUNCEMENT GIRL: Cell phones are to be turned off and left in your lockers during school hours. Cell phones that ring in class will be kept in the front office for parent pick up. Wow, I'm getting déjà vu here. These announcements are exactly like last year's announcements! Hey! Psst! You students. Can you believe you're back? Ha ha ha ha. A whole year of school lies in front of you. Hours and hours of classes and miles and miles of homework. And there's no escape! No escape! No escape!

ANNOUNCEMENT GIRL gives an evil laugh, during which all those onstage come out of their poses to stare at her. When she realizes everyone is staring at her, she turns her laugh into a cough.

ANNOUNCEMENT GIRL: Ah-hem. (she clears her throat) The quote of the day is from Albert Einstein: Try not to become a man of success, but a man of value. Or a woman. That's all! Have a nice day!

A bell rings. MACGREGGOR and MACDOUGAL step downstage and to the side. JOHNSON, BARANOVA and STEWART-ROSEN move centre and start to warm up as if they are getting ready for a race. The rest move to the back and warm up silently as well.

MACDOUGAL: It's a fine, fine day for a race don't you think MacGreggor?

MACGREGGOR: Indeed MacDougal, it's a fine, fine day for a race.

MACDOUGAL: Welcome ladies and gentlemen to the daily run to get from period one to period two.

MACGREGGOR: We've got a grade seven class here that has to get from their Math class at the front of the building, all the way to the lower back hallway for Social Studies.

MACDOUGAL: And they've only got five minutes to do it! It seems impossible MacGreggor.

MACGREGGOR: Indeed MacDougal.

MACDOUGAL: Let's talk to the front runners.

They move over to the three runners.

MACDOUGAL: First we have Jeremy "Jelly" Johnson. Jelly, what's your strategy?

JOHNSON: I'm gonna go out hard, hit the corners, not make any wrong turns and bring it home. (*he gives a whoop and a victory pose*)

MACGREGGOR: Best of luck Jelly! Next we have Rada Baranova. Rada, you've won this event before. Do you feel like you have a lock on the competition?

BARANOVA: I definitely have a lock. (*she waves a piece of paper*) I've got my class schedule and I'm not afraid to use it. Everyone's going to eat my dust!

MACGREGGOR: Strong words indeed.

MACDOUGAL: Last, we have Ariel Stewart-Rosen. Ariel, are you worried about getting a detention if you're late for class?

STEWART-ROSEN: A detention? Me? I never get detention. The teachers love me! Give me a detention? Never.

MACGREGGOR: All right MacDougal, looks like we're ready to go.

MACDOUGAL: That's right MacGreggor, the runners are lining up.

Everyone gets into a start position.

MACGREGGOR: This is so exciting MacDougal!

MACDOUGAL: Very exciting MacGreggor!

There is the sound of a starter's pistol. Everyone starts running in place and in slow motion.

MACGREGGOR: And they're off! It's Johnson and Baranova, Johnson and Baranova, Baranova and Johnson. Where's Stewart-Rosen?

STEWART-ROSEN is seen talking to another girl. They both move to the back of the pack.

MACDOUGAL: Oh no! She got sucked into a hallway conversation.

MACGREGGOR: Disaster! That is going to cost her.

MACDOUGAL: As they head into the turn, Baranova's in the lead.

MACGREGGOR: Looks like she's going to win again.

MACDOUGAL: Looks like that class schedule's really come in handy.

MACGREGGOR: But what's this?

BARANOVA is looking at the book in her hand. She looks crushed.

MACDOUGAL: Disaster! Baranova's got the wrong textbook!

MACGREGGOR: Disaster indeed! She's going to Social Studies, not English.

MACDOUGAL: She'll have to go all the way back to her locker.

BARANOVA moves to the back of the pack.

MACGREGGOR: Oh the humanity!

MACDOUGAL: What a horrible disappointment for Baranova.

MACGREGGOR: But now the field is wide open for Jelly Johnson to bring home the gold.

Everyone onstage still runs in place, but starts to get faster.

MACDOUGAL: He better watch his time though. The bell is ten seconds away and Mr. Braden is at the door with detention slips in his hand.

MACGREGGOR: Go Jelly!

MACDOUGAL: He's not going to make it!

MACGREGGOR: 5-4-3-2-

MACDOUGAL: He's done it!

JOHNSON thrusts himself forward as if breaking the tape in a race. Everyone else falls to the floor in exhaustion. The bell rings.

MACGREGGOR: What an upset MacDougal!

MACDOUGAL: What a race MacGreggor!

MACGREGGOR: Johnson made it to period two with a second to spare.

MACDOUGAL: Well done Jelly Johnson!

MACGREGGOR: Well done indeed.

MACDOUGAL: I can't wait to see how he handles period three.

Everyone gets up and congratulates JOHNSON. They move back to the bleachers. CARA and TAMMY come downstage, AMEE and her SNOBBY FRIEND also come downstage. They cross in front of CARA and TAMMY and don't say a word.

CARA: Hi Amelia.

AMEE turns around with great disgust.

AMEE: What?

CARA: I... I...

AMEE: What's your problem? Are you trying to say something?

TAMMY: She said, "Hi Amelia." You know when people are being nice, they say "Hi."

SNOBBY FRIEND: It's not Amelia.

SNOBBY FRIEND & AMEE: It's Amee.

CARA: Sorry.

AMEE: You should be.

TAMMY: What are you being so stuck up for?

AMEE: Please. You only wish you could be more like me.

TAMMY: Trust me, I don't.

SNOBBY FRIEND: (*very snobby*) Where did you get those jeans?

CARA: I don't know. My mom got them.

AMEE: Of course she did. Cause you're a big baby, aren't you Cara?

CARA: No.

AMEE & SNOBBY FRIEND: Uh huh.

AMEE: Are you allowed to wear make-up?

CARA: No.

AMEE: Are you allowed to go out? On dates?

CARA: No.

TAMMY: You are so not allowed to date, Amelia.

AMEE: I can do whatever I want. Unlike some people.

SNOBBY FRIEND: Better get some diapers for the baby.

TAMMY: Come on Cara. Let's go before my head explodes.

TAMMY pushes CARA away from the girls.

AMEE: Go get a bottle from your mommy, baby!

*AMEE and the SNOBBY FRIEND laugh and exit.
CARA sighs and looks at the audience.*

CARA: That was Amelia.

TAMMY: (*pretending to be snobby*) Ameer!

CARA: Right. Ameer. She was our best friend two years ago.

TAMMY: Now she's not. Obviously.

CARA: My mom still asks me about her and when is she coming over and why doesn't she come over any more and wouldn't it be great if she came over? (*she looks at TAMMY*) What happened?

TAMMY: She went to camp and got a boyfriend.

CARA: (*with a sigh*) Yeah.

TAMMY: I went to camp and got poison ivy.

CARA: How'd she change so much? One day we're having sleepovers in my basement and the next...

TAMMY: She got a bra.

CARA: I haven't changed at all. I've been the same forever, exactly the same.

TAMMY: She's trying too hard to grow up.

CARA: Would it hurt if we grew up a little bit? I feel like I'm drinking milk at the kids' table when I'm around her.

TAMMY: You hate milk.

CARA: *(with a sigh)* I know.

TAMMY: Amelia hates milk too.

CARA: So how come she hates us? What did we do?

TAMMY: Don't worry about it. She's a idiot and it's a good thing we're not friends anymore. Who cares about *(she uses a funny voice)* Amee?

CARA: I care! She's my friend. Was my friend.

TAMMY: Let's go to the movies this weekend. Kell Ferguson asked me to go.

CARA: Did she ask me?

TAMMY: I'm asking you. *(she flings her arm around CARA's shoulders)* Come on.

The bell rings. TAMMY and CARA sit on the bleachers. A group of girls moves forward and forms a line across the front of the stage. When the girls itemize the three articles of clothing, they have a pose for each.

ALL: Jeans, cute T-shirt, sweater. Jeans, cute T-shirt, sweater. Jeans, cute T-shirt, sweater.

GIRL ONE: No one cares when you're six years old what you're wearing. Middle school is different.

ALL: Jeans, cute T-shirt, sweater.

GIRL TWO: You have to watch like a hawk to see what's popular.

ALL: Jeans, cute T-shirt, sweater.

GIRL TWO: You have to wear what they wear.

ALL: Jeans, cute T-shirt, sweater.

GIRL THREE: My mom's all mad at me cause I wouldn't go shopping for clothes before school started. What if I bought the wrong clothes? What if I went baggy and everyone else is going tight? What if I got everything in the wrong colour? I'd look so stupid.

ALL: Jeans, cute T-shirt, sweater.

GIRL FOUR: My sister's laughing at me all the time – “Be yourself, Jenna. Be who you are.” She has no idea what I'm going through.

ALL: Jeans, cute T-shirt, sweater.

GIRL ONE: You gotta wait a few days and see what's what.

ALL: Jeans, cute T-shirt, sweater.

GIRL TWO: Otherwise you're doomed.

ALL: Jeans, cute T-shirt, sweater. Jeans, cute T-shirt, sweater. Jeans, cute T-shirt, sweater.

The girls freeze. MARY-JEAN comes forward and looks at the frozen girls. She turns to the audience.

MARY-JEAN: I dress different than the rest of the girls. I know I do. I like it. Mostly. I don't get why someone decides just like that (*she snaps her finger*) they don't like someone cause of the way they look. Cause they don't wear — I don't wear — what everyone else is wearing. I don't like cute T-shirts. I can't help it. I would break out in hives if I wore one. I'm NOT CUTE. Am I supposed to wear one cause someone — and who is this someone anyway — said so? (*she looks at the girls*) They don't know me. They don't want to know me and that's fine. Mostly. I don't want them to know me. And I don't want to know them. I love my un-cute T-shirt.

A bell rings. The girls unfreeze move about the space. Everyone else moves forward, walking in patterns, either carrying a cafeteria tray, a paper lunch bag, or an interesting lunch box in front of them. The girls from the previous scene get a lunch bag or box handed to them so they don't have to leave the stage.

Everyone gets into a tableau. They all speak the poem with a heightened theatrical tone, until they get to the part about the anchovies!

NOTE: This poem is inspired by “Ode On A Grecian Urn” by John Keats.

ALL: Ode to a Slice of Pizza.

Everyone clears their throats politely.

You still uneaten perfect slice of 'za
 You ooey gooey goodness of mozzarella cheese
 Oh deep-dish wonder what can express this
 Lunch more sweetly than cries of "More, please!"
 What haunts your toppings on your circle shape
 Of pepperoni or ham or both
 Mushroom, pepper, tomato and anchovies
 Anchovies? (*everyone looks at each other with horror*) Anchovies?
 What mad man likes anchovies?
 Yuck! Gross! Argh!

Everyone but SAM and PAT moves to the bleachers making gross, yucky noises and gestures. SAM and PAT are carrying cafeteria trays. They stand side by side in silence for a moment as if they are looking for a place to sit, but don't know anyone in the cafeteria. Finally SAM breaks the silence.

SAM: Hi.

PAT: Hi.

SAM: First day.

PAT: Yep.

SAM: Lunch.

PAT: Yep.

SAM: You know anyone?

PAT: Nope.

SAM: Me neither.

PAT: So...

SAM: (*jumping in*) So nothing. I'm not saying anything. You. Me. Standing. Doesn't mean squat.

PAT: I didn't... aren't you trying to talk to me?

SAM: Why would I do that? You. Me. Standing. Doesn't mean squat.

PAT: Are you freaking out?

SAM: What?

PAT: Are you freaking out?

SAM: Me? Ha ha! Noooooooooo.

PAT: You look all funny round the eyes.

SAM: I'm not freaking out. I'm not.

PAT: Ok.

SAM: I'm just not having a great day. That's all.

PAT: What happened?

SAM: What hasn't? I've been late to every class because I keep getting lost. I have absolutely no idea what's going on in math and it's just the first day! And my brother freaked me right out –

PAT: You are freaking out.

SAM: Who wouldn't? We're standing here like idiots and the whole cafeteria is filled with people talking and laughing and everyone has friends and everyone's in little groups and I like brown bread peanut butter and lettuce sandwiches! There I said it. Shun me if you must! I like brown bread peanut butter and lettuce sandwiches and my brother said I would be banished to outer Siberia in the school's social standings if I showed up today with brown bread peanut butter and lettuce sandwiches. Everyone would laugh at my lunch, which really means they're laughing at me which is so unfair but that's the way life goes, Stevie says. So I didn't bring one. And now I'm stuck with this, this...

PAT: Really gross food.

SAM: Really gross food. The pizza's cold, I hate pudding and all I want is a brown bread peanut butter and lettuce sandwich.

PAT: Peanut butter and lettuce huh?

SAM: Is it really that weird? Outer Siberia weird?

PAT: A little.

SAM: Oh.

PAT: But so what?

SAM: So what?

PAT: Yeah. So what?

SAM: Exactly. So what? Stupid Stevie and his stupid Siberia. So what?! Do you want to sit down?

PAT: Yeah.



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