

**Eric G. Lambert School
Churchill Falls
presents**

“Too High A Price”

Cast

Principal..... Emma Thorne
Nerd..... Stephen Wells
Nerdett..... Cara Diamond
Devil..... Samantha Kent
Angel..... Charli Philpott
God..... Adam Young
Butch..... Harold Byrde
Posse Members..... Scott Shears, Alison Noel, Harold Byrde.
Emma Thorne, Charli Philpott

Drama Assistants..... Brandi Down, Nicole Faulkner

Teacher Advisor..... Rosemary Vigeant

Principal: Students! Students! Your attention please! Hello! Hello! Can anyone hear me? *(Looking upwards)* Oh Lord! Please make them listen. *(Clears throat. Finally students settle down)* And now, before the close of our opening assembly, I would like to introduce to you our new student. *(Using circus voice)* And now, introducing the five time chess club and spelling bee champion of Junior High, weighing in at an amazing 111 pounds, ladies and gentlemen, please give it up for the one and only Chester Lawrence Woodrow.

Chester: Salutations everyone! *(Waves)*

Posse: Dork! *(Laughter, audience throws objects)*

Principal: Now, now students. Please refrain from teasing our new member of the student body. I'm sure Chester is a very nice boy. Now, I'm hoping for a peaceful and successful year. You may all return to your classes. *(Everyone leaves in a rush)*

Chester: *(sighs)* It's going to be another long year.

Daphne: *(Approaches Chester)* Hi, I thought that those guys were really mean to you. I'm sure you're a really great guy and I'd like to get to know you.

Chester: You would?

Daphne: Of course! Well, I have to go to class. I'll talk to you later.

Chester: Good bye..... *(waits for a name)*

Daphne: Daphne Dunsford.

Chester: Good bye Daphne. And thank you. *(Daphne smiles at Chester and leaves)*

BLACKOUT *(posse standing around talking amongst themselves)*

Butch: I can't believe coach is thinking of taking me out of the game!

Posse member: You, like, only have to get a B on your math assignment. It can't be that hard!

Posse member: But it's Butch! The only time he has seen a B is in his name!

Butch: Ever since Sylvester moved away I haven't had anyone to do my homework for me. I was even so desperate as to ask Dorky Daphne to do it for me.

Posse member: That chick's popularity is so low, like ew!

(Nerd walks in, opens locker, books fall out, bends over to pick them up)

Posse member: If Dorky Daphne won't do it for you, why don't you ask that new kid?
(Points to Chester. Butch grins and nods)

Butch: Hey, you.

Chester: *(looks around)* Me? *(Stands up, faces Posse)*

Butch: Yah, you. *(Motions for him to approach)* So you're the new kid, eh?

Chester: Why yes, as a matter of fact I am.

Butch: I heard you were kinda smart.

Chester: My intelligence is above average. In fact my IQ scores were off the charts. Why do you ask?

Butch: You see, I kinda have a problem.

Chester: Can I be of assistance?

Posse member: Dude, why do you think he called you over in the first place? *(Butch elbows him and gives an evil glare)*

Chester: Well, what subjects are you having difficulty with?

Posse member: Well, like all of them!

Butch: Not all of them! *(Sounds offended)*

Chester: What subjects are you good at?

Butch: I'm doing pretty good at recess, oh and I'm passing gym!

Chester: Ah.....I see. Are you looking for a tutor?

Butch: *(Leads Chester away from the Posse)* Not exactly. You see I have this important game against the Bears coming up on Friday and Coach says I need to get a B on our math assignment or I can't play.

Chester: Math always was one of my many talents.

Butch: Great! So you'll have no problem doing the assignment!

Chester: Wait one minute! I thought you said you wanted me to help you, not do it for you.

Butch: Well, you see, our school prides itself on its sports. And I have trouble concentrating on two things at once. So don't you think it would benefit the school if I spent my time thinking about winning the game rather than that old math assignment? *(Chester hesitates)* Wouldn't want to let down your school, would you Chester?

Chester: Of course not. But it is against my values to do this for you. And besides, nothing compares to the satisfaction one gets when one completes one's own homework.

Butch: So you're not gonna do it?

Chester: Sorry ol' pal, I just can't do it. *(Pats Butch on the back. Butch grabs his arm)*

Butch: Oh, I see. I was afraid you might say that.

Chester: And why pray tell is that?

Butch: Because I'm going to have to give you a wedgie.

Posse: Wedgie, wedgie, wedgie..... *(chanting while Butch pushes him into the garbage can)*

(Daphne comes along, helps Chester out of the garbage can)

Daphne: *(Giggles at underwear)* I know how you feel. That happened to me a lot last year.

Chester: Yes, well thank you for your assistance. I'm sorry I can't stay any longer and talk but I must get ready for my next class, advanced math 3200. I have to teach it.

Daphne: *(sees Posse coming down hall)* Oh no, here they come! *(Pointing behind Chester, he turns around and sees them)* you have to hide! Get in here, quick! *(Puts Chester in locker, turns back to locker)* Oh hello, boys. *(Posse surrounds her)*

Posse Member: What are you trying to hide in there?

Daphne: Nothing. *(Casual whistle)*

Butch: Let's see boys, what's inside here.

(Posse shoves her away, opens locker door, it's empty. Everyone is surprised.)

BLACKOUT

(Chester falls out of locker. Devil is sitting in a chair, dramatic first appearance)

Devil: What took you so long, Chester? I had you penciled in 15 minutes ago.

Chester: Who are you? *(Confused look)*

Devil: *(Shakes his hand)* I am Lucifina , Queen Lucifina to you.

Chester: Well, Ms Queen, would it be too much of an inconvenience if I were to trouble you with a question?

Devil: Make it fast boy. I've got concert tickets to see D12. The show starts in 15 minutes.

Chester: *(looks around)* Well, I've come to the conclusion that the locker I was placed in is a porthole to another physical world. Yet, through all my calculations I have not been able to find out exactly what world I'm in.

Devil: You're in the UNDERWORLD. *(Evil laugh)*

Chester: The under-where?

Devil: The underworld!

Chester: And what would be my purpose in this "underworld"?

Devil: I have a deal to make with you.

Chester: Truthfully? A deal? What sort of deal are you thinking about?

Devil: Chester, how would you like to be popular?

Chester: Really? Popular? You could make me the most popular person in school? In my city? In the world?

Devil: Well, let's not go that far.

Chester: So, how popular will I get?

Devil: I will make you the most popular boy in school.

Chester: That's great! *(Gets excited but then suspicious)* But what do you get out of this?

Devil: Oh, I don't require much, just your SOUL.

Chester: *(looks at the sole of his shoe)* My sole??

Devil: *(Shakes head)* You're the stupidest smart kid I ever knew.....

Chester: *(light dawns)* Oh.....my Soul..... *(hesitates)* Is there a due date on this? And what strings are attached?

Devil: Oh just a few minor details. *(Devil pulls out a huge contract)*

BLACKOUT

(Chester is banging on the locker. Daphne hears, opens the door. Chester steps out)

Daphne: There you are! Are you OK?

Chester: Well, besides the mild pain in my cranium *(rubbing head)* I seem to have returned in one piece.

Daphne: Returned? Returned from where?

Chester: The underworld.

Daphne: Ha ha, you're so funny Chester. *(Thinks he's joking)*

Chester: I am not trying to evoke humor!

Daphne: Ha ha, Ok Chester. *(Turns to leave)*

Chester: Daphne?

Daphne: Yes, Chester?

Chester: I've come upon a problem that causes me to ponder.

Daphne: Well, I've always been told that I have a good mind for solving problems. So, if

you'll tell me your problem, maybe I can help.

Chester: I usually give the advice, not take it. I'm the one who is smart. I usually know all the answers. I'm supposed to know everything! But this one, this is a big one and it has me stumped.

Daphne: Well, give me a hint. What is the BIG problem?

Chester: I met this, uh, this person, down there and she has some ideas about how I can become popular.

Daphne: *(excited)* That's great! That's what you want *(hesitates)* isn't it?

Chester: Well, I thought I wanted to be cool and just like the IN CROWD - you know - The Posse. But.....

Daphne: *(Irritated yet excited)* But what? Tell me! Tell me!

Chester: According to the terms of this contract, there is a lot involved in being popular.

Daphne: What do you mean?

Chester: In return for my being popular, this person wants my SOUL.

Daphne: *(Looks at her shoe)* Your sole???

Chester: No, no my SOUL.

Daphne: Oh your soul. Wow, you need BIG time help here. When I'm really stuck, I talk to him and he never lets me down.

Chester: Him? Who is this person? Where does he live? Do you think he'll help me?

Daphne: Come with me, you'll find out for yourself.

BLACKOUT

Angel: *(Talking on the phone, flipping through papers.)* I'm sorry God is very busy and cannot come to the phone right now. If you'd like to leave your name and number I'm sure he will be able to get back to you within the next 24 hours. *(Writing note)* Uh, huh, yes thank you, Buh bye. *(turns and notices daphne and Chester while on the phone. Motions for them to come over)* It's good to see you again Daphne.

Daphne: You too, Gabrielle.

Angel: Is there anything I can do for you?

Daphne: Well, actually, I was wondering if my friend here could get in for an appointment?

Angel: God has a very busy schedule, as you know, but if you won't be long, he may be able to see you now for a few minutes, during his dinner break.

Daphne: I promise he won't be long. *(Pushes Chester to door of office. Angel leads him into the office. Daphne sits down in the waiting area.)*

Angel: *(knocks on the office door, then walks in, preoccupied looking through mail)*
Your Holiness, there's a young man here to see you. *(Pushes Chester farther in, closes the door)*

God: Lordy jumpin' dyin' I just got me cod in the pan and ten bloody balognie sandwiches to make before da byes comes over to go fishin'. Now, what's on da go bye?

Chester: I have a problem and I need your advice.

God: Well me son, spit it out. *(Starts getting ready for fishing)*

Chester: It's like this, I've got this contract with the Devil, but I'm not sure. It's quite a price to pay just to be popular.

God: Man oh man. That's a "HUGLY" big ting you got dere. *(Points to the contract)*

Chester: For instance here on page 3, paragraph F, sector Q, it states "wardrobe must conform to current standards deemed popular by the in group, hereafter referred to as "The Posse".

God: Yes, me trout. Ya gotta be in da right place at da right time if ya wants to get em.

Chester: And most importantly, I have only 24 hours in which to make my final decision.

God: yes bye. Every minute counts. But patience is da ting. *(Leaves to go)*

Chester: Wait, wait before you go.....

God: me nerves is rubbed raw, so 'urry up, spit er out.

Chester: The clause that causes me the most grave concern is that when I sign this contract my soul becomes the possession of the Devil.

God: SOLE, Yes, I must get meself a new pair of rubbers. When one's sole's gone you can always get yerself a nudder. Well, I gotta go. Got meself an important meetin to go to. *(Picks up jigger and leaves.)*

Chester: *(reflects on conversation he just had with God)* Hey, this is no problem! Like he said I can always get another soul. *(leaves the room, wakes up Daphne who is asleep on a chair in the waiting room)*

Daphne: So how did it go? Did you get the answers you needed?

Chester: Yes I did. Thank you for bringing me here. I think I have my problem figure out. But I've got some details to attend to. I'll catch up with you later. *(Leaves)*

BLACKOUT

(Chester re-enters locker to meet the Devil)

Devil: Man, what a concert! Just the way I like em, really hot stuff! So, what's your decision?

Chester: After having given this document due consideration and after examining all the fine print, I'm here to sign on the dotted line.

Devil: *(Excited)* Excellent! *(Whips out a pen)* Now, you just sign here and here, here, here and here. Here and here. Wonderful. This is a hot deal! It's a win, win situation. You'll be popular and I HAVE YOUR SOUL!

Chester: Yes, but as the contract says, this is not final. I can change my mind within the next 24 hours.

Devil: Of course. But I'm sure that once you've tasted popularity you will not change your mind.

Chester: Well, thank you for your assistance. I am going to have my first taste of popularity now. *(Re-enters locker)*

BLACKOUT

(Posse gathered around locker. Chester the nerd is now "Cool like the Posse")

Posse member: Did you see that new kid? He is like so hot! (*Dreamily*)

Posse member: I know, he is like majorly cool.

Posse: He should come try out for the team.

Posse: Yeah, we could really use a new quarterback.

Butch: Yeah, right on. Hey, wait a minute. I'm the quarterback (*smacks Posse member on the arm. Posse laughs. Chester walks up to the Posse looking cool*)

Chester: Hey guys, what's up?

Daphne: Nothing much, just talking about football. I heard you played at your old school. What position are you?

Chester: (*Boastfully*) I was captain of the Chess.....ster's football team.

Posse member: Wow, he even has his own team! You, like, must be really good!

Butch: (*trying to end football discussion*) enough about football. Where's the party this weekend?

Posse Member: Well, my parents are gone out of town.

Posse: Great! Your crib it is.

Posse: Hey Chester, like to party?

Chester: Uh yeah. I've been known to bust a few moves.

Posse: Cool, you should come. It'll be a blast! We'll pick you up at eight.

Chester: Sweet. I'll be ready.

Butch: Talk to you later, man. (*Posse begins to walk off until they see Daphne approach Chester. Then they turn to watch*)

Daphne: Friday night? You're going with them Friday night? You promised to help me study for my algebra test!

Chester: (*looks over Daphne's shoulder at Posse*) But that was before. Now I've got new friends and better things to do.

Daphne: I thought you were better than that.

Chester: um..... *(Daphne turns and runs away in tears. Chester talks to Posse)* I have to go to the washroom, I mean....can. *(Posse leaves and Devil appears)* What are you doing here?

Devil: I just popped up to check on my client.

Chester: Lucifina, we need to make some alterations. I tried hanging around with the Posse and being cool and all that. ... but my hypothesis didn't work out.

Devil: Your hypo - what? You don't like the new you?

Chester: That's the problem. Well, I guess I'm popular now and I'm part of the "in crowd", but it's not all it's cracked up to be.

Devil: But isn't that what you wanted to be, popular?

Chester: Yes well I thought so, but now I miss Daphne. As a matter of fact I don't think she likes me any more.

Devil: I think I can make a few changes. You just go on and don't worry about a thing. There is more than one approach to this situation, but be prepared for things to be different.

Chester: Ok, if you say so.

BLACKOUT

(Posse are now NERDS and are gathered around locker. Chester walks in and no one notices him)

Posse member: Oh I really did poorly on my Science test. I received a 98%. Where did I go wrong?

Butch: I just finished reading this book. It happens to be my favorite. Would anyone like to read it?

Posse member: yes, I am looking for something new to read. I just finished reading the draft version of 2002 World Book Encyclopedia. What is the title of the book?

Butch: It is superb and most stimulating. It is Einstein's Theory of Relativity. You know

E=MC squared.

Posse member: Oh I read that book in kindergarten.

Posse: I would like to borrow it. It is on my preferred reading list.

Posse: May I borrow it after you're finished?

Posse: That's fine. I'll be finished by tomorrow. I'll give it to you then.

Chester: *(talking to himself)* What has happened to everyone? This is most disconcerting. If they are like me, then I am not so unique any more. This is not good. Oh Lucifina what have you done? *(Hollers into porthole)* Lucifina, Lucifina we need to talk. *(Devil appears.)*

Devil: What's the problem now. You're never happy. What are you complaining about this time?

Chester: I still don't like this. It is not working out. I like things the way they were. Upon reconsideration I would like to withdraw my consent to render it null and void.

Devil: Well *(alarm clock goes off, takes it out of his coat and turns it off)* Sorry, it's too late now. Your 24 hour limit has passed. The contract is legally binding. Now, I'm the one who is in control. The door's that way. Don't let it hit you on the way out.

Chester: I've sold my soul to the Devil... and now it isn't working out. *(Ponders for a minute)* Hey, God said I could get a new soul. I have got to talk to him again.

BLACKOUT

(Chester walks into the Angel's office and walks right into God's office)

Chester: God, I have to talk to you right away.

God: Ain't this a beauty *(holding up a fish)* hey, you'd be dat guy dat bothered me before my meetin.

Chester: Yes. About this contract with the Devil. It isn't working out. I tried wearing baggy pants like the in crowd but they kept tripping me up. Then the next thing I knew everyone was imitating me. Wherever I looked, it was like having my own set of clones. You said dressing for the times was important. So why didn't it work out for me?

God: I wasn't talking about what YOU were wearing. I was talking about me rain slickers and me western. You know, me fishin' duds.

Chester: Oh... well, hanging out with the Posse is another issue. They spend far too much time making others feel inferior. They think it's cool to put others down. When I was with them I lost the one true friend that I ever had. And about another issue, if I remember it correctly you said I could get a new soul. So can you help me?

God: A new sole? Oh no, me son. I was talking about the sole of me ducky boots.

Chester: Your ducky boots? Oh no! I misunderstood everything you said. I guess the Devil was right - I am the dumbest smart kid ever. If only there was a way to change this.

God: There. There me son. Don't go gettin' your knickers in a knot. There's reason for everything, although might not always be clear. You know my reputation. Put your faith in me and everything will work out. As a matter of fact I's got meself a date with da Devil in a bit.

Chester: You have a date with the Devil?

God: Yes, and it won't be da first time. I as em every week. You'd be surprised what can be won or lost in me meetins wid er. *(both go off)*

Chester: Win or lose? God has a date with the Devil?

BLACKOUT

(God and the Devil are playing poker on a table. God has a large pile of chips, the Devil has none)

Devil: I can't believe this! I've lost everything.

God: everything? Are ya sure ya got nuttin else to wager? Not even any recent contracts?

Devil: Contracts? *(Thinks for a moment)* yes, I do have one left. It's right here. *(Takes it out)* Chester Lawrence Woodrow. This contract has been nothing but trouble anyways.

God: Interesting.....OK put your cards on the table.

Devil: here it goes. See if you can beat this ! I've got a full house.

God: Oh no! That's frightful bad.....for you. Haven't ya learned yet that God always has da aces in hand. *(Devil looks shocked then hangs his head. God reaches out hand)* Da contract please.

BLACKOUT

(Chester is in the locker room before the dance)

Chester: *(goes to open the locker door)* I've got to check my bowtie. I have to look perfect. *(Opens locker, sees the contract, picks it up, VOID, hugs the contract and looks up)* Thank you God! *(Daphne arrives and starts to walk on by. Chester puts the contract back and runs up to her)* Hey, wait up.

Daphne: I didn't think you were interested in me. I thought you found new and better things to do.

Chester: You must forgive me. I admit I made some very poor choices, Daphne. But that's over now. That other crowd can take me or leave me. But this is who I am.

Daphne: Well, you really hurt my feelings, you know. But well, everyone deserves a second chance. I'm glad to have you back. *(Arm in arm they go to the dance. Chester and Daphne start to dance. Posse gawks at them, but one by one the Posse joins the nerds except for Butch. Some comments are made)*

Butch: *(standing off by himself)* Hey, what's happening? I'm supposed to be the cool one. Come on guys, let's go. It's either me or him. *(Posse continues to ignore him)*

Chester: *(looking at Butch)* Don't you guys always hang with him?

Posse member: Yah, but things change.

Posse member: You're weird, but anyone who can dance like this can't be all bad.

Chester: But what about Butch?

Posse member: Don't worry. He may think he's "All that" but without us he's nothing! *(Everyone continues dancing.)*