



**Sample Pages from  
Slow Songs Make Me Puke**

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# TEN MINUTE PLAY SERIES – ALL GIRLS

*Sandy is an Eggplant, Shannon is a Pretty Girl*

*Slow Songs Make Me Puke*

*Lies*

*Anger Management*

*Fight Over Fuchsia*

*See the Light*

BY  
*Lindsay Price*



## Ten Minute Play Series – All Girls

This collection of ten minute plays is the first in our short play series. Our aim with this series is to offer a vivid experience for teen performers. Whether it's vivid characters, a vivid conflict, or vivid moments, these plays leap off the page from the very first moment. Use them in class, use them in competition, combine them for a great one act. Focus on bringing to life your vivid experience.

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## Acknowledgements

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# Slow Songs Make Me Puke

by Lindsay Price

## Characters

Dana, Julie, Aster, Summer (all 16).

ALL: (*pumping their fists in the air*) Sump! Sump! Sump!

DANA: I call this meeting to order.

JULIE: The Slow Songs Make Me Puke Club is called to order.

ALL: S-S-M-M-P! (*pumping their fists in the air*) Sump! Sump! Sump!

DANA: Roll call please.

SUMMER: President Dana Conner?

DANA: (*very excited*) Present!

SUMMER: Vice-President Julie Land?

JULIE: (*not so excited*) Present.

SUMMER: Treasurer Summer Hernandez? (*pause*) Oh that's me!  
Present! Secretary Aster St. Clare?

ASTER: Present!

SUMMER: All members are present and accounted for. Go Sump!

ALL: Sump! Sump! Sump!

ASTER: Ok Dana, NOW will you tell us what happened with the VP?

SUMMER: I'm bursting to know!

DANA: We're not being official, we have to follow the agenda.

ASTER: You've been holding out since Thursday!

DANA: I wanted to make a formal presentation during the meeting. (*she waves a piece of paper*) It's on the agenda. Everyone got a copy at lunch. You should make yourself familiar with the agenda before the meeting.

JULIE: Maybe we can make an amendment to the agenda. Just this once.

DANA: If we make an exception just this once, chaos will ensue.

SUMMER: If chaos tries to sue us, my dad has a lawyer.

JULIE: I think we can handle it.

ASTER: Come on!

JULIE: Come on Dana.

*The girls all start talking at once to DANA trying to get her to talk. DANA holds up her hands.*

DANA: All right! I'll give a brief summary and then the full presentation later on in the meeting.

JULIE: Sounds like a compromise.

ASTER: Are you getting suspended?

*The girls inhale and hold their breath.*

DANA: *(pausing before she speaks)* No.

*The girls exhale.*

ASTER: You are so lucky.

SUMMER: I can't believe she let you off.

DANA: I stood by my stand. I have the right to protest. Why should the entire student body be ruled by the ritual of boy-dances-with girl? Barbaric! I got a long lecture, and a 'dances are for everyone' and I 'shouldn't ruin the experience.' *(rolling her eyes)* Prendergast is so overdramatic. How is protesting outside the dance ticket table ruining anything?

JULIE: You had a megaphone.

DANA: I made a statement.

JULIE: And dumped garbage on the table.

SUMMER: I can't believe you did that.

JULIE: Seeing as we voted against public demonstrations...

DANA: If I decide to go rogue that's my business. I hold no one responsible but myself. If the club decides not to support my actions, *(sing song tone)* even though they should if they were really dedicated to the cause...

JULIE: *(same sing song tone)* We officially voted against it...

DANA: That's the way it is. Can we please continue on with the meeting proper?

JULIE: By all means.

DANA: Thank you. Please read the minutes of the last meeting.

*They all look at ASTER, who is staring off and twirling her hair.*

ASTER: What? Me? I didn't write anything down.

DANA: You were supposed to write it down.

ASTER: Not for real. (*DANA looks serious*) For real? Like a real secretary?

SUMMER: That's what Phylis did.

JULIE: Phylis left.

SUMMER: Phylis is totally spreading rumours about us.

JULIE: What's she saying?

SUMMER: I saw her whispering in English.

DANA: (*overtop*) If we want to think of ourselves as a real club, we have to do what real clubs do. Real clubs have a secretary that takes notes.

ASTER: Yeah, but not for real.

SUMMER: It doesn't matter, we just ate pizza and talked trash about Meredith.

ALL: (*grossed out*) Meredith.

DANA: She danced every slow song at the Christmas Jubilee. Did you see?

JULIE: Every one.

SUMMER: And it wasn't just one guy. She's not dating anyone is she?

JULIE: Uh uh.

ASTER: What's up with that?

JULIE: Boys just dance with her.

SUMMER: How does she do that?

ASTER: She doesn't even wear make up.

SUMMER: I know!

DANA: (*firmly*) Not that we care. Right?

JULIE: Right.

ASTER: (*a little unsure*) Right...

SUMMER: Down with Meredith!

DANA: She definitely goes on the snub list. Julie?

JULIE: (*official*) So noted. Meredith Deeever has been added to the Sump Snub list.

ALL: Sump! Sump! Sump!

SUMMER: She's not even that pretty.

ASTER: It doesn't make any sense. No make-up!

JULIE: The boys flock to her.

SUMMER: Boys. There.

JULIE: She's a magnet. A boy magnet.

ASTER: Boys never flock to me and I take pride in my appearance! (*fast*)  
Not that I care.

SUMMER: Who cares?

ASTER: Exactly.

SUMMER: Slow dancing totally sucks.

ASTER: Exactly.

DANA: Did you see my sister at the Winter Social?

SUMMER: (*gasps*) I totally didn't think you'd want to talk about that.

DANA: Why not?

ASTER: I didn't see, what happened?

JULIE: Charlene had five boys ask her to slow dance at the Winter Social.

ASTER: (*gasps*) She's fourteen!

DANA: I know!

SUMMER: A younger sister should not be allowed to dance more slow songs than her older sister.

ASTER: There should be a law.

DANA: Not that I care.

SUMMER: Did you say anything to her?

DANA: Uh huh. She was so snotty about it. So superior.

ASTER: She's fourteen!

DANA: I know.

SUMMER: Older sisters should always dance first.

ASTER: If we cared.

SUMMER: Right.

DANA: Slow Songs Make Me Puke!

ASTER & SUMMER: Sump! Sump! Sump!

DANA: What's next? (*looking at the agenda*) Oh! New business. Does anyone have any new business before we place our pizza order? No? Ok, can we not get pineapple this time?

SUMMER: I love pineapple.

ASTER: We could do half pineapple, half ham.

DANA: The pineapple juice leaks over. Everything gets infected with the juice.

*JULIE slowly raises her hand. Everyone is surprised.*

JULIE: I, uh, there's something, I think...

DANA: What's the matter?

JULIE: I have new business.

DANA: New business? Really? Why didn't you say so! Julie has the floor.

SUMMER: Can't we order pizza first?



DANA: New business takes precedence.

SUMMER: Fine, fine. Whatever that means. (to JULIE) What's up?

JULIE: I, uh... I uh...

*ASTER points at JULIE's shoes.*

ASTER: (gasp) You got those cute shoes at the Galleria!

SUMMER: (gasp) Those are cute.

JULIE: No, not shoes.

ASTER: No shoes?

SUMMER: Awwwwwww.

JULIE: (slow) I have something to say. It's not official, but I wanted to say something before someone else said something like Phylis, and you heard something that didn't come from me which could easily be the wrong kind of something and then you'd hate me without hearing that something from me and –

DANA: Julie!

JULIE: (fast) I think Damian's going to ask me to Spring Fling.

*ASTER and SUMMER gasp.*

ASTER: What?

SUMMER: When?

ASTER: How?

SUMMER: Why?

DANA: Hold it!

JULIE: (wincing) I'm sorry Dana.

DANA: (she crosses her arms and stares at JULIE) Explain yourself.

JULIE: He asked me if I liked dancing, and if I liked spring. And I said yes to both questions. I couldn't help myself, he was so sweet and I mean, it wasn't a full on ask. The Spring Fling isn't for months... But I think I can connect the dots. (happy) I think I'm going to Spring Fling!

ASTER & SUMMER: Julie!

ASTER: Damian is so cute.

SUMMER: Really cute.

ASTER: You have to wear that blue top, the one with the flowers?

SUMMER: That top is so super cute.

ASTER: And wear your hair off your face.

SUMMER: You should go to my hairdresser.

ASTER: She has the best hairdresser.

SUMMER: She's a miracle worker.

JULIE: (*interrupting the babble*) Dana? (*she clears her throat*) Are you ok? I know it's not... I wanted to tell you myself.

DANA: Traitor!

JULIE: Don't say that.

DANA: (*pointing*) Traitor!

SUMMER & ASTER: Uh Oh...

DANA: You are a Sump Traitor! Slow songs don't make you puke at all.

JULIE: They do. Really. They did.

DANA: I'll bet you can't wait to get to the Spring Fling. You'll sashay through the ever-so-tacky balloon arch and parade right to the centre of the room where everyone can see your super cute boyfriend and your insanely cute blue top and magnificently cute new shoes and you will slow dance and you will like it!

*ASTER and SUMMER give a romantic sigh.*

DANA: Stop it! Both of you! I'm surrounded by traitors. None of you believe in the cause. Not one of you.

JULIE: He's not my boyfriend. He hasn't even asked me.

DANA: But you want him to ask you. And you want to say yes. And you want to slow dance with him. Deny it! Can you? Can you?

JULIE: I can't.



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