

## Should I Go to the Prep?

Night of Scenes 2017

### Character List:

The Eighth Grader — J.M. '20

Wears a Prep sweatshirt his dad forced him to wear

Innocent, confused

The Eighth Grader's Dad — B.S. '17

Prep alum

Business casual

Has extreme Prep pride, goofy

The Guide (aka Reverend Felix Barbelin) — J.C. '19

Wears a priest's outfit

Omnipotent but silly

The Freshman — A.M. '20

Prep uniform

Wears black/blue blazer, tan khakis, white shirt, red tie

Optimistic, naive, happy, loyal

The Sophomore — E.S. '19

Prep uniform but mostly all black

Huge backpack

Pessimistic, depressed, angry, cynical

The Junior — S.D. '18

Prep uniform

Wears unkempt, unmatching clothes and a variety of buttons representing various clubs

Impatient, aloof, exhausted, determined, college-focused

The Senior — Daniel Leonard '17

Prep uniform, but stylish

Black tie, senior sweater, non-dress shoes, ID in pocket

Cool, realistic, relaxed

The "Girl" (aka Tabitha) — K.G. '20

Wears a fake wig and a dress

Does a poor imitation of a girl

The Alumnus — J.R. '20

Wears a suit

Reflective, wise, self-assured

*\*SCENE BEGINS with the Eighth Grader sitting in his room, at his desk. His desk is covered in test prep books, and there are more stacked under his desk. His dad knocks on the door.*

**DAD:** Knock knock! Hey son, how are you doing? Studying hard for the Prep entrance exam tomorrow?

**EIGHTH GRADER:** Oh, hey dad. Yeah, I just finished reading the third test prep book you gave me. That means I only have (*counting the books*)... six more to go.

**DAD:** I just want you to be well prepared, son. We don't want you ending up at La Salle, do we? (*Laughs heartily at his own bad joke.*) In all seriousness, my four years at the Prep were the best years of my life. And look what I have for you! (*Holds up a Prep sweatshirt.*)

**EIGHTH GRADER:** Oh great, another Prep sweatshirt.

*\*The Dad forcefully puts the sweatshirt onto the Eighth Grader. The Eighth Grader is already wearing a Prep sweatshirt that fits him. The new one is many sizes too large.*

**DAD** (*almost tearfully*): You look great, son. Now get back to studying! The Prep awaits!

*\*The Dad exits, singing the Prep fight song. The Eighth Grader sighs loudly and puts his head on his desk. The Guide emerges from the shadows.*

**GUIDE:** What seems to be the problem here?

**EIGHTH GRADER:** Woah, who are you?

**GUIDE** (*proudly*): I'm Reverend Felix Barbelin, one of the founders of the Prep.

**EIGHTH GRADER:** You don't look like a Reverend...

**GUIDE:** You know, a wise man once said that what is on the outside is nothing — it is by observing a man's walk that we can discern the true contents of his pockets, and hold witness to what is lacking in his soul.

**EIGHTH GRADER:** Woah... what does that mean?

**GUIDE:** No idea. I read it on MotivationalMemes.com and it sounded cool. Anyway, I can sense that you're not sure the Prep is the best place for you.

**EIGHTH GRADER:** Yeah. My dad really wants me to go. It seems like a good school, but I hear it's really hard. And no girls? That sucks.

**GUIDE:** On the bright side, it's not like you get any girls now. But my child, if you want to know if the Prep is right for you, follow me. I want you to meet a few people.

*\*The Freshman walks on stage*

**FRESHMAN** (*warmly*): Hi!

**EIGHTH GRADER** (*startled*): Woah, who are you?

**FRESHMAN:** I'm you! In your Freshman year.

**EIGHTH GRADER:** Oh! So you can help me figure out if I should go to the Prep. Do you like it there?

**FRESHMAN:** I love it! It's a bit of an adjustment at first, but I couldn't picture a better school for me. For you! For US! The classes challenge you to think deeply, and the teachers are kind and supportive.

**EIGHTH GRADER:** Wow. Is it really that great?

**FRESHMAN:** Yeah! In fact, I would say that the Prep is the best Jesuit-run secondary school in the entire tri-state area.

*\*The Sophomore emerges from the shadows.*

**SOPHOMORE** (*carrying a massive backpack*): Save that BS for the open house.

**EIGHTH GRADER:** Who are you?

**SOPHOMORE:** I'm you. In your sophomore year.

**EIGHTH GRADER:** You look horrible, and your outfit... are you going to a funeral?

**SOPHOMORE:** In a way...

**EIGHTH GRADER:** Who died?

**SOPHOMORE:** Your dreams.

**FRESHMAN:** That's a bit dramatic. I doubt Sophomore year can be THAT bad.

**SOPHOMORE:** Oh, it is. Be prepared to get lower grades despite putting in more effort. Not to mention less sleep, more anxiety, and, somehow, even less of a social life than you have now. Who knew that was possible?

**EIGHTH GRADER:** Sounds horrible. I never knew the Prep could be like that...

**SOPHOMORE:** Well, it is. And, you know what they say, when you're on the brink of a mental breakdown, all it takes is a push (*pronounced like "APUSH"*).

*\*The Junior emerges from the shadows.*

**JUNIOR:** Sophomore year can be rough, but don't worry, you survive.

**EIGHTH GRADER:** And who are you?

**JUNIOR:** I'm you! In your junior year.

**EIGHTH GRADER:** Well... (*noticing the Junior's disheveled clothes*), you certainly look... happier than Sophomore me.

**JUNIOR:** Well, kinda. It's not so much that I'm happier, it's just that I've learned to mask my stress and anxiety under multiple layers of ironic self-deprecation. (*Jokingly*) Cause I'm worthless! Plus, I discovered how to distract myself from my responsibilities. Do you want to know the secret?

**EIGHTH GRADER:** Yeah.

**JUNIOR:** Create new responsibilities! For example (*gesturing to his many buttons*), I'm currently a representative on the student council, an intern in Mayor Kenney's office, co-captain of the anime club, Vice President of the full-contact foosball society, headmaster of Matt Miller's

mathletes, founder of the Cake Boss binge-watching club, and editor of the LaSalle Wikipedia page.

**EIGHTH GRADER:** Wow... sounds stressful, but at least you're involved. Do you enjoy all those clubs?

**JUNIOR** (*with a crazy smile*): Of course not!

**EIGHTH GRADER:** Then... why do them?

**JUNIOR:** It's all about college admittance, baby.

*\*The Senior struts on stage.*

**SENIOR:** Not true!

**EIGHTH GRADER:** And who are you?

**SENIOR** (*sarcastically*): You're not good at pattern recognition, are you?

**JUNIOR** (*slapping the Eighth Grader on the back of the head*): This is why we missed a question on the SAT!

**EIGHTH GRADER:** Ah, you must be Senior me! You look shorter than I expected...

**SENIOR:** Very funny. You can blame the Sophomore for that one. Doctors say that massive backpack compressed my spine by five to seven inches.

**JUNIOR** (*walking in circles around the Senior*): It's so exciting to meet Senior me. You have to tell me everything. How do I do on the AP exams this year? Do I get all fives? I hope so. And did you get into a college yet or are you still waiting to hear back? How many did you apply to? ED or EA? Or both? Or neither?

**SENIOR:** Chill dude, I can only answer one question at a time.

**JUNIOR:** OK, sorry. One question... um... Oh! How did we do in the student council elections at the end of the year? We won, right?

**SENIOR:** Well, no...

**JUNIOR** (*shocked and dismayed*): No!?! Wow... Well, I guess Vice President will have to do.

**SENIOR**: Actually I, uh, lost in the primaries.

*\*The Junior falls to the floor.*

**SENIOR**: Well, the good news is that no student council means more free time to do fun stuff — like writing this scene!

**FRESHMAN**: Oh, so you're the author? (*Breaking character*) Not to be rude or anything, but couldn't you have included some female roles? I kinda only signed up for Night of Scenes to meet girls.

*\*Everyone on stage nods their heads, saying "Yeah, me too" and "Where are the girls?" The Eighth Grader's dad re-enters, now as Brian the Prep senior, and says:*

**BRIAN**: Where are the chicas, homie?

**JUNIOR**: I'm only doing this for college. But, girls are a bonus...

**EIGHTH GRADER** (*to Junior*): Wait, you still don't have a girlfriend?

**SENIOR**: So you desperate losers want a girl, huh? Fine! Come on out, Tabitha.

*\*The "Girl" comes on stage — a Prep student in a wig.*

**SENIOR**: There, there's your girl.

**"GIRL"** (*flirty*): Hi, boys.

**SOPHOMORE**: I don't find this funny.

**SENIOR**: Yeah, but you don't find anything funny.

**SOPHOMORE**: I do too.

**SENIOR**: Oh yeah? Tell me, when was the last time you had actual fun?

**SOPHOMORE**: Easy. Just last week Charles and I had a competition to see who could finish calculus homework the fastest.

**SENIOR:** No, no, no. I'm talking unplanned, non-school related, genuine fun.

**SOPHOMORE:** Well...

**SENIOR:** You see? You guys probably think that high school is a place to put your life on hold, right?

**“GIRL”** (*in a serious tone*): Yeah, I'm just trudging through life, struggling to get out of bed every day, but hoping life might one day get better. (*Girly giggle.*)

**SOPHOMORE** (*amazed that someone else feels the same way*): Me too...

**SENIOR:** ...But that's the thing! You can make life better for yourself NOW. You don't have to wait. Do something spontaneous: talk to that girl on the subway, write “69” as the answer to every problem on your next math test (*the “Girl” giggles*), go to a — non-existent — social event in Fairmount park (*Freshman is confused*).

**FRESHMAN:** What?

**ALL:** Shhh, shhh.

**“GIRL”:** He's so cute!

**SENIOR:** Just don't spend all your time sitting at home doing work. *Sigh.* Look. I'm thankful for all that you guys have done. Your hard work got me into a great college —

**JUNIOR** (*interrupting*): Ooh, where? Was it Harvard?

**SENIOR:** You're missing the point! You can't spend these four years waiting for the next four to start. You're alive now, and you need to act like it. Keep working hard, but take a break every now and then. Live a little. (*To the Junior*) Stick to the clubs you enjoy, not ones that'll impress colleges. (*To the Sophomore*) Understand that there's more to life than schoolwork. (*To the Freshman*) Know that these next four years can be horrible, but they can also be wonderful. It's all up to you. Now come on guys, let's go out and have some fun.

*\*The Senior begins to lead the Eighth Grader, the Freshman, the Junior offstage.*

**SOPHOMORE:** Nah, I have to finish my APUSH study guides.

**“GIRL”:** Me too (*looking longingly into his eyes*).

*\*The Sophomore and the Girl walk off romantically. The Freshman, Junior, and Senior also exit.*

**GUIDE** (*holding the Eighth Grader back*): Not so fast, my child. An ancient Jesuit proverb states that rushing into something is like a swan stealing a stone from a Minnesota stream — bad. Our journey is almost finished, but not yet. There is someone else you should meet.

*\*The Alumnus walks on stage and sits on a bench facing away from the Guide and the Eighth Grader. He begins shuffling through some papers from his briefcase.*

**EIGHTH GRADER:** Now I’m really confused. Who is that?

**GUIDE:** You, exactly 10 years after graduation. Go talk to him.

*\*The Eighth Grader sits next to the Alumnus on the bench*

**EIGHTH GRADER:** Hello.

**ALUMNUS:** Ah, it’s you. I’ve been waiting for you to show up. I remember when that old guy (*pointing to the Guide*) took me on the same trip when I was your age. I guess you must’ve just met the high school versions of us. What did you think of them?

**EIGHTH GRADER:** They’re certainly an... interesting group of guys.

**ALUMNUS:** I’ll say. The Prep was a crazy experience. It definitely had its ups and downs. But I’m glad I went. It prepared me for the craziness of life later on. Plus, I met tons of awesome guys who I still consider my brothers today. The Prep is an experience you’ll never forget.

**EIGHTH GRADER:** And what do you do for a living now?

**ALUMNUS:** Well, President Kanye appointed me to be the secretary of dope rhymes, which...

**GUIDE** (*cutting off the Alumnus*): Time to go, my child.

*\*The Guide leads the Eighth Grader back to his desk, while the Alumnus sneaks off stage.*

**GUIDE:** I hope you have benefitted from seeing your life as a Prep student. But none of this is set in stone. You still have the power to select your path. Choose wisely.



*\*The Guide exits.*

**DAD** (from offstage): Son, come down and show your mom your new sweatshirt!

**EIGHTH GRADER:** Coming!

*\*The Eighth Grader looks down at his sweatshirt and smiles. He walks offstage, humming the Prep fight song. The lights fade to black.*

***END SCENE***