

**SIX
INCHES
ABOVE
THE
KNEE**

A sample from the
full-length play

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PLAY SYNOPSIS:

(In the voice of the play...)

Okay, so, here's the thing, the valedictorian gets to speak, the salutatorian gets to speak, so that leaves exactly, only, *one more* student speaker spot at The Harpeth Valley Preparatory School for Girls 2013 graduation ceremony. And it will be *absolutely* over Mary Elizabeth, Mary Alice, Mary Louise, and M.KAT's *DEAD BODIES* that they miss the chance to finally expose Coach Mag and tell the whole school community what he did to their friend Mary Morgan. It's about time everyone heard *her* side of the story. Revenge is best served in a kilt.

(Traditional Synopsis)

Six Inches Above the Knee is a dark comedy set in the fictional Harpeth Valley High School, an elite preparatory school for girls in Nashville, Tennessee. In the play four friends seek revenge on the high school swim coach, Coach Mag, after he assaults their friend, Mary Morgan, and no one – not the student body, not their parents, and least of all, not the school administration – believes Mary Morgan's side of the story. At first, the girls form a masterful plan to get elected to speak at the 2013 graduation ceremony with the intention of revealing the coach's crime then, but chaos ensues, and murder quickly becomes the only way to ensure Coach Mag can never hurt another Harpeth Valley Honeybee ever again.

CASTING DESCRIPTION:

This play calls for five young women. They do not have to be actual teenagers, but they should be believably 17 -18 years old. The student body of the school this play is based on was (in 2013) 85% white. One of the five girls isn't white. It's likely M.KAT or Mary Elizabeth. It is not Mary Morgan or Mary Louise.

THE GIRLS: (as described by their most frequently circulated rumor...)

MARY ELIZABETH - hasn't gotten more than three hours sleep since the night before Freshman year...total freakin' try hard.

M. KAT - doesn't wear the kilt because she, well - her family can't afford it. So don't like - bring it up.

MARY LOUISE - Was eaten out by Bradley Petrican in the gym supply closet during the last social mixer.

MARY ALICE - Wait? Who's Mary Alice?

MARY MORGAN - on "extended excused leave" but she's not coming back. Not even for Prom. I mean, how could you after something like that?

****ALL OTHER CHARACTERS ARE PLAYED BY THE FIVE WOMEN WHO PLAY THE GIRLS****

OTHER CHARACTERS:

There are **no male actors** in this play but there are three male characters:

- 1. The Dean**
- 2. Director Davis**
- 3. Coach Mag**

The Dean is never seen but is indicated by the sound of heavy footsteps and a looming presence. When The Dean is in the scene, we should know exactly where he is by how The Girls watch/track his precise movements.

Director Davis is always just a voice. It should be recorded by one of the actors. The voice should be emphatic, self-indulgent, but not so over-the-top that it's incapable of being wise. Director Davis spells it T-H-E-A-T-**RE**. "Er" is tragically pedestrian.

And perhaps most difficult, The Girls also play **Coach Mag**. The actors, together, should decide on a unique and precise posture/stance they will assume when playing him. The play should always take its time when making this transition. The scariest thing about Coach Mag is he knows how to create the illusion of safety. And care.

SAMPLE PAGES:

ACT I

SCENE 1: IT'S A GREAT DAY TO BE HARPETH VALLEY HONEYBEE

The sound of 500 girls reciting The Pledge of Allegiance ...

*Lights rise on the auditorium of The **Harpeth Valley School for Girls** in Nashville, Tennessee. Yes, in some ways this is just a school auditorium, but this is a very particular type of school.*

The Harpeth Valley School, since its inception in 1951, has graduated two first ladies, three Nobel peace prize recipients in literature, four Olympic swimmers, five of Hollywood's most distinguished leading ladies, the first six female members of the Tennessee legislature, seven heirs to the pillars of American capitalism, eight of the South's

most sought-after interior designers, and countless doctors, lawyers, professors, educators - pioneers in their field.

Yeah, yeah, sure it started as a finishing school. That still lingers. Like a ghost in the very back balcony row...

But tradition, poise, status, and excellence drip from the auditorium walls. Careful, you might get some on you.

*On the stage of the auditorium stands **MARY ELIZABETH** with a piece of paper in hand. She wears the school's forest green uniform - crisp collared shirt, kilt, blazer, all the way down to a matching green hair ribbon.*

***M.KAT, MARY LOUISE, and MARY ALICE**, also in uniform, stand nearby in the front row.*

All four participate in the pledge until it ends.

MARY ELIZABETH
(Addressing the school)

Good Monday morning, ladies! Isn't today...

ALL
(deadpan)

...a great day to be a Harpeth Valley Honeybee.

MARY ELIZABETH

Morning announcements:

(Refers to her paper)

“The Dean would like me to remind you that cell phones are NOT permitted during the school day. Use of a cell phone in an academic space will, starting *now*, result in immediate confiscation and must be picked up by a parent. The Dean would like us all to take a moment to turn OFF our cell phones and to store them in a non-distracting place such as inside a purse, a backpack, or an after-school sports bag.” Go ahead.

Mary Elizabeth waits for the audience to take the hint.

Meanwhile, Mary Louise whips out a cell phone from her bra. She dials...

MARY ELIZABETH

“...And since the use of cell phones has become so frequent during class time....If a student is found texting in class, this warrants immediate restrictions and two full sessions of Saturday school...”

Mary Elizabeth's knee sock starts to ring. Her eyes widened. She pulls it out.

MARY ELIZABETH

(To Mary Louise)

Knock it off.

MARY LOUISE

Get on with it...

M. KAT

Yeah, wrap this shit up.

MARY ALICE

We need to talk to you. *Now*.

MARY ELIZABETH

Fine. Okay, okay.... Ummm...

(Back to the paper, speeding)

“On behalf of the prom committee we regret to inform you that the prom theme “Studio 54” has been rejected by the Dean, and the Faculty Dance Committee at large. You may recast your ballots today at lunch for either “Hollywood Glamour” or “A Night in Paris.” That’s it. Those are your only options.

(Even faster)

...Okay - ummm ... also today, “Mr. Davis welcomes all to audition for the Spring Play after school. This year they will be doing *King Lear*...”

Mary Alice throws her head back in disgust.

MARY ELIZABETH

...And lastly, whoever’s white Audi S8 is in the faculty parking lot....

M. KAT

(Through a cough)

Lauren...

MARY ELIZABETH

Yeah, okay, Lauren, you need to move it immediately following morning assembly.

Now, my fellow ladies of Harpeth Valley High, I ask that you please rise and join me in reciting our Guiding Principles...

*There is a shift in the room as we enter this ritual.
Everyone can recite this on autopilot.*

The four girls start out participating but never in a way where it takes precedence over their discussion. They talk to each other out the sides of their mouth.

While reciting, Mary Elizabeth inches towards her friends.

ALL

In search of Truth...

Mary Elizabeth takes a big step.

In the name of Tradition...

Another big step.

In pursuit of Life-long Learning...

With this last one, she's by them.

MARY ELIZABETH

What is going on?!

M. KAT

We have a plan.

MARY LOUISE

A good one.

MARY ALICE

To get back at Coach Mag.

All four straighten and recite.

ALL

The Harpeth Valley School is kindergarten through twelfth grade college preparatory, independent school where young women reach their highest potential.

They hover together.

MARY ELIZABETH

Mary Morgan told us to just let it go...

MARY ALICE

You know that's not really what she wants.

Straightening -

The school promotes academic excellence,

M. KAT

We gotta tell the truth. Her truth. What *she* said happened. Just buck up and say it.

Straightening -

And inspires students to be intellectually curious...

MARY ALICE

Justice for Mary Morgan.

MARY ELIZABETH

Revenge for Mary Morgan.

ALL FOUR

REVENGE FOR MARY MORGAN!

All four straighten and recite.

ALL

...through a holistic exploration of the sciences, humanities, and the arts.

M.KAT

But also - like, we're on the way out...

MARY LOUISE

Senior Spring Baby!!

Straightening -

Students are encouraged to...

M.KAT

Like- I'm trying to get.it.done. and move on from here.

MARY LOUISE

Get at me, class of 2-0-1-3!!

use their talents to the fullest,

MARY ALICE

Focus.

MARY LOUISE

Sorry.

To be people of integrity,

M. KAT

And we don't want any problems...

MARY ELIZABETH

Well, we want problems for Coach Mag, but none for us...

To discover their creativity,

M. KAT

Cuz we've got to graduate.

MARY LOUISE

Dear sweet Jesus, please let me graduate.

To be physically fit,

M. KAT

So listen, it's all in the timing...

MARY ELIZABETH

Mary Morgan wouldn't want us all to go down on her behalf.

To think critically,

M. KAT

Right. No. I know. That's not her style, but -

MARY ELIZABETH

If we say something now, we're gonna be neck-deep in it. Y'all know that right?

To lead confidently,

MARY ELIZABETH

Honor Council Review, Disciplinary Review, Temporary suspension...

To live honorably,

MARY ELIZABETH

Privileges restrictions. No way they let us go to Prom.

To enhance their community,

MARY LOUSIE

And we'll be shunned.

ALL

T O T A L L Y shunned!

To be contributors to society,

MARY ALICE

Because everyone ~loves~ Coach Mag...

M. KAT

National Champions the last four years.

MARY LOUISE

And don't you forget it!

To demonstrate humility, poise and respect,

MARY ALICE

"A pillar of this institution's athletic excellence!..."

MARY ELIZABETH

"...Who sets our community standard for sportsmanship!"

To be good citizens,

MARY LOUISE

Loves him so much, no one believes her.

M. KAT

Nobody but us.

All straighten and recite -

ALL

And to leave these hallowed halls with a prevailing devotion to the uplifting of women.

In conclusion, the Alma Mater music cues up.

It's classical and kind of sterile.

Mary Alice breaks away.

MARY ALICE

I say screw it! Let's just do it right now and get it over with!

MARY ELIZABETH

Right now?!

M. Kat holds Mary Alice back.

MARY LOUISE

What is wrong with you?!

MARY ELIZABETH

We only get to do this once. We need *all* the facts.

MARY LOUISE

And the story *real* straight.

*The music plays. They don't participate in the song,
but they take a good hard look at the unseen study body, out towards the audience.*

M.KAT

It's gotta be a mic-drop moment.

MARY ELIZABETH

Meaning?

M. KAT

Meaning...

I wanna do it when they least expect it.

When Coach least expects it.

When The Dean least expects it.

When aaaaalllllllll these girls who prance around preaching sisterhood,
but when push came to shove said

NOTHING

least expect it.

MARY ALICE

(Small)

We also said... nothing.

M.KAT

What did you just say?

MARY ALICE

As it stands now, we've also said nothing.

MARY LOUISE

It's - it's different.

M. KAT

We're *going* to say something.

MARY LOUISE

Yeah, we've been focused on making sure she's okay.

MARY ELIZABETH

Is someone gonna tell me the plan or what?!

M.KAT

Listen, so I think we do it at graduation.
Cap, gown, smiles, tears, photos, wave,
Then BOOM!

Tell everyone what really happened
Because by then, we're in the system as "graduated"
No take backs. No way to stop us.

MARY ELIZABETH

That's... good. Actually.

M.KAT

So here's the thing, there are just two student speakers at graduation.
The Valedictorian gets to speak...

MARY ALICE

Isn't that you?

MARY ELIZABETH

Maybe. It's gonna be close. Fucking ceramics.

MARY LOUISE

She's made like 40 ash trays.

MARY ELIZABETH

They're ramekins. Thank you very much.

M. KAT

But there's only one student-elected speaker...

MARY ELIZABETH

So one of us *has* to get elected.

MARY ALICE

Well, who do you think it should be...?

Quick exchange of glances-

ME, MK, & MA

Mary Louise.

MARY LOUISE

What?! Me? Why me?! Why not Mary Alice?

MARY ALICE

No one will vote for me. Mary Elizabeth?

MARY ELIZABETH

I excel academically, not socially. M.Kat, you want it?

M.KAT

I could get the team vote, but it's not enough.

They join in for the final stanza.

ALL

(singing)

O' Harpeth Valley,

Alma Mater

To thy colors,

True we will be.

The music fades.

M. KAT

That settles it. Mary Louise, get the vote.

And I'll see what I can get outta coach.

See y'all at lunch.

A hastened disperse.

SCENE 2: INGRATEFUL FOX

Mary Alice, alone, practices her audition.

MARY ALICE

Hello!

Hi!

Heyyy, it's me!

No need to introduce myself, right?

A small laugh. Then correcting -

Oh, well, it's me. Mary Alice.

Come on...

SENIOR Drama Club member.

King Lear will actually be my 8th school production.

But who's counting? Hah.

Me! I am!

Assuming I get cast.

Which, um, I am assuming.

Anyways, today I'll be auditioning for the role of Regan in *King Lear*.

Mary Alice takes a big inhale. Stops herself-

Actually, um, before I start, I just wanted to take small moment

To draw attention to my um - previous credits,
As there's been quite a few.
Perhaps you remember me
As "Third Servingman" in *Taming of the Shrew* last spring.
Great role, really. Super grateful.
It's a real testament to an actor's commitment when they can show up for hours
And I mean *hours* of rehearsal
Just to perfect one line.
Remember it? I sure do.
"Amen."

She repeats.

"Amen."
Not too dense.
Not much of an arc there but uh -
Oh, that's not ringing a bell...
Okay, um, well maybe you remember me
As "Baseball Player" in *Our Town* last fall.
Even got to ad-lib a little bit.
I'm not saying I stole the show... per say...
But I do think it adds a missing dimension when someone cries out...
"JESUS, GEORGE! YOU'RE TOO YOUNG FOR THIS! YOU'RE TOTALLY THROWING
YOUR LIFE AWAY AND TURNING YOUR BACK ON US! TURNING YOUR BACK ON
THE BOYS!! WHAT HAVE WE EVER DONE TO YA, GEORGE! HOW CAN YOU JUST
WALK AWAY FROM THE TEAM!!!!"

A pause.

Or uh - maybe you recall my role as
"Owl in the Woods"
In *The Crucible*.
Which I gotta give it to you,
That was particularly creative.
Even ole Arthur himself seemed to overlook
the critical presence of that owl in the cast list.
But all this is not to say that I haven't *enjoyed* these roles.
I have! Very much!
But are you noticing a trend?
I just think it would be swell to get to play a woman this time.
With multiple lines.
And drive
And dimension.
And feelings.
Like rage.
With an agenda
And sex appeal.

Suddenly as Regan-

"Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus?"

*Mary Alice performs donning a sword.
Mary Alice performs killing a servant.
It's elaborate and violent and disturbingly realistic.
Mary Alice watches the servant die. Totally unrushed.
She smiles, enjoying it.
She indicates that the deed is done.*

*She reverts back to Mary Alice.
She bows.*

As you can see, I've learned to express a lot with very few lines.
Thank you for your time.

A shift. The rules change.

*Mary Alice takes the audience in.
She sees us.*

Listen...

It's greedy or whatever, but I want a part. A big, *juicy* part.
And I think I deserve it because
I don't know...because...
I feel like -

She gestures -

Here, this, on stage, is the only place where anyone ever actually looks at me.
I'm very easy to overlook.
I know that. Trust me, I'm aware.
We the people who are easy to overlook...
We know that we are. We sense it.
If you don't know what I'm talking about then -
Congradu-fucking-lations, people look at you.
But me? I'm typical. *Just* typical.
I'm not particularly pretty, or funny, or fast, or smart.
And my tits are like - literally concave.
When I walk around in life
At best I get that little closed mouth smile from strangers.

She smiles the little closed-mouth smile.

No one asks me to dance at the mixers.
Even my mom won't look up from her book, or the TV, or her crossword puzzle when I come in
the door and say hello.
And girls bump into me *all the time* in the halls
And it's just like - sometimes I feel crazy and I just wanna like scream out
CAN ANYONE SEE ME?
LIKE FUCKING FOR REAL CAN ANYONE SEE ME RIGHT NOW?
OR AM I JUST LIKE - THIS BIG FLOATING APPARITION?

A pause. A come down.

I used to cry about it a lot.
To Mary Morgan
The summer after 8th grade.
Everyone has a shitty middle school experience.
That's to be expected.
But I think the people who end up the happiest in life
Start out happy in high school.
I've only got what? Three months of high school left
But I want to be one of those happy people.
And Happy People are *seen*.
But Mary Morgan said...

Mary Morgan appears.

MARY MORGAN

Sounds like a superpower.
That you can see people
Watch them
Without them seeing you.

MARY ALICE

Whatever.
I'd rather have big tits.

[Elsewhere, in private, Mary Morgan struggles to get ready for the day. She selects a simple, everyday task to complete. Like brushing her hair, or something similar. She makes it halfway through the task then loses steam. She stares off. Looking at nothing.]

I haven't seen Mary Morgan in over two weeks.
I think that's the longest we've ever gone.
I don't - I can't - its -
It is hard to comfort the person who always comforts you.

(a pause.)

Mary Morgan was one of those happy, seen people.
And she saw everyone back.
Even me.

SCENE 3 - TEXT APPEAL

M. Kat is now out of uniform and wearing school-issued gym clothes. She's lifting on a platform. It's precise and rigid, but there is something artful to these movements. Almost like a dance.

She starts with a back squat. A weighted bar across her back. Even these weights are branded with small honeybees painted on each plate.

There's a rhythm to the squatting that should complement her text. Lower, Hold - Raise, Hold, - Lower, Hold, - Raise.

She is speaking to us.

M. KAT

Alright look

There are teachers who happen to coach

And coaches that happen to teach.

Coach Mag is the latter.

So they stuck him in U.S History,

Where you just read from the book

It's really not all that hard.

But what is hard

Is to take a teenage girl
and make her a champion.

Because see, it takes a champion to spot a champion.

And Coach Mag made it all the way to Team USA.

He would have gone to Beijing. 2008.

But he choked at the trials

I'm sure it's been a humbling

plummet

to Harpeth Valley Prep

But he doesn't show it.

He does his job.

He pushes the whole team,

in that delicate combo of

encouragement and criticism.

But, like any good coach,

he gives just a little more attention to the few of us

That could actually *be something*.

Win something.

Do. this.

Like Mary Morgan.

For Mary Morgan this wasn't just some space filler on the college app.

She wasn't here just trying to stay fit for Spring Break

This wasn't some anxiety-burner recommended by an overpaid therapist

Or a way to collect a participation trophy.

It's high school, that's all here on the team

But Mary Morgan had the exact recipe of
talent,
decline
self-hatred,
and wanting it bad enough
To put it a championship just within her reach.
And Coach Mag knows exactly what it's like to have victory just within reach.

But carving a champion takes work, right?
More watching. More coaching. More *devotion*.
And at some point, that ceases to be a regular relationship.
It's different.

It has to be.

You don't make a champion with half-your heart.

Champions aren't created by chance.

And once you cross that threshold

where you go beyond

Silly, helpless,

little high school girl to

I can carry this team on my back

Carry this school on my back

Represent this city

This state

Dive into the water and show just how fast

and strong and hard and mean and

FUCKING VICTORIOUS

I can be as a seventeen-year-old girl

Once you get a shot at that,

a *real* shot at that,

you take it.

You revel in it.

You swim in it.

But it can't be done in a regular day.

In a regular semester.

In regular teenage life.

It's a *sacrifice* to be great.

Sacrifices they both made.

The attention starts real small, in small gestures

Head nods when you break your time.

A smile when your head pops out the water.

Just these small, micro-moments,

Never over-acknowledging that you're

doing well.

Above average.

Exceptional.

Bursting with potential that needs to be harnessed.

But then, Coach starts texting you.

Reminders.

What to eat.

Motivation the night before the meet.

Tells you to keep going.

Clear your head.

Clarifies what he meant, why when he yelled at you.

Says he's sorry, he lost his cool.

But he wants you to be great.

He *knows* you can be great.

And champions don't have time

for silly things like prom

And boys

And why were you off today

What's going on with you this week?

Do you really want this?

Or are you just wasting his time?

I'm not.

I'm NOT.

I want this.

I need this.

Meet in the morning

My head's on straight.

I'm sorry.

I want to be pushed.

Please push me

so that I don't fail.

This is my ticket out of here.

If I just push a little harder,

I'll get out of here.

You are my ticket outta here.

M. KAT'S phone rings. She re-racks her bar, wipes her sweat on her shirt and answers the phone.

M. KAT

Hey Coach.

...

I'm in the weight room.

...

80. You said ease up.

...

Yeah. Okay.

See you.

SCENE 4 - BEAUTY IS THE EYE OF MY HATERS

Mary Elizabeth and Mary Louise are in the art room, each behind a potter's wheel.

Mary Louise enjoys making her clay as tall and then as short as it possibly can be.

Mary Elizabeth makes...an uh...ramekin?

MARY ELIZABETH

Why not? It's essentially a popularity contest.

MARY LOUISE

That's *exactly* why it shouldn't be me. The other girls hate me.

MARY ELIZABETH

That's all in your head.

Mary Louise stands speaking to a classroom of girls we don't see.

MARY LOUISE

Excuse me, fellow second-period ceramicists, does anyone have a moment to review the lip technique with me?

She pauses. Nothing. Mary Louise sits back down. Case in point.

MARY ELIZABETH

Well, it's apparent you do not care, even slightly, about learning lip technique.

MARY LOUISE

No, it's a jealousy thing.

MARY ELIZABETH

Jealous of...?

MARY LOUISE

Do I even have to say it?

Really?

Oh, *come onnnn*.

They're jealous because I've had sex.

MARY ELIZABETH

Shh, lower your voice...why do you always have to bring up-

MARY LOUISE

Why? Because I said 'Sex'?
It's not like a bad word?
SEX
SEX! SEX!

MARY ELIZABETH

You don't have to-
Yes, but -
Stop it.
STOP SHOUTING SEX!

MARY ELIZABETH

Okay, got it! You made your point!

MARY LOUISE

I refuse to be afraid of sex. You know what happens to girls who are afraid of sex? They go to college, and they don't know what they're doing, so they aren't in control. My sister says she sees it aaaalllll the time on her hallway at Auburn.

MARY ELIZABETH

They have sex in the hallways?!

MARY LOUISE

Probably. College is a total sex free-for-all. Kate did it in a lecture hall once.

MARY ELIZABETH

She did *not*.

MARY LOUISE

Yeah. She did. She said it was awesome. But she said most girls are having *terrible* sex. *Especially* the ones who come from all-girl schools. But that won't be me. I'm practicing now. So I'm in control. Knowledge is power, ya know?

MARY ELIZABETH

Well, we all have to have hobbies.

MARY LOUISE

But, literally no one is going to vote for the girl who *actually* got with the guy they've been pining for in their diary.

MARY ELIZABETH

It is a bit of a PR issue.

MARY LOUISE

I know.

MARY ELIZABETH

Well, it's nothing that can't be solved. Politics is all image. You need a big gesture! Something to win people over. Then, people will vote for you.

MARY LOUISE

Like what? Bake a bunch of cupcakes?

MARY ELIZABETH

A cupcake is nice for like-30 seconds, then no one cares.

MARY LOUISE

What if I put like - hair products in all gym showers...?

MARY ELIZABETH

Considerate but not satisfying enough. Think bigger. Something *everyone* wants.

MARY LOUISE

I could...I could throw the Prom after party! My parents have to go visit Kate that weekend anyways so -

MARY ELIZABETH

Wait, that's actually perfect! Everyone *loves* whoever takes one for the team and throws the after-party!

(Light bulb!)

Oh my God wait - It could be Studio 54 themed! The after party!

MARY LOUISE

That is so good!

MARY ELIZABETH

So. Good! And then, it's like, you are *literally* giving people what they want.

MARY LOUISE

And then, at the party, I'll be like, 'heyyyyy, yeah aren't we all having a good time tonight? Yes, of course we are! Show your gratitude by voting for me, Mary Louise, as class speaker!'

MARY ELIZABETH

You need to announce the party soon. Real soon. Before anyone else claims it.

Mary Louise jumps up. She claps a few times.

MARY LOUISE

Hey! Hey!
Look here!
Big announcement.
Today.
About prom. So...
Don't skip lunch.

See y'all in the Dining Hall.
Tell your friends.

Mary Louise rushes away, beckoning for Mary Elizabeth to follow.

Mary Elizabeth reluctantly abandons her work.

They exit.

SCENE 5 - LADIES WHO LUNCH

At a lunch table, M. KAT hovers over a tray, funneling food into her mouth.

MARY ALICE nibbles a cookie while engrossed in a copy of King Lear.

A brief, calm moment before...is that the sound of disco music approaching?!

MARY LOUISE and MARY ELIZABETH saunter into the lunchroom. Mary Louise holds a speaker which blasts something like "Le Freak" by CHIC. They're certainly making an entrance...

MARY LOUISE

LISTEN UP LADIES!!!

MARY LOUISE approaches M.KAT and Mary Alice's table.

MARY ELIZABETH stands across in the corner.

MARY LOUISE

Hi.

MARY ALICE

Hello...?

M. KAT

What's with the -

Mary Louise climbs on top of the lunch table.

What are you...? -

MARY LOUISE

Getting elected Class Speaker.
Revenge for Mary Morgan.

M. KAT & MARY ALICE

Revenge for Mary Morgan!

Mary Louise and M. Kat high-five twice.

Mary Louise stands dead center on top of the table.

MARY LOUISE
(Calling while dancing)

MARY ELIZABETH!
THE LIGHTS, PLEASE!

Mary Elizabeth hits the lights. They dim and somehow a disco ball starts spinning and glimmering over the lunchroom.

Mary Alice, overtaken by the power of song and the potential to perform, starts dancing along.

M.Kat joins. Out of camaraderie.

MARY LOUISE
(Dancing while announcing)

HAVE YOU HEARD HONEYBEES?!
THAT'S RIGHT? IT'S ME,
THE HOT GIRL YOU LOVE TO HATE,
MARY LOUISE!
AND I THINK WE NEED TO JUST TAKE A MOMENT
TO ACKNOWLEDGE THAT *DEMOCRACY*
YES *DEMOCRACY*,
THE FREE-DOM-TO-CHOOSE,
WAS JUST *RIPPED* FROM OUR HANDS!!!

Some claps and woos and grunts of agreement ring out.

I MEAN **COME ON??**
THE GIRLS HAVE SPOKEN!
WE SAID WHAT WE WANTED?
AND WE WERE **VERY CLEAR!**
SOME MIGHT EVEN SAY THAT WE...
"Thought Critically"

THAT WE “*Lead Confidently*”

Mild cheering.

AND IN THE NAME OF

“*Living Honorably*”

I’M HERE TO GIVE THE GIRLS WHAT THEY WANT!!!

More cheering!

THAT’S RIGHT!

MARY LOUISE IS

AT YOUR SERVICE

AS I HAVE STEPPED UP

TO THROW OUR PROM AFTER-PARTY THIS YEAR!

STUDIO 54 THEMED AND ALL!!!

Sincere cheers crescendo!

AND IT’S GOING TO BE

NOT ONLY

THE *BEST* PARTY

YOU’VE EVER BEEN TO

BUT THE BEST NIGHT

OF OUR ENTIRE LIVES!!!

Murmurs and cheers.

The cheering ERUPTS!!!

*ML, MA, ME & M.KAT take a moment to dance
with more passion, intention, and vigor!*

MY HOUSE.

AFTER PROM.

2222 PAIGE ROAD

RIGHT CROSS FROM ST. GEORGE’S EPISCOPAL

BUT DO **NOT** PARK THERE!!!

THEY GET SUPER PISSED

ALL ARE WELCOME!

BRING YOUR DATES!

AND A SEXY DISCO OUTFIT

FOR AN ON-THEME NIGHT OF

DANCING

DRINKING

AND DRUGS!!

Mary Elizabeth makes a condemning hand gesture.

Kidding!

Relax. Just Kidding!

About the drugs.
Or...am...I....?!?
CARPOOLING ENCOURAGED, MY GALS!

Mary Elizabeth gestures wildly. She mouths "The Dean." several times.

AND UH...
JUST REMEMBER WHO CAME THROUGH FOR Y'ALL
WHEN IT'S TIME TO VOTE FOR CLASS SPEAKER.
What?
Mary Elizabeth - I can't tell-
What are you saying?!?

MARY ELIZABETH

THE DEAN! THE DEAN IS COMING!

MARY LOUISE

Oh shit.
Shit! Shit!

*Mary Elizabeth quickly turns the lights back to normal.
They cut the music.*

MARY LOUISE
(While climbing down)

See all y'all there!!

All four freeze in a casual lunch eating tableau.

*Their eyes carefully follow an unseen Dean's pathway
through the lunchroom. Their gaze is uniform as he **steps,
steps, steps...***

He passes by their table. They hold their breath...

Their eyes watch as he leaves.

Step, step, step, step.

Whew. He's gone. They all relax.

END OF SAMPLE PAGES (SCENE 5 CONTINUES...)