

Michelle tonight.

DANNY: So, what am I supposed to do?

KEVIN: Take Susan to the game.

DANNY: Oh, great fun. She sits there and keeps asking
"Is it over yet?" and whines all night.

KEVIN: Trouble in paradise?

DANNY: You'll understand when you've been with
Michelle as long as I have been with Susan. It gets
old.

KEVIN: Never. Not with a girl like Michelle.

DANNY: Ah, the innocence of first love. Makes me want
to puke.

KEVIN: Listen, I am sorry I forgot, but I am going with
Michelle tonight.

DANNY: Fine, whatever.

KEVIN: Call Susan, take her.

DANNY: Yeah, I guess. What a drag.

KEVIN: Get used to it. Michelle and I are going to be
spending a lot of time together.

DANNY: Maybe we can double sometime, huh?

KEVIN: That's an idea.

DANNY: How about tonight?

KEVIN: What about your game tickets?

DANNY: See, that's the beauty of this idea. Michelle and
Susan can go shopping while we go to the game, and
then we'll meet them afterward.

KEVIN: Out. Get out.

DANNY: Hey, call me tomorrow and tell me how it went
with Michelle.

KEVIN: OK.

DANNY: I want ALL the details.

KEVIN: OUT!

AFTER THE INTERVIEW

BERT: Seventeen years old, a varsity football player.

BRYCE: Also seventeen, also on the varsity team.

RYAN: Same as Bert and Bryce, but in charge of the
committee for Homecoming Queen.

SETTING: Scene opens with Ryan sitting alone on stage,
depressed, holding in his hand a small slip of paper. Bryce
and Bert enter and go to him.

BERT: Hey, big Ry. What you got there?

RYAN: The list of girls who made it for Homecoming
Court . . . and the Queen.

BRYCE: You've got that? Let me see it. *(He reaches for it.)*

RYAN: I can't let you see it. It's supposed to be a secret.
And besides, you don't want to know this queen.

BERT: Ryan, it can't be that bad.

RYAN: Want to bet?

BRYCE: Come on. Who are we going to tell anyway.

RYAN: Just the entire school is all. I know you guys.
You two will start taking bets on who the winner is
and . . .

BERT: Come on, big guy. We wouldn't do that. Scout's
honor.

RYAN: You were never a scout.

BRYCE: Just tell us.

RYAN: I shouldn't trust you two.

BERT: Don't be a wuss, Ryan.

RYAN: Shut up, Bert. *(He looks at them, they try to look
honest and angelic. RYAN shakes his head in disgust.)*
Well . . .

BRYCE: Just whisper it.

RYAN: Funny Bryce. OK. Well, you know it came down
to the final three, right?

BRYCE: Right.

BERT: Yeah, it was Cilla, Teri, and Diane.
 BRYCE: Only the three meanest girls on campus.
 RYAN: *(Handing the slip of paper to BRYCE)* Remember, it's not my fault.
 BRYCE: Oh no. Bert, look.
 BERT: *(Seeing the name, almost falling to the ground.)* Ohhh. I don't believe it.
 BRYCE: Ryan, how did you let this happen?
 RYAN: I told you, it's not my fault. I did everything I could to make the other judges hate her.
 BERT: She's probably the most hated girl on this campus.
 BRYCE: No doubt. Of the three, she's the worst.
 RYAN: I know. I can't stand her. I don't know why those guys voted for her.
 BRYCE: Probably because she is dating Tim.
 BERT: What's Tim got to do with it?
 BRYCE: She's his girlfriend and he's the team captain. Not to mention the biggest guy at school. Would you want him mad at you?
 RYAN: You should have seen her resume. Loaded. She's done so much community service, it's not funny.
 BERT: Yeah, I've heard about her community service.
 BRYCE: You said it, man.
 RYAN: I can't stand this girl.
 BRYCE: Ryan, who else knows about this?
 RYAN: What do you mean?
 BRYCE: Who else knows the name of the winner?
 RYAN: Just me. I counted the votes.
 BERT: Wasn't Mr. Garcia supposed to be there?
 RYAN: He had a phone call . . . He told me to count them and to tell him the name when I was done. I'm going over to his office right now.
 BRYCE: *(Smiling evilly)* So we three are the only ones who know the name of the winner.

RYAN: Yeah, I guess so.
 BRYCE: *(Looking at BERT)* Are you thinking what I'm thinking?
 BERT: Oh, yes.
 RYAN: What? . . . *(Realizing what the plan is)* No way, man. No way would I do that. I could get in so much trouble.
 BRYCE: All we have to do is change one little name on that slip of paper.
 BERT: Yeah! We could have the Queen be anyone we want. We could make it be Suzanne.
 BRYCE: She didn't even go out for Queen.
 BERT: We could say it was a write-in vote. Queen by popular demand!
 RYAN: That's stupid. Who would believe that we could have a write-in Homecoming Queen? Besides, I know I'd get caught.
 BERT: Who's going to know?
 RYAN: Mr. Garcia.
 BRYCE: But you said that you haven't told him the name yet, so what's the problem?
 RYAN: I'll get caught.
 BRYCE: So what? What's the worst that could happen?
 RYAN: I could get suspended.
 BERT: A small price to pay for the honor of your school.
 RYAN: Shut up. Forget it, guys. *(Holding up the paper)* She is our queen. We have no choice.
 BERT: You're a wuss Ryan. I can't believe you have an opportunity to fix this and you won't take it.
 RYAN: Hey, it's not my fault.
 BRYCE: It is if you can do something about it and you don't.
 RYAN: *(Looking at the name)* She's not that bad.
 BERT and BRYCE: She's a bitch.
 RYAN: I know. All three of them are.

BRYCE: And she's the biggest.
BERT: Her mom doesn't have Alpo delivered to the door for nothing, you know.
RYAN: Well, she was the one chosen, and there is nothing I can do about it.
BRYCE: You mean, nothing you **WILL** do about it.
RYAN: Whatever.
BRYCE: Well, there's one good thing about this whole business, Bert.
BERT: Yeah? What's that?
BRYCE: That we will be in the locker room when he has to crown her.
BERT: I hear you.
RYAN: Guys...
BRYCE: Let's go, Bert.
BERT: See ya, Ry. Have a good time crowning this queen.
RYAN: Thanks a lot, guys. (*BERT and BRYCE exit laughing. RYAN looks at the name and exits in depression.*)

SHELLY

MIKE: 17
CHUCK: Also 17, Mike's best friend.
SETTING: Mike enters the room, Chuck, on the phone, motions to Mike to take a seat on the bed.
CHUCK: I don't know... Maybe... Well, what do you want?... Shelly, do we have to go into this now?... OK... Because Mike is here and... No, that's not what we're going to do... Hey, why don't you just hire a private detective to keep an eye on me... No... Fine... I swear, Shelly, I don't know what it is you want from me... Listen, we'll talk later... Mike is here I said and he... Hello? Hello? (*Hangs up.*) Jeez.
MIKE: Problems?
CHUCK: Very funny.
MIKE: Just trying to lighten the mood. Really, is she hassling you again?
CHUCK: Mike, just back off, OK? I don't need it tonight.
MIKE: Whatever. (*They sit for a few seconds in silence.*) Well, I can see we're in for an exciting evening's entertainment.
CHUCK: You know, I just don't know what the girl wants from me. I try to be nice, then I get treated like dirt. I get tired of that so I give dirt back and then she says I'm cheating on her.
MIKE: I don't know why you take this crap. She isn't worth it.
CHUCK: I love her, OK?
MIKE: Why? She's mean to you, she hates me and I'm your best friend.
CHUCK: She thinks that you try to get me to go out on her.