

# TWELFTH GRADE

By  
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# TWELFTH GRADE

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## TWELFTH GRADE

### Cast of Characters

- V: Female; teen; high school senior; twin to brother Baz; dresses/grooms herself in a masculine style; queer but closeted
- Kirk: Male; teen; high school senior; gay; flamboyantly confident theatre kid
- Ozzy: Male; teen; high school senior; straight; class officer; athlete; charming; has a long-standing crush on Livvie
- Tino: Male; teen; high school senior; straight; Ozzy's devoted best friend; athlete; not particularly bright
- Livvie: Female; teen; high school senior; questioning but closeted; artsy theatre kid; grieving her brother who recently died
- Tobias: Male; teen; high school senior; straight; often unfiltered; intense rival to Malcolm
- Malia: Female; teen; high school senior; straight; Tobias's BFF
- Felicia: Female or non-binary; teen; a musical theatre kid; bold and funny on the surface; insightful
- Malcolm: Male; teen; high school senior; straight for now; egotistical; has a long-standing crush on Livvie and long-standing rivalry with Tobias
- Baz: Male; teen; high school senior; gay; V's devoted twin brother who attends school in Queens, NY
- Toni: Female; late teens; college sophomore; straight; a bit of a "hippie chick"

## TWELFTH GRADE

Teacher: Any gender; 30s-60s; Elmira HS's theatre teacher

Various Students, Bus Employees/Passengers/Greeters

### Acts/Scenes

#### Act I:

- Scene 1. The front entrance of Elmira High School, before school
- Scene 2. The drama classroom of Elmira High School, lunchtime, the same day
- Scene 3. The Greyhound Bus Station in Elmira, mid-afternoon, the same day
- Scene 4. The Black Box Theatre of Elmira High, after school, the same day

#### Act II:

- Scene 1. The drama classroom of Elmira High School, lunch, the next day
- Scene 2. The front entrance of Elmira High School, after school, the same day
- Scene 3. The Black Box Theatre of Elmira High, after school, the next day

TWELFTH GRADE

# TWELFTH GRADE

## ACT I

*A space capable of representing a variety of settings in Elmira, NY, including various locations at Elmira High School (front entrance of the school, drama classroom, Black Box theatre, etc.) and the Elmira Greyhound Bus Station, as indicated in the script. The time is now.*

## SCENE 1

*The front of the school. The morning of the first day of the new school year, before the bell rings. As the lights come up, students are gathering in cliques (jocks, brains, band kids, theatre kids, Emos/goths, etc.). V enters. It is her first day at Elmira High School. She takes in the situation and fairly quickly opts to stay removed from the rest of the crowd. She takes out her cell phone and earbuds from her pocket, puts the earbuds in, and starts to search her phone for some music. As she's doing this, KIRK breaks away from the group he's been talking to and approaches V from behind. He's eavesdropping on her music search without V noticing the intrusion. V decides on the song she's going to listen to, and Kirk obviously approves.*

**KIRK.** *(Loudly and enthusiastically.)* YAAAS, QUEEN! *(Startled, V turns to look at Kirk, as do some of the other students. Kirk continues, now in a normal tone of voice.)* That song is life! Play on, gurl! *(V indicates she can't really hear Kirk with her earbuds in. Kirk turns up his volume.)* I JUST SAID THAT SONG— *(By this time, V has removed one of the earbuds, and Kirk's volume drops again to a normal level.)* —is life. That's all. Play on. Hi.

V. Hi.

**KIRK.** You're new.

V. Um ... yeah. How'd you know?

## TWELFTH GRADE

**KIRK.** Because I don't know you—and I know *everyone*. (*Turning to the rest of the students.*) Good morning, everyone.

**ALL OTHER STUDENTS.** (*In semi-unison.*) Hi/Good morning, Captain Kirk.

**KIRK.** (*Still speaking to the rest of the students.*) That will be all. As you were. (*The students resume their previous activities and conversations.*)

**V.** So—are you the captain of some team or something?

**KIRK.** (*Taken aback at her ignorance.*) Captain Kirk? (*A pause.*) Of the *Starship Enterprise*? (*V is confused. Kirk continues quickly by rote.*)

Whose five-year mission it is to explore strange new worlds, to seek out new life and new civilizations, and to boldly go where no man has gone before?

**V.** Oh, the *Star Wars* thingy.

**KIRK.** (*Sassy, offended.*) Oh, no, you didn't.

**V.** Didn't what?

**KIRK.** I will let that go because you're new here—but in the future, please, *please* do not confuse the derivative and getting-lamer-by-the-sequel *Star WARS* with the ground-breakingly innovative original *Star TREK!*

**V.** (*A bit stunned by Kirk's rant.*) No problem. (*V starts to walk away from Kirk.*)

**KIRK.** I'm Kirk. That's my name. For reals. They all call me *Captain Kirk* because, well, *Star Trek*.

**V.** Ah.

**KIRK.** You *really* don't know that ... ?

**V.** Sorry.

**KIRK.** Like I said—you're new. You'll learn. And you are ... ?

**V.** V.

**KIRK.** (*Excited.*) As in the 1980s sci-fi TV series about aliens who look like humans but are really snake-skinned invaders?

**V.** That sounds fascinating, but no. It's just my name.

**KIRK.** (*Taking out his phone to enter her contact info.*) How do you spell that?

**V.** What are you doing?

## TWELFTH GRADE

**KIRK.** I'm putting you into my contacts—I mean, since we're besties and all.

**V.** *(A little worried.)* Wow. Okay.

**KIRK.** And it's spelled ... ?

**V.** Just V. Like ... *(Holding up two fingers in the "peace" sign.)* ... V. *(Kirk hands V his phone. She just looks at it and at him.)*

**KIRK.** Now you put your number in ... ? *(V looks unsure.)* I'm not a creeper or anything.

**V.** You sure?

**KIRK.** Just do it. *(V types in her number and gives the phone back to Kirk. Immediately, he dials her number and her phone rings.)*

**V.** *(Answering her phone.)* Uh, hello?

**KIRK.** *(Into his phone.)* Oh, hey, gurl! What's up? *(V gives Kirk a look. He continues speaking on his phone.)* It's Kirk. Your new bestie. *(V ends the call and puts her phone down.)* Rude.

**V.** Creeper.

**KIRK.** Touché. So what's your deal, V? Are you L, G, B, T, Q, I, A, none of the above ... ?

**V.** *(Really caught off guard.)* I ... um ...

**KIRK.** Got it. Q. That's cool.

**V.** Okay, whatever. Fine.

**KIRK.** I'm straight-up G.

**V.** That's cool, too.

**KIRK.** Theeenks. Now, pronouns: What's your story? She/he/they, her/him/them, other, decline to state ... ?

**V.** You ask a lot of questions.

**KIRK.** So ... decline to state?

**V.** That's not what I'm saying—

**KIRK.** *(Interrupting.)* Because clearly you are working the androgyny thing—which I *love*, by the way!

**V.** Okay, yeah, well, I'm a girl. She/her, I guess. I'm just not into all the girly-girl, frou-frou stuff.

**KIRK.** Your secret's safe with me, gurl. And just FYI, mine are he/him or they/them—at least for now. So what else, what else, what else? Frosh, soph, junior— ?

## TWELFTH GRADE

V. Senior.

**KIRK.** Me, too! (*Now clearly doing a bit.*) “I’ve worked all my life to be a senior!”

V. (*Confused.*) Good for you?

**KIRK.** Judy Garland in *Meet Me in St. Louis*?

V. (*Confused.*) Okay ...

**KIRK.** That’s another thing. I also love musicals. Almost as much as *Star Trek*. Okay, enough about me. So, *you!* How’d you end up in Elmira, NY?  
[*He pronounces it: ěn wī*]

V. I moved here with my dad.

**KIRK.** From?

V. Queens, NY. [*She pronounces it like Kirk did: ěn wī*]

**KIRK.** Yaaas, Queens!

V. My parents just got divorced.

**KIRK.** Oh. (*A pause.*) Sorry. (*V shrugs.*) That sucks.

V. Especially since my brother still lives there with our mom.

**KIRK.** You don’t like living with your dad?

V. No, he’s fine—way cooler than Mom. It’s just that I’ve never been away from my brother, and I ... I just miss him, that’s all.

**KIRK.** If you want, I can be your new brother—or if you’d prefer, sister!  
(*He starts singing from “Sisters” by Irving Berlin from White Christmas.\**)

“SISTERS, SISTERS,

THERE WERE NEVER SUCH DEVOTED SISTERS ...”

V. (*Laughing a little.*) That’s okay. And that was ... ?

**KIRK.** Rosemary Clooney and Vera Ellen? *White Christmas*? I take it you’re not into musicals.

V. Not really ...

**KIRK.** So—what *are* you into? Besides *me*, obvi.

V. I guess ... art. I like to make art.

**KIRK.** Visual or performing? I’m performing—also obvi

V. I got that. I’m more visual, but I like it all, really.

**KIRK.** Your schedule—show it to me. (*V removes her schedule from her pocket and hands it to Kirk. He starts looking V’s schedule over, checking each class off one by one.*) Okay. Okay. Okay. Okay. Okay. (*Gasps.*) Not okay!

## TWELFTH GRADE

V. What? What's wrong?

**KIRK.** You are *not* taking Intro to Guitar as your arts elective.

V. It was all they had left.

**KIRK.** You're taking Advanced Drama.

V. But I've never taken *any* drama class—

**KIRK.** (*Interrupting.*) Oh, come on, gurl—you've got *tons* of stage experience! (*Immediately improvising.*) What about that summer theater camp we've been going to for the last six years? (*V looks confused. Kirk continues.*) Where we *met*? In the ensemble of *Cats, Jr.*? Oh, come on—I was a *flawless* Rumpleteazer and you were an *amazing* Jennyanydots!

V. I was never at summer theater camp—

**KIRK.** (*Interrupting, decisive.*) Yes, you were! That's our story and we're sticking to it. Got it? (*OZZY enters and spots his friend TINO in the crowd.*)

**OZZY.** (*Calling and indicating to Tino to come to him.*) Tino!

**KIRK.** (*To V.*) Now, come with me—we are getting that class switched *immediately*. (*Kirk, having grabbed V by her arm, swings V around just as Ozzy passes by. V crashes headlong into him, knocking Ozzy for a loop. Tino, moving towards Ozzy reacts.*)

**OZZY.** (*Reacting to V's body slam.*) What the—? (*V has dropped her belongings and starts to pick them up as she apologizes.*)

V. (*Overlapping.*) Sorry, I'm sorry, didn't mean to—

**TINO.** (*Overlapping.*) Watch where you're going, asshole!

**KIRK.** (*To Tino.*) Do you kiss your mother with that mouth, Tween-oh?

**OZZY.** Take it easy, Tino. (*To V.*) I'm fine, dude. No harm, no foul. (*To Kirk.*) Captain.

**KIRK.** (*Making a very fast introduction.*) V—Ozzy. Ozzy—V. (*Grabbing V's arm again and pulling her off.*) Bye! (*And Kirk and V have exited.*)

**OZZY.** (*To Tino.*) Who was that with Captain Kirk?

**TINO.** Never seen him before. Some new guy, I guess.

**OZZY.** Must be. (*Changing the subject.*) So? Were you able to get your hands on Livvie's schedule?

**TINO.** (*Handing a class schedule to Ozzy.*) Good thing for you I T.A.'ed in the counselor's office last year.

## TWELFTH GRADE

**OZZY.** *(Looking at the schedule.)* So ... let's see what Livvie's got going on this term.

**TINO.** When are you gonna give up on her, bro? Clearly, Livvie is never gonna be into you.

**OZZY.** I'm not giving up, *bro*—understand? It's our senior year—and this is my last chance—so it's gonna happen, all right?

**TINO.** *(Doubtfully.)* If you say so ...

**OZZY.** Because it has to. *(Looking at the schedule and getting increasingly depressed.)* AP Psych, AP Gov, AP Lit, AP Art, Advanced Drama. *(The bell rings, and the Students start to exit. Ozzy and Tino stand still for a moment, Ozzy depressed and Tino observing. Ozzy starts slowly to exit.)*

**TINO.** Out. Of. Your. League. Dude.

**OZZY.** *(Stopping and turning to points at Tino in a threatening manner.)* Shutup.

**TINO.** Just sayin'. *(Ozzy turns and exits. Tino follows. Blackout.)*

## SCENE 2

*The same day. Lunch. The drama classroom. The usual group has gathered: mostly theatre kids, but also some students who see themselves as "other." LIVVIE, sitting alone and wearing all black, is finishing her lunch. TOBIAS is eating something unhealthy and making a spectacular mess of it. MALIA is with him, and from time to time he might share with her. FELICIA is listening to music and singing along. A few others are talking in groups, doing dance steps, etc.*

**MALIA.** *(Watching Tobias's messy eating.)* Tobias, you eat like a child.

**TOBIAS.** You wanna try some? It's "see" food. *(Tobias continues to eat open-mouthed and make "nom-nom" eating sounds to gross Malia out in a good-natured fashion.)*

**MALIA.** Could you be any more disgusting?

**TOBIAS.** Is that a dare, Malia?

**MALIA.** *(Suddenly.)* No, no, no, no, no—

## TWELFTH GRADE

**TOBIAS.** *(Interrupting, on the verge of more disgusting behavior.)* Because, just like improv, the answer for me is always “Yes, and ...”

**MALIA.** *(Interrupting, quickly.)* No, no, no—please!

**TOBIAS.** *(Still threatening to continue.)* You sure?

**MALIA.** Yes, yes, stop it, all right? Changing the subject! I’m changing the subject.

**TOBIAS.** *(Finally stopping.)* To what?

**MALIA.** To ...

**TOBIAS.** *(Choosing his own subject.)* Malcolm.

**MALIA.** Why Malcolm?

**TOBIAS.** Something equally disgusting.

**MALIA.** Omigod, Tobias, get over it!

**TOBIAS.** He’s a complete jerkbag, and you know it.

**MALIA.** A *talented* jerkbag, but yeah ... okay.

**TOBIAS.** And no doubt he and I will be up for the same roles again this year—just like we are every year—*and*, no doubt, he will *get* those roles this year just like he does every year.

**MALIA.** You don’t know that—

**TOBIAS.** *(Increasing loud and angry.)* Freshman year: *The Crucible*. I wanted to play John Proctor. Who gets John Proctor? Malcolm. Sophomore year: *Seussical*. He plays Horton the Elephant and I’m *who*? That’s right—*literally* some nameless Who. Fall of junior year: He gets Danny Zuko in *Grease*; I get Eugene, king of the dweebs. Spring of junior year: I really want the role of Macbeth— *(The other Students immediately react with sounds of shushing and reproaches: Theatre kids have learned not to speak the name of the Scottish king.)*

**FELICIA.** Oh, no, you didn’t!

**TOBIAS.** Omigod. Sorry, Felicia, everyone. Anyway, as I was saying, I was dying to play Mac— *(He’s about to say it again.)*

**FELICIA.** *(Giving him a threatening look.)* Unh-unh!

**TOBIAS.** *(To Felicia.)* The title role, all right? *(To Malia again.)* But who played it? Malcolm. And what role did I get?

**FELICIA.** Oh, the bitter irony of it all!

**TOBIAS & MALIA.** *(Simultaneously.)* Malcolm.

## TWELFTH GRADE

**TOBIAS.** (*Continuing.*) Unbelievable! Not to mention his— (*Doing air quotes.*) —“crush” on Livvie. Omigod, I mean, he’s gay, right? Malcolm is definitely gay. Everybody knows it.

**FELICIA.** Except Malcolm.

**MALIA.** You do not know that! Stop making assumptions—both of you!

**TOBIAS.** It’s so pathetic. If I didn’t hate him so much, I’d feel sorry for him.

**FELICIA.** I kinda do feel sorry for him.

**TOBIAS.** I’m telling you, I hate him. I hate him to pieces. To teeny, tiny, microscopic, little pieces.

**FELICIA.** Hmph! Too much negativity around here. (*Felicia returns to listening to music.*)

**MALIA.** All right, all right. Changing the subject *again*. To ... (*Looking around the room and spotting Livvie.*) ... to Livvie.

**TOBIAS.** (*Ironically.*) Livvie, huh? Now, *that’s* a cheery subject. (*Malia give Tobias a “WTF” look.*) What? She’s not exactly a laugh riot these days.

**MALIA.** (*Quietly.*) And for good reason. I mean, her brother just died this summer.

**TOBIAS.** I know, I know, but come on. She’s like a little black cloud that just floats around the school spreading gloom and doom wherever she goes.

**MALIA.** (*Smacking Tobias.*) You are such a *pig*, Tobias!

**TOBIAS.** Sorry, sorry, I know—

**MALIA.** (*Interrupting.*) So show a little sensitivity, why don’t you?

**TOBIAS.** I’m a jerk, okay. I’m sorry.

**MALIA.** It wouldn’t hurt us to go over there and talk to her, you know? Show her a little love or whatever.

**TOBIAS.** Yeah, I guess.

**MALIA.** So?

**TOBIAS.** So ... I don’t know what to say. (*Kirk and V enter.*)

**STUDENTS.** (*More or less in unison.*) Hey, Captain Kirk.

**KIRK.** (*To the rest.*) As you were. (*To V.*) And *this* is the drama room—where all the *drama* happens.

**V.** And you’re sure it’s okay for me to be in *Advanced* Drama?

## TWELFTH GRADE

**KIRK.** You're *in*, gurl. You'll be fine. Now, you *brought* your lunch, right? (*V nods and digs her lunch out of her backpack.*) But I did *not*. So, I have to go grab something from the cafeteria—but not to worry, I'll be right back. Meanwhile, make friends. (*To the others.*) Everyone, this is V. (*To V.*) V—everyone. (*Exiting.*) Enjoy your lunch. Bye!!! (*The rest of the Students continue to do what they were doing before. V is left to fend for herself. She looks around. Everyone seems to be in a group, except for Livvie who is still eating alone. V decides to sit by herself, too. She lands somewhat in the vicinity of Livvie, who has noticed V. Felicia, listening to Whitney Houston on their earbuds, sings and dances their way to Livvie.*)

**FELICIA.** (*Singing from and dancing to "I Wanna Dance with Somebody" by George Merrill and Shannon Rubicam.\**)

“OH, I WANNA DANCE WITH SOMEBODY,  
I WANNA FEEL THE HEAT WITH SOMEBODY— ”

**LIVVIE.** (*Interrupting.*) Not now, Felicia.

**FELICIA.** (*Continuing to sing and dance.*)

“I WANNA DANCE WITH SOMEBODY,  
WITH SOMEBODY WHO LOVES ME— ”

**LIVVIE.** (*Interrupting.*) You know I love you, but—

**FELICIA.** (*Continuing undeterred.*)

“DON'T YOU WANNA DANCE?  
SAY YOU WANNA DANCE— ”

**LIVVIE.** (*A little sharper.*) I don't, okay? I don't want to dance. Not right now.

**FELICIA.** Whatever.

**LIVVIE.** Yeah, whatever.

**FELICIA.** Gurl, I'm just trying to cheer you up a little.

**LIVVIE.** And props to you for trying ...

**FELICIA.** But ... ?

**LIVVIE.** But I'm not in the mood, okay?

**FELICIA.** Okay. Fine. I'm down with that. So ... what? You wanna talk, or ... ?

**LIVVIE.** Not really—

## TWELFTH GRADE

**FELICIA.** Because I can do that. (*Livvie gives her a look.*) Or not. Whatever. (*A pause, now more genuine.*) It's totally fine to miss him, Livvie.

**LIVVIE.** I'm just not up for your ... *energy* right now, all right?

**FELICIA.** Yeah, of course. Sure. I get that. I am a little—

**LIVVIE.** Extra? Yeah, you are.

**FELICIA.** (*A little hurt.*) I'm sorry.

**LIVVIE.** (*Softening.*) And I love you for that. But just not right now.

**FELICIA.** So ... when will you be?

**LIVVIE.** I don't know.

**FELICIA.** Because we miss you, too, Livvie. (*Felicia returns to listening to their music. Livvie ponders what Felicia has said. Livvie notices V eating alone. Feeling a little sorry for the new kid, Livvie acknowledges V.*)

**LIVVIE.** Hi.

**V.** (*Surprised that anyone has spoken to her.*) Oh. Hi.

**LIVVIE.** First day?

**V.** Yeah.

**LIVVIE.** Your name is V? (*A pause.*) I heard Kirk talking to you.

**V.** Um ... yeah. Just V.

**LIVVIE.** I'm Livvie.

**V.** Hi.

**LIVVIE.** Hey, your name is part of my name. (*V is confused.*) Liv-vie?

**V.** (*Unsure what to say.*) Huh.

**LIVVIE.** I just noticed that.

**V.** Yeah.

**LIVVIE.** So, you met Kirk?

**V.** Yeah, he's been really nice. Helpful.

**LIVVIE.** He probably thinks you're cute.

**V.** (*Surprised.*) Kirk?

**LIVVIE.** You're exactly his type.

**V.** (*Confused.*) Really?

**LIVVIE.** A little fem, but not too much. In fact, just the right amount.

**V.** Um ...

**LIVVIE.** Do you like him, too?

## TWELFTH GRADE

V. I mean, yeah, he's cool.

LIVVIE. So, you're ... ?

V. (*Confused.*) ... what?

LIVVIE. Into guys?

V. Oh ... well, I *was*, I guess ... but now, um ... well, not so much actually.

LIVVIE. Oh, okay. That's ... yeah, that's cool, too.

V. (*Pleasantly surprised but guarded.*) Yeah?

LIVVIE. So, what classes do you have?

V. (*Reaching into her pocket for her schedule to give to Livvie.*) Well, I had P.E. first period ...

LIVVIE. What grade are you in?

V. Twelfth, but I guess I needed the credit.

LIVVIE. (*Looking at the schedule.*) Government, English,— (*More excited.*) Okay— AP Art and Advanced Drama. We'll be in those two classes together.

V. (*Trying not to show her excitement.*) Oh, well, that's good.

LIVVIE. Yeah. I mean, you know how drama classes are. We always need more guys.

V. More guys?

LIVVIE. Yeah, for scenes in class and especially for shows. You'll definitely get cast in all the shows—which is great, right? (*Kirk, entering with his lunch, spots V talking with Livvie.*)

V. (*Unsure what to say.*) Um ... yeah ... I guess ...

KIRK. (*Interrupting.*) And I see you've made a friend! V—Livvie. Livvie—V.

LIVVIE. We've done that part, Kirk.

KIRK. Excuse me for having manners. So what else has my new bestie told you?

LIVVIE. Not much.

V. We're in a couple of classes together, I guess.

KIRK. Thanks to me. (*Livvie gives him a look.*) I got V switched into Advanced Drama this morning. (*To V.*) You're welcome. (*Now to Livvie.*) What's the other class?

LIVVIE. AP Art.

## TWELFTH GRADE

**KIRK.** Of course it is. Just look at you two in your basic black couture. Like two little Emo peas in a pod. (*MALCOLM enters and immediately takes over the room.*)

**MALCOLM.** Attention! Attention, everyone! (*Most don't give Malcolm their attention.*) Excuse me, everyone—eyes on me! (*He waits until the majority of the group are indeed looking at him.*) As your Thespian Society president, I just wanted to let you know that there will be a meeting in the Black Box immediately after school today. (*The Students ad-lib some responses along the lines of "What's up, Malcolm?" "Just tell us now," "On the first day of school?" etc.*) I can't divulge any more information, okay? I've been sworn to secrecy. (*The Students again ad-lib responses again, such as "Oh, come on, Malcolm," "Spill!" etc.*) Oh, all right, all right—you've forced it out of me. I can't divulge the actual title, but I can say that this year's fall play will be— (*Taking a pause for effect.*) Drum roll, please! (*Many of the Students pound out an impromptu drum roll. Malcolm gestures dramatically like a maestro to cut them off. He continues cagily, but still very "actory."*) A comedy. (*The Students ad lib approvals, disapprovals, requests for more information, etc.*) By the bard himself: William Shakespeare. (*The room is abuzz with ad-libbed reactions to Malcolm's announcement. Some are excited; some are disappointed.*) You, of course, are the first to know—but I will be making an announcement about it on the school's public address system during 6<sup>th</sup> period, so make sure you listen for that. *And*, most importantly, at this afternoon's meeting we'll discuss the dates and requirements for auditions. (*Amid more general hubbub, Malcolm approaches Livvie, Kirk, and V. He tries to be nonchalant.*) Hey, Livvie.

**LIVVIE.** (*Completely non-committal.*) Hey, Malcolm.

**MALCOLM.** (*To Kirk, clicking his heels together and stiffly nodding his head, very "actory."*) Captain.

**KIRK.** (*Showing Malcolm two can play the game, fairly "queeny."*) Hey, gurl.

**MALCOLM.** (*His bluff having been called.*) Whatever. (*Noticing V.*) I'm Malcolm.

**KIRK.** V—Malcolm. Malcolm—V.

**V.** It's nice to meet you.

## TWELFTH GRADE

**KIRK.** Someone else with manners, thank goddess.

**MALCOLM.** So—you're all coming to the meeting this afternoon, right?

**KIRK.** (*Showing Malcolm his phone, on which he's already calendared the meeting.*) Done and done.

**MALCOLM.** (*With forced politeness.*) Great. (*To Livvie.*) Livvie? You'll be there?

**LIVVIE.** I ... um ... I'm not sure ...

**MALCOLM.** Because you should be. (*A pause.*) I mean, I'd really like you to be there. It's important to me to have you ... *there*, I mean.

**LIVVIE.** Um ... okay. I guess I'll try.

**MALCOLM.** Brilliant! Well, then— (*A deep "actory" bow to Livvie.*) —I bid you good-day, my lady! Adieu! (*Malcolm exits.*)

**KIRK.** (*Singing loudly from "So Long, Farewell" by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II from The Sound of Music. \**)

“ADIEU, ADIEU, TO YIEU AND YIEU AND YIEU ...”

(*The rest of the group looks quizzically at Kirk.*) Really? And you call yourself theatre people? (*A pause, silence.*) I'm ashamed of you. (*The bell rings signaling the end of lunch. Everyone starts to gather their things to go to their next period's classes.*)

**FELICIA.** (*Approaching Tobias and Malia.*) You guys gonna be there after school?

**MALIA.** (*Looking at Tobias.*) Do you think you can stand seeing Malcolm twice in one day?

**TOBIAS.** Ugh. I guess.

**FELICIA.** Because I definitely will. It's our senior year, my babies—and I intend to spread my sunshine in every single show!

**MALIA.** Then hells to the yes, I'll be there!

**FELICIA.** You too, Tobias? Senior year, baby!

**TOBIAS.** Yeah, what the hell. Senior flippin' year!

**FELICIA.** That's what I'm talkin' about! See you there, Thesbos! (*Felicia starts to exit.*)

**TOBIAS.** (*Snarkily calling out as Felicia exits.*) Bye, Felicia. (*Felicia, without turning around, holds up three fingers a la the "Boy Scout" salute, and calls over their shoulder to Tobias.*)

## TWELFTH GRADE

**FELICIA.** Read between the lines, Tobias. *(Felicia exits. Livvie, V, and Kirk have also prepared to leave.)*

**KIRK.** See you in 6<sup>th</sup> period. Oh—and V, you’re coming with me to the meeting after school.

**V.** Um ... I don’t think so. I need to—

**KIRK.** *(Interrupting, mock-offended.)* Excuse me? I *do* think so!

**V.** But—

**KIRK.** *(Interrupting, matter of fact.)* You’re coming. That is all. Bye!!!  
*(Kirk exits. The others are leaving as well.)*

**LIVVIE.** *(To V, as they’re leaving.)* I’ll go if you’ll go.

**V.** *(Now more interested.)* Um ... okay. Sure.

**LIVVIE.** It’s a date. *(There’s a brief awkward moment for V. By this point everyone else has left.)* Okay—so AP Art, right? I’ll show you. *(Livvie and V start to exit, as the stage goes to ... Blackout.)*

### SCENE 3

*The Elmira Greyhound Bus Station. A Greyhound employee is carrying a garbage bag through the station. A couple of people are waiting with a “Welcome Back” sign, ready to greet someone who’s arriving. We hear an announcement.*

**ANNOUNCEMENT.** *(Off, on mic.)* Attention: Announcing the arrival of Greyhound Bus #423 from Binghamton. Passengers continuing on from Elmira to Buffalo, your bus departs in ten minutes at 4:45 PM. *(TONI enters with a large, over-stuffed duffel bag and a large, overstuffed backpack. She plops down the duffel and sits on it. She takes off her backpack and fishes a smaller lunch bag out of it. She takes out a sandwich and starts to eat it. Another passenger enters and is greeted happily by the sign-carriers. Meanwhile, BAZ enters. He’s also wearing a backpack. He is dressed all in black and looks remarkably like his sister V. He looks lost. He pulls out his phone and tries to pull up a map app, but he’s clearly having trouble. Toni has been watching him.)*

**TONI.** You need help?

## TWELFTH GRADE

**BAZ.** I'm just trying to ... uh ... just a minute ... I'm trying to get this map app to work, but ... uh ... I'm just not getting service, I guess ...

**TONI.** Where are you trying to get to?

**BAZ.** Here, actually. Elmira.

**TONI.** Then you made it. Congratulations. Yea!

**BAZ.** Thanks.

**TONI.** We were on the same bus. All the way from the lovely Port Authority in NYC.

**BAZ.** *(A little suspicious.)* Oh ...

**TONI.** And then we both transferred in Binghamton to the Elmira bus.

**BAZ.** *(More worried.)* Okay ...

**TONI.** I'm just very observant. *(A brief pause.)* I'm from Brooklyn. You?

**BAZ.** Queens. So ... Elmira?

**TONI.** Yeah, I know. I go to school here. Elmira College. I'm a sophomore.

**BAZ.** Cool.

**TONI.** I'm Toni, by the way. *(After a pause.)* This is where you tell me stuff about yourself.

**BAZ.** Oh, uh ... well, I'm a senior in high school back in Queens.

**TONI.** Only you're not.

**BAZ.** Huh?

**TONI.** In school. Back in Queens. It's a school day, right? *(Baz nods.)* Busted!

**BAZ.** You got me.

**TONI.** Who do I got?

**BAZ.** Huh?

**TONI.** What's your name?

**BAZ.** Oh, uh ... Basil. *[Pronounced Bæz-əl, as the Brits do.]*

**TONI.** Like the herb. *[Pronounced without the "h" sound like "erb."]*

**BAZ.** But I go by—

**TONI.** *(Interrupting, jumping on the joke.)* Herb? *[Pronounced with the "H" like a man's name.]*

**BAZ.** Funny—but no. It's Baz. And, to answer your next question, yes, I'm supposed to be in school, but I'm not because I'm here to see my sister. V. That's her name.

## TWELFTH GRADE

**TONI.** V?

**BAZ.** Short for Veanne—but she kinda hates that.

**TONI.** Understandable. *(Another pause.)* And ... ?

**BAZ.** *And* you're pretty nosy.

**TONI.** Just curious. I mean, you seem like something's sorta bumming you out. Am I right?

**BAZ.** So, the thing is, we're twins, my sister and me, and our parents just got divorced, and now she's living with our dad here in Elmira, and I'm with Mom in Queens, so ... yeah.

**TONI.** That. Is. A. Bummer. So ... what? Your sister calls to say she misses you, and you decide to play hooky.

**BAZ.** No, she doesn't know I'm here. It's a surprise.

**TONI.** *(Suddenly touched.)* Awww, that is so incredibly sweet! *(She gives him a lingering but non-romantic hug.)*

**BAZ.** *(Uncomfortable.)* Okay, yeah ... *(Now that she has released him.)* Thanks.

**TONI.** *(Suddenly excited.)* So, what's your plan? Show up at your dad's house with a big sign? Balloons? Boom box on your shoulder all John Cusack-y?

**BAZ.** *(Impressed.)* Ah, yeah—I see what you did there, but no, I'm not showing up at my dad's. I don't want him to know I'm here, since I'm ditching school and all.

**TONI.** Got it.

**BAZ.** I guess I'll just try to see her at school ... *(Looking at his phone.)* ... but it's too late for that now, huh?

**TONI.** So, tomorrow then?

**BAZ.** *(Now a little worried.)* Yeah, I guess.

**TONI.** Do you have a place to stay, or ... ? *(A pause.)* I'm guessing not. It doesn't seem like you gave this whole surprise bus trip thing a lot of thought.

**BAZ.** I'll just ... I dunno ... try to find some cheap motel or something.

**TONI.** *Or* stay with me in my dorm room.

**BAZ.** Uh ... I don't know ...

**TONI.** I am not coming on to you, if that's what you're worried about.

**BAZ.** Okay, good—because I'm, you know, gay.

## TWELFTH GRADE

**TONI.** *(Putting her lunch bag away in her backpack.)* Duh. So, what do you think?

**BAZ.** Will they allow me to stay in your dorm? I mean, aren't there rules about that?

**TONI.** No one'll know. School doesn't start for another week—and I can guarantee my roommates aren't here yet.

**BAZ.** You sure? Because, I mean, it would be awesome if I didn't have to pay for a motel.

**TONI.** *(Putting on her backpack on.)* No problem. Grab my duffel, okay?

**BAZ.** Great! Thank you so much. So how far is campus?

**TONI.** A little over a mile.

**BAZ.** So we're Ubering or ... ?

**TONI.** Walking. Ready? *(Toni exits. Baz struggles with Toni's huge duffel bag and exits following Toni. Blackout.)*

### SCENE 4

*The same day. After school. The stage of the Black Box Theater. The theatre kids have gathered for the auditions meeting. They are chatting, goofing around, greeting each other, singing, dancing, looking at their phones, comparing notes on the first day of school, etc. Tobias and Malia are among them. Malcolm is already there with a clipboard and a sign-up sheet, waiting to begin the meeting. Kirk and Felicia enter, followed by Livvie and V.*

**KIRK.** *(Making a general announcement.)* Attention, people. *(Students ad lib along the lines of "Hi, Captain Kirk," etc.)* Just a heads-up: I've chosen my audition monologue, which is from *Star Trek*, Season One, Episode Ten: "The Corbomite Maneuver"—so please avoid that one. Thank you. As you were.

**LIVVIE.** *(To Kirk.)* The play is a *comedy*, you know.

**KIRK.** And your point is?

**LIVVIE.** A monologue from *Star Trek* might not exactly be a laugh riot.

## TWELFTH GRADE

**FELICIA.** You haven't seen Kirk perform it. (*Kirk gives Felicia a look.*) I just call 'em as I see 'em. (*Ozzy and Tino enter.*)

**MALIA.** (*Poking Tobias with her elbow.*) Check out who just came in.

**TOBIAS.** (*Noticing Ozzy.*) What the hell is *Ozzy* doing here?

**MALIA.** (*Stating the obvious.*) Maybe he wants to audition?

**TOBIAS.** (*Extremely doubtful.*) Yeah, right. (*Malcolm takes over the room, as usual.*)

**MALCOLM.** All right, kiddies. All right.

**TOBIAS.** (*Seeing Malcolm, disgusted.*) Ugh. Here we go. (*Some Students continue to talk.*)

**MALCOLM.** (*As a teacher would intone.*) I'm waiting ... (*The hubbub continues.*) Still waiting ...

**TOBIAS.** (*Loudly.*) For who? Godot? (*A few Students chuckle.*)

**MALCOLM.** (*Rolling his eyes at Tobias, snarkily.*) Hilarious as usual, Tobias. (*Those assembled eventually get quiet.*) Thank you. I see we've assembled most of the usual suspects— (*The Students murmur some ad libs.*) And I'm pleased to see a few new faces as well. So—welcome. Now: Just to remind you, our fall play will be an as-yet-to-be-announced comedy by the Bard of Avon.

**TINO.** (*Chortling, to Ozzy.*) And you said it was Shakespeare, dumbass!

**MALCOLM.** And auditions will be in *two days*, people. (*Various ad libs regarding how quickly the auditions will be taking place: "Two days?" "Are you serious?" "As in day-after-tomorrow?" etc. Malcolm continues loudly over the protests.*) All right, all right, moving on. You will need to prepare a short monologue, preferably something from Shakespeare— (*Ozzy elbows Tino as if to say, "I told you so."*) —and you should be prepared to read selected scenes from the play—

**KIRK.** Which is ... ?

**MALCOLM.** (*Picking up on Kirk's sentence.*) ... *not* going to be announced just yet—*so*, it would behoove you to familiarize yourselves with all of Shakespeare's comedies. (*Some of the students groan.*) Any questions?

**STUDENT 1.** Does the monologue have to be memorized?

**MALCOLM.** Only if you want to be cast. Anyone else?

## TWELFTH GRADE

**STUDENT 2.** Is it the one with the dog? *(Some of the others laugh.)*

Because we watched this Shakespeare thingy in my English class—

**MALCOLM.** *(Interrupting.)* There won't be a dog in our play.

**STUDENT 2.** Are you sure? Because my dog is adorable *and* she's really well-trained *and* she's—

**MALCOLM.** *(Cutting off Student 2.)* Next?

**FELICIA.** Is it a musical?

**MALCOLM.** No, it's Shakespeare. It's not a musical.

**FELICIA.** So, no songs?

**MALCOLM.** Well, yes, it's got some songs.

**FELICIA.** So, then a musical! *(Starting to sing from "Another Op'nin', Another Show" by Cole Porter from Kiss Me Kate. \*)*

“ANOTHER OP'NIN', ANOTHER SHOW,  
IN PHILLY, BOSTON, OR BALTIMOH— ”

**MALCOLM.** Not now, Felicia. *(A pause.)* Any more questions?

**TOBIAS.** I've got a question.

**MALCOLM.** *(Snidely acknowledging Tobias.)* Tobias.

**TOBIAS.** *(Throwing shade right back.)* Malcolm.

**MALCOLM.** And your question is ... ?

**TOBIAS.** You know, two days is really short notice.

**MALCOLM.** And your *question* is ... ?

**TOBIAS.** My question is: Are any of the roles pre-cast?

**MALCOLM.** Of course not. Roles are *never* pre-cast—as well you know.

**TOBIAS.** If you say so.

**MALCOLM.** *(Dismissively.)* Any other questions? *(A pause.)* No? Very well then. I've got the sign-up sheet right here, so see me if you're interested. Two days, people! *(Malcolm starts to make a dramatic exit but stops suddenly to address the group.)* Until then, remember: “The readiness is all!” *(Holding up the clipboard.)* All right, who's trying out? *(The Students excitedly ad lib about auditions and some of them rush to sign up.)*

**KIRK.** *(Turning to Livvie and V.)* Well?

**V.** I don't think so—

**KIRK.** *(Interrupting.)* Oh, please. You're signing up.

**V.** But I've never auditioned—

## TWELFTH GRADE

**KIRK.** (*Interrupting.*) Livvie and I will coach you. (*V looks at Livvie.*)

**LIVVIE.** Sure. Of course.

**V.** Does that mean you're auditioning too? (*Ozzy and Tino approach Livvie, V, and Kirk.*)

**OZZY.** (*Trying to play it cool.*) Oh, hey, Livvie.

**LIVVIE.** Hey.

**OZZY.** (*To V, trying to remember.*) We met this morning, right?

**V.** Right.

**OZZY.** It was ... uh ...

**TINO.** Z.

**KIRK.** (*Making a "wrong-guess-on-a-game-show" buzzing sound.*)

Wrong, but thanks for playing.

**V.** It's V. Hey.

**OZZY.** Sorry.

**KIRK.** (*Making an obvious segue.*) Anyway—what brings you into our dark little corner of the world?

**TINO.** (*To Ozzy.*) It is hella dark in here, dude.

**KIRK.** Which is why it's called the Black Box, Tween-oh.

**TINO.** It's *Tino*, dude.

**KIRK.** (*Quickly.*) Sorry not sorry. (*Tino is confused and on the verge of getting angrier.*)

**OZZY.** (*Getting the conversation back on track.*) I thought I'd audition for the play.

**KIRK.** And why would you want to do that?

**OZZY.** Well, it's senior year and all ...

**LIVVIE.** But don't you already have a lot going on? I mean, with Leadership and sports and all that?

**OZZY.** I'm a pretty busy guy, all right, but I can handle it.

**KIRK.** (*Skeptical.*) You think so, huh?

**OZZY.** *And I thought I'd try something different, you know? (Changing the subject.)* So, Livvie. You're auditioning too, right?

**LIVVIE.** Um, well, I'm ...

**V.** If you will, I will.

**KIRK.** Yaaas, Queen!

## TWELFTH GRADE

**LIVVIE.** Really? *(A pause.)* Well, then— *(Another pause.)* —okay, I guess.

**OZZY.** *(Trying not to show his excitement.)* So, yes? That's great! I mean, yeah. Good. Good for you.

**LIVVIE.** *(Confused.)* Okay ... *(Malcolm approaches Kirk, V, Livvie, Ozzy, and Tino.)*

**MALCOLM.** So, who's signing up here?

**KIRK.** *(Taking the clipboard from Malcolm.)* I'll take that, thank you very much. *(Kirk signs his name.)*

**MALCOLM.** Livvie, are you going to ... ?

**KIRK.** *(Interrupting.)* Indeed, she is. *(Kirk signs Livvie's name.)* And V ... *(Kirk signs V's name, and starts to hand the clipboard back to Malcolm, but Ozzy grabs for it.)*

**OZZY.** Here. Me too. *(Ozzy signs his name.)*

**TINO.** Dude, we gotta get to practice before we get stuck with extra laps.

**OZZY.** You go on. I'm good. Coach'll let me slide.

**TINO.** As usual. *(Exiting.)* Later. *(Tobias, Malia, and Felicia approach Ozzy, who hands the clipboard to Felicia. Felicia, Malia, and Tobias sign their names, as the conversation continues.)*

**MALCOLM.** I'm really pleased you're trying out, Livvie.

**LIVVIE.** Thanks.

**MALCOLM.** Considering your unfortunate circumstances, I mean.

**LIVVIE.** Yeah ...

**MALCOLM.** What with your brother and all ...

**LIVVIE.** Got it.

**MALCOLM.** I hope I'm not overstepping. It just means a great deal to me *personally* to have you in the show—

**TOBIAS.** *(Butting in.)* Excuse me! You just said no pre-casting!

**MALCOLM.** —I meant to say it would mean a lot to me for you to *audition* for the show.

**LIVVIE.** Oh?

**MALCOLM.** You do realize we've played opposite each other in every show we've done here? You've always been my leading lady.

**TOBIAS.** *(Angry.)* What the hell!? *(To quell the impending blow-up, Kirk snatches the clipboard from Tobias and gives it to Malcolm.)*

## TWELFTH GRADE

**KIRK.** (*Calling out to the rest of the students.*) And who else wants to sign up? (*Some Students ad lib “Over here,” etc. Kirk turns to Malcolm.*) Go, go, go, go, go. (*Malcolm moves over to some other Students.*)

**TOBIAS.** (*Mocking Malcolm’s earlier remark.*) “Roles are never pre-cast—as you know!”

**MALIA.** (*Trying to calm Tobias.*) Not now—

**TOBIAS.** (*Angry.*) Did you hear what he said?! He just admitted it!

**LIVVIE.** (*Feeling attacked.*) Tobias, I have never been pre-cast.

**TOBIAS.** But you really don’t know what goes on behind the scenes, do you? (*Livvie doesn’t answer.*) That’s what I thought. I’m outta here. (*Tobias exits.*)

**MALIA.** He’s just pissed at Malcolm, Livvie. It’s not you. (*Again no answer from Livvie.*) It’s really not. (*Malia exits.*)

**FELICIA.** (*Ironically commenting on the early “drama.”*) And rehearsals haven’t even started.

**KIRK.** Aren’t we a fun little group, V?

V. What was all that?

**KIRK.** It’s a long story.

**FELICIA.** And Kirk will be happy to tell it in excruciating detail.

**KIRK.** But not now.

**FELICIA.** (*To V.*) You’ve been warned. (*To the rest, exiting.*) Later.

**OZZY.** (*Changing the subject back to himself and Livvie.*) So, as you might’ve guessed, I’ve never done it before—

**KIRK.** Whoa, whoa, whoa! T.M.I.!

**OZZY.** No, no, no—not that! What are you even—? No, I’m talking about this *audition* thing. I’ve never done *that* before.

**KIRK.** (*Getting increasingly impatient and snarky.*) Watch some YouTubes.

**OZZY.** Well, yeah, sure—but I mean, well, you guys have been through a lot of these, right?

**KIRK.** Obvi.

**OZZY.** So maybe one of you could help me? I don’t even know where to start.

**KIRK.** Maybe try Google?

**LIVVIE.** Kirk!? (*Kirk looks at Livvie and rolls his eyes.*)

## TWELFTH GRADE

**OZZY.** I just think it's better to talk to somebody who knows something about all this, right, Livvie?

**LIVVIE.** *(Caught.)* Um ...

**V.** *(To Livvie.)* I could use some help, too, actually.

**LIVVIE.** *(More willing now that V is involved.)* Oh, well, okay then. Sure. I can help you guys out.

**KIRK.** *(Looking at V, confused.)* You guys?

**V.** *(Giving Kirk a look, then to Livvie.)* That'd be great.

**OZZY.** Yeah, great. So—like today? Because I can ditch practice.

**LIVVIE.** I ... um ... I should probably get going.

**OZZY.** Then tomorrow?

**LIVVIE.** Yeah, I guess. V? Is that good for you?

**V.** Yeah, why not?

**LIVVIE.** We can meet at lunch in the drama room. There are a lot of monologue books in there.

**OZZY.** Sounds like a plan.

**V.** Yeah.

**LIVVIE.** Okay, then ... um ... I really gotta go. See you there. *(To V.)* And I'll see you tomorrow, too, I guess. Welcome to Elmira.

**V.** Yeah, thanks. See you tomorrow.

**LIVVIE.** *(Exiting.)* Bye.

**KIRK.** Okay, then,— *(Looking at V.)* —guys. *(Kirk and V exchange looks. Kirk is still confused by V but plays along.)* Okay. Well. Gotta run. *(Starting to exit.)* Places to go, people to see— *(Stops and turns to V.)* — and as for you—text you later, dude! *(Exiting.)* Bye! *(There's a bit of an awkward moment as V is left alone with Ozzy. During their conversation, the other Students slowly start to exit singly, in pairs, groups, etc.)*

**OZZY.** He's a lot.

**V.** Yeah.

**OZZY.** So, you're new here, huh?

**V.** *(Wryly.)* First day senior. Yay me.

**OZZY.** Transferring schools as a senior, huh? That's tough.

**V.** Not necessarily what I'd planned.

**OZZY.** Yeah, bro, I know what you mean. *(A pause.)* So, you were into theatre before, at your old school?

## TWELFTH GRADE

V. No, not really—or more like not at all.

**OZZY.** (*Confused.*) So why ... ?

V. Captain Kirk sort of roped me into it. And Livvie, too, I guess. She and I have AP Art together.

**OZZY.** Ah.

V. And all of us are in Advanced Drama—which is weird, considering I’ve never taken a drama class in my life. (*A pause.*) I take it you’re not a theatre person either.

**OZZY.** Nope. (*A pause.*) But I guess we are now, huh?

V. Looks that way. (*A pause.*) I gotta get going. It was nice to meet— (*A pause.*)

I don’t remember your name. Sorry.

**OZZY.** Ozzy. And you’re V. (*Extending his hand for a shake.*) Nice to meet you, too, bro.

V. Yeah, okay ... bro. (*V starts to exit. The other Students have all left by this point.*)

**OZZY.** (*Following after her.*) So you’re in art *and* drama with Livvie, huh?

V. Yeah ...

**OZZY.** Well, the thing is—can I be honest with you? I mean, I don’t really know you at all—but actually that makes it kinda perfect. See, the thing is—the only reason I’m auditioning for this play or whatever is because of Livvie.

V. Okay ...

**OZZY.** And I know it’s not great timing because she’s dealing with all kinds of crap after her brother’s death and all, but—

V. (*Interrupting.*) Did you know him? Livvie’s brother?

**OZZY.** (*Showing some sensitivity.*) Yeah. He was kind of a big deal senior around here when we were freshmen. Super smart. Super popular. When he was killed in that accident this summer, it was ... really tough. Everybody was in shock. He was just one of those guys, you know? He had so much going for him.

V. Oh, god, that’s ... that’s horrible.

**OZZY.** Yeah. Especially for Livvie. She just hasn’t been the same this year, that’s for sure.

## TWELFTH GRADE

V. Understandable.

**OZZY.** And the thing is, well, I've always really liked her, cared about her—since like forever, I guess. But it's just never worked out, you know what I mean?

V. Not really.

**OZZY.** I just mean—I'm pretty sure she doesn't really feel that way about me.

V. So, she's told you she just wants to be friends—or what?

**OZZY.** No, she hasn't exactly *said* that, but that's what I get from her.

V. Have you ever told her how you feel?

**OZZY.** Well, no—not really.

V. “Not really” in so many words or “not really” at all?

**OZZY.** At all. (*Noticing V's reaction.*) We just don't run in the same circles—socially, I mean. She's this really cool art-slash-drama person and I'm just ... not that. I mean, I think I'm cool in my own way—

V. (*Interrupting, kidding.*) You think you're cool?

**OZZY.** Uh ... well ... (*V gives him a doubting look. Ozzy is suddenly insecure.*) You think I'm not?

V. No, you seem okay.

**OZZY.** Really?

V. Yeah. I guess you're cool. I mean obviously not right now, but you're probably cool otherwise.

**OZZY.** You really know how to make a guy feel confident, don't you?

V. You're welcome.

**OZZY.** Anyway, I thought if I could get into the play with her, then I'd have a chance to get to know her better and, hopefully, show her how I feel about her.

V. (*Thinking that might work for her, too.*) Yeah, that's ... that's actually a good idea. I see what you mean.

**OZZY.** And since you have a couple of classes with her, maybe you could talk to her and get to know her and eventually, maybe sort of subtly, I guess, let her know that I like her.

V. *Or* you could just tell her yourself.

**OZZY.** You're right. Yeah. Of course, I should just tell her myself.

V. Right. (*Starts to exit.*) Okay, then.

## TWELFTH GRADE

**OZZY.** (*Following after her.*) And I will—eventually. But in the meantime, couldn't you help a brother out? I mean, look at you. She obviously likes you already. You've got that non-threatening, gender-fluid thing that girls like.

V. Really?

**OZZY.** Which is totally cool, dude. I get it. It's great. You do you. Really. But you know what I mean. Absolutely no judgment here at all.

V. Okay ...

**OZZY.** Just please do this for me, dude. I will owe you big time, I swear. I really, *really* like her, V. I mean, look at her—she's smart and nice and beautiful and cool and *completely* out of my league, as I've been told over and over.

V. But I hardly know her—or *you*, for that matter.

**OZZY.** And that's what makes it so perfect. She won't suspect anything's up— not with you. The new guy.

V. "The new guy," huh?

**OZZY.** But not for long, dude. We'll all get into the play, and we'll bond or whatever during practices—

V. (*Correcting him.*) Rehearsals.

**OZZY.** Yeah, right—and pretty soon, you'll have this whole new group of friends, and you won't feel so much like the new guy anymore, you know what I mean?

V. (*Considering the benefits.*) Yeah, I see what you mean.

**OZZY.** So what do you say? Will you do it—help me get Livvie to like me?

V. I ... um ...

**OZZY.** It's senior year, V! I've got this one last chance with her. Please, *please* help me make it happen!

V. Wow. (*A pause.*) You really like her, don't you?

**OZZY.** I mean ... yeah.

V. Huh. (*A pause.*) All right.

**OZZY.** You'll do it?

V. Yeah, sure, why not? (*In his excitement, Ozzy grips V in a bear hug, lifting her off the ground.*) Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!

## TWELFTH GRADE

**OZZY.** You are the *best*, bro! Abso-fricking-lutely the best! (*Ozzy sets V down, and V backs away a step.*)

**V.** Yeah, well. I guess I'll see you, okay? (*V waves tentatively.*)

**OZZY.** (*Spreading his arms for another bear hug.*) Aw, no—bring it in, bro! (*In a big bro-hug with V.*) My man V! (*Ozzy releases V and raises his palm for a high-five.*) Later, dude. (*V high-fives him, and Ozzy exits. V is left alone on stage.*)

**V.** (*Stunned.*) Omigod. (*Considering the situation some more.*) Omigod! (*After more consideration, V is resolved.*) So—I guess I'm a dude, huh? (*Trying out a bit of masculine energy and demeanor.*) “Yo, bruh, what's up?” (*Another moment of uncertainty.*) Omigod. (*Still with trepidation.*) What could possibly go wrong? (*Blackout.*)

### END OF ACT I

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS—***

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