

The Kidz Klub

by Kevin M. Reese

Characters:

BETH (F) - Shy, she talks to herself a lot

SAMI (F) - Tomboy, she loves sports

LIZZIE (F) - Girlie, loves to shop, Eugene's new step-sister

RUSTY (M) - Surfer dude, likes extreme Sports

EUGENE (M) - Brainy, Lizzy's new step-brother

—Scene A—

Scene opens with BETH sitting inside the Clubhouse, playing a Game Boy. She looks around wondering where everyone else is. Checks to see if her watch is still running— it is. She looks around again, uncomfortably. She sets her game boy down and rises. She's obviously not at ease here.

BETH: It's after four. Ok, where is everybody. It's 4:02 and nobody is here. Except me. Except good ol' Beth. Except good ol' Beth— who is talking to herself again! Man! I'm gonna get you, Eugene. *(Mimicking him)* 'Sure, come on over,' he said. 'We have a cool clubhouse and a really neat bunch of kids,' he said. 'And we're all in the fifth grade,' he said. *(Looking around)* Well—the clubhouse IS pretty cool. 'But where are all the cool kids?' I asked! *(Thinks of what to do)* I knew I shouldn't have come. I HATE this. *(Trying to convince herself)* They're just kids. Like me. *(Didn't work)* I'm out of here—

Just as she reaches the door we hear a knock from the other side. BETH jumps out of her skin. Silence. Another knocking—this time a little bolder. BETH isn't sure what to do.

BETH: Ok, this is just too weird. Here I am alone in some clubhouse and somebody's knocking on the door. Surely, anybody who was supposed to be here would know that the door isn't locked and would just come in. Maybe they'll just go away.

EUGENE: *(from outside the door)* Somebody in there?

BETH: Or maybe they'll hear me TALKING to myself! Why do I do that!?!?

EUGENE: Hello? *(No answer)* Hello?? Beth?

BETH: Yes— I mean, NO! It's not Beth—I mean it IS Beth, but I'm not—*(gives up)* Who is it?

EUGENE: It's me, Eugene. *(Pause, then sarcastically)* Can you open the door?

BETH: Is your hand broken? Open it yourself.

EUGENE: No, my hand isn't broken—but the door's stuck. Can you please help me open it?

BETH: Well, I guess that explains why he didn't just come in.... *(opens the door)* It wasn't stuck when I came in— it was wide open. Where have you been?

EUGENE: Sorry I'm late. I meant to get here before you— *(looks around)* Where is everybody?

BETH: I don't know. I was the only one here.

EUGENE: Hmm. *(looking at watch)* Oh, well, that explains it. It's still early.

BETH: Early? Eugene, you said 4:00 and it's almost 10 after.

EUGENE: That's early for THEM. I'm usually here on time and they usually come— *(looking at watch)* three... two... one... *(and he turns to the door)* Ta-Daaaaa!

(The door bursts open and SAMI, RUSTY, and LIZZIE enter, laughing. Beth jumps out of her skin.)

BETH: Whoa! (*Hides behind EUGENE*)

SAMI (*to RUSTY*): That sounds so awesome!

RUSTY: Oh, yeah. You should try it sometime, Sami. It's not that hard. Really.

SAMI: No way. I'd break my neck.

RUSTY: Nahhh! Lizzie?

LIZZIE: No way! I'd break a nail!

(*SAMI and RUSTY laugh good-naturedly at LIZZIE. They stop and notice EUGENE and BETH.*)

RUSTY: Oh, sorry, dude. Looks like we're interrupting a Kodak moment.

(*Realizing she looks silly, BETH comes from behind Eugene.*)

LIZZIE: Hi, Eugene. Rusty was telling us about all the stuff he did on his summer vacation. He always has the best vacations! He went Mountain climbing—

SAMI: Surfing—

LIZZIE: Hang gliding—

SAMI: Parasailing—

LIZZIE: SCUBA diving—

EUGENE: Whoa! Is there anything he DIDN'T do?

RUSTY: Hey, you can do a lot in California. I LOVE going back there for visits. What I didn't do was sit around playing video games (*picking up the Game Boy*). Look at this— the only exercise you get is your fingers! How can you do this to yourself, Eugene? Keep playing this and you'll end up all alone and out of shape.

EUGENE: Uh—

RUSTY: You need something that'll get your heart going! You should try Extreme Sports.

BETH (*taking her Game Boy from RUSTY*): Excuse me.

(*Embarrassed, BETH heads for the door.*)

RUSTY: Huh?

LIZZIE: Rusty!

RUSTY: I didn't know! I thought it was—

EUGENE: Wait, Beth, don't go. Rusty was only kidding.

(*Even more embarrassed, BETH tries to open the door, but it's stuck. She tries a couple times.*)

SAMI: Yeah, Rusty suffers from that foot-in-mouth disease.

BETH: Oh great, now the door's stuck! (*She looks around at the others staring at her*) And I'm talking to myself again! (*To the others*) Yes, I talk to myself— get over it.

(*She tries one more time and it opens. There's an awkward moment where she's deciding whether to leave or not. She finally decides to leave but trips on the door.*)

BETH: Oh that was just great! (*Shuts the door*)

SAMI: That was Beth?

EUGENE: That was Beth.

SAMI: Way to go, Rusty.

LIZZIE: That was pretty rude.

RUSTY: I didn't know! I thought the Game Boy was Eugene's. I was just making a joke.

EUGENE: Come on—let's go see if we can catch her. We finally get someone new in our club and you scare her away.

SAMI: Let's go.

LIZZIE: Come on, Mr. Extreme Sports.

SAMI: Mr. Extremely Rude, you mean.

RUSTY: Hey, I heard that. They all exit to look for Beth.

—End of Scene A—

—Scene B—

Scene opens on an empty Clubhouse. They've been gone about 30 seconds. Suddenly the door opens and EVERYONE but BETH enters.

RUSTY: Man, she's fast. How did we miss her?

SAMI: She just left. How could we not find her?

LIZZIE: Well, the easiest way to find her would have been to not make her leave to begin with!

EUGENE: Was that a sentence?

LIZZIE: You know what I mean!

SAMI: Way to go, Rusty!

RUSTY: Hey, I said I was sorry. I don't know what else I can do.

EUGENE: She's really shy, guys. When I see her at school, I'll try to get her to come back.

SAMI: What should we do now?

LIZZIE: I don't know.

RUSTY: Got me.

SAMI: Is it almost time to leave?

LIZZIE: Well, we know what Rusty did over his "extreme" summer break—what did the rest of you do? Sami?

SAMI: I went to three camps!

RUSTY: Three? Whoa! Cool!

SAMI: A church camp, a basketball camp, and a Young Space camp.

EUGENE: Space camp? No way!

SAMI: Yeah, way! My dad knows the guy who runs it. I guess they used to be in the Air Force together. It was pretty fun— but my favorite one was the basketball camp. You'll never guess who was there.

RUSTY: Who? *(Sarcastically)* Michael Jordan?

(Everyone laughs)

SAMI: Yes!

EUGENE: What?

RUSTY: No way!

SAMI: Yeah. I'm not kidding! It was so awesome! He was in town for some charity benefit for the Ronald McDonald House. I guess he found out there was a basketball camp going on so he asked if he could stop by.

RUSTY: Did he play? Did you get to watch him play?

SAMI: Sort of. He gave us some tips on dribbling. It was cool!

LIZZIE: Sounds like it.

RUSTY: Man!

SAMI: I want to be a professional basketball player when I grow up now more than ever. *(To Lizzie and Eugene)* What did you guys do? Can you beat that?

LIZZIE: Well, we went to Washington D.C. for a week.

EUGENE: Yeah, it was great. We saw the White House, the Capital Building, the Smithsonian, the Washington Monument—

LIZZIE: The National Ballet Theatre... We saw a show by Shakespeare in the Park— we even got to see the Ford Theatre. That's where President Abraham Lincoln was killed.

EUGENE: Lizzie got to see all the dancing and theatre places she wanted and I got to see all the museums and historical landmarks. It was the best of both worlds.

LIZZIE: Yeah, it was our first vacation since the wedding. Mom and—(*stops and thinks*) You know—that’s still weird. I’m not used to calling your dad “Dad” yet.

EUGENE: I know. They’ve been married almost 6 months now and it’s a little weird for me to call your mom “Mom” too.

LIZZIE: We’ll get used to it.

EUGENE: Yeah.

SAMI: Are you getting used to having a brother and a sister. You guys were “only children” before your parents married.

(*LIZZIE and EUGENE look at each other.*)

LIZZIE: Yeah.

EUGENE (*unsure*): Yeah.

LIZZIE: What’s that supposed to mean?

EUGENE: Nothing. I didn’t mean it that way. It’s just that— well, you know— when it was just me and Dad— it was just us guys— and now....

RUSTY: Invasion of the step-sister!

EUGENE: Yeah. It’s not as bad as I thought it would be though.

LIZZIE (*sarcasm*): Well, thanks!

SAMI: What—did you think they’d move in and paint your house pink?

EUGENE: Well—yeah, something like that.

LIZZIE: Oh, brother!

EUGENE: Oh, sister! (*EVERYONE laughs.*) Oh, hey! I just thought of where Beth might have gone. She said once that she likes to go to Rice Park after school to feed the ducks. Her Dad picks her up there.

LIZZIE: Well, let’s go over and invite her to come back next week.

SAMI: We’ll all go. (*To RUSTY*) Maybe you’d better not speak.

RUSTY: Ha, ha.

EUGENE: Come on, guys.

They open the door and Beth practically falls in. She’s been there the whole time trying to get the courage to come in.

EUGENE: Beth!

BETH: (*awkwardly*) Hi.

EUGENE: You came back!

BETH: Yeah. Well, actually, I never left.

SAMI: What?

LIZZIE: You’ve been out there the whole time?

RUSTY: We didn’t see you.

BETH: When you came out, I – I hid behind a tree.

EUGENE: Why did you hide? We were looking for you.

BETH: I know— that’s why I hid. (*Trying to find the words*) I don’t— um, it’s hard for me—

RUSTY: Hey, Beth— I’m Rusty. Remember me? I’m the one with the big mouth.

(*EVERYONE laughs, even BETH*)

BETH: Hi.

RUSTY: I’m sorry I was a jerk. I meant to tease Eugene—not you. Let’s start over.

LIZZIE: Yeah, come on in.

SAMI: Yeah.

(BETH looks the group over and decides to take a chance.)

BETH: Ok.

EUGENE: Great!

LIZZIE: Were you standing outside the door trying to get the courage to come in?

BETH: Yeah. Weird, huh?

LIZZIE: No, not really.

SAMI: Now, Rusty– HE’S weird!

RUSTY: Hey!

(EVERYONE laughs.)

LIZZIE: Welcome to our club, Beth.

RUSTY: Yeah.

SAMI: Yeah, nice to have you here.

BETH: Thanks. This isn’t so bad.

RUSTY: Yeah. We’re pretty OK once you get to know us.

(Everyone laughs again.)

EUGENE: It’s almost time to go home. We were going to stop by Rice Park to look for you. Want to go over there and feed the ducks?

BETH: Sure!

RUSTY: Cool! *(Pause)* Hey Beth.

BETH: Yeah?

RUSTY: Thanks for coming back.

(Beth smiles. ALL head out the door.)

SAMI: We had ducks at my church camp. We used to feed them leftover popcorn!

EUGENE: Popcorn? Ducks don’t eat popcorn.

SAMI: These did. It was great.....

(EXIT ALL.)

—End of Scene B—

AUDITION MONOLOGUES

Clueless: Cher is at the podium in debate class. She must argue in favor of Haitian immigration.

CHER: So, OK, like right now, for example, the Haitians need to come to America. But some people are all, 'What about the strain on our resources?' But it's like, when I had this garden party for my father's birthday, right? I said R.S.V.P. because it was a sit-down dinner. But people came that like, did *not* R.S.V.P. so I was like, totally buggin'. I had to run to the kitchen, redistribute the food, squish in extra place settings, but by the end of the day it was like, the more the merrier! And so, if the government could just get to the kitchen, rearrange some things, we could certainly party with the Haitians. And in conclusion, may I please remind you that it does not say R.S.V.P. on the Statue of Liberty?

The Goonies: Chunk has been captured by bad guys who are interrogating him. They demand that he tell them EVERYTHING, so he tearfully confesses to everything he's ever done...

CHUNK: Everything. Okay! I'll talk! In third grade, I cheated on my history exam. In fourth grade, I stole my uncle Max's toupée and I glued it on my face when I played Moses in my Hebrew School play. In fifth grade, I knocked my sister Edie down the stairs and I blamed it on the dog. When my mom sent me to summer camp for fat kids and they served lunch—I got nuts and I pigged out and then they kicked me out. But the worst thing I ever done—I mixed a pot of fake puke at home and then I went to this movie theater, hid the puke in my jacket, climbed up to the balcony and then, then, I made a noise like this: “hua-hua-hua-huaaaaah” and then I dumped it over the side, all over the people in the audience. And then—this was horrible—all the people started getting sick and throwing up all over each other. I never felt so bad in my entire life.

Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone: It's the first day of Potions class at Hogwarts, and Professor Snape resents that his class is not considered the cool one. Snape is also skeptical of the abilities of new student Harry Potter.

PROFESSOR SNAPE: There will be no foolish wand-waving or silly incantations in this class. As such, I don't expect many of you to appreciate the subtle science and exact art that is *potion making*. However, for those select few who possess the predisposition, I can teach you how to bewitch the mind and ensnare the senses. I can tell you how to bottle fame, brew glory, and even put a stopper in death. Then again, maybe some of you have come to Hogwarts in possession of abilities so formidable that you feel confident enough to not pay attention! Mr. Potter, our new celebrity, tell me, what would I get if I added powdered root of asphodel to an infusion of wormwood?

...

You don't know? Well, let's try again. Where, Mr. Potter, would you look if I asked you to find me a bezoar?

...

And what is the difference between monkshood and wolf's bane?

...

Pity. Clearly, *fame* isn't everything, is it, Mr. Potter?

It's the Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown: Sally decides to forego trick-or-treating and instead sit in a pumpkin patch with Linus on Halloween, waiting for the Great Pumpkin. It never shows up. She unleashes her fury on Linus.

SALLY: I was robbed! I spent the whole night waiting for the Great Pumpkin when I could have been out for tricks-or-treats! Halloween is over and I missed it! You blockhead! You kept me up all night waiting for the Great Pumpkin and all that came was a beagle! I didn't get a chance to go out for tricks or treats! And it was all your fault! I'll sue! What a fool I was. I could have had candy apples and gum! And cookies and money and all sorts of things! But no, I had to listen to you! You blockhead. What a fool I was. Trick or treats come only once a year. And I miss it by sitting in a pumpkin patch with a blockhead. You owe me restitution!

Ferris Bueller's Day Off: Ferris has just faked another illness so he could skip school. He tells his audience how and why...

FERRIS: They bought it. Incredible! One of the worst performances of my career and they never doubted it for a second. How could I possibly be expected to handle school on a day like this? This is my ninth sick day this semester. It's getting pretty tough coming up with new illnesses. If I go for ten, I'm probably gonna have to barf up a lung, so I'd better make this one count. The key to faking out the parents is the clammy hands. It's a good, non-specific symptom. A lot of people will tell you that a phony fever is a dead lock, but if you get a nervous mother, you could land in the doctor's office—that's worse than school! What you do is, you fake a stomach cramp, and when you're bent over, moaning and wailing, you lick your palms. It's a little childish and stupid, but then, so is high school. Life moves pretty fast—if you don't stop and look around once in a while, you could miss it.

Wreck-It Ralph: RALPH, a video game villain, is meeting with a bad-guy support group. He introduces himself to the others.

WRECK-IT RALPH: My name's Ralph, and I'm a bad guy. Uh, let's see... I'm nine feet tall, I weigh six hundred and forty three pounds, got a bit of a temper on me. My passion level's very near the surface, I guess, not gonna lie. Anyhoo, what else, uh... I'm a wrecker. I wreck things, professionally. I mean, I'm very good at what I do. Probably the best I know. Thing is, fixing's the name of the game. Literally—“*Fix-It Felix Jr.*” So yeah, naturally, the guy with the name Fix-It Felix is the good guy. He's nice enough as good guys go. Definitely fixes stuff really well. But, uh, if you got a magic hammer from your father, how hard can it be? If he was a regular contractor, carpenter guy, I guarantee you, you will not be able to fix the damage that I do as quickly. When Felix does a good job, he gets a medal. But, are there medals for wrecking stuff really well? To that, I say, ha! And no, there aren't.

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown: Sally gets a C on her art project. She has a few questions for her teacher about the criteria for the grading...

SALLY: A 'C'? A 'C'? I got a 'C' on my coat hanger sculpture? How could anyone get a 'C' on coat hanger sculpture!?! May I ask a question? Was I judged on the piece of sculpture *itself*? If so, is it not true that *time alone* can judge a work of art? Or was I judged on my *talent*? If so, is it fair that I be judged on a part of my life over which I have *no* control? If I was judged on my *effort*, then I was judged *unfairly*, for I tried as hard as I could! Was I judged on what I had *learned* about this project? If so, then were not *you*, my teacher, also being judged on your ability to transmit your knowledge to me? Are you willing to share my 'C'? Perhaps I was being judged on the *quality* of the coat hanger itself out of which my creation was made...Now is this not *also* unfair? Am I to be judged by the quality of coat hangers that are used by the dry cleaning establishment to return our garments? Is that not the responsibility of my parents? Should *they* not share my 'C'?

Tuck Everlasting: Tuck tries to convince Winnie that immortality is actually a terrible curse and she cannot tell anyone about the magical spring.

TUCK: Look around you, the flowers, and the trees, and the frogs, they're all part of the wheel. They're always changing, always growing, like you Winnie. Your life is never the same—you were once a child, now you're about to become a woman. Then one day you'll go out, like the flame of a candle. You'll make way for new life. That's a certainty. That's the natural way of things. Then there's us. What we Tucks have, you can't call it livin', we just *are*. We're like rocks stuck on the side of the stream. Listen to me, Winnie, you know it's a dangerous secret if people find out about the Spring. They'll trample all over each other just to get to that water. If there's one thing I've learned about people it's that they'll do anything... anything not to die and they'll do anything to keep from living their life. Do you want to stay stuck as you are right now forever? I just have to make you understand.

The Lord of the Rings—The Two Towers: Frodo wants to give up, so Sam encourages him to keep going.

SAM: I know. It's all wrong. By rights we shouldn't even be here. But we are. It's like in the great stories, Mr. Frodo—the ones that really mattered. Full of darkness and danger, they were. And sometimes you didn't want to know the end. Because how could the end be happy? How could the world go back to the way it was when so much bad had happened? But in the end, it's only a passing thing, this shadow. Even darkness must pass. A new day will come. And when the sun shines it will shine out the clearer. Those were the stories that stayed with you. That meant something, even if you were too small to understand why. But I think, Mr. Frodo, I do understand. I know now. Folk in those stories had lots of chances of turning back, only they didn't. They kept going, because they were holding on to something.

Alice in Wonderland: Alice follows the White Rabbit down the rabbit hole.

ALICE: [*Angrily*] Why, how impolite of him! I asked him a civil question, and he pretended not to hear me. That's not at all nice. [*Calling after him*] I say, Mr. White Rabbit, where are you going? Hmm. He won't answer me. And I do so want to know what he is late for. I wonder if I might follow him. Why not? There's no rule that I mayn't go where I please. I--I will follow him. Wait for me, Mr. White Rabbit. I'm coming, too! [*Falling*] How curious. I never realized that rabbit holes were so dark . . . and so long . . . and so empty. I believe I have been falling for five minutes, and I still can't see the bottom! Hmm! . . . I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time. I must be getting somewhere near the center of the earth. I wonder if I shall fall right *through* the earth! How funny that would be. Oh, I think I see the bottom. Yes, I'm sure I see the bottom. I shall hit the bottom, hit it very hard, and oh, how it will hurt!