

THE REVOLTING CHEERLEADERS' HUNGER DRIVE

By John Donald O'Shea

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THE REVOLTING CHEERLEADERS' HUNGER DRIVE

A One Act Comedy

By John Donald O'Shea

SYNOPSIS: Having weathered the storm that rose when Erin proposed that the Cheerleaders no longer provide “snacks and drinks” for the football team, and the ensuing *coup d'état*, which ousted Stephanie as Captain of the squad and replaced her with Erin, Sarah now proposes that the Cheerleaders organize a school-wide “food hunger drive.” When the squad concurs, the girls organize the drive and assign roles. The football team is given the role of transporting the donated foods from the parking lot to the Cheerleaders’ practice room for storage. All goes swimmingly, until a large donated carton of salted-nut rolls disappears. Their honor, as well as the schools, being at stake, Sarah, as food drive chairman, appoints Erin and Abby to ferret out the food thief or thieves. Football players, who are eating-machines, are suspected.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(6 female, 6 male)

CHEERLEADERS:

- SARAH LIPGLOSS (f) Secretary of the Student Council.
Newest cheerleader. Born to be a lawyer. *(76 lines)*
- MONICA CHASE (f) The quiet girl. Pretty, but not quite as pretty as the rest. Indecisive. Not into sports. *(54 lines)*
- STEPHANIE CHEVELURE (f) A Brittany Spears-type blond. Very good looking and she knows it. She expects men to worship her, and girls to do whatever she tells them. Has no use for Abby. *(62 lines)*
- ABBY DOLAN (f) Another cute brunette. She is a pistol. She’s funny, but can be acerbic. Very quick and articulate. Has somewhat less than no use for Stephanie. *(110 lines)*

- JENNIFER FOLLOW (f).....Stephanie's most loyal supporter. A boy-crazy follower. (54 lines)
- ERIN O'CONNOR (f)A bright, straightforward, brunette. The girl next door type, but with a neat sense of humor and an "Irish" temper. (88 lines)

JOCKS:

- HARRYJOCKSTRAP (m)The President of the Student Council. Also a lesser member of the football team. (33 lines)
- SCOTT SUPERBOWL (m)The quarterback. Erin's erstwhile significant other. The team's acknowledged leader. (47 lines)
- MATT DEEPOUTA (m)Wide receiver. Jennifer's boyfriend. (40 lines)
- LANCE LUGNUT (m)Lorelie Lugnut's older brother. A star offensive lineman. Not intellectually gifted. In fact, possesses the IQ of a tackling dummy. (46 lines)
- ELVIS HOUNDOG (m)Stephanie's true love. The middle linebacker, and God's gift to women. (35 lines)
- MARK AFTERBURNER (m).....A running back on the football team. A bit of a skeptic. (25 lines)

DURATION: 40 minutes

COSTUMES: School Clothes, and work-out clothes. Nothing fancy.

SET: Is the Cheerleaders Practice Room. It is a multi-purpose room at (You supply the name) High School, assigned for use by the Cheerleading Squad.

PROPS

SCENE 2

- Clip Board and pen for Sarah.
- A dozen boxes of canned goods.
- Two boxes of goods for Harry.
- Two boxes of goods for Scott.
- Small box for Lance.
- Two boxes of goods for Matt.
- Three boxes of goods for Elvis.
- One box of salted-nut rolls for Mark.

SCENE 3

- Additional ten boxes of goods.
- Couple cans of pickled pigs feet.

SCENE 4

- Invisible Ink Black Light Reactive (“STOP THIEF”) and Black Light.
See: http://www.blacklightworld.com/Anti_Theft_Powder.htm

SCENE 5

- Box of M & M’S with peanuts
- Hooded sweatshirt for thief.
- Pen light for thief.

SCENE 7

- Invisible Ink Black Light Reactive (“STOP THIEF”) and Black Light

PRODUCTION NOTES

In directing High School and Junior High School, it has been my (sad) experience that help with building a set is often hard to find. For that reason, this play uses a “unit set,” and it is situated in any undecorated room, large enough to hold the cast. As such, the play can be staged almost anywhere: on a stage, on a gym floor, etc. The director can decorate the stage as he or she sees fit, or leave it bare. After all, the play takes place in a “multi-purpose room” being utilized by the Cheerleaders to work out their routines.

SCENE 1

AT RISE: *We discover the Cheerleaders' Practice Room. It is a multi-purpose room at (You supply the name) High School, assigned for use by the Cheerleading Squad. Practice is about to start. A number of the GIRLS are stretching out. They are in practice outfits. ABBY DOLAN is pulling on her toes. STEPHANIE CHEVELURE is doing a ballet leg-stretch along the wall. MONICA CHASE is doing toe-touches. JENNIFER FOLLOW, STEPHANIE'S loyal supporter, is looking at herself in a large mirror. SARAH LIPGLOSS enters. In her "other life," SARAH is the "lawyer-ish" Secretary of the Student Council. She is the newest Cheerleader. Like ABBY, she is fully loyal to ERIN, who they recently made Captain of the squad with MONICA'S last-minute concurrence. At the same time, in a coup d'état, they voted STEPHANIE out as captain, on the issue of whether the cheerleaders should provide "snacks" to the football team. STEPHANIE favored "continuing the tradition."*

SARAH: *(Entering.)* Where's Erin?

MONICA: *(The plainest and quietest of the squad.)* Mrs. McGraw wanted to see her. She'll be here in a minute, Sarah.

STEPHANIE: Mrs. McGraw wanted to give her review of how you did last night.

ABBY: *(Picking up her drift, quickly.)* How "we" did? Weren't you out there with us, Stephanie?

STEPHANIE: Only your performances were subject to review. As my work consistently exceeds all expectations, it's a waste of effort to review it. The sole question is, did your performances rise to the level of mine?

ABBY: Ladies, we have before us, *(Alluding to STEPHANIE.)* the consummate team player. *(Quoting loosely from the Three Musketeers.)* "One for all, and all for...Stephanie."

JENNIFER: She can't help it, Abby. She is only being honest.

STEPHANIE: Jennifer's right. Abby, didn't your mother ever tell you that "honesty is the best policy."

ABBY: No, she always said, "if people know you can do it, bragging is unnecessary!"

THE REVOLTING CHEERLEADERS' HUNGER DRIVE

JENNIFER: My mother always says, "It isn't bragging if you can do it!"

ABBY: Your mother is Stephanie's aunt! You know, Steph, I think you're still bitter about being replaced as squad captain.

JENNIFER: You guys staged a *coup*. Is it any wonder she's bitter? She's the best dancer; the best cheerleader. She deserves to be captain!

ABBY: Jennifer, this is a democracy. If Steph can round-up the votes, she can run for re-election. If not, she's got three choices: get over it, continue to be a sulking jerk or quit.

MONICA: I don't like this in-fighting. It was almost better when Stephanie was dictator!

STEPHANIE: Thank you. I will take that as a compliment, Monica. (*She is not quite sure.*) I think.

MONICA: (*Thinking, perhaps too much.*) But then, on the other hand....

SARAH: I've got a question.

STEPHANIE: What's your question, Sarah?

SARAH: Did we win last night?

MONICA: (*Misunderstanding.*) Cheerleaders don't win or lose. We just cheer!

SARAH: No, I meant "the basketball team." Did they win or lose?

JENNIFER: They lost.

STEPHANIE: Again!

ABBY: As usual!

STEPHANIE: They haven't won a game since we quit supplying their snacks last fall.

JENNIFER: I thought they look peaked.

STEPHANIE: Or maybe anemic.

JENNIFER: Yeah, sallow or sickly.

ABBY: You forgot "moribund." Are you suggesting that their losing is our fault?

STEPHANIE: I'm not suggesting anything. You can draw your own conclusion.

JENNIFER: My conclusion is that they were unwell, and that they played like it.

ABBY: My conclusion is that we're wasting time and effort cheering for a bunch of losers who are wasting everybody's time pretending to play basketball.

MONICA: By the way, who'd we play?

STEPHANIE: Monica, how can you not know who we played? You were there, weren't you?

MONICA: Of course, I was there.

JENNIFER: She probably just forgot!

ABBY: We played the Steamrollers.

JENNIFER: What Steamrollers? Which Steamrollers?

ABBY: The Shale City Steamrollers. The Steamrollers who steamrolled us, 78-38.

MONICA: Oh! *Those* Steamrollers! 78-38? That's terrible!

ABBY: It sure was. You're sure you (*To MONICA.*) were there?

JENNIFER: Of course, she was there. Where else would she have been?

MONICA: Of course, I was there.

ABBY: Then how can you (*Referring to MONICA.*) not know whom we played?

MONICA: I was focusing on the routines.

JENNIFER: She was focusing on our routines. She wanted to be perfect...like Stephanie!

ABBY: What, Ladies, is the point of being a cheerleader if you don't know who or what your cheering for?

MONICA: I do it 'cause I like dancing. I like the routines.

JENNIFER: I like our outfits. They make us look hot!

STEPHANIE: (*Alluding to ABBY.*) Some more so than others!

JENNIFER: Once the guys get a look at my legs, they all want to take me out, and I get fed really good.

ERIN: (*Entering.*) Well, Ladies, the reviews are all good. Mrs. McGraw says she's proud of us, and *not* surprisingly—she singled Stephanie out for special praise.

ABBY: So did Stephanie.

ERIN: Huh?

ABBY: Stephanie also singled Stephanie out for special praise.

JENNIFER: Well, she deserved it!

ABBY: In fact, I think she sprained her wrist, patting herself on her back. Didn't you, Steph?

THE REVOLTING CHEERLEADERS' HUNGER DRIVE

STEPHANIE: If you've got it, Ladies, flaunt it!

ERIN: Why do I always feel that being President around here is akin to herding cats?

MONICA: Because it is.

JENNIFER: It's Abby's fault. She's constantly picking on Stephanie.

ERIN: Enough. Don't you Ladies have something better to do? Like getting stretched out?

MONICA: You know, I've been thinking about that!

JENNIFER: Thinking about what?

MONICA: About having something better to do.

STEPHANIE: How could we possibly have anything better to do? We're cheerleaders. We stretch, we practice, we perform, and we have the undivided attention of every male in the stands.

SARAH: (*Out of the blue.*) I think we should do a "student hunger drive."

JENNIFER: Where did that come from?

ABBY: (*Intentionally misunderstanding.*) I didn't realize the students were hungry!

MONICA: She means a hunger drive where students collect food for the poor!

JENNIFER: What has that got to do with cheerleading?

STEPHANIE: I didn't become a cheerleader to run a soup kitchen!

SARAH: Nobody's asking you to run a soup kitchen. We all need public service hours.

ERIN: Hunger drives are a lot of work. But they're great publicity. I've got a friend over at St. Benedict's. Benedict got a ton of positive free publicity out of it.

SARAH: And those of us who have a lot, can help those that don't.

MONICA: We'll feel good about ourselves.

STEPHANIE: I feel good about myself already.

ABBY: Why would it have to be a lot of work? We organize it, we manage it, and we get everybody else to do the grunt work. We can recruit the football team.

MONICA: Yeah. Football players love tossing heavy stuff around.

STEPHANIE: You know, it's hard to believe, but for once Abby's right about something!

ABBY: You know, it's hard to believe, but for once Stephanie's right about something! Thank you, Steph!

ERIN: It's your idea, Sarah. Do you want to be chairman?

SARAH: Sure. I volunteer to serve as chair! I'll plan it out. You guys will be liaisons to the other school organizations.

MONICA: We'll need a room to store the stuff.

JENNIFER: How about here?

MONICA: Someone better ask the principal, Mrs. Gow.

SARAH: Erin can do that. Mrs. Gow likes her.

ERIN: Wait a minute. Before we get ahead of ourselves, how about a vote to make sure we are all on board?

SARAH: I move that this cheerleading squad, with me as chairman, organize a student hunger drive, with participants earning public service hours, subject to the consent of the administration.

JENNIFER: Wow! She's really good at making motions!

STEPHANIE: She should be. She's parliamentarian for the Student Council.

MONICA: I second.

ERIN: All in favor?

ALL GIRLS: Aye!

SARAH: Steph, you're in charge of dragooning the jocks to lug things.

JENNIFER: When it comes to guys, Stephanie doesn't need to dragoon!

STEPHANIE: It's all in the snap of the finger!

Lights down.

SCENE 2

AT RISE: ERIN, ABBY and SARAH are in the multi-purpose room. SARAH has a clip-board and pen. She is keeping a tally of can goods and other foods received. There are already about a dozen boxes of canned goods stacked in the room. ERIN and ABBY are keeping her company.

HARRY: (*Entering, carrying two boxes.*) I'm the Student Body President, Scott. Why do I have to carry all these stupid boxes? How did we get dragooned into this?

THE REVOLTING CHEERLEADERS' HUNGER DRIVE

SCOTT: *(Coming in behind him, with two more boxes.)* Quit complaining, Harry.

HARRY: They're heavy! I could throw my back out!

SCOTT: That's why we made you President, Harry.

HARRY: What's that got to do with carrying heavy boxes?

SCOTT: We made you President to "carry our water." Remember?

ERIN: *(To the "bearers".)* You fellows can put those boxes down in that corner.

HARRY: I'm supposed to be an executive. Executives don't do manual labor.

LANCE enters, and hears only "manual labor".

SCOTT: You'll do what we tell you to.

HARRY: I'm not your slave.

SCOTT: Wrong, Harry! You are. Remember your bargain.

HARRY: Bargain? What bargain?

SCOTT: You weren't so independent when you were begging for our support.

HARRY: So I made a few campaign promises.

SCOTT: Harry, gentlemen keep their promises.

HARRY: Nobody keeps campaign promises, Scott. When is the last time a President of the United States ever kept one?

SCOTT: When you get to Washington, then you can break them. It's expected there.

HARRY: That could take years! I've got better things to do.

SCOTT: You wanted the support of the "Jocks," didn't you?

HARRY: Yeah.

SCOTT: We delivered. This is the pay-back.

LANCE: *(Should be the biggest guy, and he carries the smallest box.)* Who's "Manual Labor."

ABBY: *(Without an instant of hesitation.)* He's President of Cuba.

ERIN: *(To LANCE, pointing.)* Put your box over there, Lance.

LANCE: Why are you guys talking about the President of Cuba?

SCOTT: Huh?

HARRY: Who's talking about the President of Cuba?

MATT: *(Entering behind LANCE, carry two boxes.)* Starlin Castro is President of Cuba.

Not surprisingly, he has gotten the Chicago Cub short-stop confused with Raul Castro the President of Cuba!

ERIN: Matt, Raul Castro is President of Cuba. Starlin Castro is a short-stop on the Chicago Cubs...who sometimes forgets to pick up ground balls!

ABBY: *(To ERIN.)* This is too easy! It's like throwing popcorn to pigeons!

LANCE: I could go for some popcorn—with butter!

ERIN: *(To ABBY.)* I see what you mean.

LANCE: If Raul Castro is President of Cuba, Matt, why did she *(Alluding to ABBY.)* tell me that Manual Labor was?

ERIN: I'll explain it to you when you grow up, Lance.

ELVIS: *(Entering, carrying three boxes.)* Why do we have to carry all these heavy boxes, anyway?

ABBY: These guys are beginning to sound like a Greek Chorus!

HARRY: That was my question!

SARAH: Because you're jocks, Elvis.

HARRY: Why do jocks have to carry heavy boxes?

ELVIS: Why can't your votaries in the Drama Club carry 'em?

ABBY: Because it takes real "he-men" to carry boxes. Weightlifters!

SARAH: Real studs! Like you guys!

LANCE: Does that include me?

SARAH: Lance, they don't call you "Studly Dudly" for nothing!

ERIN: *(Ignoring LANCE.)* If you weren't carrying these boxes, Elvis, you'd be in the gym lifting weights.

ELVIS: So, what's your point?

ERIN, ABBY and SARAH: *(Loudly.)* What difference does it make?

LANCE: We lift weights to make ourselves better athletes. So we can dominate.

ABBY: It isn't working. That's why we've switched you to lifting cans!

SARAH: Dominate whom?

ELVIS: The opposition, of course.

ABBY: *(Repeating herself, playfully.)* I rest my case.

ELVIS: It takes time. Rome wasn't built in a day!

ABBY: How about Los Angeles?

LANCE: How long did it take to build Los Angeles?

THE REVOLTING CHEERLEADERS' HUNGER DRIVE

ERIN: You guys have lost every game.

ABBY: You guys have given “football” here, a bad name.

SARAH: For the first time in the history of the school, our football team was winless.

ABBY: Not to mention “clueless!”.

ELVIS: So what’s the big deal?

SCOTT: (*Outraged at his resignation.*) What do you mean, what’s the big deal?

ELVIS: This place is only 50 years old!

ERIN: (*To SARAH.*) He must be a Cub fan!

ABBY: Yeah! They’ve been awful for over a 100 years!

SCOTT: (*To ERIN.*) This is all your fault. Without our Twinkies, we got weak.

LANCE: We got pooped!

ELVIS: (*Checking the floor and his feet.*) Where?

ABBY: (*To ELVIS.*) He means without their snacks, the team “pooped out.”

MATT: We needed snacks!

LANCE: We lost five games in the 4th Quarter!

ELVIS: You don’t know what it’s like out there.

MATT: It’s a jungle!

ELVIS: A quagmire!

LANCE: A bureaucracy!

ELVIS: (*Rattling off the opponent’s team names.*) There are Tigers!

MATT: Panthers!

SCOTT: Steamrollers!

SARAH: I think they’re claiming “victim status.”

ERIN: (*To SCOTT.*) Are you claiming “victim status?”

SCOTT: Yes. We’re victims.

ELVIS: You’re darn right!

ERIN: Then, be proactive. Buy your own snacks!

ABBY: Better yet, give up football!

SARAH: She’s right. You can get hurt playing football.

ABBY: Not the way they play.

ELVIS: (*Still unhappy about carrying the boxes.*) I still don’t see why we have to carry all these stupid boxes.

SARAH: Because the stupid boxes can’t carry themselves.

SCOTT: Then to echo Elvis, why can't your "friends" in the drama department carry them?

ELVIS: Yeah. If you cheerleaders are going to date wimp actors, why don't you get them to carry these stupid boxes?

SARAH: Because I assigned them to solicit donations. They're pounding the streets

MATT: Anybody can solicit donations.

SARAH: But unlike hulking 300-pound football players, they don't scare the daylight out of little old ladies.

ERIN: And they know how to be charming.

MATT: I only weigh 200 and my mother thinks I'm charming.

ELVIS: I'm always charming! Ask Steph.

ABBY: (*Knowing STEPHANIE is not present.*) Steph, is Elvis always charming? (*She waits for the reply she knows is not forthcoming.*) There's no answer! (*Looks at ELVIS.*) Can we take that as an expression of disagreement?

SARAH: Where do you think all this food came from, anyway?

MATT: How should we know?

SARAH: Do you think it solicited itself.

SCOTT: Okay, so your actor friends got it into their cars. So, why can't they carry it from their cars in here?

ERIN: Because it could be dangerous to their health!

MATT: What? Why would carrying a box a few feet be dangerous to their health?

ERIN: (*Concocting a plausible reason.*) They've got to carry their book bags while they're memorizing lines at the same time.

ABBY: Making them carrying boxes of food could result in sensory overload.

HARRY: Sensory overload?

MATT: (*To SCOTT.*) Is she serious?

ABBY: For actors, it's the equivalent of *plantar fasciitis* for jocks!

ELVIS: What did she say?

HARRY: I still don't see why we have to carry all this junk.

SARAH: Who said you did?

HARRY: You did!

MATT: Yeah. You did!

SARAH: (*Can't believe what she is hearing.*) No, I didn't.

THE REVOLTING CHEERLEADERS' HUNGER DRIVE

SCOTT: Yes, you did! You said that you wanted us “to carry the food in here.”

MATT: We all heard you!

SARAH: No, I merely said we wanted you to “bring the food in here!”

MATT: “Carry?” “Bring?” What’s the difference?

ELVIS: Yeah, what’s the difference?

ERIN: The difference is that the janitor has hand carts. You borrow the carts, load them up, and push them in here.

SARAH: You don’t have to “carry” anything.

ABBY: No wonder they lose every game!

HARRY: Why didn’t you tell us that?

ERIN: Haven’t you ever heard of an “audible?”

SARAH: You’re supposed to be mentally nimble. We thought you’d be able to figure it out!

MARK: *(Entering, carrying a box of salted-nut rolls.)* Look at this, guys.

MATT: Look at what? Another box?

MARK: Somebody donated a whole box of salted-nut rolls.

LANCE: I love salted-nut rolls.

The GIRLS look at LANCE like he’s nuts.

ABBY: *(In reference to LANCE.)* It takes one to know one

LANCE: *(Not hearing ABBY and still in love with nut rolls.)* I really do!

ERIN: Put them over in the corner with the other stuff, Mark.

MARK: You don’t get it.

SARAH: Don’t get what, Mark?

MARK: This is a drive to help the poor. Since when do the poor need salted-nut rolls?

HARRY: They need vegetables and cheese.

MATT: Broccoli and tuna!

MARK: Not salted nut rolls!

LANCE: I worked up an appetite carrying all these boxes of cans in here.

SCOTT: You know, he’s right. I’d kill for a salted-nut roll right now.

LANCE: Or maybe three or four.

MATT: (*Oblivious to SCOTT'S interruption.*) Yeah. Salted-nut rolls might be bad for their health.

SARAH: Huh? Why?

MATT: Might make them fat.

ELVIS: Be bad for their teeth! Might give them cavities!

LANCE: Yeah. The only thing worse than being poor, is being poor and fat with oodles of cavities in all your teeth.

MARK: How do you know that the people getting all this food really need it, anyway?

SARAH: (*Dumbfounded.*) How do we...?

MARK: What if they are only pretending to be poor?

LANCE: You know, like sheeps [sic] in wolves clothing!

MATT: My uncle says, people do that all the time.

SARAH: Do *what* all the time?

MATT: He says they go from one food bank to the next, stock up on food, and then sell it on the street!

ERIN: Guys, once we collect the food, we turn it over to a reputable food bank.

ABBY: If people want to rob "the bank" that's not our concern.

SARAH: Didn't your mothers ever tell you when it comes to gifts, "it's the thought that counts!"

LANCE: (*To GUYS.*) This food drive is being run by a bunch of "liberals"

MATT: You're right. (*To GIRLS.*) You girls don't care if the poor really get the food!

SCOTT: It's just like Rush Limbaugh always says—

SARAH: (*To ERIN and ABBY.*) Are we losing control here?

SCOTT: Liberals think it's enough that they have "good intentions."

ELVIS: So, then, why exactly are we doing all this?

MARK: Doesn't it matter that poor people who really need food aren't going to get it?

MATT: If a bunch of scam artists are going to steal it from them?

SARAH: You're doing it because it's good publicity for our school.

ABBY: You're doing it because it will make you feel better about yourselves and you need something to make you feel better about yourselves, considering how you ignominiously lost every football game, and how you now give every appearance that you will lamentably lose every basketball game.

ERIN: You're doing it because it will help at least some people who are poor.

SARAH: And you're doing it because you get service hours that look good on your resume when you apply for college or a job.

LANCE: What if you're not smart enough to go to college?

ABBY: You can repeat your senior year here two or three times and continue to play football.

Lights down.

SCENE 3

AT RISE: *The GIRLS are doing an inventory of the goods. It is now larger by perhaps an additional 10 boxes.*

MONICA: *(Amazed at how much has been collected.)* Boy, we've collected a ton of food!

SARAH: *(Looking the donations over, and making a joke.)* I'd estimate about two thousand pounds!

ABBY: I wonder how much all this stuff really weighs?

JENNIFER: *(Noticing a box.)* Do the poor like pickled beets?

STEPHANIE: Why?

JENNIFER: Cause we've got three boxes full of them over here.

MONICA: *(Looking at another box.)* Pickled pigs' feet? Who eats pickled pigs' feet?

ERIN: Somebody who doesn't like them unpickled!

JENNIFER: You don't suppose our donors are donating canned goods that they can't sell, do you?

MONICA: Or won't eat?

JENNIFER: A nun at the grade school I attended once told us that people used to come to their convent, and say, "Here's some food we don't like, so we thought we'd give it to you!"

SARAH: But there is some good stuff in there, too. Mark brought in a box of salted-nut rolls!

JENNIFER: I'm hungry. I could go for a salted-nut roll. Where are they?

ERIN: They were over there. (*Pointing in general direction. They're missing.*)

SARAH: If you're hungry, go to the vending machine. All this stuff is for the poor!

JENNIFER: I'm poor. I've got seven brothers and sisters, and a lousy \$15 a-week allowance.

SARAH: If you're poor, go to the food pantries. No pillaging!

JENNIFER: If they have salted-nut rolls there, I'll go. I'm addicted to them!

ERIN: (*Looking where the salted nut rolls should be.*) Hey, where are they? They were right here!

STEPHANIE: We'll they're not there now.

MONICA: Maybe somebody moved them?

ABBY: Good deduction, Sherlock Holmes!

ERIN: Did any of you see them while you were taking inventory?

MONICA: I didn't.

JENNIFER: No.

ABBY: Not me.

STEPHANIE: I don't like salted-nut rolls!

SARAH: Nobody asked you if you liked them. Did you see them?

STEPHANIE: No.

JENNIFER: Maybe there are mice in here?

ABBY: Or squirrels?

STEPHANIE: Whoever heard of squirrels in a school?

ABBY: How long have you been around here?

MONICA: Huh?

ABBY: We're surrounded by them! (*Looking at STEPHANIE.*)

"They're coming to take me away, Hee Hee!"

STEPHANIE: (*To ERIN, referring to ABBY.*) What does she mean?

ERIN: Why don't you ask her?

JENNIFER: Why squirrels?

ABBY: They like nuts! (*Again looking at STEPHANIE.*)

ERIN: Even if there are squirrels in here, what happened to the box they were in? Squirrels don't eat cardboard.

MONICA: Maybe they took the cardboard to build their nests!

STEPHANIE: I didn't know squirrels built nests?

MONICA: Of course they do! In trees!

ABBY: Did you really think they stayed at Holiday Inns?

THE REVOLTING CHEERLEADERS' HUNGER DRIVE

JENNIFER: They wouldn't take cardboard. They build their nests out of twigs and leaves.

SARAH: Thanks for the lesson in "squirrel-ology." But what happened to our salted-nut rolls?

MONICA: Do you think there's a chance somebody swiped them?

STEPHANIE: Who would "swipe" them?

ABBY: Someone with a squirrel-like mentality who likes salted-nut rolls.

SARAH: That describes about every member of the football team!

ABBY: And every other "jock" in the joint.

STEPHANIE: Elvis would never steal anything. Certainly not a salted-nut roll!

SARAH: (*Who is not exactly "into" football.*) Why? Don't they try to steal the football from the other team?

MONICA: No. *That's* their problem. The other team always steals the ball from them!

JENNIFER: What difference does it make? We're giving the food away, anyway!

ERIN: The difference is, that if word got around that the food we've collected for the poor is being diverted to our football team, it would be really bad for the school's reputation. It would bespeak a lack of integrity here at (*insert name of school.*)

ABBY: She's right. And since the Cheerleaders are running this drive, it would affect our reputations, too. Imagine if word got around that food being donated to the poor was being used to feed jocks who already weight 300 pounds!

SARAH: As Food Drive Chairman, I appoint Erin and Abby as a subcommittee for the detection and suppression of pilferage of Food Drive donations, and to bring the perpetrator to justice, using all lawful means.

ABBY: Nuts! That "all lawful means" stuff will take all the fun out of it. I was planning to use "the rack!"

MONICA: The "rack?"

ABBY: And water-boarding!

SARAH: (*Ignoring ABBY.*) All in favor?

SARAH, ABBY and ERIN: Aye.

SARAH: All opposed?

STEPHANIE, MONICA and JENNIFER: Nay!

SARAH: Hold on. You can't vote, Stephanie.

STEPHANIE: Why?

SARAH: Because you're dating Elvis. He's a "jock." That's a conflict of interest. The "jocks" are our prime suspects.

JENNIFER: Why?

ERIN: Because they're still smarting over our refusal to provide them Twinkies!

ABBY: Because they were in here- and knew where the box was.

STEPHANIE: That "racial profiling"...or "pigskin profiling," at least!

ABBY: There's nothing racial about it. Heck, they couldn't win a race if they tried!

SARAH: Therefore, the "Ayes" have it, and the committee is appointed.

STEPHANIE: I'm going to warn Elvis.

ERIN: Oh, no you're not. If word gets out that somebody in this school is "ripping off" the food meant for the poor, your reputation will suffer as much as ours. In fact, more so, especially when it gets out that you didn't do your part to put a stop to it.

STEPHANIE: How's it going to "get out?"

ABBY: Go hide in the bushes, and watch!

Lights down.

SCENE 4

AT RISE: ERIN and ABBY are laying their plans.

ABBY: Ok, "Miss Marple" how do we catch our resident "squirrel" or "squirrels?"

ERIN: How about we get an oversized rat trap?

ABBY: Can you catch a "jock" in a rat trap?

ERIN: I don't think so. And if it were to chop his fingers off, we'd probably have to explain that to the principal.

ABBY: We could just take turns "staking" the place out. Like the cops do.

ERIN: Do you want to hide here...sit here...in the dark trying to catch some stupid salted-nut roll snatcher who may never show up again?

ABBY: No. *(Thinking a second.)* Maybe we could install a security camera?

ERIN: Cameras are expensive. And what if our crook decides to steal the camera?

ABBY: Hey! I've got it. Have you ever gone to a concert where they mark your hand with invisible ink that fluoresces under black light?

ERIN: Yeah. They use it so that when you go out, if you want to come back in, they know you've paid.

ABBY: I wonder if there's a powder or something we could sprinkle on a box, and then if it turns up missing, use a black light to see who pilfered it?

ERIN: I don't know. Should we check the internet?

ABBY: No, my brother's a detective. I'll call him first. It's his day off. *(Pulls out her cell phone and dials. Her brother answers.)* Jack, Erin and I need your professional advice. We're doing a food drive, and a big box of our salted-nut rolls has disappeared. Is there a powder...kinda like finger print powder—that we could sprinkle on a box, and then check the hands of our suspects with say a black light? *(JACK replies affirmatively.)* Where can we get some? *(He responds. Then she speaks to ERIN, so JACK can overhear.)* He says there's a company called BlackLightWorld that makes powders and gels that show up under black light. He says they use it all the time to detect pilferage, and that it really works well.

ERIN: Ask him if we can borrow just enough to sprinkle on a box?

ABBY: *(To JACK.)* Can we borrow a little. *(He asks ABBY a question.)* "Yes." He says "they have a powder called 'STOP THIEF,' that works really well but washes off rather easily, and that they've got a gel called 'BRIGHT BLUE' that invisibly dyes the skin so that it shows up bright blue under black light, and that it stays on the skin for several days even after repeated washings."

ERIN: Which one does he recommend?

ABBY: *(To JACK.)* Which one do you recommend? *(JACK responds.)* He says the gel is what we'll need unless we'll be able to make an "immediate apprehension."

ERIN: Will it make our criminal sick?

ABBY: *(To JACK.)* Is it toxic? Will our criminal get sick? *(JACK responds.)* He says, "only if the idiot drinks the stuff." He says to "use gloves when we apply it, or we might get it on our hands." *(JACK responds.)* He says he'll meet us at the school office at high noon with the gel and a light. *(To JACK.)* Sounds good. See you then, and thanks! *(She hangs up.)*

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