

The Losers' Club

By
Jonathan Turner Smith

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PLAYWRIGHT'S DEDICATION

To the former staff and students of Roosevelt High School, Lubbock, Texas for giving me the best years of my teaching career.

To the RHS Theatre Arts students, who inspired me and brought the characters of "The Losers' Club" so brilliantly to life.

To my parents, whose encouragement and love has guided me throughout my life.

To Dr. Ana Torres, my friend and colleague.

To my nephew, Michael; one of the bravest and finest men I know.

And finally, to my three "original" amigos: Todd, Ben, and Jeff, whose love and friendship have sustained me through the "best and worst of times."

STORY OF THE PLAY

A group of outcast high school students in a small Texas town have formed "The Losers' Club." On homecoming evening, these 12 students kidnap the star football player, Joe Taylor, and homecoming queen nominee, Tawny Harris, who have ignored, bullied, and ridiculed members of the club for years. Lead by Trenton, a 17-year-old Goth, the club members put the condescending Joe and Tawny on trial for "crimes committed against their fellow students." Each member of the "jury" details how he or she has been harassed by Joe, Tawny, and their friends, and how their lives have been affected by the abuse. What is revealed in the testimonies and the result of the trial is a surprise to all.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

8 m, 6 w

CYNTHIA: Very bright, 15 years old.

MOLLIE: Overweight, 16.

CALLI: Shy, 16.

FRANKLIN: Stutters, 16.

LUTHER: Has cerebral palsy which affects his speech and movement, in a wheelchair, 16.

KEVIN: Militant, 17.

JENNIFER: Wears a hearing aid, her speech is a little less distinct than that of a hearing person, 16.

TOBY: Jennifer's best friend, 15.

CALVIN: Computer geek, 15.

POOH: Tackle on the varsity football team, loves to read Shakespeare, 17.

LIZZY: A tomboy, wears a cap, 17.

TRENTON: A Goth, leader of "The Losers' Club," 17.

TAWNY: A homecoming queen nominee, 17.

JOE: Star quarterback, 17.

PLACE: An unused classroom at Clarksville High School in Texas.

TIME: Present day, homecoming evening.

SETTING

The classroom is like any other classroom in any high school in America, except that it is no longer in use. There is a wooden platform stage left. An old wood teacher's desk stands upstage center. An old wooden chair is behind the desk. Two more wooden chairs are sitting randomly in the room. There is a lopsided chalkboard on one wheel propped against the wall stage right. Written on the chalkboard in big, bold letters is "The Losers' Club." Six folding chairs are stacked behind the chalkboard. The room is dark.

The Losers' Club

(AT RISE: CYNTHIA, MOLLIE, CALLI, and CALVIN enter stage right. They all walk carefully, arms outstretched in front of them, as they fumble around in the dark. Cynthia bumps into the chalkboard as she enters.)

CYNTHIA: OW! Dangit! Who has the flashlight?

MOLLIE: I thought you brought it.

CYNTHIA: Calvin, do you have it?

CALVIN: Nope. I thought Mollie was supposed to bring it.

CYNTHIA: Great! This is just great! *(Suddenly stops.)* Hey, where are Toby and Jennifer?

MOLLIE: *(Looks behind her as she speaks.)* I thought they were right in back of me.

CYNTHIA: And where's Luther? Calvin, you were supposed to be helping Luther.

CALVIN: Kevin took him to the bathroom.

CYNTHIA: What? He can't go to the bathroom now! How could you let him go to the bathroom?

(KEVIN and LUTHER enter. LUTHER is in a wheelchair. Kevin is pushing him. Behind them is FRANKLIN.)

KEVIN: Chill, Cynthia. We're right here. Uh...why're we standing in the dark?

CYNTHIA: No one brought the flashlight like they were supposed to and I can't find the dang light switch. It's not by the door like it should be.

LUTHER: I have the flashlight.

(LUTHER turns on a flashlight and unintentionally shines it directly into CYNTHIA's face. His cerebral palsy not only affects his speech, but his hand movements as well.)

CYNTHIA: *(Shields her eyes as the sudden light blinds her.)*
Dangit, Luther! Get that out of my face!

LUTHER: Oh, sorry.

The Losers' Club

-5-

(LUTHER points the light elsewhere and unable to control his movement, he shines it in various people's faces. "Hey" and "Turn it off" are heard as EVERYONE tries to protect their eyes from the light.)

KEVIN: Here, let me have it. *(Takes the flashlight from LUTHER and begins looking for the light switch.)* Why didn't you guys find it when you were scoping out the place today? And where the heck are Toby and Jennifer?

CYNTHIA: Good question.

KEVIN: Found it!

(KEVIN flips on the switch. TOBY and JENNIFER are standing on a table directly behind CYNTHIA. As the light is turned on, groans are heard as eyes adjust to the light. Cynthia turns around, looks up, and sees Toby and Jennifer hovering above her. They both shout, "BOO!" Cynthia and a few others are truly surprised and scream. Toby and Jennifer can hardly stop laughing.)

CYNTHIA: *(Obviously ticked.)* That's not funny!

(EVERYONE is laughing now.)

JENNIFER: We scared you good!

TOBY: Yeah. Thought you were going to wet your pants. Man, we got you good!

CYNTHIA: We don't have time for this. They'll be here in any minute.

CALLI: *(More to herself than anyone in particular.)* I have a bad feeling about this.

CYNTHIA: Too bad. We all agreed – no backing out now.

KEVIN: Forget that. I never agreed. I think this whole thing is stupid. I say we just hang 'em and get it over with.

JENNIFER: Wha'd you say, Kevin?

KEVIN: *(Turns to face JENNIFER.)* I said let's just hang 'em and forget this crap.

JENNIFER: You're really sick, Kevin.

The Losers' Club

-6-

KEVIN: *(Moving closer to JENNIFER.)* Yeah? Wanna give me a sponge bath?

JENNIFER: I'd rather choke on my own vomit.

KEVIN: *(Egging JENNIFER on.)* Yummmm.

CYNTHIA: *(In a louder than normal voice.)* Hey Jen!

(As JENNIFER hears her name, she turns around and sees CYNTHIA signaling to her.)

CYNTHIA: *(Speaking in normal tone.)* Will you and Toby move those two chairs to the front?

LUTHER: Hey, cool. A platform.

CYNTHIA: Yeah. Pretty cool, huh? Set 'em up here.

(JENNIFER and TOBY each move a chair to the platform.)

TOBY: Where will we sit?

MOLLIE: No problem. *(Goes to the wooden chalkboard and pushes/rolls it a few feet stage left. She uncovers 6 folding chairs.)* Kevin, Calli, and I brought these folding chairs over earlier today.

(KEVIN and CALLI go help MOLLIE retrieve the chairs and set them in two rows downstage right.)

JENNIFER: How many?

KEVIN: Six. That's all we could find.

JENNIFER: Six! That's not enough.

KEVIN: Six's fine. Two people can sit on one chair.

JENNIFER: No way. Every jury member is supposed to have their own chair.

KEVIN: Too bad. It's no big deal.

JENNIFER: Is too a big deal. Did you ever see a jury on *Judge Judy* or *The People's Court* sharing a chair?

KEVIN: Uh, no, because they don't have juries on those shows.

JENNIFER: You know what I mean.

CYNTHIA: Would you two knock it off! Come on. We've gotta hurry.

The Losers' Club

-7-

(CALVIN takes out his laptop and sets it up on the old wood desk upstage center. CYNTHIA stops and looks at him.)

CYNTHIA: Calvin, what are you doing?

CALVIN: I'm going to be the stenographer.

TOBY: *(Looks at him.)* The what?

CALVIN: The stenographer. You know. The guy who takes down everything that is said.

JENNIFER: *(Rushes to CALVIN'S side.)* Cool! I want to do that.

(TOBY goes to JENNIFER and taps her on the shoulder. She turns around to look at him.)

TOBY: News flash, Jen. You're practically deaf!

JENNIFER: I am not "practically" deaf. I can hear just fine, thank you.

KEVIN: Yeah, then what's that in your ear?

JENNIFER: *(Touches her ear.)* Oh this? It's an idiot detector and it's pointing straight at you!

(EVERYONE laughs. TOBY crosses to JENNIFER and gives her a high-five sign.)

TOBY: Good one, Jen.

JENNIFER: *(Curtsies and smiles and glares at KEVIN.)*
Thank you.

KEVIN: Whatever.

CYNTHIA: Hey! Where's the gavel? Who was supposed to bring the gavel?

MOLLIE: Not me.

CALLI: Me either.

CALVIN: Wasn't me.

CYNTHIA: Someone was supposed to bring the gavel. For crying out loud! Can't anyone remember to do anything right?

KEVIN: Sheesh, Cynthia. Calm down.

CYNTHIA: How can I calm down when we don't have a gavel? Every courtroom has a gavel.

End of Freeview

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