

VICTORIA MARTIN: MATH TEAM QUEEN

by

Kathryn Walat



**SAMUEL
FRENCH**

FOUNDED 1830

New York Hollywood London Toronto

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The World Premiere of
VICTORIA MARTIN: MATH TEAM QUEEN
was produced in New York City in 2007 by Women's Project
Julie Crosby, Producing Director

The World Premiere of *VICTORIA MARTIN: MATH TEAM QUEEN* was produced in New York City in 2007 by Women's Project, Julie Crosby, Producing Director, with scenery by Robert Brill, costumes by Valerie Marcus Ramshur, lighting by Sarah Sidman, and sound by Daniel Baker. The Production Stage Manager was Brian Meister and the production was directed by Loretta Greco with the following cast:

VICTORIA MARTIN.....	Jessi Campbell
PETER.....	Zachary Booth
JIMMY.....	Adam Farabee
MAX.....	Tobias Segal
FRANKLIN.....	Matthew Stadelmann

CHARACTERS

(in order of speaking)

VICTORIA – A sophomore

FRANKLIN – A junior

MAX – Another junior

PETER – A senior

JIMMY – A freshman

TIME

January through June

PLACE

Longwood High School

To my sister and brother.

ACT I

Scene 1 The Phone

(Tuesday evening. VICTORIA is in her bedroom, on the phone.)

VICTORIA. I *know*! And then, when she said, I'll see you later—like, meaning she'll see me during third lunch, because you know how we're the only ones who have third lunch on Tuesdays, I said—*maybe*. But that I had some other things I had to do during—

Yeah, it was a total lie, but what was I supposed to say? That I would save her a seat? Like was I going to save her a seat after I heard that she said that I said—

I *know*. Oh wait. I'm getting another call—OK well I'll see you tomorrow in English. Later.

(She switches to the other line.) Hello? Oh, hey Jen. I was just on the other line with Jen.

Yeah, I totally missed you at lunch too. But I thought I told you when I saw you on my way to Spanish that I had some other things I had to—

Well, that sucks. But, I mean, third lunch, what are you going to do? I know, my stomach is always digesting itself during

Spanish, I was chewing on this piece of Big Red like my life depended on it, even though Señor Johnson like totally outlawed gum last quarter because he said how we could chew gum and speak Spanish at the same time—but that doesn't make any sense, because if I can speak English while chewing gum *no problemo*, then why wouldn't I be able to speak Español while I chew, *comprendez?*

I know.

Of course I haven't read *Anne Frank* yet. I mean—"The diary of a young girl?"

Totally.

Jen hasn't read it either. So even if we did what we did with *Scarlet Letter* and I copied off of her, and you copied off of me, I feel like your chances of getting more than a C+ are like approaching zero.

Totally.

Oh wait, I'm getting another—

Hang on.

(*She switches to the other line.*) Hello? Oh, hi.

Of course I'm applying myself.

Actually, Mom, I'm on the other line with Jen. No, the other Jen. They're both cheerleaders. But we're talking about *Anne Frank*. Fine.

I sorta ate already.

It was fine.

Well, I'll see you—whenever *too-late-for-dinner* is.

(*She switches back to the other line.*) Jen? Sorry. That's Scott on the other—oh, shut up, I do not talk to him *every* single—

Look he's waiting, and do you want me to tell the star of varsity basketball, who just happens to be my boyfriend, that *you*,

a mere *cheerleader*, are the reason that he's—

That's what I thought.

(*VICTORIA hangs up the phone and looks at the audience. She talks to us.*) In case you've forgotten? *This* is high school.

Scene 2 Meet the Team

(*After school Wednesday. FRANKLIN and MAX, both juniors, in an empty classroom. They play one-on-one basketball with a spongy ball.*)

FRANKLIN. And *then*.

MAX. It all came down to that one moment.

FRANKLIN. The clock was ticking.

MAX. His hands were sweating.

FRANKLIN. His *face* was sweating.

MAX. Like crazy! But that wouldn't slow him down.

FRANKLIN. Didn't even notice.

MAX. We didn't even notice, and you *know* the other kid has—

FRANKLIN. Total B.O.

MAX. But there was nothing stopping him.

FRANKLIN. The stands were going wild.

MAX. *We* were going wild. You were totally mad-dog, Franklin.

FRANKLIN. Mad-dog Franklin! Rabid and still he—
(*FRANKLIN slam dunks the ball into the waste paper basket.*)
Scores!

MAX. You, like, injured my leg.

FRANKLIN. Max Werner, taking one for the team.

MAX. I had your fingernail marks on my thigh for three days.

FRANKLIN. Yeah, well, *you* were scared we were gonna lose.

MAX. I was focusing all my energy on making his pencil move faster.

FRANKLIN. And that's how we won that meet?

MAX. We won because we had the combined brainpower to blow that team out of the water.

FRANKLIN. We won because Sanjay Patel has the biggest brain in the state.

MAX. And it all came down to *him*.

FRANKLIN. To that one moment.

MAX. One tie-breaking problem.

FRANKLIN. One insane algebraic equation.

(*PETER, a senior, enters the classroom.*)

MAX. An algebraic equation of seismic proportions.

FRANKLIN. A five on the Richter scale of algebraic equations.

MAX. The algebraic equation was prodigious, grandiose, Homeric—

FRANKLIN. Will you cut it out with the SAT vocab?

(MAX stops, defensive.)

MAX. What?

(PETER steals the ball from MAX, just as VICTORIA enters the classroom, quickly closing the door behind her like she hopes nobody in the hallway saw her come in.)

PETER. It was a multi-variable, unrecognizably quadratic, irregular—

(After an elegant set-up, PETER throws a three-point shot. Which misses.)

FRANKLIN. And the buzzer buzzes—

MAX. Aaaaaaaaant.

PETER. Wicked hard math problem.

FRANKLIN. Which *you* could have solved using calculus.

PETER. True.

FRANKLIN. God, I can't *wait* to learn calculus!

(VICTORIA, still standing by the door, not used to being ignored.)

VICTORIA. Ah, hello?

MAX. But Sanjay Patel just used his *brain*.

FRANKLIN. So what are we gonna do without him?

VICTORIA. Earth to math geeks...?

MAX. *Today*, Peter.

FRANKLIN. At the meet *today* we—

PETER. I know, but don't worry, I figured something out.

VICTORIA. Come in, *math geeks*...

(They finally notice her.)

MAX. Oh. That would be us.

PETER. Hi.

FRANKLIN. Extra help is—

MAX. Next door.

VICTORIA. Yeah, OK, but I'm not here for... I'm—

PETER. Victoria Martin?

(JIMMY, a freshman, bursts through the door.)

JIMMY. Sorry, sorry, sorry, I know I'm late but someone unzipped my backpack, and my books fell out, all over the hallway, so I had to...

(He sees VICTORIA and stops.)

VICTORIA. It's *Vickie*.

PETER. I'm Peter. This is the team. Mr. Riley recommended that Vickie here replace my-parents-are-moving-to-Arizona-in-the-middle-of-the-school-year Sanjay Patel.

JIMMY. But she's—a girl.

VICTORIA. OK, I didn't say that I would totally do this.

FRANKLIN. No one can—

MAX. Replace—

FRANKLIN. Sanjay Patel.

VICTORIA. I just—came by, because Mr. Riley said I had

to otherwise he was totally going to give me detention for—

PETER. He told you there was a meet today.

VICTORIA. Yeah, but...

PETER. Because we need to leave now, to make it to the meet.

JIMMY. We have a girl on our team?

VICTORIA. OK, you know this isn't really *my scene*.

FRANKLIN. OK, but you are—a *sophomore*?

VICTORIA. And tonight I totally need to read *The Diary of Anne Frank*.

MAX. Bingo. Sophomore English.

PETER. You can read it in the van.

MAX. We'll tell you what happens.

FRANKLIN. Yeah. Like, that part near the end where Anne Frank starts intercepting Morse code signals from Germany and almost gets brainwashed into being a Nazi. Right Max?

MAX. Um. Yeah.

(FRANKLIN and MAX hoist their identical backpacks onto both shoulders.)

VICTORIA. OK, but if I go to this meet, this doesn't mean I'm like *doing this*. Maybe this once. But I'm not like a full-time—I mean, I am *so* not doing Math Team. OK?

PETER. The van is waiting.

(They start to file out of the classroom. JIMMY grabs PETER.)

JIMMY. There's going to be a *girl* in the *van*?

Scene 3
The Next Day Post-Play

(VICTORIA talks to the audience.)

VICTORIA. I'm *popular*. Like totally, undisputedly popular. Like, I walk down the hallways, and even though I'm a sophomore, there are seniors—senior *guys*, with deep voices—who say: *Hey*. Sometimes they say: *Hey, Vickie, what's up?* Like, they know my name.

OK, so mostly they're on the basketball team so they know my boyfriend, who is totally varsity first string, even though he's only a junior, because this fall while the other guys were playing football all he did was practice his free-throws, because he's a one-sport guy. Scott. He's totally into me. And that's why I'm a *sophomore* and those senior jocks know my *name*, but it's not like I'm one of those slutty girls whose names all the guys know, and plus I totally have girl friends too.

I'm friends with the *Jens*. Who are on the varsity cheerleading squad, even though they're sophomores, mostly because all the juniors who tried out this year had "weight issues" so forget trying to get *them* up in a pyramid—plus, the Jens are very, very peppy. They know how to do that thing where they toss their ponytails, and depending on the toss, it's either like: *Whatever*, I am so walking away from *you*. Or, it's like: See this swish? That's right, this ponytail says: I will see *you* later.

I understand this distinction. I am not a cheerleader. But I

know this. I have secured my place in the high school universe, after the very volatile freshman year, which the Jens and I refer to as: Versaille. Like, the Treaty of Versaille? You know—World War I, European power struggle, third period history with Mr. Delano—that's where we met, our desks, in a row, across the back of the room: Jen-Me-Jen.

Yesterday at the math meet? All of that was suddenly meaningless. This one kid had an equation on his T-shirt. The quadratic formula, across his back. I *know*! I mean, nerd central, *all* math geeks, *and* I was the only girl. Except for these two on the other team, who would only speak to each other. In binary. For fun. And when I was in the girls' bathroom and I totally just got my period, and had to ask one of them for a pad, they just *giggled*. And so I had to stuff all of this scratchy school-grade toilet paper into my underwear and meanwhile, I almost missed the sophomore round of questions, because they put all the room numbers in Roman numerals. For fun. And when I finally got there, I was sitting next to this kid who kept clicking his retainer and it was driving me crazy, and I was like— (*Suddenly the rest of the team is there. She turns and speaks to them.*)

I don't *do* headgear, OK?

MAX. The kid with the retainer?

FRANKLIN. Rodney?

MAX. You're blaming this on Rodney from East Park High School?

VICTORIA. *And* we never even had problems like those yet in Mr. Riley's class.

PETER. Math meets are all about taking something you *should* know, or something you *might* know, and taking it one step further.

VICTORIA. That was *two* steps.

FRANKLIN. You messed up.

VICTORIA. In a direction I *don't want to go*.

MAX. You didn't even get partial credit.

FRANKLIN. You got your questions *all wrong*.

JIMMY. But that's OK—just this once...?

PETER. So, Vickie, can you do this or not? Because we need to get this practice started.

VICTORIA. I thought practice was optional. Mr. Riley said that—

PETER. We like to practice as much as we can.

VICTORIA. Right, because you're nerds, and you have nothing better to—

JIMMY. Because we like math. That's why we practice.

FRANKLIN. Yeah. In case you didn't know? We really like math.

MAX. All of us.

FRANKLIN. OK?

VICTORIA. Oh. I mean. OK.

PETER. So?

VICTORIA. So—I get that. It's not like I actually *met* anyone who *said* they like math, but I can—

PETER. So you're staying?

VICTORIA. No, I—I think I should go. My ride is going to be waiting.

JIMMY. Peter could give you a ride home. (*They all look at JIMMY.*) What? Why doesn't anyone want her on the team?

VICTORIA. Yeah, my ride is totally waiting. And—actually, I just came by to say *thanks* for filling me in on what happens in *The Diary of Anne Frank*. About Anne's near-conversion to the

dark side, and how the Stars Wars trilogy is totally based on that. I'm really glad I was prepared when Mrs. Snyder suddenly called on me. So, thanks. That was—really *shitty*.

(VICTORIA exits. MAX looks at FRANKLIN.)

FRANKLIN. What? You're the one who actually remembered what happened in *Anne Frank*. It's like we always say: two brains are better than—

MAX. That was *not* my brain's idea.

JIMMY. Everyone at the meet kept asking me what it was like having a girl on the team. I told them it was awesome. I like her. I really like her. Can we keep her?

PETER. Do we have a choice?

FRANKLIN. Because Vickie Martin is *nothing like* Sanjay Patel. I mean...

MAX. *(To the audience.)* In case you didn't know?

FRANKLIN. This is The Legend...

MAX. Of Sanjay Patel.

FRANKLIN. Armed with his scientific calculator in one hand, his graphing calculator in the other...

(They make Wild West music and then realize they're getting carried away.)

MAX. OK, he's not *that* kind of Indian.

FRANKLIN. Yeah, they moved to Arizona because his parents didn't like *the cold*.

(MAX paints us a picture.)

MAX. Sanjay Patel is a legend—of a different sort.

FRANKLIN. It wasn't just him and his backpack riding on that ten-speed bike. It was *his brain*.

MAX. His mathematical ability was superlative, exemplary—monumental. Exorbitant. Astronomic. Incontrovertible. It was—

FRANKLIN. Huge, Max, it was *huge*. Look, the story is: Sanjay Patel was the reason we were going to win States this year. But now?

MAX. In case you didn't know, we need a *sophomore* on the team. Sanj was a sophomore.

FRANKLIN. We're juniors.

MAX. Actually, we function as a collective unit.

FRANKLIN. Like two brains are better than...

MAX. Like lab partners.

FRANKLIN. Except for *everything*.

MAX. But also lab partners.

FRANKLIN. In AP Physics.

MAX. In case you haven't noticed, Peter's a senior. He's going to MIT

FRANKLIN. And he can *drive*.

MAX. And that leaves Jimmy, our over-achieving, socially retarded—

FRANKLIN. Freshman.

(JIMMY brings us back into the scene.)

JIMMY. Don't you *know* who she *is*?

MAX. Yeah, she's—popular.

JIMMY. I mean, her *ride*? Do you know who her ride is? Scott Sumner?

PETER. That tall guy on the basketball team—?

JIMMY. That *I* keep statistics for. Yes, that varsity team, *that* Scott Sumner, who has the highest percentage of baskets-made in the entire league *and* keeps me from getting beat up in the locker room when I announce the stats. That's her ride.

FRANKLIN. Why don't we just get another sophomore, like that kid who plays bassoon?

PETER. Look, we don't just need a sophomore—we need a sophomore *girl*. OK? Now do any of you know any other sophomore *girls*? (*They all look at each other.*) I didn't think so.

MAX. You mean the only reason she's on the team is because she's a *girl*?

PETER. You thought it was because she was good at algebra? She's the one who sits in the back of Mr. Riley's class drawing with her pencil all over that desk.

FRANKLIN. All those games of hangman?

PETER. Mr. Riley said that Principal Nichols said that this is a co-ed team and so we need *a girl*.

MAX. But there's never been a girl on the Math Team before.

JIMMY. He's right. I checked the stats this morning before school.

FRANKLIN. God, that is so not fair!

MAX. So what are we going to do?

JIMMY. I like her.

FRANKLIN. Shut up, Jimmy.

MAX. So? Peter—

PETER. I don't know. I guess she's—on the team. But I do

know one thing: There is no way in *hell*—sorry Jimmy, I know your mom doesn't like it when we swear. Let me just say: The probability of us making it to States with Vickie Martin on the Math Team? Is rapidly approaching *zero*.

Scene 4 Her Ride

(VICTORIA is waiting for her ride. She reads from The Diary of Anne Frank.)

VICTORIA. "Let me put it more clearly, since no one will believe that a girl of thirteen feels herself quite alone in the world. I know about thirty people whom one might call friends ... but it's the same with all of them, just fun and joking, nothing more. I can never bring myself to talk of anything outside the common round ... Hence, this diary." *(She flips ahead to the end of the book.)* Wait—she *dies*? *(She looks out at the audience.)* She dies—and they read her diary? *(She chucks the book.)* That is—so not fair. *(She checks her watch. Out of the nothingness of the moment, she says this rhythmically to herself.)* 3.141592653589793238462643383—

PETER. Pi.

(PETER is standing right there.)

VICTORIA. Oh. You. Yeah. Pi.

PETER. I thought your ride—

VICTORIA. My ride's practice schedule must have changed. And my other ride isn't home from work yet. But they'll be here. One of them. Or, I could totally walk, I just wanted to wait until everyone else was already home, so no one would see me walking home, like I was some kind of loser who didn't have a ride.

(PETER holds out her copy of Anne Frank.)

PETER. Isn't this yours?

VICTORIA. I believe it's Property of Longwood High School.

(She does not take the book.)

PETER. Look, I'm—sorry about that.

VICTORIA. What?

PETER. How they told you—

VICTORIA. It wasn't you. Don't like apologize for living. It was those—those—

PETER. Gemini. Franklin and Max, that's what we call them. They've been like that since—third grade. But I let—I mean, I knew that Anne Frank wasn't conspiring with the Nazis.

VICTORIA. Right, everyone knows that. I'm so stupid.

PETER. That's not what I—

VICTORIA. You can only count on yourself.

PETER. What?

VICTORIA. You heard me, brainiac. Uno. That's what my mother says. If you want something done right—but I think she

means at work, because she's pretty good at *paying* people to do things at home, like clean the house and shovel the driveway and fight with my dad about the divorce that neither of them really wants even though he's living in like California now—anyway, I should have counted *on myself*.

PETER. Your mom sounds...

VICTORIA. Like kind of a bitch. Yeah, thanks for clearing *that* up.

PETER. That's not what I was—forget it. Come on, I'll—give you a ride.

VICTORIA. I don't need a ride.

PETER. But I think you—do.

VICTORIA. What makes you think I want a ride *from you*?

PETER. I *think* you don't have any other choice.

VICTORIA. I could walk.

PETER. Except it's almost dark. And it's below freezing. And you're not wearing any ... socks?

VICTORIA. *Socks* are so not cool this year.

PETER. So you'll probably be wanting this. (*He holds out Anne Frank.*) To pass the time, while you're sitting here, waiting for your ride.

(*She looks at the book. Considers. Takes the book. Looks at its cover. Makes a face. Looks at PETER, still waiting.*)

VICTORIA. I live on Glenview Road.

PETER. OK.

VICTORIA. OK.

PETER. Don't you need to get your other books?

VICTORIA. Don't you?

PETER. I already got into college. MIT. Early.

VICTORIA. I don't need my books either. I don't even need to study to pass my classes. I'm not stupid, you know. And you know something else? I am so not quitting.

Even if that's what all you nerds want me to do. You think you losers are the only ones who can do math? I can do *math*. I can *do* Math Team. I'm popular, but I'm also totally, totally smart.

Scene 5 A Math Team Montage

(JIMMY enters. He talks to the audience.)

JIMMY. But we *didn't* loose.

PETER. Yet.

(FRANKLIN and MAX enter. Everyone tells the story to the audience.)

FRANKLIN. She stayed.

MAX. Vickie Martin.

FRANKLIN. A girl.

MAX. On the Math Team.

VICTORIA. In case you've forgotten what it's like when a girl decides she *wants* something?

PETER. It was—different.

JIMMY. It was totally awesome.

VICTORIA. I *applied* myself. Totally.

FRANKLIN. She wasn't even—*that* bad.

MAX. She was unambiguously good.

JIMMY. OK, at our next meet, against John F. Kennedy School, where we all expected to get crushed? We didn't. We lost. By one point.

VICTORIA. And that wasn't *my* lost point.

(They all look at FRANKLIN.)

FRANKLIN. What? So I lost a point. We had an AP Physics test that day, right Max?

PETER. Max didn't lose a point.

MAX. Max ... scored!

JIMMY. The next week, against Roosevelt High, we tied—and there was a personal victory, because I got this awesomely hard geometry proof that Peter just showed me—

VICTORIA. *Tie* isn't good enough.

(PETER and VICTORIA have a moment with each other.)

PETER. But Roosevelt is one of the best. We were up against them last year at Regionals.

VICTORIA. Are *you* satisfied with a tie, Peter?

(Back to the audience.)

MAX. Peter has never personally experienced a tie.

FRANKLIN. In case you didn't know, Peter *always*

wins.

JIMMY. He's my Math Team hero...

PETER. OK, *tie* isn't good enough.

FRANKLIN and MAX. See?

JIMMY. Meanwhile, the basketball team, lead by Scott Sumner, was on the road to sure victory!

VICTORIA. My boyfriend was kicking *butt*.

JIMMY. *And* still keeping my butt from getting kicked in the locker room when I announced the players' stats, if their stats weren't as good as they thought they were, and they were *never* as good as they were in their heads...

VICTORIA. I got my learner's permit and my mom said I could drive her car. When hell froze over.

(They all sit in the van together.)

JIMMY. When we would all be in the van, coming home from a meet? Sometimes Vickie Martin would be sitting right next to me, and I could smell her hair, and it smelled really nice, like fruit.

VICTORIA. And I would be thinking about avocados and California and how when the weather gets warmer here...

JIMMY. And it was kinda warm in the van, and I was kinda sleepy, thinking about the dinner my mom was making, and I wished I could get a little bit closer to smell her hair. *Vickie's* hair, not my mom's hair—and maybe even...

(JIMMY reaches out to touch VICKIE's hair.)

VICTORIA. Like, in the spring, we'll be living in the same

weather. Me and my dad.

(He draws his hand back.)

JIMMY. But then I remember who I am—just some *fresh-man* who will never, *ever* get to touch Vickie Martin's hair.

VICTORIA. And I want to call my dad up and tell him that, but then I remembered it's Wednesday, and he's supposed to call me Thursday—on Sundays and Thursdays—so I guess I'll just—wait until tomorrow.

JIMMY. She's probably sitting there thinking what a loser I am, and—

VICTORIA. Maybe my dad's thinking about Pi right now, like—

JIMMY. As soon as she gets home she'll call her popular friends and talk about what fruity shampoo they use. And I'll eat chicken pot pie with my mom.

VICTORIA. 3.14159265358979323846264338327950288419716939937510.

(PETER gets up from his place in the van. He talks to the audience.)

PETER. In case you need to review the facts. Number one: As unofficial Math Team captain and the senior on the team, I am the most mature member of the team. Number two: This is my *last chance* ever—*ever*—to prove our awesome collective mathematical brainpower at States!!! *(He collects himself, like the mature leader he is.)* Number three. As the leader of the Team, I have to accept this problem's given: We are without Sanjay Patel.

And without Sanjay Patel, there is *no way* we're going to make it to States. And without one last chance for Math Team glory? High school for me is *over*.

I mean, I still go to class, even though I'm smarter than all my teachers. And this isn't me being conceited—my teachers *told* my parents this, on parents' night back in October. And I'm still senior class Treasurer, and go to all the student council meetings, and of course I'll crunch the numbers so the prom doesn't have to be in the cafeteria—but who cares about the *prom*? Or the class picnic or senior skip day—not me—but then...

She came. And said we couldn't take off our sneakers in the van because our feet smelled. And brought Cracker Jacks to practice, because she said they were *retro*, and then made us all give her our prizes. Except for the tattoos. Which she made us apply to our foreheads, because she said it would give us brainpower—which it *did*.

And at the meets, while she's working on her problem set, she always gets this funny look on her face, just when she *gets* a problem, and she *knows* she's got it, and I know she's got it, and we've totally got it—and that's when I think: This is awesome!

Because the Longwood High School Math Team has started to *win* again. But this time? Math Team is—different. Better. Like, it's more than just *math*.

(In the van, MAX is resting his head on FRANKLIN's shoulder. FRANKLIN is asleep. MAX sits up and looks at FRANKLIN—in a different way. VICTORIA watches MAX. Then she leans forward and whispers.)

VICTORIA. You like him.

MAX. No, I don't! I mean, of course I like him. Duh.

VICTORIA. You know what I mean. I saw that. The way you were looking at him.

MAX. I didn't know it was illegal to look at my best friend.

VICTORIA. I'm not stupid. I know what it means when you look—

MAX. You didn't see anything.

VICTORIA. Don't worry. I'm not gonna blab your secret or anything—

MAX. Yeah, *right*. Like you don't *love* telling one Jen the other Jen's secrets, and then turning around and telling the other Jen—

VICTORIA. I'm not always like that, you know.

(FRANKLIN wakes up.)

MAX. Yeah, right.

FRANKLIN. What?

(MAX looks at VICTORIA, his life in her hands.)

VICTORIA. Nothing. Just, time to wake up, Franklin. From your *beauty sleep*—oooo, Franklin needs his beauty sleep. Because ... we're home. Right, Max?

MAX. Yeah. Right.

(The van has come to a stop. PETER A and JIMMY file out.)

VICTORIA. So, you two can write up your physics lab and I

can go home and make valuable use of my homework time calling all my popular friends. Because I totally have to apply myself to catching up on who has their period today, and which losers in third lunch totally had B.O. I mean ... total AP cheerleading, wicked important stuff. Right, Max?

(VICTORIA takes off.)

FRANKLIN. What's she talking about?

MAX. I don't know. Girls. They're weird.

FRANKLIN. Yeah. This lab is gonna be a killer.

MAX. So, I copied down the data from your lab book.

FRANKLIN. What for?

MAX. So, actually, we don't need to get together tonight after dinner. We can just split up the sections, you know, check in over the phone.

FRANKLIN. You hate the phone. It gives your chin a rash.

MAX. I know, but—

FRANKLIN. Plus, we're lab partners—

MAX. It's not like we share one brain.

(MAX rushes off. FRANKLIN follows, confused.)

VICTORIA is now home in her bedroom, talking on the phone.)

VICTORIA. I *know*! I totally saw that, in English, when Jen—

Oh, that was you?

Oh. Right.

No, I'm not a *space cadet*, I'm just—

I told you, my mom has been on this mother-daughter kick, all she wants to do is spend time with her amazing offspring. I mean that's totally why I haven't been able to hang out with all my friends, or make it to all the games...

Yes, I am still Vickie Martin, third most popular sophomore.

Oh wait, that's the other line, I'm sure it's Scott, I should...

(She switches to the other line.) Hi Mom. Yes, *actually*, I *am* applying myself.

(She talks to the audience.) Except in English, where...

(Back to the phone.) Mrs. Snyder said what? *Anne Frank*, right...well, English—

(To the audience.) Where I'm failing.

(Back to the phone.) Let's talk about English *later*. Like, when *you* get home. Whenever that is.

(She hangs up the phone and talks to the audience.) See, I *am* Vickie Martin, undisputedly popular *and* applying myself to Math Team.

And because I am Vickie Martin, I can totally do this. I can *apply* myself any time, anywhere I want, and I happen to *like* math. OK?

And that's not like a total news flash. I just never knew anyone else besides my dad who liked math too. So math—was just—*Dad*.

But now he lives in California, where he's really, really busy with his new job, so sometimes he forgets if it's his night to call, so now I'm just like...

Vickie likes math.

Vickie Martin is good at math.

Vickie Martin, Math Team Queen.

Victoria Martin—