

S(COOL) DAYS

by Marc Palmieri

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S(COOL) DAYS

Eight Short Comedic Plays about the World of Middle Schoolers

by Marc Palmieri

SYNOPSIS: Friends and frenemies alike find themselves stumbling into the big questions of their lives, like “What’s wrong with parents? Who’s really my friend? Will the popular kid hang out with us? Why are we even at this dance? Will I be sad when this time of my life is all over? And is that a human-sized parrot or am I dreaming?” Discover the awkward, awful, and sometimes awesome world of middle schoolers in this collection of eight short comedic plays.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(4-12 females, 2 males, 0-11 either)

THE MIDDLE SCHOOL DANCE

VICKY (f)
SANDY (f)
JOSIE (f)
BLAKE (m)
DEAN (m)

CAREER DAY

TAYLOR (m/f)
JORDAN (m/f)

AN AFTERSCHOOL MEAL

LUCY (f)
ABBY (f)
ALLY (f)

THE MORNING PLAY

DREW (m/f)

HAYDEN (m/f)

BIG PARROT (m/f)

PARENT (m/f)

DOING NOTHING

PARKER (m/f)

CAMERON (m/f)

CHRIS (m/f)

THE LESSON

LUCY (f)

JENNIFER (f)

MEGAN (f)

MOM (f)

THE SLEEPOVER

PAT (m/f)

LYNN (m/f)

THE KID DOWNSTAIRS

ANNA (f)

GIRL (f)

DURATION: 60 minutes.

PRODUCTION NOTES

S(COOL) DAYS can be performed anywhere – from the classroom to the school auditorium to the internet. The short plays can be done altogether, in whatever order you like, or individually. The plays all offer substantial roles for each performer, and can be staged with minimal sets (often just a small open space) with very basic set pieces and props. I offer some acting and stage directions for consideration in the script (like *beat*, *pause*, and *silence* – each one being a moment of quiet bit longer than the next), but of course, directors and performers make their own moments!

Please be free to adapt and update whatever you like to make the plays fit what you need...i.e. names, places, references, outdated lingo, etc. that aren't cool anymore or even recognizable as time goes on.

Whenever I direct students, I emphasize voice and stage movement. I stress Volume (“Make sure the back of the room can hear you!”), Articulation (“Hit your consonants, be clear, don't rush, and rise in inflection on the final word of a sentence! Don't cheat that last word!”), Stage Movement (3/4 stance, be sure you don't face upstage, and make sure the audience can see you!”), and Listening (“Hear what the other character is saying, and react to it with your lines.”) These plays can be done “off-book” (memorized) if there is sufficient time to prepare and rehearse of course, or “on-book” (scripts in hand), like a staged reading, with very little rehearsal. They are designed to be simply staged, so the focus can be on the above educational priorities.

STAGING: Covered in each individual play

PROPS

- small hand sanitizer bottles
- small breath spray device
- cell phone
- ear buds or headphones
- menus
- plastic cups of water
- blanket
- textbooks
- notebooks
- pile of clothes
- pair of shoes

PREMIERE PRODUCTION

S(cool) Days premiered in 2017 at The Crocheron School in Queens, New York at “Family Theatre Night” hosted by Kim D’Angelo and Mary Bow. It was presented by Marc Palmieri with The New York City Department of Education, Queens District 26.

Special thanks to Kristen Palmieri, Mercy College, The City College of New York MFA in Creative Writing, Danielle Giunta, Wendy Mo, David Castracone, all the amazing kids who premiered these plays at the 36th Ave. Basement Theatre.

DEDICATION

To Nora and Anna Palmieri.

THE MIDDLE SCHOOL DANCE

SYNOPSIS: Three girls at a dance meet some very awkward boys, who are trying hard to be cool. However, they all come to an agreement about where they are in life.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 females, 2 males)

VICKY (f).....Has a big vocabulary, polite. *(15 lines)*
 SANDY (f).....Pretty cool kid, a bit impatient. *(22 lines)*
 JOSIE (f).....An easygoing, optimistic, social kid.
(15 lines)
 BLAKE (m)An awkward boy, trying his best to be
 social. *(22 lines)*
 DEAN (m).....An awkward boy, Blake's friend and
 follower. *(17 lines)*

SETTING: A middle school.

TIME: Present day, in the evening.

SET: Bare stage.

PROPS: Small hand sanitizer bottles, small breath spray device.

SPECIAL EFFECTS: Optional music.



AT START: *VICKY, SANDY and JOSIE stand near a wall at their middle school dance. They might be slightly dressed up, or not at all. Maybe they are tapping their feet or nodding their heads a bit to music, suggested or heard by the audience. The girls are observing the scene.*

SANDY: This is awesome.

JOSIE: It is?

SANDY: No, but I'm trying to pretend I'm somewhere else. I couldn't believe my parents let me go to this dance and now I wish they didn't.

VICKY: Why so negative? I mean, I share your sentiment, but what's your particular complaint?

SANDY: Ugly boys, bad music, hot gym, weird smells.

VICKY: Wow. That's quite the litany.

SANDY: The what?

JOSIE: Oh, Sandy? This is my friend Vicky. I don't think you have any classes together.

SANDY and VICKY shake hands.

VICKY: Delighted to make your acquaintance.

SANDY: I've seen you at lunch.

VICKY: I dine with expedience then usually retire to the library at that time.

SANDY: Does she always talk like this?

JOSIE: Yes. I don't know what she's saying half the time, but she has an extensive vocabulary, and she's mostly nice.

SANDY: Hey, Vicky?

VICKY: Yes?

SANDY: How would you describe this dance right now? In your own words?

VICKY: *(Thinks.)* Morose. Catastrophic. A dismal display of adolescent human distortion.

SANDY: I like that. At least I'll learn some vocab tonight.

JOSIE: That's what I say. Look at the bright side!

SANDY: I thought we'd be talking to some boys, though.

VICKY: I too was curious about holding discourse with the lesser gender. I wonder if there's any compelling representatives here.

BLAKE and DEAN enter, opposite the girls, against another wall. They are nodding to the beat, sort of dancing but more like bobbing.

BLAKE: Yo, man. This is awesome. THIS. IS. LIT.

DEAN: Yeah, bro. THIS IS RAD.

BLAKE: We look good.

DEAN: And we smell good.

BLAKE: Here's to my brother's cologne, man!

BLAKE and DEAN high five. Focus back on VICKY, SANDY, and JOSIE.

VICKY: I am having a visceral response to the temperature of this space.

SANDY: It's a sweatbox.

JOSIE: Feels like we played soccer or did jumping jacks. Only we've barely moved. This is so gross.

SANDY: Nasty. Middle school is nasty.

Focus back on BLAKE and DEAN.

BLAKE: You know what, Dean?

DEAN: What's that?

BLAKE: Middle school is awesome.

DEAN: True 'dat. Hey Blake?

BLAKE: Yeah, man?

DEAN: Why do they call it "Middle School"?

BLAKE: Serious?

DEAN: Yeah, why?

BLAKE: That's simple! Because you're in the *middle* of your journey toward cool-ness.

DEAN: Oh!

BLAKE: In elementary school, you're not cool. In high school, you're totally cool. Right now, we're *middle* cool.

DEAN: So in the process of evolution toward coolness, we are halfway?

BLAKE: Yeah man, and lose the science words. They give me a headache.

DEAN: I can't believe I used the word, "evolution!" I'm a genius!

Focus back to VICKY, SANDY, and JOSIE.

SANDY: Look at those guys.

JOSIE: Pathetic.

VICKY: Morbid. Wretched creatures.

Focus back on BLAKE and DEAN.

BLAKE: Yo, Dean!

DEAN: What up?

BLAKE: Those girls are checkin' us out!

DEAN: (*Panicky.*) REALLY??? WHAT DO WE DO!????

BLAKE: Be cool, man. Be cool. Take out the breath spray! We need good breath!

DEAN and BLAKE bob harder to the music and spray their mouths with breath spray.

JOSIE: What's wrong with them?

SANDY: They look like they're being electrocuted.

VICKY: It could be that insidious flu virus that has pervaded the district this winter. Maybe they are infirm and suffering spasms.

SANDY: Looks like it. And here they come.

JOSIE: Take out the hand sanitizer!

DEAN and BLAKE approach. VICKY, SANDY, and JOSIE quickly clean their hands with the hand sanitizer. When DEAN and BLAKE arrive, they all face each other. A long silence.

VICKY: Greetings. I am Vicky.

JOSIE: I'm Josie.

SANDY: Sandy.

DEAN and BLAKE: (*Clumsily.*) NICE TO MEET YOU!

SANDY: Nice breath!

JOSIE: Minty!

VICKY: Yum. Like a fresh downwind gust rolling across a Scottish heath in Spring!

JOSIE: Ignore her. Somewhere along the way, Vicky swallowed a dictionary.

SANDY: You do smell nice. Did you guys brush teeth together?

VICKY, SANDY, and JOSIE laugh.

BLAKE: Dean, I think that's a compliment!

BLAKE and DEAN high five.

JOSIE: What's your names?

DEAN: I'm Dean.

BLAKE: I'm Blake.

SANDY: Hi Blake and Dean.

JOSIE: 'Sup.

VICKY: Delighted to make your acquaintance.

BLAKE: Huh?

SANDY: She's happy to meet you.

DEAN: Oh.

Pause of awkward silence.

BLAKE: So... how do you ladies like middle school?

JOSIE: No comment. How do you guys like middle school?

DEAN: I... I'd rather not answer that.

VICKY: It's full of... surprising... smells.

SANDY: Not much else to say.

BLAKE: *(Starting to dance.)* I have an idea.

DEAN: He's the idea man.

BLAKE: Since we're at a dance, I say we just dance. Just dance and don't say anything. Don't say anything, don't think anything. Before you know it, it'll be over.

JOSIE: What will be over?

BLAKE: Middle school. Thank goodness.

ALL: GOOD IDEA.

ALL start to dance. The girls are good. The boys are not.

SANDY: *(To DEAN and BLAKE.)* Wow! You guys are the worst!

BLAKE: We know. But it's middle school. Just go with it!

DEAN: We'll evolve! I promise!

VICKY: *(Truly impressed.)* Evolve! Nice vocabulary!

DEAN is amazed. ALL keep dancing.

END OF PLAY

CAREER DAY

SYNOPSIS: Following a “Career Day” assembly at school, two friends have a philosophical run-in outside.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 either)

TAYLOR (m/f) A senior in middle school. *(21 lines)*

JORDAN (m/f) A senior in middle school. *(22 lines)*

SETTING: Outside a middle school.

TIME: Present day; A spring afternoon.

SET: Bare stage.

PROPS: Cell phone, ear buds or headphones.

AT START: TAYLOR is staring into the sky, thoughtfully. JORDAN comes walking along while staring at a phone, ear buds or headphones in, and rapping aloud.

JORDAN: *(Rapping.)*

IN THIS TOWN I'M WIDELY KNOWN
TO NEED, TO ADORE, TO LOVE MY PHONE.
IT MAKES ME FEEL LIKE I'M NEVER ALONE!

IT SHINES SO BRIGHT,
I KISS IT EVERY NIGHT,
WHEN MOM TAKES IT,
WE HAVE A FIST FIGHT!

JORDAN bumps into TAYLOR.

TAYLOR: Ouch!

JORDAN: (*Takes ear buds out.*) Oh sorry!

TAYLOR: It's okay. Life is full bumps, and falls, loss, and pain!

JORDAN: I was looking at my phone, working on making an emoji face that looks like me with purple nose rings and huge red hair and overalls. And rapping my latest love song. I'm so good at multitasking it's hard for me not to bump into people.

TAYLOR: I see. Well good for you.

JORDAN: Why didn't you hear me coming? Were you in a trance?

TAYLOR: I guess I was. Just staring at that beautiful building, the sky beyond, and thinking deep.

JORDAN: What beautiful building?

TAYLOR: The school.

JORDAN: What were you thinking about?

TAYLOR: Love.

JORDAN: Love?

TAYLOR: Yeah.

JORDAN: You're in love? Hold on! I want to livestream this. (*Takes phone and aims it at TAYLOR.*) Okay, you are in love. Tell us, tell the world. You're in love with who?

TAYLOR: Not with who, with IT! And turn that off!

JORDAN: Okay, okay! (*Puts phone away.*)

TAYLOR: I'm in love... with school. (*Looks up at the school.*) Look at that building. So beautiful. Especially in this afternoon light.

JORDAN: Did you hit your head or something? What's wrong with you? Let's get you to your pediatrician.

TAYLOR: (*To the school.*) I'll miss you school! Until tomorrow! Kisses! Kisses!

JORDAN: What are you, four? I've never seen you like this.

TAYLOR: Well I just realized it today. I love school!

JORDAN: Fine, but this is a little intense, don't you think?

TAYLOR: I'm so glad we have homework tonight. (*Turns again toward the school.*) Thank you!!

JORDAN: WHAT????

TAYLOR: The homework will remind me of school. It will comfort me, make me feel closer to it.

JORDAN: Yeah. Closer as in *chained* to it!

TAYLOR: But it's not enough work. It'll go too fast. Then I will feel all alone...

JORDAN: I'm calling an ambulance. My friend has gone insane! Did you eat that school pizza today? This is why I bring my lunch. You never know what they put in there.

TAYLOR: I didn't have that for lunch. But you know what, now that you say it, tomorrow I *will* have the school lunch. Every day to the last.

JORDAN: When did you realize you felt like this? This... affection?

TAYLOR: Today. It was Career Day. The parents who came to visit, talking about their jobs and lives.

JORDAN: Yeah, I guess that was pretty cool. That one dad, the police officer with the dog! That mom who teaches in a college! And the other one with the tattoo! Pretty fancy stuff!

TAYLOR: Those grownups have so many worries and responsibilities. It made me want to stay a kid as long as I could.

JORDAN: Well yeah! But someday we'll have a great career doing something we love! I'm sure of it!

TAYLOR: Yeah you know why? Because of school!

JORDAN: Or if we have connections. Probably mostly connections. I hope I have connections. Now you got me worried. Maybe I have no connections!

TAYLOR: And soon, we'll graduate! Our middle school will all be a thing of the past. That's no time at all! Isn't that sad? Life is so cruel! Time is a thief!

JORDAN: Man, you're depressing today. I'm gonna put tears on my emoji.

TAYLOR: Well... I don't want to look back and remember being depressing. Fine. Let's try to be happy. Let's enjoy school while we have it. Let's make the most out of it. Let's hope the hours go slow and that there's tons of homework!

JORDAN: That's better. A little. But still totally crazy.

TAYLOR: (*Rapping.*)

I'M CRYIN' ALL DAY, TEARS ON MY FACE.

COME HIGH SCHOOL, I'LL MISS THIS PLACE.

IT'S SO FUN, IT'S SO COOL,

I WISH FOREVER WAS MIDDLE SCHOOL!

JORDAN: (*Rapping.*)

LET'S END THIS SONG

IT'S GETTING TOO LONG

AND LOOK MY FRIEND, THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG!

I'LL BE GLAD WHEN SCHOOL IS PAST!

I THINK YOU NEED A DOCTOR, AND VERY FAST!

JORDAN walks TAYLOR offstage, as if in a rush to a doctor.

END OF PLAY

DO NOT COPY

AN AFTERSCHOOL MEAL

SYNOPSIS: At a special birthday outing, three friends discuss restaurant cuisine, healthy appetites, and discover they're just a bit different from one another.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 females)

LUCY (f).....Ally's good friend. *(21 lines)*

ABBY (f)Witty, positive, but not the best student.
(25 lines)

ALLY (f).....A bit self-centered. It's her birthday.
(26 lines)

SETTING: UNO restaurant.

TIME: Present day; Late afternoon, after school.

SET: A restaurant table with three chairs.

PROPS: Three menus, three cups of water.

CASTING NOTE: This play can be adapted for any combination of genders. The script lists females but feel free to change the genders and names.



AT START: *ABBY, ALLY, and LUCY sit at an UNO restaurant. They have menus in their hands. Their waters sit on the table.*

LUCY: So whatcha' 'gonna have, people?

ABBY: One big fat adult sized cheeseburger.

ALLY: Gross.

ABBY: I'm hungry! We have lunch at like ten forty in the morning!

ALLY: It's bad for you.

ABBY: Cheeseburgers make me feel good, and feeling good is good. For me. Especially after that math test today. I'm getting a big fat cheeseburger, and I'll love every fat bite.

LUCY: I'm thinking about pizza. So many choices. There's like fifteen kinds of pizza.

ALLY: I'm doing the kids' menu. We're kids. We're still kids.

ABBY: I have an adult appetite. For food. But not for anything else.

ALLY: (*Reading menu.*) Mac and cheese and a side of broccoli. That's me.

ABBY: And I say "GROSS" to that choice! The broccoli part, I mean.

LUCY: (*Reading menu.*) Pepperoni. Deep dish. This place is awesome. Long live Uno. And happy birthday Ally!

ALLY: Thank you.

ABBY: This is a cool birthday present. Whose idea was it?

ALLY: It was mine. My parents asked me what I wanted and I said, "Send me and friends for a meal at a fine restaurant."

LUCY: I'm honored to be chosen.

ALLY: I'm honored you accepted!

ABBY: Me too! I'm thrilled to be chosen.

ALLY: Well you were a backup, Abby. Staci Ann couldn't make it. But I'm glad you said yes.

ABBY: Backup huh? Now I'm getting TWO cheeseburgers!

LUCY: Your mom is very nice to trust us being here alone.

ALLY: Well we're not exactly alone. She's two booths away.

LUCY: I know but still... she's not like, staring, watching us the whole time.

ALL look offstage, as if at LUCY'S nearby mom.

ABBY, ALLY, and LUCY: YES SHE IS.

ALLY: Ugh. (*Calls offstage toward her mom.*) HEY MOM, LOOK OUT THE WINDOW OR SOMETHING! NOTHING TO SEE HERE! (*Turns back to the girls.*) Anyway, I like Uno so... I demanded this place. Plus, we had a 20% off coupon. Some kind of promotion.

ABBY: 20%! That's like half off, right? Awesome!

LUCY: No, that's 20% off.

ABBY: "Uno." "Uno." I learned in Spanish that "uno" means "two hundred."

LUCY: That is so wrong.

ALLY: Not even close!

ABBY: Does it mean "street"?

ALLY: Just stop. Por favor. Stop! Think of your cheeseburgers.

ABBY: (*She does.*) Ah yes. Lovely. Hamburguesas con queso.

LUCY: That one you got right.

ALLY: Why would they name a restaurant “Uno” I wonder.

ABBY: Maybe it means “restaurant”?

ALLY: I mean, look at this menu. There’s like a thousand things to order! So many opportunities for deliciousness. A hundred kinds of each thing!

ABBY: Ah. Uno means “ONE hundred!”

LUCY: Abby, it means ONE! The number ONE. As in, ONE orders only ONE big fat cheeseburger unless ONE wants to pass out.

ABBY: I have so much homework tonight. I really wouldn’t mind passing out.

ALLY: Okay back to my point, please? I think “One” is a weird name for a restaurant. “One.” It’s missing a word. Like it should be, “THE ONE” or “THE ONLY ONE.” Not just “ONE.”

ABBY: You are ONE deep thinker, Ally.

LUCY: Yes, Ally. You just ONE my admiration.

ABBY: You are so ONE-derful!

ALLY: You know what ladies? I think I love this place because, well, I’m a ONE. Numero UNO. It’s sort of, titled after me.

LUCY: I don’t get it. Your name is Ally.

ALLY: I’m an only child. Not only the first, in my house I’m THE ONE, the ONE and ONLY.

LUCY: I’m not. I’m cuatro.

ABBY: You’re a room?

LUCY: “Cuatro” means “four.” Number four. “Cuarto” means room, so you were close this time. I’m the oldest of the four.

ALLY: (*To LUCY.*) Four’s a crowd. That’s why I only invited you and Staci Ann, who couldn’t make it.

LUCY: Sometimes it seems my parents don’t have any time for me, the younger ones are so needy. Ugh. The youngest one is three! I still remember the first few years when it was just us. Me and my parents. Or at least, I think I remember. I miss those days—I think.

ALLY: Anyway, like I said. I’m the ONE. They had ONE, and I was so awesome, they stopped there.

ABBY: Thank goodness.

ALLY: What?

ABBY: My parents had trés. And she is totally annoying.

LUCY: Abby, trés means...I won't even bother.

ABBY: Before my parents call my name these days, they usually say my sister's name, my dog's name, our cat's name, then my actual name. It's so mind blowing. Now I answer to "Abby, Laura, Whiskers, and Mister White Paws."

ALLY: Well I love it. I get all the attention in the world. But it's not always easy being UNO. Yes, there are huge up-sides. The menu, so to speak, is full of options and opportunities, because it gets all the attention. But it can be lonely. Sometimes you just want another kid around, you know? Like, once a week?

LUCY: Well, that's why we're here. We're your sisters.

ALLY: That's right! Trés hermanas! Well you, Abby, you're numero cuatro since Staci Ann couldn't make it.

ABBY: I've heard. But I'm still honored to be part of your room.

LUCY: I'll toast some water to that!

ABBY: Me too!

ALLY: To us!

ALLY, LUCY, and ABBY toast.

LUCY: We love you, Ally. Happy birthday.

ALLY: Love you guys too. You know, lots of people think only children are self-centered, pampered with too much attention and that they think the world revolves around them. And I'm glad you see it's not true.

LUCY and ABBY: We sure do.

ALLY: Now let's order, shall we? (*Turns toward the other booth, calling offstage to her mom.*) MOM! GET THAT WAITER! I'M HUNGRY OVER HERE! MOVE IT! NOW!

END OF PLAY

THE MORNING PLAY

SYNOPSIS: It's not quite time to wake up, but unfortunately, this kid does. Is he dreaming? Is he awake? Can he finally get a few minutes of sleep before the day starts?

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3-4 either)

DREW (m/f).....A tired kid. Hates waking up. *(27 lines)*

HAYDEN (m/f)Likes to tease and bother. *(14 lines)*

BIG PARROT (m/f).....A human-sized parrot. *(9 lines)*

PARENT (m/f).....Offstage voice. *(3 lines)*

SETTING: At home.

TIME: Present day. It's a school day morning, early, still dark and quiet.

SET: A sofa.

PROPS: Blanket.

CASTING NOTE: Casting can be any combination of genders. The PARENT could double as BIG PARROT.

AT START: DREW has woken earlier than usual and has wandered into the living room.

DREW: Hello? Mom? Dad? *(Silent. Goes to the sofa.)* Oh man, I don't know if it's morning or night! I don't know if I'm awake or asleep! I hate when this happens. I'll just lie down on this sofa until they wake me up and start the morning routine. Ugh. I hope I have a few hours. What time is it? We really need a clock down here. Or maybe not. It's best I don't know. *(Lies down to sleep. After a moment of quiet, we hear a voice.)*

HAYDEN: *(In a creepy voice.)* Hey! Hey! Hellooooo....

DREW: Huh!?

HAYDEN: *(In a creepy voice.)* Over here! Hellooooo...

DREW: Argh! Creepy! Scary! Show yourself!

HAYDEN: *(In a creepy voice.)* SHHHH! Don't be afraid!

DREW: There's a strange voice whispering to me in the dark. How can I not be afraid?

HAYDEN: I'm not a stranger. I'm your sibling. Only, I'm not really here.

DREW: What does that mean?

HAYDEN: I'm in your dream! Helloooo!

DREW: You're WHAT?

HAYDEN: You're dreaming! And I'm in the dream. The real me is upstairs sleeping like a log. But you're dreaming of me, and in the dream, I have a creepy voice, in the dark.

DREW: Okay! That's weird and confusing. I'm closing my eyes and going back to sleep. This is giving me a headache!

DREW lies back down. After a moment, HAYDEN begins to sing in a not-as-creepy but annoying voice.

HAYDEN: *(Singing.)*

MR. SUN, SUN, MISTER GOLDEN SUN,
PLEASE SHINE DOWN ON ME!

DREW: Now what are you doing??

HAYDEN: Singing! *(Singing.)*

MR. SUN, SUN, MISTER GOLDEN SUN,
HIDING BEHIND A TREE!

DREW: Please don't!

HAYDEN: *(Singing.)*

OH MISTER SUN, SUN, MISTER GOLDEN SUN—

DREW: Oh my gosh! Please! Whoever you are! Stop!

HAYDEN: It's from that show! Remember? On TV when we were tiny?

DREW: I know where it's from! And it's horrible! This dream is horrible! Stop!

HAYDEN: Okay. I'll stop. Maybe.

DREW: Please go away. I need to sleep. Soon they'll be awake and starting that terrible morning routine!

HAYDEN: And the real me will be up and at 'em. Nice and rested. And you'll already be down here, tired and cranky. Lucky you!

DREW: Not lucky me! Even if I am asleep dreaming, this doesn't feel restful! So HUSH! And get out!

HAYDEN: Okay! Okay!

DREW closes eyes again. After a couple moments, HAYDEN sings again.

HAYDEN: *(Singing.)*

YOU MAY SAY I'M A DREAMER,
BUT I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE...

DREW: GET OUT OF MY DREAM!!!

HAYDEN exits running off.

DREW: Ugh! I just wanted sleep. Normal, peaceful rest. I'm so tired. I hate mornings! It's like that song my parents always sing sometimes. "Oh how I hate to wake up in the morning." It's all "Brush teeth, get dressed, eat, wash, brush again, shoes, hair, jackets, check backpacks!" And that freezing walk to school! I don't want to think of it! I just want to sleep! I wish I lived the life of our pet parrot! He just hangs out on his stand all day! Sleeps when he wants, talks nonsense when he wants! Okay. Calm down. It's still dark. There's still time.

DREW closes eyes again. After a few moments, BIG PARROT waddles in.

BIG PARROT: HELLO! FOOD? GOODNIGHT? HELLO! YUMMY!
HELLO!

DREW: What the heck!?!?

BIG PARROT: WHAT THE HECK? WHAT THE HECK? WHAT THE HECK? I LOVE YOU!

DREW: Feathers? Is that you?

BIG PARROT: I LOVE YOU! FOOD FOR FEATHERS? WHAT THE HECK! GOODNIGHT!

DREW: Wait! You're huge!

BIG PARROT: I'M FEATHERS! THE DREAM PARROT! I'm HUUUUUUUGE! FOOD FOR FEATHERS?

DREW: Ugh not you too!

BIG PARROT: NOT YOU TOO! WHAT THE HECK!

DREW: Stop this!

BIG PARROT: STOP THIS! STOP THIS! STOP THIS! STOP THIS!

DREW: What is wrong with my brain this morning?? Listen, Huge massive Feathers in my dream, go back to whatever massive dream cage you come from! Please!

BIG PARROT: Feathers go home?

DREW: FEATHERS GO HOME!

BIG PARROT: *(Suddenly speaking normally.)* But of course I'm not the real Feathers! I'm a dream version, you see, from your brain that is torturing you this morning. And so I'm not just repeating what you say, but I have my own mind, my own voice, my own thoughts, dreams, ambitions! I want to fly! Far from here! Over the town! Over the city! Across the country! I want more from life! I want to be free! I want to act in plays!

DREW: What. The. Heck.

BIG PARROT: Indeed, my friend. I often ask myself that. What the heck? *(Runs off stage, flapping.)*

DREW: Okay. Seems like it's better to wake up than to try to sleep the rest of this night. I'm 'gonna be so tired at school. *(Looks around. Silence.)* Maybe that's it. No more visitors. Please, brain. I'll try one more time. Please! Give me a few more hours! *(Silence.)* Good. Okay. Goodnight.

DREW closes eyes again. For a moment, sleep comes.

PARENT: *(Offstage.)* Oh! Good! You're down there already! Well, I'll sing it anyway!

(Sings.) OH HOW I HATE TO WAKE UP,
I HATE TO WAKE UP IN THE MORNING!
OH HOW I'D LOVE TO REMAIN IN BED!

DREW: Oh no! It's real! It's really morning?

PARENT: *(Offstage.)* You bet it is! The sun's coming out!

DREW: It is?

PARENT: *(Offstage.)*

MR. SUN, SUN, MISTER GOLDEN SUN!

DREW: *(Like a horror movie.)* Nooooooooooooo!

END OF PLAY

DOING NOTHING

SYNOPSIS: Two studious, driven, organized friends encounter someone doing a very strange experiment.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 either)

PARKER (m/f).....Has a busy schedule, over-stressed. *(24 lines)*

CAMERON (m/f) Younger than Parker. Studious. *(28 lines)*

CHRIS (m/f).....Same age as Cameron. Studious. *(23 lines)*

SETTING: A home.

TIME: Present day. It's afternoon, about an hour after school.

SET: Bare stage.

PROPS: Textbooks, notebooks.



AT START: *PARKER lies in the middle of the floor, staring upwards. CAMERON and CHRIS, who are on an afterschool homework break, walk in with textbooks and notebooks under their arms.*

CAMERON: I think we should tackle the Health homework next.

CHRIS: I agree. While we still have some energy. That social studies project was hard.

CAMERON: And that math sheet before that. We need some strong chocolate milk or something.

CHRIS: Or just straight up sugar.

CAMERON: I still have to study for tomorrow's two quizzes, vocabulary in ELA and history in social studies.

CHRIS: Hello, I'm in your class. Thanks. Where's the sugar?

CAMERON: This way. In the kitchen.

CAMERON and CHRIS begin to walk across the stage.

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