

HIGH SCHOOL ELECTION

By Murray Austin

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SYNOPSIS

It's election time at Stargell High, and the candidates are ready. Surfer-guy Dag is too irresponsible to feed his pet shark, Amber wants to mandate happiness, Nathan will soon end the reign of evil *Big Pizza*, Pam is threatening opposition voters, Jane and Joe are crazy in love, and Victor is homesick for Russian politics. In this outrageous parody of school elections, candidates all agree to play fair. *'If there's no mud-slinging, we'll all stay clean.'* Throw in devious campaigns, creative attack ads, singing candidates, a dose of truth serum, and disillusioned voters, and *'fair'* becomes a relative term.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(5-7 MALES, 11-15 FEMALES, 4-8 EITHER; 20-30 TOTAL CAST
DOUBLING POSSIBLE, GENDER FLEXIBLE; 0-10 EXTRAS)*

PAM (F)	Bright, win-at-all-cost candidate
DAG (M)	Cool, popular surfer, but scatter-brained candidate
AMBER (F)	Ultra-positive, obsessively perky candidate
LES (M or F)	Candidate with power to motivate audiences
VICTOR (M)	Russian exchange student; pessimistic but good-hearted candidate; until final scene, he never cracks a real smile
NATHAN (M)	Crafty campaign manager for Pam
TRACY (F)	Smart but frustrated campaign manager for Dag
MS. POSEY (F)	Teacher; tries in vain to keep the election process running smoothly
STEVIE (M or F)	Stargell TV host or hostess; directs focus group
DETECTIVE (M or F)	Detective Rottman; stern, serious, but not too bright

FOCUS GROUP: PAM SUPPORTERS

1. JANE (F) Romantic, honorable; later runs as co-candidate with Joe
2. SUSAN (F) Smart voter; greatly annoyed by Paige
3. PAIGE (F) Obsessive hand-shaker; has a ditz personality
4. ALEX (M or F) Solid; enjoys the occasional verbal jab
5. ARIEL (F) Frequently carries note cards; seeks to predict the election winner

FOCUS GROUP: DAG SUPPORTERS

- | | |
|---------------|---|
| 6. JOE (M) | Romantic, honorable; later runs as co-candidate with Jane |
| 7. CHUCK (M) | Stays in trouble; wants to “leave his mark” on the campaign; obsessive-compulsive personality |
| 8. APRIL (F) | Chuck’s sensible friend; tries unsuccessfully to keep him out of trouble |
| 9. CARMEN (F) | Stargell voter; mostly goes with the flow |
| 10. TARA (F) | Flirty, has a deep Southern accent; hides a huge secret |

***Characters below have only one to five lines each, all in Act 1, Scene 2. However, there are several group scenes where all may be used. If you wish to double and absorb any or all of these roles, it’s written so the character (below) being eliminated should correspond with the number (1-10) of characters under “focus group” (above). For example, the “1. DENISE” lines would be absorbed by “1. JANE.” This gives the director much flexibility in casting, and provides parts for beginners, if desired.**

STARGELL VOTERS AND CLASSMATES

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| 1. DENISE (F) | 6. MIKE (M) |
| 2. SHARA (F) | 7. CHANCE (M) |
| 3. PAT (F) | 8. BROOKE (F) |
| 4. JJ (M or F) | 9. MELANIE (F) |
| 5. BONNIE (F) | 10. LIZ (F) |

DURATION

90 minutes

SYNOPSIS OF ACTS

- ACT 1: The campaign
ACT 2: Focus groups and debate
ACT 3: The election

PRODUCTION NOTES

SET: Sets and set changes should be kept simple, is meant to be fast-paced. Typically, scenes can run continuously into the next. At the beginning, enlarged poster-size pictures of Amber, Victor, Pam, Dag, and Nathan should be displayed as a backdrop. Before the beginning of Act II, Amber, Les, and Victor's pictures should be removed. Before Act III, a picture of Jane and Joe together should be added to Pam and Dag's. Campaign slogans for the different candidates could be hung off the edge of the stage (or on the curtain) prior to the performance. At the beginning of Act II, several focus group members should have posters touting their candidate or berating their opponent. When the actual debate starts, they can store the signs under their chairs. For the sake of fairly continuous scenes, the brief classroom sessions could be done without chairs, if desired with students sitting on the floor in rows and Ms. Posey standing.

COSTUMES: As a surfer, Dag should always dress in beach attire; shorts, t-shirt, and flip flops. At the debate, he should add a tie and/or a colorful sports jacket to his beach attire. Pam, on the other hand, should always dress smartly; business-like.

As the adults, Ms. Posey, Stevie, and Agent should all dress professionally. If the play runs without intermissions, Ms. Posey has time during Stevie's sessions to change outfits between acts. If the actress doesn't wear glasses, fake ones may be used.

While Stevie's attire should be TV host flashy, Detective Rottman's should be dark colors, conservative, with sunglasses.

NOTES ON PERFORMANCE: In the debate, focus group members should cheer with various degrees of enthusiasm. At the start, all will mainly cheer their candidate, but by the end of the debate, students won't be too sure who they support, and their responses should be mixed. The undecideds will either not cheer or clap politely. Stargell TV cameras are implied, but if extras are available, a camera crew may be used. When voters chase candidates off stage, make sure the chase and aggressive posture remains until all are clearly off stage.

PROPERTY LIST

ACT 1 - SCENE 3

Note cards (Ariel)

ACT 1 - SCENE 4

Surfboard or basketball (Dag)

Handkerchief & walkie-talkie (Tara)

ACT 1 - SCENE 6

Clipboard and pen (Ms. Posey)

Note cards (Ariel)

Several cough drops (Victor)

ACT 1 - SCENE 8

Posters and markers (various focus group members)

A novel (Victor)

Debate notes (Pam)

Pictures (Tracy)

ACT 1 - SCENE 9

A breath mint (Paige)

Waitresses' ticket pad and pen (Paige)

Five one dollar bills (Paige)

One dollar bill (Nathan)

ACT II - SCENE 2

Novel (Victor)

Fake microphone (Stevie)

Backpack (Chuck)

ACT II - SCENE 3

Wrapped pieces of candy (Pam and DAG)

One right-handed glove – latex or cotton (Pam)

Note card (Ariel)

Dollar bills (Pam)

ACT II - SCENE 6

Drum (played onstage or off by any cast member)

Blindfold (Nathan)

ACT II - SCENE 7

Dollar bills – different denominations (Pam)

ACT II - SCENE 9

Fake microphone (Stevie)

ACT III - SCENE 1

Piece of cake (Tara)

Note cards (Ariel)

Walkie-talkie (CIA Agent)

Billfold with fake badge (CIA Agent)

ACT III - SCENE 2

Pencil and ballots (Tracy)

ACT III - SCENE 3

Huge plastic change jar (Pam)

ACT III - SCENE 4

Robe (Carmen)

Crown (Liz)

Poster with hanging chad (Ms. Posey)

ACT III - SCENE 5

Crown (Pam)

Glove (Dag)

ACT III - SCENE 6

Handkerchief & walkie-talkie (Tara)

HIGH SCHOOL ELECTION

ACT I, SCENE 1

SETTING: Stargell (*pronounced “Star-jül”*) High School

AT RISE: Curtain is closed. Spot up on DAG, SL, in front of the curtain.

DAG: (*to audience*) I was hesitant at first. We’re talking a lot of responsibility for one person. And I’ve never been all that responsible. Last summer, when my parents went to New York, our family pets almost died. I forgot to feed them for a whole week. But voters are different, right? They can feed themselves. And someone has to win, dude. Someone has to cash in on all the freebies and chill in the limelight of fame and fortune. Why shouldn’t that someone be... uh... (*shrugs*) ...me?

Spot off DAG; spot on PAM, SR.

PAM: (*to audience*) I wasn’t really surprised to be nominated. You might say I’ve been building toward this my whole life. I’m bright, articulate, successful... and second place is never an option. Never. Oh, I believe in a free election, all right. But with votes... come consequences; academic, social, and yes, even physical consequences. In a presidential race, it’s all about winning... no – matter – what!

Spot off PAM; spot on AMBER, SL.

AMBER: (*to audience; perky*) I wish to be known as the positive candidate. I refuse to, like, be negative in any way. I’m pro-war, pro-peace, pro-life, pro-choice, pro-bation, pro-jerile weapon, and even pro-pane! (*beat, shrugs... in a Southern accent*) Yes, the propane is for all those rednecks who like to barbeque. (*normal voice*) That’s right. I’m also pro-barbeque... even if the stuff tastes yucky. M-m-m, m-m-m! That’s why you should be (*puts thumb up*) pro-Amber.

Spot off AMBER; spot on VICTOR, SR.

VICTOR: (*slowly, with an accent*) I am Victor–Russian exchange student. Run for president in Amerika-land. (*nods slowly*) When Victor wins, hard Russian winter will fall on Amerika. You will need Victor, and Victor will be there for you. (*bows slightly*) Victor the merciful.

Spot off VICTOR; spot on LES, SL.

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LES: *(to audience)* In politics, it's all about fundraising and building trust. If I can get the student athletes fighting the computer geeks and the drama club battling the band kids, and *everyone* at war with the popular crowd, they'll all donate money to my campaign... because I'm the candidate that can foster a peaceful, cooperative environment here at Stargell. *(shrugs)* How can anyone argue with that?

Spot off LES.

ACT I, SCENE 2

AT RISE: Curtain opens; MS. POSEY, stands in front of STUDENTS.

MS. POSEY: Now that we've studied the election process, this will be your opportunity to experience democracy first-hand.

ALEX: *(raises hand)* Why so formal? Can't we just vote right now?

MS. POSEY: If we did, you'd be missing out on a real campaign... *(starry-eyed)* ...the highs, the lows, the whole election experience. Doesn't that sound exhilarating?

ALL: *(bored, without enthusiasm)* Yes, Ms. Posey.

MS. POSEY: Students, I encourage you to buy into this campaign process. We're going to model this election after the real presidential elections in Washington.

APRIL: Will the candidates have to discuss issues?

SUSAN: And give speeches, and debate each other?

MS. POSEY: That's exactly right. Would our presidential nominees stand for a moment?

DAG, PAM, AMBER, VICTOR, and LES all stand, some high-fiving friends.

These are the five nominees you chose. Students, I expect you to listen to what these candidates say and vote for the very best person for office. *(beat)* Class, you can make a difference. *(passionately)* Demand good government, and that's what you'll get.

ALL: *(moderately enthusiastic)* Yay!

MS. POSEY: Get rid of the charletons... the phoneys... the corrupt politicians that hurt everyone with their policies!

ALL: *(a little more enthusiastic)* Yay!

MS. POSEY: If you treat this like a real political campaign, we'll all have the time of our lives, and you'll end up with the best president Stargell ever had.

ALL: *(very enthusiastic)* Yay!

ACT I, SCENE 3

AT RISE: Curtains rise. Lights up, SL, on SUSAN, BONNIE, PAIGE, ALEX, and JANE, who stand, talking.

JANE: I love election-time. I can feel it in the air.

BONNIE: Static electricity, no doubt.

PAIGE: I could have been a candidate. Why wasn't I chosen to be a candidate?

ALEX: Because no one nominated you. Don't be a big baby. You can still have fun. There'll be focus groups, and we get to question the candidates.

SUSAN: And hold their feet to the fire.

JANE: Yeah, none of these wishy-washy answers. *(mocking)* Let's please this group. Let's please that group.

SUSAN: I already have my questions ready. Those guys had better be on their toes.

PAIGE: They'd better look out for my question. It's the one I always ask. *(draws others together, like a huddle; slow and clear, in a stage whisper)* What is your favorite color?

SUSAN: *(pauses, stunned)* What's your favorite color? It's a joke, right?

PAIGE: Um... well... no.

SUSAN: *(gestures towards PAIGE)* Meet the typical American voter.

PAIGE: Come on. It's a legitimate question.

SUSAN: Sure... if you're on a date! *(folds arms, shakes head)* I can't wait for more probing questions like which candidate has collected the most lint in his or her belly button.

Lights down, SL; lights up, SR, on CARMEN, APRIL, CHUCK, JOE, and LIZ.

CARMEN: Are you buying into all this election hype?

LIZ: Sure. We have to... Ms. Posey said so.

CHUCK: *(too excited)* I'm buying into this election 1000%! I'll make this bigger than July 4th, 1776.

APRIL: Oh, no you don't. As your friends, we aren't letting you off on another foray into the world of fantasy. We don't want a repeat of last spring.

LIZ: You got suspended – almost expelled!

JOE: That Renaissance Fair was supposed to be a learning experience.

APRIL: When you grabbed one of the *real* swords, it was almost lights out for poor Tommy Albright.

CARMEN: Good thing Tommy is fast on his feet.

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JOE: It still didn't save his costume. (*makes slicing gesture*) SLICE! Right down the middle.

CARMEN: Poor Tommy.

JOE: Poor costume.

CHUCK: (*shrugs*) I was only pretending I was a real sword fighter.

APRIL: That's the problem. You always go too far.

CHUCK: Not this time. I promise it won't be like the science expo two years ago.

ALL: The science expo. (*groaning, as THEY remember*) Aaawww!

Lights down, SR; lights up, SL, on SHARA, ARIEL, J.J., PAT, and DENISE.

ARIEL: (*holding and looking at various note cards*) Pam has 58% of the female vote, Dag gets 22% of the males, and Amber takes 100% of students who place smiley-face stickers on their notebooks.

SHARA: Is there anything in your copious notes to tell us who might win?

DENISE: Yeah, who's going to take it... Pam?

ARIEL: Nope. Too mean.

DENISE: Dag?

ARIEL: Just a surfer boy.

DENISE: Les?

ARIEL: Too greedy.

DENISE: Amber?

ARIEL: Too perky.

DENISE: Victor?

ARIEL: Too Russian.

ALL: (*offended*) Hey!

SHARA: That wasn't nice.

ARIEL: I just meant he never smiles, and he's a bit...

SHARA: ...pessimistic? You would be too. Try spending *your* school year in a foreign country away from friends and family.

J.J.: Meanwhile, you've eliminated all five candidates.

PAT: It isn't fair. How can we have an election without anyone worth voting for?

ARIEL: (*shrugs*) Welcome to American politics.

Lights down, SR; lights up, SL, on TARA, MELANIE, CHANCE, MIKE, and BROOKE.

TARA: (*in a deep Southern accent*) I know who I'm voting for on election day.

MELANIE: That defeats the whole purpose, doesn't it?

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CHANCE: You don't know where any of the candidates stand on the issues.

TARA: I know who's the cutest. I always vote the cutest.

MIKE: (*shakes head*) What's cute got to do with it? It's an election, not a petting zoo.

TARA: Back in Georgia, we don't care what a politician says. All they ever do is lie anyway. We vote for the cutest, most adorable candidate. Works like a charm every time.

BROOKE: So you get better leaders?

TARA: No... but they're not ugly.

BROOKE: This is an important election. We really have to be on top of the issues.

CHANCE: What are the main issues?

MELANIE: There are tons of them.

MIKE: Well, I don't know any. Start by naming one.

MELANIE: I can name a hundred.

MIKE: (*crosses arms*) Okay.

MELANIE: I... uh... (*looks at OTHERS*)

BROOKE: They're so numerous, it's hard to pick out just one.

MIKE: I have time.

BROOKE: Um... (*pause, looks around*) ...a little help?

Long pause; BROOKE, MELANIE, and CHANCE stand, gestures of deep thought.

MELANIE: Well... (*pause*) ...Dag does have pretty eyes.

BROOKE: And Victor has a cute nose.

CHANCE: I like Pam's hair.

TARA: (*shrugs*) I tried to tell ya'll, sugar. This lil' ole' Georgia peach might not know the issues, but I declare, I know cute when I see it. That's how you elect yourself a president.

ACT I, SCENE 4

AT RISE: Several STUDENTS are spread in small groups across the stage. PAM is standing, with ARIEL, ALEX, and PAIGE sitting on the floor beneath her. AMBER sits, with JOE on one side and JANE on the other. VICTOR stands stiffly, hands behind his back, with CARMEN and TARA seated beside him. DAG kneels on one knee, a basketball or surfboard in his hands, with APRIL, SUSAN, and CHUCK seated on the floor. Each CANDIDATE ad libs speaking to his or her group for about five seconds, ALL speaking

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simultaneously. Then the volume lowers quickly, and OTHER CANDIDATES mime speaking, as PAM speaks aloud.

PAM: And we must improve the quality of food here at Stargell. For too long, students have been shuffled to the back of the line. While the teachers enjoy fine dining, we students get the same grungy cafeteria trays, with Ms. Booger ladling out helpings of...

ARIEL, ALEX, PAIGE: (*sullen*) Stargell surprise... yuck!

PAM continues speaking in mime, while AMBER begins talking animatedly, looking back and forth between JOE and JANE.

AMBER: And our meals here at Stargell could so easily be improved. I was thinking ambience. Just create the proper mood, and the food always tastes better. I envision pink and blue cafeteria trays, and we could ask Ms. Booger to dress up in clothes that didn't reek of old food stains. (*beat*) Can you imagine what a little ambience could do for our meals here at Stargell? It'd be a diner's delight. Can you imagine? (*looks for support*) Can you? Can you? (*pause*) Can you?

JOE and JANE move back a bit, wary of AMBER, as her speech is now mimed. DAG begins speaking aloud.

DAG: And dude, the first thing I'll do is get some decent food for Stargell. The food's all garbage, man. I wouldn't feed it to my pet shark. I wouldn't feed it to my pet rottweiler. So okay, I wouldn't feed it to any of my pets, 'cuz I ain't allowed to feed pets no more. I just plain forget, man, and pets hate it when you forget to feed 'em... especially sharks and rottweillers.

DAG mimes speaking, as VICTOR speaks aloud.

VICTOR: In Russia, for school lunch, Victor eat potato. Many potato in Russia. Victor get each of you potato... Monday potato, Tuesday potato, Wednesday potato. Thanks to President Victor, (*goodwill gesture, arms extended*) you never go hungry.

As VICTOR mimes speech, LES enters, SR, speaking aloud. ANY REMAINING VOTERS may follow LES onstage. Immediately, a couple of the closest VOTERS should stand and move to LES. THEY may remain standing and even follow him across the stage. As the speech continues, more should join the crowd, until the other candidates are left alone, fuming.

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LES: Listen up, voters. My first act as your president will be to overhaul the cafeteria as we know it. I'll seize the assets of every Pizza Palace in town. They'll be forced to make us hand-tossed pizzas every day for lunch.

MORE VOTERS: Yay!

LES: The evil, greedy pizza corporations have been at it long enough. (*arms high in the air*) The days of big pizza are over!

ALL VOTERS: Yay!

LES: Big tacos... finished!

ALL VOTERS: Yay!

LES: Big burgers... (*gestures with thumb*) ...outta here!

ALL VOTERS: Yay!

SUSAN: (*interrupts cheering*) Wait a minute! Hold up. I personally like big burgers.

Most OTHERS agree, ad lib.

LES: (*hands up, quieting the crowd*) It's okay. It's okay. When I'm elected, we'll keep big burgers. (*beat*) But the long and evil reign of big brussel sprouts... (*pause for effect*) ...is history!

ALL VOTERS: Yay!

ALL exit except TARA who remains behind, waving her handkerchief enthusiastically.

TARA: (*off*) I swear, sugar, y'all all make the best lil' ole' speeches these Georgia ears ever did hear. (*looks carefully in both directions, then tosses the hanky and pulls out a walkie-talkie... in a totally normal voice and demeanor, as different as possible from her Southern accent*) K-Q-S-8-1-9 to Unit four, come in Mr. X. This is Southern Belle. (*looks around*) I've infiltrated Stargell. Repeat... I've infiltrated Stargell. (*beat*) Influencing this election may not be necessary. All the candidates look pathetic so far, but I'm keeping my eyes open. I'll be checking in again soon. This is Southern Belle, over and out. (*looks around, puts away walkie-talkie, picks up hankie, and resumes her Southern identity; calling off*) Wait up, sugar. I never can keep up with all 'a y'all. Wait up, ya' hear? (*exits*)

ACT I, SCENE 5

AT RISE: All candidates, PAM, DAG, AMBER, VICTOR, and LES, stand in a line, facing audience, prepared to do a group commercial.

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AMBER: Okay guys, are we ready to do this?

PAM: You bet. No one wants to get scandalized by dirty politics. If no one throws mud, then none of us will get dirty. Agreed?

PAM puts hand in the middle, and ALL put hands on hers for a moment. Then ALL return to positions, as PAM calls to STEVIE, who is offstage.

Okay, we're ready.

STEVIE: *(from off stage, or if using a camera crew, onstage)* And three, two, one...

PAM: This is the first of several campaign commercials you'll be seeing here on Stargell TV. We're appearing together to make a pledge to you, the voters of our great school.

AMBER: This campaign will be about ideas, not mud-slinging.

DAG: We're not here to trash anybody, man. So let's keep things "on the cool."

VICTOR: No – cheap – shots.

LES: Enjoy the election, vote for the girl or guy of your choice, and remember...

ALL: *(put arms outward in welcoming gesture)* We're all about playing fair.

ACT I, SCENE 6

AT RISE: School press conference; In order, left to right, PAM, VICTOR, AMBER, DAG, and LES stand in a row. MS. POSEY stands to the left of CANDIDATES, holding clipboard and pen. STUDENTS may be seated or stand and simply raise hands to be recognized.

MS. POSEY: Today students, we're going to find out where our candidates stand on the issues. This is a no-holds-barred question and answer session. *(beat)* So let's jump right in. Who has a question for one of our fine candidates?

ARIEL: *(stands, shuffles through her note cards, pen in other hand)* Pam, what are the issues you plan to address in this campaign?

PAM: My administration will handle all the tough matters like taxes, national security, nuclear war... oh, and delicious, all-American hot dogs for Pam supporters.

AMBER: *(annoyed)* Show-off!

PAM: Only because I have something to show... What's your pet issue... smiley faces on all the bathroom doors? *(chuckles derisively)*

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AMBER: (*looks around, sheepishly; PAM was right*) Um... I'm also a strong advocate of warm fuzzies.

PAM: (*gestures "I told you so"*) Point made. Next!

APRIL: (*beat; rises*) Amber, what is your position on global warming?

AMBER: (*punches air, full of gusto*) I support it!

APRIL: You support it? You support global warming?

AMBER: Whole-heartedly. And in an Amber administration, we'll have enough for everyone.

PAM: Idiot!

VICTOR: (*beat*) In Russia, global warming will never happen... too cold... always cold in Russia.

AMBER: (*beat*) Must you go on and on and on about Russia? (*starts coughing*) Nobody cares what it's like in Russia. (*coughs*)

VICTOR: (*pats AMBER on back, takes out candy resembling cough drop*) Can't help it. Russia is my home. Here. Take this for cough.

AMBER: (*takes and puts in mouth*) Thank you.

PAM: (*aside to VICTOR*) Real smart, Victor. That cough might have shut little miss smiley face up.

VICTOR: (*aside*) Good to let her talk. That is not cough drop.

PAM: It's not?

VICTOR: It is what you call in your country... truth-serum. Uncle Ivan work for KGB, many years. Get Victor many things.

PAM: Truth serum? You mean Amber will have to...

VICTOR: ...tell the truth. As candy melts, truth begins.

PAM: (*to herself*) So Amber has to tell the truth, huh? This should be interesting. (*aloud*) Ms. Posey, can I ask a question?

MS. POSEY: Uh... well... it's unusual. But I don't see why not.

PAM: Good. (*smiles, acts sugary sweet*) Amber, I'd like to know what plans you have if you become our next president.

AMBER: (*thinking*) Well, I want to smile a lot and set a happy tone. I may even bake everyone some... (*jolted suddenly, then back to normal*) ...Where was I? Oh yeah. I may even bake everyone some... (*gets jolted again, then seems to be in a trance for a few seconds; suddenly speaks quickly*) When I'm president, we'll have no more negativity. Smiles will be mandated, and negative comments will not be tolerated. Each day you'll have to tell three other people that they're super swell! And anyone who fails to act happy will get smacked with detention. (*slaps hand on other hand*) Pow! And if they don't improve quickly, (*slaps hands*) pow! More detention. And every afternoon, we'll all sing happy songs. And if you refuse to cooperate, you'll find the Amber method of punishment a most persuasive one. (*slaps hands*) Pow! Saturday detention.

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Several VOTERS, about one-third of VOTERS, stand and walk menacingly toward AMBER. SHE backs away.

Wait! It's all in the power of positive thinking.

VOTERS chase AMBER off, SL, making loud ad lib comments, "Let's get her," etc; pause, as ALL watch, shocked.

PAM: Well, so much for the candidacy of Barney the Dinosaur.

MS. POSEY: That was unusual. (*looks after AMBER, then turns back*) Are there any more questions?

ALEX: (*stands*) I have a question, Ms. Posey. Pam, do you feel that you're the inevitable winner?

PAM: When the race is run, when the battle has been fought (*arms raised in triumph*), I, Pam, will be the victor.

VICTOR: I am Victor!

PAM: No, you don't understand. (*points to herself*) I will *be* the victor.

VICTOR: (*points to himself; loudly*) I am Victor. I will *be* Victor. You will be Pam.

PAM: I meant victor as in victorious.

VICTOR: Yes! (*raises arms*) Victor the victorious. Victor! Victor!

VICTOR waves arms for OTHERS to join in, which THEY do.

Victor! Victor!

VOTERS: Victor! Victor! Victor!

VICTOR: (*motions them to stop*) Thank you. (*to PAM*) Now we know who Victor will be. (*to VOTERS*) Who is Victor?

VOTERS: You are! You are!

VICTOR: Who will *be* Victor?

VOTERS: You will! You will!

VICTOR: (*expansive "I told you so" gesture*) Like old Russian proverb. "To Victor go the spoils," and I... am Victor.

PAM: This isn't fair, Ms. Posey. It's Russian propaganda.

JANE: (*stands*) Les, we haven't heard much from you. What do you think we need to do to improve Stargell?

LES: Jane, it all starts with money. All the greedy people have the money, and Stargell has nothing.

Ad lib from VOTERS... "Yeah!", "That's right," "You tell 'em, Les," etc.

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We need better food, better facilities, better equipment. And what's that going to cost?

VOTERS: Money!

LES: What does every program at Stargell need?

VOTERS: Money!

LES: Look at the greedy oil companies. They take all your money.

VOTERS: Yeah!

LES: Let's turn the tables. Let's sock it to those big, greedy oil companies.

VOTERS: (*more excited, some pumping fists*) Yeah. Let's sock it to the greedy oil companies!

LES: And the greedy teachers. Let them pay out!

VOTERS: Yeah! Let's sock it to the greedy teachers!

LES: And Stargell Theatre Department. I'll take the money from the theatre department!

VOTERS: (*really excited now*) Yeah! Let's sock it to the greedy theatre department!

LES: And in case those plans fall through, each month I'll be collecting dues of \$20 from each and every one of you students.

VOTERS: Yeah! (*start with the usual enthusiasm and trail off later in the sentence when THEY realize what THEY're saying*) Let's sock it to us greedy stu-dents. (*ALL look at each other, confused.*)

SUSAN: (*beat*) Say what?

LES: (*beat, then pumps fists, tries to rally the troops again*) Yeah! I said you'll all pay me dues every month... (*pauses for response, but none; a few mouths gaped open*) ...for necessary funds here at Stargell.

LES freezes with fist in the air; no response; several VOTERS, about half of the remaining VOTERS, stand and move angrily toward LES, who backs away.

Hold up. It's for your own good. (*still backing up*) Really! That's what politicians do!

VOTERS chase LES off, SL, making angry growls and ad lib comments.

MS. POSEY: (*beat; shocked*) Oh, dear. This is most unusual.

PAM: (*shakes head*) If someone sold tar and feathers at this school, they'd make a fortune.

DAG: Looks like it's down to the three of us.

VICTOR: This calls for Russian goodwill gesture. (*beat*) Cough drop?

VICTOR holds out a cough drop to each of them. PAM and DAG nervously shake heads, look away, then each slides a foot or more away from VICTOR.

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MS. POSEY: Since this Q & A is quickly getting out of hand, let me inject a question. This is one for all of you. What is your very favorite inspirational quote? (*puts hands together*) Oh, how I love an inspirational quote.

PAM: Mine is “A quitter never wins and a winner never quits,” by Brad Pitt.

MS. POSEY: (*claps*) Very good, Pamela. That’s a wonderful quote, although Brad Pitt didn’t say it. Dag?

DAG: My favorite quote is either “Cowabunga”, or “Surf’s up, dude.” Both of those come in handy if you’re a surfer, but I don’t know who said them first. It must have been a surfer though, wouldn’t you think?

MS. POSEY: O-kay... uh... Victor?

VICTOR: (*slowly*) “Speak soft and carry great big stick.”

MS. POSEY: (*claps*) That’s so good. Teddy Roosevelt. “Speak softly and carry a big stick.” It’s one of my favorite quotes.

VICTOR: (*eerily, to VOTERS*) Victor use big stick... beat you all like wolf pups... (*beat*) ...beat you each day... make you strong like Russian soldier.

ALL remaining VOTERS look at each other, shocked, then look angrily at VICTOR, then rise, starting toward him. VICTOR backs away.

Unless you vote for Victor. (*open-armed gesture*) Then I embrace you all like comrades.

The remaining VOTERS angrily chase him off. SL, making ad lib noises.

DAG: (*after watching in amazement*) Cowabunga!

MS. POSEY: (*pause, shakes head*) I can’t believe we lost three candidates in one news conference.

PAM: (*amazed, but happy*) I know. This stupid little Q and A couldn’t have turned out better.

MS. POSEY and DAG look at PAM strangely as lights go down.

ACT I, SCENE 7

AT RISE: In the classroom; MS. POSEY stands in front of seated STUDENTS.

MS. POSEY: Boys and girls, elections are not always pretty things. But what makes it worthwhile is being involved in the democratic process. (*beat*) Three of our five candidates have dropped out of the race. But that’s okay. The voters spoke forcefully, and the candidates listened. The important

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thing is to run this election in a fair and honorable manner and elect a president. Our new president will either be Dag...

DAG stands, gives peace sign, as some of the STUDENTS cheer.

...or Pam.

PAM stands and waves, as OTHER STUDENTS cheer her on.

Now about the debate tomorrow night...

MS. POSEY now mimes speaking to the class, as DAG pulls TRACY aside, taking her DSL a few steps.

DAG: I'd like you to be my campaign manager, Tracy. Ms. Posey said we need one, and you seem really smart and stuff.

TRACY: Sure, Dag. I've always wanted to be a part of something big like this. With my brains and your charisma, we could take this all the way.

TRACY puts a hand on DAG's shoulder and BOTH stare out, like SHE's showing him something; gestures.

Imagine it all. You're the president of Stargell... President Dag... El Presidente. You'll be loved, respected, feared. You'll be a mover and a shaker.

DAG: *(excited)* Whoa... dude! I want to move. I want to shake.

DAG and TRACY walk back to rejoin the class, as PAM pulls NATHAN away DSR.

PAM: I need your help, Nathan. I'm not much of a people person. Sometimes I come across as superior or condescending.

NATHAN: *(hand to heart, in fake shock)* Who, you?

PAM: Will you help me or not? I need to make my image more likable.

NATHAN: *(beat)* Okay, okay. You've got yourself a campaign manager.

PAM: After I get in office, I'll pound those muffin-heads! *(pounds fist in hand... then remembers, becoming nicer again)* But for now, I need to be seen as a little nicer.

NATHAN: A little!?!

PAM and NATHAN cross back to class. As THEY sit, MS. POSEY goes from mimed to actual speaking.

MS. POSEY: And finally students, if you pay attention to the debate, you'll know which candidate best represents your interests.

TRACY: (*aside, to DAG, after making "OK" sign*) We've got this easy.

NATHAN: (*aside, to PAM*) You're going to clean that boy's clock.

MS. POSEY: So listen carefully, and may the best candidate win.

ACT I, SCENE 8

AT RISE: Stargell library; STUDENTS are divided into two groups, and ALL are busy working on campaign posters. This should be done on the floor, with poster board and markers spread around. At SR are Pam supporters, JANE, SUSAN, ARIEL, ALEX, and PAIGE. At SL are Dag supporters, CARMEN, APRIL, CHUCK, JOE, and TARA. Campaign managers, TRACY and NATHAN, supervise the work in their respective groups. OTHER STUDENTS may be included. DAG SUPPORTERS are working quietly as PAM SUPPORTERS speak. VICTOR sits between the two groups at center stage, reading a book.

ALEX: What do you think of this slogan, Nathan? "Let's all jam and vote for Pam."

NATHAN: (*looking at a poster*) Not bad.

PAIGE: When is Pam coming by? I want to shake her hand again.

SUSAN: You've shaken hands with Pam a dozen times now. You're just spreading germs at this point.

NATHAN: Pam needs your support, but she also needs to be focusing on the undecided vote. That's the vote that matters.

PAIGE: Drats! I should have stayed undecided. Then I could shake hands with Pam all I want.

PAM SUPPORTERS are now quiet while the focus shifts to DAG SUPPORTERS.

CHUCK: Are there enough colors in this poster? I want it to bring out Dag's colorful personality.

TRACY: Looks good, Chuck.

CHUCK: I'm so excited I'm about to bust. (*stands, excitedly*) Imagine, preparing posters for a real televised debate.

APRIL: First off, it's a *school* presidential debate, and secondly, it's Stargell TV, not CNN.

TRACY: Chuck, you need to calm down. (*pulls him down*) Just sit there and work on your poster.

CHUCK: (*sulking, as HE starts working again*) Yes, campaign manager.

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MS. POSEY and PAM enter, SR. PAM carries a small stack of papers.

PAM: (*concerned*) I don't understand it, Ms. Posey. Why would someone slip Russian nursery rhymes into my debate notes? Russian nursery rhymes, of all things...

EVERYONE from both sides stares at VICTOR, who slowly closes book and looks around.

VICTOR: Why does everyone blame Victor?

DAG: (*runs in, SL, disheveled, breathing hard*) Sorry I'm late, Ms. Posey. For the last two hours, this huge Russian Wolfhound was sitting on my chest. He knocked me down on the way to school, and he wouldn't let me up.

ALL turn again to look at VICTOR.

PAM & DAG: (*beat*) How could you do this to me? I hired you to work for... (*confused, point at themselves*)...me.

MS. POSEY: (*beat*) Well, well... Pam, Dag, what did you promise about a clean campaign?

PAM & DAG: (*heads down, embarrassed*) Sorry, Ms. Posey.

PAM: (*beat, to VICTOR*) But I want my money back.

DAG: Me too. You agreed to work for me.

VICTOR: (*shrugs*) You both offer Victor money. I agree to work for you both. What's wrong? I do what you say, (*points to PAM, then to DAG*) what you say. Someone pay Victor, Victor work.

MS. POSEY: There won't be any more of this kind of campaign work. And neither of you will get your money back.

PAM & DAG: What?!

MS. POSEY: Another good lesson to learn. If you waste your campaign money, you lose it.

VICTOR: (*arms open, happily*) See? All work out... everyone happy... and Victor keeps money.

MS. POSEY exits, SL. PAM and DAG each sit with their SUPPORTERS. VICTOR goes back to reading.

NATHAN: (*stands, to DAG, across the room*) That was a dirty trick, Dag... slipping Russian nursery rhymes into Pam's debate notes. Isn't that a little juvenile?

TRACY: (*stands, hands on hips*) What about Pam? My client could have been killed. Only an act of fate saved him.

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PAM: (*stands*) Not even an act of fate can save me from smoking your client in the debate.

DAG: (*stands, angrily points to PAM*) It's not he who debates the best. It's he who best... (*slows down, thinking*) ...debates. (*thinks*) Or something like that.

PAM: You can't even complete a simple sentence. What makes you think you can debate me?

DAG: Uh... (*thinking, then taunts*) ...I know you are but what am I?

PAM: (*sarcastically... throws hands up*) Brilliant!

DAG: I know you are but what am I?

TRACY: (*taps DAG, motions for him to stop; to PAM*) At least *our* candidate won't ask the teacher for *more* homework.

PAM: It wouldn't matter. Your candidate never *does* his homework!

DAG: (*to TRACY*) She's got you there.

TRACY: Quiet! (*to PAM*) You're an animal killer! That's right... an animal killer. You're a die-hard vegan, yet you were scarfing down a double cheeseburger at McDonalds the other day. For a vegan, that's an act of murder, eating a defenseless cheeseburger.

PAM: Nobody is going to believe that.

TRACY: They will when they see the pictures.

PAM: I never go to McDonalds.

TRACY: You do now. (*holds up pictures for PAM to see*) Ever heard of Photoshop? (*gives a satisfied smile*) This is a legitimate campaign issue... killer!

PAM: Fine! Your candidate is a quitter. He quit choir, he quit band, he quit basketball, and if elected, he'd quit as president!

PAM SUPPORTERS: (*standing*) Quitter!

DAG SUPPORTERS: (*standing*) Killer!

PAM SUPPORTERS: Quitter!

DAG SUPPORTERS: Killer!

By this point, the two angry GROUPS are close to each other, with only enough room for VICTOR, right in the middle, seated, reading, and unfazed. MS. POSEY runs on, SL, waving arms, trying to quiet the yelling match.

PAM SUPPORTERS: Quitter boy!

DAG SUPPORTERS: Killer girl!

MS. POSEY squeezes between them and right behind VICTOR, who flips a page, looking bored amidst the turmoil.

MS. POSEY: Students! Students!

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PAM: (*spitefully... after the commotion calms*) No one likes a quitter!

DAG: No one likes a killer!

MS. POSEY: (*claps for attention; pause, looks angrily at each GROUP*)

Students! (*beat*) What in the world happened? This is a library... library!

(*finger to mouth*) Sssh! Don't you know that?

ALL except VICTOR: Yes, Ms. Posey.

MS. POSEY: (*sighs, disgusted*) Now, behave!

MS. POSEY stomps off as STUDENTS sit, a bit embarrassed.

PAM: (*after a few moments, softly*) I'm ashamed. Aren't you ashamed, Dag?

DAG: (*head down, softly also*) Yes. I'm ashamed.

PAM: (*total shift in attitude, loud and accusing*) Well, you should be!

DAG: What?

PAM: Causing trouble for a fine teacher like Ms. Posey. I don't see how anyone could vote for you after a stunt like this!

DAG: But... you said you were ashamed, too.

PAM: I *am* ashamed. I'm ashamed of (*points*) you, Dag. (*fakes that SHE's about to cry*) Isn't it bad enough that you trash me without involving others in your smear tactics?

TRACY: (*stands*) Yeah, right! On smear tactics, you wrote the book! That's why everyone in this election will vote for a nice guy over a cruel, stuck-up snob!

PAM: (*stands, in TRACY's face*) You're calling me a snob?! You... a lowly campaign manager?! (*snorts contemptuously*) Dag's gonna get dogged.

TRACY: Over my dead body!

PAM: That can be arranged! Victor?

VICTOR, still reading, sticks hand up in a "talk to the hand" motion.

TRACY: That's right. Why stop at cheeseburgers. Killer!

PAM: Quitter!

DAG SUPPORTERS: (*stand*) Killer!

PAM SUPPORTERS: (*stand*) Quitter!

VICTOR calmly changes reading position from sitting to lying on stomach, as the battle proceeds on both sides of him.

DAG SUPPORTERS: Killer girl!

PAM SUPPORTERS: Quitter boy!

VICTOR calmly turns a page and the OTHERS continue to shout, as curtain closes.

ACT I, SCENE 9

AT RISE: In front of curtain, spot up on PAM and NATHAN, SL.

PAM: That was a great meal, darling

PAIGE: *(enters, gives bill to NATHAN)* Will there be anything else?

NATHAN: An after dinner mint for the lady?

PAIGE: Sure. *(giving PAM a mint)* That'll be a quarter.

NATHAN: *(gives her a dollar bill)* Here's a dollar.

PAIGE: And here's five dollars change. *(gives change and exits)*

PAM: Wow! Five dollars change for one dollar and the mint only costs a quarter. We came out ahead four dollars and a free mint.

NATHAN: This Dag administration is crazy. After six months of his leadership, no one can do simple math. *(looks at bill, then grabs his chest, like HE's having a heart attack)* Ouch! Our bill is for six thousand dollars. Waitress! *(to PAM)* This is outrageous!

PAM: We can hardly afford to live. Our rent last month was eight million dollars.

NATHAN: Good thing they pay me seven million as a greeter at Stargell-Mart. We almost broke even.

PAIGE: *(enters impatiently)* Was there something else?

PAM: Six thousand dollars is a little steep for waffles and eggs, don't you think? Can you add this up again?

PAIGE: *(waves her off with hand, giggles)* Silly. I just put down a random price. With Dag as president, no one adds nothing no more. All prices are like the number on a race car... totally random.

NATHAN: Can you come up with another number at least?

PAIGE: Sure. *(takes, writes on, and returns bill)*

NATHAN & PAM: *(reads)* Eight thousand!

PAIGE: Why not? Eights are pretty numbers... kinda look like spiders. I could add an extra zero if you like. I enjoy drawing zeros. *(reaches for bill)*

NATHAN: *(pulls bill away)* No... that's okay.

PAM: *(bends over in pain)* My stomach doesn't feel so good. What did you put in those waffles?

PAIGE: A new ingredient. We found this can of something or other in the alley. In a Dag administration, no one reads much.

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NATHAN: Naturally. (*bends over in pain*) My stomach hurts too. Are you sure you don't remember the name of that ingredient?

PAIGE: (*thinks*) It was funny sounding. Somebody's son, I think. Paul's son... no... Po's son... (*snaps finger*) ...I've got it... Poy's son.

NATHAN & PAM: Oh, no! Poison!?! (*look at each other*) We ate poison!

PAIGE: (*cheerfully*) That's it. Have a good day. (*exits*)

NATHAN: (*toward unseen camera*) Save me. Save my wife.

PAM: (*toward camera; straightens up, suddenly fine*) And save thousands of others from a totally mindless culture.

NATHAN: Vote for Pam. (*NATHAN turns and shows "Vote for PAM" painted on his back or the back of his shirt.*)

PAM: I'm Pam, and I approve of this ad.

Spot off.

Perusal Only
Do Not Copy

ACT II, SCENE 1

SETTING: Stargell auditorium, site of the presidential debate

AT RISE: Two podiums are set up, both CS, but spaced apart. Each faces audience, but is still slightly toward SR, as CANDIDATES must play to audience and staged audience. To help accomplish this, the SR podium should be slightly upstage of the other one. Chairs should be set out, SR, facing podiums, but cheated toward the audience. DAG and TRACY enter, SR. DAG dresses in beach wear, shorts, t-shirt, flip-flops, but also a tie and maybe even a sports coat.

DAG: *(looking around)* So this is what a debate looks like.

TRACY: No, this is what the Stargell stage looks like. When you and Pam start arguing, then we'll have a debate.

DAG: *(points out into the audience)* Check out the audience. It looks like a really smart crowd.

TRACY: Of course. This *is* Stargell.

DAG: *(beat)* Yeah, but that kinda gives the edge to Pam, don't you think?

TRACY: You'll do fine. Just stick to the facts. Remember, personality wins friends, but in the end, logic wins debates.

DAG: Cool.

TRACY: What are you going to do if they ask you a tough question?

DAG: Ignore it?

TRACY: How? You're on stage, with an audience... and live television.

DAG: I'll figure out a way. Maybe I'll duck behind the podium. *(ducks)*

TRACY: Huh uh, you do not back away. No matter what they say, give an answer. Keep it simple, and speak from the heart. That'll be enough.

DAG: Maybe I'll just pretend I didn't hear the question.

TRACY: *(grabs him by the shoulders)* You've got to do well here tonight. Do it for yourself... for me. *(puts hand on heart)* The future of our country may well rest on your performance tonight.

DAG: Really?

TRACY: *(shrugs)* You never know.

DAG: *(overwhelmed, hand on heart, looking out)* Dude! *(beat; with awe)* Cowabunga!

TRACY leads DAG off, SR. PAM and NATHAN enter, SL, looking around. PAM is dressed professionally.

PAM: Well, here we are. I've been waiting for this night my entire life.

NATHAN: This is your moment in the sun. Just remember to be nice.

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PAM: I'm always nice! (*points out at audience*) Look at the audience.
(*chuckles*) It looks like a really *dumb* crowd.

NATHAN: Of course. This *is* Stargell.

PAM: (*beat*) That plays into Dag's hands, doesn't it?

NATHAN: You'll do fine. But don't forget to show a little personality out there. Logic is fine, but in the end, personality wins debates. (*beat*) What issues are you planning to bring up?

PAM: I've got it covered from A to Z... everything from aerobic dance class to the death of zebra in Tanzania.

NATHAN: Do well tonight and no one can stop you. You'll have unlimited power here at Stargell.

PAM: And then... (*beat, punches fist into hand*) ...I'll squash all those people who voted against me... squash 'em like a bug.

NATHAN & PAM: (*BOTH sigh*) I love politics.

ACT II, SCENE 2

AT RISE: Stargell auditorium - debate focus group; Chairs are DR, with Pam supporters. JANE, ALEX, ARIEL, SUSAN and PAIGE. Separated UR, are seated Dag supporters, CARMEN, APRIL, CHUCK, JOE, and TARA. Separated between the two groups are undecideds AMBER, LES, and VICTOR. VICTOR reads a novel. Other STUDENTS and extras may be included. STEVIE stands left of students, facing audience. HE or SHE carries a fake microphone, and always puts it near those answering questions.

STEVIE: (*very animated and fast-paced, like a game show host*) Welcome, welcome, welcome. Tonight is the night you've been anticipating more than that extra helping of Stargell Surprise. (*beat*) This evening we present the Stargell presidential debates. (*moves to STUDENTS*) And over here is an actual focus group we chose to represent the views of the entire student body. On one side, we have Pam supporters. On the other side, we have Dag supporters. In the middle are voters who are still undecided. Let's start with Pam supporters. First, why are you supporting Pam?

SUSAN: I support Pam because she supports Stargell.

OTHER SUPPORTERS clap.

PAIGE: (*stands, animated*) Once, when I was walking home and spilled my books all over the sidewalk, Pam just happened to come along. I was afraid she'd kick my books around or even kick me. But instead, she stepped right over my books and kept walking. Now that's class!

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OTHERS shake heads, roll eyes.

STEVIE: What are you guys hoping to hear from Pam tonight?

JANE: I want her to motivate... inspire. I want a common sense approach to government.

PAIGE: (*excitedly*) I hope to get a handshake with Pam before the debate... maybe even during the debate.

SUSAN: You're getting a little nutzo with this handshake obsession. You're beginning to scare Pam. You're even starting to scare me.

PAIGE: Handshakes are part of presidential lore. Candidates have been shaking hands with voters since the days of George Washington. They also kiss babies, but I've yet to see either of the candidates kiss a baby. That's what I'd like to see in this campaign, Stevie... some good old-fashioned baby kissing.

STEVIE: (*condescending*) This is a high school, Paige. Now let's go across the aisle and talk to some Dag supporters.

SUSAN: (*aside to PAIGE*) Thanks, Paige. You're making the supporters of the smart candidate look foolish... (*points out to imaginary camera*) ...and on Stargell TV.

PAIGE sits low in her chair and sulks.

STEVIE: What are you guys looking for out of Dag tonight?

JOE: I'm looking for issues, Stevie. I want to know what Dag will do as president, when he'll do it, and why he did it.

CHUCK: I intend to personally put Dag over the top in this race.

STEVIE: And how will you accomplish that?

CHUCK: (*grabs backpack from under chair*) In this very backpack, I have a vast array of fireworks. As Dag finishes his closing statement, (*stands, gestures broadly*) I'll light them all together and POW... he'll have a star-studded, star-bangled finish that will go down in Stargell history. Whenever people talk about Dag's victory, they'll say he owes it all to Chuck.

APRIL: (*pulls CHUCK down, snatches his backpack*) Forget it. We're indoors. People would only remember how Chuck's star-spangled fireworks celebration killed both candidates.

TARA: And all the voters.

APRIL: I'll just hold your backpack.

CHUCK: But...

APRIL: You don't want another incident like the Over Easy Eggplant Exhibit, do you?

CHUCK: (*crosses arms, angrily; to himself*) It would have been perfect. I'd have put Dag right over the top.

APRIL: Yeah... of the auditorium.

STEVIE: Now let's go to the middle where we have the undecided voters. As luck would have it, we have three ex-candidates with us tonight. Les, what would it take for you to jump on either the Pam or Dag bandwagon?

LES: These two... forget it.

STEVIE: And you, Victor? What would it take to convince you?

VICTOR: (*looks up from book*) Nothing will convince Victor. Victor already run in election. Don't understand political system in Amerika. Your political system stinks. (*goes back to reading*)

STEVIE: And what about you, Amber? Will anything sway you?

AMBER: (*quickly*) Well, a good positive message with references to smiley faces, snuggle bears, and Barney the Positive Purple Dinosaur would be a good start. Then again, I should be the one up there tonight. (*crosses arms, sulks*) It's just not fair. I hate the candidates. I hate the voters. (*beat*) I even hate Barney the Dinosaur. (*realizes what SHE said*) Wait a minute! I didn't mean that, Barney. (*looks out*) I didn't mean that... really! (*beat*) Really!

STEVIE: (*embarrassed... moves on*) Now, Dag supporters, if you had a slogan for your candidate, what would it be?

CARMEN: Since he *is* a surfer, I like "Dag looks cool as he rides the wave to victory."

STEVIE: Nice, but too long. We need an acronym. What about "Cool on the waves" to describe your candidate?

OTHER DAG SUPPORTERS look around, ad lib, "Yeah," "That's okay," "not bad," "Whatever."

Great then. You've just crowned your party as the COW party. "Cool on the waves." COW... perfect.

SUSAN: (*to OTHER PAM SUPPORTERS*) Appropriate mascot for Dag's I.Q. Dag-the bovine candidate.

OTHERS laugh.

STEVIE: And what about Pam supporters? Do we have any good slogans here?

PAIGE: (*stands, excited*) Pam is g-r-r-r-e-a-t!

STEVIE: Beautiful. You've just crowned Pam leader of the PIG party. "Pam is great." PIG. Excellent. Thank you.

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SUSAN: (*pats PAIGE on back*) Yeah, thanks a lot. You just made Pam into a pig. (*sarcastically*) I'm sure she'll be thrilled.

PAIGE: (*mouth open in shock as SHE slowly sits*) But... I didn't know.

SUSAN: When she finds out, you'll be lucky if you can attend the same school, much less shake her hand.

STEVIE: So we have our political parties... the COW's and the PIG's. What do you nasty, smelly barnyard animals have to say to each other?

DAG SUPPORTERS: (*stand*) COW's are cool! COW's are cool! (*sit*)

STEVIE: Your response, PIG's?

PAM SUPPORTERS: (*stand*) PIG's are smart, COW's aren't. PIG's are smart, COW's aren't. (*sit*)

STEVIE: (*claps*) Just delightful. I love to see that fighting spirit in politics.

JANE: (*stands*) Excuse me, but I don't think it should all be hate and warfare. I think some of us should...

JANE & JOE: (*JOE stands too*) ...reach across party lines. (*BOTH look at each other and step to the middle. JOE takes JANE's hand, and THEY stare lovingly at each other. Optionally, classical music could be played as THEY walk toward each other, melodramatically.*)

JANE: I never knew you felt like this.

JOE: I've always believed in reaching out...

JANE: ...embracing one another... (*beat*) ...'s views...

JOE: ...reaching a mutual consensus...

JANE: ...an opportunity that shouldn't be missed...

JOE: ...a ballot, a vote, a special kiss.

JANE: (*beat*) Oh, darling!

JOE: Oh, baby!

ALL: Oh brother!

VICTOR: (*pause, looks up from book, shakes head*) It's just like bad Russian love story.

STEVIE: (*going to JOE and JANE, trying to break hands apart*) Guys and gals, this is truly what you call reaching across the aisle.

STEVIE splits them up, pushes JANE to her seat, JOE to his, as BOTH still look at and reach out to one another.

Now stay on your sides. (*wiping hands like when completing a task*)

Ridiculous! PIG's and COW's reaching a consensus. Preposterous. (*to audience, moving to center stage*) That's all for now, peeps. We'll be back after the debate to see if the candidates had any effect on our focus group voters. Stay tuned for the big presidential debate... right here on the star of our city...

ALL: ...*(some should wave at unseen camera)* Stargell TV!

PAIGE: *(in a stage whisper)* Hi Mom!

ACT II, SCENE 3

AT RISE: Stargell auditorium; PAM and DAG each enter from the back of the auditorium, DAG taking the left side and PAM the right. CANDIDATES may shake hands in the audience as THEY get closer, randomly shaking and ad-libbing. DAG might say “I’ll teach you to surf, man.” PAM could say “Vote for me you’ll see the cash.” Optionally, BOTH could toss some small candies to several people in the audience. PAM and DAG should each keep moving. NATHAN enters, SR, and TRACY enters, SL. BOTH stand a short distance behind and to the side of their CLIENTS’ podium. PAM shakes her SUPPORTERS’ hands, but ignores PAIGE’s outstretched hand. PAIGE tries to get noticed, and when PAM turns to go, SHE stands, moans in a spoiled manner, and stomps her feet in a “P-L-E-A-S-E” tantrum. PAM turns with a fake smile, pulls out and puts on a disposable glove, and shakes PAIGE’s hand with it. SHE then removes and tosses the glove down, moving in front of SL podium. PAIGE, horrified and open-mouthed, stares at her own hand, at PAM, and sullenly sits. As FOCUS GROUP cheers, PAM does a little shadow-boxing, while DAG pretends to be surfing. BOTH step behind their podiums, as PAM waves and DAG flashes a peace sign. MS. POSEY enters, SL, and moves close but still left of the podiums.

PAIGE: *(to SUSAN)* I didn’t even get a real handshake. She used a glove.

Why did she use a glove to shake my hand? Why? Why?!

SUSAN: Perhaps she doesn’t trust a person who always wants to shake hands.

(beat) Germ warfare, you know.

MS. POSEY: Good evening, and welcome to the Stargell Presidential Debates.

Good luck, candidates. Pamela, you may now make your opening statement.

PAM: Thank you students of Stargell. If you want a government where your vote will be appreciated... and maybe even rewarded, Pam is your honey.

(holds up several dollar bills) ...and this can be your money!

Applause from FOCUS GROUP, as PAM nods and smiles.

Those delicious hot dogs you ate were compliments of the PAM campaign. So were the chips and drinks. *(smiles)* You may have noticed the cups were green... *(big smile)* ...just a friendly reminder of all the green you’ll slam when you vote for Pam. *(beat)* As you can see, for Pam supporters, life will be good. For Dag supporters... *(loses smile, steps toward DAG)*

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SUPPORTERS; chillingly) ...voter beware! (*beat... moves back*) Consider a vote for Pam as a vote for a new partnership. Who wouldn't want a partner who might happen to leave a \$20 bill stuffed in your notebook? Vote for Dag and you may not have a notebook. (*beat*) Thank you. (*blows kisses*)

MS. POSEY: (*prompts audience to applaud if they don't already*). Thank you, Pamela. I believe you only committed two or three felonies with that speech. (*beat*) Dag, your opening statement, please.

DAG: Tonight, you might think I'm just a surfing bum, but I'm more than that. (*beat*) Thanks to you, I'm a candidate for president. Dude! That rocks!

FOCUS GROUP applauds.

People have asked me what a Dag presidency would mean for them. And my answer is this. (*rapid, rather rhythmic*) There's no mountain too high to climb, no ocean too wet to swim. All for one and guns for all. In a Dag administration, the sun will rise in the morning and set in the evening. Relief is spelled R-O-L-A-I-D-S. As Americans, we must dream big, and to dream, we must get lots of sleep... even if it means snoozing during English class. So in conclusion, never, never, never... get up. (*beat*) With a vote for me, you can turn your life around 360 degrees. (*beat; gives peace sign*) Peace out, man!

FOCUS GROUP applauds.

MS. POSEY: (*annoyed but tries to be nice*) Thank you, candidate Dag, for stating the... uh... specifics of your presidential plan.

NATHAN and TRACY both pat their CLIENTS on the back and recede a few steps.

MS. POSEY: Okay, candidates, we'll start with questions from the audience.

Paige personally asked if she could have the first debate question. Go ahead, Paige.

PAIGE: (*stands, rubs hands together*) This question is for Pam. I've been waiting for weeks to ask this. (*slowly and enthusiastically*) What is your favorite color?

PAM: (*pauses, disbelieving*) Idiot!

NATHAN: (*rushes up to PAM; in a stage whisper*) You can't say that! She's one of your supporters, for crying out loud. Do you want her to defect to the other side? I thought you were going to be nice?

PAM: I was told this was going to be a debate... not Sesame Street!

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NATHAN: Now take it back. (*gently poking her arm with a finger*) Take-it-back! (*moves back to normal position*)

PAM: (*smiles too sweetly*) What I actually meant to say, Paige, is that only an idiot would be blind to color. We need a color blind Stargell, one where all races and religions are free... to elect Pam as our next president.

MS. POSEY: Paige, you may sit down now.

PAIGE: (*dismayed, sits*) But she never answered my question.

MS. POSEY: (*kindly*) That's politics, dear. Get used to it. Jane, didn't you have a question?

JANE: Yes, ma'am. Dag, in your opinion, what are the main economic venues here at Stargell for raising money so we can in turn use our resources to help make the school a better place for everyone?

DAG: (*confused and flustered*) Say what?

MS. POSEY: (*after a pause*) Dag, are you going to answer the question?

DAG: (*beat*) What question?

TRACY slaps her hand to her hand.

MS. POSEY: What question? The one Jane just asked.

DAG: Who?

MS. POSEY: Jane. (*pause*) Are you going to answer the excellent question Jane asked?

DAG: Uh... (*beat*) ...*sure*.

MS. POSEY: (*pause*) When?

DAG: When-what?

MS. POSEY: When are you going to answer the question!?

DAG: Question? (*looks at watch*) What time is this over? (*yawns*) I'm kinda tired. (*pause; MS. POSEY crosses arms*) I'm a little hungry, too... any refreshments?

MS. POSEY: (*impatient*) We're waiting, Dag.

DAG: (*beat*) I didn't hear the question?

MS. POSEY: (*frustrated*) Jane?

JANE: What do you see as the key economic venues here at Stargell for raising money to help the school?

DAG looks back at TRACY, then at JANE. HE slowly starts ducking behind the podium, hoping no one will actually notice. As HE slips out of sight, TRACY angrily marches over and yanks DAG up.

TRACY: (*in a stage whisper*) You stop fooling around and answer Jane's question.

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DAG: I don't know the answer.

TRACY: Wing it!

DAG: Can't I have a surfing question?

TRACY: No! (*grabs his collar, threatening*) Answer the question! (*lets go, returns to her spot*)

DAG: (*pause, looks around*) Blue.

JANE: Blue?

DAG: My favorite color is blue. (*beat*) Thank you.

TRACY slaps her forehead again; frustrated, JANE sits.

MS. POSEY: (*shakes head*) Next question, please. Ariel, did you have one?

ARIEL: May I read my question?

MS. POSEY: Sure, Ariel, go ahead.

ARIEL: (*stands*) This is for Pam. (*takes out note card and reads*) "Pamela, you are so smart and possess such a delightful personality. When you bring your sweet nature to the job of president, what..." (*can't read a word*) ..."what..." (*walks over to PAM*) What's this word? I can't read this word.

PAM: (*looks*) Effect... effect! You idiot!!

ARIEL: Why, I never...

PAM: What... learned to read?

MS. POSEY: (*grabs paper and looks*) This is your handwriting, Pamela. You can't plant questions in the audience.

DAG: She must have planted that tough question I got. I knew Jane was a plant.

MS. POSEY: (*not even looking at him*) Quiet, Dag.

JANE: (*angry*) No one gave me that question. You just couldn't answer it.

JOE: (*to JANE*) It was a wonderful question, darling.

MS. POSEY: By the way, candidates, the focus group, your own supporters, chose mascots and party names for you both. (*goes and whispers in DAG'S ear*)

DAG: (*lights up*) Oh, cool, man! (*does a short celebration dance*) All right. We're the COW's, dude. Sah-weet! I love cows. (*beat*) I eat burgers all the time. Check out our new party slogan... (*gestures dramatically*) ...COW-abunga!

DAG does another short celebration dance as MS. POSEY whispers to PAM.

PAM: (*horrified*) What?! Are you kidding me? (*angry look, pointing around*) Who did it? I want to know. Who did it?

ALL of the STUDENTS, except VICTOR, point to PAIGE.

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You... you... horrid little beast! (*moves toward PAIGE, fists clenched*)

ALEX: (*intercepts PAM, holding her back*) She was only trying to help.

PAM: Imagine if she hadn't been trying.

ALEX: She said "Pam is great," and before we knew it, Stevie used those initials to make us the PIG's.

PAM: (*to PAIGE*) You made me the leader of the hogs!?!

PAIGE: (*beat*) Not the hogs... the PIG's.

PAM: I fail to see the difference!

DAG: Pam must be the little piggy that went "Wee, wee, wee" all the way home.

MS. POSEY: (*pauses, unnerved at the friction*) Quiet, Dag.

PAM: (*to PAIGE, yelling*) Enjoy being in the PIG party, because it's the last party you'll ever attend!

MS. POSEY: (*smiling, embarrassed, trying to look like nothing happened*) This might be a good time to take that break. We'll be right back.

ACT II, SCENE 4

AT RISE: Commercial. Dialogue should be rapid-fire. TRACY should have a poster on the floor, within easy reach.

DAG: (*reaching out to touch TRACY'S arm*) I love you.

TRACY: (*jerking away angrily*) I hate you.

DAG: I adore you.

TRACY: I despise you.

DAG: I see you in my dreams.

TRACY: I see you when I vomit.

DAG: (*beat; uneasily*) Where's the kitchen knife?

TRACY: (*smiles menacingly, moves forward*) You mean the long, sharp, deadly one?

DAG: (*moves back*) U-u-u-h... are you mad about something, darling?

TRACY: (*picks up a poster*) I'm proudly following President Pam's... (*shows poster, with Be Mean To Men written vertically*) ...BMTM initiative.

DAG: Her what?

TRACY: It stands for... (*points at each word*) "Be Mean To Men." As Pam supporters, we all have to do our part. I want to be just like President Pam.

DAG: (*to an unseen camera*) We have to stop the insanity, dude. On Tuesday, vote for Dag, a kinder, cooler, more color-coordinated president.

TRACY: A vote for Pam is a vote for cruelty and narcissism.

DAG: (*quickly*) I'm Dag, and I approve of this ad. Also, check out pamismean.com on the web.

ACT II, SCENE 5

Back at the debate, DAG confers quietly with TRACY as PAM and NATHAN speak aloud.

NATHAN: (*massages PAM's shoulders, like preparing a boxer for the next round*) How are you feeling?

PAM: Ready to eat nails. I'll crush that ridiculous surfer boy.

NATHAN: Good girl. (*turns her around*) You need to be ready for the policy questions. That's where you'll show your superiority to Dag.

PAM: (*dancing around, punching; scowling*) I'm a condenduh! I'm a condenduh! Dag's a pretenduh. He's a pretenduh. (*beat*) I'll tear him to shreds. (*stops dancing*)

NATHAN: Do you have all your policy notes?

PAM: (*shows stack of notes on podium*) Right here. Hope I can find what I need... when I need it.

NATHAN: Did you get rid of all those Russian nursery rhymes Victor slipped in with your notes?

PAM and NATHAN silently confer, while DAG and TRACY speak aloud.

TRACY: (*combing his hair, fixing his collar, tie; motherly*) You're hanging in there, Dag. But you have to stop being shy of the questions. Embrace them.

DAG: Embrace them?

TRACY: Embrace... every question. Love them... anticipate them.

DAG: I'd rather just know how to answer them.

TRACY: (*frustrated*) Do this. Right or wrong, say what's on your mind. If you're reluctant to answer, it looks like you're hiding something.

DAG: I am... my ignorance of politics.

TRACY: Why did you even run for office?

DAG: I want to be a politician.

TRACY rolls her eyes, as MS. POSEY steps into place.

MS. POSEY: Now we'll continue with questions. From here on out, each candidate will get response time to the other's questions. We'll begin with a question for Pam.

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SUSAN: (*stands*) Pam, what are your feelings about the recent Wildlife Protection Act, and do you think it goes far enough to protect the endangered animals of our planet? (*sits*)

PAM: That’s a great question. (*looks through notes, speaks to herself*) Where are those notes on animal rights? Oh, here’s something. (*reads aloud, sounding more confused as SHE reads*) “Mary had a Russian lamb, it’s fleece was white as Siberian snow. And everywhere that Mary went, looked like downtown Moscow.” (*pronounces it “Mos-co”; looks up*) What in the world is this?

PAM turns and angrily stares at VICTOR, as do all OTHERS.

VICTOR: (*looks up from book*) Why look at the Russian... (*nods knowingly*) ...always the Russian... always the Russian.

MS. POSEY: Dag, your response to animal rights?

DAG: Dude, animals totally rock. To me, their political persuasion doesn’t matter. Animal rights, animal lefts... Of course, sometimes I chase down rabbits and coyotes in my pick-up, but rabbits and coyotes aren’t really animals, right? (*Aside, to TRACY, who is obviously embarrassed*) You said to say anything that comes to mind.

TRACY: (*shakes head*) Anything but that.

MS. POSEY: Let me inject a question that actually has some relevance for Stargell students. Teen gambling has become a huge problem here at Stargell and at schools across the country. As president of Stargell, what can you do to impact this horrible gambling epidemic?

PAM: I’d like to create a lottery... maybe a school casino. We could use that money to help addicted gamblers, and I would also distribute that money to worthy individuals... including all Pam supporters. (*winks and makes an “OK” sign to audience*) You can bet on it!

MS. POSEY: Uh, right. Dag?

DAG: Lower the gambling age to five, man.

MS. POSEY: Five years old!?!

DAG: Uh huh. If they’re old enough to count to ten, they’re old enough for poker.

PAM: Your plan is ridiculous.

DAG: Oh yeah?

APRIL: (*pause... stands*) Pam, what is your position on capital punishment?

PAM: I’m all for capital punishment. If they commit the crime, they have to pay. And of course, since they won’t be able to use their money after they’re... well, you know... gone... they can donate everything to my “Pam for President” fund.

MS. POSEY: Dag?

DAG: I don't see the big deal, man. English teachers always want you punished if you forget to capitalize a word. (*beat*) Can't we all just get along?

MS. POSEY: We're talking about the death penalty, Dag.

DAG: Death? Dude! That's as wrong as lethal injection for omitting a comma. Give writers a break, man.

CHUCK: (*pause; stands*) Everything is so expensive. Gas is high. Food is high. Pam, how can you help the consumer?

PAM: Simple... spend your money on the Pam campaign. You can eat and travel *after* the election.

MS. POSEY: Dag, what would you do about soaring gas and food prices?

DAG: That's easy. Edible oil wells. (*does a short victory dance*)

PAM: (*shakes head*) I don't know which is dumber... you or your ideas.

DAG: How did that old saying go... something about trying to put lipstick on a pig.

MS. POSEY: (*as SHE pulls back PAM, who is aggressively moving toward DAG*) Now we've come to the portion of the debate where the candidates question each other.

NATHAN: (*aside to PAM*) This is where you have to let him have it. Question him on subjects he's clueless about.

PAM: (*aside*) Like what?

NATHAN: Ask him about euthanasia.

PAM: Euthanasia? You mean the right for really sick people to die rather than suffer?

NATHAN: That's right. Euthanasia. He won't have a clue.

TRACY: (*aside to DAG*) Be ready. She's going to hit you with her best shot. Just stay in there and (*hitting him on the arm, excitedly*) fight, fight, fight.

DAG: (*grabs arm*) Ow! That really hurts. You could be assaulting the next president.

TRACY: (*crosses fingers on both hands and looks up*) I only hope.

MS. POSEY: Candidates, I now leave this debate in your hands. Dag, would you like to start?

DAG: Start what?

PAM: I'll begin, Ms. Posey.

MS. POSEY: Very well.

PAM: Candidate Dag, do you even have a clue about national security issues?

DAG: (*nervous*) Such as?

PAM: Tell the audience your specific views on waterboarding. Are you for or against waterboarding as a form of torture?

DAG: Dude! Now that's a question I can answer. Sah-weet!

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PAM: (*surprised*) You can?

DAG: Of course I'm for waterboarding. I'm for surfing, waterboarding, boogie-boarding... I've done it all. But I don't see any of those things as torture. I'll tell you what's torture is when you wipe out on a big wave. One time...

PAM: (*cuts DAG off*) That's ridiculous. You're not qualified to be president.

DAG: Says who?

PAM: What would you do about a major health crisis?

DAG: I'd call the doctor, man.

PAM: That's no answer. What's your position on free prescription drugs?

DAG: I'm for them... (*thinking*) ...or maybe I'm against them.

PAM: I think you're *on* them. (*pause, moves partly toward DAG*) Get real.

You wouldn't have the first clue of what to do in a real emergency. What if Stargell was invaded by another school?

DAG: It won't be.

PAM: Oh, yeah? For all you know, there could be spies right in our midst, casing this school. Spies are everywhere. (*looks around*)

ALL look around, turn slowly to look at VICTOR, who looks up from his book.

VICTOR: What???

JANE: (*stands*) Ms. Posey, this whole debate is a sham. Spies at Stargell?

What do we think... they're going to steal our recipe for Stargell Surprise?

STUDENTS grumble, ad lib, "What do you know, etc. JANE sits, frustrated.

PAM: Okay Dag, you're so smart. Tell this fine audience your views on euthanasia.

DAG: I have to be honest and say I don't know much about that subject.

PAM: I thought as much!

DAG: I'd rather focus on the fine youth in America. Let China and Japan worry about youth in Asia.

ALEX: (*to OTHERS in PAM'S FOCUS GROUP*) You know, he has a point. Finally, a candidate that makes sense.

PAIGE: Dag seems to have a grasp on all the tough issues. Who else would think of oil wells you can eat?

PAM: (*hears them*) Are you people crazy? Have you lost your minds? He's come up with perfectly ridiculous answers for each one of my questions.

PAIGE: (*to OTHER PAM SUPPORTERS*) He's a lot nicer than she is too. He never calls us crazy.

NATHAN whispers to PAM.

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PAM: Dag, I'm curious. Have you ever completed a major project in your life?

DAG: Well... I... of course I have.

PAM: What?

DAG: Uh... um... lots of things.

PAM: Such as?

DAG: Well... uh... stuff.

PAM: Stuff?

DAG: Stuff.

PAM: What kind of stuff?

DAG: Ms. Posey!

MS. POSEY: Answer the question, dear.

DAG: (*turns*) Tracy... help!?!)

PAM: I maintain that if he is elected president of Stargell, Dag will quit and leave us all high and dry. It's his pattern, and people always follow their patterns.

APRIL: (*to OTHER DAG SUPPORTERS*) That's right. He is a quitter.

CARMEN: I remember when he quit band... right in the middle of our parade.

APRIL: He quit basketball in the middle of a jump shot.

MS. POSEY: Dag, do you have a response?

DAG: (*pause, thinking*) I know you are but what am I?

PAM: (*rolls eyes, annoyed*) Oh, brother.

DAG: I know you are but what am I?

TRACY motions DAG to cease. JANE and JOE stand simultaneously, come together, take hands, and walk downstage, between FOCUS GROUP and CANDIDATES.

JANE: Excuse me, guys and girls of Stargell. Joe and I have an announcement to make.

JOE: We're joining the election for president as a 3rd party candidate.

MS. POSEY: You're running... the both of you... as one candidate?

JOE: Can we? I don't feel complete without Jane.

JANE: Nor I without Joe.

BOTH look at each other lovingly.

MS. POSEY: Actually, there's nothing against that in our school constitution, but...

JANE & JOE: But?

MS. POSEY: You joined too late to compete in the debate.

JANE & JOE: That's fine with us.

JANE: We don't care about winning. We just want to see the democratic process represented. We don't feel either candidate does that. They've spent the entire debate arguing about the death penalty or wildlife policies and things adults have to deal with. Our next president should hold a bake sale, or organize some volunteer work. *(beat)* Let's just be kids for awhile, and try to make Stargell a warm, friendly place to attend school.

JOE: *(pulls her closer; fondly)* You're wonderful, you know that?

The FOCUS GROUP, except for VICTOR, boos loudly, and several throw paper wads and ad lib, "Couple of losers," etc. While attempting to avoid paper wads, JOE and JANE grab their chairs, and move upstage of OTHER GROUPS, creating their own section. VICTOR takes his chair and places it right behind them. JANE and JOE smile at VICTOR, patting him on the back. MS. POSEY fights to hush them and does.

MS. POSEY: Stop it! Stop it now! *(beat)* Quiet down! *(beat)* I think Jane and Joe have done a wonderful thing here. Even our candidates could learn a thing or two.

PAM: *(disgusted)* Like, I'm so sure.

DAG: And I thought *my* ideas were stupid.

PAM: *(turns to DAG)* They are.

ACT II, SCENE 6

AT RISE: Commercial. A drum roll and beat are heard. The drum may be played offstage or onstage with a cast member or extra. This is music for an execution. As the drumming continues, spot comes up, SL.

NATHAN: *(in French accent, as drumming stops)* *Oui, oui, Mademoiselle.*
You are ready for your execution, *oui*?

PAM: *(hands in back, like they're tied; looks straight out, bravely)* *Oui.* I'm ready.

NATHAN: Would you like a last cigarette?

PAM: I don't smoke. It's unhealthy.

NATHAN: Blindfold? *(pulls out a handkerchief)*

PAM: No. I'll face the music.

NATHAN: Music? She wants music. Give her music. *(gestures for drums to start again)*

PAM: No, no. That's just an expression.

NATHAN: Oh. *(gestures for drums to stop, and they do)* How brave you are... for an American.

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PAM: Thank you... *(beat)* ...I think.

NATHAN: Do you know why the firing squad is going to shoot you, then put you on the guillotine, then show you home videos of President Dag saying *(mocking)* “I know you are but what am I?”

PAM: I do. It’s because President Dag was so obnoxious he made France angry. Then after they declared war, he was such a weak president, they defeated us. *(beat)* The French... beat us. I’ll be ashamed forever. Or at least as long as it takes to shoot, decapitate, and make me laugh to death.

NATHAN: *Au revoir, Mademoiselle.* Goodbye. You die proudly... for an American low-life piece of garbage. *(puts arm up, very official; drum roll gets louder as HE speaks)* Ready... aim... a-a-a-n-d...

PAM: Wait!

Drums stop.

(to unseen camera, pleading) Don’t let the French invade Stargell and force us all to wear funny hats. Don’t let a fellow classmate die. Do the right thing. Save a life. Vote Pam for president.

NATHAN: *(in normal voice to camera)* She’s Pam, and she approves of this ad.

ACT II, SCENE 7

MS. POSEY: Welcome back. Each candidate will now give a closing statement. Dag, you may begin.

DAG: *(fiddles with his clothes for a moment, readies himself)* Ladies and gentlemen, fellow COW’s, and pandering PIG’s. By now, each and every one of you should know where I stand. On issues ranging from light to serious, I stand firm. In the face of progress, I stand still. And when I win, I intend to stand-up-for-you!

Applause.

In a Dag administration you will always know where I stand. In fact, there’s nothing a Dag presidency won’t stand for. I’ll stand for everything. Most of you can’t stand Pam. *(beat)* As your great leader, I will stand... *(strikes a pose)* ...alone. *(beat)* And so you’ll remember, I’m going to bust a rap for my loyal supporters.

MS. POSEY: *(throws hands up)* Oh, goodness. Are we to be spared nothing tonight?!

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DAG: (*Jumps around, beat-boxes for a few seconds before beginning*)

Yo, my name is Dag
Surfer boy without a cent,
But slide me some votes
And I'll be your president.

Let me get you going
In the right direction.
If you're gonna vote for Pam,
You'll be paying for protection.
Pam really thinks
That she will be your queen
To try and answer that
I'd need language that's obscene.

beat-boxes

But enough about Pam
Let me kick it 'bout me
I'm the best dude for Stargell
I think you'll all agree.

Last year I flunked English
This year I failed Trig.
But I won't be your president
If you elect a PIG.

Now seeing things through
Has never been my way
So when it's up to me
We'll be surfin' everyday.

I hope that you're feelin'
My presidential rap
Listenin' to Pam
Makes me wanna take a nap.

Now surfer boy Dag
Is flowing to your school
I'll protect the tech geeks
The jocks and the fools.

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Dag! On election day.
Yo, yo, yo, we'll be surfin' in the bay.

shakes head

Don't feed no pets
I just wanna win
If I am Stargell's president
We'll all be hangin' ten.

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