

# Too Much Drama: Volleybully Edition

## Synopsis:

*A bunch of volleyball jocks really push their social standing in the weeks leading up to Provincials. Mackenzie has dealt with their attitudes and antics her entire life, but when one of the jocks cease to serve a purpose, she is quickly taught the truth about her team and how they treat people. In the end a healthier and happier environment is created because of lessons learned and a new found strength.*

## Cast:

Mackenzie – Veronica Flowers

911 Operator – Veronica Flowers

Reagan – Kendra Frieda

Hunter – Denver Edmunds

Dylan – Nicholas Flowers

Darry – Darryl Flowers

Liam – Isaiah Pamak

Marley – Billie-Jean Tuglavina

## Score:

Intro Song – Lady Gaga – Born This Way

Rally Song 1 – AC DC - Thunderstruck (Crookers Remix)

Rally Song 2 – Major Lazer - Light It Up (feat. Nyla & Fuse ODG) [Remix]

Rally Song 3 – Coleman Hell - Fireproof

Final Curtain Song – DJ Khaled - All I Do Is Win - (ft Ludacris, Snoop Dogg, Rick Ross & T-Pain) (6 seconds – 30 seconds)

## Scene 1

**Intro song plays before lights.**

**Lights go up on upstage left. Rally song plays – volleyball court.**

*Volleyball team runs laps – Hunter stops while the rest continue. He watches for a while.*

Hunter: *<commands>* Rally!

*Team complies, they pair up and begin rallying back and forth.*

Marley: *<complains>* Hunter, I want to rally with someone else. Liam sucks!

*<Liam sulks – pouts lip and kicks leg at floor>*

Hunter: Marley, that's not very sportsman-like. Drop and give me 5 push-ups!

Marley: Cripes boy! *<drops to do a push-up, but can seem to succeed>*

Hunter: Ohhh-kay... We'll work on that later. Start serving everyone!

Reagan: Finally! *<she heads to the edge of the court>* Watch your faces everyone – my serves are going to knock you off your feet. *<jump serves>*

Dylan: Not even, I can do better than that, Reagan. *<attempts a jump serve>*

Reagan: My jumps are higher than yours, Dylan!

Dylan: I can hit the ball much harder than you!

Reagan: That's if you hit it at all!

Dylan: *<childish mocking voice>* That's if you hit it at all.

Darry: Uh guys, we're on the same team... we need to get along... Provincials are in a month!

Reagan: Mind your own business, Darry... No one asked you!

Liam: You wouldn't know if you guys were talking to that pathetic nerd – Mackenzie.

*Entire team bursts into laughter*

**Lights go down on upstage left. Rally song ceases.**

## Scene 2:

**Spotlight aimed on downstage right – lockers.**

Mackenzie: I'm 16 years old. I've been dealing with a breed of jock for 4 years – that's a quarter of my life. *<picks at glasses and hair>* This pack of jocks is particularly nasty.

Mom tells me I'm stronger because of it, but I don't feel strong when: they try to shove me into my locker.

*Dylan enters stage right and shoves Mackenzie into the lockers, proceeds to exit stage left*

*<Mackenzie recovers, dusting herself off> when they throw paper scraps at me.*

*Liam enters stage right walking past Mackenzie, he throws a paper airplane in her direction, two crumpled pieces of paper at her, and then blows paper confetti all over her hair*

*<Mackenzie brushes paper out of her hair and fixes her glasses> when they point and laugh – I really don't get what's so...*

*Hunter and Marley enter stage left walking towards Mackenzie, they stop, point, and burst into laughter. They continue to walk on as they talk amongst themselves and exit stage right*

They often try to dump out my school bag

*Darry enters stage right, approaches Mackenzie and grabs her bag shaking it upside down in front of her, everything empties onto the floor. He pushes the empty bag into Mackenzie's arms, then exits stage left in a bit of a jog*

*<Mackenzie bends over to start picking up her things, as Reagan enters stage right> But the worst is when they pretend to like me*

*Reagan bends down to help but then laughs and throws everything in her hands across the stage. She picks up a small fuzzy animal, laughs at it, and then throws it at Mackenzie's head. Reagan exits stage left while laughing to herself*

*<Mackenzie continues to pick up all her things. She gathers it all in a pile> It's never-ending and sometimes I feel like this.... Like it's not worth fighting for anymore.*

**Spotlight dims on downstage right.**

### **Scene 3:**

**Lights go up on centerstage – classroom.**

*All the class has taken their seats. Mackenzie is in the front row, busy doing her work, while the rest of the class are talking amongst themselves; half of them have their feet up on the desk*

Liam: *<jumps up and heads over to Mackenzie> Look at this teacher's pet here... always doing what she's supposed to be doing <grabs Mackenzie's pencil and snaps it in half, before heading back to his seat>*

Hunter: *<from the back of the classroom>* Hey, since she's so good at doing her work... We should get her to do ours as well!

Dylan: Yeah, that's not a bad idea at all. *<walks over to Mackenzie and grabs the front of her shirt>* My marks are rather low and my court time is precious to me, but I need to get my marks up so I can stay on the team. You'll be the one that does my work from now on – or it'll be your fault if I get kicked off the team!

Marley: *<gathers up the teams' homework and forcefully puts it all on Mackenzie's desk>* Get these back to us by Friday morning. Make sure you do your best work... We don't want to look like a bunch of idiots.

Reagan: *<approaches Mackenzie>* Yeah, we have a real shot at taking gold this year... so don't let us down! I want to show everyone what I'm made of!

### **Bell rings**

Darry: Come on guys, we have practice. *<sinks down to Mackenzie's desk height>* See ya loser – I better get the highest mark.

*Jocks exits stage left; Mackenzie stays in her seat.*

**Lights dim on centerstage.**

## **Scene 4:**

**Spotlight aimed at centerstage – Mackenzie's desk.**

Mackenzie: You see how it is for me. They always bulldoze me – both physically and mentally. I'm never quite prepared for what they are going to do or say next.

*<stands up and shuffles all the homework into a pile>*

Look at all this, how is this going to make me stronger – it's not. This is about bettering them, making sure they accomplish their dreams. I'm not able to do this by myself – not the school work, that's easy – but dealing with them and how they make me feel. It's hard. But, I feel if I don't complete this work, things will get even worse for me.

*<pauses to think, then puts the homework in her school bag>*

I can only imagine how Dylan and Marley would react; Total. Freak out... and there's absolutely no point in telling Mr. Putterman about any of this – everyone thinks the teachers and coaches can make it better, but they can't – what could he possibly do to make this right? *<sarcastic voice>* Call their moms?

*<hangs head>*

I wish I could be this strong in front of them – but no, I'm a total mess. I'm completely insecure.

*<fidgets with her hair and glasses>*

I hope someday this will all end, and I'll have something to look forward to.

**Spotlight dims on centerstage.**

## **Scene 5:**

**Lights go up on upstage left. Rally song plays low in the background – volleyball court.**

*Team is practicing hits by the net. Liam sets the ball.*

Darry: Get on it! Use it!

*Dylan approaches net and misses a perfect set*

Hunter: That was a perfect set, Dylan, but you totally messed it up!

Dylan: *<glares>* Shut it, Hunter.

Reagan: Geeze, what's wrong with you today?

Dylan: Nothing... I just don't need you guys *<points angrily>* breathing down my neck.

Marley: Let's get focused, it seems our team is falling apart more and more as Provincials get closer. We need to be on our A-Game.

Hunter: *<sarcastically>* About time you contributed to the team, Marley.

*Marley screws up her face*

Reagan: I want to work on my jump serve now!

Liam: *<walks over to Reagan>* You're always wanting to show off. *<shoves her a little>*

Reagan: That's cause I can *<walks to the end of the court; pulls off a perfect jump serve>*

Darry: You do have to admit – her serves are solid.

Marley: *<mildly jealous>* I wish I could serve like that.

Reagan: Get in line guys, I'll show you how it's done. *<demonstrates each step of a jump serve>*

*Team lines up at back of court*

**Lights dim on upstage left.**

## **Scene 6**

**Spotlight aimed on downstage right – lockers.**

Mackenzie *<looking disheveled and holding a mound of paperwork>* \*YAWNS\* I got it done. I feel like an elephant trampled over me... twice... but I got it all done. They will be top-notch volleyball stars and I will be “that nerd” who always gets bullied around and used. Jocks – One. Kenzie – Zero.

**Spotlight dims on downstage right.**

## **Scene 7**

**Lights go up on upstage left. Rally song plays – volleyball court.**

Dylan: Come on now, let's set around.

Hunter: Hey! I'm the captain, I make the decisions around here! So... everyone... *<pauses, while everyone hangs on his last word>* let's set around

*Dylan rolls his eyes and brushes Hunter off, while the rest of the team stares blankly.*

Reagan: Whatever, guys. Let's get to it.

*Team gets in formation to hit; Liam is setting.*

Marley: You STILL suck at setting. We need a new setter!

Liam: If you think you're SOOOO good, why don't you try setting?

Dylan: You're always complaining about everyone, Marley. You need to get over yourself.

Marley: *<sticks tongue out at Dylan>* Get out of my way then, Liam. I'll show you what a good setter looks like.

*Marley continues to set for the rest of the team.*

Hunter: Alright everybody, 5 laps around the court *<Hunter leads the laps>*

*Everyone starts to jog behind him*

Reagan: Oh my God, why do we have to run so much?

Darry: We're on a volleyball team... Of course we're going to run? It's good practice.

Dylan: Well... *<pants>* we aren't on a cross-country running team are we? We just need to bump the ball and stuff.

Liam: Guys, come on now, we have to learn to hustle.

Hunter: That's right! *<stops running, but beckons everyone else on>* Now... hustle.

Marley: *<panting hard>* What about serving – we all suck at serving!

Reagan: Speak for yourself! I'll kill that ball when Hunter lets us serve!

Dylan: *<stops jogging and bends over to catch his breath>* That must have been 5 laps, right, Hunter?

Hunter: Oh yeah... I guess you can all stop now.

Marley: *<half whispers to Dylan>* Fine specimen - our captain.

Hunter: Drop and give me 5, Marley. Do you think I'm deaf?

Marley: Urgh... Why is it always me doing the pushups? *<drops and attempts a pushup>*

Hunter: Righttttt... you STILL can't do that. *<spins around and looks at the rest of the team>* Alright, let's try our serves.

Marley: *<jumps up from the ground, grabs at a ball, runs to the end of the court, and attempts a jump serve.>* Ahhh! Look, it always goes straight down – never over the net. I just can't serve anymore!

Reagan: *<pushes Marley aside>* Get out of my way, I'm gonna show you how it's done!  
*Everyone stands back to watch Reagan, while talking amongst themselves.*

Reagan: *<begins her jump serve, smashes the ball and lands down on her ankle. A loud snap sounds and a bitter squeal fills the room>* AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.

*Everyone jumps in shock, runs over crowding Reagan. All at once:*

Darry: Are you alright?

Marley: What happened?

Dylan: That sounded bad, are you hurt?

Liam: What happened?

Hunter: Everyone get back, *<tries to clear a circle around Reagan>* give her some space! What's wrong? What happened?

Reagan: *<cries hysterically>* My ankle! It hurts!

Dylan: She's over-exaggerating. Just get up, Reagan!

Marley: Man, she looks like she's in a lot of pain *<pushes Dylan>* back off and let her be, Dylan!

Hunter: Everyone – quit it! We need space! Where does it hurt?

Reagan: *<still crying hysterically>* DON'T TOUCH IT! JUST CALL THE AMBULANCE!

*Darry and Dylan get each other's attention, and take off across stage to exit on the right.*

Darry: What's the number for 911?!?!?

Dylan: We'll figure it out!

**Lights dim low- but not off -on upstage left.**

**Phone Rings**

-Off Stage-

911 Operator: Hello, 911, what is your emergency?

*Dylan and Darry both start to scream at the same time:*

Dylan: She broke her ankle!

Darry: She's hurt, she's completely broken!

Dylan: What are we going to do with her?

911 Operator: Slow down, I need to understand you. What happened?

Dylan: Our teammate just broke her- I mean I'm not doctor, but she definitely hurt herself- doing a jump serve; she's in a lot of pain!

911 Operator: Okay. Where is your teammate currently located?

Dylan: I don't know - we're at the school!

Darry: Nanuk Drive!

911 Operator: Okay, I'm dispatching someone now. They will be there shortly.

Dylan: Please hurry!

**Lights return upstage left.**

*Dylan and Darry return to the group, and everyone helps Reagan up. She hobbles slowly and exits stage left\**

Dylan: The ambulance is on it's way.

**Lights dim upstage left.**

**Flashing Red and White lights. Ambulance siren.**

## **Scene 8**

**Lights go up on downstage right – lockers.**

Mackenzie: Did'ja hear that? Reagan broken her foot – or something like that. I doubt they will win Provincials now.

<smirks>



We all know that I didn't want them to win. I mean they don't deserve to win – they're horrible people.

*<pauses to think as she confidently straightens her hair>*

They are even mean to each other. Worst. Sportsmen. Ever. I thought volleyball was about working together. Truthfully, I don't know how they made Coach's cut, seems the only thing that team can agree on is going out of their way to bully me.

*<pauses to think; she reaches back to get something out of her locker and put it in her school bag>*

I hope they don't even get to go to Provincials now – it would serve them right!

*<her face drops and she hangs her head>*

Oh my, I'm starting to sound like them! Just because I know what this pain feels like, doesn't mean I should inflict it upon others. I'm not a bully – I'm a good person; a caring person; someone who can make a difference.

*<exits stage right with an accomplished look on her face>*

**Lights dim on downstage right.**

## **Scene 9**

**Lights go up on centerstage – classroom.**

*Everyone is sat in their seats; Darry and Liam are flipping bottles; the rest of the jocks aren't doing much; Mackenzie is working hard at her studies*

*Reagan hobbles in, drawing attention with her crutches*

Dylan: Even after 3 weeks, you're still on crutches?

Reagan: I can't help it. I'm resting it as much as I can.

Liam: No you're not, you came to school didn't you?

Reagan: I can't stay home and miss all my classes. Then I'll definitely get kicked off the team.

*Everyone clears their throats*

Marley: Fine I'll say it, who says that we want you on the team anyways?

Darry: Yeah, you're useless to us now.

*Mackenzie turns around with sympathy all over her face, while Reagan slowly starts to do her work and ignore everyone.*

Marley: Without that jump serve you're awful – you couldn't even get to class on time.

Hunter: Be nice, Marley! Reagan's been hurt enough.

### **Bell rings**

*All jocks exit right, except for Reagan and Hunter. Mackenzie stays in her seat.*

Hunter: I'm sorry for their attitudes, but I truly think it would be best for you to step down from the team and let us fill your spot – Provincials are at risk.

Reagan: *<choked up>* What?

Hunter: *<shrugs and walks away>* I'm sorry, but you can't play *<shrugs again as he exits right>*

Reagan: *<sits back down in her seat>* What am I supposed to do now? *<stares off into space>*

*Mackenzie turns around after packing up her bags, looks like she is going to talk to Reagan, but decides to walk on*

*Reagan starts to sob*

**Lights go down on centerstage.**

## **Scene 10**

**Lights go up downstage left – volleyball court.**

*All of the team, besides Reagan, finish their practice.*

Dylan: Seems like something is missing?

Liam & Darry: *<sarcasm>* Reagan.

Marley: We need Reagan on the team. She's the best server on the coast.

Liam: It's been weeks – she should be better.

Dylan: She's almost completely healed. *<everyone looks at him funny>* What? I was talking to her yesterday.

Darry: But we leave in 5 days – she won't have much time to get game ready – what if her serve isn't what is used to be?

Hunter: How can we go crawling back to her, after we were so mean? That injury set us all back. Do we really want to start all over with our training 5 days before we leave?

*Liam and Darry nod*

Dylan: It won't be starting over, it will be regaining our power; it will be a time of rejuvenation.

Hunter: Are you sure we all want to do this?

Liam: I don't think it's a good idea!

Darry: I'm on the fence... If she is game ready, we need her.

Dylan: Guys, we need her... let's at least see how she does in practice.

Hunter: Fine... I suppose that can't hurt.

Marley: We should go get her now! Tell her the good news!

*The team leaves stage left*

**Lights dim on downstage left.**

## **Scene 11**

**Lights go up on downstage right**

*Mackenzie drops her pen next to the lockers.*

*Reagan walks by slowly focused on walking on her ankle, without her crutches. She notices Mackenzie's pen, stops picks it up, and hands it over to Mackenzie.*

Mackenzie: Oh... Thanks?

Reagan: Yeah... I'm trying a new thing ... It's called not treating people like scum.

Mackenzie: *<takes a long pause; looking confused>* Really?

Reagan: Yeah... It was horrible when they kicked me off the team. I felt 3 inches tall – then I realized that's how you must feel when we pick on you.

Mackenzie: Not exactly – but sort of I guess. You were hurt once... but you guys picked on me...

Reagan: *<interrupts>* Everyday... multiple times a day. But I'm not a part of that anymore.

Mackenzie: I want to believe you... but I don't know. This new attitude is rather abrupt – it's because you got kicked off the team – what if you didn't get booted?

Reagan: Well, then I would still be a horrible person – but that's not the case. There's no need to live in the past.

Mackenzie: Does that mean that you don't want back on the team with your "friends"?

Reagan: I want back on the team... I just want to play ball. I don't want to bully anyone anymore, I don't want to be mean, and I certainly don't want to be a part of any of that drama anymore.

Mackenzie: *<stops to think>* Interesting. This is honestly, the longest you've ever talked to me, maybe you are turning over a new leaf.

Reagan: I'm working on it. Promise.

Mackenzie: So what... exactly... do you want?

Reagan: To hang out. To figure out what you are all about. I mean you have a Nintendo shirt... I like Nintendo. Maybe we have more in common?

Mackenzie: *<looks down at her shirt>* Yeah, I do like Nintendo... I don't know if that will make us friends, but it's a start. Let's try this first – Hi, *<reaches out her hand>* my name is Kenzie, what's yours?

Reagan: *<a huge smile forms on her face, as her hand reaches out to shake Mackenzie's>* Hey, my name is Reagan. It's nice to meet you.

*The team enters stage right*

Dylan: Hey Reagan! *<side glances at Mackenzie>*

*The entire team looks at Mackenzie confused*

Hunter: Come over here a bit *<scrunches up his face>* Reagan, I mean.

*Reagan walks back over to Hunter; they talk amongst themselves*

*The team all stays silent staring at Mackenzie awkwardly; Mackenzie attempts to avoid eye contact by picking through her school bag*

*Reagan and Hunter head back to the group*

Hunter: Alright... have a listen you might not like it, but we have to all be on board.

*Everyone looks puzzled and waits to hear what's coming*

Reagan: I have learned a lot these last few weeks. We aren't a team at all – we are always down each other's throats.

Dylan: That's true!

Liam: I resent that!

Marley: Shut up and let Reagan talk.

Reagan: Thanks, Marley... but that's exactly what I mean. "Shut up", "I'm better", "He's awful". It seems like we are always cutting each other down.

Darry: I guess it's just what we got used to.

Reagan: Yeah, well it's not good enough.

Hunter: *<sounding exhausted>* So... tell us your plan.

Reagan: From now on we are going to be friends as well as teammates.

Dylan: Sounds good to me! I've seen what we are without you, and it's not pretty.

Reagan: It's not about who's the best anymore. It's about teamwork and friendship. We will win – if, and only if – we work together.

Liam: But what about your ankle?

Reagan: I'm working on it... give me a chance to explain. So, I'm going to sit out of intense warm-ups with you guys,

*All the jocks try to interrupt:* But

Reagan: Butttt... I'm going to walk around the school with Kenzie, while you all do laps.

Liam: What? Why her?!

Reagan: See, you're still doing it. We need to be NICE! That's to our teammates and to others. Kenzie is not a bad person – so why did we treat her like she was the scum of the earth? If anything she's the only reason we have the grades to go to Provincials; she's just as much of a team player as any of us.

Dylan: But... look at her!

Reagan: You... are currently being a jerk. So, I want you to get this straight – all of you – I'm only coming back to the team IF everyone changes their attitudes.

Dylan: Hmmmm? We need you.

Darry: She has a point though.

Hunter: Okay, so are we in? Are we going to be nice people from now on – so we have a chance at taking Provincials?

Dylan: I'm in.

Marley: Gross.

Darry: I'm in.

Liam: Yeah, I'm in.

Hunter: I want to win, so I'm totally in.

Marley: Fine... I'm in *<looks over at Mackenzie>* I suppose you're smart after all, so I guess you'll be alright to have around.

Mackenzie: Thanks? I Think?

Reagan: *<puts arm around Kenzie>* Everyone's hands in...

*Everyone puts their hands in and pumps:* LCAF! YEAH!

**Lights dim on downstage right.**

## Scene 12

**Lights go up on centerstage - classroom.**

*Team all enter <stage right> with their gold medals around their neck. Liam is polishing his; Dylan has his in his teeth, and the rest are holding them out for everyone to see*

*Mackenzie is pumping pompoms and cheering as the team walks in*

Reagan: Told ya we would win!

Marley: I can't believe we pulled it off!

Dylan: So... that's how a real team plays ball.

Liam: Man, we were so good!

Hunter: We did it! Gold, baby!

Mackenzie: Woohoo! Give me all the details!

*Everyone talks at once:*

Dylan: You should have seen Marley's blocking!

Liam: Hunter is a great captain!

Marley: Reagan's serves were perfect!

Reagan: Liam's sets were on point!

Hunter: Darry was a little covering machine!

Darry: Dylan got the game point!

*Everyone pauses and waits for Mackenzie's response*

Mackenzie: Rightttt... I got all of that...

*Everyone erupts into a fit of laughter*

**Exit song**

**Lights dim.**

# Prop Requirements - ACMS

Black Sheet and Railing System – Two hang two scene backgrounds on.

7 student desk

7 chairs for student desks

Sports net (for our volleyball court scenes) – a badminton net would do I think...