

NOTES

What is the worst punishment you've ever been given? For Kevin and Will, two high school football players, one would think being benched for three games during the season would be enough; however, the coach has other ideas. This one-act comedy is the perfect performance vehicle for two outgoing actors and may be entered in Duo Interpretation, Duet Acting, or Humorous Interpretation. This play contains several cheers; therefore, it would be ideal, if the two performers are adept at playing physical comedy. When choreographing the cheers found within this play, do not be afraid to seek out assistance from actual cheerleaders or the cheerleading sponsor at your school. The two protagonists should appear a bit awkward during their first cheer practice at the beginning of scene five; however, as the play progresses, the boys' cheers should resemble the sharpness and precision of a polished routine. Also, during the last scene, as Kevin and Will address the student body and confess they have learned their lesson, there should be an element of charm and a strong sense of honesty from both performers. This is a feel-good piece of literature. Play the comedy found within the various scenes; however, make sure to also play the warmth of the final scene. If performed correctly, this selection should have the audience picking up their pom-poms and cheering for the two performers from the beginning to the end!

Scene One: The boys' locker room

Kevin: (*Furious*) I can't believe Coach did that to us!

Will: Yeah, well, you *better* believe it.

Kevin: What was he thinking? What's the big deal? So I yelled from the sidelines. Who cares?

Will: Kevin, the coach was trying to talk to the ref about that bad call, and then you yelled to the cheerleaders, "The ref is already blind. Why don't you girls really help us out by yelling loud enough to make him deaf, too?"

Kevin: So?

Will: The ref called us on bad sportsmanship! Plus, Coach thought you were making fun of the cheerleaders!

Kevin: Three games? We're going to have to sit out *three* games?

Will: It could be worse. Coach could've benched us for the rest of the season.

Kevin: Would it make a difference? The team's so bad this year.

There's no way we can possibly make it to the playoffs. It's the stupid cheerleaders' fault! If they were better cheerleaders, we'd be better players!

Will: Do you even hear yourself?

Kevin: What?

Will: *If they were better cheerleaders, we'd be better players.* That's like saying that if they were better singers, we'd be better musicians.

Kevin: I'd stay in tune!

Will: You're a moron, and it's because of you that I'm in trouble, too!

Kevin: What? You weren't laughing?

Will: Yeah. I laughed. I laugh at lots of stupid stuff. I laugh when I see a baby spit up. I laugh when I hear a fart in study hall. I laugh when someone snorts and milk comes out of his nose. Just because I laughed doesn't mean *I* deserved to get benched!

Kevin: And what did Coach mean when he said, "Sitting out three games will *start* your punishment?" What else do you think he has in mind? Do you think he's going to make us pick up all of the trash left in the stadium after the games?

Will: I don't know, but knowing Coach—it's going to be bad. It's going to be really bad.

Scene Two: The high school commons area

Kevin: We have to be *cheerleaders*? Are you kidding me?

Will: I told you it was going to be bad!

Kevin: We're never going to live this down. We'll have to transfer to another school!

Will: Come on, now. You're acting like we're going to be marked with scarlet letters or something.

Kevin: Yeah! That's exactly what we'll have—scarlet letters. They'll make us wear big letter P's on our shirts!

Will: Well, we are the Panthers.

Kevin: Yeah, but everyone in school will say *our* P's stand for something else!

Will: Like what?

Kevin: Like—Pansies, or Peanuts for Brains, or—Pretty boys, or—

Will: Trust me. No one is going to call you a 'Pretty boy.'

Kevin: They might.

Will: Look, I don't know how to break this to you, but you—you're definitely *not* a 'Pretty boy.'

Kevin: What are you saying?

Will: I'm not trying to hurt your feelings, but you are one of the ugliest guys at school.

Kevin: I'm what?

Will: No offense. But you are nowhere in the same league as say—Brett Farmington.

Kevin: Oh, yeah? What does he have that I don't have?

Will: Well, for starters, a girlfriend.

Kevin: (*Rolling up his sleeves*) You'd better make a correction to that statement or face the consequences!

Will: Ok, a *pretty* girlfriend.

Kevin: Yeah, like you're so hot.

Will: And what's that supposed to mean?

Kevin: Like you have the smoldering eyes of say—Taylor Williams.

Will: (*Hurt*) Yeah, well, they only *look* smoldering, because he wears that black war paint under his eyes—game day or not.

Kevin: Would you listen to us?

Will: What?

Kevin: We're talking about the players like a couple of school girls! We're sounding like cheerleaders already! Coach is diabolical!

Will: You're right. We'd better stick together and get through this punishment before we start painting our nails with pink nail polish!

Kevin: Or blue!

Will: Why blue?

Kevin: (*As if saying 'Duh'*) School colors.

Scene Three: A high school hallway

Will: Okay, according to Coach, we have to do *everything* the cheerleaders do. And believe it or not, the cheerleaders have rules. Coach said if we break *one* rule, then we don't get to come back to the team this year.

Kevin: (*Scoffs*) Rules. How many rules could they possibly have?

Will: Well, let's see. (*Picks up the Cheerleader Manual of Rules and Codes of Behavior*) According to this cheerleading manual, there's a section on grooming. There's a section on conduct. There's a section on—

Kevin: (*Interrupting*) Wait. What does it say about grooming?

Will: (*Reading*) "Panthers may be furry, but Panther Cheerleaders are *not*; therefore, Pantherettes—"

Kevin: Wait a minute! We have to be called Panther-ettes? No guy wants 'ettes' at the end of his name!

Will: What's the big deal?

Kevin: 'ettes' is for girls! We're not girls!

Will: What's your favorite kind of car?

Kevin: A Corvette.

Will: I rest my case. (*Back to the manual*) "—therefore, Pantherettes must shave their legs and underarms for a silky-smooth, sleek