

SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

This sample is an *excerpt* from a Samuel French title.

This sample is for perusal only and may not be used for performance purposes.

You may not download, print, or distribute this excerpt.

We highly recommend purchasing a copy of the title before considering for performance.

For more information about licensing or about purchasing a play or musical, please visit our website.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

High School for Dummies

by **Bradley Hayward**

Single copies of plays are sold for reading purposes only. The copying or duplicating of a play, or any part of play, by hand or by any other process, is an infringement of the copyright. Such infringement will be vigorously prosecuted.



Baker's Plays
c/o Samuel French, Inc.
45 West 25 Street
New York, NY 10010
bakersplays.com

NOTICE

This book is offered for sale at the price quoted only on the understanding that, if any additional copies of the whole or any part are necessary for its production, such additional copies will be purchased. The attention of all purchasers is directed to the following: this work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. Violations of the Copyright Law are punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both. The copying or duplication of this work or any part of this work, by hand or by any process, is an infringement of the copyright and will be vigorously prosecuted.

This play may not be produced by amateurs or professionals for public or private performance without first submitting application for performing rights. Licensing fees are due on all performances whether for charity or gain, or whether admission is charged or not. Since performance of this play without the payment of the licensing fee renders anybody participating liable to severe penalties imposed by the law, anybody acting in this play should be sure, before doing so, that the licensing fee has been paid. Professional rights, reading rights, radio broadcasting, television and all mechanical rights, etc. are strictly reserved. Application for performing rights should be made directly to BAKER'S PLAYS.

No one shall commit or authorize any act or omission by which the copyright of, or the right to copyright, this play may be impaired. No one shall make any changes in this play for the purpose of production.

Publication of this play does not imply availability for performance. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised in their own interest to apply to Baker's Plays for written permission before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre.

Whenever the play is produced, the author's name must be carried in all publicity, advertising and programs. Also, the following notice must appear on all printed programs, "Produced by special arrangement with Baker's Plays."

Licensing fees for HIGH SCHOOL FOR DUMMIES are based on a per performance rate and payable one week in advance of the production.

Please consult the Baker's Plays website at www.bakersplays.com or our current print catalogue for up to date licensing fee information.

Copyright © 2006, 2008 by Bradley Hayward

Made in U.S.A.

All rights reserved.

HIGH SCHOOL FOR DUMMIES

ISBN 978-0-87440-282-7

#6317-B

AUTHOR'S NOTES

SETS

It is important that the play run swiftly and smoothly, which is why I recommend a simple set. However, it has also been produced fantastically with more elaborate settings. So if you have the resources and wherewithal to create a more complex set (so long as it remains fully functional), go for it!

STAGING

If using 8 actors to play all of the roles, none of them should ever leave the stage. Have the actors not participating in a given scene sit on stools to the side. For a larger cast, allow for standard exits and entrances.

COSTUMES

When doubling, dress the actors uniformly and then choose one or two distinct accessories to differentiate between characters. For a large cast, the options are endless.

LIGHTING

Feel free to use the suggested light cues, come up with your own, or eliminate them all together.

UPDATES

While I usually try to avoid dating my plays by making any references to contemporary pop culture, I did mention the hit Broadway musical "Mamma Mia." Should this musical close (but not until it does), please update the reference by substituting the latest Broadway juggernaut in its place.

CHARACTERS

Flexible cast of 8 to 32, (4-16 males; 4-16 females)

The ensemble is a core group of actors that may play many different characters. Alternately, you could choose to have a very large cast with each actor having a small role. If casting with 8 actors, the following is a suggested breakdown.

ACTOR 1 – ONE, OWEN, JEFFREY, PAUL

ACTOR 2 – TWO, MARGE, JULIA, RHONDA

ACTOR 3 – THREE, DRIVER, TREVOR, RICH

ACTOR 4 – FOUR, MRS. GREEN, KRISTA, JACQUI

ACTOR 5 – FIVE, JASON, MARK, MR. HARRIS

ACTOR 6 – SIX, STEPH, VERONICA, ANNE

ACTOR 7 – SEVEN, NATHAN, DAVID, MR. JOHNSON

ACTOR 8 – EIGHT, LISA, BECKY, ELLE

TIME

The present.

PLACE

A high school.

SCENE

A bare stage. Chairs and blocks may be arranged to suggest each setting, but keep it fast and furious.

(LIGHTS up CS. Eight ACTORS stand in a line, dressed in caps and gowns. They each hold a yellow and black book from the “For Dummies” series in front of them.)

ONE. Computers for Dummies.

TWO. French for Dummies.

THREE. Psychology for Dummies.

FOUR. Guitar for Dummies.

FIVE. Golf for Dummies.

SIX. Drawing for Dummies.

SEVEN. Poker for Dummies.

EIGHT. Dogs for Dummies.

ONE. Diabetes.

TWO. Religion.

THREE. Grilling.

FOUR. Knitting.

FIVE. Taxes.

SIX. Yoga.

SEVEN. Art.

EIGHT. Sex.

EVERYONE. For dummies!

ONE. Every time you turn around, there’s yet another book –

EVERYONE. For dummies!

TWO. It makes you wonder if everyone in the world are –

EVERYONE. Dummies!

THREE. 24/7, you can order a book that shows you the proper way to train a dog.

FOUR. Or row a boat.

FIVE. Or limbo.

SIX. Millions of people shell out millions of dollars to find out millions of tips about millions of things that don't really matter.

SEVEN. But there's no how-to guide for the most difficult chore of them all.

EIGHT. The one thing that really does matter.

EVERYONE. High school!

ONE. Who do you turn to when you get stuffed in a locker?

TWO. What do you eat when the cafeteria serves mush?

THREE. Where do you hide when the principal calls you to the office?

FOUR. As graduating seniors, we've been there –

FIVE. Done that.

SIX. So for all the freshmen about to enter this crazy jungle, where nothing ever goes right, we have some advice to share.

SEVEN. A survival guide for those days when it seems like nobody cares.

EIGHT. The book teenagers have been waiting for. High school –

EVERYONE. For dummies!

ONE. Chapter one...

EVERYONE. The school bus!

(LIGHTS out. LIGHTS up CS, on a school bus. The DRIVER sits in front, with STEPH, JASON and LISA in the back. The road is very bumpy and they all bounce up and down like jack-hammers.)

STEPH. *(Applying lipstick.)* It's the first day of school. I have to look my best! *(She holds out the lipstick.)* You want?

LISA. What if our parents find out? We're not allowed to wear make-up yet.

STEPH. Get with it, Lisa! What do they know? We're freshman now, so we can do what we want. Plus, we're so much more mature than last year. We're practically

adults. (*She freaks out.*) Oh my god, is that glitter in your nail polish?! It's, like, so cute!

LISA. Yeah, I know!

STEPH. All the boys are gonna just die when they see it.

JASON. (*Peeking out from behind a book.*) Yeah, die laughing.

STEPH. Huh?

JASON. Will you two be good little girls and shut-up?

LISA. What's that supposed to mean?

JASON. It means I don't want to hear about your stupid glitter nail polish.

STEPH. You're just jealous because I'm not your girlfriend.

JASON. (*Sarcastic.*) Yeah right. I spent my whole summer vacation waiting to make out with a freshman.

STEPH. Bite me.

JASON. Grow up. (*He returns to his book.*)

STEPH. What a jerk.

LISA. Maybe he's right.

STEPH. About what?

LISA. Maybe we do need to grow up. Give me some of that lipstick.

STEPH. Really?

LISA. I better, if I want any of the boys to look at me. Besides, I'll wash it off before I go home. Mom will never find out.

STEPH. Yay! You'll look, like, so pretty!

(*LISA starts to put on lipstick when the bus hits a pot-hole. They all bounce out of their seats. In the process, LISA smears a big streak of lipstick across her face.*)

LISA. Oh no! Look what happened!

STEPH. What?

LISA. The lipstick! Did it leave a mark?

STEPH. Oh my god. It's all over your face.

LISA. How bad is it?

STEPH. Bad. You look like an Easter egg.

LISA. Well, quick! Help me get it off!

(As they search for tissues, JASON laughs uproariously.)

STEPH. What are you laughing at?

JASON. You twits are so immature.

STEPH. And you're a moron.

LISA. Stop arguing and wash it off!

(STEPH spits into a tissue and furiously rubs LISA's face.)

JASON. Aw, that's so cute. Mommy's washing your face.

LISA. Is it coming off?

STEPH. Let me see. *(She checks.)* No. Still there.

LISA. Let me try! *(She continues scrubbing.)*

STEPH. *(Looking at the lipstick.)* Oh no.

LISA. What?

STEPH. It's waterproof.

LISA. What?! You mean I have to go all day like this? Mom's going to find out for sure.

JASON. Serves you right for being so stupid.

STEPH. That's it! I've had enough of you!

JASON. *(Stands up.)* Oh yeah?

STEPH. *(Stands up.)* Yeah! *(They hit another bump and STEPH falls into JASON's lap. They start fighting.)*

JASON. Get off me!

STEPH. Not until you apologize!

DRIVER. Hey, what's going on back there? *(ONE emerges from the darkness. He steps into the scene and shouts.)*

ONE. Freeze! *(EVERYONE in the bus freezes. He speaks to the audience.)* Page 8. When confronted with a nasty bus ride, the solution is simple. Convince the driver to take the highway. Not only is the road less bumpy, but the trip is ten minutes shorter. And it's all smooth sailing from there. *(As he sits behind the DRIVER, they all unfreeze and resume bouncing. He leans over the DRIVER's shoulder.)* Hey, driver.

DRIVER. Stay back. If you cross the yellow line, I have to pull over.

ONE. I'll stay behind the yellow line if you take the highway.

DRIVER. Sorry, kiddo. I've got my route to stick to.

ONE. Come on. These vibrations must be killing your butt.

DRIVER. Yes, but I still have two students to pick up. Nathan Chell and Owen Jones.

ONE. Why bother? Nobody likes them, anyway.

DRIVER. It's not my job to judge. I just drive them to school.

ONE. You'd be singing a different tune if you knew what I know.

DRIVER. What do you know?

ONE. Remember last Halloween? (*He nods.*) Remember the eggs on your new car? The ones that ruined the paint job? (*He nods.*) That was Nathan.

DRIVER. So what? All kids pull stuff like that.

ONE. And remember the boy you found in your house? (*He nods.*) The one in your daughter's bedroom? (*He nods, getting angry.*) The one who got away before you saw his face? (*He nods, raving mad.*) That was Owen.

DRIVER. It was? (**ONE** *nods.*) Where's the on-ramp?

ONE. Straight ahead. (*The DRIVER steers onto the highway.*) My work here is done. (*He sits back in his seat. They all stop bouncing.*)

STEPH. Whew! It looks like I got it all off.

LISA. Thanks. It would have sucked to look like a clown all day. Now that it's not so bumpy, maybe you can help me put it on straight.

STEPH. Sure. This is going to be, like, the best first day ever!

JASON. (*Peeking out from behind his book.*) That's what they all say.

(*As STEPH helps LISA with the lipstick, LIGHTS out. LIGHTS up DR, on TWO.*)

TWO. Now if you think getting to school is difficult, things only get worse when you finally arrive. Set foot in a classroom and it's no longer a matter of you versus them. It's you versus Mister or Missus Them. Enter the teachers. Chapter two...

EVERYONE. Attendance!

(LIGHTS out. LIGHTS up CS, on a classroom. NATHAN and OWEN sit in the back row. BECKY sits in the front. MRS. GREEN drones on from her desk.)

MRS. GREEN. Nathan Chell.

NATHAN. Here.

MRS. GREEN. Owen Jones.

OWEN. Here.

MRS. GREEN. Becky Heard.

(NATHAN chuckles as he puts a straw to his lips. He shoots a spit ball at the back of BECKY's head.)

BECKY. Hey!

(NATHAN and OWEN burst into laughter. MRS. GREEN it not pleased.)

MRS. GREEN. When I call your name, the answer is "here." Not "present." Not "yes." And certainly not "hey."

BECKY. But Nathan blew a spit ball at me.

MRS. GREEN. I do not care if he blew pop rocks at you. You will answer like a lady. Let us try this again. Becky Heard.

BECKY. *(Angrily.)* Here.

OWEN. Heard the turd.

BECKY. Shut-up!

MRS. GREEN. Miss Heard, I will not tolerate such profanity in my classroom.

BECKY. But he called me Heard the turd.

MRS. GREEN. That is no excuse. Vulgarity is a sure fire route to the principal's office. You do not want that, now do you?

BECKY. No.

MRS. GREEN. Very well. (*She checks her book.*) Wait a moment. Miss Heard, it looks like you are not obeying my seating assignments.

BECKY. I know. That's because Owen hocked a loogey on my chair.

MRS. GREEN. He hocked a what-y?

BECKY. A loogey.

MRS. GREEN. (*Shaking her head.*) I do not know what has gotten into you, young lady, but I will not stand for all of this confounded slang. I may be getting up in years, but I know a curse word when I hear one.

BECKY. Loogey's not a curse.

MRS. GREEN. I do not know what it is. And quite frankly, I do not care. Whatever it is, it does not give you the right to interfere with my diagram. Now take your appointed seat.

BECKY. But, Mrs. Green, it's all wet.

MRS. GREEN. So?

BECKY. And sticky.

MRS. GREEN. I have had it about up to here with your ignorance. Young girls who cannot follow authority are the ones that end up with a family of four by the time they are eighteen. I must put a stop to this, so here is a hall pass. Take this directly to the principal for your punishment.

BECKY. Please, no! I'll sit in the right seat, okay? (*Pause.*)

MRS. GREEN. Very well. But this is your last chance. I will have you know that you are treading around on very thin ice. (*BECKY reluctantly stands and approaches the boys. NATHAN chuckles.*)

NATHAN. Heard the turd.

(*BECKY turns to tell on him, but thinks better of it. She slowly sits down, absolutely disgusted. She wiggles around on the spit.*)

BECKY. (*Almost in tears.*) Mrs. Green, this is really gross.

MRS. GREEN. What did you say, Miss Heard?!

BECKY. Nothing. Nothing at all.

(**NATHAN** and **OWEN** roar with laughter. **TWO** steps into the scene.)

TWO. Freeze! (**EVERYONE** freezes.) Page 21. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. When faced with a brutal teacher, it is best to take on their most potent attributes. You will also obtain precious bonus points for complimenting them at length on the exact things that annoy you most. (*She sits in BECKY's original seat.* **EVERYONE** unfreezes.)

MRS. GREEN. Samantha Ryan.

TWO. Here. And might I add that you look wonderful in that tweed suit. It brings out the beautiful color of that mole on your nose.

MRS. GREEN. (*Deeply touched.*) Why, thank you, Samantha.

TWO. You are most welcome. Might I also add that I agree with you, Mrs. Green. Becky Heard is on a downward spiral into oblivion. If she does not clean up her act, she is most definitely headed to Lamaze class by senior year.

MRS. GREEN. I am glad to hear you say that.

TWO. And I have just the solution to prevent her from breast feeding at the prom.

MRS. GREEN. I would love to hear it.

TWO. Separate her from those two misfits in the back.

MRS. GREEN. And disrupt my seating assignments?

TWO. I know it sounds drastic. But drastic times call for drastic measures. Owen is a filthy pig and Nathan is full of spit. They are to blame for Becky's misfortune.

MRS. GREEN. Do you really think so?

TWO. I do. And might I add that your watch makes those liver spots look fabulous.

MRS. GREEN. (*Grimacing from ear to ear.*) Very well. Samantha

FINISH READING THIS SCRIPT

Visit our website to purchase the full script or to explore other titles.

www.samuelfrench.com

www.samuelfrench.co.uk

To stay up to date on all that we are doing, follow us on social media:



*Titles for licensing are subject to availability depending on your territory.