

# HOW I SURVIVED HIGH SCHOOL

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and Brett Kincaid

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# HOW I SURVIVED HIGH SCHOOL

By Mark Kreutzer

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

(4 MEN, 1 WOMAN)

MARK (m) ..... Average high school senior, craving popularity. (28 lines)

JIM (m) ..... Buff but slow school bully. (6 lines)

DWAYNE (m) ..... Small, mute kid with rickets; best friend of Mark. (9 lines)

CANDI (f) ..... Dumb, but pretty and popular teen girl. (5 lines)

QUENTIN (m) ..... Smart, uninteresting, monotone senior. (2 lines)

## NOTE

This piece was originally performed as an Interpretive Comedy presentation, with one person acting out all of the characters. However, this work could be used as humorous reading, acting, or other forms of interpretation, with one or multiple actors. Though the original presentation of this work did not have a set or costumes, one or both may be used at the director's discretion. Running time: 8-10 minutes.

**TIME:** The present.

**AT RISE:**

**MARK:** *(As narrator in typical, happy teenage tone.)* Hey, I'm Mark. I'm dying . . . okay, so I'm not **really** dying. Well, Mark Twain once said, "The rumor of my death is greatly exaggerated." Well, I took Twain to the 12<sup>th</sup> power. I began my senior year with great hope. I had to – I'd been beaten up 10 out of 11 years. *(Explaining.)* I missed third grade 'cause I contracted scurvy. I don't like Vitamin C. *(Smile, and slight pause.)* Anyway, as usual, the first day of school I was chased down by Jim, the school bully, along with the entire football, hockey, and chess team.

**JIM:** Well, Mark, it's time to make this 12 out of 12 years.

**MARK:** Technically Jim, this will only be 11 out of 12 years. *(Confidentially.)* Remember my scurvy.

**JIM:** *(Thinks for a moment.)* Shut up. You're goin' down!

**MARK:** *(Trying to save himself.)* Jim, you can't beat me up today.

**JIM:** Why not?

**MARK:** *(Desperately.)* Um . . . 'cause . . . I'm dying.

**JIM:** *(Confused.)* You're dying.

**MARK:** *(Maintaining story.)* Ah, yeah, I got a rare blood disease. I could croak any day now.

**JIM:** *(Disappointed.)* Oh. *(Trying not to show his disappointment.)* Well, I gotta go anyway.

**MARK:** Going to the weight room?

**JIM:** No, the gym. *(Pompously.)* They banned me from the weight room. He he he!

**MARK:** *(As narrator.)* So, I figured that I cheated a beating for one day. But, when I went to school the next day I found flowers taped to my locker. When I walked down the hall all the girls started crying . . . and I had showered that morning. Students bowed their heads, teachers mourned and janitors cleaned . . . in a really sad way. I thought for a minute. *(Thinking.)* If the whole school thinks I am dying, they'll take pity on me, and have to accept me. You can't say "no" to a person on their deathbed. It's like making a quadriplegic cry – you just feel bad! *(Recovering.)* Not that I've done it. But, I had to test the limits of my newfound fame, so, I asked a girl out on a date. Not just any girl, the most popular girl in school.

**MARK:** Hey, Candi, would you go to the movies with me tonight?

**CANDI:** *(Not looking at him and filing her nails.)* I'm sorry Herby, I won't date - you.

**MARK:** Candi, I'm not Herby, I'm Mark. You know the dying guy. And I'm dying to go out with you. *(Aside, as narrator.)* Smooth point!

**CANDI:** *(Still filing nails.)* Oh, *(Totally different; impressed now.)* then pick me up at seven. *(Tilting head to side.)* Kay!

**MARK:** *(As narrator.)* I couldn't believe it . . . she said yes. Maybe death won't be so bad after all. But, then it occurred to me. Now that I was going to be **super** popular, I had to break it to my best friend, Dwayne, that I couldn't hang out with him anymore. Dwayne's the **mute** kid . . . with **ricketts**. He's pretty fragile, so I'm gonna have to break it to him gently.

**MARK:** *(Anything but gentle; yelling.)* Look Dwayne, I told you, I can't be seen in public with you.

**DWAYNE:** *(Motion of anger.)*

**MARK:** Don't you think it's important that one of us becomes popular. This is my chance.

**DWAYNE:** *(Motion of agreeing, but skeptical.)*

**MARK:** Thanks buddy.

**DWAYNE:** *(Gives a "thumbs up.")*

**MARK:** *(As narrator.)* So Dwayne was under control. And, I picked up my date Candi, Candi Land for the big night out. After meeting her dad, Father Land, we went on our merry way. *(In a bragging, excited manner.)* I opened the car door for her, I bought her popcorn, I even purchased every ticket in the movie that I could afford, so we could be alone. *(Changing tone.)* No, I couldn't buy them all. My job at Bukkey's Used Shoe Outlet only pays minimum wage. I'm the guy who sprays the shoes. *(Pause, defending self to audience.)* It's a living! In the movie, I was putting on all the right moves. *(Splendidly.)* Stop, drop and roll, 'cause I was on fire.

**MARK:** Look! The grim reaper! *(Pointing behind her and smoothly place arm around her. Then turning, sees Dwayne.)* Oh, hey Dwayne . . . *(Hits him.)* Dwayne, get out of here!

**DWAYNE:** *(Crosses arms and stands ground.)*

**CANDI:** *(Filing nails, then stops to ask question.)* Mark, do you know this guy?

**MARK:** Um . . . yeah . . . *(Trying to cover and stay cool.)* I steal my Sex Ed. homework from him.

**CANDI:** *(Tilting head again.)* Kay.

**MARK:** Come on Candi. Let me take you home.

**CANDI:** Mark *(Puts nail file away, looks at finger and loudly spits a nail piece at Mark.)* this was fun and all, but to be honest I was just using you to become even more popular. *(Finger up in the air.)* Pity means popularity. *(Tilting head, once again.)* Kay.

**MARK:** *(As narrator; in a tragic tone.)* Then she kissed me on the cheek, gave a little smile and told me to get out of her sight. I couldn't believe it! She kissed me on the cheek. *(Boasting.)* I was now a man. *(Blow on fingernails.)* Well, Candi and I wouldn't work out. What kind of a sick freak uses someone for popularity, anyway? *(Pauses and realizes what he said and hides face.)* There wasn't much to the death bit, really. I just acted sick every once in a while, collapsed once or twice a month, and my popularity flourished. I got my own page in the yearbook. I even got the lead in the spring play **Death of a Salesman**. They said I was a natural. *(Changing.)* But, everywhere I looked, there was Dwayne staring at me in the face. *(Pop to Dwayne staring up.)* I wasn't going to let him destroy my plans, but he stuck to me like Pokemon cards\* to a nine year-old. Now there was one more thing I needed to do, in order to ensure my spot in the history of my high school. I had to become class President. Of course I had to beat Quentin—he's the guy who found three mistakes on the ACT test. But the real test was debate day. Quentin went first.

**QUENTIN:** *(Speaking to a crowd; nervous and shaking. He's monotone and not a good public speaker.)* In conclusion, according to "The Congressional Monthly Report of October, 1999\*," *(Swiftly slaps hand to stop shaking.)* the class of 2000 will be making huge beneficial changes to the world. I want to be the man to lead our class to those changes. Vote Quentin. *(Manages a small "thumbs up" and slight smile.)*

**MARK:** *(Attempting to act as intelligent as Quentin.)* According to . . . "Time of September 9, 1999\*," 100 percent of people die. *(Thinks about what he said, but goes with it.)* Me sooner than 99 percent of the world. Vote Mark, he's dying. *(Points to self in confident manner.)*

**MARK:** *(As narrator.)* I couldn't believe it, they bought it! Maybe death won't be so bad after all. Hey, the class was ready to vote me in over a catatonic any day! Quentin didn't know what to do.

**QUENTIN:** *(To crowd.)* Wait! I can be hip. *(In an effort to save his campaign, he breaks out into a rap, but still in a monotone voice.)* "It's nothing but a G-thing baby!" *(Shakes his hands.)* "Two low down G's going crazy." *(Moves in an imaginary "low-rider car" way.)* "Death Roe's the label that pays me. It's nothing but a G-thing baby." So just chill till the next episode . . . home skillet.

**DWAYNE:** *(Dwayne claps.)*

**MARK:** *(Angrily approaches Dwayne.)* Dwayne, what are you doing? *(Removes imaginary knife from back.)* Here's your knife, Judas!?!

**DWAYNE:** *(In retaliation, takes imaginary knife and tries to stab Mark.)*

**MARK:** You haven't helped me at all. What's the matter. Won't your legs fit under that rock you came from?

**DWAYNE:** *(“You've changed” motion.)*

**MARK:** I haven't changed.

**DWAYNE:** *(At peak of anger, Dwayne goes crazy, flinging gestures.)*

**MARK:** *(Incredibly shocked, says in grave, non-yelling way.)* There's no need for vulgarity, Dwayne. *(Bitterly.)* I guess we're not as good of friends as I thought. *(Leaves.)*

**DWAYNE:** *(Rapidly shakes fist in air, realizes it's useless and slowly bows head. Tries to leave, but because of his rickets has to struggle and pick up his legs to move.)*

**MARK:** *(As narrator, explaining.)* Well, my stress level started rising. Besides Dwayne, the end of the year was at hand and I had to either fake my own death or tell the whole school I was a phony. *(Knowing the truth.)* Maybe Dwayne was right, I had changed and it was time to go back to unpopularity. I decided to keep up the act until graduation. As class President, I was to give a speech. This way I could break the truth to my whole class in the most subtle way possible. *(Smile, as if the plan will work.)*

**MARK:** *(Giving speech.)* Superintendent Nuffel, Principal Stewbing, Board of Education, distinguished guests and scholarship winners . . . excuse me, winner, Quentin. *(Glares at Quentin.)* The time has come for us to face our future. Here are some lasting words to remember, “This is not the beginning of the end, it’s the end of the beginning” by FDR. “Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country” John F. Kennedy and one last quote to leave a . . . final impression on my class, “I’m not dying,” by Mark. *(Waves and runs.)* Thank you.

**MARK:** *(As narrator.)* After dodging graduation caps thrown directly at my head, I jumped into my Studibaker and sped away to find Dwayne.

*With “Chariots of Fire” playing in the background, in slow motion, Mark runs towards his one true friend, Dwayne. Dwayne sees Mark and runs, as best he can with his rickets, towards Mark. The two grab hands and spin in a circle. Suddenly, Mark loses his grip and sees Dwayne go flying. Sounding confused, he says “Dwayne?”*

**MARK:** *(As narrator.)* I couldn’t believe it . . . that garbage truck just happened to be compacting as Dwayne flew into it . . . Well, Dwayne’s dead now, *(Change tone.)* but at least we all understand the moral of my little story . . . Get plenty of Vitamin D to avoid rickets. Or something along those lines. I’m sure you’ll figure it out! Everything did work out for the best. I learned the importance of friendship, I was acquitted and I’ve even moved on to college. I’m going to Uruguay Tech- *(Arrogantly.)* it’s a party school. Now, all I’m worried about is making friends at college. *(Mark pauses and thinks for a moment, coughs and looks at the audience with a smile.)* Maybe death won’t be so bad at all.

*\*Some dates and pop culture references may need to be updated or changed*

## THE DAY I DISCOVERED WOMEN

By Mark Kreutzer

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 MAN, 3 WOMEN)

MARK (m) ..... Sardonic young man looking for love.  
(21 lines)

DONNA (f)..... Eccentric, fast-paced tour guide.  
(12 lines)

SALLY (f) ..... Naïve sales clerk. (4 lines)

CLAIRE (f)..... Muscular disco dancer. (2 lines)

### NOTE

This piece was originally performed as an Interpretive Comedy presentation, with one person acting out all of the characters. However, this work could be used as humorous reading, acting, or other forms of interpretation, with one or multiple actors. Though the original presentation of this work did not have a set or costumes, one or both may be used at the director's discretion. Running time: 8-10 minutes.

**TIME:** The present.

**AT RISE:**

**MARK:** *(As narrator, deadpan and slightly monotone.)* After I buried the bodies in concrete, I decided I needed a change. Confused, huh? That only took four seconds. Let me take you back to . . . um . . . yesterday. I decided I needed to find a woman, a real woman. And why not? I'm a happening guy. I bowl. I mall walk. I've run with some scissors in my day. *(Pompously.)* Yep, I'm just too much to handle. So, I bought a temporary tattoo, *(Point to tattoo on arm.)* it's a three-toed sloth, some designer imposter cologne *(Waft cologne.)* and some *(With confidence and a different tone.)* Mentos . . . the Fresh Maker\*. *(With flair.)* R-e-b-e-l. *(Back to deadpan.)* I went on the prowl, to the hippest place in town. *(Rolls hands.)*

**DONNA:** And, we're walking, we're walking and we're stopping. *(Show "walking" with arms.)*

**MARK:** *(As narrator.)* The Museum of Monsters of the Deep Blue who have been exploited by the Motion Picture Industry. Can't stop me now baby. *(Point out.)*

**DONNA:** Hi! *(Waves.)* I'm your tour guide Donna. *(Shows name on badge.)* Welcome to the Jaws wing. Down the hall and to the left is the *(Show.)* "Don't Free Willy Because We Need Him to Make ANOTHER Sequel Exhibit" *(Finger crescent.)* Let's begin our tour. If you look to your left *(Direct.)* you will see a bloody stump.

**MARK:** *(As narrator.)* She wants me.

**DONNA:** And we're walking, we're walking, and we're stopping. *(Signals.)* On the right we have a bikini that Jaws bit into as he started to mutilate *(Bent arms.)* some helpless unknown girl . . . with a huge chest. *(Push arms forward.)*

**MARK:** *(As narrator.)* I feel like the King. *(Licks eye brows.)* I act like the King. *(Applies cologne.)* Hale to the King. *(Picks nose and flicks.)*

**DONNA:** This concludes our tour. *(Look at watch.)* It's time for my coffee break.

**MARK:** *(As narrator.)* Time to go in for the kill. Dudu Dudu Dudu.  
*(Jaws music.)* Watch closely, take notes, and next time bring a tape recorder. *(Raises hand.)*

**DONNA:** Yes, sir. *(Smile and recognize raised hand.)*

**MARK:** My dearest tour guide Donna, would you like to join me for a drink?

**DONNA:** Sure! *(Smile.)* But, *(One finger up.)* I only drink coffee with cream or milk.

**MARK:** Then just call me milk, 'cause I do your body good.

**DONNA:** Let's go. *(“Come on” signal with over a triple “hand shake.”)*

**MARK:** *(As narrator.)* So me and my delectable date *(Smoothly places arm around “date” maybe with the old “yawn technique.”)* went to the nearest coffee shop. I bought her the largest cup of java they had: the Caffeine Cremator. She chugged it and asked for another . . . and another . . . and ANOTHER. *(Strange expression. Explaining.)* Luckily I could spend as much as I wanted. I make good money. I'm a model at the Spandex Company. *(Pose.)* I be smooth, I be silky smooth. Now it's time to work my mojo - cause once you go Mark, you never go back. *(To Donna.)* So, how did you begin your work at the museum?

**DONNA:** When I was seven my Grandma was killed by a rabid manatee . . . *(Closes hands.)*

**MARK:** *(Interrupting.)* Enough talk, lets test out those Mentos.

**DONNA:** *(Story telling.)* After that traumatic *(Opens hands.)* experience, this job was my calling. *(Closes fists.)* But, I'm kinda glad to be out of the museum. I mean, there's a whole world *(Show world.)* out there. I get so bored at work, I talk to the fire extinguishers. *(Flat hands.)* When I was two, I used to drink so much Scope, that I got drunk and talked to hubcaps.

**MARK:** *(Doesn't know what to say.)* . . . At least you had fresh breath.

**DONNA:** The hubcaps actually started talking back. HAHAHA!  
*(Laughs at her own joke.)* I probably shouldn't have had so much of this coffee. Especially since I had **nine** shots of espresso before work. *(Raises hands.)*

**MARK:** Woow.

**DONNA:** Where was I? Oh yeah! I wanted to save the money so I could buy my own shark. *(Pets an imaginary shark.)*

**MARK:** Double woow!

**DONNA:** But the bank wouldn't *(Frustrated.)* approve my loan to buy a shark. They said I didn't have good cause. *(Upset.)* Are you saying *(Point.)* that buying a shark so you could ride *(Ride.)* on it's back with a harpoon *(Show.)* and hunt down the *(Brandish.)* Grandma-killing manatee wasn't good cause? Are you out of your mind? *(Points to head.)* I don't care about the EPA. I *(Points to self.)* want vengeance. I want to see that manatee squirm. *(Squirm. Begins to shake.)* I want to see that manatee suffer. *(Shakes more.)* I want to see that manatee die. *(Donna dies.)*

**MARK:** *(As narrator.)* You're gonna think this is insane, but Donna died. The only logical thing I could think of was to tell the coffee shop employees that "She's a narcoleptic. Shhh!" *(Act out the pulling of Donna's corpse out of coffee shop, like she was just asleep and trying not to draw attention. The plan failed.)* Then, I carried the dead body out of the shop, in my arms, and tied it to the top of my Studibaker. *(Deadpan.)* I needed a new woman. And more importantly, a new place to find a woman. I *(Gradually increase in volume.)* wanted a place where man can be himself; a place where a man can have pride; a place where a man can feel comfortable . . . *(Deadpan.)* I went to Victoria's Secret\*. I decided I wanted an "angel" of my own.

**SALLY:** *(Holding a note card.)* Hello, I am Sally, your sales representative. If there's any way I can help you, insert name here, please let me know . . . *(Thinks, then realizes what she said.)* Insert name here? Owwwwwww! *(Begins to slam her head into her hand.)* Stupid Sally! Stupid Sally!

**MARK:** *(As narrator.)* I had to answer in the most poetic, romantic form I could in order to insure my future with this blonde beauty. *(To Sally, nods.)* S'up.

**SALLY:** What's your name, sir?

**MARK:** They call me the pimp daddy Mark . . . *(Awkward pause, then tries to recover.)* I'm looking for something for my mother . . . something lacy . . . yet motherly.

**SALLY:** Ummmm . . . (*Flips through cards.*) Customer wants something lacy yet motherly. Use bait and switch method to direct attention to higher priced display. (*Again, thinking to herself and realizing her mistake.*) Wait a second. (*Repeated "head slam" motion.*) Stupid Sally! Stupid Sally!!!

**MARK:** (*Moving on.*) Never mind. How about these organically scented bath oils? (*Takes and holds a bottle, with a cheesy smile.*)

**SALLY:** (*Happily and excited, as if she knows what she's doing!*) Owwwww!! We have several splendid scents to choose from. (*Carefully and proudly presents each bottle and sniffs each scent.*) There's mist of mildew and spritz of salmon . . . oh, that's a good one . . . ahh yes, ode to eggplant, that lights my fire . . . and, my favorite, fields of formaldehyde. (*Takes a big whiff and starts to die; barley able to breath.*) And it's on clearance. (*Out loud to herself.*) They told me not to sniff the bath oils. (*Once again, slamming head into hand.*) Stupid Sally. Stupid Sally! (*Dies.*)

**MARK:** (*As narrator.*) You're gonna think this is insane but, Sally asphyxiated on the organic bath oils. When no one was looking I carried the body of, what used to be an intelligent young girl turned Victoria's Secret Angel, literally, out of the store. Looking on the bright side, my mother did like the bath oil and it was 50% off. (*Thumbs up. The deadpan narrator again.*) I needed a new woman. Someone to fill my heart, comfort my soul, someone in the backseat of my car, I had one last place to go: Willy's Axis Road 9 Disco Hut. Now I'm in my element. (*Proudly.*) And it's Speedo night. (*Look down.*) Just what the doctor ordered.

**MARK:** (*Opening doors.*) Mark is in, let the fun begin. (*Dances and struts to disco with "cool" ambience.*) As I strutted around the dance floor, I realized that all eyes were on me . . . then I realized that I was the only one wearing a Speedo. (*Looks around, looks down and just shrugs shoulders. Spots a girl.*) Hey, I'm Mark.

**CLAIRE:** (*In deep voice.*) Yo! Claire! (*Holds up fist and looks Mark over.*) You got some pretty lips. Have you ever had a **real** woman?

**MARK:** *(As narrator.)* I couldn't speak. I don't know if it was her Brut cologne, her Grace Jones\* haircut, or the way her five o'clock shadow made me want to shoop, shoop, shoop.

**CLAIRE:** I used to be an American Gladiator\*. They called me Stone, Kidney Stone cause I'm tough to pass.

**MARK:** *(As narrator, now in intense story-telling mode.)* Suddenly, the lights went down and I heard the most magical words in the world, "Do the Hustle!" I grabbed her hand and pulled her to the dance floor. She said I couldn't dance. And I said, *(Moving smoothly.)* "Just do what you feel." *(With actions.)* She grabbed me tight, pulled me close, swung me around, and put me in a choke hold. *(Being choked.)* Good . . . doing good. *(Performing actions.)* Then I slipped free, went behind her, and put her in a headlock. *(To Claire.)* Do ya like that, Claire? "Do the Hustle! Do the Hustle!" *(Slips.)* Wooow! *(Claire dies, freeze.)*

*After pause; deadpan narrator. Looks at audience, they know what's next.*

**MARK:** You're gonna think this is insane but Claire is one dead disco-er. I mean, how was I supposed to know that a gerry curl slick had oozed onto the dance floor. So then I borrowed the extra disco ball, crammed Claire into it, and rolled it to my car, passing it for a giant baked potato. Well, that's my story of the day I discovered women. Time flies when you're with Mark. *(With spirit.)* What a rush. I'm still looking for a woman. *(Looking up to tomorrow.)* So watch out ladies of the world 'cause tomorrow is another day . . . and four out of five voices in my head agree that Mark's the man. *(Notice a girl in audience.)* Say, *(Twitches eyebrows.)* What are you doing after this? *(Exits softly singing, "Don't Stop Thinking about Tomorrow.")*

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