



The
Cheerfully
Geeky,
Dramatically
Bollysh,
Talentless
Talent
Show

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BIG DOG PUBLISHING

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The Cheerfully Geeky, Dramatically Bollysh, Talentless Talent Show

COMEDY. To raise enough money to paint the kiwi-green gymnasium another color, students have organized a school talent show. The contestants include drama kids acting out the death scenes from every Shakespeare play, a math club member playing chess against himself, cheerleaders performing a soliloquy from *Hamlet* as a group cheer, and a talentless student who tries to play the flute, ballet dance, perform rope tricks with a lasso, and disco dance. In the end, this may prove to be the world's first *talentless* talent show!

Performance time: Approximately 30 minutes.

Characters

(4 F, 13 flexible)

ALEX: Talent show director; flexible.

JAMIE: Talent show stage manager; flexible.

LESLIE: Editor of the student newspaper who likes to go undercover and wear disguises; wears a janitor disguise; flexible.

STACI BUFFINGTON: Head cheerleader performing a soliloquy from *Hamlet*; wears a cheerleader uniform with a perky ponytail; female.

CHEERLEADER 2: Overly enthusiastic cheerleader who idolizes Staci; wears a cheerleader uniform; female.

CHEERLEADER 3: Overly enthusiastic cheerleader who idolizes Staci; female.

CHEERLEADER 4: Overly enthusiastic cheerleader who idolizes Staci; flexible.

TALENTLESS STUDENT: Student whose mom wants her to be in extracurricular activities so that she can get into a good college; tries to play the flute, ballet dance, perform rope tricks with a lasso, and disco dance; flexible.

MOM: Talentless Student's stage mother; female.

DRAMA KID 1: Flamboyant member of school drama club who wants to perform the death scenes from every Shakespeare play; flexible.

DRAMA KID 2: Overly hammy member of school drama club who wants to perform the death scenes from every Shakespeare play; flexible.

GEEK 1: Math club leader who recites the periodic table; flexible.

GEEK 2: Math club member who plays chess against himself; flexible.

GEEK 3: Math club member who demonstrates Sir Isaac Newton's law of universal gravitation by jumping up and down; flexible.

MILLICENT/MILTON: Tough kid and leader of the bullies who can sing well; flexible.

BULLY 2: School bully and Millicent's backup singers/dancers; flexible.

BULLY 3: School bully and Millicent's backup singers/dancers; flexible.

Setting

School auditorium or gym.

Set

Theatre stage. There is a table and three chairs SR. The chairs are on one side of the table and are situated so that the actors are facing audience.

Props

Clipboard

Broom

Notepad

Pen

Camera

Flute

10 pompons

Chess set

Ballerina costume, for Talentless Student

Cowboy or cowgirl costume, for Talentless Student

CD player

Pencil

1970s disco outfit, for Talentless Student

Sound Effects

Karaoke version of a popular song

Disco music

"I don't have any talent!
I'm completely talentless!"

—Talentless Student

The Cheerfully Geeky, Dramatically Bollysh, Talentless Talent Show

(AT RISE: Middle school theatre. There is a table and three chairs SR. The chairs are on one side of the table and are situated so that the actors are facing audience. Alex is seated at the table. Jamie enters, carrying a clipboard. Disguised as a janitor, Leslie is sweeping SL.)

JAMIE: Everyone backstage is standing by. Ready to start the talent show auditions, Alex?

ALEX: I guess. Good a time as any. And thanks, Jamie. Frankly, I don't know what I would do without you.

JAMIE: Find another stage manager?

ALEX: No, no, really...I don't think I could do this whole talent show director thing without you.

JAMIE: Sure, you can. Don't worry. Everything will be amazing! Fantastic! Superb! Nothing to worry about!

ALEX: Really? You are not just saying that, are you?

JAMIE: Alex, would I lie to you?

ALEX: Yeah, you are my best friend. And I really want this to be the best talent show in [Verlaine B. Pinkerton Middle School] history. *[Or insert the name of another school.]*

JAMIE: I'm not looking for any Oscars. I just want to raise enough money to paint the school gymnasium something other than kiwi before graduation.

(Leslie crosses to them and pulls out a notepad and pen.)

LESLIE: So that's what this little operation is all about?

JAMIE: Excuse me, but who are you?

LESLIE: Leslie T. Walters, editor of the "[Verlaine B. Pinkerton] Gazette."

JAMIE: Why are you dressed like a janitor?

LESLIE: I'm undercover. Just got done wrapping up a piece about school lunch food. And, believe me, you will think twice before eating the tuna salad again, let me tell you...

JAMIE: Editor of the gazette, huh? Funny, I've never seen you before.

ALEX: Leslie must be new here. *(To Leslie.)* Nice to meet you. Welcome to [Verlaine B. Pinkerton Middle School]. So when did you move here?

LESLIE: Four years ago. In fact, I'm in your second hour, Jamie.

JAMIE: You are?

LESLIE: Yeah, but I'm undercover as a Goth second period. Don't blow my alias. I'm doing an undercover piece about teen counterculture at [Verlaine B. Pinkerton Middle School.]

JAMIE: Right.

LESLIE: Anyway, I'm here for the scoop. What exactly is this talent show? What artistic feats will we see preformed on this very stage a week from now? And don't waste my time with human-interest column garbage about camaraderie and team-building experiences. I run a tight paper. I want the goods. And don't think you can coerce, buy, or bribe me. Leslie B. Walter—as in “Walters” like Barbara Walters, but no relation—eats, drinks, and breathes journalistic integrity. Spill the goods. What do you have planned? My avid readers want to know.

ALEX: Well...er...

LESLIE: Which of you is in charge of this operation, huh?

ALEX: Well...

JAMIE: She is. I mean, Alex is the director. I'm the stage manager. I'm Jamie McCartney—you know, like Paul McCartney.

LESLIE: So...you two related or something?

JAMIE: Well, no.

LESLIE: Why did you even bring up Paul McCartney?

JAMIE: I don't know. I guess I thought that since you brought up the Barbara Walters last name being the same as yours, I might bring up the Paul McCartney's last name being the same as mine.

LESLIE: Yeah, but we're both awesome journalists. Are you from Liverpool?

JAMIE: No.

LESLIE: Are you one of the most awesome singers and songwriters ever?

JAMIE: No, again.

LESLIE: You are nothing like Paul McCartney. And, technically, it's *Sir* Paul McCartney.

ALEX: Well, Jamie is a vegetarian...

(Staci, the head cheerleader, enters.)

STACI: Hello! Excuse me, but Staci—as in the Staci Buffington—over here. Can we start already? Major emergency back here.

JAMIE: What seems to be the problem?

STACI: It's, like, totally dusty and humid backstage and it is so frizzing my hair. I will have my own hair and makeup room for the actual talent show, right?

JAMIE: Yeah, sure you will.

ALEX: She's right. We should get started.

JAMIE: *(Aside.)* Hey, Alex. Are you sure we should let Leslie see the auditions?

ALEX: I thought you said the show would be amazing?

JAMIE: I did.

ALEX: Fantastic? Superb?

JAMIE: That, too.

ALEX: Nothing to worry about. Your words exactly!

JAMIE: Yeah, but that was just to er —

LESLIE: Is there a problem here?

ALEX: Look, we need the publicity.

JAMIE: I'm not so sure if we need *that* kind of publicity.

ALEX: What choice do we have? Bring out the first contestant.

JAMIE: (*Shouts.*) Contestant number one! Enter please!

(*Staci and Cheerleader 2-4 enter.*)

JAMIE: Staci, what are you doing out here again? My list says you are down as number three on the lineup?

CHEERLEADER 2: Clearly some oversight.

CHEERLEADER 3: Yeah, Staci is the head of the cheerleading squad.

ALEX: So?

CHEERLEADER 4: So that totally means she is the most talented person ever! Duh!

ALEX: Really?

CHEERLEADER 1: Well, yeah! Look how perky her ponytail is?

ALEX: And perky ponytails constitute talent?

CHEERLEADER 2: Duh?

LESLIE: Well, this should be interesting...

CHEERLEADER 3: Did that janitor just talk in the presence of our team captain?

CHEERLEADER 4: Yes, way.

STACI: (*To Alex and Jamie.*) Look, little talent-show-running people, can we start already? I have to get to cheerleading practice... (*Puts hand on her hips and flips her hair.*) ...or whatever.

CHEERLEADER 2, 3, 4: (*Put their hands on their hips exactly like Staci and flip their hair.*) Or whatever.

ALEX: Of course. And what exactly is the talent you would like to do for the show?

JAMIE: No, wait! Let me guess...you will be doing a cheer?

CHEERLEADER 3: Whoa, like, how did she know that?

STACI: Actually, we aren't doing just any cheer. I shall be acting!

ALEX: Really?

JAMIE: So you need pompons to act?

STACI: I will be doing a soliloquy from "Hamlet," Act III, by The Bard.

JAMIE: The Bard?

STACI: The Bard, as in Shakespeare! Duh! (*Flips her hair.*)

CHEERLEADER 2, 3, 4: Duh! (*In unison they flip their hair like Staci.*)

JAMIE: (*Surprised.*) You are doing a monologue by Shakespeare?

LESLIE: This should be very interesting...

STACI: (*To Cheer Squad.*) Get into formation, girls! (*Cheer Squad gets into a V-formation with Staci in the center.*) Give me a "to"!

CHEERLEADER 2, 3, 4: "To!"

STACI: Give me a "be"!

CHEERLEADER 2, 3, 4: "Be!"

STACI: Give me a "To be, or not to be"!

CHEERLEADER 2, 3, 4: To be, or not to be!

STACI: Now, why don't all of you repeat after me..."To be or not to be, that is the question!"

CHEERLEADER 2, 3, 4: "To be or not to be, that is the question!"

STACI: "Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer!"

CHEERLEADER 2, 3, 4: "Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer!"

STACI: "The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune!"

CHEERLEADER 2, 3, 4: "The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune!"

STACI: "Or to take arms against a sea of troubles!"

CHEERLEADER 2, 3, 4: "Or to take arms against a sea of troubles!"

STACI: "And, by opposing, end them. To die, to sleep!"

CHEERLEADER 2, 3, 4: "And, by opposing, end them. To die, to sleep!"

STACI: Give me a "D"!

CHEERLEADER 2, 3, 4: "D!"

STACI: Give me an "I"!

CHEERLEADER 2, 3, 4: "I!"

STACI: Give me an "E"!

CHEERLEADER 2, 3, 4: "E!"

STACI: What does that spell?

CHEERLEADER 2, 3, 4: Die!

STACI: "To die, to sleep!"

CHEERLEADER 2, 3, 4: "To die, to sleep!"

STACI: Gooooooooooooo, Shakespeare!

CHEERLEADER 2, 3, 4: Yeah, Hamlet rocks! Go, Shakespeare!

LESLIE: Very interesting... *(Scribbles something in her notebook.)*

JAMIE: *(To Staci.)* Do you have any idea what that monologue is about?

STACI: I totally feel his pain. That's so how I feel when I'm having a bad hair day!

ALEX: Well, that was interesting. We'll contact you next week about starring rehearsals.

CHEERLEADER 2: So we made it?

CHEERLEADER 3: Well, duh, we made it! How could we have not made it with Staci Buffington as our cheer captain?

JAMIE: Great job, cheer squad! *(Aside to Alex.)* So we are not telling them that everyone who auditions is being let in the talent show?

ALEX: Nope. *(To Cheer Squad.)* I have your contact info. You specified that email was the best way to reach you, correct?

STACI: Yeah, I can't really have you guys coming up and talking to me in the halls in front of other people, now can I?

ALEX: I see. So I'll just send you a Facebook message, how is that?

STACI: Yeah, I'm only friends with cool people on Facebook.

JAMIE: *(Aside to Alex.)* So we have to let *everyone* in?

ALEX: Think of kiwi bleachers in our graduation photos...

JAMIE: Right. *(Feigning excitement.)* We'll email you, Staci!
Great job, girls!

STACI: *(To Cheer Squad.)* Come on, gang! To practice!

(Staci and Cheer Squad exit.)

JAMIE: Well, that was something, wasn't it, Leslie?

LESLIE: Yes, that certainly was something.

ALEX: Why don't you bring out the next contestant, Jamie?

JAMIE: *(Calls.)* Contestant number one, we're ready for you!

(Talentless Student enters carrying a flute.)

ALEX: A musician! How wonderful!

TALENTLESS STUDENT: Actually, I don't play the flute.

ALEX: Don't be modest.

TALENTLESS STUDENT: No, really. My mom just says I need to be in extracurricular activities to get into a good college, so I am entering the talent show. Mind if she takes a few photos?

JAMIE: I guess not.

TALENTLESS STUDENT: Thanks. *(Calls.)* Mom?

(Mom enters and takes a few photos of Talentless Student.)

MOM: *(Holding up camera.)* Hold it like you are really playing it, dear. Smile a bit. There, wonderful. *(Takes a picture.)*

JAMIE: *(To Talentless Student.)* But you actually have to perform at the talent show.

TALENTLESS STUDENT: I do?

MOM: Don't think about that now, dear! Wonderful!

JAMIE: *(To Talentless Student.)* Yeah. As in...play that flute in front of the whole school.

[END OF FREEVIEW]