

HIGH SCHOOL SPOOFICAL

By Jerry Rabushka

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CHARACTERS

Male

Zack	a basketball player who wants to be in the musical.
Clay	his best friend
Coach Hooper	he rules the basketball team with an iron fist, but his secret desire is to sing and dance.
Tyrone	a student who always lands the dancing roles in school productions.
Jesse	a student
Jeff	a student basketball player

PFemale

Ashley	a girl who's very talented, but very full of herself, and always gets the leading roles in school productions; Tyrone is her brother.
Isabella	a math whiz, torn between participating in the musical and leading the school math team to victory!
Isabella 2	a transfer student from Prince Edward Island, often confused with Isabella
Jeannie	a songwriter, with less than stellar lyrics. Costume and attitude-wise, she's a bit more "whole earth" than the others in the cast.

Three Cheerleaders at the math contest. (if three aren't available, two can be used as well, or they can be doubled out of the players below, most probably Erin, Casey, and Veronica. For the rest of the play, they are part of the student body)

Erin	a drama student
Morgan	a student, serious-natured
Casey	a student, tends to over-react
Veronica	a student, cheer leader type
Patrice	a math student

Parents (one male/female each set)

Ashley's Parents
Isabella's Parents
Zack's Parents

These roles can be played by six individuals, or they can be doubled with some quick & comical costume changes. Also, the actors playing the parents can double as students in other scenes.

Either Male or Female

Mr./Ms. Brimley	Homeroom teacher and detention monitor.
Math instructor	
Mr./Ms. Hanover	Drama teacher

Principal	(this role can be doubled as a student, math teacher, and/or one of the parents)
Dakota	a student
Bailey	a student
Jamie	a student
Chase	a student

Some of the smaller student roles can be combined if there are not enough players, likewise if you would like to cast more, they can be split up. Some doubling possibilities include Patrice/Morgan; Jesse/Jeff; Jamie/Dakota; Bailey/Chase though there are many other possibilities.

While a teacher in the either male or female category might be referred to as Mr. or Mrs. in the script, they can be played by either male or female. Please use whichever title suits the performer: Miss, Ms., Mrs., or Mr.

SET

A classroom (for detention) which can be set up just like a regular classroom. Please make sure however that no one's back is to the audience, so a side-ways or angular setup may be the best way to portray this.

The drama room, where auditions are held; this can be set up simply with a few chairs and a desk for the instructor. For décor, theater posters of well-known shows can be up on the walls, other drama-related objects can be around the room as well.

Many other scenes take place on campus, such as in hallways or outdoors. These can be done simply, such as in front of a curtain, or more realistically depending on the director's preference. In many instances just a couple chairs or tables can be set up to reference the setting.

Many of the scenes that take place in hallways or on campus can be in another set such as a student lounge or school cafeteria, or anywhere in school that students might hang out when they're not in class.

This play is intended as a parody of the show *High School Musical*; any references or similarities to plot or characters of that show are for the purposes of parody.

PROPS

Basketballs, football, baseball
Scripts

School supplies: notebooks,
textbooks, pens, erasers,
calculators, etc.

Cell phones

Paperback book.

CD

Bulletin board, paper, and
thumbtack.

Sheet music

Folders full of papers.

Teachers may wish to carry
briefcases or other "teacher type"
props.

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ACT I

Scene One

SETTING: In a high school classroom, it's detention after hours.

AT RISE: *There are a large number of students in the room, most of whom aren't sure why they are there. There's a lot of room for "funny business" here as students can be talking and texting on phones, popping gum, reading magazines, listening to music, and throwing things at each other. If you have a chalkboard, you can put on a funny phrase like "welcome to detention!" or "good students need detention too!" or something along those lines. ZACK and CLAY are seated next to each other near the front, ASHLEY is also near the front, not necessarily next to them. JEANNIE, who is more a loner, can be near the back, or at least in another row, depending how many students there are. Other speaking student roles in this scene are MORGAN, CASEY, CHASE, PATRICE, VERONICA, DAKOTA, BAILEY, JAMIE, JESSE. JESSE should be near ZACK and CLAY. Students without lines in this scene may also be present. BRIMLEY is detention monitor.*

ZACK: *(talking on a cell phone)* Mom, I gotta go. We're in detention.

(BRIMLEY gives him a withering look.) No, I can't even talk to my mother. I'm in jail here! *(HE hangs up his cell phone and wonders out loud.)* This is weird. Why are we all in detention at the same time?

ASHLEY: *(into a cell phone)* Talk to you later! I'm in detention! *(pouty)* They hate me because I'm beautiful. *(hangs up the phone and says to BRIMLEY)* We didn't do anything. I never get in trouble. *(more to EVERYONE)* And when I do, daddy fixes it for me.

CLAY: Ha! Where's daddy now?

ZACK: Good one, Clay!

(ZACK and CLAY high five.)

BRIMLEY: *(breaking up ZACK and CLAY, painfully, as HE walks among the student body.)* Precisely, Ashley. You didn't do anything. None of you do anything. *(with a short laugh)* This detention is more motivational than punitive.

ASHLEY: I do plenty, Mr. Brimley. I sing. I dance. I act. *(all too self confident)* And I do it better than anyone else in the class.

ZACK: I play ball. Better than anyone else in the state. And I sing in the shower.

CLAY: *(stands up)* I play ball. Better than anyone else. . .

(ZACK gives him a look.)

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but. . . Zack.

BRIMLEY: (*sits him down*) We're talking *real* motivation. School work.

(*EVERYONE groans. As BRIMLEY walks around the classroom, HE picks up a basket off his desk and starts filling it by taking away cell phones, magazines, music devices, and other toys.*)

Remember school work? You're all so involved in extra-curriculars that you're forgetting what you're here for! Math! Science! Latin!

CLAY: Latin?

BRIMLEY: (*Ah, the good old days!*) When I was in school, we learned Latin.

ZACK: When you were in school, people spoke Latin!

(*general laughter*)

BRIMLEY: For that, extra detention for you.

ZACK: You need a sense of humor.

BRIMLEY: I do have one, young man; for example, I think it's blisteringly hysterical that you have to stay late. As it is, since you're all involved in so many after school activities, you're all behind in your studies.

MORGAN: (*on cell phone, but says to BRIMLEY*) Will you keep it down, I'm on the phone!

BRIMLEY: (*takes the phone*) She's breaking up with you and doesn't want to see you again! (*HE hangs up the phone.*)

MORGAN: (*aghast!*) That was my father!

BRIMLEY: Then you'll have a bit of explaining to do, won't you! (*to the entire class*) From now until six o'clock, you're free!

(*THEY heave a sigh of relief until HE adds*)

Free to catch up on your homework.

CLAY: Detention for being involved in my community.

ASHLEY: I have straight A's.

BRIMLEY: (*tart*) That's not good enough! You know how disappointed your parents are. Now get to work, and if you're good children, you might get a cookie. (*HE snatches something off CASEY's desk.*)

CASEY: Hey, that's my algebra book!

BRIMLEY: (*a bit embarrassed*) Er. . . sorry. I'm just not used to seeing a student with a textbook.

CLAY: Do you just hate kids? Why did you take this job?

BRIMLEY: I majored in teaching and minored in sarcasm. It was required coursework, along with Latin. So unlike all of you, I'm utilizing my education to the utmost. Now, I'm going to excuse myself so as not to distract you, since you seem intent on engaging me in meaningless conversation. Besides, (*holds up everything HE's collected*) I have lots to read and listen to!

(*HE exits, EVERYONE starts to talk and throw things, BRIMLEY enters again.*)

Get to work!

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(HE exits and it happens again; HE re-enters.)

Do I hear 7 PM?

ASHLEY: You can't! I have salsa practice at 6:45.

BRIMLEY: Poor Ashley. Let's see you dance your way out of that one.

(HE exits, quiet for awhile, as the STUDENTS slowly break out their books.)

DAKOTA: *(looking at a textbook)* Anyone know the square root of 375.8?

CHASE: 19.385561.

DAKOTA: Thanks! That's some serious smartitude! How do you do that?

CHASE: Calculator. I always bring my calculator to detention. But I memorize square roots to pass the time.

DAKOTA: No wonder you're not in the popular clique.

BAILEY: *(announcing for all to hear)* I have a spare iPod. I always have two in case one gets confiscated.

DAKOTA: *(cheerful)* Great! With your taste in music you can listen to two songs I don't like at the same time.

BAILEY: Ahahahaha. Not.

JESSE: I still have my cell.

JEANNIE: I brought my piano!

BRIMLEY: *(offstage, or if possible, through a loudspeaker)* No iPods, cell phones, or pianos.

JESSE: Jeannie! How did you sneak a piano into detention?

JEANNIE: When inspiration hits, I want to be ready! *(pulls out some published music and stands up at the front of the class)* See? I just wrote this up during my Mexican History class. They tried to stop me, but no one could get around the piano.

ZACK: Where did that come from, Jeannie? It's like you think up a song and it gets published.

JEANNIE: When I'm inspired, everyone hears it. In fact, I think I'll write another song right now.

ASHLEY: Stop it! You're disturbing my thought processes. It's hard enough to get them going in the first place.

JEANNIE: *(goes to ASHLEY)* Get up. I'll sing and you'll dance.

ASHLEY: I don't want to dance. I have to save myself for salsa class.

JEANNIE: Move it! You're clouding up my inspiration!

(ASHLEY gets up reluctantly and proceeds to the front of the class.)

Now, do a waltz.

ASHLEY: I'd prefer not to do anything in three right about now.

JEANNIE: *(disappointed)* Thanks for killing my song, Ashley. *(SHE sits at BRIMLEY's desk, pouting, or perhaps taking a pencil and re-writing some of it)*

ASHLEY: I've heard enough of your songs. It's my pleasure! *(SHE does a small dance in a corner, self-absorbed.)*

ZACK: Clay!

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(Since CLAY is studying, ZACK throws something [such as an eraser] at CLAY to get his attention.)

CLAY: Ow, quit it!

ZACK: Clay! I can't study. I can't stop thinking about her.

(CLAY throws something back.)

Ow!

CLAY: Zack! About who?

(ZACK throws something back at CLAY.)

Ow!

ZACK: Clay! You know!

CLAY: Her? Get over it, dude. Just get over it.

(CLAY throws a paperback but it hits JESSE who is sitting nearby.)

JESSE: Ow!

CLAY: Quiet. We're not talking to you!

(JESSE throws it at ZACK.)

ZACK: Ow! (looks at the book) Oh, I've always wanted to read this!

CLAY: Dude, you need to let her go!

ZACK: (rubbing wherever the book hit him) This really hurts to talk about! I knew when we met it was going to be something special. If only I could see her again.

CLAY: Still the girl you met at that party?

ZACK: We had a connection. We played video games. She helped me ace my math test. Our favorite songs are the same! I mean. . . it's kind of shallow but—

CLAY: You met her in seventh grade and now you're 16. It's time you get over it. (points to the whole group) We're not interested anymore!

ZACK: She's the only one for me!

CLAY: You can date any girl in the school.

PATRICE: That's Zack! In love with the girl who doesn't exist. I'm available!

VERONICA: Me too!

CASEY: And so am I! What's wrong with me?

ZACK: Do you really want to know, Casey?

CASEY: (goes up to him and stands over him, intimidating) I want to know exactly what it is that makes me so undesirable.

(EVERYONE stops what they're doing to watch; ZACK is afraid to answer.)

You can't think of anything, yet you refuse to go out with me. So I ask again, (loses control and starts to shake him) what is wrong with me???

ZACK: (bullied into telling the truth) Too aggressive, for one.

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CASEY: Aggressive?! You take that back right now!

ZACK: And you're too sensitive, Casey!

CASEY: *(slowly breaking into tears)* I am not.

CLAY: *(a little sheepish)* And you overreact to everything.

CASEY: *(overreacting, obviously, shouting at CLAY)* Excuse me?! Who asked you to venture out on a fault-finding mission? *(loud)* I do not overreact! *(to ZACK)* If you don't ask me out, and fast, I'm going to. . .

ZACK: To what?

CASEY: Make a really big scene and you'll all be in detention until 8:30!

BRIMLEY: *(entering)* 8:30 sounds like a great idea. Perhaps in an hour you'll settle down to get to work. Jeannie, Ashley, perhaps you'd like to take your seats?

JEANNIE: I'm happy where I am, but thanks!

ASHLEY: I have vocal instruction at 7:20.

BRIMLEY: *(takes JEANNIE and moves her, struggling, to her seat as the dialogue continues)* I thought you had salsa at 6:45.

ASHLEY: It's a fast dance. And very hard to sing after. Tests my endurance. *(sassy)* Kind of like what you're doing, Mr. Brimley.

BRIMLEY: Well, Miss Ashley, you can save that song & dance routine for tomorrow and start doing your homework.

(HE puts JEANNIE in her seat, then motions to the door, where ISABELLA enters and stays at the doorway.)

Oh, and this is Isabella, a transfer student who wants to get in on the fun. I'd say to give her a warm welcome, but you all need to be quiet!

ISABELLA: *(SHE's demure, yet confident, and "overdressed" compared to the rest of the students.)* I love detention! I love any chance to sit quietly and study math and science. *(in self-description)* Pretty, yet smart. A threat to both boys and girls!

CLAY: Yuk.

ASHLEY: Yuk and a half!

ISABELLA: Homework is my favorite extracurricular activity. I only wish there was more!

BRIMLEY: I'm sure we can accommodate that! For everyone! Now if you'll excuse me, I have some horses to bet on. *(exits)*

ZACK: *(throws the paperback to CLAY)* Clay! That's her!

CLAY: *(throws something bigger at ZACK, perhaps a notebook.)* Ow! Now stop that! Who?

ZACK: Ow! *(points to ISABELLA)* Her! The girl I met at the party! That's her!

CLAY: Wasn't the party on Prince Edward Island? And we're here on the other side of the continent in St. George, Utah! What's she doing here?

ZACK: *(turned around in his seat looking at her)* I don't know. I don't care! But thanks for the geography lesson. *(shouts)* Isabella! Isabella!

ISABELLA: *(firmly)* Quiet! *(more demure)* I have math and science homework to do! *(SHE takes a seat, a couple rows behind ZACK [if you have that many rows] and starts to set up her studies, as if SHE's the stellar example of how a student should do homework.)*

ZACK: It's me, Zack! The guy from the party on Prince Edward Island.

(HE's all smiles and SHE's looking him over like SHE has no idea what HE's talking about.)

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ISABELLA: I've never been to Prince Edward Island. And I don't party. *(pulls out a calculator and some textbooks)* Cuts into my study time.

ZACK: *(can't believe it, gets up and goes to her)* Don't you remember?

CLAY: *(following him)* Dude, obviously she's not into you.

ZACK: *(whirls around to face CLAY)* Everyone is into me. All the girls in that row, they'd go out with me in a flash!

(Several girls raise their hands trying to get his attention. . .)

I could read the phone book and call it a stage career.

VERONICA: *(runs up to him)* Start with V, because my name's Veronica!

JAMIE: *(pushes VERONICA away)* No one uses the phone book anymore. We look up numbers online.

ZACK: *(to ISABELLA)* Don't you remember the party? We sang! We talked science. We—

ISABELLA: *(stands up to face him)* How typical of some boys to concoct a fantasy in order to go out with me. I'm used to it. It's so frustrating being a math and science whiz, yet so beautiful at the same time. It's very distracting. I never do my homework in front of a mirror.

ASHLEY: *(SHE joins the group.)* Tell me about it. Every time we do a show, I get saddled with the leading role. Due to my talent, my beauty, and my father's money, I'm always responsible for making the school play successful. It's very hard work.

VERONICA: I'd like to know how come you have so much money, yet you attend public school.

JEANNIE: For sure. It would be more appropriate for you to go to a very expensive private academy. *(short pause, more to herself)* Far, far away.

CLAY: Come to think, it doesn't make much sense.

BRIMLEY: *(enters the classroom arguing with the COACH)* They're in detention, Mr. Hooper. It's more important than basketball.

COACH: *(has a basketball HE bounces)* Nothing is more important than basketball, Mr. Brimley! You're ruining our chances at the state championship.

BRIMLEY: Those chances were ruined when you were hired. You don't know a jump shot from a dribble.

COACH: *(dribbles once or twice)* And you don't know a paramecium from a planarian.

(Each one of these gets louder, and they move closer to each other in confrontation.)

BRIMLEY: And you don't know a rebound from a layup.

COACH: And you don't know a frog from a toad.

BRIMLEY: And you don't know a foul shot from a foul mouth!

COACH: *(bounces again)* I want those boys at practice! Now!

(Bounces it, but BRIMLEY intercepts it.)

BRIMLEY: Those boys have homework to do.

(Bounces it, and COACH intercepts it.)

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COACH: Those boys have basketball to play. *(snatches away a boy's papers)* Homework is for sissies!

ISABELLA: *(gets in between them and takes the ball away as COACH is bouncing it)* Excuse me. I can't concentrate!

COACH: A student who wants to study. You must be new here.

ZACK: She comes from Prince Edward Island, but she won't admit it.

ISABELLA: I come from the next county. Not the next country. I just got transferred here because we moved into a nicer subdivision. Next to Ashley, come to think. I hear her singing all the time. Our dog won't even go outside anymore. *(to ASHLEY)* Can't you take up another pastime? How about meditation?

ZACK: And you're rich, too!

ISABELLA: Of course I'm rich. It's hard to live in a remote area of Utah if you're not independently wealthy. Everyone here is rich. We're talented. We're beautiful. We have perfect hair and makeup. Yet we go to public school in an isolated part of southeastern Utah. We should be in the OC.

COACH: *(tries to shuffle ZACK and CLAY out the door)* Zack! Clay! Basketball practice! Now!

BRIMLEY: *(tries to shuffle them back in)* Study! Now!

HANOVER: *(enters in the midst of this, and pushes EVERYONE out of the way)* Oh. . . while everybody's here. . . *(notices ASHLEY)* Ashley, in detention! I'm fascinated, yet ashamed!

ASHLEY: It's not my fault, Mrs. Hanover, I promise!

HANOVER: I'm sure it's not. Just like not learning your lines, your dances, or your blocking is never your fault.

COACH: While everybody's here, we need to practice. *(grabs the ball back)* Here, catch!

(Throws ball to ZACK, who drops it.)

Sissy. Wussy.

ZACK: If I throw a ball in detention I'll never get out of here.

COACH: Stand up for yourself!

ZACK: With three teachers ready to punish me you want me to dribble!

(COACH assents.)

Okay. *(HE does so a few times; if HE's acrobatic enough, HE can run up and down the stage a time or two.)*

(Plays defense with ZACK for a short while as the STUDENTS cheer, and eventually BRIMLEY gets the ball.)

BRIMLEY: Very nice. You're here till 10 PM.

COACH: I say he's not! I'm calling a technical on you.

BRIMLEY: Now. . . everyone sit!

(The STUDENTS take their original seats, even COACH and HANOVER are intimidated and sit down, so HE says to them. . .)

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Not you!

(HANOVER really upbeat, getting up, COACH stays seated.)

HANOVER: Great! Now that I have your attention, as the school's drama director, I want to announce that it's time to audition for our fall musical!

ASHLEY: Good deal! Though I don't know why I bother auditioning, I always get the lead, and with it responsibility of making the other students look good. *(over the top angst)* More than I can bear.

HANOVER: I thought. . . since everyone's already singing the soundtrack from *High School Musical*, that this year. . . we're going to do. . . *High School Musical!*

(HANOVER is really excited, but the enthusiasm is met with dead silence.)

I said. . . this year we're going to do *High School Musical!*

(Again, enthusiasm met with blank stares)

ASHLEY: We're tired of it.

CHASE: We've been singing the songs for years. We want to do something that's not for high school kids. Like *Urinetown* or *Avenue Q*.

HANOVER: How nice for you. I want to keep my job.

JEANNIE: *(a little whiny)* I want to write the musical this year. I'm getting inspired. Not to mention a backache from carrying a grand piano everywhere I go.

CLAY: Where is it?

JEANNIE: It's in the closet there in the back.

CLAY: How did you fit it in there?

JEANNIE: It's collapsible. Like me, after carrying it around everywhere. In my next life I'm going to take up the piccolo.

HANOVER: Sick of it or not, we're putting it on. *(starts passing out papers)* Here is the info sheet on what's expected, Everyone will come see it. Everyone loves it! I've already got a cast picked out, but you all can audition and try to change my mind. Until then, happy detention! *(exit)*

BRIMLEY: 10 o'clock! For you Zack. Everyone else can go home.

COACH: *(getting up)* Whew! I can't be late for practice! *(COACH runs out quickly, relieved)*

ASHLEY: Good. I can fit in my singing, my dancing, my advanced acting, and my improv class.

BRIMLEY: Try fitting in some homework for once.

ASHLEY: Why? I'm just doing high school for the musicals.

(EVERYONE starts to exit.)

CLAY: *(to ZACK)* Sorry dude. Basketball practice.

ISABELLA: *(quietly)* I'll stay.

BRIMLEY: You'll stay?

ISABELLA: Yep, My dad's a sports nut. He watches basketball all the time. I need somewhere I can concentrate.

BRIMLEY: Next to the most popular boy in school. . . how convenient.

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ZACK: (to BRIMLEY) Hey. . . If I have to stay till 10, doesn't that mean you have to stay till 10?

BRIMLEY: It does.

ZACK: A bit too hasty on the sarcasm, aren't you?

BRIMLEY: Well. . .

ZACK: Just admit it already.

BRIMLEY: The pleasure I get out of keeping you here after school well outweighs the fact that I have to stay here along with you. Now if you don't mind, they just set up an X-Box in the teacher's lounge. (exit)

ZACK: (turns to look at ISABELLA, who isn't terribly interested at first) So you don't remember me?

ISABELLA: No. Not really.

ZACK: But we had a great time together!

ISABELLA: You might have.

(THEY study a bit, pretending like THEY're not paying attention to each other.)

Hey, what time are the auditions?

HANOVER: (enters, much to their surprise!) Funny you should ask! Auditions are at 3 PM. Right after school. Tomorrow. (exit, again to their surprise)

ZACK: That was just weird.

ISABELLA: (agrees, but continues) I've always wanted to perform.

ZACK: Me too!

ISABELLA: But you're a jock.

ZACK: A jock with a voice. A voice no one's heard yet.

ISABELLA: So, let's go to auditions tomorrow then.

ZACK: Basketball practice is at three.

ISABELLA: You practice basketball every day. You only audition once. I would think since I'm going to be there, you might be as well. If, as you say, you want to get to know me.

ZACK: Again.

ISABELLA: Again. Whatever.

ZACK: (looking over some homework) Hey, what's the square root of 472?

ISABELLA: (unconcerned) 21.72556. Just off the top of my head, anyway.

(HE's a bit dispirited, and goes back to studying. blackout)

SCENE 2

The drama department, where auditions are being held. Several students are looking over scripts and practicing monologs on their own. Others, in a separate area are attempting dance moves, either well or poorly. HANOVER is at a desk, watching as well as doing some paperwork. On stage are ASHLEY, TYRONE, JEANNIE, VERONICA, CASEY, ERIN, DAKOTA, MORGAN, JAMIE, JESSE (other students may also be on

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stage studying for auditions; some students can study solo, others might be rehearsing together.

ASHLEY: (*puts down her script, looking over the other STUDENTS*) So I see some of you all have shown up for the lesser roles.

TYRONE: (*HE's with the dancers.*) For real. Our family has dominated the high school's musicals for years. Ashley and Tyrone, lead singer and lead dancer.

(*THEY meet at center stage as if they're Hollywood stars on parade.*)

ASHLEY: Can you believe they're doing *High School Musical*? I have all the dialogue and the songs memorized. It's going to be a walk in the park.

TYRONE: I guess I'll get stuck with a major dancing role and yet again be forced to pull the show out of the fire three days before opening night. (*as if HE's in a play, drops to the ground in despair*) Oh, the curse of being blessed with such talent.

ASHLEY: (*acting as if SHE's in a play as well*) You can't have the male lead. I'm getting the female lead and I can't play a romantic role across from my brother. (*thinks it over*) Don't they try to do that in *High School Musical*? Ew!

JAMIE: You always get the lead. It's so boring. Everyone gets the same kind of role all the time. (*to HANOVER, a bit bitter and loud.*) You'd think the drama teacher might want to give someone else the experience some time.

(*ZACK and ISABELLA sneak in separately from separate entrances, hiding behind everyone and watching, creeping along without noticing each other, though eventually they'll meet at a side of the stage, still out of everyone else's view.*)

HANOVER: (*pulling JAMIE aside*) Now, the drama teacher needs to cast the show the way she sees fit. If you aren't getting the lead, maybe it's because you don't deserve it. Maybe it's because you can't act.

JESSE: (*to JAMIE as well*) Or you can't sing and you blame it on the dog.

MORGAN: Or you don't learn lines and blame it on the dog eating your script.

ERIN: Or you don't show up for rehearsals and blame it on your dog taking the car.

JESSE: Why don't we cast the dog?

HANOVER: Yes, all that can affect my decision. Ashley is a pain, but she usually learns her part and does a good job. And everyone comes to see the show, because. . . because we all hope she'll screw up. Besides, her parents will kill me if she and her brother don't get leading roles. And they have money.

DAKOTA: Why can't they send her to private school?

HANOVER: At least she's got a private school attitude.

BAILEY: Public school musical, private school attitude. Great show!

ASHLEY: (*bounding into the conversation and monopolizing HANOVER's line of sight*) So, when do we start? I need to get to golf practice at 3:42.

HANOVER: No you don't. Or I'll be teed off! (*laughs, no one else thinks it's funny*)

(*ZACK and ISABELLA, still trying to hide, run into each other. As THEY talk, the OTHER STUDENTS continue to study lines and practice dance moves.*)

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ZACK: Ow!

ISABELLA: Ow yourself. What are you doing here, jock boy?

ZACK: What are *you* doing here, math girl?

ISABELLA: I want to audition. We never did *High School Musical* at my school. We're about the only school in America that hasn't put it on. So I want my chance. What about you?

ZACK: I'm tired of singing in the shower. If you try a really long song, you run out of hot water. I want to try to sing on stage. Even a chorus part.

ISABELLA: You won't take a chorus part. You're the star ball player. They'll put you in the lead to draw a crowd. Either you'll do great, or you'll fall on your face. But you won't do it in the back row.

ZACK: And you don't remember me.

ISABELLA: Are you loony or what? I've never been to Prince Edward Island.

ZACK: I'm beginning to wish I could say the same thing.

ISABELLA: I like you. But I'm not whoever you think I am.

ZACK: Are you sure?

ISABELLA: I'm beginning to wonder.

ZACK: (*looking at the group of STUDENTS practicing*) Seems like Ashley and Tyrone have the auditions sewn up. Like usual.

ISABELLA: Not if I have any thing to do with it.

ZACK: I'm scared. What if I don't get a part? I can't fail. And I can't let the guys know I want to be in the show.

ISABELLA: Then go back to basketball practice. Girls really dig a guy who's afraid to do what he wants because of what other people think. Yeah, I'm all about that.

ZACK: (*thinks SHE's serious*) Really? Good!

ISABELLA: Really? Not!

ZACK: I probably can't be seen talking to the science whiz, either.

ISABELLA: And my crowd doesn't like the jocks. So there.

ZACK: What?

ISABELLA: You heard me. You're all so full of yourselves. Because you can dribble. And old man with Alzheimer's can dribble. So you're not that special.

(*HANOVER gets up from the desk, clapping hands and getting EVERYONE's attention.*)

HANOVER: Okay! Let's get started!

ZACK: Look, they're starting the auditions.

HANOVER: I want everyone to get up and do a few sentences of a monolog they've prepared.

ASHLEY: Don't we get to read from the script?

HANOVER: Nope. You've all seen the movie so many times you've got it memorized. I'd cast a bunch of parrots, but I hate cleaning up after them.

ASHLEY: (*sigh*) All right. (*introducing her script just like SHE's been taught in her competitive drama class*) My monolog is called "The Exceptional Alligator," by Kelly Meadows.

(*SHE goes up to the front of the stage [or some other spot set aside for reciting] and starts talking, saying blah blah blah blah with conviction and variation in her delivery. As OTHERS announce their monologs, THEY come up next to her as well.*)

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TYRONE: My monolog is called "Three Dancing Aardvarks," by Kelly Meadows.

(HE joins her saying blah blah blah, as do the OTHERS as THEY announce their monologs.)

JEANNIE: I'm Jeannie, and my monolog is called "I Can Write a Better Play," also by Kelly Meadows.

ERIN: My monolog is called "Ashley's Getting the Part, So Why Bother," by Kelly Meadows.

HANOVER: Who's Kelly Meadows?

VERONICA: She's a very prominent playwright. You should consider putting on some of her work. *(joins the OTHER FOUR and starts to go "blah blah blah blah")*

DAKOTA: My monolog is "Who's Kelly Meadows?" by Kelly Meadows. *(Starts to "blah.")*

HANOVER: You'd think she'd know who she is.

MORGAN: That's what makes it an interesting piece! Listen.

(MORGAN starts to blah, soon after EVERYONE ends it in a unison blah blah blah blah blah.)

ASHLEY: *(jumps in front of EVERYONE else, confident SHE was the best)* So, what do you think?

HANOVER: Kind of blah.

ASHLEY: Do I get the lead?

HANOVER: We haven't finished the auditions yet.

TYRONE: Like that's relevant. She gets the lead and I get the lead dance role.

HANOVER: If you both were as snooty as you liked us to believe, you'd be in a private school. Far, far, away.

ASHLEY: You need us.

COACH: *(enters, with a basketball)* Pardon me, Mrs. Hanover. Have you seen Zack?

HANOVER: At theater auditions? You're looking on the wrong side of the tracks.

DAKOTA: "Wrong Side of the Tracks!" Hey that's a play by Kelly Meadows, too!

COACH: I understand that he was thinking of singing. Ha. The captain of the basketball team, singing. What's next, the math team president playing football?

ISABELLA: *(had enough and appears)* What is wrong with you? Do you think sports are the only thing in school that's worthwhile?

COACH: *(caught, and thinks it over)* Well. . . yes.

HANOVER: Isabella!

ISABELLA: Yes, Isabella. What about. . . what about education?

COACH: It has its place. But not in high school. I know Zack is in here somewhere. I'll scope him out. He can't resist this. *(starts to dribble)*

ZACK: *(enters)* I hear a basketball. I can't resist the call of a dribble.

COACH: Zack, you're skipping practice.

ZACK: I wanted to audition.

(EVERYONE laughs.)

COACH: From over there? You need to leave this stupid fluff behind and go for what matters. *(throws the ball to ZACK)*

ZACK: Ow! Why is everyone throwing things at me? *(throws it back)*

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COACH: Ow!

ZACK: Don't like it, do ya? I want to audition. There's more to me than basketball.

COACH: Not at East St. George High. Musicals are for sissies.

ZACK: Then I guess I'm a sissy, coach. What do you have to say about that?

(COACH throws the ball back, but HANOVER intercepts.)

COACH: You're good!

HANOVER: Good enough to take your job, Coach. You might be important on the court, but here? You're meaningless. Unless you can tap dance. Can you tap dance?

(Silence, HANOVER gets more assertive.)

I said, can you tap?

COACH: Uh. . . actually, yes. But you didn't hear that from me.

HANOVER: Around here that beats a jump shot hands down. So. . .

(HANOVER dribbles around skillfully, then rolls the ball offstage. ZACK instinctively goes for it, but HANOVER holds him back.)

Zack, Isabella, next time you show up for auditions, you might actually *show up*. Ashley isn't invincible.

ASHLEY: *(starts to laugh.)* Since when?

HANOVER: I'll make my decisions about callbacks soon.

ZACK: But. . . I want to sing!

HANOVER: There's always *next year's* musical.

ZACK: But what if I graduate?

HANOVER: I see no danger of that.

ISABELLA: Please, we'd really like to try out.

(They ALL crowd around ZACK and ISABELLA, ready for revenge.)

ERIN: It seems that *you're* more interested in basketball, and *you're* more interested in polynomials. So I suggest you leave drama to the drama geeks.

JESSE: This is a clique that doesn't need you. You've put us down for years. Now it's our turn to exclude.

CASEY: And frankly, this feels pretty good!

TYRONE: Now, don't you have a ball to chase?

SCENE 3

ZACK and ISABELLA are somewhere on the campus; a hallway, outside. . . this can be played in front of a curtain as well. THEY are both disappointed that THEY didn't go through with the audition.

ZACK: Well, we tried.

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ISABELLA: Not hard enough.

ZACK: I'm afraid to lose my jock status.

ISABELLA: I'm afraid to lose my geek status.

ZACK: You're not a geek.

ISABELLA: I'm not a geek in a bad way. I'm a geek in a good way. We've taken a term the others use to insult us and turned it into a symbol of pride. A lot of oppressed minorities do the same thing.

ZACK: I didn't realize—

ISABELLA: That you were making everyone else in the school feel like second class citizens? Yes you did. Why else would you call someone hurtful names? To make us feel good about ourselves?

ZACK: I'm sorry. For a geek, you're pretty cool. Let's go somewhere and. . . sing!

(ZACK and ISABELLA start to exit, but JEANNIE appears out of nowhere and stops them, bringing them back into the playing area)

JEANNIE: Great idea. . . and I have a new song!

ZACK: *(almost in shock)* Jeannie?

JEANNIE: I'm sick of those songs in *High School Musical*. I mean come on, everyone has the CD and I really don't want to hear East St. George High try to cover it. And we're all too young for the roles. Everyone in the show is older. I've never seen a 16 year old on TV played by a 16 year old in real life. When I was a kid I thought 25 year olds were 16. Here. My piano is in my locker under my history book. *(SHE gets out a folder, and it drops, with papers going all over the place.)*

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