

# DANCING WITH MYSELF

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A one-act dramedy by  
Leanne Griffin

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

GOTH GIRL

MOODY CHICK

CHEERLEADER

GAMER

NEW KID

NERD

JOCK

## PRODUCTION NOTES

The stage is set with a large iPod center stage and some chairs that will be rearranged for each scene.

Producers are encouraged to create original music. Obtaining rights to specific songs is the responsibility of each production.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

*Dancing With Myself* was originally produced by Hanley Composite School in Hanley, Saskatchewan, under the title *Just A Teenage Wasteland*. It was directed by Leanne Griffin with the following cast and crew:

GOTH GIRL – Brittney Harrison

MOODY CHICK – Nicola Classen

CHEERLEADER – Taylor Seymour

GAMER – Hannah Fehr

NEW KID – Morgan Lester

NERD – Lauren Griffin

JOCK – Megan Fehr

STAGE MANAGER, Alana Pauli; ASSISTANT STAGE MANAGER AND LIGHTS, Sierra Fogen; MUSIC AND SOUND, Truman Griffin

## AWARDS

Saskatchewan Drama Association Region 6 Festival, 2013

- Best Overall Production
- Best Visual Production
- Best Tech Crew (Alana Pauli, Truman Griffin, Sierra Fogen)
- Best Stage Manager (Alana Pauli)
- Mary Ellen Burgess Award for Best Actor (Hannah Fehr)
- Technical Award of Merit (Sierra Fogen)
- Acting Award of Merit (Brittney Harrison)
- Acting Certificate of Merit (Nicola Classen)

Saskatchewan Drama Association Provincial Festival, 2013

- Technical Certificates of Merit (Alana Pauli, Truman Griffin, Sierra Fogen)
- Acting Certificates of Merit (Morgan Lester, Megan Fehr, Brittney Harrison)
- Runner-Up to Best Technical Production (Alana Pauli, Truman Griffin, Sierra Fogen)

**PROLOGUE**

*(A spotlight rises on the iPod and a contemporary song begins to play. One by one, the seven characters enter and prepare for school. CHEERLEADER applies lip gloss; MOODY CHICK brushes her teeth; NERD eats Nerds candy; GAMER plays a video game with a game controller; NEW KID brushes her hair and puts it in pigtails; GOTH GIRL applies eyeliner; and JOCK puts on deodorant. The music fades.)*

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## SCENE 1: THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

*(Gamer goes to the iPod and selects a new song. The lights rise to full. Gamer presses a button on her game controller and, to her delight, the game controller activates the others as if they are characters in a video game. Nerd ducks and Jock jumps; Moody Chick and Cheerleader kick and box; New Kid spins and shoots; and Goth Girl leaps across the stage like Mario. Gamer makes the characters play with greater intensity, and then holds her game controller in the air in triumph.)*

**GAMER:** Radical! Ha ha! Newbs!

*(She presses another button and the other characters freeze. The music fades.)*

Things would be so much simpler if life were like a video game. The rules in a game make sense. You follow a pattern, you complete a quest, you get a reward. Everybody knows their strengths and weaknesses. Everybody sticks to the script. But in real life, things can get uncomfortably messy. Unpredictable. Unfair. Motives are unclear. Like today. The first day of school. The atmosphere is clouded with an aura of excitement and uncertainty. The signals are hard to read. If only there was a way I could pause each person, like a character in my video game, and read their thought bubbles...

*(She points her game controller at Cheerleader, who becomes animated.)*

Pewww!

**CHEERLEADER:** I like totally should have worn the pink shirt to match my bubble gum lip gloss, not like the baby blue shirt to match my eyes...

**GAMER:** *(Pointing her game controller at Jock:)* Pewww!

**JOCK:** Basketball tryouts had better be soon. Cause I am a machine! She dribbles left. Fakes right. Three-pointer—the crowd goes wild aaaahhhhh!

**GAMER:** *(Pointing her game controller at Moody Chick:)* Pewww!

**MOODY CHICK:** I hate school! But I kinda love it too. Like one moment I'm up and happy and feel like laughing at the stupidest little thing, like when Cheerleader slips on the wet floor, skids across the room, and I laugh so hard that milk comes out my nose! But the next moment I'm so ticked off at my math teacher that I wanna smash his ruler into little itty bitty pieces, just because he made fun of my answer. What's wrong with me?

**GAMER:** *(Pointing her game controller at New Kid, Nerd, and Goth Girl:)* Pewww, pewww, pewww!

**NEW KID:** *(Looks in her lunch box:)* Yes! Skittles! This day is gonna be awesome!

**NERD:** Observe the students returning to school. Fact: The average classroom has one computer for every twelve students. The average parent spends three hundred and fifty dollars per child on back to school supplies. Calculating the ratio of cost and return, and dividing the sum by the happiness factor, the most beneficial expense would be the...hmm...

*(She inputs some numbers in her calculator.)*

**GOTH GIRL:** Sheep. Sheep. All of them...herd animals. The best thing about being a loner is that you get to be...alone.

**GAMER:** But life isn't like a video game. You can't hear people's thoughts, you can't read their minds. Pewww!

*(She lifts her game controller and the others freeze in their video game positions.)*



Unless...maybe I'm wrong! Maybe there is one way a game is like real life...and that's the soundtrack! Music is the language that speaks to everyone, and tells volumes about who you are. If you want to read someone's mind, look at their playlist.

**SCENE 2: THE FOOTBALL GAME**

*(Spotlight on the iPod. Jock selects a new song on the iPod as the characters move chairs into a row for the next scene: football bleachers. All exit except for Jock. The sound of a football air horn and crowd noise.)*

**JOCK:** *(Watching football warm-up:)* It's no fair! How come I can't be out there playing football? So what if I'm a girl? So what if I'm only 83 pounds? I mean, I can bring it!

*(She pretends to huddle, pass the football, make a catch, and make a touchdown. The music fades and the lights rise to full. Nerd enters and sits beside Jock.)*

**NERD:** Salutations, Jock.

**JOCK:** Hey, Nerd! You actually made it!

**NERD:** You really should be studying for calculus.

**JOCK:** Ahhh...calculus shmalculus. This is the big game! Calculate the odds of us winning, it's a hundred and one percent!

**NERD:** Actually, given the results of last year, we have a 38.2 percent chance of success.

*(Cheerleader and Moody Chick enter. Moody Chick carries a blanket.)*

**CHEERLEADER:** Hurry up, Moody Chick! I'm so nervous for the game. I have a new cheer I wanna try out. Wanna see it?

**MOODY CHICK:** Whatever.

**CHEERLEADER:** Why wouldn't you wanna see it? This is like really important to me. Don't you even care?

**MOODY CHICK:** Did I say I didn't care? *(Backtracking:)* No, I do care. I do wanna see it. Show me.

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**CHEERLEADER:** Whatever. (*Spins as she cheers.*) Go Rams! Get your game on! Do your defense! Score on offense! Whoop! (*Pause.*) What do you think?

**MOODY CHICK:** Cool.

**CHEERLEADER:** Try it with me!

**MOODY CHICK:** Nah...everyone is looking.

**CHEERLEADER:** Pleeaaaaaaase?

**MOODY CHICK:** I'll look stupid.

**CHEERLEADER:** Pretty please! Alphonse is here...

**MOODY CHICK:** Where? Okay...

*(Cheerleader leads the cheer again. Moody Chick tries to follow, but trips on the blanket. They both laugh, and then Moody Chick gets angry and tearful. Nerd, watching, writes in her notepad.)*

Crap! I'm no good at this! Cheerleader! Why'd you make me do that?

**CHEERLEADER:** No! That was, like, totally good!

**MOODY CHICK:** Quit mocking me!

**CHEERLEADER:** Kay...whatever.

*(She turns away.)*

**MOODY CHICK:** Just kidding! Gotcha! Can't you take a joke?

**CHEERLEADER:** Hi, Matt!

*(She waves toward the football field.)*

**JOCK:** Hey, Matt! Hey! Hey! Hey, Matt!

*(Gamer enters crosses in front of Jock, blocking her view.)*

Hey. Hey! Hey, Gamer.

*(Gamer sits beside Nerd and Jock.)*

**NERD:** Why are you here?

**GAMER:** Why are you here?

*(Nerd and Gamer give each other the Vulcan high five.)*

**NERD:** My study buddy dragged me here.

**JOCK:** Come on Rams! Get into it! Whoo!

**GAMER:** My mom made me come here for some fresh air. Fresh air is so overrated.

*(Goth Girl enters. Everyone looks at her. Moody Chick eats an apple.)*

**CHEERLEADER:** Oh look...it's Goth Girl. *(Coughing into her elbow:)* Weirdo!

**MOODY CHICK:** *(Coughing into her elbow:)* Freak!

*(Goth Girl ignores them and sits at the end of the bleacher. New Kid enters and sits between Goth Girl and Gamer.)*

**NEW KID:** Hi! Is this seat taken? I'm New Kid. I've never been to a football game before...because I was home schooled. I only saw football on TV. What's the team called?

**GOTH GIRL:** The Sheep.

**NERD:** Actually, they're called the Rams.

**JOCK:** Go Rams! Whoo!

**CHEERLEADER:** Go Rams!

*(Nerd takes notes while New Kid talks.)*

**NEW KID:** This is awesome! There's so many people here! When I was home schooled I didn't really get to see so many people! But my mom says now I'm in a public school I'll make lots of friends. And if I make a lot of friends I can do things

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like the kids do on TV. My mom says that I can even have a slumber party!

**MOODY CHICK:** What's with New Kid? She puts way too much sugar on her Sugar Pops.

**CHEERLEADER:** Yeah, she's so weird.

**NEW KID:** I just love football. Don't you love football?

**GOTH GIRL:** Ah, football's not all that great. It's so organized, so patriotic, so North American. My boyfriend says that football is a fascist sport.

**NEW KID:** You have a boyfriend? Cool!

**GOTH GIRL:** Yeah, I have a boyfriend. Although "boyfriend" is such an archaic term. He's very deep...he doesn't think like everyone else...he really gets me. It's like he can look into my eyes and know everything I'm thinking. *(Pause.)* Actually, I'm not even supposed to be here right now. He'd think I'm trying to become one of the masses, the "plebes." But I always feel like you should know about the stuff you profess to hate.

*(The sound of a crowd cheering. Everyone watches the game.)*

**JOCK:** Come on...come on, Matt! He's open! Pass it! Pass it! Run! Run!! Go! Go! Go! Touchdown!

*(Cheerleader starts the wave. Goth Girl gets caught up in the momentum with the others.)*

**GOTH GIRL:** Woohoo! Yeah! *(Pause.)* Or no, I mean I totally meant that wave as an ironic gesture.

*(Goth Girl exits.)*

**JOCK:** Chest bump!

*(She looks around, but no one joins in.)*

Chest bump!

**NEW KID:** Chest bump!

*(They bump chests.)*

Oh. Cool.

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### SCENE 3: MIDTERMS

*(Spotlight on the iPod. Nerd selects a new song as the characters set up chairs for the next scene; a study hall.)*

**NERD:** Setting: study hall. Fact: Today's students spend more time on homework than any other students ever have in recorded history. But I'm not so sure that the data supports improved grading scores. Note the evidence. *(She gestures to Gamer:)* Gamer sits engrossed in her own little pixilated world, playing video games, not worrying at all about midterms, as expected.

*(The music fades and the lights rise to full. Nerd approaches Jock.)*

Jock. My study buddy.

*(Jock pretends to shoot things with her hair band.)*

Very easily distracted. Never gets any work done. *(Looking at Goth Girl:)* Goth Girl. Always lurking in the shadows, always melding into the darkness of the classroom. She spends more time drawing skulls than doing homework.

*(Nerd walks by Cheerleader and Moody Chick.)*

Cheerleader and Moody Chick. The dumb blonde, putting on lip gloss. And her crony—so grumpy and giddy and hormonal. I have no doubt they'll do very badly on their midterms. *(Gesturing to herself:)* And me, the studious one. Straight A student since preschool. Always exceeding expectations. Talking in full sentences since I was nine months old. Spoke three languages since I was five. And an IQ of 178, on the Brigrance online intelligence quotient test...

*(New Kid enters and starts to hand out invitations.)*

What's this?

*(New Kid hands an invitation to Gamer.)*

New Kid is handing out...something. It looks exciting.

*(New Kid hands invitation to Jock.)*

She's giving one to my study buddy. What could it be?

*(Jock and New Kid chest bump. Nerd reaches out to New Kid as she passes by. New Kid gives invitations to Cheerleader and Moody Chick.)*

And to Cheerleader. And Moody Chick!

*(New Kid approaches Goth Girl and gives her an invitation.)*

She's even giving one to Goth Girl. My, is she ever brave!

*(Everyone exits with their invitations.)*

Where are they going? How come I didn't get one? Is she leaving me out? *(Indicating herself:)* The intellectual stands apart. Outcast. Desolate. Reviled and envied for her superior brain power. Alone.

*(New Kid returns and gives Nerd an invitation.)*

**NEW KID:** Here you go, Nerd!

*(New Kid exits.)*

**NERD:** *(Reading the invitation:)* "You are invited to a slumber party. LOL." L-O-L... LOL... What is LOL? "When? Friday, at eight o'clock p.m. Place? Two-oh-one Carson Street. Bring your PJ's."

*(Nerd clutches the invitation to her chest, feeling happy and relieved.)*

Yes!



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#### SCENE 4: PAJAMA PARTY

*(Spotlight on the iPod. New Kid, dressed in onesie PJs, selects a new song as the others arrange the chairs for the next scene: a slumber party. New Kid checks her list.)*

**NEW KID:** Okay, "Things You Must Have at a Slumber Party": PJs, check. Bedding, check! Gossip. Talking about boys. Pillow fight. Tickle fight! Junk food. *(Yelling:)* Mom! Mom! Is the popcorn ready? Where's the puffed wheat squares? Mom? Hmm...what else? Oh yeah! Chick flick. Truth or Dare. Oh, and music!

*(New Kid dances. The others enter and New Kid dances with all of them. Gamer and Nerd do the shopping cart, the robot dance, and the sprinkler. Jock dances as if she is doing aerobics. Cheerleader and Moody Chick dance, trying to look hot. Goth Girl watches the others. New Kid sings in her face. The music fades and the lights rise to full.)*

This is awesome! Okay, you guys should get into your PJs. The bathroom is the first door on the left. My parents' room is right across the hall. Or you can use the guest room. You can change anywhere!

*(Nerd starts to go but Gamer pulls her back.)*

**GAMER:** It's eight o'clock.

**NEW KID:** Yeah, right. No problem, you can get changed later! Okay...the first thing we're gonna do is...Tickle Fight! *(Reaches over to tickle Goth Girl's waist.)* Tickle tickle!

*(Goth Girl looks horrified. The others look in amazement.)*

Okay. That looked way more fun on *Hannah Montana* [feel free to update as needed]. Uh, what else is on the list? Oh yeah, gossip! Sit down guys!

*(Everyone except for Goth Girl sits in a semicircle.)*

Okay, gossip!

*(Awkward silence.)*

**GAMER:** Uh, my mom got a haircut.

**NEW KID:** This is awesome!

*(Cheerleader elbows Moody Chick. Moody Chick gets the hint and mocks Gamer.)*

**MOODY CHICK:** Thank you, Gamer. Because that's how gossip works.

**NEW KID:** Uh...how about Truth or Dare? I have everyone's name in here. *(Holding up a pencil case:)* You pick a name and whoever you get, you have to ask them if they want a truth or a dare, and then—

**CHEERLEADER:** We know how to play it.

**MOODY CHICK:** Don't ask them. Just tell them. Truth or Dare. It's more fun that way.

**NEW KID:** Okay, good. Goth Girl, you start!

*(She gives the pencil case to Goth Girl, who sits and picks a name.)*

**GOTH GIRL:** Gamer. I dare you to...don't you think this is a rather silly pretence? Tapping into the insecure psyches of the teenager, and forcing one another to expose half-truths or become humiliated by ridiculous requests.

*(Nerd, inspired by Goth Girl's words, writes in her notebook.)*

**GAMER:** Just gimme a dare.

**GOTH GIRL:** Fine. I dare you to...squawk like a chicken.

**GAMER:** Lame. Okay.

*(She squawks.)*

**MOODY CHICK:** My turn!

*(Gets the pencil case from Goth Girl and picks Jock's name.)*

You, Jock. Truth. What do you think of the quarterback?

**JOCK:** Matt really needs to pick it up. Last game he fumbled five passes!

**MOODY CHICK:** Sure. I saw you checking him out.

**NEW KID:** Talking about boys. Check.

**JOCK:** Was not.

**MOODY CHICK:** Definitely was. You like him. You really like him! You like his football pants.

**NEW KID:** Yes! Gossip! Check!

**CHEERLEADER:** *(To Moody Chick:)* Good one!

**NEW KID:** My turn!

*(Grabs the pencil case from Moody Chick and picks Moody Chick's name.)*

Um...Moody Chick. Truth. If you could be totally invisible for two hours, what would you do?

**MOODY CHICK:** That would be amazing! I would sneak around and pants people! And shake the dishes so they'd think I'm a poltergeist! And then I'd creep on Alphonse at his house, and watch him hang out with his buddies. *(Becoming tearful:)* But what if they were talking about me? And it wasn't good stuff. Like he didn't like me and he found me annoying the way I always punch his arm when I go by him in the hallway. And he wouldn't think I'm cute and playful, and he'd tell his friends how obnoxious I am! That would suck! What a stupid idea!

**CHEERLEADER:** It's okay, Moody Chick.

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**MOODY CHICK:** Yeah, right.

*(She eats noisily out of a Pringles can.)*

*(Cheerleader grabs pencil case from New Kid and picks New Kid's name.)*

**CHEERLEADER:** My turn. I dare New Kid to put on, like, really red lipstick.

**NEW KID:** That's nothing. I can do a bigger dare. I'll mow the lawn naked! I'll streak down Carson Street! I'll belly dance by the gym! I'll rub hot dogs all over my hands and pet the pit bull next door!

*(She starts to run out and everyone protests.)*

**CHEERLEADER:** She's too crazy to give a dare to—

**MOODY CHICK:** Sugar Pops!

**NEW KID:** Okay, Jock, your turn.

*(Jock takes the pencil case from Cheerleader and picks Nerd's name)*

**JOCK:** Nerd—dare. I dare you to imitate one of us and have everyone guess who you are.

**NERD:** "How do you like my cherry blaster super sticky lip gloss?"

*(She does a kissing sound. Everyone giggles.)*

**JOCK:** Oh oh! It's Cheerleader! Yes! I win!

**NERD:** "Go Rams! Get your game on. Do good defense! Score on offense! Whoo!"

*(Nerd slaps her own butt and everyone laughs.)*

**CHEERLEADER:** Rude.

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*(Cheerleader notices Moody Chick laughing and elbows her.)*

**MOODY CHICK:** Oh. *(Coughing into her elbow:)* Geek.

**JOCK:** Hey! That's not nice!

**NERD:** I for one am not offended because I embrace my inner intellectual "Geek." And besides, I was only following the rules of the game, and if you are requested to perform a dare then you must do so.

*(Takes the pencil case from Jock and picks Cheerleader's name.)*

Okay, Cheerleader, tell the truth. Have you ever cheated on a...

**CHEERLEADER:** Actually yeah...when I was going out with Jason there was this one night when a bunch of us went to a movie, and Alphonse was sitting right next to me and his knee was like pressing up against my knee, and I went to go get some more popcorn and he came out to get a pop refill and well the next thing you know we were like kissing in the corner of the lobby –

**MOODY CHICK:** You did what?

**CHEERLEADER:** I was gonna tell you. I didn't think it was like that big of a deal.

**MOODY CHICK:** I hate you!

*(She covers her head with a pillow.)*

**CHEERLEADER:** Sorry.

**NERD:** I meant cheating on a test.

**CHEERLEADER:** Oh. That. Yeah, that too.

**GOTH GIRL:** See? This is what I was talking about. The games we play, pretending to be about fun but really being about status and fear and deception.

**GAMER:** Okay then. I have a truth for you. If you hate sleepovers so much, why are you here?

**GOTH GIRL:** Why are any of us here? I don't have to tell you anything. I won't dignify that with an answer.

**GAMER:** *(Standing and pointing her game controller at Goth Girl:)* That's what you think! Pewww!

*(Characters freeze as each tells the truth about why they are at the slumber party.)*

**GOTH GIRL:** The truth is...my boyfriend says that alienation is character building. He says that high school is a wasteland, void of empathy or humanity. And he reminds me of how they make fun of me and laugh at me and humiliate me when I walk by. And he tells me that he's the only one who will ever get me. But even though he says that he's the only one worthy of being with me, he still makes plans and leaves me alone. And tonight I don't wanna be alone. Even if the only other option is being here.

**GAMER:** *(Pointing the game controller at Cheerleader:)* Pewww!

**CHEERLEADER:** When we first got the invitation I like thought it'd be kinda lame. But I'm so glad that Moody Chick convinced me to come. Even though she's mad at me now, she'll get over it. She always does. She has to. She may not know it, but she's like my only true friend.

**GAMER:** *(Pointing the game controller at Moody Chick:)* Pewww!

**MOODY CHICK:** I am so tired of Little Miss Blondie Boy Stealer. Alphonse was mine! We ate pasta together! Cheerleader is so controlling over who I talk to. I can't even talk to cute boys because then all of a sudden she becomes interested, and then out comes the lip gloss, and then she steals them.

**GAMER:** *(Pointing the game controller at Jock:)* Pewww!

**JOCK:** Truth or Dare is kind of a stupid game. How do you even win? I just hope we get to play ping-pong tonight. I own ping-pong!

**GAMER:** *(Pointing the game controller at Nerd:)* Pewww!

**NERD:** Fact: The average person has three to five friends, and usually hates one person in their social group. Note the girls, participating in the game. Each one reacts differently to the stressful situation known as a "sleepover." I can't wait to finish collecting the data, as it will certainly have an interesting conclusion. And then I can complete my thesis on the psyche of the teenage girl and become famous! Me...Nerd...Junior Psychologist.

**GAMER:** *(Pointing the game controller at New Kid:)* Pewww!

**NEW KID:** This is awesome! When I was home schooled my only friend was Siri. But now I have six cool new friends! And I've almost checked everything off the list! Next we'll watch the chick flick and eat the snacks, and then pillow fight. Oh yeah.

**GAMER:** And me? The truth about why I'm at a sleepover? My mom made me come here to socialize. Socializing is so overrated.

**SCENE 5: BULLYING**

*(Spotlight on the iPod. Cheerleader selects a new song and the other characters dance as they remove the blanket and pillows. All exit except for Cheerleader, who dances to the music and then freezes with video game stiffness.)*

**CHEERLEADER:** Like what do they even know about me? All the girls are so jealous...they just roll their eyes when I walk by... Who do they think they are?

*(Moody Chick, Gamer, New Kid, Jock and Nerd enter and watch Cheerleader dance. They imitate and mock her dance moves while gossiping and pointing at Cheerleader. As she approaches, they immediately become silent and then whisper again as she passes. Cheerleader moves to center stage. The music fades and the lights come up to full.)*

**MOODY CHICK:** She's just so full of herself.

*(Moody Chick's comment starts an explosion of words against Cheerleader. Jock, Nerd, Moody Chick, Gamer and New Kid circle the stage, talking about her. Cheerleader reacts to the words as if being slapped. Goth Girl enters and watches silently.)*

**JOCK:** She's so conceited!

**NERD:** She's so stupid!

**GAMER:** She doesn't even know who Mario is!

**MOODY CHICK:** She's such a narcissist.

*(Cheerleader sinks to her knees.)*

**JOCK:** She's always bossing people around.

**NERD:** She's so self-absorbed.

**GAMER:** I mean everybody hates her!

**GOTH GIRL:** Who are you talking about?



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**ALL:** Cheerleader!

*(Gamer, Jock, Nerd and Goth Girl exit. Moody Chick crosses over to New Kid.)*

**MOODY CHICK:** Don't you just hate her?

**NEW KID:** I don't really understand why no one likes her.

**MOODY CHICK:** She's obnoxious.

*(Cheerleader gets up. She overhears the following conversation.)*

**NEW KID:** But she seems like a nice person...

**MOODY CHICK:** She's such a narcissist. She doesn't think about anyone but herself. She's terrible! I mean, is it so bad that I wanna go out with Alphonse? But how am I supposed to compete with Miss Cherry Lip Gloss?

**NEW KID:** *(Seeing Cheerleader walking over:)* Uh...hi, Cheerleader!

**MOODY CHICK:** *(Fakes being friendly:)* Hey!

**CHEERLEADER:** Hey. Were you just talking about me?

**NEW KID:** Yeah!

**MOODY CHICK:** No!

**NEW KID:** I mean no...

**CHEERLEADER:** Some friend you are!

**MOODY CHICK:** What do you mean?

**CHEERLEADER:** You were so just talking about me. You're supposed to be my friend.

**MOODY CHICK:** I'm supposed to be your friend? Seriously? I am so fed up with you! All we ever talk about is your stupid clothes, your stupid lip gloss and your stupid cheers. You probably said worse things about me behind my back to your

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stupid boy toys, Jason and Matt...and Alphonse! You keep stealing all the guys. I've never even had a boyfriend!

**CHEERLEADER:** Maybe that's because you can't get one!

*(Moody Chick starts to exit and then turns back.)*

**MOODY CHICK:** I was your only friend. Now you don't have any.

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