

**“13” 13 MUSICAL NETFLIX MOVIE SOUNDTRACK**

Middle School	CHLOE BAILEY	
Just a Theory	XAVIER MOORE	
Complete Opposites	DYLAN SLOWIK COLIN ENGLISH	Edwin Marty
Blind Fool	ADDYSON SEIN	
Shaping Up	CHLOE HUENKE	
First Lunch	SAMANTHA COOPER EMMA CROSSON	Pat Sam
Friday’s Lunch	AIDAN CRAMP	
Instrumental	MIA CUPPER	
I Know I Flunked	BRYN O’NEILL CHARLOTTE WHITNEY	Heidi Karen
Behind the Scenes	JORDYN MUNCRIEF	
Waiting	BRIAN CRAWFORD	
One Bad Day	JACK OCHAB	
The Audition	CONNOR KLOCK	
The Talent Show	AUBREY MURPHY JANE GEWIRTZ AMELIA DIFRANCO AVA SYLVESTER LEVI MITTLEMAN CLAIRE SHARKEY EVA NAM	Director 1 Director 2 Jamie Alex Jordan Frankie Morgan
Wedged	DYLAN LONGSTRETH	

**“ROTTEN TO THE CORE”**

# **“Middle School”**

Description: An 8th grader reassures her younger sister (6th grader) that Middle School won't be as bad as she thinks.

Genre: Dramatic

Who is it? Oh, Anna. Are you still scared about tomorrow? I know. The first day of middle school is written as scary in all of the movies, but it's not that bad. You still have the same friends as last year, and the lunches are only a little different, so how can it be that bad? Choosing my outfit got harder in Middle School, and to be honest so did everything else. Friend groups got more complicated, so was lunch, seating choices, there was so much homework, and the teachers were really different. But different does not always mean bad. I made a lot of new friends in Middle School, some that I still have all the way to now, about to leave middle school and start high school. I learned to be more independent and even learned about money management. Plus, all the other things that you learn in school. Still, Middle School should be written off as neutral. Even though there are all of these scary things happening, all of these good things happen too.

That's why you shouldn't be scared Anna, you'll love Middle School, I promise.

## THEORY

Hi. Sorry I'm late. I mean, I'm always late, so you probably should have expected it, but sorry. I'm actually working on it. I have this theory that I think will really help. It's called the flexible theory of time. Basically it works like this – that as long as you're not late yet, there's still time. So for instance, let's say you have to be somewhere in twenty minutes and it takes ten minutes to get there. You're not late. But then you do some stuff and now you have to be there in ten minutes and it still takes ten minutes to get there. You're still not late. Now here's where the flexible part comes in. You keep doing stuff for four more minutes. Now you have to be there in six minutes, but it still takes ten minutes to get there. But, if you rush around and do everything twice as fast as you normally do it, then the six minutes you have left is actually like twelve minutes, and it still only takes ten minutes to get there – so you actually *still* have an extra two minutes left to do stuff before you leave and you'll *still* be on time. It's pretty amazing. I mean, I haven't actually gotten the theory to totally work yet, but when I do, it'll be totally amazing . . . Anyhow, sorry for being late.

Sam and Pat

PAT: You know... sometimes I eat condiment sandwiches.

SAM: Condiment sandwiches?

PAT: Mayo, relish, nothing else.

SAM: Now that is weird.

*They exit.*



Marty & Edwin

PLAY: School Daze

GENRE: Comedy

TIME: 2:00



DESCRIPTION

Marty and Edwin are complete opposites forced to work together on a school project.

ACTING HINTS

This scene is quick, quick quick! The dialogue is snappy. It's important that there aren't any unnecessary pauses between lines. Both characters know exactly who they are and why they dislike the other person. That means you should make each character as clear as possible. Each should have a specific voice, movement, and personality.



*MARTY and EDWIN run downstage. Both of them are trying to talk to their teacher. They face front as if their teacher is in the audience.*

MARTY: Miss!

EDWIN: Mrs. Wheeler!

MARTY: Miss!

EDWIN: Mrs. Wheeler!

MARTY: Miss, Miss, Miss!

EDWIN: Mrs. Wheeler!

BOTH: I can't work with him!

EDWIN: As much as I appreciate getting down to business right away...

Marty & Edwin

MARTY: (*with a groan*) I can't believe you're starting a project on the first day of school.

EDWIN: And the depression is a worthy topic...

MARTY: And you ruined my whole year in one shot!

BOTH: I can't work with him!

EDWIN: I know slugs with more brainpower.

MARTY: His name is Edwin.

EDWIN: What's wrong with my name?

MARTY: I can't work with a guy named Edwin. (*realising something*)  
Did you just call me a slug?

EDWIN: Mrs. Wheeler, I already know what's going to transpire.

MARTY: Can't I work with Rob?

EDWIN: I'm going to get stuck with all the work.

MARTY: Or Max?

EDWIN: I ALWAYS get stuck with the work.

MARTY: Or Sonny?

EDWIN: He's not going to do anything.

MARTY: Or Luis?

EDWIN: Because he never does anything.

MARTY: Or Jenny. I'd work with Jenny.

EDWIN: And my average is going to suffer greatly!

MARTY: Ooooh Mr. Brain will get an A instead of an A plus.  
Tragedy.

Marty & Edwin

EDWIN: And what's your average slug?

MARTY: Want to know what my black eye average is?

EDWIN: Mrs. Wheeler!

BOTH: I can't work with him! AGH!

*They both throw their hands up and separate.  
EDWIN talks to the audience.*

EDWIN: My brain is growing at an incredible rate and this is what I have to put up with. I'm I2, but I'm not I2. Sometimes I wish I was I2. Sometimes I like being smart. I like using my mind, speed of light, fast as I can go. Is it my fault I'm smart? I want to start skipping grades, but my parents want me to be more normal. I'm not normal!

MARTY: He is not a normal guy. He wears ties to school. Ties. He knows EVERYTHING and I hate that! Just once I would like to know something that he doesn't know. My dad is so intense about grades. Like I won't get into a good school if I don't get good grades now. All I want to do is play baseball. At least that's one thing I'm better at than Mr. Brain.

*They return to the centre. They look up and sigh.*

MARTY: All right Miss. Whatever.

EDWIN: I don't agree with your argument Mrs. Wheeler, but I will acquiesce to your demands.

MARTY: Can you speak normally, just once?

EDWIN: No. I can't. All right. I will work with him. Somehow.

MARTY: Can I call you Eddie?

EDWIN: No.



# BLIND FOOL

*Kirsty, comic*

What?! You have to stop asking me what the board says. I can't read everything off to you. Listen, mister, I hate to break it to you, but you need glasses. You're blind! OK, not blind, but you have two choices:

Sit in front, like maybe a few inches from the board, OR *get glasses!*

Sorry, Mr. Sparr. Nothing's wrong.

See? You keep getting me in trouble. I'm not trying to be mean, but it's time to face facts. Besides, glasses are cute.

Not that I'm saying you're cute or anything. I mean, don't get any ideas here. I'm just thinking about, oh, Harry Potter, and, ah, other celebrities. (*Beat.*) I don't know who, just other people.

Hey, they are not nerdy! *I* wear glasses. And *I'm* cute. You'd know that if you weren't blind.

# "Shaping-Up"

Description Student does not like P.E. and complains their feelings to the gym teacher.

Ms. Edwards, can you just answer me with just one question?...Why is it that I have to take P.E. every stinking year, because really...I want to know. I mean every year, it's exactly the same, I'm forced to humiliate myself in front of the rest of the class. It's not so bad for the kids who are athletes, but for the rest of us, like me, it's not so easy.(Beat) Yes, Ms. Edwards...I know, I know...P.E. is just as important as algebra and biology, and yes, I agree that you should get a grade based on your abilities and skills. But everyone has to take the same class! They don't have "Basic P.E." like they have "General Science" or "Basic Math"...that would be a whole different subject completely! And why do we have to rotate activities all the time, why can't we stick with one thing for awhile, that way I could redeem myself by getting better at something. I can't kick in soccer and I'm uncoordinated for basketball. To be honest, I shouldn't be on a balance beam during gymnastics. I just become entertainment for the rest of the class. Middle school is humiliating enough without coming in five minutes after everyone else during the mile run...while they're showered and going to lunch, I'm just crossing the finish line. I already know the theory around fitness...it-is-a-part-of a-well-rounded-education. But the least they could do is level the playing field for everyone. I know there's not much you can do for me, but thanks, for at least letting me get that off my chest...See you in the gym.

Steve and Edgar

it is, whatever punishment, out in the open. I just want to know. The waiting is killing me!

EDGAR: Ah ha! Chinese water torture. I think there is no punishment. They're just sitting in there, making you sweat it out.

STEVE: (*standing up*) Enough is enough. This is inhuman. If they're going to punish me, fine. Just come on out of there and do it. Do you hear me?! I deserve to know. It's my basic human right to know and I want to know right now!

EDGAR: Aw crap. The door's opening.

STEVE: (*sitting down*) I changed my mind. I can wait.



Sam and Pat

PLAY: School Daze

GENRE: Comedy

TIME: 2:00



DESCRIPTION

Sam and Pat stand side by side during their first lunch on their first day of middle school. They don't know each other, but both know what it's like to be in an uncomfortable situation...

ACTING HINTS

Sam and Pat are both nervous – they are in an unfamiliar territory. How can you show their nerves?

Focus on the pace of the scene. Their nervous behaviour should show through the speed of their dialogue. But you can't race through the whole scene! Find a place to take a big breath. Think about what would make the characters pause.



*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?



Sam and Pat

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

Sam and Pat

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.

SAM: Great. What class do you have after lunch?

PAT: (*with a groan*) Math. I can't stand it either.

SAM: Do you have Mrs. Rogers? She's brutal.

Sam and Pat

PAT: You know... sometimes I eat condiment sandwiches.

SAM: Condiment sandwiches?

PAT: Mayo, relish, nothing else.

SAM: Now that is weird.

*They exit.*



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EDWIN: Mrs. Wheeler!

MARTY: Miss!

EDWIN: Mrs. Wheeler!

MARTY: Miss, Miss, Miss!

EDWIN: Mrs. Wheeler!

BOTH: I can't work with him!

EDWIN: As much as I appreciate getting down to business right away...

# FRIDAY'S LUNCH

*Malcolm, seriocomic*

I don't feel great. I don't know what's wrong. I just feel a little off. Phew. It'll pass. *(Beat.)* Yeah. I'm OK.

No, I don't have anything to share with the class. I just said my stomach hurts. *(Beat.)* No, I don't have to go to the nurse. *(Beat.)* Yes, I'll be quiet then.

Phew. What was in that lunch? I knew I shouldn't have eaten the fish sticks. I'm not gonna barf on you. Take it easy, bro.

Sorry. Sorry. I'll keep it quiet. I promise.

God. Oh. Phew. I don't feel so good.

Mrs. Sullen? Mrs. Sullen? I think I do have to —

Uh-oh! Here come the fish sticks!

# INSTRUMENTAL

*Russ, seriocomic*

Couldn't I try drums? Please? I'd practice all the time. I'd be the best drummer you ever had in the school band. I swear! *(Beat.)* I know I'm not supposed to swear, but how can I show you I'm serious?

Well, if you already have a drummer, how about saxophone? I bet I could wail on a saxophone. Well, what then? *(Beat.)* Are you serious? No, really. The triangle? That's not even an instrument. OK, maybe it is but . . . It's — It's not very cool, the triangle. You just sit around and wait to play one dinky little note — ding! It's sad. It's a sad instrument. I can't do it.

Hey — how about cymbals? At least they make some serious noise. How about it? I can't wait to practice. I'm gonna jam!

# I KNOW I FLUNKED THE HISTORY TEST

1 CAST: Two players, KAREN and HEIDI.

2 SETTING: Hallway of school.

3 AT RISE: KAREN and HEIDI enter. Each carries a file folder.

4 KAREN: I can't look. It's too painful.

5 HEIDI: Well, I'm looking. *(She opens her folder and lets out a*  
6 *whoop of delight.)* I got an A! That means I'll get an A in  
7 history for the semester.

8 KAREN: *(Glumly)* Congratulations.

9 HEIDI: I hoped I might. I really studied for this one.

10 KAREN: I'll probably be grounded for the rest of the month.

11 HEIDI: Why? What did you do?

12 KAREN: I failed the final history test.

13 HEIDI: How do you know? You haven't looked yet.

14 KAREN: There's an F inside this folder. A big, red F.

15 HEIDI: But you studied, too, didn't you?

16 KAREN: What good would it do to study? I never get good  
17 grades in history. There's something wrong with my  
18 memory.

19 HEIDI: Even if you didn't study for the test, I doubt if you  
20 failed it. You came to class every day. You must remember  
21 something.

22 KAREN: I think my memory problem comes from eating too  
23 much turkey. There's some kind of an enzyme in turkey  
24 that makes you stupid.

25 HEIDI: Where in the world did you hear that?

26 KAREN: Did you ever hear of a smart turkey? They're the  
27 most stupid creatures you can imagine.

28 HEIDI: The Pilgrims ate a lot of turkey, and they were smart  
29 enough to find America.

30 KAREN: They ate the turkey after they got here.

31 HEIDI: Forget about the turkey and look at your grade.

32 KAREN: I never took such a hard test. All those questions  
33

1 about the Civil War. Who cares where battles were fought  
2 so long ago?

3 HEIDI: I think it would be interesting to visit that part of the  
4 country sometime. I'd like to see Gettysburg.

5 KAREN: When my folks find out I flunked the semester  
6 history test, I'll be lucky if I only get grounded. They'll  
7 probably disown me.

8 HEIDI: Your parents are not likely to disown their only  
9 daughter.

10 KAREN: Their only stupid daughter.

11 HEIDI: And you are not likely to get an F on the test. You've  
12 never had an F on any other test, have you?

13 KAREN: There's a first time for everything. Besides, Mr. Wil-  
14 liams hates me.

15 HEIDI: Why do you think that?

16 KAREN: He just does. I can tell by the way he squints at me.

17 HEIDI: Mr. Williams squints at everyone. I think he needs  
18 glasses.

19 KAREN: It's different when he squints at me. At you, he  
20 squints benevolently. At me, he squints maliciously.

21 HEIDI: You are imagining things. Mr. Williams has no reason  
22 to hate you.

23 KAREN: Yes, he does. He hates me because I flunked the  
24 semester test.

25 HEIDI: Let's look at your test results. Then you can worry  
26 about whether Mr. Williams hates you. *(She reaches for*  
27 *KAREN's folder. KAREN jerks it away.)*

28 KAREN: Of course he hates me. I am a loser. Everybody hates  
29 losers.

30 HEIDI: You are not a loser.

31 KAREN: If I were a worm, all the early robins would find me.

32 HEIDI: Oh, good grief.

33 KAREN: If I were a duck, I'd be the first one in the air on  
34 opening day of hunting season. *(HEIDI gives her a disgusted*  
35 *look, but says nothing.)* If I were a rabbit, someone would

1 cut off my foot, to bring good luck.  
 2 HEIDI: Oh, gross. What is the matter with you?  
 3 KAREN: Nothing's the matter with me. I am simply stating  
 4 facts.  
 5 HEIDI: Well, if there was an award for negative attitude, you  
 6 would win it.  
 7 KAREN: There! You see? Even my best friend agrees that I'm  
 8 a loser.  
 9 HEIDI: Stop that. Haven't you ever heard of self-fulfilling  
 10 prophecy?  
 11 KAREN: If I have, I've forgotten.  
 12 HEIDI: If you believe something is going to happen, you  
 13 increase the chance that it will. When you think of yourself  
 14 as a loser, then you do things to create your own bad luck.  
 15 KAREN: Like flunking the most important history test of the  
 16 year.  
 17 HEIDI: You didn't expect to flunk when you took the test.  
 18 KAREN: Yes, I did.  
 19 HEIDI: If you really expected to flunk, you would not have  
 20 bothered to take it.  
 21 KAREN: I didn't know when I showed up for the test that it  
 22 would be so hard. Once I saw it, I expected to flunk.  
 23 HEIDI: Would you please open your folder and find out what  
 24 your grade is? (KAREN clutches folder to her chest and shakes  
 25 her head.) Do you want me to look for you?  
 26 KAREN: I don't need to look. I already know what my grade is.  
 27 HEIDI: How could you? Mr. Williams just handed these to us  
 28 three minutes ago.  
 29 KAREN: (Emphatically) I know what my grade is.  
 30 HEIDI: Really? (KAREN nods yes.) Are you telling me that you  
 31 really did get an F? You aren't just worrying?  
 32 KAREN: You know the old saying that history repeats itself?  
 33 Well, in my case, I'll be repeating history.  
 34 HEIDI: Oh, I'm sorry. Did Mr. Williams call your parents?  
 35 KAREN: No.

1 HEIDI: Then how did you find out?  
 2 KAREN: He didn't need to call. I knew the minute I got to the  
 3 questions about the Civil War that I was doomed.  
 4 HEIDI: (Losing patience) Have you seen your grade or haven't  
 5 you?  
 6 KAREN: I don't need to see it. I told you, I already... (HEIDI  
 7 suddenly grabs KAREN's test out of her hands.) Hey! Give me  
 8 that. (HEIDI quickly opens folder and looks inside.)  
 9 HEIDI: You got a C-plus.  
 10 KAREN: What? No way.  
 11 HEIDI: See for yourself. (She holds the open folder under  
 12 KAREN's nose.) A big, red C and a big, red plus.  
 13 KAREN: Mr. Williams must have made a mistake. I think he  
 14 needs glasses.  
 15 HEIDI: There's a note, too. It says, "If you would study for  
 16 these tests, you could probably get an A."  
 17 KAREN: I knew it. He got my folder mixed up with someone  
 18 else's.  
 19 HEIDI: All that worrying for nothing. Come on. We don't want  
 20 to be late to geometry.  
 21 KAREN: It doesn't matter if I'm late or not. I'm flunking  
 22 geometry anyway. (HEIDI rolls eyes in disgust. They exit.)  
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# BEHIND THE SCENES

*Marcus, seriocomic*

Does everyone have to audition? Because I'd rather not. I'm OK with being a tree or a rock. Or helping out with lights or something.

Please, could we just skip all this? I'll level with you. I can't sing. When it's someone's birthday in my family, they ask me to hold the cake. When I was little, I didn't know I stunk, and in church people used to turn and stare at me. I thought it was because I was cute! Now I know. And I don't want anyone staring at me ever again.

I'm doing a public service. My sister told me my singing sounds like a dying turkey. I've never heard a turkey dying (which I'm pretty happy about), but I'm pretty sure that wasn't a compliment. She's not a very nice girl, my sister. She's not about to give me a compliment, if you catch my drift.

So, how about I paint the set? Is it a deal?

## WAITING

*(Your character is staring at the clock, waiting for the end of the school year.)*

The last five minutes before the end of the school year has to be the longest five minutes in the world. Seriously. Entire planets have been formed and exploded in less time. And it doesn't help that this clock is definitely broken. Look at how slow the second hand is moving. Tick . . . . . Tock . . . . . Tick. Why doesn't somebody fix that thing? Come On! It's not like the janitor has anything better to do. Good grief – I think I just saw the second hand move backwards. Hold on. Was that . . . ? Yes! The minute hand just moved up one minute!

*(Stare at the clock for an extended moment.)*

Sheesh. The last four minutes before the end of the school year has to be the longest four minutes in the world.



# ONE BAD DAY

*Sean, seriocomic*

What? A test? She never told us we'd have a test! I'm sure of it! *(Beat.)* No, she didn't! What is it on? *(Beat.)* I was totally paying attention yesterday, and I didn't hear anything about a test! Now I'm going to fail. This is just perfect.

*(Beat.)* What? Hey! I didn't — It wasn't me! It was Kenny. I wouldn't do that. In fact, I never do that. So stop looking at me! Geez, it smells awful. Don't say "who smelt it, dealt it" because you smell it, too. It's atomic. Get me out of here! Seriously, that's nasty, Kenny.

*(Running to the other end of the room.)* So tell me what I need to know for this test and make it loud because I am not getting anywhere near you!

# **“The Audition”**

Description: A young person is nervous about a big audition.

Genre: Comedic-Dramatic

Don't you get it? Today is the day of THE audition. The audition where all my dreams could finally become a reality. I'm totally pumped. Well, except for the fact I'm scared. But just a little. I mean just because it's my first major audition doesn't mean I should worry. I mean naturally, I'm a worry-free person. But what if I don't make it? What if I don't get the part? That would be so embarrassing. I would have to change my name. I would never be able to show my face in public. I might have to move to a foreign land and live alone with 2 cats in an abandoned warehouse because I can't make a living because no one wants to hire the girl who couldn't land the role she had prepared for, for so long. (Moment of realization) Ok so maybe I'm like totally petrified.

# The Talent Show

Xavier Moore

Cast needed;       (5)     students  
                      (2)     Two directors

*(School bell. Directors are sitting at desk SR. They are looking toward the other side of the stage.)*

**Director 1**

Alright, first audition for the first annual Tubman middle school talent show!

*(Directors look at each other)*

**Director 2**

So is there a Jamie L? Jami-

*(Jamie runs on stage from stage left out of breath in old clothes)*

**Jamie**

I'm here! I'm here! I NEED MY INHALER!

*(Pulls out a fake inhaler and takes loud deeps breaths)*

My talent is that I can do a cartwheel.3...2...1.

*(Does a cartwheel but is not that bad)*

**Director 1**

Oh? That's fun? We'll get back to you.

**Jamie**

Wait, wait, wait, I need to be a part of this. My parents said I need to do it. Do I need to do another cartwheel? I'll do it!

**Director 1**

No no, it's fine. We will send you an email when you're in.

**Jamie**

Ok. Good.

*(Jamie walks off stage right)*

**Director 2**

Is there an Alex?

*(Alex stumbles on stage from stage left)*

**Alex**

Hi. Um, my talent is nothing. I only did this because my friend Jamie did it. I really don't wanna be here.

**Director 2**

So are you gonna do anything, Alex?

**Alex**

No.

**Director 2**

You're definitely not in. I am sorry.

*(Very sarcastically)*

**Alex**

Thanks, I really don't care about this show anyway.

*(Alex walks off stage right yelling Jamie's name)*

**Director 2**

Ok, the next person is Morgan Miller

*(Morgan enters from stage right in red,white ,and blue)*

**Morgan**

HI! My name is Morgan, and my talent is Revolutionary War Reenactments!

**Director 1**

Oh? That's-thats-

**Director 2**

I don't think that's what this show is really about.

**Morgan**

WHAT I REFUSE TO BE A PART OF THIS.I WILL SUE

**Director 1**

You can't sue us. You have no lawyer nor any real reason to sue.

*(Morgan gets frustrated)*

**Morgan**

Well, I never wanted to audition anyways.

*(Morgan storms offstage through isle)*

**Director 2**

Well, I guess the next person?

**Director 1**

Yup, Is there Jordan Jackson?

*(Jordan runs on stage. With a mat in their hands. She lays down the mat.)*

**Jordan**

*My name's Jordan I'm in sixth grade and my talent is that I can do back flips. A handstand for 1 minute.*

*A random student runs on SR causing Jordan to lose balance. Jordan runs SR)*

**Frankie**

Frankie-Anyways... hi I'm Frankie Smith and I WILL be auditioning for Dorothy!

**Director 1**

Um this is a talent show not the auditions for the spring musical. Those are in December. Come back then.

*(Directors looking in confusion)*

**Frankie**

Well, I don't care. I am auditioning and getting the role of Dorothy in this musical. There is no doubt about that. I have the vocal range I'm a great actor, I have good grades and-and -and..

*(Frankie and Directors get frustrated.)*

**Director 2**

Ms. Smith, you can sing but you can't audition for the school musical yet.

**Director 1**

Yeah, if you want to be in the show, come in a few months.

**Frankie**

What no no no! I will be getting Dorothy! I need to get it for college!

**Director 1**

This is middle school. College is years away. Why are you planning that so soon?

**Frankie**

I will be getting the lead role like I deserve! Dorothy is my dream role! I refuse to leave this stage. I will be performing! If you don't let me sing, I will never come back to school! I am the best person in this room. Without me, you will make me useless! I will make you money!

**Director 2**

Ok.Ok.Ok.We'll let you sing. What song are you going to sing because if you are, we'll let u sing the last verse.

**Frankie**

I will be singing - "Defying Gravity" from the musical "Wicked".

*(Frankie sings the last verse acapella and is terribly off key.)*

**Director 1**

That was... amazing Frankie. *(sarcastically)* We will definitely get back to you.

**Frankie**

THANK YOU! *(Frankie runs off stage left)*

**Director 1**

I don't think we should be doing this talent show anymore.

**Director 2**

Yeah. We'll just not cast any of them. None of them were good.

**Director 1**

We're never gonna do this ever again.

# “Wedged”

**Description: A straight-A student finds themselves in detention**

**Genre: Comedic**

Hey! Can you stop? Just for a second? Tapping your pencil on my chair for this whole 30 minutes won't make the time go by quicker. *(tapping persists)* Okay, fine, you want to talk? I can talk. Let's start with this – I have NEVER been in detention. Okay? I have been a straight-A student since I came out of the womb. I have participated in clubs you have never even heard of and my extracurricular record spans 5 pages. I have been captain of the debate club since you said your first word and believe it or not, sitting here beside *(pause)* obvious genius' like you is not exactly how I wanted to spend my time tonight. Why am I here? All I wanted to do was share some of my knowledge with this girl in class.

*(embarrassed)* Unfortunately for me, I may have gone a bit overboard and called her a stupid wheel of cheese... Now I'll never be invited to her parties... It's not my fault some people are just born idiots...*(pause)* Can you.. Stop tipping your chair back. You're gonna... aaaand you fell.