

The Day Before

By

Kverna Creators

J. C. Erhardt Memorial School

Makkovik

Cast:

ThugMaddie Lyall
DitzAbigail Ford
Shy GirlApril-Anne Groves
JockHayley Parsons
BlankCharlie Mae Dyson
DorkCarrie Lou Lyall

Teacher Director: Trevor Taylor

Teacher Rep: Cheryl Ward

An eclectic group of students find themselves in detention after school. Each one seems to have taken part in an impossibly complicated situation and neither one wants to admit to having been the cause of their current imprisonment. When one rogue student decides they've had enough and makes a break for it the wild imagination of another takes the students on a series of "enlightening" adventures. But, just how far can her imagination stretch as fantasy blurs with reality?

Scene 1:

The curtain rises to a group of five students sitting in a classroom after school. A volley ball sits on one student's desk. None of the students are acknowledging each other as they sit in separate desks. The sound of a ticking clock permeates the air and several students have become fixated on the clock hanging on the wall. The dust seems to rise and settle with each passing breath as they begin to fidget and rustle in their seats. There's a knock. The teacher excuses herself to answer the door.

THUG: *[whispering]* This is such bul...

JOCK: *[whispering]* Hey! Don't you even start!

THUG: Back off fool! If it wasn't for your stupidity none of us would even be here...

[She kicks her feet up on the desk intentionally hitting the shoulder of the girl ahead of her]

JOCK: Who you callin' stupid? *[Jock quickly rises from her seat and stands over the Thug]*

THUG: Well... Ahh... What I meant... is... just... *[trails off into mumbles]*

JOCK: Yeah, that's what I thought.

There is a long pause and the thug fixes her clothing and the jock settles herself back into her seat. The ticking of the clock begins to overtake the room again

DITZ: Well, you did, like, throw that ball, like, real hard

JOCK: A paper ball! That she threw at me!

THUG: To get your attention! I thought we had a deal going down...

JOCK: Deal?

THUG: Yeah, you blinked at me twice and scratched your nose three times. Classic deal.

[looks at Jock proudly]

The jock stares at the thug vacantly as if she has no recollection of what the Thug is talking about

DITZ: You blinked at her...

JOCK: Yeah

DITZ: Scratched your nose...

JOCK: Yeah

DITZ: Three times...

JOCK: Yeah

The jock stares at her with her mouth gaping as if she is thinking really hard

DITZ: Well?

The jock is now staring at the Ditz vacantly and seems to have lost the point of the conversation.

JOCK: How do you get your hair to do that?

DITZ: Look fabulous? I dedicate myself to a thorough 90 minute morning ritual. Too bad it's wasted on you losers... Although, detention will def^o score me popularity points with the seniors!

THUG: That go for the living statue over there too?! [*points to the quiet girl who she kicked earlier*]

DITZ: Her!? Oh please... she has the personality of a golf ball! A plain white one too... not even one of those fancy sparkly ones.

The Shy girl makes every attempt to pull her body away from the group and stare at the wall.

DORK: They make fancy sparkly golf balls?!

Thug, Jock and Ditz turn and stare at the Dork. Surprised, but disgusted.

DITZ: Duh! My daddy bought me a pack to match my purple clubs last week. Although Daddy says they're too shinny and distract me from my "A" game...

DORK: That would be so cool to add to my collection!

DITZ: You have a collection of golf balls?

DORK: Ahh, no... my collection of novelty sports equipment!

JOCK: You have a sports collection? We should definitely play some time!

DORK: Oh, I don't play... I just collect.

JOCK: Collect what?

DORK: Novelty sports equipment

JOCK: To play?

DORK: No. To look at...

JOCK: I don't get it.

DORK: I'm not surprised...

JOCK: What's that supposed to mean?!

DORK: Ahh... nothing. Anyway, you're right [*pointing to Thug*]. This is bogus... That's what I get for helping someone like her. (pointing back at the Ditz)

DITZ: Help? You crawled under my desk! You, like, threw our [*signals to the shy girl*] desks in the air when you jumped back up!

DORK: Only because she was giving me funny looks! [*motions to the jock*]

THUG: That wasn't intentional. She always looks like that...

JOCK: What did you say!

They all break into an incomprehensible argument over what happened during class. The only distinguishable words are "and then she..."

The argument stops when the door opens again and a sixth student enters the room and sits down in the remaining desk. She is a plainly dressed girl with a shoulder bag and a journal. The rest of the group recognize her. They all start to whisper again.

DORK: The ball hit her the in the back of the head [*gesturing to the Ditz*]

JOCK: Only because you jumped under the desk!

DITZ: Because you [*gestures to the thug*] threw it at her to begin with!

THUG: She was giving me signals!

The new girl noticed they were arguing before she entered and continues to listen to them now. She leans in to hear what they are saying and interrupts.

BLANK: You [*pointing to the ditz*] wear really strong perfume and it was bothering her [*pointing to the jock*] You [*pointing to the thug*] sit next to the window and it was a sunny day. When she [*pointing to the jock*] turned around to see if the window was open she blinked twice because it was so bright and starting rubbing her nose because the smell was bothering her. That's when you [*pointing to the dork*] caught the eye of her [*points to the jock*] and pretended to get something from your school

bag on the floor. When she *[the thug]* threw the paper ball, hitting her *[the jock]* leading her thinking it was her *[the dork]* throwing the ball again and hitting you *[the ditz]*. That's when you *[the dork]* jumped up off the floor hitting her *ii* and her *[the Shy girl]* desks sending them across the room.

They all stop and stare at the girl. The thug goes to disagree with her, but stops herself.

THUG: So, why are you here?

BLANK: I was kind enough to pick up the paper ball when it landed next to me. No good deed goes unpunished it seems. I was late because I was pleading my case to the principal.

JOCK: Like she would listen to you anyway!?

The ticking of the clock begins to overtake the room again. The argument has ended thanks to the new girl and it seems they have all resigned themselves to sit and wait.

THUG: Screw this! I'm not wasting my time here... Hey, *[gestures to the group]* the window... *[a conniving look comes across her face]* Excuse me Sir? It's really stuffy in here. Someone's perfume is really strong. Can I open the window? Oh? Okay, thanks!

She goes to the back of the room and opens the window. She walks back to her seat and sits. She is anxious and stares at the rest of the group and continues to gesture toward the window with her head and eyebrows. She puts her hat down on her desk. The only other student to start nodding her head is the jock. The rest either look confused or scared at the idea.

THUG: *[whispering]* On the count of three... 1...*[clock ticks]* 2...*[clock ticks]*... 3!

The Thug and Jock scramble for the window but the jock climbs out first. The thug throws the volleyball the jock dropped out the window and jumps out. The remaining students turn slowly toward the front of the class to see if the teacher has taken notice.

BLANK: Yes Miss. Of course. No... we wouldn't. Okay. Right. Good luck?

[The sound of rushed footsteps followed by a door slamming]

DITZ: She wouldn't really give us detention for a week if we left? Like, would she?

DORK: Want to test her on that one?

The remaining students settle back into their chairs. The shy girl turns toward the wall and avoids making eye contact with the rest of the students. The ditz throws her feet on the top of her desk and starts to check her nails while she plays with her hair.

The dork takes out a graphic novel and starts to read it intently.

The Blank takes out the journal she has been carrying and begins to write.

[the rest of the stage is dimmed as a spot light goes up on her, the others freeze]

She begins to dictate what she is writing.

BLANK: "It was a Friday afternoon and I was stuck in detention with a bunch of fools. That's what I get listening to that big dummy. I should have known she wasn't signally for anything! She can barely raise her hand to answer a question let alone strike a deal with me. I tricked the teacher into letting me open the window. She didn't have a clue... Now we've got to get as far away from here as possible. If she catches us I'm sure we'll be in detention for a week..."

The spot follows Blank. The rest of the students have become statues in their desks. Blank walks over to the Thug's seat and picks up her hat. She puts it on.

Scene 2:

A football comes flying from stage right and Blank catches it. The Jock enters from stage right.

JOCK: Think she saw us?

THUG(B): Probably too busy slurping her coffee...

JOCK: Think she'll run after us?

THUG(B): Do you think she can run at all? *[begins to mockingly hold a cup of coffee and imitates the teacher]* "Oh! What the deuce! Those little rascallions have evaded me! I guess I should make chase... but I might spill my coffee."

JOCK: Ha-Ha! Yah... Hey? What's a rap-scale-e-on?

THUG(B): A fish

JOCK: Oh... why would she call us fish?

THUG(B): *[pauses and shrugs her shoulders]* Freedom! Ahaha! We got an hour to blow before we duck back in.

JOCK: We could play some ball!?! *[holds the football up as if to throw it]*

THUG(B): Ahh, yeah... sorry, not my scene.
[Thug lowers the ball dejected]

THUG(B): Ahh! I got an idea... *[reaches into the bag she has been carrying and hauls out two cans of spray paint]* Let's go tagging!

JOCK: I don't want to play no kids game!

THUG(B): No fool... Tagging, you know? Your stamp!?
[The Jock looks more confused than ever]

THUG(B): *[She sighs heavily and rolls her eyes]* Just follow me...
[The Jock blinks and shrugs her shoulders. Smiling she follows the Thug]

THUG(B): So, you need to find just the right spot. Public, but secret. A spot that will be yours from here on out. And your stamp needs to be unique! You need to give the right impression. Something that says "I'm artistic, but deadly. So don't mess with me!"
Look here's a perfect spot for you! *[They walk off stage left as the dialogue continues]* Try er' out.
[Sound of spray paint can shaking followed by spraying]

JOCK: There!
They both return on stage from stage right. The thug is holding a piece of board that has been painted with a smiley face.

THUG(B): How is this artistic or deadly!?

JOCK: I think it has a certain subtle quality to it...
The thug hangs her head and drops the board to the ground but still holds on to it.

JOCK: Whoa! I can't believe it...

THUG(B): *[Looking back at the smiley face]* YOU can't believe it...

JOCK: No! Look! *[She grabs the thugs head and adjusts her field of vision]*

THUG(B): What! How is she running that fast!? She must be going downhill...
Cries of “rapscallions!” can be heard off stage left.

JOCK: Yeah?! Well, you’re a smelly fish too! *[Looks back at the Thug proudly]*

THUG: Come on fool! Let’s split... she won’t catch up with us.
The Thug and Jock run off stage right as the lights dim.

The lights come up on the classroom as it was when Blank started writing. She continues to write in her journal.

BLANK: “I couldn’t believe she had caught up with us! She didn’t even have a coffee cup in her hand!? We ran as fast as we could, ducked into the nearest alley, jumped a fence and took off again. My heart was beating in my ears. The last thing I remember hearing was something about ‘detention for a week’.”

The ditz begins to start a conversation that has been apparently going on while Blank was writing in her journal. The Dork and the Shy Girl both have their heads on their desk and their hands over their eyes as if they are dying of boredom. Blank starts to listen in on the conversation.

DITZ: So, I said to him, if you think I’m going to pick “that” up with “these” nails you have got another thing coming! I mean, the nerve! You date a guy, treat him all sweet... you let him carry your book bag and give you rides home after school and this is how he treats you!? You know what I mean!? *[gesturing to the shy girl]* No, you probably don’t. Anyway, as I was saying... the nerve! You know the other day he bought me dinner, and...

DORK: So! Let me guess... he refused to spoon feed you.

DITZ: Please! It wasn’t soup day...

DORK: How stupid of me. Continue... *[head hits the desk]*

DITZ: *[sighs]* Never mind... *[she continues to play with her hair and stare at her nails]*
Dumfounded by the conversation, Blank starts to write in her journal again.
The lights dim and a spot goes up on Blank. The remaining students remain frozen.

BLANK: “Like, how did I ever get myself locked up with these losers? My pores will never

be the same after being in this dust trap for an hour! And my Nails! I'll have to book an emergency manicure the second I get out of here. What am I going to wear tomorrow? Something fierce obviously..."

Blank walks over to the Ditz and removes her headband. She takes the lipstick that was on her desk and begins to put some on while putting on the headband.

Scene 3:

Blank dressed as the Ditz sits in the middle of the stage looking into a mirror. She is intently putting on her makeup. She stops every 2 – 3 seconds to check her work.

DITZ(B): *[humming "Popular – Wicked"]*

The Ditz finishes her makeup. Satisfied she goes to her closet. Her mom bursts in.

MOM: *[singing]* Good Morning Balti... Dear? Where are you? Oh no! Someone has stolen my little pet! Oh! *[she swoons and falls into the chair with her hand to her forehead]*

DITZ(B): *[returns from the closet]* Mom... stop being such a spaz.

MOM: Believable?

DITZ(B): Painfully...

MOM: I'm a shoe-in for that role! *[she starts fixing herself in the mirror]* Just you wait and see... Cristy Candler eat your heart out! *[turning back to the Ditz]* Dear!?! Your hair! *[quickly glancing at her watch!]* School is in *[looks back to her watch frantically]* 90 minutes!

DITZ(B): I know Mother!

MOM: Well, I'll help you! We mustn't have you going out looking like you just rolled out of the hay loft. Here *[walks to the dresser and returns with a curling iron]* you start and I'll come in to finish the back. *[Mom leaves]*

The ditz sits down to her mirror again. She begins to curl her hair but forgets to plug in the iron. Worse, she is curling the plug in her fingers with her other hand. She quickly becomes frustrated as her hair refuses to curl.

DITZ (B) *[screaming] MOM! [she starts to reapply her lipstick while she waits for her Mother to come back]*

MOM: What is it dear!?

The ditz pouts at her mother and points to her hair

MOM: Oh my dove... one day. *[she takes the cord from her hand and puts it to the Ditz's face; The ditz smiles, embarrassed]*

The Mom plugs in the iron and begins to curl the Ditz's hair.

[Musical Number – Popular Lip Sync]

Blank replaces the lipstick on the desk and puts the hair band back in the Ditz's hair. She returns to her seat and continues to write.

BLANK: *[Continues to hum the tune from the musical number as she writes]*

The lights go up on the classroom again and this time the Ditz has her head on the desk with her hands over her ears. The Dork has taking over the conversation as we join him mid-sentence...

DORK: ...and that's when I started collecting Spiderman figurines. Up until that point I thought he was just some mutated freak in a leotard. You know? *[gesturing to the Ditz]* No, you probably don't. How about you? *[she motions to the Shy girl. She briefly makes eye contact with the Dork]* Spiderman not your thing? How about the X-Men? Did you see the movies!? My favorite was X-2 but nothing beats the 1992 X-Men TV series. So retro... know what I mean? Retro stuff is the coolest! Did you ever play Regular Nintendo? Not Super! Regular. The. Best. The Uncanny X-Men game was so awesome... now, not many people know this but there were actually a lot of mistakes made in that game. *[She reaches into her book bag and hauls out a very long piece of paper]* First, the Title screen incorrectly states you are playing 'Marvel's X-Men' when the box clearly states you are playing "The Uncanny X-Men."....

The Shy girl seems to be glazed over like a deer in headlights and is almost frozen in place as the dork continues to explain the list to her. Blank begins to chuckle to herself and starts writing in her journal yet again. [The lights dim on the class as

the students freeze and a spot goes up on Blank]

BLANK: *[starts to scribble something in her journal. Stops and erases it. She gets up and walks over to the dork and removes her thick rimmed glasses. She walks over to the Shy Girl and picks her up from the chair and places her in the middle of the stage.)]*

Scene 4:

The Shy Girl and Blank stand in the middle of the stage. Blank is dressed as the dork and is holding the Shy Girl's hand as if she is dragging her. The lights go up on the middle of the stage where they are standing.

DORK(B): This is gonna be so awesome! You'll love it!

The dork is practically being dragged across the stage by the Dork. A frightened look is across her face as if she has no idea where she is being taken.

DORK(B): I'm so excited! I'm so glad you decided to come with me!

The Shy girl looks at the Dork and manages a weak smile. She is obviously uncomfortable and continues to shuffle her feet as she is being dragged across the stage.

They walk off stage left and return to the theatre through the audience entrance. The Shy Girl has a giant bag of popcorn with her now and is literally hiding behind it. The Dork starts taking clothes out of her bag. She puts on a mask and a cape and looks at the Shy Girl proudly.

The Dork continues to drag the Shy Girl although she is resisting a bit more than before and pulls free. She motions to the Dork to continue on. She starts to walk cautiously beh

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pulls free. She motions to the Dork to continue on. She starts to walk cautiously behind. They find a section of seats that are empty and sit down.

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DORK (B): I can't wait to see this! I've been on egg shells since the ending of the last one. I hope they clue up all the loose ends! It still wasn't as good as the book though! You know movies never are! I wonder why? Do you know why? No, you probably don't. I don't think anyone does...

Several other people join them in the seats around them. Some of them are dressed similarly to the Dork. Each one looks incredibly excited. The lights go out and everyone settles into their seats

DORK (B): Shhh! Shhh! It's starting.... Oh! This is gonna be so good! Shhh!

[classic movie reel sounds] A soundtrack starts playing in the background.

The Dork continues to fidget excitedly in her seat. She keeps nudging the Shy girl in the arm and grinning at her with excitement.

DORK (B): Did you know they filmed almost this entire movie in Romania? Cool huh?

[pauses to think] where is Romania again? Do you know? No, you probably don't.

A short time passes before the Dork interrupts the movie again.

DORK (B): The costumes were all made in Canada though. There were rumours that J.K. Rowling actually sat in on every stitch sewn. Can you believe that?

No you probably don't. Isn't this exciting! Oh!

The audience members around them are now becoming quickly agitated by the constant interruptions.

DORK (B): Oh! Come on now! That never happened in the book! You see! This is exactly what I mean?! She crafts a masterpiece and Hollywood turns it into this! Urgh! *[she pauses]* Good movie so far eh? Don't you think?

AUDIENCE MEMBER 1: SHHH!

The Dork turns around sharply to face her accuser and nods as if to say "okay, okay, no need to be like that.

DORK (B): Some people eh? They just shouldn't be allowed to go to movies...

AUDIENCE MEMBER 2: SHHH! Some people are trying to watch the movie?! *[whispering]*

DORK (B): Hey! Don't I know it!? Can you believe that guy? *[pointing over her shoulder back at Audience Member 1]*

AUDIENCE MEMBER 1: Would you just be quiet! I waited 2 years to see this! *[whispering]* *The Dork shrinks into her seat and is now practically hiding behind the popcorn. After a few seconds she readjusts herself in her seat and starts watching the movie again. Several seconds pass, she starts eating the popcorn and drinking from her cup. With every sip from the cup a very loud "SLURP" can be heard.*

The Shy Girl slowly starts to creep away while the Dork sips loudly on her drink.

DORK (B): You see him... the tall dark and dreamy one. He was supposed to be played by Taylor Lautner. Unfortunately, he wasn't available, so they cast Michael Copon instead. As if right? Know what I mean? No, you prob...

AUDIENCE MEMBER 1: OH FOR THE LOVE OF.... WOULD YOU JUST STOP!

SHY GIRL: WOULD YOU JUST STOP!

The lights come back up on stage to the Shy Girl standing over the Dork's desk. The Dork has a shocked look on her face as if she was surprised the Shy girl could physically speak.

Scene 5:

The Shy Girl is now standing over the Dork with a determined look across her face. The Dork remains seated and is pushed backward as if she is being pushed back by the Shy Girl's stare. Blank returns to her seat and begins to watch the two intently.

SHY GIRL: For starters, Twilight can barely be considered a fantasy fiction film. Not only does

it not perpetuate any of the long-standing traditional views of cult horror or fandom, it does nothing for the current state of vitriol romantic comedies that Hollywood keeps mass-producing as if we aren't catching on to their game! And yes, before you start, I'm aware that it is not a comedy, but it's almost as pathetic enough to be considered laughable by anyone with half a brain! I mean really! You have the flattest character in existence torn between a werewolf, who is a stone cold fox, pardon the pun, or the vampire And who does she choose?! The guy that wants to see her dead! Worse... undead! For centuries! Yeah, that's what we want to teach the young women of the world! Sure, you'll meet the man of your dreams... sorry though, he wants to partially maim you, suck your blood, and turn you into something as close to dead as you can be while still being able to walk around. I mean, you can hardly blame her for considering all of her options, but come on! And yes, before you start, he's not a "werewolf" [*she hand quotes*]. Now Buffy, she's a horror cult icon. Know what I mean? No, you probably don't...

The Dork is frozen in place and looks lost.

DORK: Who's Buffy?

SHY GIRL: Who's Buffy?! Who's Buffy?! [*she cradles her face in her hands as if she can no longer stand to look at the Dork*]

DITZ: I loved Sarah Michelle Gellar in *I Know What You Did Last Summer*.

SHY GIRL: Yes! [*pointing excitedly at the ditz*] Even she gets it!

DORK: So... wait a minute. You're a horror movie fan?

SHY GIRL: Well, yeah... [*returning to acting like her old self*]

DORK: How come you never said anything?

SHY GIRL: As if you could give me a chance... not like you asked or anything.

DORK: This is awesome! OK, top three scream queens?

SHY GIRL: You mean other than 'the' scream queen?

DORK: Obviously...

SHY GIRL: Well, easily...

DITZ: [*screams*] Gah! I can't believe what happened!

DORK: What happened?

DITZ: Do you see this? See that? There's 50 dollars gone [*she holds up her pinky nail to show*]

that it's been broken]

DORK: You know, I could definitely fix that.

DITZ: Serious?

DORK: Yeah, no problem... I do my little sister's nails all the time. She keeps using mom's old Revlon buffer, and I keep telling her Sephora is the only way to go!

DITZ: You use Sephora?

DORK: Duh! You see these bad boys? *[proudly holds up her hand for the Ditz]*

DITZ: Wow... Impressive...

The thug returns through the window with a bang. She falls back into her seat, and if not for the desk, wouldn't be able to hold her head up.

THUG: Wow, she can run.

DITZ: Well serves you right for trying to skip detention.

THUG: Hey! Back off, I got my reasons...

DITZ: Why'd you even come back anyway? You'll just get in more trouble...

THUG: Like I said, I got my reasons...

The Jock climbs through the window and lands on her feet. She seems less winded than the thug. She is met by blank stares from everyone in the room, including the Thug.

JOCK: Where were you? *[pointing at Thug]*

THUG: I had things to take care of, alright...

JOCK: She chased me for three blocks! Then I stopped to have a hot dog...then she chased me for another two blocks! Good cardio...

DORK: Wait a minute... if she was chasing you, then why are you so tired? *[pointing to the thug]*

THUG: I had to get back in a hurry *[she quickly gets up from her desk and walks to the other side of the stage; she drops a piece of paper as she walks away, and the Jock picks it up]*

JOCK: What's this?

THUG: Hey! That's mine! Give it here! *[thug darts for the paper but the jock avoids her and opens the paper to reveal a child's drawing]*

JOCK: You know, I'm not one to poke fun.... But... even I can do a better job than that.

DITZ: *[sighs heavily]* Obviously she didn't draw that *[grabs the piece of paper]* Who's Alex? *The Thug starts to avoid eye contact with everyone in the room and starts shuffling her feet in place. She mumbles something under her breath.*

DITZ: Sorry, what was that?

SHY GIRL: She said, it's her little brother... *[everyone stares at her]* What? I speak "mumble"

JOCK: Awe, really? How cute... So, where did you get this?

THUG: I had to pick him up from daycare...he'd get scared if I wasn't there...

DITZ: That's really sweet.

THUG: Like I said, I got things to do... More important than being locked up in this dump. *[motions to the jock that she wants the picture back. She folds the paper back up and hands it to the thug]*

DORK: Wait, why didn't your mom... *[she's stopped by the jock]*

JOCK: That's really great, isn't it guys?

Everyone nods their head in agreement. The door of the classroom bangs and suddenly everyone's staring intently at the front of the classroom. They are all wide-eyed and stiff in their chairs. The lights dim and the sound of the ticking clock begins to permeate the air again. The school bell rings.

The End