



**Sample Pages from
Stupid is Just 4 2day**

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STUPID IS JUST 4 2DAY

A ONE ACT ORCHESTRAL COMEDY BY
Lindsay Price



Stupid is Just 4 2day

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Movements

1. **Overture:** Stupid, Ugh! Stupid, Agh! Stupid, Ogh!
2. **First Movement:** My Brain Says Stupid, Stupid, Stupid and I Never Listen. Why Don't I Listen?
3. **Second Movement:** Boys and Girls Being Stupid for Girls and Boys.
4. **Third Movement:** Ha, Ha! Hee, Hee! Ho!
5. **Fourth Movement:** Stupid is a State of Mind, a State of Mind, a State. If I Could Move There, That Would Be Great!
6. **Coda:** Stupid is Just For Today.

Costumes

Ideally, everyone is in fancy dress like a symphony orchestra or opera. The boys in tuxes and the girls in long dresses. Think about putting the girls in the same style of dress (as in a choir). If this isn't possible, keep the intention of fancy dress in mind: all black with small accents of colour – vests, ties or scarves. Black pants and tuxedo T-shirts. Showcase the group as a formal choir or orchestra.

Set

Two platforms allowing the cast to stand in a tight choir formation. Actors step out of the formation to do their scenes.

Characters

Tutti: All. The whole cast together.

This play has very flexible casting. It can be performed by as large a group as you need, or as few as ten (7w/3m). This book shows the small cast option, with actors doubling roles. To expand simply divide the roles up.

The Stings and Woodwinds are girls. The Brass and Percussion are guys. To expand the cast add additional orchestra parts. For example: Second Viola, Second Cello. Add French Horn, Bass Clarinet and Bassoon to the Woodwinds, Second Trumpet and Tuba to the Brass, a Xylophone to the Percussion section.

Strings	Woodwinds	Brass	Percussion
First Violin	Flute	Trumpet	Timpani <i>Also plays The Conductor</i>
Second Violin	Oboe	Trombone	
Viola	Clarinet		
Cello			

The original production of *Stupid is Just 4 2day* was presented by St. Cloud High School in December, 2009 with the following cast:

Cory Dunn

Annie Leo

Megan Lubick

Ryan Longson

Nick Lugo

Ashley Marsdale

Eduardo Rivera

Nicolette Shurba

Nick Simmons

Jacob Spigle

Lauren Strecker

Maggie Toner

Jennifer Vazquez

Sierra Welch

Katy Williams

Moriah Yex

Dan Zellar

Stage Managed by Melissa Moss

Directed by Karen Loftus

Tuning

Lights rise on the entire cast, TUTTI, in place onstage. They stand densely packed together like a choir in three levels. The upper two levels stand on platforms. At rise TUTTI are vocally warming up, as an orchestra does. Also keep in mind the scale exercises opera singers do when they warm up.

IMPORTANT: Everyone chooses their own rhythm and pace. Some keep on the same note, some go up and down the scale. Again, think orchestra, think opera. Keep it serious and sincere. No exaggerated or funny faces to the audience.

TUTTI: (*syncopated, not in unison*) Me, me, me, meeeee. Me, me, me, meeeee. Me, me, me, me, me, me.

Once the lights are up and the warm up is established, FIRST VIOLIN claps quickly five times, emulating the rap of the bow on the music stand when the orchestra is ready to begin.

TUTTI: (*clearing their throats in unison*) Ahem!

The CONDUCTOR walks onstage, very pompous, a big deal. The CONDUCTOR shakes hands with FIRST VIOLIN. The CONDUCTOR sets up centre stage, facing the TUTTI. The TUTTI stand up straight, placing their hands together in a formal choral position – fingers clasped, elbows out to the side. They stare intently forward, watching the CONDUCTOR. He is going to ‘conduct’ the overture. The CONDUCTOR raises his hands, the TUTTI inhales in unison and...

Overture

Stupid, Ugh! Stupid, Agh! Stupid, Ogh!

TUTTI: (*Loud and in unison. A spoken note.*) Stupid!

There is a pause. TUTTI stares intently out, watching the CONDUCTOR. After a count of five, they inhale again.

TUTTI: (*Loud and in unison. A spoken note.*) Stupid!

What follows is a syncopated rhythm section. You can hear what it’s supposed to sound like at sogs.theatrefolk.com

STRINGS & PERCUSSION: Stupid! Stupid. Stupid. Stupid. Stupid!
Stupid. Stupid. Stupid. Stupid!

BRASS & WOODWINDS: Ugh!

STRINGS & PERCUSSION: Stupid!

BRASS & WOODWINDS: Agh!

STRINGS & PERCUSSION: Stupid!

BRASS & WOODWINDS: Ogh!

STRINGS & PERCUSSION: Stupid! Stupid. Stupid. Stupid. Stupid!
Stupid. Stupid. Stupid. Stupid!

BRASS & WOODWINDS: *(they lean over, grab the stomach)* Ugh!

STRINGS & PERCUSSION: Stupid!

BRASS & WOODWINDS: *(they stand up, grab the throat)* Agh!

STRINGS & PERCUSSION: Stupid!

BRASS & WOODWINDS: *(they lean back, smack the forehead, exaggeratedly)* Ogh!

STRINGS & PERCUSSION: Stupid! Stupid. Stupid. Stupid. Stupid!
Stupid. Stupid. Stupid. Stupid!

BRASS & WOODWINDS: *(they lean over, grab the stomach)* Ugh! *(they freeze)*

FIRST VIOLIN: I am so –

TROMBONE: You are so –

OBOE: Don't be so –

CELLO: I told you not to be so –

STRINGS & PERCUSSION: Stupid! Stupid. Stupid. Stupid. Stupid!
Stupid. Stupid. Stupid. Stupid!

BRASS & WOODWINDS: *(they stand up, grab the throat)* Agh! *(they freeze)*

FLUTE: Sarabeth is so stupid. I lose brain cells every time I talk to her.

CLARINET: I can't believe Mr. Thompson made me feel so stupid in math. I don't get math.

TRUMPET: My mom can make 'stupid' a twenty seven syllable word.
She knows how to put the 'ew' in,

STRINGS & PERCUSSION: Stupid! Stupid. Stupid. Stupid. Stupid!
Stupid. Stupid. Stupid. Stupid!

BRASS & WOODWINDS: (*They lean back, smack the forehead, exaggeratedly*) Ogh! (*they freeze*)

SECOND VIOLIN: Look! A Rhino in a scooter!

VIOLA: Where?

STRINGS & PERCUSSION: Stupid! Stupid. Stupid. Stupid. Stupid!
Stupid. Stupid. Stupid. Stupid!

TROMBONE: I'm not stupid. I'm never stupid. You're stupid and you're
stupid, and you. You're all –

TUTTI: Stupid!

TROMBONE: (*folding arms across the chest*) You best not be thinking
I'm –

TUTTI: (*double the pace*) Stupid! Stupid. Stupid. Stupid. Stupid! Stupid.
Stupid. Stupid. (*with gestures*) Stupid, Ugh! Stupid, Agh! Stupid,
Ogh! Stupid! Stupid. Stupid. Stupid. Stupid! Stupid. Stupid. Stupid.
(*with gestures*) Stupid, Ugh! Stupid, Agh! Stupid, Ogh!

SECOND VIOLIN: How could I –

TUTTI: Oh!

VIOLA: It was so –

TUTTI: Yes!

CELLO: I should have –

TUTTI: Known!

FIRST & SECOND VIOLIN: Don't want to think –

VIOLA & CELLO: I didn't think –

STRINGS: And now I'm –

TUTTI: (*with gestures*) Stupid, Ugh! Stupid, Agh! Stupid, Ogh!

TRUMPET: How could I –

TUTTI: Oh!

TROMBONE: It was so –

TUTTI: Yes!

CLARINET: I should have –

TUTTI: Known!

OBOE & FLUTE: Don't want to think –

BRASS & WOODWINDS: I didn't think –

TUTTI: What was I thinking? (*everyone exhales*) Stupid! (*pause*) Stupid!
(*Pause. With gestures.*) Ugh. Agh. Ogh.

Pause. The CONDUCTOR turns to bow to the audience and the TUTTI politely applauds, chattering to each other. The CONDUCTOR bows to the TUTTI and then exits, circling back behind the TUTTI. Once the play moves onto the next section, the CONDUCTOR simply joins into the back row of the TUTTI and becomes one of the group.

The FIRST VIOLIN claps five times.

TUTTI: (*everyone clears their throat in unison*) Ahem!

First Movement

My Brain Says Stupid, Stupid, Stupid and I Never Listen. Why Don't I Listen?

During the TUTTI, SECOND VIOLIN, TRUMPET, OBOE and TIMPANI step forward.

TUTTI: My brain says (*everyone knocks on the side of their head*) stupid, stupid, stupid and I never listen. (*exaggerated shrug using shoulders, arms and hands*) WHY don't I listen? (*arms slap down to the sides*)

SECOND VIOLIN: I knew I was too close to the display.

TRUMPET: I knew I wouldn't make the jump.

OBOE: I knew I shouldn't have worn my sister's top.

TIMPANI: I knew I should have studied harder.

TUTTI: (*with gestures*) My brain says stupid, stupid, stupid and I never listen. WHY don't I listen?

SECOND VIOLIN: I knew it was stupid.

TRUMPET: Stupid stupid.

OBOE: I'm a smart girl.

TIMPANI: I don't know what I was thinking.

TUTTI: Stupid!

SECOND VIOLIN: I knew I was too close to the display. I knew it. In my head I can see myself standing too close to the display. You're standing too close to the display Gina. You're standing too close.

TUTTI: My brain says stupid,

TRUMPET: I knew five seconds in. I'm heading down the ramp and I don't have enough speed. I could have bailed. I could have. But I don't.

TUTTI: And I never listen.

OBOE: I knew if I wore Stella's favourite top I'd spill something on it. I knew it. I always spill things. And she told me I couldn't wear it and Mom said I couldn't wear it. No Bree. No Bree. NO! I wore it.

TUTTI: WHY don't I listen?

TIMPANI: I knew I didn't know the material. I knew I didn't know the material. I knew I didn't know the material. I thought about studying. I did. (*pause*) And then I didn't.

TUTTI: Stupid!

SECOND VIOLIN: And I shift –

TRUMPET: And I keep going –

OBOE: And I reach for the glass –

TIMPANI: And I sit for the exam –

ALL FOUR: And everything moves (*super slow*) ... slo-mo.

TUTTI: (*super slow*) Nooooooooooooooooooooo.

OBOE: For... a... moment...

TRUMPET: Everything... is...

TUTTI: (*super slow*) Soooooooo sloooooooooooooow

SECOND VIOLIN: ...and...

TIMPANI: ...then...

SECOND VIOLIN: (*back to normal speed.*) CRASH goes the display!

TRUMPET: CRASH I go flying!

OBOE: CRASH goes the glass!

TIMPANI: CRASH goes my average!

The four return to the TUTTI as FLUTE and VIOLA move forward.

TUTTI: (*with gestures*) My brain says stupid, stupid, stupid and I never listen. WHY don't I listen?

VIOLA: (*facing away*) I can't believe we're doing this.

FLUTE: (*very intense, turning VIOLA to her*) Say it. Say it.

VIOLA: (*turning away*) I don't have to say it.

FLUTE: (*turning her back*) Say it Mariah!

VIOLA: I want an A.

FLUTE: Will you get an A?

VIOLA: No.

FLUTE: Not even if you study if your life depended on it?

VIOLA: No.

FLUTE: You will not get an A.

VIOLA: Sandy...

FLUTE: You will never get an A.

VIOLA: No.

FLUTE: Unless you cheat.

VIOLA: Yes.

FLUTE: Say it.

VIOLA: This is stupid.

FLUTE: You can't take the high road. You're too far in. Say it!

VIOLA: I won't get an A unless I cheat.

FLUTE: Ok. So. (*she holds up a sealed envelope – the exam test answers*)
The answers.

VIOLA: (*reaching for the envelope, then pulling back*) What if we get caught?

FLUTE: You can't think like that. Negative thoughts beget negative energy beget negative results.

VIOLA: They do?

FLUTE: Positive Thoughts! Positive Energy! Positive Results!

VIOLA: That's baloney. That's like saying people get cancer because they're pessimistic, glass half empty no good negative thinkers.

FLUTE: I don't make the rules.

VIOLA: There are no rules! We're cheating!

FLUTE: Shhhhhh! (*looks around before speaking, very intensely*) I refuse to endlessly rover revolve with you. Either you are in, or you are out.

VIOLA: (*sighing*) Rover revolve. You couldn't just say go in circles.

FLUTE: In or out?

VIOLA: Which speaks to a deeper level of stupidity because the person you're speaking to would have to know that dogs chase their tails round and round and round in an endless loop.

FLUTE: In or out?

VIOLA: No wonder you have to cheat. Your head is stuffed with stupid crap.

FLUTE: And you?

VIOLA: I –

FLUTE: Say it Mariah.

VIOLA: I... I want an A. And I'll never get it. I'll never get into a top school. I'll never get out of this stupid town.

FLUTE: So you're in?

VIOLA: Yes. (*pause*) No. (*taking the envelope*) Yes.

They return to the TUTTI. CELLO, TIMPANI and FIRST VIOLIN step forward.

TUTTI: (*with gestures*) My brain says stupid, stupid, stupid and I never listen. WHY don't I listen?

CELLO: I can't believe we're doing this.

TIMPANI: Forty-seven.

CELLO: This is dumb.

FIRST VIOLIN: Not if we get the tickets.

CELLO: I can't believe we're doing this!

TIMPANI: Forty-eight.

FIRST VIOLIN: What are you doing?

TIMPANI: Counting the number of times Chelsey can't believe we're doing this.

CELLO: Hey! Not nice!

TIMPANI: Hey! Repeat much?

FIRST VIOLIN: This is not bad.

TIMPANI: Except for being explicitly told we couldn't.

CELLO: My dad just said no.

TIMPANI: My dad said 'explicitly.'

FIRST VIOLIN: My mom said (*imitating*) not a snowball's chance in hell.

TIMPANI: That's pretty explicit.

FIRST VIOLIN: This is not bad. We're not being bad.

TIMPANI: It's not tipping cows.

FIRST VIOLIN: There you go.

CELLO: What?

TIMPANI: Tipping cows.

FIRST VIOLIN: We could be doing that.

CELLO: How do you tip a cow?

TIMPANI: You go into a field in the middle of the night, where there are cows, and you push.

CELLO: A cow?

TIMPANI: Yes.

CELLO: You push a cow?

TIMPANI: Tip a cow.

CELLO: And they fall over?

TIMPANI: Tip over.

CELLO: Why would you do that?

TIMPANI: Some people find it entertaining.

CELLO: Some people are stupid.

FIRST VIOLIN: See, we are not stupid. We're not tipping cows. There's a world of difference between tipping cows and buying concert tickets.

TIMPANI: In the middle of the night, down town, when our parents think we're asleep.

CELLO: Cows are big. They don't tip. They can't.

TIMPANI: Some people push really hard.

CELLO: Some people are really stupid.

FIRST VIOLIN: See, there's a world of difference between them and us. We're not stupid. We're not tipping cows. We're merely standing in a line.

TIMPANI: Downtown in the middle of the night.

FIRST VIOLIN: This is not our fault. If we had permission, we wouldn't have to sneak out in the middle of the night. It's not our fault that's when the tickets went on sale.

CELLO: I can't believe we're doing this.

TIMPANI: Forty-nine.

CELLO: Shut up Rob!

FIRST VIOLIN: We're not doing anything bad.

CELLO: (*sharp inhale*) Stephanie, is that your mom's car?

FIRST VIOLIN: What? Where?

TIMPANI: Oh oh...

CELLO: I can't believe it!

TUTTI: *(with gestures)* My brain says stupid, stupid, stupid!

CELLO: I wish we were tipping cows!

The four run off and circle back into the TUTTI.

TUTTI: And I never listen. WHY don't I listen?

OBOE: The whole class is talking, everyone is talking, real loud, noise bouncing off the walls and Ms. Brown says, "All right class, silence is golden." And I go, "YEAH RIGHT" real loud, cause everyone's talking. And my "YEAH RIGHT" is supposed to just be another note in the noise, another drop in the bucket of everyone talking. Only everyone stops talking. Right before my "YEAH RIGHT." So the only one talking is me.

TUTTI: *(with gestures)* Stupid, Ugh! Stupid, Agh! Stupid, Ogh!

TROMBONE: When she asked, "What was the result of Napoleon's invasion of Russia?" I answered, "Cheese." I don't know why. I was thinking about cheese.

TUTTI: *(with gestures)* Stupid, Ugh! Stupid, Agh! Stupid, Ogh!

The TUTTI take a big inhale and exhale before the next section.

Second Movement

Boys and Girls Being Stupid for Girls and Boys.

TUTTI: Boys and Girls being stupid for Girls and Boys. *(they all double clap)* Boys and Girls being stupid for Girls and Boys.

During the above TRUMPET and TROMBONE move downstage right, CLARINET and TIMPANI move downstage left. These two face out and say their lines to the audience.

BOTH: Hi!

CLARINET: I was wondering,

TIMPANI: I was thinking,

BOTH: I mean, if you weren't busy, and I wasn't busy,

CLARINET: I know I'm not busy.

TIMPANI: Sometimes I get busy. *(realizing what he just said, he slaps his forehead)*

BOTH: I mean...

CLARINET: There are busy times and not busy times.

TIMPANI: I have both.

BOTH: I'm not a loser.

CLARINET: Anyway!

TIMPANI: I was wondering,

CLARINET: Thinking –

TIMPANI: Sometime –

CLARINET: Maybe –

TIMPANI: You?

CLARINET: Me?

TIMPANI: And?

BOTH: (*rejecting the whole idea*) This is stupid!

*They return to the group. The focus shifts to
TRUMPET and TROMBONE.*

TRUMPET: I'm telling you it's not that hard.

TROMBONE: It's impossible.

TRUMPET: It's easy as pie.

TROMBONE: Jared, the Pythagorean theorem this is not. If it were, I would fully concur with your assessment. This is not that. This is girls.

TRUMPET: Right. (*rubbing his temples*) Why am I doing this again?

TROMBONE: Guaranteed C in chemistry.

TRUMPET: Right. And I need chemistry because...

TROMBONE: Your dad's going to buy you a car if you get a C.

TRUMPET: Right. Right. Car. Thanks. (*he inhales and exhales*) Ron, they're just girls. They don't bite.

TROMBONE: But they could. That's the thing nobody tells you. They could attack at any moment. Just like that! (*he snaps his fingers*) Just like that tiger attacked Siegfried and Roy.

TRUMPET: I think it was only Roy.

TROMBONE: One second they're smiling, so pretty, giggling, laughing, brushing their hair...

TRUMPET: Are we still talking about tigers?

TROMBONE: And snap! (*he snaps his fingers*) Jaws! Roar! Blood! (*he clutches his chest*) I'm bleeding, I'm bleeding, I'm... bleeding... (*he sinks to the floor*)

TRUMPET: (*sighing*) Right. Why don't you watch me first to see how easy it is, and how little... bleeding there is. Ok? Why don't we do that. And could you... get up? (*he crosses the stage, muttering to himself*) Car, car, car, car, car. (*FLUTE and CELLO step forward. He gives a big smile.*) Hello ladies.

BOTH GIRLS: Hi Jared!

TRUMPET: Do any of you have Ottsen for math?

FLUTE: Uh uh. Hunter.

TRUMPET: Aw man, you have it so easy.

BOTH GIRLS: We know!

CELLO: Yesterday we had silent study all period.

FLUTE: He said do your homework, and Sherri asked what homework, and he said he didn't care.

CELLO: Then he put his head on the desk for the whole time.

TRUMPET: That's awesome!

BOTH GIRLS: We know!

TRUMPET: All right ladies, stay beautiful.

BOTH GIRLS: Bye Jared.

The girls start texting. TRUMPET crosses back. He slows down as he sees TROMBONE genuflecting.

TRUMPET: What are you doing?

TROMBONE: Bowing to the master.

TRUMPET: Stop it. And get up! Ok. Did you see how easy that was?

TROMBONE: That was no easy pie, master. That was a double chocolate Bavarian torte. Baked at a high altitude. (*he laughs, TRUMPET stares*)

TRUMPET: You know, Ron, the bus isn't that bad. I'll see you later.
(*turns to leave*)

TROMBONE: (*crawling*) Wait! Don't give up. Please don't give up on me. (*lunging forward and grabbing TRUMPET's leg*) Please, please! Please!

TRUMPET: Let go!

TROMBONE: Don't leave me!

TRUMPET: All right, all right! Get off! (*TROMBONE lets go*)

TROMBONE: Sorry, sorry. I panicked there. A little. A lot.

TRUMPET: This is not the way to get girls Ron.

TROMBONE: I know. (*he sighs*) Jared. I'm a smart guy. Exceedingly smart. Without question, I am the smartest person in this entire school, and probably the whole district.

TRUMPET: Ok...

TROMBONE: But talking to girls turns me spectacularly stupid. I suppose I should be comforted by what Immanuel Kant has to say about stupidity: "Stupidity cannot be helped and has no remedy." But I'm not comforted because I'm certain talking to girls in the eighteen hundreds was a little different than it is today and girls turn me to Jell-O. Blue Jell-O. I don't want to be blue Jell-O Jared, I don't like Jell-O. I am asking, pleading, for your help. Will you please help me lose my stupidity around girls?

TRUMPET: I-uh...

TROMBONE: Please?

TRUMPET: (*with a sigh*) Ok.

TROMBONE: (*loud and excited*) Ok!

TRUMPET: (*stepping back*) Ok. First, promise me there's no more bowing, no more grabbing.

TROMBONE: (*stepping excitedly forward*) You have my word.

TRUMPET: (*stepping back*) And you have to relax! Just step back, and calm down and relax.

TROMBONE: Relax. (*he inhales and exhales exaggeratedly*) Like that?

TRUMPET: Something like that. Ok, when you approach a girl, have a reason to talk to her. That way there's no awkward silence after you say 'hi.' Ask her for the homework for a certain class.

TROMBONE: I never have to ask anyone for homework.

TRUMPET: This is not about homework! Girls, remember?

TROMBONE: Riiiiiiight. Sneaky.

TRUMPET: Then you follow up with a question, something fun, and end with a compliment. It's not rocket science.

TROMBONE: Could it be? I'd be a lot more comfortable with rocket science.

TRUMPET: Go. Girls. Talk.

TROMBONE: Now?

TRUMPET: Now.

TRUMPET pushes TROMBONE, who stumbles across the stage with much more awkwardness. The girls are not as receptive of his advance as they were of TRUMPET's.

TROMBONE: *(trying to imitate TRUMPET and failing)* Hello Ladies.

BOTH GIRLS: Uh huh.

There is a pause. TROMBONE looks back at TRUMPET who gestures at him to keep going.

TROMBONE: Ok... Any one of you ladies do the extra credit English essay?

FLUTE: No.

CELLO: Why would we?

TROMBONE: It's a piece of cake. Not even Bavarian torte. *(He chuckles at his own joke, which neither of the girls get. They stare at him. He clears his throat.)* Hey, ladies, uh lady you lady in the singular, lovely lady, you have Stetson for Biology right?

FLUTE: So?

TROMBONE: If you want any help with the frog dissection, I'm your man. I can identify a frog intestine at a hundred paces.

BOTH GIRLS: *(shuddering)* Augh!

CELLO: That's so gross.

FLUTE: I can't believe he said that.

CELLO: That was so gross.

The girls move back to the TUTTI, talking about the grossness. TROMBONE crosses slowly back across the stage. TRUMPET stares at him in disbelief.

TRUMPET: Extra credit?

TROMBONE: That was me being relaxed.

TRUMPET: Frog intestine?

TROMBONE: That was me moving onto something fun.

TRUMPET: Right. Right. *(he sighs)* I'm gonna go get the bus.

TRUMPET and TROMBONE move back into the TUTTI. FIRST VIOLIN, OBOE, SECOND VIOLIN, and VIOLA step forward.

TUTTI: Boys and Girls being stupid for Girls and Boys. *(they all double clap)*

VIOLA: We were talking about jobs. About what kind of jobs we'd like to have, about what jobs it looks like we have. You know, you look like a teacher, or a lawyer or a sewage treatment plant worker. "What job should I have?" he asked. *(without thinking)* "You should be a model!" That's what I said. To him. That's what I threw into the atmosphere. *(slowly with misery)* You should be a model. *(returning to the TUTTI)*

TUTTI: *(with gesture)* Stupid, Ugh! Stupid, Agh! Stupid, Ogh!

FIRST VIOLIN: I told him I knew the drummer from Stank. Oh yeah, we go way back. He's a distant cousin, twice removed on my mother's brother-in-law's side. Sure. I can get you an autograph. No problem. Sure. And backstage passes? Oh yeah, no problem. I have no Stank connection. I don't know the drummer from Stank. I don't know any drummers. *(returning to TUTTI)*

TUTTI: *(with gesture)* Stupid, Ugh! Stupid, Agh! Stupid, Ogh!

SECOND VIOLIN and OBOE stand together. They stare out as if looking in a mirror.

SECOND VIOLIN: It's not bad.

OBOE: It's terrible.

SECOND VIOLIN: It's not so bad.

OBOE: It's uneven.

SECOND VIOLIN: It slants.

OBOE: What's the difference?

SECOND VIOLIN: It's... fashionable.

OBOE: Where?

SECOND VIOLIN: I don't know. It's what you said you wanted.

OBOE: It is not.

SECOND VIOLIN: It is.

OBOE: It doesn't look anything like the picture.

SECOND VIOLIN: It does! If you turn your head to the side and squint, it's exactly like the picture.

OBOE: You said you knew how to cut hair.

SECOND VIOLIN: I do. My sister's going to hairdresser school.

OBOE: And?

SECOND VIOLIN: And how hard could cutting hair be?

OBOE: And?

SECOND VIOLIN: It's harder than it looks.

OBOE: How am I supposed to go to school tomorrow?

SECOND VIOLIN: It's what you asked for.

OBOE: I asked for a swoop. There is a definite swoop in the picture. I did not ask for a staircase.

SECOND VIOLIN: A swoop isn't that far off from a staircase.

OBOE: They are in different universes! Swoops are swoopy. (*she makes wavy curves in the air*) Gentle swooping. Attractive wavy curvy. (*she makes accusing jagged cut out movements in the air*) There is no gentle, no swooping, there is nothing attractive about a staircase.

SECOND VIOLIN: It's not my fault you didn't want to pay to go to the hairdresser.

OBOE: You said you could do it.

SECOND VIOLIN: I say a lot of things. It's your fault for listening.

OBOE: Joe Moody's not going to see this as a swoop.

SECOND VIOLIN: He's going to the dance with Lacy.

OBOE: I heard him talking and how he loves girls with swoopy hair.

SECOND VIOLIN: He's going to the dance with Lacy.

OBOE: What, and he couldn't be so overcome by my swoop that he wouldn't dump dopey Lacy with her uncomplicated bangs on the spot, sweep me into his arms and declare his everlasting love?

SECOND VIOLIN: It's a staircase, not a swoop.

OBOE: Who's fault is that?

SECOND VIOLIN: Yours.

OBOE: Joe Moody is in love with me, he just doesn't know it. The swoop was supposed to open his eyes. Lacy has the IQ of an eggplant.

SECOND VIOLIN: Some guys like dating uncomplicated eggplant girls.

OBOE: Where's the hair dye?

SECOND VIOLIN: Haven't we done enough to your hair?

OBOE: Joe Moody loves red heads. If I can't have a swoop, I can be a red head.

SECOND VIOLIN: If you say so.

OBOE: Have you ever dyed hair before?

SECOND VIOLIN: Uh Uh. But how hard could it be?

*SECOND VIOLIN and OBOE return to the TUTTI.
CLARINET and TIMPANI step forward.*

TUTTI: Boys and Girls being stupid for Girls and Boys. *(they all double clap)*

CLARINET: He said, "Hi." I said, "Negh."

TIMPANI: She said, "Hi." I said, "You smell really good."

CLARINET: He said, "Hi." I said *(loud)* "HI!"

TIMPANI: She said, “Hi.” I said nothing. I completely swallowed my tongue.

BOTH: (*the boy uses her and she, the girl uses him, he, and his*) I asked him/her out. And she/he laughed.

TUTTI: Ha!

BOTH: Laughed. And he/she told all his/her friends. And they told their friends. And they told their friends. And now the whole stupid school knows. Everybody knows.

*CLARINET and TIMPANI step back into the TUTTI.
CELLO runs downstage left and TROMBONE follows her.*

TUTTI: Boys and Girls being stupid for Girls and Boys. (*they all double clap*)

CELLO: Stupid, stupid, stupid!

TROMBONE: What’s the matter?

CELLO: Alex found out I like him. Stupid!

TROMBONE: But you do like him.

CELLO: I know.

TROMBONE: So it’s good.

CELLO: He doesn’t like me.

TROMBONE: Sure he does!

CELLO: He doesn’t like me.

TROMBONE: Oh. That’s bad.

CELLO: I know.

TROMBONE: How did he find out?

CELLO: I told him.

TROMBONE: Well that was stupid.

CELLO: I know! I mean, we’ve been hanging out and it seemed like he liked me, and I thought he liked me and I was going crazy trying to figure out if it was like or like like and I was trying to read the signs, you know?

TROMBONE: Sometimes the signs are hard to read.

CELLO: Who knows how to read the signs? Who? I would like to meet the person who can read the signs. I would like to meet the person who came up with the signs. I'll bet they just made up those signs cause they're bitter and alone with a lot of cats. They watch us struggling, drowning, trying to figure out the signs, laughing cause no one can. (*cackling*) "They're all doomed! Doomed!" (*she sighs*) I hate dating.

TROMBONE: You read the signs wrong.

CELLO: The signs were in Japanese. Alex looked at me, kind of like I smelled off. Like sour milk.

TROMBONE: That's a bad sign.

CELLO: Now I've ruined everything. He'll never look at me without smelling sour milk again.

TROMBONE: Ice cream? Or chocolate.

CELLO: Chocolate.

TROMBONE: Let's get some chocolate.

TROMBONE and CELLO return to the TUTTI. FIRST VIOLIN steps forward.

TUTTI: (*with gestures*) Stupid, Ugh! Stupid, Agh! Stupid, Ogh!

FIRST VIOLIN: Well, well, well. Well. Gentlemen. Good morning. Do you know what we have here? Do you know what we have here? It's a rhetorical question, Fowler. What we have here is a wrench in Ms. Culligan's day. A big ole wrench. That, gentlemen, would be you. You are the wrench. You are the worm in my apple. You are the ruin of my day. It's Monday morning. Why would you try to ruin my day so early in the week? It's a rhetorical question Fowler. Besides, you have no answer. No good answer. No answer I want to hear. It's not often, gentlemen, that I am at a loss for words. I am known for my astute wordiness. I have won wordy awards. Today? Nothing. (*pointing at herself*) Speechless. Where I come from, my dears, when a young man wants to impress a girl he sends flowers. Flowers didn't cross your minds, did it gentlemen? Don't bother, Fowler. It's obvious flowers didn't cross your mind otherwise you wouldn't be sitting here. (*she sighs and rubs her eyes*) None of you look all that good bald, gentlemen. None of you can really carry the hairless look. I will admit to having limited knowledge about a great many things. But I do know this. Shaving your head and eyebrows does not impress a girl. Have you seen Angela Demarco? Have you looked

at Angela Demarco? What part of your tiny pea brains thought that presenting yourselves as alien cue-balls would win her heart? Make her swoon? Make her choose one of you brainless nitwits to stand beside her at the prom and declare, "This is my man!" Did any of you manage to swing a date? Is she going to prom with Mr. Clean? No? Not one of you? How surprising. You must excuse the sarcasm, gentlemen. It's Monday morning and I'm not used to seeing six hairly-departed wonders in my office before coffee. Enjoy your week detention. Now, please find your way back to your classrooms. Try not to get distracted by something shiny. For the sake of humanity, you have learned something, I hope? It's a rhetorical question, Fowler. *(she returns to the TUTTI)*

TUTTI: *(with gestures)* Stupid, Ugh! Stupid, Agh! Stupid, Ogh!

The TUTTI takes a big inhale and exhale before moving on to the next section.

Third Movement

Ha, Ha! Hee, Hee! Ho!

Note that this TUTTI is rhythmic and not said straight. Listen to how it sounds at songs.theatrefolk.com

TUTTI: Ha, ha! Hee, hee! Ho! *(They all fall out of rhythm for a second, laughing, snickering, giggling, hiding behind their hands. They push each other into straightening up.)* Ahem! Ha, ha! Hee, hee! Ho!

SECOND VIOLIN: They're laughing at me.

TUTTI: Ha, ha! Hee, hee! Ho!

SECOND VIOLIN: I can feel it.

TUTTI: Ha, ha! Hee, hee! Ho!

SECOND VIOLIN: I can hear it.

FLUTE: I did something.

TUTTI: Ha, ha! Hee, hee! Ho!

FLUTE & OBOE: Something stupid.

TROMBONE: And everyone is laughing.

TUTTI: Ha!

VIOLA: At me.

TUTTI: Hee!

WOODWINDS: Stop it!

TUTTI: Ho!

BRASS: Stop laughing!

TUTTI: Ha, ha! Hee, hee! Ho! *(They all fall out of rhythm for a second, sniggering, giggling, hiding behind their hands. They straighten up.)*
Ahem! Ha, ha! Hee, hee! Ho!

TROMBONE, CLARINET and SECOND VIOLIN step forward.

TROMBONE: So I'm standing in front of the whole school.

CLARINET: So I'm on stage. I have a very small part.

SECOND VIOLIN: So I'm on my way home from practise.

TUTTI: Ha, ha! Hee, hee! Ho!

CLARINET: But I firmly believe, "There are no small parts, there are only small actors."

SECOND VIOLIN: It's really hot out. Really, really hot.

CLARINET: Sure I do.

TROMBONE: It's some world environment, world recycling, some kind of save the world kind of day.

CLARINET: I'm not going to be bitter about this.

TUTTI: Ha, ha! Hee, hee! Ho!

SECOND VIOLIN: It's not my fault practise is outside. That's where the track is.

TROMBONE: I'm supposed to read a poem.

SECOND VIOLIN: And I had to get home, didn't I?

TROMBONE: A save the world poem.

CLARINET: I am not going to be bitter. Even though I'm a senior.

SECOND VIOLIN: I just can't teleport myself from one place to another.

TROMBONE: I really hate save the world poems.

SECOND VIOLIN: When it's hot out, I sweat. I sweat when it's hot.

CLARINET: I will take the high road. I will practise my lines. My four lines. I will act with grace and humility.

TUTTI: Ha, ha! Hee, hee! Ho!

CLARINET: And I will steal the show. Ha!

SECOND VIOLIN: News flash! I sweat. Girls sweat. Everybody does. Even the girls who say they don't, do. That 'glow' stuff is stupid. Running equals sweat. I run, I sweat. It's the laws of nature. So I'm on the bus and there are these girls at the back. They're talking and laughing.

The girls in the TUTTI snicker and giggle behind their hands.

SECOND VIOLIN: No big deal. But then they start looking and I get it. They're talking and laughing, at me.

TROMBONE: The only reason I'm in the Environment Club to start with is because my parents said, "Join more clubs. You'll get into a better school if you look like you're well-rounded." They didn't say I was well-rounded. I just have to look like I am.

CLARINET: That's my plan. I will be so brilliant with my four lines, my four tiny lines that everyone will be devastated I was on stage for mere seconds. It's a brilliant plan! Opening night comes. I am prepared. So prepared. So devious. I am ready to spread brilliance and devastation.

TROMBONE: So, whatever. I'm in the Environment Club, but I hate the people in the Environment Club. They're very serious about the environment. It's not a fun club. It's very much a "the earth is dying" kind of club. Every day the earth is dying. Every day. Which I know, we should be concerned about the earth. But couldn't we be concerned AND eat pizza at the same time? Every once in a while?

SECOND VIOLIN: Oh, I get it. They're looking at me and talking about me and laughing. Laughing at me.

TROMBONE: But I'm a trooper. No one can say I don't troop. So I start reading the stupid save the world poem.

SECOND VIOLIN: What did I do that's so funny?

TROMBONE: And I can see my friends out of the corner of my eye, off to the side. Laughing.

SECOND VIOLIN: I feel the back of my neck go red.

BOTH: I try to turn so I can't see them.

TUTTI: Ha, ha! Hee, hee! Ho!

BOTH: But I still hear them.

There is a pause. Suddenly CLARINET looks around with horror.

CLARINET: Did I miss my cue?

TROMBONE: I don't want to be laughed at because my parents made me join the environment club.

CLARINET: I missed my cue!

SECOND VIOLIN: The bus stops and I can hear the girls get up.

CLARINET: My cue!

SECOND VIOLIN: I'm purposefully not looking. One of the them stops in front of me.

CLARINET: I'm supposed to say something. I look up and everyone on stage is staring at me. Everyone in the audience is staring at me. I stare back. And I can't think of my lines. Not one.

SECOND VIOLIN: "Honey you should take a shower before you ride the bus. You stink." And off they go. Laughing.

CLARINET: And I run off stage.

TROMBONE: And I fart. Loudly. Right in the middle of the poem. Right in the middle of the assembly.

CLARINET: I can hear the audience laughing as I run. At me. I don't stop running till I reach the farthest bathrooms.

SECOND VIOLIN: I had practise! Stupid girls.

CLARINET: I wonder, if it's possible to hide in the bathroom for the rest of my life.

TROMBONE: It's a spectacular fart. One of my best.

TUTTI: Ha, ha! Hee, hee! Ho!

TROMBONE: I'm not in the environment club any more.

TUTTI: (*with gestures*) Stupid, Ugh! Stupid, Agh! Stupid Ogh!

The TUTTI take a big inhale and exhale before moving on to the next section.

Fourth Movement

Stupid is a State of Mind, a State of Mind, a State. If I Could Move There, That Would Be Great!

TUTTI: (they bounce up and down) Stupid is state of mind, a state of mind, a state. If I could move there, that would be great! (they thrust their fists in the air)

FIRST VIOLIN and FLUTE step forward. They cross their arms across their chests.

FIRST VIOLIN: Look at her.

FLUTE: Look at her.

FIRST VIOLIN: Look.

FLUTE: So dumb.

FIRST VIOLIN: One hundred percent dumbness.

FLUTE: Living in a bubble of dumb.

FIRST VIOLIN: Dumb bubble.

FLUTE: Look at her! She walks around, head in the clouds, smiling that dumb smile of hers.

FIRST VIOLIN: She smiles at everyone.

FLUTE: She's so annoyingly happy.

FIRST VIOLIN: Stupid happy.

FLUTE: What's she got to be so happy about?

FIRST VIOLIN: Nothing good can come of stupid happy.

FLUTE: She reads a magazine in English. A magazine. She doesn't do anything and Finlay lets her.

FIRST VIOLIN: So she was in Muto's class and he asks her, "Can you hear yourself speak in a vacuum?" And she says, "Is it on or off?"

FLUTE: So dumb.

FIRST VIOLIN: How does she gets dressed in the morning!

FLUTE: Look at her! Not a care in the world. She just lives in her dumb bubble,

FIRST VIOLIN: Her sea of stupidity –



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