

Christopher Veach

Title: Dance! Dance! Disco Revenge!

CAST

MAYA 17 years old. Pretty and stylish, she often tries too hard to impress.

SANDY 17 years old. Head cheerleader. She is the epitome of the high school heroine.

BRYAN 18 years old. Sandy's Boyfriend.

GEORGIE 17 year old girl. Wears glasses, somewhat shy.

BESS 18 years old. Loves dances and partying.

Scene 1

SETTING: The gymnasium of Lovedale High school. It is in the
midst of setting up for a school dance and party
supplies are scattered.

AT RISE: It is after school. Maya is looking through the dance
supplies while Sandy looks toward the door waiting
for someone.

SANDY
(cheerfully)

Where is he? Is he still at practice? (exuberantly) Oh! Can you believe it? Me, on the dance committee! I'm going to make this dance the best ever! It will be our special night...

MAYA
(interested)

Whose special night? I didn't know you were dating anyone...

SANDY

(hesitantly)

I asked him out last week... I--I've been dating Bryan Br-

MAYA

(cuts her off, shocked)

Oh My GOD!

SANDY

(innocently)

Where is the rest of the committee? It isn't just us two, is it?

MAYA

I can't believe you would do this to me! When did you start dating Bryan? He was going to ask me to the dance!

SANDY

I never knew you even liked him!

MAYA

When did you become such a backstabber! I thought you were my friend!

SANDY

I can't believe this. You're crazy--completely, utterly crazy.

MAYA

(gets right into SANDY's face)

At least I'm not a backstabbing bitch.

(Maya pokes Sandy in the chest.

SANDY backs away a little frightened.)

SANDY

I'm like sorry you thought I stole him but he totally was into me. What did you want me to do? Not ask him?

MAYA

(mimicking)

"Not ask him?" No! I wanted you to go down on him in the janitor's closet! Of course I wanted you to not ask him you ho-bag!

(MAYA steps toward Sandy as Sandy steps away from MAYA, MAYA steps left

and SANDY then steps right, MAYA goes the opposite direction and SANDY moves left matching MAYA's every move)

SANDY

(speaking slowly)

Just calm down Maya, we have to plan a romantic dance. Besides, the other committee members will be here soon.

(SANDY laughs nervously)

GEORGIE

(offstage)

Hello? Hello? Is this where the dance meeting is?

SANDY

YES! Yes, It's in here!

(GEORGIE enters from the right she is holding a clipboard and has a pencil behind her ear)

GEORGIE

(nervous, stuttering a little)

I am sorry I'm late. I thought it was in Mr. Drew's class at first so I waited there first, just for a little while...

SANDY

(glancing at MAYA)

That's okay GEORGIE! WE are just SO glad you are here, now.

MAYA

(sarcastically)

We just want to make this dance the best dance ever!

SANDY

Right! So first let's pick the theme of our dance! I think we should call it, Night of Romance!

GEORGIE

(jotting it down on clipboard)

Okay, That sounds great.

MAYA

I have a better idea! Why don't we have an all girls dance! We can call it, Girlfriends: a Night When Girls Don't Betray Each Other!

GEORGIE

(jotting it down)

Uhhh... Okay! That sounds good too.

(smiles weakly at MAYA)

SANDY

That's a silly idea! What would the guys do all night? They wouldn't want to miss the dance. I think we should call it Oh! Starry Night! We could paint stars on the ceiling of the gym and have a romantic band playing...

(SANDY trails off dreamily)

GEORGIE

That sounds romantic but, but can we really paint on the ceiling?

MAYA

If it's a theme dance you want... (glares at SANDY) We could have a hell theme! The guys could dress up like devils with little horns and everything! There could have a river of lava and an incinerator where all the wicked sluts would be punished!

GEORGIE

Uhh... (hesitates)

SANDY

How about we have a sixties dance! We could all dress up in retro clothes! WE could sing songs and love each other. Because you know, the sixties was the time of looove.

GEORGIE

(meekly)

Uhm. That sounds—

MAYA

(cuts GEORGIE off)

That's a great idea! We could cover the floor with an orange shag rug and to make it more authentic everyone who wanted to get into the dance wouldn't be allowed to take a bath for the whole week before the dance or use any deodorant. (Glaring at Sandy and raising her voice) The sixties didn't believe in

personal hygiene! It would be swank, or whatever they used to say!

SANDY
(shouting)
We'll call it "Lovely Night in Paris!"

MAYA
(shouting back)
How about Mud Wrestling!

SANDY
(steps towards MAYA)
A Masquerade ball!

MAYA
(steps toward SANDY)
TV with ESPN for the guys!

SANDY
The Tunnel of love!

MAYA
Parent's night! Bring your parents!!

(SANDY and MAYA are right in each other's face by now)

SANDY
A Night of Romance!

MAYA
You already said that!

SANDY
(squeakily)
Damn it!

GEORGIE
(looking at clipboard)
Uhhh... could you repeat the third one please I didn't get it down.

SANDY and MAYA together
SHUT UP GEORGIE!

GEORGIE

(squeaks)

Eep! (GEORGIE exits hurriedly)

Scene 2

MAYA

(dangerously)

What's wrong Sandy, you seem a little edgy. Planning the perfect night isn't as easy as it sounds, is it!

MAYA

(unmoved)

If someone's gonna quit the dance committee it isn't going to be me. You don't want a night everyone can enjoy, you want the perfect night for you and him! I don't think you should have that!

MAYA

(angry)

I'll give you a big fat honkin' blip! YOU saw the way he looks at me! If you hadn't gotten in the way he would have asked me to the dance!

SANDY

(almost crying)

Look, all I want to do is plan the perfect night for me and my boyfriend and I don't see why you have to try and ruin it for me. I mean he wasn't ever your boyfriend so I like don't see why you have to get all upset over it. So I think that you should quit the dance committee and let everyone plan a nice dance for everyone to enjoy.

SANDY

What is your breakdown? He doesn't even care about you! You're like a little tiny blip on his radar screen and I'm a big fat honkin' blip.

SANDY

Hello? Do you know who you are talking about? If I hadn't gotten in the way you and him might be together, when you're eighty and you're so

MAYA

How dare you! He does love me and you know it! That's why you are trying to take him away from me! (slaps SANDY across the face) Why are you so selfish? Everyone loves you, every single frickin' person in the school! But you have to pick the one person I love and take that away. (MAYA swings to slap again but SANDY dodges)

MAYA
(screaming)

I'm going to ruin this dance for you! There is no way you can stop me! I'm going to make sure it is the worst night of your life! You'll regret everything you did to me!

MAYA

HA! You think I'm joking! Your life will be over!

MAYA

We'll see. I'll make it a dance that everyone will hate. And they'll hate you for it!

SANDY

(condescending)

That doesn't even make sense.

(Exit SANDY.)

MAYA

I don't care that it doesn't make sense. Everyone will hate her. She's the crazy one. She'll see what happens when no one likes you. They'll throw her off the cheerleading force and then I can be head cheerleader and Bryan my star quarterback. And then Bryan and me will have a beautiful wedding with all the popular people except Sandy. Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Phillips. She'll see!

senile you don't remember who he is! We love each other despite our differences! He doesn't like you. He loves me.

SANDY

You are crazy! (Sandy backs away from Maya towards the door)

SANDY

Go Ahead! Bring on your worst! At the end of the night you're the one who'll be alone!!

Scene 4

(GEORGIE and BESS enter. BESS is wearing a bright yellow raincoat and carrying an umbrella)

GEORGIE

Where's Sandy?

MAYA

(acidly)

She quit. She said working on a dance was just too hard for a brainless double-crosser like her so she was going to practice twirling her hair around her finger or something instead.

GEORGIE

(nervously)

Oh... Uhhh... That's okay, I guess, Bess wanted to be on the dance committee, too.

BESS

(wildly swinging the umbrella)

That's right! I can't wait for the dance! It's gonna be crazy!

MAYA

(uninterested)

What were your ideas?

BESS

(swings the umbrella as she talks, GEORGIE flinches with every swing)

Okay! How about a Rave! How psyched up is that! We could have wild music and dancing and ecstasy and speed and all that stuff! It would be awesome!

GEORGIE

I--I don't know if we would be allowed to have alcohol or illicit drugs at a school function. The principal would vehemently oppose that.

BESS

Not even one of those green flashing laser lights? (Demonstrates with her umbrella) The ones that flash and go all crazy?

GEORGIE
(condescending)

I don't think so.

BESS
Then we could have a toga party like the Frats! You know all the college kids with kegs and jello shots! It would be awesome!

GEORGIE
(amazed)
That would be just as bad!

BESS
(points the umbrella at GEORGIE)
Who cares! We could tell everyone it's for real, you know, just how the Greeks do it. They don't call it the Greek life for nothing, ya know!

MAYA
(irritated)
Everyone would like— everyone would hate that. We have to do something everyone likes.
(GEORGIE tries to say something, BESS covers her face with the umbrella.)

BESS
No they wouldn't! Everyone would have a crazy time! Who wouldn't like it?

(GEORGIE raises her hand)

MAYA
They wouldn't.

(GEORGIE clears her throat.)

BESS
You just have to get in with the Greek spirit man the-

GEORGIE
The Zeitgeist!
(Bess and Maya both stare at GEORGIE as if she is crazy)

GEORGIE

(embarrassed)

You know... the spirit of the times...

(Bess and Maya stare at GEORGIE a little longer)

BESS

Ya, the zet-gist or whatever.

MAYA

We could not have any beer. It wouldn't be "for real"-- no one even knows what Greek people ate back then, anyway.

GEORGIE

(matter of factly)

Actually, the ancient Greeks of the 6th century BC lived on a rocky, difficult land. Most historians estimate that less than thirty percent of their land was able to be farmed. These geographical limitations forced the Greeks to stick to smaller livestock like chickens, pigs, or goats. Their main crops were olives, barley, and wine grapes. Olive oil was prominent in their lifestyles and used for everything from cooking to bathing. You can see the importance of olives, wine, and barley by examining the Greek pottery which—

(GEORGIE trails off as she notices MAYA
and BESS staring at her strangely) (quietly)

uh.. sorry. (louder) Sorry.

MAYA

Anyway, we need to pick something else. The Toga Party idea is out.

BESS

But!

MAYA

No! Let's talk about music. Bess, what kind of music do you hate?

BESS

(confused)

Music that I hate? Why?

(Maya glares at BESS)

Uhh... I hate that disco music.(Demonstrates a disco move.) Everyone hates disco.

MAYA (excited)

Write that down Georgie! Perfect! Everyone does hate disco! We can have a

disco dance!

GEORGIE

But I thought the idea was to have a dance everyone liked?

MAYA

QUIET!

(GEORGIE squeaks)

Let's get started. Let's see we'll need disco music, and disco clothes, and some old disco stuff...

BESS

And some Beer!

GEORGIE

I don't think so.

(They trail off as the three walk out of the gym
to get stuff for the dance)

Scene 5

(The Gym has been transformed into a disco club. A disco ball hangs overhead and a lighted dance floor lies underfoot. A banner in the background proclaims that Disco is King! "Do The Hustle" plays in the background)

(BESS and GEORGIE dance "The Hustle" while MAYA looks on from the buffet table at the left)

BESS

(dancing wildly, with a broken umbrella)

I'm having such a good time! This disco idea was great!

GEORGIE

(meekly)

Can you not dance so close please, maybe?

BESS

(ignoring her)

Did you see Bryan and Sandy! I can't believe those two are together! They are really all over each other!

(BESS holds up her broken Umbrella)

The only thing that blows is that someone broke my umbrella.

(GEORGIE glances away)

MAYA

Vomit! Heave! Puke! No, I haven't seen them but they should really get surgically removed or something. I can't believe Bryan is into Disco music. He has bad taste in music, too.

(Looks despondent)

(GEORGIE stops dancing and walks over to MAYA and looks at her with concern. BESS dances even more wildly to "Do the Hustle" SHE dances over to MAYA)

BESS

Whatever man! This is awesome! Everyone LOVES it! And they'll love it more with some of this in their punch.

(BESS pours something in the punch, laughs and starts dancing again. Bess exits.)

MAYA

What does she know? (MAYA looks miserable)

GEORGIE

(stares worriedly at the punch)

She's right! Everybody is talking about the dance!

MAYA

(perks up)

Really? They're all talking about my dance?

(SANDY enters left. MAYA does not see her)

GEORGIE

Yes, well, everyone is talking about you. I can't believe your dad had all this disco memorabilia.

MAYA

(off-hand) Ya, he collects it. (excited) You have to be kidding! They all love me?

SANDY

Pretty much. How could they not love you after this dance? I cannot believe you made Disco cool.

MAYA

(surprised)

Sandy!

GEORGIE

Don't drink any punch!

(GEORGIE shyly hustles off the stage, warning people)

MAYA

Why aren't you with your boyfriend?

SANDY

We were getting punch! BRYAN! Over here!

(Bryan Enters, He is somewhat skinny, and wears clunky glasses. He is proudly wearing a chess club medal. BRYAN tries to shake MAYA's hand but ends it in a weak wave as she stands shocked.)

MAYA

Oh my... GAWD.

SANDY

(sincere)

Listen Maya, I am really sorry if you thought I stole Bryan from you. I mean, I totally didn't know you were into him and if I did I never would have asked him out. I mean friendship is way more important than any guy. (looks away) But since we are together and stuff I really don't see why we should break up. I mean the damage is already done-

MAYA

(flabbergasted)

That's Bryan?

BRYAN

Yes, I'm Bryan Brokaw. Nice to meet you.

(He tries to shake hand again. MAYA ignores him.
SANDY takes his hand and holds it.)

MAYA

Are you sure?

SANDY

Uh huh!

MAYA

Uhhh... Sandy about the whole uhhh... Bryan thing. You know I was confused when you said Bryan... I was totally thinking of someone else. Sorry. You wouldn't happen to know where BRYAN PHILLIPS is, would you?

SANDY

(confused)

Bryan Phillips? He broke his foot yesterday during practice. He had to stay home.

MAYA

(excited)

Oh! How terrible! Home all alone! Someone should take care of him.

(rushes to leave)

SANDY

(calling after MAYA)

He isn't alone! He's with his girlfriend, Maya Walters!

(MAYA seems not to hear, she exits)

SANDY

Oh Well, Let's dance!

(SANDY and BRYAN "do the hustle" as the lights fade to black.)

END OF PLAY