

# 30 HORRIBLE CATASTROPHES OF MIDDLE SCHOOL

by Kamron Klitgaard

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## 30 HORRIBLE CATASTROPHES OF MIDDLE SCHOOL

*A One Act Ensemble Comedy*

**By Kamron Klitgaard**

**SYNOPSIS:** Dodgeball! Flirting! Selfies! The cool bench! Body spray for men! All the Horrors of Middle School! Plus, the usual victims: The nerds, the jocks, the preps, the punkers and many others, team up to demonstrate the “worst” catastrophes of their generation in this one-act comedy about fitting in and finding acceptance. While poking fun at teenaged insecurities and superficial stereotypes, this fast-paced vignette-style play examines the obstacles and pitfalls of middle school and reminds all those who have already traversed that world that nostalgia isn’t what it used to be. With a large, extremely flexible cast of zany characters and a simple set, this cheerful production will warm the heart of anyone who dares experience the *30 Horrible Catastrophes of Middle School!*

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(3-6 females, 4 males, 3-20 either, 0-20 extras; gender flexible, doubling possible)*

#### **MIDDLE SCHOOL STUDENTS:**

ONE (m/f)..... Also plays a teacher. (24 lines)  
TWO (f)..... Also plays a teacher. (17 lines)  
THREE (m/f)..... (29 lines)  
FOUR (m/f)..... (12 lines)  
FIVE (m/f)..... (21 lines)  
SIX (f)..... (14 lines)  
SEVEN (m)..... (12 lines)  
EIGHT (m)..... (8 lines)  
NINE (f)..... (10 lines)  
TEN (m/f)..... (9 lines)  
ELEVEN (m/f)..... (15 lines)  
TWELVE (m/f)..... (12 lines)  
THIRTEEN (f)..... Also plays a mom. (26 lines)

FOURTEEN (m/f).....	Also plays a little kid and a drama teacher (11 lines)
FIFTEEN (m).....	(12 lines)
SIXTEEN (m/f).....	(14 lines)
SEVENTEEN (m/f) .....	Also plays a teacher. (17 lines)
EIGHTEEN (m/f).....	(9 lines)
NINETEEN (m/f).....	(11 lines)
TWENTY (m/f) .....	(14 lines)
TWENTY-ONE (m/f) .....	(12 lines)
TWENTY-TWO (f) .....	Also plays a mom. (11 lines)
TWENTY-THREE (m/f) .....	(15 lines)
TWENTY-FOUR (m/f).....	(12 lines)
TWENTY-FIVE (m/f) .....	Also plays a teacher. (11 lines)
TWENTY-SIX (m/f).....	(11 lines)
TWENTY-SEVEN (f).....	(10 lines)
TWENTY-EIGHT (m).....	(14 lines)
TWENTY-NINE (m/f).....	Also plays a substitute teacher. (14 lines)
THIRTY (m/f).....	(21 lines)
EXTRAS (m/f).....	Optional. In the action scenes of the play. (Non-Speaking)

**CAST NOTE:** Can be performed with as few as 10 actors, see options below.

ONE/THIRTEEN/TWENTY  
 TWO/NINE/TWENTY-SEVEN  
 THREE/FOURTEEN/TWENTY-SIX  
 FOUR/SEVENTEEN/TWENTY-EIGHT  
 FIVE/EIGHTEEN/TWENTY-FIVE  
 SIX/TWENTY-TWO/TWENTY-NINE  
 SEVEN/TWENTY-ONE/TWENTY-THREE  
 EIGHT/TWELVE/SIXTEEN  
 TEN/NINETEEN/THIRTY  
 ELEVEN/FIFTEEN/TWENTY-FOUR

**DURATION:** 55 minutes

**TIME:** Present day

**SETTING:** Middle school

**SET:** A space with several student desks, a bench, or blocks, and a large trash can, all of which can be moved around easily during the production.

### **SOUND EFFECTS**

- School Bell Sound FX
- Dance Music

### **DIRECTORS NOTE**

The stage directions are written so that everyone is on stage the entire play. This adds energy and helps the pacing as actors don't have to enter from the wings. All actors can watch each scene carefully and react according to how they feel about what is being shown. Also, if they are not in the current scene, they could sit upstage on the floor or on blocks.

### **COSTUMES**

Most of the characters are middle school students so they would just wear normal clothes. Occasionally, someone plays a teacher. They could put on a tie or some other accessory to indicate their authoritative role, however, it is not necessary. There is one scene in which all the boys demonstrate having long hair. Wigs or mop heads or yarn all work. The sillier they look, the better. The scuba flipper scene is lots of fun because no matter who you are, you look ridiculous trying to walk in swim fins. Most likely, you don't have a ton of scuba flippers in your costume room. So, it is suggested that every actor who can come up with a pair of swim fins can be in the scene. Huge clown shoes work just as well.

**PROPS**

- Apple
- Toy Car
- Scuba Flippers or Huge shoes.
- Perfume spray bottle for each female
- Cologne spray bottle for each male
- Dodgeballs
- Crumpled up wads of paper for everyone
- Phones or something that can look like a cell phone for everyone
- Aluminum Foil
- Head gear (teeth braces made with straps, duct tape, and wire hanger)
- Tape Measure
- Text books
- 5 Plates of gross looking lunches
- Fake long hair for each male
- Paper mustaches & Goatees for each male

**AT RISE:** *SFX: School bell rings. THE ENTIRE CAST enters as if it was a day in the halls of middle school. They mingle. Some find friends, others are chatting, some are off by themselves. ONE notices the audience and steps forward.*

**ONE:** Hey. Hey! Can I have everyone's attention, please?!

*Waiting for everyone to quiet down and motioning to the audience.*

**ONE:** Now that we have an audience, I have something I need to say.  
Middle school is rough!

*EVERYONE agrees. THIRTY steps forward.*

**THIRTY:** And why do you say that?

**FOUR:** *(Joining ONE.)* A better question is, why wouldn't s/he say it?

**THIRTY:** Because I think being in middle school is great.

**THREE:** *(Joining ONE.)* Are you kidding? It's tough, awkward, and horrible. In fact, it's so difficult, that middle school could be the greatest catastrophe of our generation!

**THIRTY:** Well, I think it's fun.

**TWO:** *(Joining ONE.)* Fun? Okay, there may be a fun moment or two, but the difficult, awkward and... what did you call it?

**THREE:** Horrible.

**TWO:** ...horrible times, far outnumber the fun times. In fact... what else did you call it?

**THREE:** A catastrophe.

**TWO:** Right. There are catastrophes around every corner.

**THIRTY:** So, your point is that there are more catastrophes in middle school than there are fun times.

**FOUR:** There are tons more catastrophes!

**THIRTY:** And what are these so-called catastrophes? You haven't even named one.

**ONE:** I'll tell you what, do you have a number generator on your phone?

**THIRTY:** *(Pulling out phone.)* I have a Dungeons & Dragons dice roller. It rolls a number between one and thirty.

**FOUR:** Perfect. You roll the dice and whatever number it says, that's how many catastrophes we'll come up with.

**THIRTY:** Okay, but I warn you, I'm a lucky roller.

*THIRTY lifts the phone and THE ENTIRE CAST gathers to watch. THIRTY taps the app. They watch with anticipation.*

**THIRTY:** Ha! Thirty!

**EVERYONE:** Uuuugh!

**ONE:** Uh... best two outta three. We'll average them.

**THIRTY:** Fine.

*Again, THIRTY lifts the phone and taps the app. They watch with anticipation.*

**EVERYONE:** Thirty?!

**THIRTY:** Ha! Told you I'm a lucky roller.

**ONE:** Alright, alright. Thirty horrible catastrophes of middle school. Here we go, everyone!

**EVERYONE:** Thirty horrible catastrophes of middle school!

*EVERYONE moves back except for ONE.*

**ONE:** Catastrophe number one! Grammar. Teachers are always correcting your grammar.

*ONE, FOUR, and FIVE bring up student desks and sit as if they were in class.*

**THREE:** (*Becoming the teacher.*) Alright class, it's clear from your assignments that none of you understand the rules of the semi-colon, because none of you used it properly.

**FOUR:** Which one is the semi-colon again?

**FIVE:** The winky-face.

**FOUR:** Oh, yeah.

**ONE:** (*Raising hand.*) Are you sure none of us used it correctly? Because I'm pretty sure I did.

**THREE:** Alright, let's hear your sentence using a semi-colon.

**ONE:** “Hey, I really like your hair today – semi-colon.” That’s a direct quote from a text I received.

**FIVE:** Right on!

**THREE:** While that is the correct usage of the “winky-face,” that is not the correct usage of the semi-colon. You see, in the olden days, a semi-colon was used to separate ancient communication devices known as complete sentences. Speaking of which, some of you are making grammatical errors that change the meaning of your sentence.

**FOUR:** (*Raising hand.*) What does the word “meaning” mean?

**THREE:** By asking what “meaning” means you indicate that you know what the word “mean” means, so you just add the I-N-G, a noun, changing “mean” to “meaning.” Now, what does “meaning” mean? And use it in a sentence.

**FOUR:** It’s like when someone is being mean to you, so you tell on them. Like, teacher! She’s meaning me!

**THREE:** No. That is the wrong answer.

**ONE:** You said there are no wrong answers.

**THREE:** I was wrong. Back to the semi-colon: Does anyone remember grammar rule number seven?

**FIVE:** (*Raising hand.*) I know, “Prepositions should not be used to end a sentence with.”

**THREE:** No.

**FOUR:** (*Raising hand.*) Exaggeration is a gazillion times worse than understatement?

**THREE:** No.

**ONE:** Avoid clichés like the plague?

**THREE:** I need a new job.

*They fade back into the crowd, taking their desks, as TWO steps forward.*

**TWO:** Catastrophe number two: Flirting! Most people forget that we’re in a transitional stage. I mean, just a few years ago, boys had cooties. Every day, my friends and I would spray Jason the Mason Cootie Power Protection on us. But now Jason is super cute. How do you go from cootie spray to flirting? It’s a rough transition.

*SEVEN and EIGHT step forward and talk silently.*

**SIX:** *(Rushing up to TWO.)* There's Jason! He's looking really cute today!

**TWO:** I know. I've got an idea how to get his attention.

**SIX:** What are you gonna do?

**TWO:** Just follow my lead.

**SIX:** Here he comes!

*SEVEN and EIGHT walk toward them. As they pass, TWO pretends to trip and goes down in slow motion.*

**TWO:** *(Falling.)* WILLYOUGOOUTWITHME?!

**SEVEN:** *(Continuing walking.)* Uh, wut?

**SIX:** *(Helping TWO up.)* That was your idea?

*THREE steps up as they all fade back.*

**THREE:** Catastrophe number three: Emotions! I have several friends whose emotions are out of control! Using careful observations and my own mood swings, I have tracked and documented the emotions of middle schoolers and have concluded that they can be identified as follows:

*As THREE announces the emotions, one at a time, TWENTY-ONE THRU TWENTY-NINE step out and demonstrate each emotion through facial expressions, sounds, and body language.*

**THREE:** Excited... Bored... Happy... Angry... Shy... Embarrassed... Tired... Sad... and finally Hungry...

*TWENTY THRU TWENTY-NINE fade back.*

**THREE:** A typical middle schooler can easily manifest all of these emotions in a single day. But like I said, some of my friends' emotions are out of control. Take Marcy, for example. She can manifest each and every emotion within 30 seconds.

*NINE approaches.*

**THREE:** Hey Marcy, you want my apple?

**NINE:** (*Super-excited.*) Oh yeah! I haven't had an apple since yesterday!!! (*Super-bored.*) In fact, it looks like the same one. Do all apples look the same? (*Super-happy, tears of joy.*) But thank you for thinking of me! You're such a good friend. And it's such a beautiful apple. (*Super-angry.*) It's got a bruise! Who gave my apple a bruise?! This really ticks me off to no end! (*Super-shy.*) Do you think it was Dean? He's so cute; I could never ask him if he did it. (*Super-embarrassed.*) Oh, it's not a bruise at all, it's just the sticker. Is my face all red? (*Super-tired.*) Man, I'm fading fast. I need something to give me some energy. Too tired... to lift... this apple... to my mouth. (*Super-sad.*) I guess I'll never know if it tastes good, or if Dean will ever know I'm alive, or if I'll ever be happy knowing there's so much suffering in the world. Will no one think of the children? (*Super-hungry.*) On the other hand, it's just an apple. (*Devours the apple ravenously.*)

**THREE:** It's an emotional catastrophe, I tell you!

*They fade back as FOUR steps out.*

**FOUR:** Catastrophe number four: Everyone's against me! I don't know why, but everyone, and when I say everyone, I mean the teachers, my parents, the administration, even my friends are out to get me! Even kids I've never met before. I know, you think I'm exaggerating. Well, watch this.

*TEN, ELEVEN and TWELVE step forward and talk together in a group. FOUR walks by them as they talk.*

**TEN:** Did you guys do your homework for Mrs. Crabtree?

**ELEVEN:** No, I forgot.

**TWELVE:** What were we supposed to do?

**FOUR:** See? What did I tell you? Out to get me. They're probably all laughing at me right now.

**ELEVEN:** *(To the entire cast.)* Hey, you guys, I got a joke! What's brown and sounds like a bell? *(Singing like bell.)* Dung! Get it? Dung!

*EVERYONE boos the joke.*

**FOUR:** *(Tears up.)* It's worse than I thought! They're not laughing at me?! They're booing me! *(Runs away crying.)*

**FIVE:** *(Steps forward.)* Catastrophe number five: My mom still treats me like a baby. I know I'm not an adult yet, but I'm a teenager, and that's getting close. But she insists on calling me baby names and using little kid phrases.

*THIRTEEN and FOURTEEN step up. FOURTEEN sits and plays with a toy car.*

**FOURTEEN:** *(In a little kid voice.)* This car is my favorite birthday present! You're the best!

**THIRTEEN:** Thanks, my Little Sugar Booger.

**FIVE:** *(Approaching.)* Mom, I'm home!

**THIRTEEN:** In here, Snuggle Bunny!

**FIVE:** Mom, I'm not a snuggle bunny.

**THIRTEEN:** Alright, come sit on my lap and tell me what you did in school today, my Little Angel Drawers.

**FIVE:** Mom, stop calling me that. And I'm too old to sit on your lap.

**THIRTEEN:** You're never too old to sit on mommy's lap. And Little Sugar Booger doesn't mind my nick names. Do you, Little Sugar Booger?

**FOURTEEN:** Nope!

*FIFTEEN and SIXTEEN rush up behind FIVE.*

**FIFTEEN:** Did you ask her yet?

**FIVE:** I'm just about to. Go wait over there.

**SIXTEEN:** Come on, man! Hurry up!

**FIVE:** Mom, is it okay if I go down to the creek?

**THIRTEEN:** (*In baby talk.*) Oh! Are dese your wittle fwiends?! Dey are sooooo cute! (*Grabbing FIFTEEN by the shoulders.*) And what's your name wittle boy?

**FIFTEEN:** Uh... Ralph, ma'am.

**THIRTEEN:** Oh, you're so adorable! I'm gonna call you Ralphie! No, Ralphie Mouthie! No, Ralphie Mouthie Galouthie!

**FIVE:** Mom, please. I beg you.

**THIRTEEN:** (*Pinching SIXTEEN'S cheeks.*) And what's your name? Wait! Let me guess. Is it Baby Marmoset?

**SIXTEEN:** What?

**THIRTEEN:** You look just like a baby marmoset.

**SIXTEEN:** I do?

**THIRTEEN:** (*Pinching cheeks.*) Oh, my goodness! You even talk like one.

**FIVE:** Mom! Can I go down to the creek? We're building a fort.

**THIRTEEN:** With who?

**FIVE:** What do you mean with who? With these guys.

**THIRTEEN:** What are their names?

**FIVE:** Mom, please don't make me—

**THIRTEEN:** What are their names? And ask me in a full sentence.

**FIVE:** (*Embarrassed.*) Can I go down to the creek and build a fort with Ralphie Mouthie Galouthie and Baby Marmoset?

**THIRTEEN:** Very well.

*They head off for the creek.*

**THIRTEEN:** Remember, your bedtime is 7:30!

**FOURTEEN:** (*Standing.*) Goodbye, Son! I'm so glad I married you.

**THIRTEEN:** Thanks, Sugar Booger.

*They fade back as SIX steps forward.*

**SIX:** Catastrophe number six: The cool bench! At our school, there's a bench in the commons area that we all call the "cool bench." First, you can't sit on it unless you're an upper grader. Second, if you are an upper grader you can't sit on it unless you're "cool." Normally, I would never go near the cool bench as I am neither an upper grader or cool. But I don't think you will believe me without a visual demonstration.

*FIFTEEN, SEVENTEEN and EIGHTEEN bring on a bench and sit or stand by it, socializing. SIX approaches the bench, hesitates and then sits on it.*

**FIFTEEN:** What are you doing, Doofus?

**SIX:** Just sitting on this bench.

**SEVENTEEN:** Why?

**SIX:** My legs were tired of standing?

**EIGHTEEN:** What grade are you in, Doofus?

**SIX:** Seventh.

*SEVENTEEN grabs a large trash can and drags it over. FIFTEEN and EIGHTEEN pick up SIX and put him/her in the trash can.*

**SEVENTEEN:** This is the cool bench, Doofus!

*They fade back into the group.*

**SIX:** I told you, you wouldn't believe me.

*EIGHT helps SIX out of the trash can. SIX fades back with the can. SEVEN steps forward.*

**SEVEN:** Number seven: Being short. When I was in seventh grade I was the shortest kid in the whole school. But being short isn't the worst part. It's the names you're called. If you're going to call someone names, they need to make sense!

*NINETEEN and TWENTY step forward.*

**NINETEEN:** *(To SEVEN.)* Hey, Smurf.

**SEVEN:** *(Yelling.)* Smurf?! I'm not blue!

**NINETEEN:** Sorry... Smurfette.

**SEVEN:** *(Yelling.)* I'm not a girl or blue!

**TWENTY:** Chill out, leprechaun.

**SEVEN:** Unbelievable! I'm not Irish! *(To Audience.)* See what I mean?

No logical sense. Those are just a couple of names. I've also been called—

**NINETEEN and TWENTY:** *(Alternating each name.)* Shrimp, Bilbo Baggins, gnome, vertically challenged, Danny DeVito, Mini Me, Toddler, Napoleon, Happy-Sleepy-Sneezy-Bashful-Grumpy-Dopey-Doc, PeeWee, Squirt, Half Pint, Small Fry, Ewok, Munchkin, Shorty McShort Shorts.

**SEVEN:** No logical sense! I'm not a sea animal, or a hobbit, or a movie star, or a three-year-old, or a famous historical leader, or a Disney character, or a kids' television show host, or a measurement, or a fast food, or a George Lucas creation, or someone who lives on the yellow brick road. But I do kind of like Shorty McShort Shorts. That one kind of makes sense.

*They fade back as EIGHT steps forward.*

**EIGHT:** Catastrophe number eight: Emo Island. I know what you're thinking – what's Emo Island? In the commons area, there's this place where Emos hang out. It's like the commons area is the ocean and wherever the Emos are standing is like an island.

**TWENTY-ONE:** *(Steps forward.)* What if they don't know what an Emo is?

**EIGHT:** Doesn't everyone know what an Emo is?

**TWENTY-ONE:** I don't know, there're a lot of old fogies in the audience.

**EIGHT:** Oh yeah, there's my dad. For those of you who don't know, Emo is a style of punk rock music characterized by its highly emotional lyrics. A person who likes said music is called an Emo.

**TWENTY-ONE:** Basically, Emo is short for emotional.

**EIGHT:** Emos are very easy to spot because they have a dress code that is strictly observed. They wear a lot of blacks and greys. They dye their hair dark and wear dark eye liner. They are not allowed to smile, and their hair must cover 3/5 of their face at an angle. And they show only one emotion: Sad.

*A BUNCH OF STUDENTS congregate dressed as Emos.*

**TWENTY-ONE:** Some of them even draw a black tear on their cheek.

**EIGHT:** Sometimes there could be like twenty Emos on the island. It's the saddest place in the world. The opposite of Disneyland. When you walk by it, you can feel the sadness radiating from them. It's like a thick, invisible, ocean of sad.

*TWO and NINETEEN skip by the EMOS and stop. Their demeanor changes to sad. They cry and then join Emo Island.*

**EIGHT:** I wonder if there's a way off the island.

*They fade back.*

**NINE:** *(Steps forward.)* Catastrophe number nine: I'm a klutz! What does that have to do with middle-school? Nothing. Except that's where I became a klutz. See, in elementary school, I was totally normal. But in middle school, I grow five inches every year! My mom buys my clothes three sizes too big so I can "grow into them."

*TWENTY-TWO enters as mom with a pair of scuba flippers or huge clown shoes.*

**TWENTY-TWO:** Come here, dear. I bought you some new shoes.

**NINE:** Mom, those are way too big!

**TWENTY-TWO:** I bought 'em for you to grow into.

*TWENTY-TWO helps NINE slip off his/her shoes and into the scuba fins.*

**NINE:** *(Walking around.)* Mom! These are huge!

**TWENTY-TWO:** Just try 'em for today and see how they feel.

**NINE:** And of course, I trip right in front of the Cool Bench!

*TWENTY-THREE and TWENTY-FOUR step out as NINE trips on the fins and bumps into them.*

**TWENTY-THREE:** (*Pushing NINE away.*) Watch where you're going, freak!

**TWENTY-FOUR:** Yeah, get some new shoes, ya doofus!

**NINE:** (*Falling.*) My mom bought 'em for me to grow into! (*Sitting up.*) Am I the only one whose mom does that?

*A GROUP OF STUDENTS comes forward with scuba flippers or giant shoes and walks the halls of school, bumping and tripping. Then they all fade back, as TEN steps forward.*

**NINE:** We'll never survive!

**TEN:** Catastrophe number... What number are we on?

**EVERYONE:** Ten!

**TEN:** Oh, yeah. Horrible middle school catastrophe number ten: Boredom. Yep, I'm that kid who's always bored in class. As a result, I sometimes don't pay attention. There are actually a lot of us. We have a name for it: B.T.S. (*Whispering.*) That stands for Boring Teacher Syndrome. I'm not sure if it's always the teacher or if it's just the subject matter. But hey, they chose to teach it, so they get the blame. Sometimes I get so bored that I do something to remedy the boredom. Usually, teachers don't like that. Allow me to demonstrate.

*TWENTY-FIVE steps out as the teacher. EVERYONE sits in desk or on blocks with a text book.*

**TWENTY-FIVE:** (*Speaking slow and boring.*) Class, we will now read chapter 12. When we're done you will answer the questions in the back of the book.

*EVERYONE opens their books. TWENTY-FOUR raises hand.*

**TWENTY-FOUR:** Can I read first, Mr. Crabtree?

**TWENTY-FIVE:** Thank you, Morgan. Go Ahead.

**TWENTY-FOUR:** (*Reading monotone.*) Chapter 12. Gresham's Law of Economics. The principle states that when two separate and distinct types of currency which possess equal denominational values are in circulation, the intrinsically more valuable currency will be hoarded while the lower intrinsic value currency will circulate more freely until the intrinsically more valuable currency is driven from circulation.

**TEN:** (*Raising hand excitedly.*) Mr. Crabtree, can I read next?!

**TWENTY-FIVE:** Very well, Mr./Mrs Anderson.

**TEN:** (*Jumping up and singing like a rock star or cheering like a cheerleader.*) Oligopoly economics is a market in which control over the supply of a commodity is in the hands of a small number of producers and each one can influence prices and affect competitors! I know, detention. Gladly! Mr./Mrs. Anderson, out! (*Exits.*)

**TWENTY-FIVE:** (*Slowly looking up from the book.*) What?

*Everyone fades back except for ELEVEN.*

**ELEVEN:** Catastrophe number eleven: Noxious odors! Thanks to Google, there are several other words to describe this.

*TWENTY-SIX and TWENTY-SEVEN step forward.*

**TWENTY-SIX and TWENTY-SEVEN:** (*Alternating.*) Smelly, stinky, putrid, malodorous, rancid, odiferous, skunky, and... eww.

**ELEVEN:** And I'm not talking about B.O. here. I'm talking about—

**TWENTY-SIX:** Perfume?

**ELEVEN:** Yes! You get it! Perfume! Check out what happens in the bathrooms between class.

*ALL THE FEMALES step forward, each take out a perfume bottle and go crazy spraying themselves, each other, the air and then stepping into it, etc.*

**TWENTY-SIX:** Those are some serious aromas mixing together at a high volume.

**TWENTY-SEVEN:** What about the boys?

**ELEVEN:** The boys have a problem too. It's called Axe Body Spray: For Men!

*ALL THE MALES in the cast step forward, each take out a body spray and go crazy spraying themselves, each other, the air and then stepping into it, etc.*

**ELEVEN:** They think it's helping their social life but as you can see...

*TWENTY-EIGHT steps out, sprays himself, and then approaches TWENTY-SEVEN.*

**TWENTY-EIGHT:** Hey there, groovy chick.

**TWENTY-SEVEN:** Does the word "eww" mean anything to you? Here's some advice: A little goes a long way.

*TWENTY-EIGHT walks away dejected.*

**ELEVEN:** ...it's not helping. With that in mind, I'd like to ask all parents in the audience to please raise your right hand and take this very important oath. (*Encourages the adults to raise their hands and pointing out someone not raising*) You, Sir, raise your hand. Now, repeat after me: "I promise that I will not allow my child to be known as "The Noxious Odor Kid." (*Waiting for them to repeat.*) Thank you. And remember, fulfilling your oath is an important public service, because if you combine all those aromas together...

*EVERYONE gathers around ELEVEN and sprays perfume and body spray at him/her.*

**ELEVEN:** The results could be...

*ELEVEN faints. EVERYONE fades back. TWENTY-SIX and TWENTY-SEVEN drag ELEVEN back as TWELVE steps forward. While TWELVE speaks, SFX: BELL SOUND EFFECT goes off and EVERYONE forms the school hallways by marching in a thick circle. THIRTY tries to walk against the flow, saying, things like, excuse me, pardon me, ouch, etc. S/he gets pushed and battered and eventually falls down.*

**TWELVE:** Catastrophe number twelve: The hallways are too small! When the bell rings, you only have five minutes to get from the class you were in, to your locker, and then to your next class. That doesn't even take into a count if you have to visit the restroom. You have to hurry so you're not late, but the halls are so small that everyone is bumping into each other. Then—

**THIRTEEN:** Catastrophe number thirteen: The bad hair day.

*EVERYONE stops marching and watches.*

**TWELVE:** Hey, I wasn't finished!

**THIRTEEN:** Relax. Mine goes perfectly with yours. In elementary school, your hair doesn't matter. I would've run out of the house to the bus with mattress hair if my mom would've let me. But in middle school your hair is important. It's extremely important. If I can't get my hair just how I want it, I have a total breakdown.

*ALL THE GIRLS step forward and pretend to look into mirrors, primping their hair. TWO is having troubles.*

**TWO:** Aaargh! This piece won't lay how I want it! Stupid humidity!

**TWELVE:** I don't see what this has to do with the crowded hallways.

**THIRTEEN:** Relax, I'm getting to it.

**TWO:** Yeah, shut up and let me do my hair! Aaargh! It looks like I have horns! There, I guess that'll work. As long I don't see Jeremy.

**THIRTEEN:** Jeremy was my crush.

**TWELVE:** I still don't see—

**THIRTEEN:** But then...

*SFX: BELL SOUND EFFECT. EVERYONE starts their hallway march again. TWO jumps into hallway and walks against the flow. She gets pushed and bumped. SEVEN steps out as Jeremy.*

**SEVEN:** *(To a random girl in the hall.)* Hey there, groovy chick.

**THIRTEEN:** By the time I got through the hallway, my hair was a total disaster! I even had gum stuck in it.

*TWO gets thrown out of the marching students and toward SEVEN. She falls right at his feet. She stands up, her hair is a mess, with papers and things stuck in it.*

**SEVEN:** Hey there, groovy... *(Seeing her hair.)* ... Blegh!

**THIRTEEN:** It was the most humiliating day of my life.

**TWELVE:** Thank you for helping me prove my point.

*They all fade back as FOURTEEN steps up.*

**FOURTEEN:** Catastrophe number fourteen: Waking up early. 'Nuff said.

**ONE:** *(Steps forward.)* It's scientifically proven that people our age need to get at least nine to ten hours of sleep every—

**FOURTEEN:** Hey! I said, "nuff said!"

**ONE:** Sorry.

*They fade back as FIFTEEN steps forward.*

**FIFTEEN:** Catastrophe number fifteen: Dodgeball.

**FOUR and THREE:** *(Stepping up with rubber dodgeballs.)* I love dodgeball!

**FIFTEEN:** They're the reason I hate dodgeball. They're just mid-level jocks, but that means they're a lot better than me at dodging. Here's how a typical day goes during dodgeball season. First, if you're late—

**FOUR and THREE:** Run laps!

**FIFTEEN:** Next, if you forgot your clothes to dress out—

**FOUR and THREE:** Run laps!

**FIFTEEN:** If your attitude needs an adjustment—

**FOUR and THREE:** Run laps!

**FIFTEEN:** Once you're finished with your laps, you have to go out onto the court. The only thing I'm good at dodging is eating my mother's tuna casserole. So, my dodgeball sessions end up like this.

*FOUR and THREE and bounce their dodgeballs off FIFTEEN.*

**FIFTEEN:** Huh. That wasn't so bad.

*EVERYONE pulls out a ball and throws it at FIFTEEN who crumples to the ground.*

**FOUR and THREE:** (*High fiving.*) Dodgeball is fun!

**FIFTEEN:** The Society of Health and Physical Educators, that's the organization that creates the national P.E. standards, came out with a simple statement. "Dodgeball should not be part of any curriculum, ever." When's our school gonna get that memo?!

*They fade back as SIXTEEN steps forward.*

**SIXTEEN:** Hey, we're half way there!

**EVERYONE:** Yay!

**THIRTY:** Impressive. I didn't think we'd make it this far. But there's still 15 more to go.

**SIXTEEN:** Catastrophe number sixteen: Rumors. I don't know why, but as soon as you hit middle school there are tons of rumors going around about everyone. And people believe them no matter how farfetched they are.

**FIVE:** (*Approaching.*) Hey, I just heard the news about you. Don't you get lonely?

**SIXTEEN:** What news?

**FIVE:** That you're homeschooled.

**SIXTEEN:** What? How could I be homeschooled? I'm here... at school.

**FIVE:** Don't try to deny it.

**SIXTEEN:** We're in every single class together.

**FIVE:** I heard it straight from the horse's mouth.

**SIXTEEN:** Wouldn't that be me? I never said that.

*SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT, and NINE step forward.*

**EIGHT:** Not only that, but I heard that when they built this school, Lori's only cousin was hired as a construction worker and when they were working on the auditorium, he accidentally got nailed up inside the walls. Now his/her ghost haunts the auditorium.

**SIXTEEN:** But I'm Lori's only cousin.

**FIVE:** Then you know it's true.

**NINE:** Also, when Lori's mom was pregnant, she got bit by a spider and the baby was born with eight arms.

**SIX:** Was it Lori?

**SIXTEEN:** Lori doesn't have eight arms.

**NINE:** It was either Lori or one of her brothers or sisters.

**SIX:** You guys, I just heard that Lori has Vienna Sausages for toes.

**SEVEN:** Really? I totally believe it.

**SIXTEEN:** Lori does not have Vienna Sausages for toes!

*They all fade back as SEVENTEEN steps forward.*

**SEVENTEEN:** Catastrophe number seventeen: The cliques.

*EVERYONE groans. TEN steps forward.*

**TEN:** I hate cliques.

**SEVENTEEN:** Everyone says they hate cliques. But there are so many!

*One by one, SEVERAL STUDENTS walk the stage like a fashion show runway, representing each clique as they are announced.*

**ELEVEN:** *(Steps forward.)* There are the Band Geeks, the Gamers, the Punkers, the Head Bangers, the Drama Dorks...

**TWELVE:** *(Steps forward.)* The Nerds, the Yodelers, the Dweebs, the S.B.O.s, the Hippies, the Preppies,

**THIRTEEN:** (*Steps forward.*) the Populars, the Backup Populars, the Emos, the Backup Emos, and the Norks.

**ELEVEN:** Norks? Who are the Norks?

**TWELVE:** Some of the Nerds broke off with some of the Dorks and formed their own subgroup – the Norks.

**THIRTEEN:** There're also Soshes, Greasers, Motor Heads, Army Brats, Aggies,

**ELEVEN:** Cowboys, Drugstore Cowboys, Emo Cowboys, Hicks, and Bronies,

**TWELVE:** The Disneys, the Vampires, the Barbies, the Barbie Vampires, and the Elves.

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