



Sample Scenes

- **The New Student**
- **The Anti-Technology Plot**
- **The Suspension**
- **The Student Strike**
- **Rory's Solution**
- **The Games Are Over**



SCENE: THE NEW STUDENT

MISS SUTHERLAND

(to TOD) Young man, who are you?

TOD

The name's Tod Dellnar.

(to MISS SUTHERLAND) I'm new.

(to GIRLS) I'm here. And I'm yours.

(GIRLS swoon. KYLE snores.)

SUZY

IMO, he is totally hot.

STACEY

Dreamy.

SOPHIE

Gorgeous.

STEWART

Familiar.

(GIRLS, except RORY and STEWART, swoon over TOD, who smiles back.)

MRS. SUTHERLAND

Young man, find yourself a seat.

(MISS SUTHERLAND points to two empty chairs, one beside RORY and one beside STEWART.)

TOD

(to ADELL) How long has she been teaching here?

MISS SUTHERLAND

Long enough to know what young men like you grow up to become.

(GIRLS giggle. TOD walks over to the seat next to STEWART, looks at her, and then walks over to the seat next to RORY, where he sits. GIRLS react, and STEWART looks upset.)

TOD

(to RORY) Hey, haven't I seen you somewhere before?

STEWART

Clever opening.

TOD

(to STEWART) Who are you?

STEWART

Stewart Ward.

TOD

(Incredulous) A boy's name?

(TOD looks STEWART over.)

(to STEWART) It suits you.

(to RORY) You're the kicker who won the football game last night.

RORY

It takes a whole team to win a game.

TOD

No. It takes a player. Like you. Like me.

ADELL

I'm Adell. And B-T-W, Rory is like so being modest. I guess that happens around total hotties, you know? O-M-G, did I just say that out loud? **(little laugh)** L-O-L. Sorry.

TOD

I like modesty... In a girl.

(RORY is flustered.)

ADELL

(to RORY) You're blushing. That's, like, so cute.

SUZY / STACEY / SOPHIE (simultaneously)

(sarcastic) Adorable.

SUZY

Just like when she sees Maxwell.

(RORY overhears.)

TOD

(to RORY) Hey, I know this may sound a little sudden, but... do you have a me-myself-and-I-space account?

RORY

No.

(SUZY, STACEY, and SOPHIE react with disdain.)

TOD

How do you keep up with your friends?

SUZY

She doesn't.

TOD

Well, you should get one. 'Cuz I was thinking,... we could talk outside of class, and maybe... I could be on your top five hot list. You'll be on mine. **(TOD winks.)**

ADELL

(to RORY) He is like *totally* hitting on you.

RORY

(to ADELL) Thanks. I realize that.

(to TOD) I'll think about it.

TOD

(to RORY) Think "yes."

MAXWELL

(to **KYLE**) What a jerk.

SUZY

He's after Rory?

STACEY

How could he like *her*.

SOPHIE

He's obviously not good enough for us.

(**MAXWELL overhears. KYLE snores.**)

MISS SUTHERLAND

Kyle Thompson! Are you sleeping in my class?

(**MAXWELL kicks KYLE under the desk, and KYLE tries to look alert.**)

(to **STUDENTS**) Class, today we are taking the National History Test.

(**TOD raises his hand.**)

MISS SUTHERLAND

Yes?

TOD

What about me? Do I have to take it?

MISS SUTHERLAND

Mister Dellnar, did your previous school prepare you for this?

TOD

Test me.

MISS SUTHERLAND

What was the most important technological advance in the history of civilization? A. The wheel. B. Bronze. C. The printing press. D. The steam engine. Or...

TOD

E... me.

(**GIRLS giggle.**)

MISS SUTHERLAND

Maybe you're not ready for the test quite yet.



SCENE: THE ANTI-TECHNOLOGY PLOT

MRS. DARNELL

We have a new problem.

MR. LANGSTON

What's that?

MRS. DARNELL

Some idiot alumnus gave Wiley High a lot of money for new technology.

(MR. LANGSTON shudders violently.)

Oh, right. You have a fit whenever someone says technol... the T-word.

MR. LANGSTON

(regaining composure) I care about abacuses. I care about pencils. I care about slide rules, 45s, rotary phones, eight-tracks, betamaxs, and...

MR. LANGSTON / MRS. DARNELL (simultaneously)

Carbon paper!

MR. LANGSTON

Abacuses helped build our great nation.

MRS. DARNELL

And your company,...

MR. LANGSTON

Abacus Pencil,...

MRS. DARNELL

Is the only one in America with the vision to see that abacuses...

MR. LANGSTON

And carbon paper,...

MRS. DARNELL

Will come back strong, when the digital age has its richly deserved...

MR. LANGSTON

And long overdue,...

MRS. DARNELL / MR. LANGSTON (simultaneously)

Meltdown!

MRS. DARNELL

Lance, the world needs more people like us with the courage, wisdom,

MR. LANGSTON

And family values,...

MRS. DARNELL

To assess the path of progress and politely, but firmly... say

MRS. DARNELL / MR. LANGSTON (*simultaneously*)

No.

MR. LANGSTON

Morgan, your company,...

MRS. DARNELL

Suburban Sprawl Realtors...

MR. LANGSTON

Has a brilliant plan.

MRS. DARNELL

I am buying a huge tract of land near Wiley High. For a very low price.

MR. LANGSTON

Reflecting the very low value of houses near a...

MRS. DARNELL / MR. LANGSTON (*simultaneously*)

Loser school!

MRS. DARNELL

I have a binding contract to buy that land at whatever the market price will be on graduation day.

MR. LANGSTON

So if, between now and then, Wiley suddenly becomes an ultra-modern high-tech high school, people will want to live near it, the price of land will rise, and you'll be...

MRS. DARNELL

(interrupting) Let's not dwell on the downside, dearie. But...

MR. LANGSTON

If, on graduation day, Wiley remains a loser school,...

MRS. DARNELL

(interrupting) The object of contempt, scorn, and ridicule.

MR. LANGSTON

After you buy the land...

MRS. DARNELL

Wiley will become a beacon of back-to-basics learning...

MR. LANGSTON

Thanks to Abacus Pencils...

MRS. DARNELL

Then you... and I... will be...

MRS. DARNELL / MR. LANGSTON

Rich!

MRS. DARNELL

(sigh) I love the smell of bulldozers in the morning.



SCENE: THE SUSPENSION

MRS. FOWLER

I am suspending you, as well.

MAXWELL

Don't I have rights?

ADELL

Yeah! Miranda versus, like, the State of A-ri-zo-na. Nineteen sixty-six.

MRS. DARNELL

He's only a student. He has no rights.

MAXWELL

Oh yeah?

(MAXWELL holds a yellow pamphlet.)

This book of Student Rights and Responsibilities says otherwise.

MRS. DARNELL

Lemme see that!

(MRS. DARNELL snatches the pamphlet from MAXWELL, and starts cackling triumphantly.)

MAXWELL

What?

MRS. DARNELL

Ha! There's an asterisk.

(MRS. DARNELL points at a page in the book.)

(reading) Student rights may be waived, in the event of dire emergency.

MR. LANGSTON

This is dire.

ADELL

W-T-F?

MRS. FOWLER

What's *that* mean?

KYLE

Where's the fridge?

(ADELL and KYLE high-five.)

MISS SUTHERLAND

Careful, Jenny. Remember what happened in *your* senior year.

MRS. FOWLER

Don't you "Jenny" me, Miss Dacey Sutherland. Not if you teachers ever want another pay raise.

(MISS SUTHERLAND exits.)

ADELL

There is like, something so rotten in the state of Wi-Hi.
(MISS GRIFFITH nods and exits.)

MAXWELL

Come on, Rory. Let's get outta here.
(MAXWELL and RORY start exiting together. RORY turns just before they leave.)

RORY

What's wrong with them?
(MISS GRIFFITH stops working and looks at them. DR. BEVIN is about to speak, when MRS. DARNELL elbows him. MRS. FOWLER glares at MR. LANGSTON. MISS GRIFFITH shakes her head. RORY and MAXWELL exit.)

KYLE

(to MAXWELL) Hey man, lucky you, *no school!*

ADELL

(to KYLE) Kyle, just stand there and look pretty...
(to STUDENTS) The rest of you, like, *do something!* The School Board can't suspend Rory and Maxwell! *(STUDENTS grumble. MRS. FOWLER walks over to ADELL, crosses her arms over her chest. STUDENTS quiet down.)*

MRS. FOWLER

Young lady, what is your name?

ADELL

Edmund Burke. *(affecting a deep male voice)* The only thing necessary for, like, the triumph of evil is for good people to, like, do nothing.

MRS. FOWLER

Enough! (sweetly) Back to class, children. *(angrily)* Now!
(STUDENTS look at DR. BEVIN, who shrugs.)

DR. BEVIN

She writes the checks.
(STUDENTS exit. MR. LANGSTON and MRS. FOWLER exit. STEWART starts to exit, but remains upstage, eavesdropping on TOD and MRS. DARNELL, unseen by them.)

MRS. DARNELL

(to TOD) Time to step things up a notch.

TOD

Nope. I'm pretty happy where I am.

MRS. DARNELL

My money can buy you *even more* happiness. If my land deal goes through, I can get you... Well,... what do you want?

TOD

Rory.

MRS. DARNELL

What?

TOD

Yeah, Rory. *You* got me transferred to Wiley to get even. *I* came to get the girl.

MRS. DARNELL

To get her, you need to drive. To drive, you need a car, car needs gas, gas needs cash, cash needs me.

TOD

True.

MRS. DARNELL

You will continue with my plan until I instruct you to stop. See you at home. I'm going off to celebrate with Lance. Some place wild, like, ... Denny's.

(MRS. DARNELL tries to exit, but collides with STEWART, who is walking up to TOD.)

STEWART

Pardon me, Mrs....

MRS. DARNELL

Darnell. Morgan Darnell.

STEWART

Are you...

(STEWART points at TOD and MRS. DARNELL.)

MRS. DARNELL

On the School Board? Yes.

(MRS. DARNELL exits.)

STEWART

That's your *mother*... Mister Dellnar, or is it Darnell?

TOD

You're cute when you're flustered.

STEWART

You sicken me!

(TOD puts his hands on STEWART's shoulders to steady her.)

But I... I...

(STEWART looks at TOD.)

I'm willing to accept you as you are.

TOD

Lucky you.

(STEWART briefly seems love-struck, but then her anger returns.)

STEWART

Wait a minute.

(STEWART shakes off TOD's hands.)

(very rapidly) *You're* the guy from Wiley Prep who tripped and fell when Rory scored that touchdown. You came to our school to get back at her. I should'a blown your cover the minute you walked in. I saw you switch the pencils, so we flunked the test. I saw you plant a cell phone in her backpack, to make it look like she was cheating. And I know exactly what you did with that bogus web site. I bet it was you

who hacked into Maxwell's email and sent it to the School Board! Why'd you do all that?

TOD

You're just jealous.

STEWART

Jealous?!

TOD

'Cuz I like *Rory* better than *you*.

(TOD exits.)

STEWART

You,... *you*,...

(STEWART exits in the other direction.)



SCENE: THE TEENAGE STRIKE

MRS. SMITH

(agitated, to MRS. FOWLER) This morning, I stayed up until three A.M., trying to find where my so-called "desktop" was. I clicked and clicked until my seven-year-old son, who is thankfully *not* on strike, woke up and told me what it was.

(PARENTS are very noisy.)

MRS. FOWLER

(to MRS. DARNELL and MR. LANGSTON) What do I do now?

MRS. DARNELL

Protect the children.

MRS. FOWLER

(very loudly, to PARENTS) Good folks of Wileytown...

(Music stops. PARENTS quiet down.)

When we were in high school, we learned things the *hard* way. You never sent anyone a letter that you didn't write yourself, with your own bare hands.

MRS. JONES

They don't know how to lick a postage stamp!

MRS. FOWLER

Now our children can't do math without a calculator, or draw without a paint program, or write without a word processor.

MR. JONES

Back in our day, they wouldn't have lasted ten minutes!

MR. SMITH

So what do we do?

MRS. DARNELL

Strike back!

MRS. FOWLER

Do *not* drive them *anywhere!*

(PARENTS mumble their approval.)

Do *not* clean up their *rooms!*

(PARENTS loudly mumble their approval.)

And... teach them something every American teenager must learn. Something vital they need to know before they start making sloppy adolescent mistakes. I'm talking, of course, about...

(PARENTS take a deep breath in anticipation.)

Handwriting!

(PARENTS exhale.)

Read nothing from your children that is not presented in *perfect penmanship!*

(PARENTS shout their agreement. MRS. FOWLER leads PARENTS offstage.)



SCENE: RORY'S SOLUTION

MISS SUTHERLAND

Rory, you've got to fix things before you and your friends end up like...

MISS GRIFFITH

Us.

RORY

Who do you mean?

MISS GRIFFITH

Dr. Bevin. The School Board. The people who ruined your senior year. They're the same ones who ruined mine.

MISS SUTHERLAND

And they're still acting like the teenage show-offs they were when they were my students at Wiley.

MISS GRIFFITH

We've all been mopping the same old floors, for thirty years.

RORY

All because of some stupid game?

MISS SUTHERLAND

It's funny. I remember how, back then, *their* parents thought TV rotted *their* brains.

(MISS GRIFFITH nods.)

Now *they* think digital technology is rotting *yours*.

RORY

But Dr. Bevin...

MISS SUTHERLAND

Arty's just trying to use the grant money, and you, to settle old scores. As for Mrs. Fowler, the School Board Chair who suspended you,... and Morgan and Lance, well, they have their own agendas.

MISS GRIFFITH

The five of us were all in Miss Sutherland's history class.

VICTOR THE VOICE

Attention, please. Miss Sutherland, please report to Dr. Bevin's office.

MISS SUTHERLAND

Some day, I'll show you his grades.

(MISS SUTHERLAND exits.)

RORY

But, but... what can I do about any of this?

MISS GRIFFITH

You know that little drop bar on your computer? Edit. Undo. Fix a problem, and move on. You may not be able to change the past, but you can change the future.

RORY

Why me?

MISS GRIFFITH

You're the only one around here who has a grip on things.

VICTOR THE VOICE

Attention, please. Maintenance personnel, please come to Dr. Bevin's office? He pulled the wrong lever on his chair and fell flat on his face.

MISS GRIFFITH

(Sigh) Well, duty calls.

RORY

But, wait, Miss Griffith, what do I do?... How can I fix my own problems when everyone else is stuck in the past? Hold on... *I know!* If a game tore everybody apart thirty years ago, maybe we could use another game to bring everybody back together now. And, maybe, end the strike. What if we used the same game?

MISS GRIFFITH

Might work.



SCENE: THE GAMES ARE OVER

SHERRY SHANNON

The adults' only chance now is to win D.D.R., and force another game.

DR. BEVIN

I can get jiggy wit' it.

MRS. DARNELL

Yes, Arty, you do just that.

TOD

D.D.R.? Yeah, man. This one's m...

MAXWELL

(interrupting) I'll play.

(D.D.R.: On sidestage, DR. BEVIN and MAXWELL dance in front of the game console, as ALL OTHERS watch. DR. BEVIN dances very poorly, and MAXWELL dances worse. On the mainstage, MISS GRIFFITH and JANITORS move the arrows. TOD elbows MAXWELL aside, takes his place, and dances well, as the arrows fly faster. MISS GRIFFITH puts down her arrows, walks over to sidestage, and pushes DR. BEVIN out, and takes his place. MISS GRIFFITH rips off her janitor's clothes to reveal a sleek gold dancer's leotard, and dances brilliantly. TOD and MISS GRIFFITH move to center stage, as the arrows fly even faster. STUDENTS and ADULTS join the dance, STUDENTS around TOD, ADULTS around MISS GRIFFITH. MISS GRIFFITH does a show-stopping dance. JONAH blows his whistle and signals an adult win. The scoreboard shows ADULTS 3, STUDENTS 3. Music continues.)

TOD

Beaten by a girl. Again.

JONAH

The final game will be... Pong!

(MRS. FOWLER, MRS. DARNELL, DR. BEVIN and MR. LANGSTON cringe simultaneously. Far to sidestage, MISS GRIFFITH smiles broadly.)

MAXWELL

(to RORY) Pong?

RORY

(to MAXWELL) A game of Pong caused all this trouble?

JONAH

New players!

MAXWELL

What?

RORY

(to MAXWELL) Ssh! Let's see what he does.

JONAH

The student player is... Mr. Tod Darnell!

TOD

Piece of cake.

JONAH

The adult player is... Mr. Lance Langston!

(MR. LANGSTON balks.)

Thirty years ago, Lance, you set the rules. This time, I do.

(PONG: MR. LANGSTON and TOD walk to the sidestage game console. JANITORS form walls, and hand one large horizontal paddle to PARENTS and another to STUDENTS. JONAH blows his whistle, starting play. STEWART enters the game, holding a pong ball above her head, and bounces off walls and paddles. MRS. FOWLER enters with a pong ball, then ADELL, then MRS. DARNELL, each of them bouncing off walls, paddles, and each other, in an ever-increasing mayhem. RORY enters with a pong ball, and bounces off the walls and paddles. MISS GRIFFITH enters with a pong ball, and bounces off the walls and paddles. The movement becomes increasingly frenzied, and all the bouncing WOMEN become increasingly aggravated, until STEWART, MRS. FOWLER, ADELL, and MRS. DARNELL crash into RORY and MISS GRIFFITH, in one large heap. RORY throws her pong ball offstage, walks over to the TOD's computer console, and pulls out the power cord. Music stops.)

RORY

Stop! (JONAH blows his whistle.)

People are not pixels!

(to ADULTS) That's true for you.

(to STUDENTS) And it's true for us.

JONAH

The games are over.