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SF PERUSALS

Luann - Scenes in a Teen's Life

by Greg Evans

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RENTAL MATERIALS

A CD containing **Performance Backing Tracks, Piano Conductor, Vocal Chorus Books, Guitar, Synth, Percussion, Drums,** and **Bass** of ***Luann – Scenes in a Teen's Life*** will be loaned two months prior to the production ONLY on the receipt of the Licensing Fee quoted for all performances, the rental fee and a refundable deposit.

Please contact Baker's Plays for perusal of the music materials as well as a performance license application.

LUANN - SCENES IN A TEEN'S LIFE premiered on September 15, 2006 at the California Center for The Arts in Escondido, California. Produced by Centre Artes at Cal State San Marcos with Rancho Bunea Vista High School Performing Arts Department. The performance was directed by Mark Scott, with choreography by Renee Kollar. The cast was as follows:

LUANN . . . . . Kaite Nelson
BERNICE . . . . . Avery Henderson
DELTA . . . . . Makenzie Daris
BRAD . . . . . Noah Fish
TIFFANY . . . . . Lindsay Jolliff
TJ . . . . . Adam Shea

CHARACTERS

LUANN DeGROOT - A 16 year old girl. A hopeful dreamer.

MOM - Her mom. Devoted, pragmatic.

DAD - Her dad. Funny and a bit clueless.

BRAD - Her 19 year old brother. A slob on the verge of adulthood.

BERNICE - Her best friend. A brainy, sarcastic realist.

DELTA - Her other best friend. A positive, can-do optimist.

TIFFANY - Hot shot cheerleader. A little ditzy, very aware of herself.

POSSE - Tiffany's peers. Ditto.

TJ - Brad's bud. Smooth, charming, street-smart.

TONI - Brad's crush. Beautiful and elusive.

AARON HILL - Luann's crush. Beautiful and elusive.

GUNTHER - The School Nerd. Has a crush on Luann.

KNUTE - Slaker/skater. A grinning, happy-go-lucky dude.

MISS ALLISON - P.E. Teacher. Energetic, gung-ho.

MR. FOGARTY - Classroom Teacher. Grumpy, burned out.

THE DEVIL & THE ANGEL - Brad's alter egos. One's brash, the other's gentle.

STUDENTS - Students at Pitts High. Typical teens who happen to sing and dance.

PROJECTIONS

A CD of 13 scenic background illustrations by LUANN creator Greg Evans is available to license with productions of *Luann - Scenes In A Teen's Life*. They are JPG files for use in a digital projector beamed onto a back wall, screen or rear-projection system, and they depict various images for use between scenes or as backdrops. Use is optional, but strongly encouraged. For more information on the projections and how to license them, email info@samuelfrench.com.

Note: The cues for the projections are indicated in the script as (Projection #1).

ARTWORK AND LOGO PACK

In addition to the projections, an enhanced Logo Pack is available to producers, containing not only the LUANN logo but additionally character sketches drawn by the author. Licensees of this Logo Pack are welcome to use these images in their marketing, and on their posters and programs for the play. For infomation on the *Luann - Scenes In A Teen's Life* Logo Pack and how to license it for production, email info@samuelfrench.com.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I (Time: The present)
Scene One - School Hallway
Scene Two - Luann's Bedroom
Scene Three - School Gym
Scene Four - DeGroot Living Room
Scene Five - Classroom
Scene Six - WeenieWorld

ACT II (Time: Three weeks later)
Scene One - DeGroot Living Room
Scene Two - Squander Mall
Scene Three - DeGroot Living Room

SEQUENCE OF MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT I

1. Scenes In Life . . . . . **DELTA**
2. Summer's Here! . . . . . **STUDENTS**
3. Love . . . . . **LUANN, MOM, DAD, BRAD**
4. Are We Beautiful Yet? . . . . . **FEMALE STUDENTS**
5. You're A Moron. . . . . . **BRAD, DEVIL, ANGEL**
6. Why Do I Need To Know About Michelangelo? . . . . . **STUDENTS**
7. Summer's Here! (Reprise). . . . . . **STUDENTS**
8. Aaron Hill . . . . . **LUANN**
9. Ordinary . . . . . **LUANN, BERNICE, DELTA**
10. Confusion. . . . . . **FEMALE STUDENTS**
11. Woman Is. . . . . . **TJ, MALE STUDENTS**
12. Summer's Here/Confusion (Reprise). . . . . . **STUDENTS**

ACT II

13. Love (Reprise). . . . . . **LUANN, AARON, STUDENTS**
14. No . . . . . **LUANN, BERNICE, DELTA, BRAD, TJ**
15. Prematurely Gray . . . . . **MOM, DAD**
16. Ode To The Mall . . . . . **STUDENTS**
17. Do You Hate Me Cuz I'm Beautiful? . . . . . **TIFFANY, POSSE**
17a. Do You Hate Me Cuz I'm Beautiful? (Reprise) **LUANN, BERNICE, DELTA**
18. I'm Angry. . . . . . **COMPANY**
19. You're My Daughter . . . . . **MOM, LUANN**
20. Cut Loose . . . . . **LUANN, BRAD**
21. No (Reprise) . . . . . **MOM, DAD**
22. Party! . . . . . **COMPANY**
23. Aaron Hill (Reprise) . . . . . **LUANN**
24. Daddy's Duty . . . . . **DAD**
25. Finale. . . . . . **COMPANY**

ACT ONE

Scene One: School Hallway

(Pre-show - Projection #1)

(Projection #2)

*(MUSIC: #1. **SCENES IN LIFE**)*

(The stage is dark. **DELTA** *enters and stands downstage left in a spot.)*

DELTA.

THESE ARE SCENES IN LIFE, FULL OF JOY, FULL OF STRIFE
EACH DAY IS PART OF THE PLAY, THEY'RE ONLY SCENES IN LIFE
HOW YOU FEEL TODAY
ISN'T HOW YOU'LL ALWAYS STAY
LIFE IS ALL ABOUT CHANGE
NOTHING EVER STAYS THE SAME
THESE ARE SCENES IN LIFE, SOME ARE SAD, SOME ARE NICE
EACH DAY IS PART OF THE PLAY, THEY'RE ONLY SCENES IN LIFE

(As music plays, she says:)

Scene one, eight AM, the very last day of school.

*(MUSIC: #2. **SUMMER'S HERE!**)*

(Projection #3)

(Lights up on a school hallway. **STUDENTS** *enter in a rush of jubilant chatter, greeting each other with high-fives and hugs - it's the last day of school!* **DELTA** *hugs* **BERNICE.**)

ALL.

IT'S FINALLY HERE, THE END OF THE YEAR!
BUH-BYE P.E. AND HISTORY
SO LONG MATH AND GEOGRAPHY
SEE YA LATER TRIGONOMETRY
THE END IS NEAR, WHAT A YEAR!
DONE, DONE, DONE, DONE, DONE, DONE, DONE
DONE! SUMMER IS HERE!

GIRLS.

WE MEMORIZED DATES AND ALL THE STATES
THEN FORGOT 'EM ALL IN STUDY HALL

GUYS.

WE LEARNED TO FAKE BEIN' AWAKE
WE CAN SLEEP SITTIN' UP IN A SEAT

ALL.

THE END IS NEAR, WHAT A YEAR!
DONE, DONE, DONE, DONE, DONE, DONE, DONE
DONE! SUMMER IS HERE!
SUMMER TIME, THREE MONTHS OF FREEDOM
DUMPIN' OUR BACKPACKS, WE DON'T NEED 'EM
WE'RE GONNA SLEEP TIL THE MIDDLE OF JUNE
START OUR MORNING IN THE AFTERNOON.
TAKE IT EASY ALL DAY LONG
PARTY TIL THE BREAK OF DAWN
UNLEARN EVERYTHING WE LEARNED THIS YEAR
SCHOOL IS DONE, SUMMER IS HERE!

GUYS.

ONE LAST DAY THEN WE'RE ON OUR WAY

GIRLS.

TRADIN' THESE HALLS FOR A SHOPPING MALL

GUYS.

NO MORE SCHOOL GONNA HANG AT THE POOL

GIRLS.

SOAKIN' UP SUN, HAVIN' FUN

ALL.

THE END IS NEAR, WHAT A YEAR!
DONE, DONE, DONE, DONE, DONE, DONE, DONE

DONE! SUMMER IS HERE!
WONDERFUL, SUNDERFUL
SUMMER VACATION IS HERE!
YEAH!

(As **STUDENTS** *mill about,* **DELTA** *and* **BERNICE** *move downstage center.)*

BERNICE. Well, Delta, here it is, the last day of school!

DELTA. Yup! A few more hours and then - FREEDOM!

*(***GUNTHER** *and* **KNUTE** *join the girls.* **GUNTHER** *has on a huge stuffed backpack, as he's Mr. Prepared.)*

GUNTHER. *(looking at watch)* To be exact: Six hours, 22 minutes and seventeen seconds!

KNUTE. *(looking at his watch)* Sixteen seconds!

GUNTHER. Fifteen!

KNUTE. Fourteen!

BERNICE. Are you two gonna do this for the next six hours?

KNUTE. No, Bernice. We're gonna do it for the next six hours, 22 minutes and…*eight seconds!*

DELTA. Do you have big summer plans, Knute?

KNUTE. Yes, Delta, I do. I plan to do a huge pile of NOTHIN'. Just zone out and veg.

BERNICE. So the same thing you do in school.

KNUTE. Pretty much.

DELTA. What about you, Gunther?

GUNTHER. *(takes out an iPad)* Well, I've started a list of things I want to accomplish this summer.

KNUTE. Excellent! Whatta ya got so far?

GUNTHER. "Buy back-to-school supplies."

KNUTE. Dude, it's summer vacation!

GUNTHER. I know. I just enjoy school. There are people here I'll miss...*(He looks around.)* Has anyone seen Luann?

KNUTE. Gunther! Don't be such a drooling puppy dog with Luann! Girls hate that.

GUNTHER. They do?

KNUTE. Girls are weird, ok? They like guys who *ignore* them.

GUNTHER. *(to the girls)* Is this true?

DELTA. Don't ask us. We're weird.

BERNICE. Yeah. So go ahead and ignore us. We'll like that.

*(***STUDENTS** *begin exiting.* **KNUTE** *and* **GUNTHER** *join them.)*

KNUTE. C'mon, Gunth. *(looks at watch)* Dude! six hours, 20 minutes and six seconds!!

GUNTHER. Five!

(They exit.)

DELTA. *(looking around)* Where *is* Luann? The bell for first period is going to ring any second.

BERNICE. I just realized what the three saddest words in the English language are.

DELTA. What - War, Hunger and...Disease?

BERNICE. Nope.

DELTA. Happy. Thirtieth. Birthday.

BERNICE. Nope. "First. Period. PE."

DELTA. Maybe THAT's why Luann's not here.

BERNICE. Nah. I bet she got to the gym an hour early. You know how she *loves* P.E.

(A beat, then the girls laugh hysterically as they exit.)

DELTA. Good one, Bernice.

Scene Two: Luann's Bedroom

(Projection #4)

(Stage lights dim. Lights up downstage right. A mirror is on a wall. Under it, a small table holds a brush and some makeup. Under the table are a pair of sneakers and a backpack.)

*(***LUANN** *enters from downstage right. She wears a robe and socks. Under her robe she wears her gym uniform. Stretching and yawning, she obviously just got up. She has a dreamy, happy expression. She holds a small voice recorder.)*

LUANN. Dear Diary: Last night I had THE best dream EVER! I think I overslept, but I just didn't want the dream to END!

*(***MOM** *enters.)*

MOM. Luann! You overslept!! Move it!!

*(***MOM** *exits.* **LUANN**, *oblivious to* **MOM**, *continues her diary entry.)*

LUANN. Aaron Hill was SO romantic! He walked right up to me and said -

*(***DAD** *enters, tying his tie, heading to work.)*

DAD. Luann! Get your REAR in GEAR!

*(***DAD** *exits. Still oblivious,* **LUANN** *continues.)*

LUANN. "Hello. You're Luann, aren't you? I've been meaning to talk to you since third grade. I just want to say -"

*(***BRAD** *enters.)*

BRAD. Yo! Lardbutt! Get the lead out!

*(***BRAD** *exits. Luann goes on.)*

LUANN. "…that I think you're the most beautiful girl I've ever seen." That's what he said, Diary. I think it's an omen that he's finally going to notice me! This could be my summer of LOVE!!

(She puts the recorder in her robe pocket, picks up a brush and dreamily brushes her hair.)

*(MUSIC #3. **LOVE**)*

LUANN.

HE'S IN LOVE, LOVE,
AARON'S IN LOVE
I AM THE ONLY ONE HE'S THINKING OF

*(***MOM** *enters, clapping her hands.)*

MOM. Come ON! Come ON!

*(***MOM** *exits.)*

LUANN

IT'S SO KEEN BEING SO MUCH IN LOVE
AARON WILL LOVE ME AND I'LL LOVE HIM TOO

*(***DAD** *enters.)*

DAD. Move! MOVE!

*(***DAD** *exits.)*

LUANN. *(faces sideways as if singing to someone)*
OOOOOOO, OOOOOOOO, I LOVE YOU

(turns, faces the other way and sings in a husky male voice)

OOOOOOO, OOOOOOO, I LOVE YOU TOO
LA, LA, LA LA LA LA

*(***BRAD**, **MOM**, **DAD** *enter.)*

BRAD. Stop the La-La's and *wake up!*

LUANN.

LA, LA, LA LA LA...

(She slowly comes down from her reverie and notices her family glaring at her.)

What?

BRAD, MOM, DAD. YOU'RE LATE FOR SCHOOL!!

*(***LUANN** *tosses down the brush and whips off her robe, tossing it onto the table.)*

LUANN. AAAHHH!!! Why didn't you SAY something?! BYE!!

*(***LUANN** *runs off and exits.* **BRAD** *and* **DAD** *exit.* **MOM** *picks up the shoes and backpack and holds them.* **LUANN** *rushes back in and grabs the shoes.)*

Bye!

(She exits. **MOM** *holds the backpack.* **LUANN** *rushes back in and grabs the backpack.)*

Bye!

(She exits. **MOM** *remains.* **LUANN** *rushes back in, kisses* **MOM.***)*

Bye!

*(***LUANN** *exits.)*

Scene Three: Gym

(Projection #5)

(Sound: School Bell. **MOM** *exits as* **GIRL STUDENTS** *enter in PE uniforms, shuffling, yawning, stretching, chatting.* **LUANN**, **BERNICE** *and* **DELTA**, *all in uniforms, enter and move downstage center.)*

LUANN. UGH! First period PE. Sure glad I got here in time for *this*! But ohmygosh! Can you guys *believe* it's *finally* the last day of school! I thought it would *never* get here!

DELTA. Yet you overslept.

LUANN. Oh, Delta, I was having a *fabulous* dream...

BERNICE. Stop. If you say "about Aaron Hill" I will gag.

*(***DELTA** *and* **BERNICE** *look at* **LUANN**, *awaiting her reply. A beat, then...)*

LUANN. About Aaron Hill.

*(***BERNICE** *gags loudly.)*

I'm telling you, this was a very *vivid* dream. I really think this is the day Aaron notices me.

DELTA. Hey, magical things can happen on the last day of school.

BERNICE. Yeah, right. Aaron hasn't noticed you all *year.*

LUANN. I've thought about that, Bernice. I'm thinking it's because of my name. "Luann" is such a boring name. Maybe he'd like me if I had a glamorous name like… like…

DELTA. Tiffany?

BERNICE. Luann? Aaron doesn't even KNOW your name. He doesn't even LOOK at you.

LUANN. Yeah. Well, first period PE sure doesn't help! Every morning we run around til we're icky and messed up – no *wonder* Aaron ignores me! Why do I even bother to do my hair?

BERNICE. You do your hair?

*(***MISS ALLISON** *enters, blows her whistle.)*

MISS ALLISON. Alright, line up ladies!

(The **GIRLS** *assemble into a line.)*

Time to bust a sweat! And don't EVEN ask why we're working out on the last day of school. You know my philosophy: "Look your worst to look your best!"

(MUSIC: #4. ***ARE WE BEAUTIFUL YET?****)*

Okay girls, side bends! Ready...begin!

*(***MISS ALLISON** *energetically leads a series of exercises; the* **GIRLS** *are lethargic and unenthusiastic.)*

C'MON, GIRLS! BEND AND STRETCH!
LOOK YOUR WORST TO LOOK YOUR BEST!
FEEL THE PAIN IF YOU WANNA GAIN
WORK IT, LADIES, DON'T COMPLAIN!

*(***GIRLS** *moan loudly.)*

GIRLS. *(doing appropriate choreography throughout)*

WE DO A MILLION SIT UPS
TIL WE BUST OUR SPLEEN
THEN A MILLION JUMPING JACKS
TIL WE'RE FEELING GREEN.
ARE WE TRAINING FOR
THE OLYMPIAD?
WE HOPE WE'RE LOOKING GOOD 'CUZ
WE'RE REALLY FEELING BAD!

MISS ALLISON.

ALL THE GORGEOUS WOMEN
IN THE MAGAZINES
THEY WERE UGLY DUCKLINGS
WHEN THEY WERE IN THEIR TEENS
THEN A P.E. TEACHER
OPENED UP THEIR EYES
AND TURNED THEM INTO COVER GIRLS
WITH DAILY EXERCISE

GIRLS.

ARE WE BEAUTIFUL YET?
A GLORIOUS SIGHT TO SEE?
ARE WE ELEGANT LINES
OF PHYSICAL POETRY?

ALLISON.

WORK THE HIPS, LADIES, NOT THE LIPS
CUT THE CHAT, BURN THAT FAT.
TWENTY MORE TO EXECUTE
IMAGINE YOURSELF IN A BATHING SUIT!

(more loud moaning from **GIRLS***)*

GIRLS.

LOVELY CLEOPATRA
THE GREAT EGYPTIAN QUEEN
THE HOTTEST LOOKING WOMAN
THE WORLD HAD EVER SEEN.
HOW DID CLEO GET THAT WAY?
HISTORY DOESN'T LIE:
SHE CONSTRUCTED PYRAMIDS
AND GOT HER EXERCISE.
HUH! HUH! HUH! HUH!

HELEN OF TROY
WITH HER CURVY HIPS
STARTED A WAR THAT
LAUNCHED A THOUSAND SHIPS.
HELEN WAS A BEAUTY
WAS IT ONLY FATE?
NAH! SHE WAS HOMELY HELEN
TIL SHE LIFTED WEIGHTS.

ARE WE BEAUTIFUL YET?
A GLORIOUS SIGHT TO SEE?
ARE WE ELEGANT LINES
OF PHYSICAL POETRY?

*(***TIFFANY** *and her* **POSSE** *stride in, wearing full cheer regalia, take centerstage and do a snappy cheer – to angry, mocking looks from the* **GIRLS**.*)*

LUANN. Oh, great. Here's Tiffany.

TIFFANY. Gimme a B!

POSSE. B!

TIFFANY. Gimme a B, E, A, U!
Gimme a T and an I and a F, U, L!

TIFFANY AND POSSE.
WHAT'S THAT SPELL? WHAT'S THAT SPELL?
CHEERLEADER! CHEERLEADER! YEAH!
HEY, WE CHEER AND WE LEAD
AND WE MAKE THE TEAM SUCCEED
WE'RE THE COOLEST AND THE HOTTEST
AND YOU'RE LUCKY THAT YOU'VE GOT US
WE'RE STRUTIN' WE'RE COOKIN'
AND ALL THE GUYS ARE LOOKIN'
WE GOT IT, WE FLAUNT IT
WE KNOW THE BOYS ALL WANT IT.

TIFFANY.
GIMME A P!

POSSE.
P!

TIFFANY.
GIMME A P, E, R, F!
GIMME AN E AND A C AND A T, I, O, N!

TIFFANY AND POSSE.
WHAT'S THAT SPELL? WHAT'S THAT SPELL?
CHEERLEADER! CHEERLEADER! YAAAY!

TIFFANY. And walk.

*(***TIFFANY** *and* **POSSE** *strut off and exit.)*

GIRLS.
CHEERLEADERS, YUK!
WE REALLY HATE THEIR GUTS
SHORT LITTLE SKIRTS
SHOWIN' LITTLE BUTTS
THEY THINK THEY'RE SO SPECIAL
WE'LL CUT 'EM DOWN TO SIZE
WE ARE SUPERIOR
BECAUSE WE EXERCISE!
HUH! HUH! HUH! HUH! HUH! HUH! HUH! HUH!

GIRLS.

WE'RE BEAUTIFUL NOW!
A GLORIOUS SIGHT TO SEE!
WE'RE ELEGANT LINES
OF PHYSICAL POETRY!

(They strike "Greek Goddess" poses)

AHHHHHHHHHHHH.

MISS ALLISON. *(chirps whistle)* All right, ladies - five laps! Let's roll!

(The **GIRLS** *moan and follow* **MISS ALLISON** *jogging off to exit.)*

Scene Four: DeGroot Living Room

(Projection #6)

(A mailbox is set downstage right. A couch is placed center. Hiding behind it are **THE DEVIL** *and* **THE ANGEL**. **MOM** *is on the couch with a basket of laundry.* **BRAD** *enters from left.)*

MOM. Brad, I mended your pants. That'll be one "Thank you, dear mother."

BRAD. Thank you, dear mother.

MOM. "You're the BEST mom on earth."

BRAD. You're the BEST mom on earth.

MOM. "I'll gladly wash your car for you."

BRAD. Thanks! It's in the driveway.

(He begins to walk off.)

MOM. Brad, come back here! What time do you have to be at WeenieWorld?

BRAD. My shift starts at three.

MOM. Good. You have time to do some chores.

BRAD. Did I say three? I meant noon. Starts at noon. Definitely noon.

(He grins sheepishly at **MOM**, *who stares back, not buying it.)*

MOM. Help me fold laundry.

*(***BRAD** *sighs. He picks up a king sized fitted sheet and tries to fold it. After much comical wrestling and fuming, he wads it into a ball and sets it in the laundry basket.* **MOM** *looks at it.)*

Just bring me all your dirty clothes. When's the last time *that* shirt was washed?

BRAD. I dunno. This year. *(sniffs his pit)* It's good.

*(***MOM** *makes a "hand it over" gesture.* **BRAD** *removes his shirt…revealing an identical one under it.)*

Mom, could I help you later? I need to go get the mail.

MOM. Is this about the *girl* who runs by here every day at 11:30?

BRAD. 11:32. But I haven't really noticed.

MOM. Uh-huh.

BRAD. *(glances at his watch)* AH! It's 11:31!

(As **BRAD** *hustles to the mailbox,* **MOM** *takes the laundry basket and exits.* **TONI** *enters from downstage left and jogs toward* **BRAD**.*)*

BRAD. Toni!

TONI. *(stops, but continues jogging in place)* Hey, Brad! I didn't know you lived here.

BRAD. *(begins jogging in place with her)* Yeah...yeah...this is where I live. Right here…

(Awkward pause. **TONI** *looks at her watch.)*

So... are you jogging?

TONI. *(beat)* No. I'm on my way to a funeral.

BRAD. A funeral? Really?

TONI. *(stops jogging)* I'm kidding, Brad. Yes, I'm jogging. And I need to keep going. See ya.

*(***TONI** *jogs off right.* **BRAD** *watches after her then turns to the audience, still jogging in place.)*

BRAD. "Are you JOGGING?" Sheesh!

(He stops jogging and moves to the couch.)

What a conversational genius I am.

(He plops on the couch.)

I *want* to talk to Toni, I just...CAN'T! It's like there are two voices in my head, one saying GO! and the other saying WHOA!

(MUSIC: #5. ***YOU'RE A MORON****)*

(The **DEVIL** *pops up from behind the couch and speaks in a rough, "street-wise" manner.)*

DEVIL.

BRAD, YOU'RE A MORON! WHERE IS YOUR HEAD?
THERE ARE FOUR HUNDRED CLEVER THINGS YOU COULDA SAID
BUT YOU DIDN'T. MAN, YOU ARE SUCH A DOPE.
DOES YOUR BRAIN SHOW UP ON A MICROSCOPE?

(The **ANGEL** *pops up, speaks in a kind, forgiving manner.)*

ANGEL.

YOU'RE NOT A MORON. YOU'RE A HEAVENLY SAINT
WITH GENTLEMANLY MANNERS AND SELF RESTRAINT
YOU WERE SENSITIVE AND VERY DISCREET
YOU DIDN'T COME ON LIKE A MACHO CREEP.

BRAD.

BEING BREEZY ISN'T EASY
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO RELAX
I CAN NEVER THINK OF CLEVER
CONVERSATIONAL COME-BACKS.
HOW DOES A GUY BECOME A MAN?
HOW DO I FIGURE OUT WHO I AM?

DEVIL.

YOU'RE A WIMP! WHAT A WEENIE!
"I'M SUCH A LOSER! WOE IS ME!"
OK FINE. SIT AND WHINE
BUT YOU'D HAVE TONI IF YOU HAD A SPINE

ANGEL.

YOU'RE NOT A WEENIE. YOU'RE INCREDIBLY STRONG!
JUST BE NOBLE AND YOU'LL NEVER GO WRONG.
ALWAYS BE HONEST AND TRULY SINCERE
NEVER BULLY OR DOMINEER.

BRAD.

NEITHER ONE OF YOU IS RIGHT
YOU'RE TOO BOLD AND YOU'RE UPTIGHT
THERE JUST HAS TO BE
SOMEWHERE IN BETWEEN FOR ME
SOME WAY TO PLAY MY PART
SOMEONE TO BE THAT WOULD WIN HER HEART.

*(***TONI** *jogs by, exits.)*

DEVIL.

SHE'S A CUTIE! MAN, WHAT A HOTTIE!

ANGEL. *(to* **DEVIL***)*

I WISH YOU'D STOP BEING SO DARN NAUGHTY!

BRAD.

I JUST LIKE HER. I WANT TO GET TO KNOW HER

DEVIL.

HEY, FORGET IT, YOU'RE WAY BELOW HER.

ANGEL.

TONI ISN'T ROYALTY
SHE'S A HUMAN LIKE YOU AND ME

DEVIL. *(to* **ANGEL***)*

YOU'RE A DUMMY AND TONI'S A BABE
AND HE IS MISTER STUPIDITY

*(***BRAD** *stands.* **DEVIL** *and* **ANGEL** *drop behind couch.)*

BRAD.

I'M NOT MISTER STUPIDITY
WATCH HOW INTELLIGENT I CAN BE...

(As music continues under, **BRAD** *pretends to be talking to* **TONI***.)*

BRAD. So, Toni, how are those leg muscles feeling? Y'know, there are 600 muscles in the human body. *(jumps to "Toni's" position, jogging, reacts with)* "That is FASCINATING!" *(then jumps back)* And 60 thousand miles of blood vessels! *(jumps to "Toni", says)* "You are SO intelligent!" *(then jumps back, says modestly)* Yeah, I know…

*(***BRAD** *sits.)*

THE TROUBLE I HAVE IS WHEN SHE GETS TOO NEAR
I GET NERVOUS AND AWKWARD AND FULL OF FEAR
WHEN SHE LOOKS AT ME I KNOW WHAT SHE SEES:
A MORON WITH NAUSEA AND WOBBLY KNEES

*(***ANGEL** *pops up.)*

ANGEL.

MAYBE SHE SEES
SOMEONE WITH INTEGRITY
YOU'RE A GUY TO BE ADMIRED
YOU'RE THE GUY THAT SHE DESIRES!

BRAD.

YES! NOW I SEE THE LIGHT!
I GUESS I'VE BEEN DOING IT ALL JUST RIGHT!

*(***DEVIL** *pops up and puts a big dunce cap on* **BRAD***'s head.)*

DEVIL. No, you're a moron.

*(***DEVIL** *and* **ANGEL** *disappear behind couch.)*

Scene Five: Classroom

(Projection #7)

*(***BRAD, ANGEL, DEVIL** *exit. The couch and mailbox are removed. School scene is set. Chattering* **STUDENTS** *enter from left and right, each carrying a chair, and settle into a "classroom."* **MR. FOGARTY** *enters with a stack of quiz papers.)*

FOGARTY. Ok, people, settle down.

(He notices **TIFFANY** *primping, putting on lipstick.)*

Excuse me, Tiffany? Do I give my lectures in your bathroom?

TIFFANY. Uh, I hope not.

FOGARTY. Then don't put on your makeup in my classroom!

(The class giggles as **TIFFANY** *sullenly puts away her makeup.)*

Since it's the last day of school, I wonder if anyone has any questions about anything we covered this year.

KNUTE. *(raising his hand)* Yeah. What class was this?

(The class laughs.)

FOGARTY. Very funny, Knute. *(He begins passing out the quiz papers.)* How many of you remember that we're having a quiz today?

(Everyone gloomily raises their hand.)

How may of you know what it's about?

(Half the hands go down.)

How many of you studied?

(Everyone lowers their hand - except **GUNTHER.***)*

KNUTE. How many of you plan to FAKE it?

(All hands shoot up, amid laughter.)

FOGARTY. Ok, quiet, class. As I told you yesterday, this quiz isn't for a grade. It's for you to find out how much history you learned this year, see if you were paying attention. *(He sees* **TIFFANY** *looking at herself in a mirror.)* TIFFANY! Are YOU paying attention?

TIFFANY. Not really…

FOGARTY. Why not?

TIFFANY. I didn't realize you were talking to *me*.

LUANN. *(raising her hand)* Mr. Fogarty? I paid attention. Can I skip the quiz?

(The class laughs.)

FOGARTY. Well, Luann, if you're such a history expert, tell me about...Garfield.

LUANN. Garfield. Well, he's fat...lazy...self-centered... *orange...*

FOGARTY. Not the *cat*, Luann. The *president*.

LUANN. There was a *president* Garfield?

(The class laughs.)

FOGARTY. Alright, quiet, everyone. Ready to begin the quiz? And...start.

*(***MR. FOGARTY** *busies himself reading his grade book as the class settles into the quiz. After a moment, a rhythm begins when a student starts tapping a pencil... another taps his paper...one stomps his foot. The rhythm becomes...)*

(MUSIC: #6 ***WHY DO I NEED TO KNOW ABOUT MICHELANGELO?****)*

STUDENT 1.

WHY DO I NEED TO KNOW BOUT MICHELANGELO?

STUDENT 2.

A DUDE NAMED VOLTAIRE? WHY SHOULD I CARE?

ALL.

WHAT'S SO GREAT ABOUT THESE DATES?
IT'S POINTLESS TO ME. IT'S ANCIENT HISTORY!

WHO GIVES A HOOT ABOUT A BUNCHA DEAD STIFFS?
LIKE WHOOZIT THE THIRD AND WHATZIT THE FIFTH?
WHY SHOULD WE CARE WHO WHATZIT IS?

LUANN.

BECAUSE HE'LL BE ON A HISTORY QUIZ!

ALL.

REMEMBERING ALL THESE NAMES
OUR BRAINS HAVE JUST DISSOLVED
LEARNING HISTORY, WHAT A PAIN!
TOO MANY PEOPLE GOT INVOLVED!

STUDENT 3.

WILL SHAKESPEARE HELP MY CAREER?

STUDENT 4.

WHAT DO I GAIN KNOWING CHARLEMAGNE?

ALL.

KING TUT? SO WHAT?
IT'S POINTLESS TO ME. IT'S ANCIENT HISTORY!
WHY SHOULD WE CARE ABOUT KING HO HUM
OR QUEEN BLA BLA OR PRINCE DUMB DUMB?
ANCIENT PEOPLE ARE CAUSING US STRESS
ANNOYING US ON A HISTORY TEST.
REMEMBERING ALL THESE NAMES
OUR BRAINS HAVE JUST DISSOLVED
LEARNING HISTORY, WHAT A PAIN
TOO MANY PEOPLE GOT INVOLVED!

(Music continues under dialogue.)

FOGARTY. Ok, time's up. Pens down. Trade papers and let's see how you did.

STUDENT 5.

WHA'D YOU PUT FOR NUMBER ONE?

STUDENT 6.

I PUT "ATTILA THE HUN."

STUDENTS 7/8.

YOU DID? WE PUT "WASHINGTON."

STUDENT 9.

I PUT "THOMAS EDISON!"

STUDENT 10.

I TOTALLY TANKED. MY BRAIN'S ALREADY BLANK

STUDENT 11.

FOR EVERY DATE I PUT "1908"

STUDENT 12.

I WROTE "FRANCE" FOR EVERY ANSWER

ALL.

DON'T WORRY. IT'S ANCIENT HISTORY!
THE QUIZ IS OVER NOW WE CAN RELAX
WE JUST HOPE WE'LL NEVER BE ASKED
ABOUT SHAKESPEARE AND MICHELANGELO
ALL THOSE NAMES WE HAD TO KNOW
IF WE FAIL THE TEST
WE FACE OUR BIGGEST FEAR
HISTORY WILL REPEAT ITSELF
OVER AGAIN NEXT YEAR!

FOGARTY. All right, class, settle down! Believe me, I'm well aware that this is the last class of the last day of the school year. But we still have two minutes until the bell rings. So let's just sit quietly and...watch the clock.

(They **ALL** *stare forward at the "clock." We hear sound effects of clicking clock. Everyone leans forward in anticipation…then…sound effect: RINNNNGG!* **STUDENTS** *whoop and jump from their seats.)*

(Projection #8)

(MUSIC: # 7. ***SUMMER'S HERE REPRISE****)*

STUDENTS.

SUMMER TIME, THREE MONTHS OF FREEDOM!
DUMPIN' OUR BACKPACKS, WE DON'T NEED 'EM
WE'RE GONNA SLEEP TIL THE MIDDLE OF JUNE
START OUR MORNING IN THE AFTERNOON.
TAKE IT EASY ALL DAY LONG
PARTY TIL THE BREAK OF DAWN
UNLEARN EVERYTHING WE LEARNED THIS YEAR
SCHOOL IS DONE, SUMMER IS HERE!

GUYS.

THE FINAL DAY, I'M ON MY WAY!
I ALREADY KNOW THE PLACES I'LL GO.

GIRLS.

I'VE GOT SUNSCREEN ON MY NOSE.
I'M WEARIN' MY BIKINI UNDER MY CLOTHES.

ALL.

GOT NO FEAR, THE FUTURE'S CLEAR!
SUMMER VACATION IS HERE!
WON-WON-WONDERFUL, SUN-SUN-SUNDERFUL
SUMMER VACATION IS HERE!
YEAH!!

*(***STUDENTS** *chatter in groups, making summer plans.* **LUANN**, **BERNICE** *and* **DELTA** *move downstage center.)*

DELTA. Well, another year of school is history!

BERNICE & LUANN. Don't say "history."

DELTA. Sorry. Another year of school is OVER.

BERNICE. *(to* **LUANN***)* And so is your chance to hear "Hello, Luann" from that special someone.

*(***GUNTHER** *approaches.)*

GUNTHER. Hello, Luann.

DELTA. Oops. Wrong someone.

LUANN. *(polite, but cool)* Oh. Hi, Gunther.

GUNTHER. *(overeager and clumsy)* So! Finally school's over. I mean, school's finally over. *(beat)* Finally. *(beat)* School.

LUANN. Yes. So I hear.

GUNTHER. So...um...do you have lots of summer plans? Cuz I thought, um, if you have some free time...

LUANN. I don't, Gunther. Every day is already booked. Sorry.

GUNTHER. Ah. Okay. *(a beat as they all stand awkwardly)* Well! Have a nice summer, Luann.

LUANN. You too, Gunther.

*(***GUNTHER** *moves away.)*

BERNICE. Poor Gunther. He is SO into you, Luann.

LUANN. I know. But look at him. I don't know which is higher, his I.Q. or his pants.

DELTA. So every day is already booked, huh? What exactly are you doing *every day* this summer?

BERNICE. The usual. She'll sit around her room for three months, dreaming about *Aaron Hill.*

LUANN. I will NOT, Bernice. *(beat)* TWO months, max.

BERNICE. And Aaron will still be nothing but a distant dream.

LUANN. I just...I don't know what to do about Aaron.

BERNICE. Well, let's see...so far you've done...Oh. NOTHING!

LUANN. I just wish I had the courage to talk to him. There's something I've been DYING to tell him.

BERNICE. What's that?

LUANN. My phone number.

DELTA. Luann, you've dreamed about Aaron since third grade! It's time to stop *dreaming* and start *doing.* Look! There's Aaron now. It's your last chance to talk to him!

(They look to where **AARON** *is standing, reading a comic book.* **TIFFANY** *is sauntering toward him.)*

LUANN. Oh, great. Tiffany's closing in.

DELTA. Who cares about Tiffany? Go talk to Aaron!

(Both give **LUANN** *a shove, propelling her right next to* **AARON**. *All at the same time: the lights dim as everyone but* **LUANN** *freezes in a tableau and a light hits* **AARON** *and* **LUANN.***)*

(MUSIC: #8. ***AARON HILL****)*

(Projection #9)

LUANN.

AARON HILL...AARON HILL...
I LOVE EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU
I'VE MEMORIZED ALL THE COLORS IN YOUR EYES
I KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU

LUANN. *(cont.)*

THE FRECKLES ON YOUR NECK THE COMICS YOU COLLECT
MY HEART IS FULL OF FEELINGS DEEP AND TRUE
YOU ARE MY GUY... I JUST WISH YOU KNEW.

I'D DO ANYTHING YOU ASKED ME
HELP YOU SUCCEED, GIVE YOU EVERYTHING YOU NEED
HERE AT YOUR SIDE FOREVER
ALWAYS ON YOUR TEAM SUPPORTING ALL YOUR DREAMS
AND IN RETURN I HAVE A SINGLE PLEA
WILL YOU JUST SAY "HELLO" TO ME?
MOST OF ME IS YOU BUT I KNOW NONE OF YOU IS ME.
THERE'S A TIME WHEN LOVE BEGINS... LET OUR MOMENT BE.

THESE ARE MY FEELINGS FOR YOU
I'VE OPENED MY HEART HOPING THIS WILL BE A START.
I'VE KEPT IT INSIDE FOREVER
BUT I WANT YOU TO SEE HOW MUCH YOU MEAN TO ME
SO I SAY IT NOW: AARON, I LOVE YOU
WILL YOU LOVE ME? IT'S MORE FUN WITH TWO.

(Lights come back up and everyone unfreezes. The **STUDENTS** *laugh and chat as they carry chairs and exit.* **BERNICE** *and* **DELTA** *exit.* **LUANN**, *at center, longingly watches* **AARON** *exit.* **BERNICE** *steps back in.)*

BERNICE. Luann! C'mon! It's OVER!!

LUANN. *(staring after* **AARON***)* It hasn't even BEGUN...

BERNICE. I'm talking about SCHOOL!

LUANN. *(looks forward, smiles)* Oh, THAAAT!

*(***LUANN** *and* **BERNICE** *run off).*

(MUSIC INSTRUMENTAL: ***SUMMER'S HERE REPRISE****)*

Scene Six: Weenieworld

(Projection #10)

(Some tables and chairs are set. **DELTA** *is seated at a table. Other* **STUDENTS** *are at other tables, chatting and eating.* **LUANN** *and* **BERNICE** *enter, carrying magazines).*

DELTA. Where have you guys been? We're supposed to be making summer plans!

LUANN. Check it out, Delta. We picked up some resource material.

(holds up several magazines as the girls sit)

DELTA. Glamor magazines? How will they help?

LUANN. Look - it says right here: "A Glamorous You, A Glamourous Summer!"

BERNICE. And here: "How To Get More Out Of Life!"

DELTA. More what?

LUANN. More...EVERYthing!

BERNICE. Yeah. Lately I've felt less confident. Also less popular. And less attractive. I'm getting more and more... *less.*

LUANN. The last thing I want is an *ordinary* summer. My whole *life* has been ordinary. *I'M* ordinary.

DELTA. Compared to what? Supermodels?

LUANN. Compared to *everyone!* Look at you two. Delta, you have tons of optimism. And Bernice you have tons of intelligence. What do I have?

BERNICE. Tons of ordinary?

LUANN. Exactly.

DELTA. Where did you ever get the idea that you're ordinary?

(MUSIC: # 9. ***ORDINARY****)*

LUANN.

WHEN I WAS TWO I THINK I KNEW
THAT I WOULD NEVER BECOME A BEAUTY
HOW DID I KNOW? IT CLEARLY SHOWED.
WHEN THE RELATIVES GOT NEAR ME
THEY DIDN'T PRAISE AND CHEER ME
THEY SORTA LOOKED AROUND
MY GRANDPA EVEN FROWNED
AND NOT A SINGLE NEIGHBOR
DID LITTLE BABY FAVORS
LIKE GITCHY-GOO MY CHEEK
OR PLANT A LOVING TWEAK UPON MY NOSE.

DELTA. Everyone's ordinary when they're *two*.

BERNICE.

I KNOW WHAT SHE'S TALKING ABOUT.
WHEN I WAS FIVE I SAW THAT I
COULD STAND ALONE ON THE PLAYGROUND
AND NEVER BE FOUND BY THE BOYS ALL AROUND.
THEY WOULD CHASE THE OTHER GIRLS
CALL THEM NAMES AND PULL THEIR CURLS
KICK THEM IN THE KNEE
AND ANNOY THEM ENDLESSLY
PESTER THEM WITH PUNCHES
THROW AWAY THEIR LUNCHES
THEY TREATED THEM LIKE DIRT
BUT ME? THEY DIDN'T HURT

LUANN. Why?

BERNICE. They didn't care.

DELTA.

STOP THIS BERATING
WOULD YOU RATHER BE
SOMEONE WE'RE HATING
LIKE TIFFANY?
YOU SHOULD BE STATING
"I'M PROUD THAT I'M SO ORDINARY!"

LUANN & BERNICE.

ORDINARY
IS JUST SO FUNCTIONARY

IT MAKES US SECONDARY
IT'S KIND OF SCARY
TO BE SO VERY
OR-DIN-AR-Y...

BERNICE.

WHEN I WAS NINE I SAW THAT I'M
JUST ONE OF MILLIONS OF AVERAGE GIRLS
FEELING BORED OF BEING IGNORED.
THEN I SAW A MAGAZINE THAT SAID
THE PROBLEM'S ALL INSIDE YOUR HEAD
LAUGHTER IS THE KEY TO POPULARITY
SO I LAUGHED OUT LOUD AND CLEARLY

(Music stops and **BERNICE** *does a laugh. Something unusual - a snort, a chortle - is best.)*

BUT NOBODY CAME NEAR ME
IN FACT I'D EVEN SAY
THAT PEOPLE MADE A POINT TO STAY AWAY.

LUANN.

AT AGE 13 IT REALLY SEEMED
THAT I HAD BECOME INVISIBLE
DAY AFTER DAY, NO ONE WOULD SAY,
"HEY, LUANN YOU LOOK SO FABULOUS
YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL AND GLAMOROUS
YOU HAIR HAS SUCH A SHINE
AND YOUR FEATURES ARE SO FINE!
YOUR BODY IS THE HOTTEST
YOU REALLY ARE A GODDESS"!
NO, I NEVER GOT A MENTION
NOT A SINGLE COMPLIMENT
WAS SENT MY WAY.

DELTA.

YOU TWO ARE CRAZY!
THESE THINGS I HEAR
THEY JUST AMAZE ME
YOUR THINKING'S UNCLEAR
YOU SHOULD BE PRAISING
THE FACT THAT YOU'RE SO ORDINARY.

DELTA.

ORDINARY
DON'T HAVE A CORONARY
YOU CAN BE LEGENDARY!
A DIGNITARY!
WITH ORDINARY
EXTRAORDINARINESS

LUANN & BERNICE.

BUT ORDINARY
IS JUST SO... ORDINARY!
IS IT HEREDITARY
OR ARBITRARY
TO BE SO VERY
OR-DIN-AR-Y...

DELTA. So much complaining!

LUANN & BERNICE.

WE'RE NOT COMPLAINING. ACTUALLY,
WE'RE JUST EXPLAINING, FACTUALLY
WE'RE SIMPLY SAYING
WHY ARE WE SO ORDINARY?

LUANN. *(picks up a magazine)* Anyway, that's why I got these magazines. No more ordinary for me! Look at this one. It's completely devoted to hair. See, first you gotta get *rid* of it by shaving, plucking, waxing and bleaching... then you gotta get *more* of it by conditioning, mousing, curling and spraying.

BERNICE. You want your hair to have body but you don't want your body to have hair.

LUANN. And here's an article on fingernails. It says some guys like long fingernails on girls and some guys hate 'em.

BERNICE. *(pointing at* **LUANN***'s nails)* Looks like you have something for everyone.

LUANN. It sure would be nice to look like this model, instead of so...PLAIN.

DELTA. Luann, that model had ten people to make her look good.

BERNICE. Yeah, you're not plain. You're just...understaffed.

DELTA. How can you take anything in these magazines seriously? They're full of contradictions: "Be yourself but look like this model. Love your shape but change your shape. Be natural but use all this makeup." What's it all about?

LUANN. It's about looking your best, Delta. Everyone wants to look good.

DELTA. *(stands up, holding a magazine)* But what's "good"? All these rules about what's in and what's out, what's hot and what's not. It's nothing but confusion! Come here, Luann. I'll show you.

(MUSIC: #10 ***CONFUSION****)*

*(***DELTA, LUANN** *and* **BERNICE** *move down center.* **DELTA** *and* **BERNICE** *have magazines and stand on either side of* **LUANN**.*)*

DELTA.
YOUR HAIR SHOULD SHINE

BERNICE.
BUT NEVER YOUR FACE

DELTA.
YOUR LIPS ARE FULL

BERNICE.
BUT NOT YOUR WAIST

DELTA.
YOUR BUST IS LARGE

BERNICE.
BUT NEVER YOUR FEET

DELTA.
YOUR EYES ARE BIG

BERNICE.
YOUR BOTTOM PETITE

DELTA.
YOU'RE PERFECT JUST HOW YOU ARE

BERNICE. ...almost

LUANN.

CONFUSION!

BERNICE.

YOUR NOSE IS SHORT

DELTA.

YOUR LASHES LONG

BERNICE.

TRY TO BE DAINTY

DELTA.

BUT ALSO BE STRONG

BERNICE.

YOUR FACE IS CLEAR

DELTA.

WITHOUT ANY ZITS

BERNICE.

YOUR SKIN IS MOIST

DELTA.

EXCEPT YOUR PITS

BERNICE.

You're perfect just how you are

DELTA.

...ALMOST

LUANN.

CONFUSION!
I'VE GOT LOTIONS AND SERUMS
TONERS AND SCRUBS
DERMA-ABRASION
THERAPY RUBS
WITH ALPHAHYDROXY
VITAMIN E
A BIOCHEMICAL TECHNICAL LABORATORY.

MY CLOSET IS FULL
OF CLOTHES I'VE BOUGHT
I TRY TO LOOK COOL
I TRY TO LOOK HOT

I DON'T WANNA WEAR
WHAT EVERYONE WEARS
BUT I DON'T WANT TO WEAR
WHAT NO ONE ELSE IS WEARING

(She points at a guy.)

Like that guy.

ALL GIRLS. *(each holding a magazine)*

WE KINDA WISH WE DIDN'T CARE
ABOUT OUR SKIN, OUR CLOTHES, OUR HAIR
BUT THE MAGAZINES WE SHARE
MAKE US MEASURE AND COMPARE
SO WE TONE AND MOISTURIZE
BLUSH OUR CHEEKS, SHADOW OUR EYES
ADD PERFUME AND THEN SOME MORE

(They look angrily at the **BOYS.***)*

BUT WHO THE HECK ARE WE DOIN' THIS FOR?
CONFUSION!

LUANN.	**DELTA & BERNICE.**	**GIRLS.**
LOTION, SERUM	HAIR SHOULD SHINE	SCRUB, TONE
TONER, SCRUB	NOT YOUR FACE	MOISTURIZE
DERMA-ABRASION	LIPS FULL	BLUSH OUR CHEEKS
THERAPY RUB	NOT THE WAIST	SHADOW OUR EYES
ALPHAHYDROXY	BUST LARGE	ADD PERFUME
VITAMIN E	NEVER THE FEET	THEN SOME MORE
LABRA-TORY	EYES BIG BOTTOM PETITE	WHO THE HECK ARE WE DOIN' THIS FOR?

ALL GIRLS.

WE'RE PERFECT JUST HOW WE ARE... ALMOST. CONFUSION!

LUANN.	**DELTA & BERNICE.**	**GIRLS.**
SCRUB, TONE	NOSE SHORT	WE KINDA WISH
MOISTURIZE	LASHES LONG	WE DIDN'T CARE
BLUSH CHEEKS	TRY TO BE DAINTY	ABOUT OUR SKIN

LUANN.	**DELTA & BERNICE.**	**GIRLS.**
SHADOW EYES	ALSO STRONG	OUR CLOTHES OUR HAIR
ADD PERFUME	FACE CLEAR	BUT THE MAGAZINES
THEN SOME MORE	NO ZITS	WE SHARE
WHO THE HECK	SKIN MOIST	MAKE US MEASURE
AM I DOIN' THIS FOR?	EXCEPT THE PITS	AND COMPARE

ALL GIRLS.

WE'RE PERFECT JUST HOW WE ARE...

BOYS.

ALMOST!

ALL GIRLS.

CONFUSION!

DELTA.

IT SEEMS TO ME IT'S OBVIOUS
THE PROBLEM'S RIGHT IN FRONT OF US.
THE MAGAZINES ARE CAUSING US HARM
SO GIVE A LITTLE FLING OF THE ARM

(She tosses the magazine down.)

AND SUDDENLY WE HAVE NO MORE
CONFUSION!

ALL GIRLS.

WE'RE PERFECT JUST HOW WE ARE!

(They toss down their magazines.)

NO MORE CONFUSION!
HUMPH!

(The **GIRLS** *laugh and sit down.* **BRAD** *enters, wearing a WeenieWorld uniform and carrying a tray of wrapped food. He puts the food on the girl's table.)*

BRAD. Okay, one VeggieWeenie and two CheesyWeenies.

DELTA. Thanks, Brad.

LUANN. Yes, thank you, Mister WeenieMan.

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