



**Sample Pages from
The Revolting Cheerleaders**

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THE REVOLTING CHEERLEADERS

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT BY
John Donald O'Shea



The Revolting Cheerleaders

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Characters

The Cheerleaders

Erin O'Connor: A bright, straightforward, brunette. The girl next door type, but with a neat sense of humor.

Stephanie Chevelure: A God's gift to guys type blond. Very good looking and knows it. She expects men to worship her, and girls to do whatever she says.

Abby Dolan: Another cute brunette. She is a pistol. She's funny, but can be acerbic. Very articulate.

Monica Chase: The quiet girl. Pretty, but not quite as pretty as the rest. A follower.

Jennifer Follow: A boy-crazy follower.

Sarah Lipgloss: Secretary of the Student Council.

The "Jocks"

Mark Afterburner: A running back on the football team. Monica's significant other.

Matt Deepout: A wide receiver. Jennifer's boyfriend.

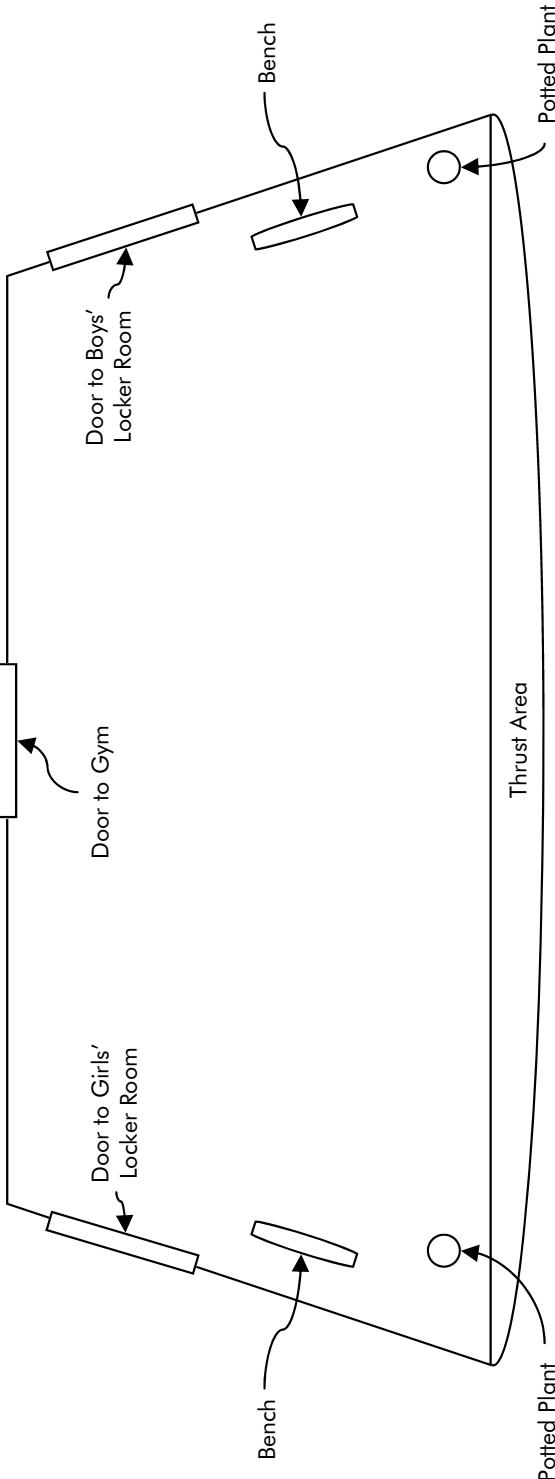
Lance Lugnut: Lorelie Lugnut's older brother. A star offensive lineman. Not intellectually gifted.

Scott Superbowl: The quarterback. Erin's former significant other. The team's acknowledged leader.

Elvis Houndog: Stephanie's true love. The middle linebacker, and God's gift to women.

Percy Jockstrap: The President of the Student Council. Also a lesser member of the football team.

The Set (All Scenes)



The set is meant to be very basic, but can be as detailed as the director desires.

Scene One

The scene takes place in the large open vestibule area just outside the gym where the cheerleaders meet to practice their routines.

Upstage center we see the gym doors. Additionally, there could be a door upstage right leading to the “girls’ locker room” and a door upstage left, leading to the “boys’ locker room.”

The set is sparse. We see only a bench or two, and a couple of potted plants. STEPHANIE, MONICA, ABBY and JENNIFER are already present for cheerleading practice. They are doing their pre-practice stretching routines. ABBY, JENNIFER and MONICA are on the floor in a line stretching out, with ABBY UC, and JENNIFER and then MONICA to her left.

STEPHANIE, who is leading the stretching, is CR facing them. ERIN enters from DSL. She tosses her book bag down, holding a can of soda.

ERIN: (*furious*) What a jerk! What a consummate jerk!

ABBY: I think she’s referring to you, Steph.

STEPHANIE: Are you referring to me?

ABBY: (*sticking in the needle*) If the shoe fits, wear it.

ERIN: I’m referring to Scott, the jerk — the head jerk!

STEPHANIE: (*Pouring gasoline on the fire*) Your significant other?

ERIN: My “IN”significant other. He’s now a significant jerk!

STEPHANIE: (*catty*) I don’t suppose this disgusting display of temperament has anything to do with the fact that he’s taking Lorelie Lugnut to homecoming?

ERIN: It has everything to do with the fact that he’s taking la belle Lugnut to homecoming...

ERIN crosses to STEPHANIE; others fade L.

ERIN: And how, may I ask, did you find out?

STEPHANIE: (*smugly*) I have my sources, Erin dear.

ABBY: (*underwhelmed*) Most pre-eminent gossips do.

STEPHANIE: Someday, Abby...

MONICA: And who, pray tell, are your sources?

STEPHANIE: Monica, darling, I always make it a point to protect my informants.

ERIN takes a step to STEPHANIE, shaking the soda can.

ERIN: (*furious*) Is that so? Do you also make a point to protect your Ralph Lauren sweaters?

STEPHANIE: (*backing off*) You wouldn't dare. This sweater is CASHMERE!

ABBY pulls a drink box out of her bag, which is lying behind her.

ABBY: (*to ERIN*) In that case, I offer my grape juice!

STEPHANIE: Abby, stay out of this.

ABBY: (*with feigned contrition*) Sorry. I was just trying to be helpful.

ERIN: You're quite right, (*icily*) Stephanie darling. Why would I want to harm a sweet innocent little cashmere, when my real purpose is to run a small scientific experiment on you?

ABBY: You're quite right. It would be a politically incorrect faux pas to hurt a sweet little cashmere.

STEPHANIE: (*backing off*) What experiment?

ERIN: I'm speaking of your hair, Stephanie, darling (*gently reaching out*). I propose to extract it.

ABBY: (*taking ERIN's arm to encourage her*) Don't be so squeamish. Yank it! Get a good fistful.

MONICA: Why do you want to pull out her hair?

ERIN: I've always had a burning desire to see if her roots match her shafts.

STEPHANIE: How dare you! Are you implying I'm not a real blond?

ABBY: (*calmly*) Erin, dear, don't waste your time. It's obvious to the whole world that she is a blond.

STEPHANIE: Thank you, Abby.

ABBY: Only a real blond could be that dumb.

ERIN steps toward STEPHANIE. MONICA tries to stop her.

MONICA: Don't, Erin! You get in trouble.

JENNIFER: You'll get suspended!

MONICA: You'll get expelled!

ERIN crosses to JENNIFER, ABBY counters. ERIN backs down.

ERIN: (*calming down*) You're correct, ladies. Homicide — even justifiable homicide — would not look good on my college resume. Thank you Monica; and thank you Jennifer.

ABBY: Good decision. Unfortunate, but good.

STEPHANIE: I don't see why you're freaking out, anyway. Scott's not the only man in the world.

ABBY: We know he's a quarterback. Does it necessarily follow that he's a man?

ERIN: Who ever said he was?

JENNIFER: If he isn't the only man in the world, then why are you freaking out?

ERIN crosses to STEPHANIE; ABBY counters.

ERIN: Saturday night was his birthday. I took him out for dinner and I bought him a shirt. I wasted a hundred dollars on the jerk.

MONICA crosses past JENNIFER and ABBY to ERIN; they counter R.

MONICA: Maybe he'll return the shirt?

ABBY: (*to ERIN*) Would you like me to ask?

JENNIFER: What did he order for dinner?

ERIN: Lobster.

ABBY: There, I think you're out the money.

JENNIFER: (*a step DSL, thinking*) I doubt the restaurant would take back (*After careful consideration, she turns back*) regurgitated lobster.

MONICA: (*to ERIN*) Look at the bright side. Lobsters are shellfish.

ABBY: (*not following*) So?

MONICA: Maybe he'll have some kind of allergic reaction.

JENNIFER: Why would he have an allergic reaction?

MONICA: Lobsters are high in iodine.

JENNIFER: (*horrified*) But if he's allergic to iodine, he just might die.

ERIN: I wouldn't want him to die. I'd be perfectly happy if he merely went blind.

ABBY crosses to ERIN; MONICA counters L.

ABBY: Maybe he'll merely get blindsided by a defensive end!

STEPHANIE: Speaking of food, what types of snacks are we going to get for the team?

JENNIFER: They like peanuts, Pepsi and Twinkies.

ERIN: How about strychnine burgers?

STEPHANIE: Get serious.

ERIN: I am serious. There's no way I'm going to waste any more money feeding a bunch of jerks. (*ERIN crosses to C; ABBY counters R*) I'm already out one hundred dollars. The last thing that I need to do is to waste another ten bucks to feed a bunch of idiots peanuts and Twinkies.

JENNIFER crosses to ERIN; MONICA counters L.

JENNIFER: But, we've got to feed them!

MONICA: The cheerleaders have always provided snacks for the football team.

JENNIFER: It's a tradition. When my dad was here, the cheerleaders fed him.

ABBY: And her dad was here for six years!

JENNIFER: He was not! (*realizing her denial was overly broad*) Only five!

ABBY: I hope he doesn't come back for homecoming; he'll probably still expect us to feed him!

STEPHANIE: In any event, the team has come to expect it.

ERIN: It's an utterly unreasonable expectation.

ABBY: Erin, you must understand. Men are not particularly insightful.

MONICA crosses to ERIN; JENNIFER counters L.

MONICA: If we don't provide snacks, they may lose.

JENNIFER: If they do, people will blame us. They'll say it's our fault they lost.

ABBY crosses to MONICA; ERIN counters R.

ABBY: That's absurd! Even when we do feed them, they lose.

ERIN: The team's 0-4. Our snacks haven't helped. They stink.

ABBY: I'm tired of wasting my money on a bunch of behemoths. I agree with Erin.

JENNIFER: But what will they do for food?

ERIN: Haven't they ever heard of McDonald's?

ABBY crosses dramatically to CR; ERIN counters to C.

ABBY: "Let them eat cake."

MONICA: Where will they get cake if we don't provide it?

ABBY: From Marie Antoinette.

ERIN: From Lorelie Lugnut.

ABBY: From their mommies!

ERIN: From "Cake's R Us!" Who gives a damn [cares]?

JENNIFER crosses to ERIN; MONICA counters L.

JENNIFER: Letting football players starve is unladylike.

MONICA: Worse. It's un-American!

ERIN: Half of them already weigh 300 pounds. Why should I provide more carbohydrates for a platoon of pachyderms?

MONICA: So they don't get weak during the game.

ERIN: There are kids starving in Africa. I'd rather feed them.

JENNIFER: Our mothers already do that (*They all look at her like she's nuts*) — when we don't finish our dinners.

ABBY crosses to JENNIFER; ERIN counters R.

ABBY: Furthermore, this is America! We're supposed to be a nation of rugged individuals. Nobody provided Twinkies for Theodore Roosevelt!

MONICA: (to JENNIFER) If we quit feeding them, Mark will quit dating me.

JENNIFER: (to MONICA) Matt will hate me. He gets grumpy when he's underfed.

STEPHANIE: You two can afford to be independent. You're not dating football players — (looking at ERIN) at least not anymore.

ABBY crosses to STEPHANIE; ERIN counters C.

ABBY: For which I have always been profoundly thankful.

ERIN: (*à la Karl Marx leading the revolution*) Come on, ladies. This is your chance to be free. Throw off your chains. Liberate yourselves.

ABBY: (*Like the second Musketeer – à la “All for one and one for all!”*) Down with the old order! Down with Twinkies!

STEPHANIE crosses to ERIN; ABBY counters R.

STEPHANIE: That's easy for you to say. Scott's already liberated you.

ERIN: I know this will come as an utter shock to you, but you could try dating guys who don't fight over footballs.

ABBY: The guys in the glee club and theatre are really great.

MONICA: They're all nerds.

JENNIFER: They're not “real” men.

ABBY: I've got a deal for you. You three feed your menagerie. Erin and I will stick to cheering.

ERIN: If I'm going to feed somebody, I expect consideration in return. Since I'm not getting any, I don't care if they all starve.

STEPHANIE: No. We're a team. I'm the captain and you'll all do what I say.

ABBY: I don't recall having voted for you.

ERIN: Me, neither.

STEPHANIE: You didn't.

ABBY: Then how exactly did you get to be captain?

STEPHANIE: I asked Mrs. McGraw and she said, “Yes.”

ABBY: That’s only because she wants you to marry her son.

STEPHANIE: That’s not true. She selected me because I’m the best dancer.

ERIN: And all the while we thought it was because your mother makes all the uniforms.

STEPHANIE: So what if my mother makes herself helpful? If you object, why don’t you have your mothers do it?

JENNIFER: (*a half step in to call attention to self*) I think we should put the matter to a vote.

MONICA crosses to STEPHANIE; ERIN and JENNIFER fade L.

MONICA: Majority rules.

ABBY takes a step away DSR.

ABBY: (*knowing*) Gee! I wonder how the vote will come out?

STEPHANIE: All in favour of maintaining the tradition of cheerleaders providing snacks to the football team, say, “Aye.”

MONICA: (*turning to ERIN*) Aye!

JENNIFER crosses to join MONICA and STEPHANIE, then turns back to ERIN to announce her vote, ERIN counters, fading DSL.

JENNIFER: Aye!

STEPHANIE: Aye.

MONICA: Aren’t the two of you guys voting?

ERIN & ABBY: You haven’t asked for the “Nays!”

STEPHANIE: All opposed?

ERIN & ABBY: No!

JENNIFER: You’re supposed to say, “Nay”

ERIN & ABBY: NAY!

STEPHANIE: The motion carries. Three in favour, and two opposed.

ERIN: I said, I’m not feeding a gaggle of football players.

ABBY crosses to ERIN; STEPHANIE, JENNIFER and MONICA fade R.

ABBY: I think correct usage would require you to say, "a flock of football players." "Gaggle" refers to geese.

JENNIFER: Why not groundhogs?

STEPHANIE crosses to C to R of ABBY; MONICA and JENNIFER fade R.

STEPHANIE: You have to feed them. We voted, and the majority rules.

ERIN crosses to STEPHANIE to confront her; ABBY counters L.

ERIN: What are you going to do if I don't? Throw me off the team?

STEPHANIE: Of course not. We'll merely vote you off.

ABBY: Where in our bylaws do you get that?

STEPHANIE: This is a democracy. In every democracy, the majority rules. Now are you two going to bring snacks for the team, or do I have to put the matter to a vote?

JENNIFER: (*to STEPHANIE*) Are you sure this is legal? Erin's dad's a judge.

STEPHANIE: So what? My dad's a lawyer.

ABBY: Yeah, a probate lawyer.

ERIN: You realize, of course, that you are engaging in blatant sexist behaviour.

MONICA: That's ridiculous. This entire discussion has been about football players and food.

JENNIFER: Besides, (*to audience*) only men can be guilty of blatant sexist behaviour.

MONICA: Women can only be victims!

STEPHANIE: Look, you two. We're a team. A team pulls together. Now are you going to be team players or not?

ERIN: Not if it involves feeding a gaggle of guys who can afford to buy their own food.

JENNIFER: But what if they can't?

ABBY: They can sign up for welfare.

STEPHANIE: Abby, are you with us, or with Erin?

ABBY crosses to STEPHANIE; ERIN counters DSL.

ABBY: Why would I want to be with you? Providing snacks for football players is abject stupidity.

STEPHANIE: All in favour of voting Erin and Abby off the team, say, "Aye."

MONICA crosses past JENNIFER to STEPHANIE; JENNIFER counters DSR.

MONICA: I'm really sorry about this, you guys, but Mark would never forgive me if he doesn't get his Mountain Dew and peanuts. (*after a slight pause*) I reluctantly vote, "Aye."

STEPHANIE: Jennifer?

JENNIFER: I'm sorry, ladies. But when Matt doesn't get his peanuts and Twinkles, he fumbles. Aye.

ERIN crosses to STEPHANIE; ABBY counters DSL.

ERIN: (*menacingly*) Stephanie, if you vote us off the team, you'll regret it.

ABBY: (*like a melodramatic villain to the audience*) You'll rue the day! (*To ERIN*) I've always wanted to say that line; it's normally reserved for melodramatic villains.

ERIN: This school's got rules against sexism.

STEPHANIE: Sorry, girls. Aye!

ERIN: Come on, Abby. Let's see what Mrs. McGraw has to say about this.

ABBY: The heck with Mrs. McGraw. Let's just sue 'em.

ERIN and ABBY exit. MONICA crosses past STEPHANIE following ERIN and ABBY SL.

MONICA: Erin! Abby! (*turning back to STEPHANIE*) They wouldn't really sue us, would they?

STEPHANIE: They're just bluffing. Now kick in.

JENNIFER: Do you still want ten?

STEPHANIE: We need fifty.

MONICA: That's nearly \$20 a piece.

STEPHANIE: \$16.66 to be precise. I'll kick in the extra two cents.

JENNIFER: I only have twelve-fifty.

STEPHANIE: I'll loan you \$4.16. You can pay me back next week.

MONICA: You'll owe \$21.82 next week.

STEPHANIE: Plus a one per cent per month finance charge on the four sixteen.

Lights down.

Scene Two

A short while later.

The scene takes place in the same vestibule area just outside the gym and boys' locker room. The guys are stretching out. SCOTT SUPERBOWL is CR and he is leading the stretching. LANCE LUGNUT is UC. To his L are MATT DEEPOUT and then ELVIS HOUNDOG.

MARK AFTERBURNER runs in from DSL.

MARK: Did you guys hear the news?

MATT: I don't listen to the news, Mark.

LANCE: What news?

SCOT: Not even sports news?

MARK: Monica says the cheerleaders had a big row.

ELVIS: They all must have wanted to go to homecoming with me.

MATT: I thought you were taking Stephanie?

LANCE: Of course Elvis is taking Princess Stephanie, Matt. "Her Serene Highness" made a decree to that effect.

SCOTT: (*stepping toward LANCE*) When Stephanie says, "jump!" Elvis Hounddog jumps.

LANCE: (*To SCOTT*) But... only after the old Hounddog asks, "how high!"

ELVIS crosses to LANCE. MATT counters.

ELVIS: You guys are just jealous. Steph's the hottest fox in the henhouse.

MATT: Just ask her; she'll tell you.

LANCE: (*confused by the mixed metaphor*) The hottest fox in the henhouse?

SCOTT: He means in the fox house. Old Hounddog here occasionally mixes his metaphors.

MARK crosses to SCOTT; LANCE, ELVIS and MATT all fade L.

MARK: Listen. What I've got to tell you is really important to all of us. Erin and Abby were voted off the team.

ELVIS: (*moving DS, to audience*) Why is that important?

SCOTT: Who cares?

MATT: Why?

MARK: Monica says Erin got mad, Matt, because (*turning to SCOTT*) Scott broke up with her, and is taking (*turning to LANCE*) Lance's little sister to homecoming.

ELVIS: Why would the cheerleaders fight over some stupid thing like that?

LANCE: Because all women are irrational... (*realizing his mistake*) All except my sisters, of course.

MARK: (*answering MATT*) Monica says Erin is furious, because Scott asked Lorelie to homecoming, right after she spent \$100 on his birthday.

SCOTT: (*crossing away R from them*) Nobody forced her to. (*turning back*) It was her choice.

MATT: Jennifer never spent a hundred bucks on me!

SCOTT: Matt, (*a slight pause*) that's because you're not worth it.

LANCE: I still don't understand why they got voted off the team.

MARK: As I understand it, Lance, Erin refused to buy snacks for us. She said she didn't care if we starved.

SCOTT: What a jerk! I'm glad I broke up with her.

ELVIS: She deserves to be thrown off the squad.

MATT: Why'd they vote Abby off?

ELVIS: For Stephanie, any reason would be good enough.

MARK: She supported Erin.

SCOTT: No big deal. The three that are left will just have to cheer a little louder.

MARK: You're wrong, Scott. It is a big deal.

LANCE: Why?

MARK: Because Jennifer is not sure she can afford to keep buying us food.

ELVIS crosses past LANCE to MARK; LANCE counters.

ELVIS: If she can't afford ten bucks a week, why doesn't she sign up for welfare?

MARK: You don't understand. With Erin and Abby gone, each of the girls will have to come up with \$16.66 per game.

MATT: Jennifer's one of eight kids. Her allowance is a crummy \$15.00 per week.

MARK: That's why Monica wants us to chip in. They want us to kick in \$20 to replace the revenues that were lost when Erin and Abby were kicked off the team.

ELVIS: That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard!

MARK: Elvis, there are forty of us. It would be a lousy fifty cents apiece!

SCOTT: I don't care if it's a lousy quarter. Why should we pay for our own food?

ELVIS: What are cheerleaders for?

LANCE: Our job is to concentrate on winning games. To dominate!

SCOTT: Cheerleaders have always provided snacks. It's a _____
(insert school name) tradition.

MATT: My mother fed my father when they were here.

LANCE: (To MATT) Did they have Twinkies in those days?

ELVIS: That's not the point. Those of us on this team spend countless hours in practice. The snacks are the school's way of saying, "Thanks, guys! We really appreciate you!"

SCOTT: The cheerleaders represent the student body in the matter, Mark.

MARK: Hey, don't get mad at me. I'm only the messenger.

SCOTT: Then go back and tell them the answer is "NO!"

MARK: That won't do any good. Monica says that unless you guys kick in, they are going to have to cut down on the snacks. They'll still provide the Twinkles and drinks, but the peanuts will have to go. They can't afford them on \$30.

ELVIS: (*dumbfounded*) But I like peanuts.

LANCE: (*shaken*) I can't play without peanuts.

MATT: (*crushed*) Without peanuts, I fumble.

SCOTT crosses past MARK and ELVIS to LANCE; MARK and ELVIS counter R.

SCOTT: Lance, this is all your fault.

LANCE: Why is it my fault?

SCOTT: Because you told me your sister wanted to go out with me. If you had kept your big mouth shut, I would have taken Erin to homecoming and none of this would have happened. Maybe I should break my date with Lorelie?

LANCE: You do, and there's going to be a great big hole in the line where Lance Lugnut, your all-conference left offensive tackle, should be.

SCOTT: (*outraged*) What you're threatening amounts to high treason!

LANCE: (*blithely*) Treason? Sabotage? Murder? Whatever. The other team's defensive end won't waste time parsing words.

SCOTT: Without blockers, I'm a dead man.

LANCE: (*putting his arm around SCOTT's shoulder*) What are you worried about? I've always done my duty to protect you from homicidal defensive ends and linebackers intent on separating you from... (*tapping SCOTT's head*) that thing!

ELVIS: Are you saying you'll protect him, no matter what?

LANCE: (*letting it sink in, patting SCOTT on the shoulder*) I have every confidence you too will do your duty by doing everything in your

power to ensure that my little sister has the time of her life at homecoming.

SCOTT: (to audience) I think I'm being blackmailed.

MARK crosses to SCOTT. ELVIS counters DSR.

MARK: Fellows, we're losing focus. Are we going to kick in the twenty bucks or not?

ELVIS: Today it's peanuts. Tomorrow, it's Twinkies. This is a matter of principle. We can't give in.

SCOTT: I agree. It is not for this generation to eschew long established traditions!

LANCE: Right. If we don't get peanuts, we can't chew them.

MATT: What does "eschew" mean?

SCOTT crosses to MATT. LANCE counters to C.

SCOTT: It means we can't deviate from what has always been done.

ELVIS: Tell Monica the answer is, "No."

MATT: Jennifer isn't going to like this.

MARK: Oh! There's one thing more.

LANCE: What?

MARK: Erin and Abby have demanded a hearing before the student council. They want the council to order the cheerleaders to rescind their dismissal from the squad.

SCOTT: That's okay. Percy Jockstrap is student council president. Old Percy's one of us.

Lights down.

Scene Three

Morning, the following day. The same vestibule area just outside the gym.

PERCY JOCKSTRAP enters from SR, wearing a football helmet and carrying a pile of books. He drops something as he enters and stoops to pick it up.

SCOTT, followed by ELVIS, enter from SL.

SCOTT: Percy, we need to talk to you.

PERCY stands up.

ELVIS: Why are you wearing your helmet?

PERCY: What helmet?

SCOTT: The one on your head.

ELVIS: Your football helmet.

PERCY: Huh?? (*realizing he is wearing his football helmet*) I'm sorry. I forgot to take it off after practice yesterday.

ELVIS: You wore it to bed?

PERCY: (*realizing*) Yeah, I guess I did.

SCOTT: (*leaning in, loud stage whisper*) Did you shower?

PERCY: Of course I showered. Can't you tell? (*sniffs his underarms*) Why?

ELVIS: With your helmet on?

PERCY: I just forgot to take it off.

SCOTT: Did you wash your hair?

PERCY: Certainly.

ELVIS: How?

PERCY: (*after thinking for a minute*) I'm not quite sure.

SCOTT: Percy, something important has come up.

ELVIS: We've got to talk with you.

PERCY: (*anticipating*) Did you guys know Erin and Abby are planning to sue?

ELVIS: Of course we knew. How did you know?

PERCY: Everybody knows. It's all over the school.

SCOTT: That's what we need to talk to you about.

PERCY: I'm not sure I can talk about it.

ELVIS: Why's that?

PERCY: As President of the Student Council, I'll be the judge.

ELVIS: But that's precisely why we need to talk to you.

SCOTT: How else can we fix the case?

PERCY: Look! If I talk to you guys, it would be an ex parte communication. It would be grounds to disqualify me, and to get a new judge.

ELVIS: *(to SCOTT)* He may be right. Maybe we shouldn't talk with him.

SCOTT: *(looking for an angle)* Are you or are you not still a member of the football team?

PERCY: Of course I am.

SCOTT: Okay. Is there any reason you can't discuss football?

PERCY: Of course not.

SCOTT: Or, things that affect team morale?

PERCY: No.

ELVIS: *(catching on)* Okay, then we'll limit our conversation to football and team morale.

SCOTT: Erin and Amy are suing to get back on the cheerleader squad. They contend that it's discrimination to require cheerleaders to feed football players.

ELVIS: If they win, it will adversely affect team morale.

SCOTT: So you've got to do something.

PERCY: What do you want me to do?

SCOTT: Cheat!

ELVIS: Make sure they lose.

SCOTT: But be subtle about it. Nothing obvious.

ELVIS: You don't want to appear biased.

PERCY: How?

SCOTT: Little things. Sustain an objection. Slant a jury instruction. Continue the case until everybody has graduated.

ELVIS: You've got to appear impartial.

SCOTT: And absolutely fair...

ELVIS: Even if you're not.

PERCY: I don't know...

SCOTT: Look, when you wanted to be student body president, you asked for our help.

ELVIS: Didn't we get you elected?

PERCY: Yeah.

SCOTT: Okay. Now it's time for you to scratch our backs. Time for a payback.

ELVIS: Or, now that you've reached the top of the greasy pole, are you going to forget your friends?

SCOTT: Look! If you pull this off, after graduation, you can enter national politics.

ELVIS: Fool some of the people all the time, and all of the people some of the time, you know?

SCOTT: Sky's the limit!

PERCY: What about my legacy?

SCOTT: Don't worry.

ELVIS: We're your friends.

SCOTT: We'll take care of your legacy. We'll do your P. R.

PERCY: Okay.

ELVIS: Percy...

PERCY: What?

ELVIS: There's just one other thing,

PERCY: What's that?

ELVIS: Before you start the trial, don't forget to take off your helmet.

SCOTT: It bespeaks a lack of impartiality.

Lights down.

Scene Four

The following day. The same vestibule area just outside the gym.

As the lights go up, LANCE and MARK are working out.

MARK: How'd you do on the Chemistry test?

LANCE: I aced it!

MARK: What did you get?

LANCE: A 78.

MARK: So, you're eligible. Terrific. How'd you pull it off?

LANCE: I stayed up all night studying. 'til 4 a. m.

MARK: Studying helps. And it's safer than cheating.

LANCE: To be honest with you, I needed help on the last true and false question.

MARK: You cheated?

LANCE: No, I prayed — (*explaining to him*) that I'd get it right. And I did!

MARK: That's worse. You're not allowed to pray in the public schools!

MATT enters, very angry. He throws his book bag into the corner. He is holding a handkerchief over his nose.

MARK: What's eating you?

LANCE: I'll bet he flunked Chemistry???

MATT: I just broke up with Jennifer.

LANCE: What's with the handkerchief?

MATT: I've got a bloody nose.

MARK: Why'd you break up?

MATT: She asked her parents to increase her allowance to \$25 a week. When she told them why, they said, "No!"

MARK: Why doesn't she just get an after-school job?

MATT: Her parents said "no" to that, too. They want her to concentrate on keeping her grades up so she can get a college scholarship.

LANCE: Why doesn't she just kick in the \$10 — like she's always done?

MARK: Yeah, Monica or Stephanie will advance the rest. She can pay them back later.

MATT: Her father told her he doesn't even want her doing that anymore.

LANCE: Why not? He was a big star here. The cheerleaders fed him.

MATT: Jennifer said her mother changed his mind for him.

LANCE: Why? Her mom was a cheerleader when she was here...

MATT: Jennifer said her mother thought was a stupid thing to do then, but was afraid to make waves.

MARK: Why didn't you do something? Don't you have any influence?

MATT: I tried. I told her if she wasn't going to pony up, we were through.

LANCE: And?

MATT: She said she wasn't going to pony up.

LANCE: And?

MATT: I told her we were through!

MARK: Atta boy!

LANCE: Way to go!

MARK: How'd she take it?

MATT: Not very good. She started to cry, so I told her I wanted to give her one last kiss to show there were no hard feelings.

MARK: And?

MATT: She punched me!

LANCE: Where?

MATT: Where do you think? (*He exhibits a bloody handkerchief*)

Lights down.

Scene Five

A short while later. The same vestibule area just outside the gym.

MONICA and STEPHANIE are stretching out.

MONICA: Do you think that there's any chance Erin and Abby might win their suit?

STEPHANIE: Nope.

MONICA: Are you sure?

STEPHANIE: I'm absolutely certain.

MONICA: How can you be?

STEPHANIE: We're going negative!

MONICA: I don't understand.

STEPHANIE: I've arranged for a rather unflattering article about our beloved former teammates to appear in the school paper on the eve of trial.

MONICA: How can you be sure it will be unflattering?

STEPHANIE: I wrote it.

MONICA: Is it truthful?

STEPHANIE: Not entirely... but, after all, this is war!

MONICA: Will Charlie Printhead run it?

STEPHANIE: Our favourite editor wanted to go to homecoming with me.

MONICA: But you're going with Elvis!

STEPHANIE: Let's just say that I offered Charlie a rain check –

MONICA: A rain check?

STEPHANIE: –with only one little string attached. Monica, darling, it's in the bag!

JENNIFER enters, clearly upset. She tosses her bag into the corner.

MONICA: Is something wrong?

JENNIFER: Yes.

MONICA: What?

JENNIFER: (*tearfully and curtly*) I don't want to talk about it.

STEPHANIE: Is there anything that you would like to talk about?

JENNIFER: Yes. I've asked Erin and Abby to meet with us.

STEPHANIE: (*appalled*) Why?

JENNIFER: I think we should behave like adults, and try to work out our differences.

MONICA: Since when have adults ever done that?

STEPHANIE: It would be a waste of time. They won't change their minds.

JENNIFER: Then, maybe we should change ours!

MONICA: We could buy cheaper snacks?

STEPHANIE: How would you like it Mark asked you out for dinner, and he took you to McDonald's?

MONICA: I wouldn't.

ERIN and ABBY enter.

STEPHANIE: Neither would the guys. (*to ERIN and ABBY*) What do you two want?

ERIN: We don't want anything.

ABBY: Jennifer asked us to stop by.

ERIN: So, out of friendship to Jennifer, we came.

STEPHANIE: Are you still planning to sue us?

ABBY: Certainly. Unless you concede you're wrong.

STEPHANIE: I'm not wrong.

ABBY: (*To ERIN*) Did you ever notice that people who perceive themselves to be infallible find it very hard to admit their mistakes?

STEPHANIE: You won't win.

ERIN: Have you ever heard of the Thirteenth Amendment?

MONICA: Is that the Amendment to the Constitution that says everybody is entitled to free health insurance?

ERIN: No, it's the one that abolishes slavery.

ABBY: You know, "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as punishment for crime, shall exist within the United States..."

STEPHANIE: What's that got to do with anything?

ABBY: Being forced to provide snack to a pack of pigskin-toting jocks amounts to slavery — and clearly amounts to involuntary servitude.

STEPHANIE: That's absurd. Jennifer, would you be kind enough to explain why you invited them here?

JENNIFER: They're my friends. I think we were wrong to vote them off the team. I think we should work out a compromise.

STEPHANIE: That's impossible.

ABBY: No, you're impossible.

JENNIFER: In that case, I make a formal motion to reconsider our vote to throw Erin and Abby off the team.

MONICA: Can she do that?

STEPHANIE: Only if there is a second. But, there isn't.

ERIN: I second.

STEPHANIE: You can't second. You're not on the team.

ABBY: Hold on a second. (*she calls*) Sarah!

SARAH enters carrying a lawyer's briefcase.

ERIN: She's our lawyer.

STEPHANIE: That's Sarah Lipgross. She's no lawyer.

ABBY: She's the secretary and parliamentarian for the student council. That's close enough.

ERIN: Sarah, who is entitled make a motion to reconsider?

SARAH: Anyone who originally voted with the side that prevailed.

JENNIFER: That, Stephanie, means me!

ABBY: When can the motion be made?

SARAH: At the same or the next meeting.

JENNIFER: And this, ladies, is the next meeting!

STEPHANIE: (*To ERIN and ABBY*) Okay, you can have your stupid vote. But you're still going to lose. All in favour of setting aside yesterday's vote, signify by saying, "Aye."

JENNIFER: Aye!

STEPHANIE: (*very quickly*) All opposed?

MONICA: Nay.

STEPHANIE: Nay. (*to ERIN and ABBY*) Sorry, ladies. By a vote of two to one, the “nayas” have it. The Motion is...

ABBY: (*interrupting*) Just a moment, Captain Queeg! Erin and I haven't had our chance to vote.

STEPHANIE: You're off the team. You can't vote.

ABBY: Break it to her, Sarah.

STEPHANIE: Break what to me?

SARAH: A timely motion to reconsider prevents anything being done as a result of the vote that it has been made to reconsider.

MONICA: What?

SARAH: The Motion to Reconsider suspends the effect of yesterday's vote. Until the Motion to Reconsider is voted upon, Erin and Abby are still on the team, and are entitled second motions and to vote on the Motion to Reconsider.

STEPHANIE: That stinks!

ERIN: (*to STEPHANIE*) Doesn't it, though! (*She votes*) Aye!

ABBY: Aye.

SARAH: It appears the “Ayes” have it, the Motion to Reconsider has passed, and yesterday's vote to expel has been set aside. Do you ladies need me for anything else?

ABBY: Yes.

SARAH: For what?

ABBY: Does this team have the right to elect its own captain?

SARAH: Certainly.

ABBY: I move that we elect Erin to be team captain, effective upon this vote.

JENNIFER: I second.

STEPHANIE: You can't do that. This is a coup!

SARAH: Very aptly put, Stephanie, darling.

ABBY: All in favour?

ERIN, ABBY and JENNIFER: Aye!

MONICA: (*grasping the reality of the situation*) Aye!

ABBY: All opposed?

STEPHANIE: Nay.

SARAH: The “Ayes” have it.

ABBY: The motion carries. Erin is elected captain.

ERIN: Thank you, everybody. Sarah, we haven't discussed your fee.
What would you consider fair?

SARAH: Consider it a public service.

ERIN: Isn't there anything we can do for you?

SARAH: Well, I'm a real good dancer, and I've always wanted to be a cheerleader.

ERIN: All in favour, indicate by saying, “Aye.”

ABBY, JENNIFER & MONICA: Aye.

STEPHANIE: Nay.

ABBY: As our next order of business...

Lights down.

Scene 6

A short while later. The same vestibule area just outside the gym. MARK, MATT and LANCE are stretching out. SCOTT and ELVIS enter.

SCOTT: Gentlemen, congratulate me! The deed is nearly done!

LANCE: (*to the others*) What's he talking about?

ELVIS: We just learned we can count on good ol' Percy.

LANCE: What are you saying?

MARK: He's saying that “the fix is in.”

ELVIS: (*feigning revulsion*) A rather crude way of putting it... but yes!



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