

Legal

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Characters:

Amy: Main Character
Lauren: Main Character
Teacher
Student 1
Student 2
Student 3
Student 4

Scenes:

- 1—Amy's bedroom (bed, table w/ stereo)
- 2—Classroom (no props necessary)
- 3—Classroom (3 desks, notebooks, schoolbooks, bags)/Cafeteria (long table, trays)

Setting: Skit jumps back and forth between these 3 scenes—set in present day

Skit begins in complete darkness

Song: “Our Turn Now” begins

Lights up on Amy (center stage) who is dancing in her bedroom (headbanging, air guitar...making a fool of herself) (Stereo on table/desk near imaginary doorway)

Lauren enters on “today no one knows right from wrong” and stares in disbelief/horror/completely dumbfounded at Amy

As chorus begins, Amy takes the ridiculous dancing up a notch at which point Lauren can't take it anymore and presses the “stop” button on the tape player (music cuts at same time)

Amy continues to dance for a second before realizing the music has stopped and there's someone else in the room. (freezes in the middle of headbang...and slowly stands up)

Lauren: (sarcastically through entire first scene—taking a step back) Ok. I don't know what you've done with my friend, but **I** know kung fu (posing in ridiculous kung-fu-like move) and I **am not** afraid to use it! So back off!

Amy: What?!? I was just...(taking a step toward Lauren)

Lauren: I mean it! (Amy stops moving mid-step as Lauren asserts another kung-fu-like pose)

Amy: Lauren, don't freak out on me! I was just dancing to...

Lauren: Dancing? You looked like you were having some sort of attack! And (ejecting tape and taking it out of the tape player) what is **this?!?** Carmen??? What in the world!

Amy: I found it in my sister's old room yesterday. (matter-of-factly) It's addicted to Jesus.

Lauren: Jesus, huh? I would have guessed...I don't know...crack?

Amy: It's not that bad!

Lauren: Really. (sarcastic) I'm pretty sure that my grandmother listens to Carmen...but come to think of it, she does have really good and up-to-date taste in music.

Amy: This is quality entertainment right here (grabbing tape from Lauren). It's about how in 1962...

Lauren: Ok...can the Carmen conversation please come to an end now? You're really starting to make me question our friendship!

Amy: But it's...

Lauren: (interrupting w/ each line—Dr. Evil style) zip it (hand sign)

Amy: in 1962 th...

Lauren: ZIP....IT

Amy: The Supreme Court ru...

Lauren: Zippideedooda

Amy: they sa...

Lauren: Z....

Amy: we ca...

Lauren: Z...

Amy: They made a law...

Lauren: You've got to zip-it...zip-it good

Amy: (as fast as she can get it out) it's about praying at school.

Lauren: (stops with the zip-it routine: Amy now has her attention) Wait. What?!? A law about prayer?

Amy: Uh-huh

Lauren: What about that “See You At the Dumpster” thing we do every year in the alley behind the school?

Amy: Um...Lauren....I think that’s actually supposed to be “See You At the Pole”

Lauren: (sarcastically) Right. And do you know where the flag pole is at our school.

Amy: Yeah. It’s right out front. You can’t miss it.

Lauren: exactly. (whispering) Where people would see us. (normal voice) Duh.

Amy: (sarcastically and slowly) right. This song is about organized prayer during school...like where it’s something we just do everyday...before class or something.

Lauren: You mean like teachers praying?...all of us together?...the whole class?

Amy: Yeah. I think so.

Lauren: (slowly) Uh...huh. Miss Wilson, starting Algebra with prayer....I can see it now.

Lights out and back up on Miss Wilson (stage right)

Teacher: Ok everyone. Take your seats please. This isn’t social hour Lauren. Amy, it’s time for algebra II now, let’s talk about the color of your nail polish later. Rob! Sit down! And take that wad of gum out of your mouth! In the trash, Mr. Stevens. I’m sure there’s not any more room for it under your desk anyway. (sigh). Let us pray. Dear God. I know that you know that if $2x-4=6$, then $x=5$, and I know that you know that I know that $x=5$, but no one else seems to have the mental ability to comprehend that $x=5$. God, please help us to get a clue or make this class go by quickly. Amen.

Lights out on Miss Wilson and back up on Lauren and Amy (center stage)

Amy: unlikely....but somehow...not impossible.

Lauren: That was weird. $x=5$? I thought "x" equaled a letter in the alphabet.

Amy: (rolling eyes) (sarcastically & slowly) True...and now back to our scheduled conversation about prayer...

Lauren: yeah...or how about us praying in school? In front of God and everyone?!

Amy: yeah...we’d have to keep that one on the low down.

Lauren: Down...low.

Amy: No doubt.

Lights out again for a few seconds while Lauren and Amy change scenes (Lauren, student 1 & student 3 at desks or chairs and Amy, student 2 & student 4 at lunch table) (sitting apart, but not far apart) and light back up.

Lauren: Hey Sara. You don't look like you're having a very good day. What's up?

Amy: Sitting at lunch table (head bowed over food)

Student 1 (Sara): Nothin'. My mom's just sick again...and I just failed my stupid English test.

Student 2: (slamming tray down on lunch table) Amy...wake up! Sleep through biology. Eat during lunch.

Lauren: Would you mind if I prayed for you?

Amy: Oh! I was just praying...um...for my food (embarrassed—suddenly pretend to eat)

Student 1: (sarcastically) You can leave me alone. How about that.

Student 2: (laughing) Give it up...even God can't help spaghetti that's served with an ice cream scoop! But maybe you can pray for this glass of milk! (dramatically--holding up glass of milk with eyes closed tight for a few seconds) (loudly) AMEN!

Lauren: (slumping in seat) I'm sorry.

Amy: (shaking head—goes back to eating)

Bell rings (all students stand up and head for imaginary doors—ending up in imaginary hallway in between classroom and cafeteria)

Lauren: (stands up and heads for door w/ books—is followed by student 3)

Amy: (stands up with tray and heads for door—is followed by student 4)

Student 3: Hey Lauren! Wait up. (nervous). I can't believe I'm saying this...but I've got this doctor's appointment tomorrow and I'm kinda nervous about...(flustered) anyway...would you mind praying for me?

Student 4: Hey Amy! Hang on a sec. So, what's this whole praying for your lunch thing all about?

Lights out...Amy and Lauren back to Amy's room...lights up.

Lauren & Amy: (staring into space...dumbfounded, then, remembering where they are--- look at each other for a second)

Lauren: (thinking about what they just imagined) Too bad about that Supreme Court thing....huh.

Amy: Lauren?

Lauren: Yeah?

Amy: (pausing for a second) I don't think that law says anything about that kind of prayer in school.

Lauren: You mean that's legal?

Amy: (pausing) I guess the real question is: what are we gonna do if it is?