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For Grace

I wish I was a good enough writer to say how I really feel

Cast of Characters

STUDENT
NARRATOR
MUSICIAN
BRYCE
DAKOTA
ASHLEY
MOM #1
SKYLAR
CHET
MARCO
AMBER
FATHER
MOTHER
CHORUS
NICK
ADMISSIONS OFFICER
DAD
MOM #2
TEACHER
CASSANDRA
CRYSTAL
GIRLFRIEND

Some Notes on Production

How closely you adhere to the three styles is completely up to you.

I include here some notes on how the original production was staged in order give you an idea how the show *might* be performed.

It is certainly not my intention that this is how it *should* be staged.

In fact, the following page can easily be torn out…

Bonruku

Rather than use puppets, we used actors to play the puppets. The "puppets" were dressed in contemporary clothes.

We had the traditional single narrator do all of the voices. It certainly could be done with a different narrator for each puppet.

Instead of the traditional three puppeteers with the master puppeteer unmasked, we used two masked puppeteers for each "puppet."

Because a shamisen was too expensive, we used a banjo. This has a very similar sound.

We had the musicians with the rhythm instruments on stage on the opposite side of the Narrator and banjo player.

Many fine examples of Bunruku can be found on the internet.

Greek Theatre

The Actors all wore masks that they had painted to match their characters. The Chorus wore opaque white masks. It is important that the mouth holes are large enough to so that the actors can have sufficient volume and diction. If masks are used, it is important that the actors face out to the audience and incorporate strong physical gestures and movements to compensate for the lack of facial expressions.

We used six actors even though the Greeks used only three actors to play all of the roles. However, the script is written so that only three actors are on stage at any time and it could be performed with only three actors.

For the music for the choral song we used the tune to *Bad Romance* by Lady Gaga. Any other currently popular tune can be substituted and the lyrics adjusted as necessary. ***WARNING***: All copyright and fair use laws must be strictly followed.

As in ancient times, the chorus did a series of rhythmic gestures as they entered, exited and sang each verse.

Theatre of the Absurd

I included the stage directions for what we did but the sky is the limit in this style. And coming up with new stuff is half the fun.

Acknowledgments

AP Theatre was first performed at Chantilly High School in Chantilly, Virginia in January of 2011 with the following cast and crew.

STUDENT . . . . . Matt Calvert
NARRATOR . . . . . Spencer Parkinson
MUSICIAN . . . . . Mike Bamford
BRYCE . . . . . Robbie Novak
DAKOTA . . . . . Kelsey Monk
ASHLEY . . . . . Connor Haggerty
MOM . . . . . Tahlya Angba
SKYLAR . . . . . Alex Johnson
CHET . . . . . Richard Middlebrook
MARCO . . . . . Adrian Tafesh
AMBER . . . . . Amanda Miesner
FATHER . . . . . Shaan Sharma
MOTHER . . . . . Katie Manik
CHORUS . . . . . Greg Baker, John Cuddehe John Downey, Michael Hawthorne, Matt Manalel
NICK . . . . . Billy Baker
ADMISSIONS OFFICER . . . . . Andrew Reid
DAD . . . . . Jimmy Dunne
MOM . . . . . Emily Downey
TEACHER . . . . . Lucy Smith
CASSANDRA . . . . . Lia "Red" Dimaiuta
CRYSTAL . . . . . Grace Gardner
GIRLFRIEND . . . . . Haley Shircliff

Stage Manager . . . . . Lauren Phillips
Lights . . . . . Brad Vitale, Drew Pardo
Sound . . . . . A.J. Gresick
Running Crew . . . . . Nick Flessate, Roxy Shumate

Their performance won the VHSL AAA One Act Play State Championship in Charlottesville, Virginia on March 5, 2011.

AP THEATRE
by Ed Monk

*(*STUDENT *comes running in from the side of theatre.)*

STUDENT. MY ALARM DIDN'T GO OFF! MY ALARM DIDN'T GO OFF! DON'T START THE TEST! I'M HERE!

*(*STUDENT *sits at the desk as a spotlight lights him. The* VOICE *is heard over the PA:)*

VOICE. Welcome to the Advanced Placement Theatre examination. Please remove all objects from your desk and take out a number two pencil.

*(*STUDENT *desperately searches and pulls out a stub of a pencil.)*

VOICE. Section one is the essay portion of the test. The essay gives you an opportunity to show how effectively you can develop and express ideas. To demonstrate your knowledge of theatre history, you will adapt three classic styles of theatre into short plays dealing with the problems of the modern adolescent.

STUDENT. Say what?

VOICE. You will adapt three classic styles of theatre into short plays dealing with the problems of the modern adolescent.

STUDENT. But…

VOICE. What, are you stupid!? Adapt three classic styles of theatre into short plays dealing with the problems of the modern adolescent! The first style of theatre is Bonruku.

STUDENT. Bon-what-hu?

VOICE. You have 10 minutes for each style of theatre. If you finish before time is called, you may check your work on this section only. Your time begins now.

STUDENT. Crap! I am so screwed! Wait! Bonruku! That's big Japanese puppets! Yes!

*(*STUDENT *starts to write furiously. Spotlight out as lights come up revealing the* NARRATOR *and* MUSICIAN.*)*

NARRATOR. Once there was a young man whose name was Bryce.

(Enter BRYCE.*)*

He was a sophomore who had 3.0 GPA and ran track. He was a good boy. But he was in love with the beautiful Dakota.

(Enter DAKOTA.*)*

NARRATOR. She was a senior and the homecoming queen and captain of the cheerleaders.

BRYCE. Hello Dakota. Did you see the game last night? It was great!

DAKOTA. What the hell are you talking about?

BRYCE. The Steelers game. It went into overtime and Big Ben threw this pass…

DAKOTA. Try to imagine how much I don't care.

(Exit DAKOTA.*)*

BRYCE. She is so wonderful!

NARRATOR. Bryce's good friend was Ashley.

(Enter ASHLEY.*)*

She ran track with Bryce and was deeply in love with him although he only had eyes for Dakota.

ASHLEY. Hello Bryce. Did you finish your French homework?

BRYCE. Ashley! This morning Dakota talked to me!

ASHLEY. Don't be stupid. Dakota does not even know you are alive. If you were on fire, she would not spit on you to put you out. Besides, she is going steady with Marco Gonzalo.

(Shyly:) Did you see that tickets to the dance of the prom go on sale next week?

BRYCE. Ha! Only losers go to the dance of the prom!

ASHLEY. *(Sadly:)* Some people like to go to dances. If they are asked.

BRYCE. Do you think Dakota will come by here after practice?

ASHLEY. I do not care!

*(*ASHLEY *exits.)*

NARRATOR. Oh how Bryce's heart did ache and yearn for the lovely Dakota. He sent his prayers heavenward.

BRYCE. Oh if only I could have a chance to win her over!

NARRATOR. Then one day, his prayers were answered.

(Enter DAKOTA *crying.)*

Dakota was crying.

(Sounds of crying.)

BRYCE. Dakota, what is the matter?

DAKOTA. Marco has dumped me! *(Cries even harder.)* How could he do this to me!? We were going to the dance of the prom on Friday! *(Cries.)*

BRYCE. Do not cry Dakota. I will take you to the dance of the prom!

DAKOTA. What?

BRYCE. I will take you to the dance of the prom! I have loved you ever since I first saw you.

DAKOTA. Yes! That is a great idea. If I go out with a loser like you, Marco will grow very jealous and want me back.

BRYCE. You have made me the happiest man in the world!

DAKOTA. Pick me up at 6. Don't be late.

*(*DAKOTA *exits crying.)*

BRYCE. *(Looking towards the heavens and rejoicing:)* Oh thank you for making my dream come true.

(Enter ASHLEY.*)*

ASHLEY. Why are you dancing like an idiot?

BRYCE. Marco has dumped Dakota and I am taking her to the dance of the prom!

ASHLEY. What!? I thought you said you hated the dance of the prom!

BRYCE. But now I am going with Dakota! It will be the greatest night of my life!

ASHLEY. You are a fool. She is just using you to get back at Marco!

BRYCE. I do not care! I will win her over and she will fall in love with me!

ASHLEY. How can you afford to take her to the dance of the prom? You spent all of your money on Call of Duty: Black Ops. *(Or whatever video game/system is currently hot.)*

BRYCE. I will get the money somehow.

ASHLEY. Oh why are men so dense!? They understand nothing but video games and bodily noises! You could not see the great treasure in front of your own eyes.

*(*ASHLEY *exits.)*

NARRATOR. Bryce went to his Mother to see if she would give him the money

(Enter MOTHER.*)*

NARRATOR. His Mother was a very wise woman who was a lawyer for the Department of the Interior.

MOTHER. My son, have I not told you many times before? Do not text me when I am in a meeting.

BRYCE. I am sorry Mother but this was a most dire emergency! Can you lend me four hundred dollars?

MOTHER. WHAT!?

BRYCE. It is for the dance of the prom. I will pay you back.

MOTHER. How will you pay me back when you have no job? I told you this summer you should work at the Red Robin but you were too lazy to get off your butt.

BRYCE. I will get a job now at the Red Robin. I will wash dishes and bus tables if only you will give me this money so my dreams can come true.

MOTHER. It is too late! The college students have returned and taken all of the jobs. Even Taco Bell is not hiring! You do not need to spend so much money on a date. If this girl is nice, she will not care about such things.

BRYCE. But this is no ordinary girl. This is the love of my life. I must make a most wondrous impression. Please, I beg of you, grant me this request.

MOTHER. NO! We have no money for such foolishness since your father ran off with his secretary.

*(*MOTHER *exits.)*

BRYCE. I am lost!

NARRATOR. Poor Bryce's heart was broken. He could not face the shame of disappointing his beloved Dakota. Then Bryce remembered his Mother's comic book collection. She possessed a Spider Man #1 that was a thing of great value. It was the family's most prized possession.

BRYCE. I will sell the comic book on E-bay and gain the money for the dance of the prom.

NARRATOR. And so he sold his Mother's Spider Man #1 on e-bay. He took the money and purchased all of the necessary fineries to make the most marvelous prom date in history. The next day he went to Dakota.

(Enter DAKOTA.*)*

BRYCE. Oh my precious one. For our dinner I have made reservations at the Garden of Olives!

DAKOTA. What the hell are you talking about?

BRYCE. The dance of the prom is tomorrow! You will be amazed with wonderment at the glorious evening that awaits us.

DAKOTA. Oh, yeah. My cousin asked me to go to Disney World with her. So I am going there instead

BRYCE. But…but I have made all of the arrangements! I have dreamed about this moment for two years!

DAKOTA. That is too bad. Well, have a good time.

*(*DAKOTA *exits.)*

BRYCE. AAAAHHHHHHH!

(Enter ASHLEY.*)*

ASHLEY. What is wrong now?

BRYCE. My love Dakota is going to Disney World instead of the dance of the prom with me.

ASHLEY. I am sorry for your pain. She is a major tool.

NARRATOR. At that moment Bryce's eyes were opened and he saw that Ashley was the woman who he truly loved.

BRYCE. Ashley! Would you go to the dance of the prom with me?

ASHLEY. I am going with Ken Wagner. He is very cute and nice and does not chase after mindless bimbos. We are going out now. Goodbye.

*(*ASHLEY *exits.)*

BRYCE. Oh stupid, stupid man! How could I let love slip through my fingers!?

NARRATOR. Then, with a thunderous howl, his Mother came to him.

(Enter MOTHER.*)*

MOTHER. Where is my Spider Man #1!? What have you done with it!?

BRYCE. I sold it on e-bay. I am filled with shame!

MOTHER. AAAAARRRGGGHHHHH.! I am sending you to military school tomorrow! I no longer have a son.

*(*MOTHER *exits.)*

NARRATOR. And so the sad boy was sent to Deer Lodge Military Academy where he had a gross roommate and received horrendous grades. Too late, he learned that love is not a distant star, but the firelight that burns in the hearth.

(Lights out as spotlight comes up on STUDENT.*)*

VOICE. Stop writing. Put your pencil down. The second style of theatre is that of Ancient Greece.

STUDENT. Greek theatre? Um…marry your mom and…poke your eyes out. Got it!

*(*STUDENT *writes quickly. Spotlight out as lights come up on* SKYLAR.*)*

SKLYAR. Oh great joy has come upon us! Honor and victory are brought to our school. For our Model UN team has taken first place in the district! Alas, our hopes are overshadowed by black clouds because our sponsor is a fool. Mr. Jennings forgot to get a bus to take us to regionals. But, our cause is not lost yet. For Amber, our president and the finest member of our team will implore to borrow her family's minivan on Saturday. Yet, dark currents run in her family and no one can yet see what our fate shall be.

(Exit SKYLAR *as* CHORUS *enters.)*

CHORUS. Oh no, no, no, no, no,

Trouble, trouble oh oh.

Oh no, no, no, no, no.

This does not bode well.

A man with no honor,

A man with no shame.

Will quickly destroy,

His good family name.

This will end bad

Bad, bad, bad.

This will end bad

(Enter MARCO *and* CHET.*)*

CHET. Marco, have you yet approached your parents?

MARCO. Have no fears, my anxious friend. I will secure the mini-van.

CHET. How can you be certain? If we fail to get the mini-van we will not be able to transport the kegs to the party. Without the kegs, we will have no chance to attend the fraternity party and meet voluptuous college girls. Thus has my older brother spoken.

MARCO. You are as weak willed as the women we hope to meet. My father is a foolish old man who will gladly accede to my wishes as long as I have scored enough touchdowns.

CHET. But what about your grades?

MARCO. SILENCE! I warned you not to speak of that!

*(*MARCO *exits.)*

CHORUS. By the god's thunder, the omens portend that brave Marco is a miscreant. He lacks humility, honesty and moral firmness.

CHET. Yet he will gain myself access to the fraternity party and to many most delectable and inebriated women.

CHORUS. He that will sell his honor for vanity and lust will find doom.

CHET. I fear it may be true. But the die has been cast and my fate is in the hands of the gods.

*(*CHET *exits.)*

CHORUS. We cannot believe,

What we have just heard.

Such vile wickedness,

The gods will disturb.

It strikes us with fear.

Fear, fear, fear.

Strikes us with fear.

*(*AMBER *and* SKYLAR *enter.)*

AMBER. Have all of the preparations been made for the journey?

SKLAR. All shall be as you ordained, friend Amber. Have you yet spoken with your parents about the minivan? Shall the winds of good fortune blow with us?

AMBER. Alas I do not know. My father is a wise and good man but he is blinded by my brother's achievements in athletics and favors him.

SKYLAR. But surely he will be pleased with your victory as well?

AMBER. If only twer true. But there is little glory in representing Croatia at a Model UN conference. There are no great crowds to cheer us on or shower us with victory laurels. Our arena is but a lonely classroom.

SKYLAR. But are feats of reasoning and intelligence not to be as honored and acclaimed as much as feats of physical skill? What a world is this where such injustice may happen!

AMBER. Be still. Are such shallow trifles as trophies and medals our true reason for striving? If so, then shame be upon us! The struggle itself shall be reward enough for those who are pure in heart and mind. And now I must off to my parents to seek the Odyssey that hopefully shall be ours.

CHORUS. A brave and good woman. She is true to the spirit of extra curricular activities.

AMBER. How strange that in her is such goodness while in her brother runs such foul and despicable blood.

CHORUS. Yes, the gods play fickle with the humours of men. But in each there lies a soul that can only be corrupted by the baser natures. And woe to he who succumbs to their temptations.

AMBER. I fear my friend is entering treacherous waters. Her Mother is an excellent woman but her father is a most fearful ass.

(Exit SKYLAR.*)*

CHORUS. Good Amber is pure,

But her hopes are in doubt.

It's only sports,

Her Dad cares about.

He is a jock.

Jock, jock, jock.

He is a jock.

(Enter MOM #1 *and* DAD.*)*

DAD. I wonder if perhaps I have not sprained my biceps at the gymnasium?

MOM #1. You were manly indeed in your use of the free weights. But perhaps moderation might be wise in such matters. With age comes wisdom, but also the scourge of osteoporosis.

DAD. Bah! Moderation is for those too timid to dare greatness. I would rather be condemned for recklessness than praised for mediocrity!

MOM #1. Hush my beloved; you tempt the gods with such talk.

DAD. The gods do not worry me! Am I not an executive vice-president in charge of advertising? And with a son who soon will receive a scholarship to the University of Great Learning and Football. Bring not a woman's softness to me.

MOM #1. A woman's softness may be mistaken for weakness. And a man's strength may be a disguise for faults.

*(*AMBER *enters.)*

DAD. Good daughter, it pleases me well to see you.

AMBER. As it does me to see you honored Father.

MOM #1. Your daughter has gladsome news.

DAD. Oh? And what is it?

AMBER. Here my Father, my interim conveys this news. Six A's and one B+.

(Hands interim to DAD*.)*

DAD. A B+!? What meaning does this have!? Why have you brought shame upon our family!?

MOM #1. Husband! Tis no shame she has brought! These are most excellent grades and bring not shame but honor.

DAD. A B+ honors only those who honor failure.

CHORUS. Gracious Woman, the emissary from Dominos is at the threshold.

MOM #1. Curses be upon him. He is late again.

*(*MOM #1 *exits.)*

AMBER. Father the B+ is in pre-calculus, a most difficult and challenging class. Mrs. Sladich is mentally unbalanced. None in the class can comprehend her instruction.

DAD. Enough of your excuses! They are for the weak.

CHROUS. This development does not bode well for the minivan.

(Enter MARCO*.)*

DAD. Good son, where is your interim?

MARCO. Tragically we had a sub today and did not receive our interims. On Monday, I am certain; I will have the glad document to present to you. Father, the coach says that there are portends that scouts from the University of Great Learning will be in attendance at the next football contest.

DAD. Gadzooks! This is great news and a most fortunate omen!

MARCO. Father I have a favor to ask of thee. On Saturday there is clinic on the football at the University of Great Learning. May I perhaps drive the minivan to yon clinic with a teammate?

DAD. Indeed, that would be well.

AMBER. But Father I also need the minivan to transport the Model UN team to regionals. If I cannot drive, the entire team will be unable to attend and we must fall to a disastrous defeat.

MARCO. She may take the Corolla.

DAD. This is so.

AMBER. But the team will not fit in the Corolla. Cannot my dear brother take the Corolla? It is only himself and his one companion he seeks to transport.

MARCO. This is injustice indeed! The Corolla has no iPod adaptor and has a most hideous paint scheme. I cannot shame myself by driving such a vehicle.

DAD. My son speaks the truth. You my son may have the Odyssey. Daughter you may have the Corolla.

AMBER. Dear brother I beseech thee. Not for my sake but for the sake of the school and my comrades. Could thy not take the Corolla and grant me this, my fondest desire? I beg of thee.

MARCO. Ha! Feeble girl. You and your most lame friends shall not sway me with your pitiable cries. My heart is like a rock to your lamentations.

*(*MARCO *exits.)*

CHORUS. Oh to witness such pain and cruelty. It is too much to bear. If only sight could be denied by wishing away evilness.

AMBER. Why have the gods connected me with bonds of blood and flesh to one so foreign to my own nature?

(Enter MOM #1*.)*

AMBER. Dear Mother, Father has denied me the minivan.

MOM #1. I must protest against such an ill considered judgment. What compare is there between these two situations?

DAD. Woman! Did you not participate in yearbook in your school days? The demands of sports are unknown to you. You must bend your will to mine. So let it be said, so let it be done!

*(*DAD *exits.)*

MOM #1. Oh foolish man. Thou will sleep on the davenport this eve. And shall not know the pleasures of the night!

AMBER. Mother cannot thou intercede with my Father to reconsider his hasty decision?

MOM #1. Alak my child, I am late for the PTA meeting. Place your trust in the gods.

*(*MOM #1 *and* AMBER *exit.)*

CHORUS. Their hopes are crushed,

And the team will fail.

Over Marco's plan,

She could not prevail.

She tried so hard.

Hard, hard, hard.

She tried so hard

(Enter CHET.*)*

CHET. The fake ID's have been secured and all preparations for the festivities have been placed in motion.

CHORUS. And yet fate has already decreed that your plans are doomed.

CHET. Pray, what do you mean by such comments?

CHORUS. The evil Marco took base liberties and made out with your girlfriend at the Justin Bieber* concert. *(*Or whoever is currently hot.)*

CHET. OOOHHHH! Mine heart is rendered by such misdeeds! Such betrayal is unbelievable.

(Enter AMBER *and* SKYLAR.*)*

AMBER. Who assaults our ears with such screams of agony?

CHET. I am the victim of deceit perpetuated by your brother! But I shall be avenged. Here, take this and seal his doom.

*(*CHET *hands an interim to* AMBER.*)*

AMBER. But this is my brother's interim!

CHET. Yes! He told falsehoods and had me conceal the paper because it contained grades of the most monstrous nature.

SKYLAR. Three D's, two D+'s and two F's!

AMBER. Oh wretched man! What shame to bring to our house. Not only the folly of poor marks but the stench of dishonesty as well.

CHET. Marco! Betrayer of souls! I have discovered your vileness only too late. I will make amends to the gods by throwing myself off a cliff.

*(*CHET *exits.)*

AMBER. Poor, corrupted fool. He has paid the price of his deceit.

SKYLAR. We shall offer a libation for him.

(Enter MARCO*.)*

MARCO. Why do you gaze upon me with such impudence?

AMBER. You are a man without honor and therefore no man. You must confess your misdeeds to our venerable parents

MARCO. Ha! I have placed them into a nursing home this very day! No longer will I be bound by their petty tyrannies. I shall rule this house and you shall bend to my will!

AMBER. Never shall I bow to thee. I will shave my head and join a convent.

CHORUS. Wait, a messenger approaches.

(A member of the CHORUS *steps forward and hands* MARCO *a message.)*

MARCO. Surely this shall be news of my scholarship!

(He reads the message.)

MARCO. NNNNOOOOOO! Oh what misfortune is this!? I am doomed! Doomed! Oh why did I not hear the warnings given to me!? Oh woe is me. Dear sister, forgive me.

*(*MARCO *runs off.)*

SKYLAR. What dreadful news was contained in that message?

CHORUS. Evil Marco was placed on academic suspension and kicked off the football team. Now, no scholarship for him awaited. His future lies before him in bleak starkness. He will be a cashier at Popeye's.

AMBER and SKYLAR. Noooo!

SKYLAR. Come Amber, we must journey to Fredericksburg for the regional competition, though our hearts be broken.

AMBER. I will go with thee and the team. But there will be no rejoicing in our victory. For deceit and ambition have left bitter ashes in my heart.

CHORUS. *(Begins to exit.)* Oh no, no, no, no, no,

We told you so, so ,so. so.

Oh no, no, no, no, no,

This did not end well.

> *(As* CHORUS *exits, lights fade and the spotlight comes up on* STUDENT.*)*

VOICE. Stop writing. Put your pencil down. For the final part of the essay you will incorporate Theatre of the Absurd.

STUDENT. Theatre about birds?

VOICE. Theatre of the *Absurd!*

STUDENT. Um… Ok…sure.

> *(*STUDENT *begins to write. Spotlight out as lights come up on* NICK *sleeping on the floor surrounded by* MOM #2, FATHER, ADMISSIONS OFFICER, TEACHER, CRYSTAL, CASSANDRA, *and* GIRFRIEND *all completely covered by bright red fabric. They look like statues in a museum waiting to be unveiled. The* VOICES *are from underneath the fabric and from offstage.)*

VOICES. Tick-Tock… Tick-Tock…. Tick-Tock… Tick-Tock… Tick-Tock… Tick-Tock

> *(*NICK *bolts awake.)*

NICK. What?

VOICES. Tick-Tock… Tick-Tock…. Tick-Tock… Tick-Tock… Tick-Tock… Tick-Tock

NICK. Who's there?

VOICES. Tick-Tock… Tick-Tock…. Tick-Tock… Tick-Tock… Tick-Tock… Tick-Tock

NICK. What do you want?

VOICES. You're late… You're late… You're late… You're late… You're late… You're late

NICK. I don't know what you mean!

VOICES. You're late… You're late… You're late… You're late… You're late… You're late

NICK. What am I late for!!

FATHER. Your life.

GIRLFRIEND. Your love.

TEACHER. Your future.

CASSANDRA. Your journey.

CRYSTAL. Your passion.

MOM #2. Your universe.

ADMISSIONS OFFICER. Your destiny,

NICK. STOP!!

(All stop.)

NICK. I don't know what you mean!

VOICES. Tick-Tock… Tick-Tock…. Tick-Tock… Tick-Tock… Tick-Tock… Tick-Tock

(The ADMISSIONS OFFICER *uncovers himself and reveals that he is wearing a black "Ghost of Christmas Future" robe that covers his entire body and face.)*

ADMISSIONS OFFICER. TICK. TOCK.

NICK. Can you help me?

ADMISSIONS OFFICER. Are you worthy of my help?

NICK. Please, I'm so confused. Who are you?

ADMISSIONS OFFICER. I am the keeper to the door of knowledge. I am the holder of the eternal flame of truth.

NICK. You're my college admissions officer!

ADMISSIONS OFFICER. TICK. TOCK. TICK. TOCK.

NICK. Have I been admitted to your school?

ADMISSIONS OFFICER. What is your GPA?

NICK. 3.8.

VOICES. *(Whispering:)* 3.8.

ADMISSIONS OFFICER. What are your extracurriculars?

NICK. Debate.

VOICES. *(Whispering:)* Debate.

NICK. Newspaper.

VOICES. *(Whispering:)* Newspaper.

NICK. I teach Sunday school at church.

VOICES. *(Whispering:)* Church.

ADMISSIONS OFFICER. What AP classes have you taken?

NICK. Calculus. Chemistry. History. Government. Literature. Physics. Biology. European History. Psychology.

ADMISSIONS OFFICER. AP Japanese?

NICK. It's not offered at my school.

VOICES. LAZY!

ADMISSIONS OFFICER. AP Agriculture?

NICK. There is no such class!

VOICES. FAILURE!

ADMISSIONS OFFICER. AP LIFE?

NICK. NO!

VOICES. DISGRACE!! DISGRACE! DISGRACE!

NICK. I've done everything you have asked of me! You must let me into your school!

ADMISSIONS OFFICER. Have you written your college essay?

NICK. No. Not yet. I was going to do that over winter vacation.

VOICES. AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA.

NICK. I'll write it now! Just tell me what to write!!

ADMISSIONS OFFICER. What song has had a profound impact on your life and why?

NICK. What?

ADMISSIONS OFFICER. What song has had a profound impact on your life and why?

VOICES. Why? WHY!? WHY!!!

NICK. I don't know. I've never thought about it. Is there another question I could answer?

ALL. AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA.

ADMISSIONS OFFICER. *(He pulls back his hood to reveal his face in clown make up.)* TICK. TOCK.

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!

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