



**Sample Pages from
Hoodie**

Welcome! This is copyrighted material for promotional purposes. It's intended to give you a taste of the script to see whether or not you want to use it in your classroom or perform it. You can't print this document or use this document for production purposes.

Royalty fees apply to all performances **whether or not admission is charged**. Any performance in front of an audience (e.g. an invited dress rehearsal) is considered a performance for royalty purposes.

Visit <https://tfolk.me/p218> to order a printable copy or for rights/royalty information and pricing.

**DO NOT POST THIS SAMPLE ONLINE.
IT MAY BE DOWNLOADED ANY TIME FROM THE LINK ABOVE.**

HOODIE

A VIGNETTE PLAY BY
Lindsay Price



Hoodie

Copyright © 2011 Lindsay Price

CAUTION: This play is fully protected under the copyright laws of Canada and all other countries of the Universal Copyright Convention and is subject to royalty. Changes to the script are expressly forbidden without written consent of the author. Rights to produce, film, or record, in whole or in part, in any medium or in any language, by any group amateur or professional, are fully reserved.

Interested persons are requested to apply for amateur rights to:

Theatrefolk

www.theatrefolk.com/licensing

help@theatrefolk.com

Those interested in professional rights may contact the author c/o the above address.

No part of this script covered by the copyrights hereon may be reproduced or used in any form or by any means - graphic, electronic or mechanical - without the prior written permission of the author. Any request for photocopying, recording, or taping shall be directed in writing to the author at the address above.

Printed in the USA

Characters

4M/7W + The Clump. Flexible casting.

There are two groups of actors – The Scenes and The Clump. The number of Scene actors is expandable to 13M/18W giving everyone in the cast a single scene. Use the following doubling for a cast of 4M/7W + The Clump.

Man One: Ben, Ryan, Boy, Jonas

Man Two: Lucas, Father, Jeremy

Man Three: Dr. Lou, Flimflam

Man Four: Aiden, Nicholas, Jimmy, Jazz

Woman One: Hoodie

Woman Two: Natalie, Mom, Ashley

Woman Three: Emily, Addison, Amber

Woman Four: Emma, Tina, Bamboozle

Woman Five: Charlotte, Layla, Bailey

Woman Six: Trilby, Rachel, Neve

Woman Seven: Mother, Briana

The Clump: A group of characters terrified to stand out in any way, so they travel in a clump. The Clump is written for **10 actors** of mixed gender but the lines can be split up further if your Clump is larger. (n.b. ONE is not necessarily the same actor as SHIRT ONE, and so on.)

Costume

Modern dress. If you go with a base costume of a cast T-shirt and jeans, then you don't have to worry about costume changes. The fewer costume changes the better. Stick to small pieces that can be worn over a base costume. Hoodie needs an oversized hoodie. Flimflam and Bamboozle wear colourful vests.

Set

Bare stage with a couple of cubes on either side. A backdrop painted with graffiti, stick figures, and the title of the play.

Music plays. A single figure enters and walks centre stage. She wears a hoodie with the hood up so we can't really see her face. Her hands are shoved into the pockets of the hoodie. She pauses centre stage and turns to stare at the audience. A noise is heard offstage. HOODIE turns to the noise and then runs off the other way.

The CLUMP enters. The group looks exactly like a clump, an undefined shape. They shuffle as they move, shoulder to shoulder, walking sideways, facing front with their heads down. They walk with precision and in unison.

When the CLUMP gets to centre stage, they stop in unison. They all look up sharply in unison, and gasp when they see the audience.

CLUMP: Ah!

The CLUMP looks sharply down. There is a beat. Slowly everyone in the CLUMP raises their head (on a five count) peeking to see if the audience is still there. The audience is still there. They all gasp.

CLUMP: Ah!

The CLUMP scrambles. They change places, they turn their backs to the audience. The CLUMP reforms, but now the CLUMP faces upstage. Everyone turns their head to check if the audience is still there. The audience is still there. Everyone whips their head to face upstage.

Whenever a single voice speaks in this section, they turn their heads to the side to say their line (so the audience can hear them!)

ONE: I can't. I can't!

CLUMP: I can't!

ONE: I can't turn around.

CLUMP: I can't!

TWO: I can't show my face.

CLUMP: I can't!

THREE: I'm a total mess.

FOUR: My hair's a disaster.

FIVE: Does this shirt smell?

SIX: I can't!

CLUMP: I can't!

SIX: Are they still looking?

SEVEN: I hate these jeans.

EIGHT: I hate my hair.

NINE: I hate my face.

TEN: I'm so huge.

CLUMP: I can't!

ONE: Someone has to go first.

TWO: You go.

THREE: You go.

FOUR: You.

ONE: Someone has to.

CLUMP: I can't!

FIVE: I can't stand out. I can't go first.

SIX: What if they laugh?

SEVEN: What if I say the wrong thing?

EIGHT: (*moves subconsciously out of the CLUMP turning downstage as she talks*) What if I start talking and all they see is the zit on my face and they can't even listen cause they're staring at my zit on my face and they start whispering to each other about the size of the zit on my face and the whispering becomes talking and it's all over the room. "Look at that! Look at that zit on her face!" And I'm drowned out by the overwhelming cry of Zit! Zit! Zit!

NINE: It's not even that big.

EIGHT: (*turning to NINE*) Are you blind?

TEN: I can't see anything.

EIGHT: It's enormous. (*deer in headlights, realizes she's out of the CLUMP*)
I can't!

EIGHT dives back into the CLUMP.

CLUMP: I can't!

NATALIE enters. She is extremely confident.

NATALIE: I can!

The CLUMP groans as they say their line, rotating to face downstage.

CLUMP: (*slumping in unison*) Natalie...

NATALIE: I look great. I always look great. Everyone says so. My mother says when you look great, you are great. When you look great, great things happen.

CLUMP: Mirror, mirror, on the wall.

NATALIE: (*to audience*) My mom says, "Look in the mirror." A lot. Check yourself. Check your posture. Check your face. Check your hair. Check your make up. Perfect is not an entitlement. Perfection is earned. If you want to look perfect, you have to work at it. Less than perfect is a weak excuse. Your best is not enough. Perfect is happy. Perfect is popular. Perfect is the best. (*to CLUMP*) Look at you. Pathetic. Stand up! (*the CLUMP does so*) Head up! Shoulders back! Better.

EIGHT: How does she do that...

NATALIE: Quiet! What's next?

CLUMP: (*like responding to a drill sergeant*) This shirt, sir!

NATALIE: (*with her hands on her hips*) That's not funny.

CLUMP: No, sir!

NATALIE steps toward the CLUMP. The CLUMP scatters about the stage. NATALIE turns and exits.

CLUMP: (*as they scatter*) This shirt, this shirt, this shirt, this!

During the above movement, SHIRT ONE, TWO and THREE end up downstage. The CLUMP freezes.

SHIRT ONE: This is the shirt I chose for the first day of school. I thought about it for weeks. I went to seven stores to make sure I covered all the options.

SHIRT TWO: This is the shirt... that was on top in my shirt drawer.

SHIRT THREE: I borrowed my sister's shirt. Only she doesn't know it.

SHIRT ONE: This shirt has to show everything there is to know about me, my absolute coolness, and demonstrate my abilities to reach the highest rung on the in-crowd ladder.

SHIRT THREE: I asked nicely to borrow it, there's no reason why I shouldn't be able to borrow it.

SHIRT TWO: I grabbed the first one.

SHIRT THREE: She said no for no reason. None!

SHIRT ONE: And it's the wrong shirt. I picked the wrong shirt.

SHIRT TWO: Am I supposed to say something else?

SHIRT ONE: My life is ruined.

SHIRT THREE: I just have to make sure I get it back in her drawer before she finds out. Even if she does I don't really care. This shirt is totally worth it.

The CLUMP is on the move again.

CLUMP: This shirt, this shirt, this shirt, this!

SHIRT FOUR, FIVE, SIX, SEVEN end up downstage and address the audience. Everyone freezes.

SHIRT FOUR: I thought Mariah and I were coordinating.

SHIRT FIVE: My mother made me wear this shirt.

SHIRT SIX: What new shirts?

SHIRT SEVEN: I have gymnastics before school four days a week.

SHIRT FOUR: We talked about wearing pink all July before she went to camp.

SHIRT FIVE: I know it looks stupid.

SHIRT SIX: I don't have any.

SHIRT SEVEN: I have piano on Mondays.

SHIRT FOUR: She's not wearing pink.

SHIRT FIVE: I tried telling her.

SHIRT SIX: I have three older brothers.

SHIRT SEVEN: I'm learning Japanese.

SHIRT FIVE: I tried telling the Thomas brothers.

SHIRT FOUR: She's wearing red and Shauna's wearing red and I'm wearing pink.

SHIRT FIVE: Right before they pushed me in the mud.

SHIRT SEVEN: There's ballet and more gymnastics.

SHIRT FOUR: How am I supposed to take that?

SHIRT SIX: I wear hand-me-downs. Lots of hand-me-downs. Hand-me-downs of hand-me-downs.

SHIRT SEVEN: And you want to know about the shirt I'm wearing? I barely have time to brush my teeth.

SHIRT SIX: This shirt's older than my grandparents.

SHIRT FIVE: Why won't anyone listen?

The CLUMP is on the move.

CLUMP: This shirt, this shirt, this shirt, this!

Everyone freezes. SHIRT EIGHT, NINE, TEN end up downstage and address the audience.

SHIRT TEN: My mother said she was getting me a Koomichi.

SHIRT EIGHT: I can't believe I'm getting suspended over a shirt.

SHIRT TEN: She got me some knockoff.

SHIRT EIGHT: I didn't do anything.

SHIRT NINE: This shirt is a straightjacket. I wear it because everyone does.

SHIRT EIGHT: I didn't say anything.

SHIRT TEN: I can't wear a knockoff. Everyone will hate me.

SHIRT NINE: I could not wear it. But I've seen what happens when you don't.

SHIRT EIGHT: It's a stupid shirt!

SHIRT NINE: Sometimes it's better to be in the straightjacket along with everyone else.

CLUMP: This shirt, this shirt, this shirt, this!

A school bell rings. Everyone scatters. EMMA and EMILY enter from opposite side of the stage. They squeal when they see each other and run to meet centre stage.

BOTH: Hey!

EMILY: How do I look?

EMMA: How do I look?

EMILY: You look fabulous.

EMMA: You look fabulous.

BOTH: Really?

EMILY: Would I lie?

EMMA: Would I?

BOTH: We look fabulous.

EMILY: Love that top.

EMMA: Love that top.

EMILY: Love that skirt.

EMMA: Love that skirt.

EMILY: Love those shoes.

EMMA: Love that skirt.

EMILY: What?

EMMA: Love that skirt...

EMILY: Love those shoes. Love those shoes. You're supposed to say, "Love those shoes."

EMMA: Well...

EMILY: What's wrong with my shoes?

EMMA: They're fine.

EMILY: Then say, "Love those shoes."

EMMA: They're fine.

EMILY: That's not the same thing.

EMMA: They look great on you.

EMILY: That's not the same thing.

EMMA: You wear those shoes the best you can. I wouldn't. But you go ahead.

EMILY: I hate your top.

EMMA: Hey!

EMILY: It makes you look lumpy.

EMMA: *(gasping)* Emily!

EMILY: My shoes are awesome. They make me look awesome, they make my outfit and you're just jealous.

EMMA: I wouldn't wear those shoes if you paid me. *(she turns and walks away)*

EMILY: *(calling after)* I'm not. *(she turns and walks away)*

EMMA: *(calling back)* Good!

Two GIRLS enter, one stage right and one left to come face to face with either EMILY or EMMA.

EMMA & EMILY: *(to their new GIRL)* Hey! How do I look?

They all exit. LUCAS and BEN enter.

LUCAS: *(as they're walking)* He ate thirty-seven hotdogs and spewed all over the backseat.

BEN: That's disgusting! Did you get pics?

LUCAS: You know it. *(brings out his phone)* Check it out. His face turned this awesome shade of green and that's when I – *(voice goes up an octave)* Squeak!

BEN: When you what?

LUCAS: That's when I – *(voice goes up an octave)* Squeak! *(he grabs his throat)*

BEN: What's the matter with you?

LUCAS: I don't – *(voice goes up an octave)* squeak!

BEN: What are you doing?

LUCAS: I'm not doing – *(voice goes up an octave)* squeak! I don't – *(down an octave)* Squeak!

During the above DR. LOU has entered and snuck up on the pair.

DR. LOU: *(right behind LUCAS and BEN)* Don't worry.

LUCAS & BEN: *(jumping)* Ah!

DR. LOU: It's perfectly normal.

BEN: Dude.

LUCAS: Don't do – *(up the octave)* squeak!

DR. LOU: It's perfectly normal.

BEN: Who are you? And what's perfectly normal?

LUCAS: *(down the octave)* Squeak!

DR. LOU: That.

BEN: Who are you?

DR. LOU: *(posing)* You can call me Dr. Papadakis.

BEN: No.

DR. LOU: *(changing the pose)* You can call me Dr. Change.

BEN: No.

DR. LOU: Call me Lou.

BEN: Lou?

LUCAS: *(up the octave)* Squeak!

DR. LOU: It's perfectly normal.

BEN: He doesn't sound normal.

DR. LOU: He's going through THE CHANGE.

LUCAS: *(up the octave)* Squeak!

BEN: The what?

DR. LOU: THE CHANGE.

BEN: Are you speaking in capital letters?

DR. LOU: (*posing*) Why, yes. Yes I am.

LUCAS: Am I going to turn into a werewolf?

DR. LOU: Ha, ha, ha. Ha, ha, ha. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha –

BEN: (*interrupting*) We're not laughing, Lou.

DR. LOU: It's perfectly normal.

BEN: You keep saying that. What's "the change?"

DR. LOU: It happens to everyone your age.

LUCAS: (*up the octave*) We're all going to turn into (*down the octave*) werewolves?

DR. LOU: Ha, ha, ha. No. You're turning into teenagers.

BEN: I'm getting out of here.

LUCAS: (*up the octave*) Ben! (*down the octave*) Ben!

BEN: (*running off*) I'm not gonna get hit by capital letters!

LUCAS: (*running off*) Squeak!

DR. LOU: (*calling after them*) You can run but you can't hide. (*shakes head*) Werewolves. (*werewolf call*) Ahoooo!

DR. LOU exits as HOODIE enters. She still wears the hood up. She crosses to centre, turns to the audience. She stares at the audience for a second before speaking.

HOODIE: I'm a bad person. Mrs. Sider says so. She did too. If I don't take off this hood, I'm a bad person. Horrible...awful...mean...I am too. You think so, you want the same thing Mrs. Sider does. You want the hood off. But I'm not going to. You and Mrs. Sider are out of luck.

There is a noise offstage. HOODIE turns to look and runs off in the other direction as the CLUMP enters. The CLUMP enters, moving in the same pattern as the top of the play. Heads down, shuffling.

CLUMP: (*think train engine*) TOO, too, too, too. TOO, too, too, too. TOO, too, too, too. TOO, too, too, too. (*This rhythm is repeated until they get centre stage where they stop in unison. Once they stop, they take a breath and move on to the next line.*) TOO pretty. TOO

ugly. TOO short. TOO tall. TOO fat. TOO skinny. TOO big.
 TOO small. (*a bit faster*) Too pretty, too tall, too fat, too small.
 Too short, too long, too weak, too strong. Too much is too much
 is too much is too much is too much is too much is too much is
 too much.

The CLUMP keeps repeating until AIDEN enters.

AIDEN: Hey!

The CLUMP is cut off. They put their heads down.

AIDEN: There's nothing wrong with being "too."

CLUMP: Too much is too much is too much is too much.

AIDEN: I like being too. I'd rather stand out than be a, be a, (*gestures at them*) be a clump.

CLUMP: Mirror, mirror on the wall.

AIDEN: (*turns and addresses the audience*) We don't have any mirrors in the house. I guess there's one in the bathroom. Yeah, my dad uses it to floss. I never look at myself. I guess I look at my hands, my shoes, but I just do my thing. And I don't really care. And no one around me cares. So if I don't care, and my friends don't care, and my family doesn't care – why do you?

A school bell rings and everyone scatters. TRILBY enters to sit on a cube, reading. CHARLOTTE enters. She sees TRILBY and stops. She turns as if to run away and stops herself. She turns slowly back and moves toward TRILBY. She does not sit.

CHARLOTTE: Hey...Trilby...

TRILBY: (*leaping up*) Hey, I was looking for you.

CHARLOTTE: We have to talk.

TRILBY: I know. What movie do you want to see on Friday? Mom's working through some French slash Mexican fusion cookbook but that can't be worse than the Chinese slash Irish one. At worst it'll be beef bourguignon tacos. Ah la vache! Olé!

CHARLOTTE: I can't come over on Friday.

TRILBY: Oh. How come?

CHARLOTTE: I just. Can't.

TRILBY: Did you get grounded for leaving a spec of dust on your desk again? Was there a laundry folding disaster? Did you leave the house with mismatched socks?

CHARLOTTE: No. I can't do Friday. Any Friday. Anymore. (*turning away*) Would you stop looking at me? I hate the way you look at me sometimes.

TRILBY: Where would you like me to look?

CHARLOTTE: And that tone. I hate that tone. This is all your fault. You brought this on yourself. (*TRILBY moves away from CHARLOTTE and sits*) What are you doing?

TRILBY: I think you're about to say something that's going to make me lose my balance. I thought I'd jump ahead.

CHARLOTTE: See? Stuff like that. That's exactly what they're talking about.

TRILBY: Who?

CHARLOTTE: Stacie and Paige.

TRILBY: Stacie and Paige.

CHARLOTTE: And I totally see what they're talking about.

TRILBY: Stacie and Paige.

CHARLOTTE: You're, you're different Tril.

TRILBY: So say Stacie and Paige.

CHARLOTTE: Would you stop that? (*blurting out*) You're not going to be popular in high school.

TRILBY: (*not offended*) No. Probably not. I can probably guarantee it. Let me think... yep, I can absolutely guarantee it. 100 percent.

CHARLOTTE: See? You know.

TRILBY: Charlie, I don't really care if I am or not. I am who I am.

CHARLOTTE: Well I care.

TRILBY: You care if I'm popular?

CHARLOTTE: Yes. No. Not you. Me. I care about me. I want to be popular.

TRILBY: (*staring at CHARLOTTE*) You do?

CHARLOTTE: (*looking away*) Stop looking at me.

TRILBY: You want to be popular.

CHARLOTTE: What's wrong with that? It's normal to want people to like you.

TRILBY: And being friends with someone who doesn't want to be popular is... bad?

CHARLOTTE: You know it is.

TRILBY: I do? Let me think. If someone who wants to be popular hangs out with someone who's not, well I guess the whole world is going to crumble into a million pieces.

CHARLOTTE: Stop it.

TRILBY: And you want to be popular and I'm not, why, I must be the problem. I must be holding you back like a sopping wet koala clinging to your neck holding 50 pound dumbbells. Something like that?

CHARLOTTE: That's exactly what they're talking about.

TRILBY: Stacie and Paige.

CHARLOTTE: We have a plan.

TRILBY: You and me? Sorry, you and Stacie and Paige.

CHARLOTTE: We have a plan.

TRILBY: And how long have you been working on said plan? You and I have class together, we've been watching movies on Fridays, walking to and from school for years now –

CHARLOTTE: In gym.

TRILBY: Ah. We don't take gym together, do we? So you came up with this popularity plan. For high school. In gym. With Stacie and Paige.

CHARLOTTE: You can't be mad at me.

TRILBY: I can't? I can't. Why can't I?

CHARLOTTE: You said it yourself. You're not going to be popular. You guarantee it.

TRILBY: I did say that.

CHARLOTTE: You're different on purpose. You have a weird name.

TRILBY: So say Stacie and Paige.

CHARLOTTE: (*continuing*) You dress weird, you talk weird –

TRILBY: It's who I am.

CHARLOTTE: That's not my fault.

TRILBY: That's right, it's all my fault. And I brought it on myself. Let's not forget that.

CHARLOTTE: So. So. (*she stands*) See you.

TRILBY: Apparently not. (*CHARLOTTE starts to move away and TRILBY calls after her*) Charlotte! (*CHARLOTTE does not turn*) What if I changed? If I threw myself to my knees and said please be my friend. I'll change, I'll change everything about myself. I'll change my clothes. I'll change my hair, the way I talk, my weirdo name. Just stay my friend. Would that be enough? For you? For Stacie and Paige? (*CHARLOTTE doesn't move*) No. No I don't think so. That means it's not me, Charlie, it's you. I don't need to change for anyone. You need to change to be liked. (*she stands*) Well I have to go divide some fractions or some other weird thing. You should go. Sounds like you have a lot of planning to do.

TRILBY exits past CHARLOTTE, who follows slowly behind. MOTHER and FATHER enter from the opposite side of the stage. MOTHER peers offstage and FATHER immediately begins pacing.

MOTHER: (*looking offstage*) Is he here? Is that him? (*whispering and jumping up and down*) He's here, he's here!

FATHER: (*hissing*) Quiet!

They freeze and listen offstage intently.

FATHER: It's not him.

They resume pacing.

MOTHER: How are we going to do this?

FATHER: We'll do it.

MOTHER: How are we going to approach this?

FATHER: We'll figure it out.

MOTHER: (*stops pacing*) What if he becomes hostile?

FATHER: (*stops pacing*) Do you think he will?

NICHOLAS enters without a care in the world.

NICHOLAS: I'm home!

FATHER & MOTHER: (*jumping in fear*) Ah!

NICHOLAS: Everything... ok?

FATHER: (*standing up straight*) Nicholas, we must speak with you.

MOTHER: (*standing up straight*) We must speak with you, Nicholas.

NICHOLAS: Ok...

FATHER: (*points to a cube*) Sit down, please.

MOTHER: Please, sit down. (*points to a cube*)

NICHOLAS: Sure.

NICHOLAS walks over to the cube, and sits somewhat weirded out by his parents. MOTHER and FATHER close in on either side of NICHOLAS, staring at him the whole way.

NICHOLAS: So. (*MOTHER and FATHER continue to stare*) School was pretty good. I aced my history test. Basketball's good. We're learning how to edit video in the journalism club. (*MOTHER and FATHER continue to stare*) Everything...ok?

MOTHER: (*pulling out a hankie and sobbing*) Oh Nicky, how could you!

FATHER: You see what you've done to your mother? Do you see?

NICHOLAS: What?

MOTHER: Oh Nicky!

FATHER: Do you see?

NICHOLAS: No!

MOTHER lets out an extra loud sob.

FATHER: Pull yourself together, Margaret!

MOTHER blows her nose extra loudly into her hankie and calms down.

FATHER: What do you think you're pulling, Nicholas?

MOTHER: You can't pull the wool over our eyes.

NICHOLAS: I'm not pulling anything.

FATHER: Stop with the lies!

MOTHER: Oh Nicky!

NICHOLAS: What??

FATHER: We know. We've got your number. There's no use pretending. There's no use denying. We know.

NICHOLAS: What?

FATHER: You're not supposed to be happy.

MOTHER: We've read the books.

FATHER: Studied the studies.

MOTHER: Followed the forums.

FATHER: This, this, this, (*points at NICHOLAS*) happy easygoing attitude isn't fooling anyone, mister!

MOTHER: YOU are a raging mass of hormones.

FATHER: YOU are supposed to scowl eighteen times a day.

MOTHER: Scream "I hate you" forty-seven times a day.

FATHER: Make your room a disaster zone!

MOTHER: Tease and taunt your brother to tears!

FATHER: YOU are an angry bundle of tendons and nerves!

MOTHER: YOU could crack at any moment!

NICHOLAS: But, I am a happy easygoing person. There's nothing to be angry about.

MOTHER and FATHER groan in disbelief.

NICHOLAS: There's not. Everything's cool. I'm fine.

FATHER: Lies, lies!

MOTHER: Where did we go wrong!

FATHER: I feel like such a failure!

NICHOLAS: I'm happy, isn't that a good thing?

FATHER: Impossible!

MOTHER: Are you on drugs?

NICHOLAS: No!

FATHER: You're on drugs.

MOTHER: That's the only explanation.

NICHOLAS: What are you talking about?

FATHER: Nicolas, tell the truth.

MOTHER: Come clean right this instant.

FATHER: I demand to know what you're up to.

MOTHER: What's making you so easygoing?

FATHER: Tell the truth or you're grounded for the rest of the year!

MOTHER: For life!

FATHER & MOTHER: You're grounded for life!

NICHOLAS: That's not fair. I hate you! I hate you both!

NICHOLAS storms off. MOTHER and FATHER smile and sigh at each other.

MOTHER: Oh thank goodness.

FATHER: Now that's normal.

They exit.

Music plays. ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR form a line across the stage. Make sure there is a space between each person. When they are set up, a BOY enters. He walks past ONE, who drops to the ground in a dead faint. The BOY doesn't notice. He passes TWO, who drops to the ground in a dead faint. The BOY doesn't notice. He passes THREE, who drops to the ground in a dead faint. The BOY doesn't notice. He walks up to FOUR, who throws her hands out to stop the BOY from approaching.

BOY: What?

FOUR gestures to the others on stage. The BOY looks.

BOY: Too much cologne?

FOUR nods then drops to the ground in a dead faint. The BOY shrugs and exits.

Music plays. Those on the ground get up and exit stage left. As they exit, HOODIE enters. She still wears the hood up. She crosses to centre, turns to the audience. She stares at the audience for a second before speaking. Music fades.

HOODIE: Horses wear blinders. That's acceptable, right? Blinders have a purpose. They allow the horse to focus. Shut out distraction. That's what I want. No distractions. That's why my hood is up. If you think of me as a horse you'd come to the same conclusion. No, no. You're not listening. Do you spend any time in the hall? Do you know what goes on out there? I walk. They look. At me. They talk. About me. Yes, they do. I'm not deaf. And for what? Because I'm new? Because I'm not like them? My hoodie shields me. From the world. From them. It's my protection. Don't you want me to be protected? You say you do but you don't. If you did you'd let me keep my hood up.

From offstage there is a noise. HOODIE turns to look and runs off in the other direction as the CLUMP enters. The CLUMP enters as they have before: shoulder to shoulder, head down, shuffling.

CLUMP: *(as they move)* See you, see you, see you, see you, *(They continue till they reach centre stage where they stop in unison. They take a breath and continue on to the next lines)* I see you. I see me. I see you. You see me. I see me like so, so. You see me like so, so? I see you like so, so. So I see, so you see, so we see, so we see. I see you.

GIRL ONE & TWO step out of the CLUMP to the left. GIRL THREE steps out to the right.

GIRL ONE: She is such a snob.

GIRL TWO: She thinks she's so much better than us.

CLUMP: I see me.

GIRL THREE: I wish I could talk to those girls. I hate being shy.

CLUMP: You see me.

GIRL THREE: They're having so much fun.

CLUMP: I see you.

GIRL ONE: Look how thin she is.

CLUMP: I see me.

GIRL ONE, TWO, THREE: I feel so huge. I'm a failure.

GIRL ONE and TWO join back into the clump.

CLUMP: I see you like so, so. You see me like so, so? I see me like so, so. I see you. You see me. Seeing doesn't come for free. Come for free. Come for free.

GIRL THREE speaks to the audience.

GIRL THREE: I don't get it.

CLUMP: Mirror, mirror on the wall.

GIRL THREE: When I'm at home, I don't feel wrong. I don't feel the way I look is wrong. I look in the mirror and I see... me. At school no one sees what I see. I look wrong and everybody makes sure they tell me I look wrong. I look in the mirror in the bathroom at school. What's in there? What do they see that I can't? I know I'm different but I can't see what's wrong. How do I figure that out?

GIRL THREE rejoins the CLUMP and the CLUMP exits stage left. JIMMY and RYAN enter from stage right.

JIMMY has a funny body shape. He is in fact shaped like a square. (Think foam board underneath his sweater to create the shape – should look as much like a real square as possible.)

RYAN: (staring at JIMMY) Wow.

JIMMY: I know.

RYAN: (poking at JIMMY) Wow.

JIMMY: (sighs) I know.

ADDISON runs on stage, pulling LAYLA.

ADDISON: See?

LAYLA: Wow. I didn't believe it. (she pokes JIMMY)

JIMMY: Do you mind?

LAYLA: Sorry.

RYAN, ADDISON and LAYLA circle around JIMMY.
They can't keep their eyes off him.

RYAN: Did you just wake up this way?

JIMMY: Yesterday, normal. Today, square.

LAYLA: Wow.

During the above DR. LOU has entered and snuck up on the group.

DR. LOU: Body shape changes.

OTHERS: *(they all jump)* Ah!

DR. LOU: Perfectly normal.

ADDISON: Don't sneak up on people!

LAYLA: Who are you?

DR. LOU: *(holding a pose)* You can call me Dr. Change.

RYAN: That's Lou.

ADDISON: Is he really a doctor?

RYAN: So he says.

DR. LOU: Your friend here is going through the natural changes of life.
Perfectly normal.

JIMMY: Normal? Normal? This is normal?

ADDISON: He's a square.

DR. LOU: It happens to everyone your age.

JIMMY: I'm a square! It's not normal to turn into a square. I could have handled a rectangle, or even an inverted triangle. But who wants to be friends with a square?

DR. LOU: Yeah. Sorry. Bummer.

LAYLA: I don't feel so good. *(she runs offstage)*

DR. LOU: It's going to happen to all of you.

ADDISON: I don't want to turn into a square. Sorry Jimmy.

JIMMY: I don't want to be a square either.

DR. LOU: Could be a square, an oval, a trapezoid...

ADDISON: I'm getting out of here. Sorry Jimmy! (*runs off*)

DR. LOU: You can run but you can't hide.

RYAN: What kind of doctor are you? (*runs off*)

DR. LOU: (*shaking his head*) They never listen.

LAYLA: (*offstage*) Ah! I'm an octagon! Nooooooooooooo!

DR. LOU: They never listen. (*exits*)

JIMMY: Hey! What about me? Hello? (*he runs off*)

MOM enters from the opposite side to sit on a cube. She is reading a magazine. JEREMY calls from offstage.

JEREMY: Mom?

MOM: Um-hmm...

JEREMY: Mom? Mom!

MOM: I'm in here.

JEREMY: (*entering*) I found shoes. (*he hands her a flyer, or he brings in a laptop to show a website*)

MOM: Oh? (*looking*) Wonderful.

JEREMY: Ok, you'll get them for me? (*turning to go*)

MOM: Which ones...

JEREMY: The black.

MOM: The black?

JEREMY: Ok? We'll go get them? After school?

MOM: (*seeing the price*) Jeremy!

JEREMY: (*running off*) See you!

MOM: Get back here.

JEREMY: (*entering slowly*) What?

MOM: The black shoes.

JEREMY: Uh huh.

MOM: The black shoes. These black shoes?

JEREMY: Uh huh. They're great, aren't they?

MOM: They're –

JEREMY: Awesome!

MOM: They're –

JEREMY: Cool.

MOM: They're –

JEREMY: What?

MOM: A thousand dollars.

JEREMY: Yeah...

MOM: Yeah? "Yeah," he says. That's all he has to say. Yeah. That's the response. Yeah.

JEREMY: Is there a problem?

MOM: "Is there a problem?" he says. That's the question he asks. Is there a problem?

JEREMY: I guess there's a problem.

MOM: You bet there's a problem.

JEREMY: I don't see what the big deal is.

MOM: A thousand dollars, Jeremy! One, zero, zero, zero. Many more dollars than ten or twenty or even a hundred. That is a big bucko deal.

JEREMY: They're the best shoes.

MOM: Do they do your homework?

JEREMY: I need these shoes. Everyone's getting these shoes.

MOM: These shoes?

JEREMY: Yeah.

MOM: How? Is there some money tree at school I haven't heard about? Was there a rainstorm of money that magically appeared over the parking lot raining down thousand dollar bills so everyone could get these shoes, these plain black sneakers?

JEREMY: There's a swoop.

MOM: Pardon me. How could I miss that thousand dollar swoop.

JEREMY: So what are you saying? I can't get the shoes?

MOM: No shoes.

JEREMY: No shoes?

MOM: Not in this lifetime or the next.

JEREMY: This blows!

MOM: I agree. It blows big time.

JEREMY: You're ruining my life!

MOM: I take full responsibility. You're still not getting the shoes.

JEREMY: Thanks for nothing, Mom. (*runs out*)

MOM: (*calling off*) If you find ones that clean your room, I'll reconsider.

MOM stands and exits. JONAS enters and faces the audience.

JONAS: *This is not a natural disaster. My cousin lost his house in a tornado. One second – house. Next second – toothpicks. This is not that. It's worse. (pointing offstage) I have to go in there. And shower. I can't do that. My gym teacher, Mr. Jerkowski? He laid down the law. That is his real name. Some guys, they emphasize the JERK in Jerkowski. I don't. Never. "Owski" all the way. I'm not stupid. So he laid down the law. I think he made up the law, just so he could yell, "Hit the showers!" That's what he says. "Hit the showers, men!" He calls us men. "All right men, hit the showers." I don't want to hit the showers. I don't want to punch the showers. Swing at the showers. I can't even look at the showers. I can't go in there. (as if to teacher) Mr. Jerk-OWSKI I can't go in there. (as Jerkowski, army growl) "Why not?" I can't explain. That's the problem. I can't say, I don't want the other guys, the men, to see me. I'm not stupid. I know I don't look...I don't look normal. Like them. How do I say that to Mr. Jerkowski? It'll go bad. He'll completely brush it off. (as Jerkowski) "It'll be fine, Mugler. No one's looking at you." Lie. Total lie. Or worse? (as Jerkowski) "Suck it up, Mugler! Are you a man or a mouse?" That's something else he says. If you shed one tear after getting smashed in the face during dodgeball, if your eye even gets the teeniest bit wet – (as Jerkowski) "Man or a mouse? Man or a mouse?" Why am I not a man if I think getting hit full speed in the face with a rubber ball is painful? Why is there nothing in-between man and mouse? Or the worst – (as Jerkowski) "Attention men! We*

need to have a little talk about acceptability. We aren't going to have any issues here with acceptability are we? Mugler here isn't normal. We know that. Mugler don't give me that look. You know you're not normal. But that's no reason he can't shower with the rest of you." Hole. Floor. Me. I can't say anything. I can't shower. I would rather pull this fire alarm and get suspended. So that's what I'm going to do. And if I have to pull this fire alarm every time I have gym, I guess I will. One. Two. Three!

JONAS makes a pull gesture, and an alarm sounds. He runs off. The alarm fades out and music fades up.

ONE, TWO, THREE, and FOUR enter to from a line across the stage. Make sure there is a large space between each person. When they are set up, the same BOY as before enters. He walks past ONE, who drops to the ground in a dead faint. The BOY doesn't notice. He passes TWO, who drops to the ground in a dead faint. The BOY doesn't notice. He passes THREE, who drops to the ground in a dead faint. The BOY doesn't notice. He walks up to FOUR. FOUR throws their hands out to stop the BOY from approaching.

BOY: What?

FOUR gestures to the others on stage. The BOY looks.

BOY: Not enough cologne?

FOUR nods, and then can't take it anymore. FOUR drops to the ground in a dead faint. The BOY shrugs and exits.

Those on the ground get up and exit. HOODIE enters. She looks out at the audience.

HOODIE: I don't know what to else to say. I want you to believe me. I want you to let me break the rules. But you don't. And you won't. So. What do we do now?

HOODIE looks off as she hears the CLUMP moving. She exits. The CLUMP enters moving across the stage, maintaining their 'clump' state: heads down, shuffling. RACHEL enters and calls out to the CLUMP.

RACHEL: Hey. Hey!

The CLUMP freezes and TINA steps out. The rest of the CLUMP pays no mind, they remain frozen.

TINA: Come on!

RACHEL: Where are you going?

TINA: The body factory. They're having a sale.

RACHEL: On what?

TINA: Noses! I'm totally getting a new nose.

RACHEL: What's wrong with your nose?

TINA: It's completely out of proportion to my face.

RACHEL: Who says?

TINA: Everybody!

RACHEL: Everybody who?

TINA: My sister, the magazines, TV, the modelling agency...

RACHEL: You went there?

TINA: If I get a new nose, they're totally going to take me on.

RACHEL: Really?

TINA: I'm sure of it. Why else would they turn me down? Come on,
you can get one too!

RACHEL: No thanks.

TINA: Everyone's getting them.

RACHEL: I don't need a new nose.

TINA: It'll change your life.

RACHEL: I like my life.

TINA: Your life becomes better when you have the right equipment.
That is a fact.

RACHEL: Who says?

TINA: My sister. The magazines. TV. Everybody! Carmen got a new
nose.

RACHEL: Yeah but she's still a horrible person.

TINA: With a new nose. And a new chin.

RACHEL: So?

TINA: And new elbows.

RACHEL: What was wrong with her elbows?

TINA: She had fat elbows. Now they're perfect!

RACHEL: She's an idiot!

TINA: But she looks good.

RACHEL: She's a horrible person and an idiot. Come to the movies with me. You don't need a new nose.

TINA: I so do. If I get a new nose and I'll be perfect.

RACHEL: But what if you're not?

TINA: Huh?

RACHEL: What if a new nose doesn't make you perfect?

TINA: Are you coming or not?

RACHEL: Uh uh.

TINA: Your loss.

TINA steps back into the CLUMP. RACHEL exits. AMBER and ASHLEY enter. They are cheerleaders. BAILEY and JAZZ enter from the opposite side. They watch the proceedings with great disdain.

AMBER: Stand back!

ASHLEY: Cheerleader coming through.

The girls pose. This causes the CLUMP to scatter with an "Ah!" They exit.

ONE enters with a sign that reads "The Cheerleader's New Hoodie." She shows it to the audience and exits.

BAILEY and JAZZ roll their eyes at each other as BRIANA, captain of the cheerleading squad, enters waving grandly like royalty.

ASHLEY: Briana, she's so perfect. Briana, she's so pretty.

AMBER: She's the treasure of our city.

JAZZ: (*aside to BAILEY*) Briana, she's a pill. Briana, she's a pain.

JAZZ & BAILEY: Blech.

AMBER & ASHLEY: Hey!

BRIANA: Did you say something?

JAZZ: Er, who? Us? No way.

BAILEY: (*with a weak fist pump*) Go Briana...

AMBER: You better watch it.

ASHLEY: You are in the presence of greatness. Briana is a great cheerleader.

BRIANA: Great? Did you say great?

AMBER & ASHLEY: Sorry Briana.

BRIANA: I am better than great. Great is nothing. I am THE cheerleader. I am THE BEST. Go get me a sno-cone.

AMBER & ASHLEY: Yes Briana!

They scramble offstage.

BRIANA: (*calling after*) Pomegranate!

BRIANA pulls a mirror out of her purse and starts preening.

BAILEY: That girl is a pig.

JAZZ: Better than us? Better than us?

BAILEY: Who does she think she is?

JAZZ: Mirror, mirror, on the wall.

BAILEY: I don't like that girl at all.

They start to laugh, which causes BRIANA to look up and over at them.

BRIANA: Shut up! You're annoying me.

BAILEY: Sorry Briana.

JAZZ: We love you...

BAILEY and JAZZ move to the downstage corner.

BAILEY: We're the pigs.

JAZZ: I know. Why didn't you stand up to her?

BAILEY: Why didn't you?

JAZZ: Who's that?

JAZZ points to the other side of the stage where two strangers have entered: BAMBOOZLE and FLIMFLAM. FLIMFLAM holds a coat hanger. They approach BRIANA. BAILEY and JAZZ watch.

BAMBOOZLE: Psst.

FLIMFLAM: Psst.

BRIANA looks up and around. She doesn't see anything that interests her, and goes back to her mirror.

BAMBOOZLE: Psst.

FLIMFLAM: Psst.

BRIANA looks up again. Now she's annoyed.

BRIANA: Are you actually trying to talk to me?

BAMBOOZLE: Why wouldn't we?

FLIMFLAM: Are you not the most important girl in the whole school?

BAMBOOZLE: The most popular? The most powerful?

BRIANA: I am, aren't I. *(putting her mirror away)* All right, you can talk to me. For five minutes.

FLIMFLAM: That's all we need.

BAMBOOZLE: We have something we MUST share with you.

FLIMFLAM: With you and you alone.

BRIANA: If you're trying to sell me junk, I'm not buying.

BAMBOOZLE & FLIMFLAM: Junk? Oh no!

FLIMFLAM: This "something" is a gift.

BAMBOOZLE: A gift of power. A gift of beauty. The most amazing gift you'll ever receive.

BRIANA: Oh yeah? Ok, where is it?

FLIMFLAM: *(holding the coat hanger up)* Here.



help@theatrefolk.com www.theatrefolk.com

Want to Read More?

Order a full script through the link above. You can get a **PDF file** (it's printable, licensed for one printout, and delivered instantly) or a **traditionally bound and printed book** (sent by mail).