

SERIAL KILLER BARBIE THE MUSICAL

Music by Nickella Moschetti

Book & Lyrics by Colette Freedman

Additional Lyrics by Nickella Moschetti

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SERIAL KILLER BARBIE THE MUSICAL

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SYNOPSIS: A social outcast gets her bloody revenge in *Serial Killer Barbie*, a darkly comedic musical. Barbie just wants to be a member of her high school's popular elite, led by three divas who go by the collective name, "the Debbies." But when the mean-spirited trio make Barbie betray her kindhearted gay best friend as part of her initiation, she snaps—and that's when the killin' starts. Caustic and hilarious, *Serial Killer Barbie* is packed with songs ranging from rousing show-stoppers to tender ballads.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(7 females, 4-5 males, 0-1 either, 0-1 extra)

BARBARA (f)	Barbara Laura Dunbarton. Tomboy. Outsider. Quirky. Likable. (173 lines)
DEBBI (f).....	Queen Bitch. Privileged. Selfish. Funny. (110 lines)
DEBBIE (f)	Smart. Ambitious. Focused. Driven. Funny. (61 lines)
DEBBY (f).....	Dumb as a brick. Pretty. Sexy. Funny. (52 lines)
BRUCE (m)	Soulful. Genuine. Insightful. (80 lines)
SEBASTIAN (m).....	Athletic. Eye Candy. Likable. (10 lines)
QUINN (m).....	Quirky. Funny. (6 lines)
RONALD (m).....	Nerdy. Sweet. (6 lines)
BEATRICE (f).....	Awkward. Needy. Funny. (17 lines)
SHARON (f)	Small. Peppy. Funny. (11 lines)
PARKER (f).....	Precocious. (45 lines)
ANNOUNCEMENT (m/f).....	Offstage or pre-recorded voice. (5 lines)
ICE CREAM GUY (m).....	(1 line)
TEACHER (m/f).....	(Non-Speaking)

DURATION: 80 minutes

TIME: Present

SETTING: Simulated school hallway/classroom

SET DESIGN

A simulated school hallway/ classroom with lockers against one wall and blackboards – scenes can be changed with moveable boxes.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

SCENE 1: 1st GRADE

SONG #1: WHAT DO I WEAR
ENSEMBLE

SONG #2: CRYING SONG
*SHARON, RONALD, SEBASTIAN, QUINN,
BEATRICE*

SCENE 2: 2nd GRADE

SONG #3: PEOPLE LIKE US
BRUCE, BARBARA, THE DEBBIES

SCENE 3: 3rd GRADE

SONG #4: PAPER BAG LUNCH
ENSEMBLE

SCENE 4: 4th GRADE

SONG #5: PERFECT
DEBBIE, DEBBY, DEBBI, ENSEMBLE

SCENE 5: 5th GRADE

SCENE 6: 6th GRADE

SONG #6: MIDDLE SCHOOL SUCKS
ENSEMBLE

SONG #7: JEEZIFY ME
THE DEBBIES, BARBARA

SONG #8: PEOPLE LIKE US – REPRISE
BRUCE

SCENE 7: 7th GRADE

- SONG #9:** **GIVE ME A CHANCE**
DEBBI, SEBASTIAN, ENSEMBLE
- SONG #10:** **I DON'T WANT TO BE A DEBBIE**
BARBARA

SCENE 8: 8th GRADE

- SONG #11:** **DIFFERENT**
BRUCE, BARBARA

SCENE 9: 9th GRADE

- SONG #12:** **21 WAYS TO KILL A DEBBIE**
BRUCE, BARBARA

SCENE 10: 10th GRADE

- SONG #13:** **REMEMBER ME**
BRUCE, BARBARA, BEATRICE, SHARON

SCENE 11: 11th GRADE

- SONG #14:** **LOOK UP**
DEBBI, ENSEMBLE

SCENE 12: 12th GRADE

- SONG #15:** **THE PRICE OF POPULARITY**
BARBARA, DEBBI

PREMIERE PERFORMANCE

Serial Killer Barbie premiered at NoHo Arts Theatre (CA) in 2014. The production was directed & produced by Ronnie Marmo with choreography by Anne Marie Osgood, set design by Adam Gascoine, costumes by Miriam Plum, light design by Christina Robinson, Stage Manager Adam Gascoine, with the following cast and crew:

BARBARA.....	Kelley Dorney
BRUCE.....	Alex Homes
DEBBI.....	Katy Jacoby
DEBBIE.....	Marti Maley
DEBBY.....	Kacey Coppola
SEBASTIAN.....	Cy Creamer
BEATRICE.....	Nicole Fabbri
SHARON.....	Jillian Fonacier
QUINN.....	Christopher Kelly
RONALD.....	Bradley Estrin
RHONDA/SWING.....	Devon Hadsell
PARKER.....	Grace Shoemaker
PARKER.....	Audrey Bluestone

SERIAL KILLER BARBIE BAND:

Nickella Moschetti: Musical Director/keyboards

Ed Cosico: Guitar and Cajón

Hilletje Bashew: Cello

SETTING: *Piles of clothes with shoes on top of them pepper the stage. In the center, a makeshift bed with a child's duvet and pillow.*

AT START: *Lights up on PARKER, 6, in pajamas. She stands in front of a pile of clothes, holding them up to an imaginary mirror.*

BARBARA: *(Offstage.)* Parker!

PARKER: One more minute.

PARKER holds up a second outfit, considers. This is a big decision. BARBARA, 30's, enters.

BARBARA: It's time for bed.

PARKER: But I'm not tired.

BARBARA: Being tired has nothing to do with what time you go to bed.

PARKER: That doesn't make any sense.

BARBARA: Grown-ups rarely make sense. *(Beat.)* Parker, sweetheart, I said eight o'clock and I meant eight o'clock. I'm a woman who keeps my word.

PARKER: But I don't know what I'm going to wear tomorrow.

BARBARA: One of life's great travesties. *(Off PARKER'S look.)* You have ten outfits laid out. Pick one.

PARKER: Mother, you don't get it. This is an absolutely positively unequivocally important decision. *(Off BARBARA'S look.)* It's the first day of first grade.

BARBARA: I know. I'm the one driving carpool. *(Beat.)* Fine, pick... the blue one.

PARKER: Mother, this is not an arbitrary decision. Making the wrong choice could stigmatize me for the rest of my life.

BARBARA: The rest of your life?

PARKER: I just need five more minutes.

BARBARA: Two.

PARKER: Three. And a half.

BARBARA: I'm negotiating with a six year old.

PARKER: Hey, it's in my genes: I share DNA with the world's best legal mind.

BARBARA: Flattery—a strong negotiating tactic. I'll give you that.

PARKER: So, I win.

BARBARA: It's not always about winning.

PARKER: Yes it is. (*Spies the perfect outfit.*) Found it.

BARBARA: Mazel tov.

PARKER: (*Jumps into bed.*) And with three minutes to spare. Just enough time for a story.

BARBARA: If you weren't so cute, you'd be annoying.

PARKER: You can't call your own child annoying.

BARBARA: Can't I? Even if I do it to her face?

PARKER: Tell me a story, Mom. Please!

BARBARA: A princess story?

PARKER: Oy Vey. Not a stereotypical bubble brained, antiquated, anti-feminist princess story. A real one. (*Beat.*) Look, I don't know if you've been to the movies lately, but there's a real drought of female-centric stories.

BARBARA: Real stories have real consequences. Can you handle it?

PARKER: I'm six! I'm practically an adult... minus the boobs and the period... although if you keep feeding me milk from hormone injected cows—

BARBARA: —Okay. Okay. A real story. Coming right up. (*Beat.*) Okay, okay. Long ago, in a land far, far away—

PARKER: —Mom! Reality based, please.

BARBARA: Okay. Once upon a time...

PARKER: Barbara Laura Dunbarton!

BARBARA: Why don't we just stick with mom?

PARKER: You don't understand. It's been forever since you were in school. You have no idea what I'm going through.

BARBARA: I don't, huh? Sure you can handle this?

PARKER nods as the lights fade. SFX: sound of a cheering crowd getting louder. SFX: boxing bell rings three times. A spot finds DEBBI, with boxing gloves around her neck, prepping for a fight. Behind, DEBBIE, massages DEBBI'S shoulders. DEBBY, a sexy girl in a white bra and undies, crosses upstage of BARBARA and PARKER. DEBBY holds a sign "First Grade", ala a ring girl at a boxing match.

BARBARA: School is like a boxing match. You just have to make it twelve rounds without getting knocked out.

SONG #1: WHAT DO I WEAR

ENSEMBLE

SOUND CUE 01: WHAT DO I WEAR

BARBARA: *(Sings.)*

SOME SAY THAT GLOBAL WARMING IS THE MOST IMPORTANT QUEST.
TO PONDER AND TO WONDER HOW TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM BEST.
I HEAR PEACE ON EARTH IS MAJOR, BUT FOR ME,
ON THE FIRST DAY OF FIRST GRADE
ALL I CARE ABOUT IS—

ALL stand behind piles of clothes. The BOYS in white boxer shorts or tighty-whities and white tees, the GIRLS in white camisoles or bras and white boyshorts or panties.

ENSEMBLE:

WHAT DO I WEAR?

ALL slowly dress and preen.

DEBBIE:

IT'S THE FIRST DAY OF FIRST GRADE
THAT ALL IMPORTANT DAY.

RONALD:

MATTERS WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE,
HOW YOU FEEL, AND WHAT YOU SAY.

DEBBI:

THOSE SO IMPORTANT FIRST DAY CLOTHES.

ENSEMBLE:

FIRST DAY CLOTHES.

BEATRICE:

VOGUE SAYS THAT PURPLE'S TRENDING.

QUINN:

ORANGE MEANS I THINK OUTSIDE THE BOX.

DEBBY:

IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER WHAT I WEAR,
'CAUSE I'M A STONE COLD FOX.

SEBASTIAN:

I'LL WEAR MY SPORTS JERSEY
'CAUSE IT MEANS I'M SUPER COOL.

BARBARA

I DON'T SEE WHY IT'S NECESSARY
FOR ME TO EVEN GO TO SCHOOL!

BRUCE and BEATRICE:

MY FIRST DAY CLOTHES.

ENSEMBLE:

WHAT DO I WEAR?
IT REALLY MATTERS.
WHAT DO WEAR?
WHERE DO I BEGIN?

BRUCE:

SHOULD I WEAR A CAP OR FEDORA?

BEATRICE:

WHAT'LL MAKE ME FIT IN?

SHARON and QUINN:

MY FIRST DAY CLOTHES.

ENSEMBLE:

WHAT DO I WEAR?
IT ALL BEGINS NOW.
WHAT DO I WEAR?
THIS SETS MY BAR.

SEBASTIAN:

MY FIRST DAY CLOTHES.

ENSEMBLE:

BLEND INTO THE CROWD
OR BE ACCEPTED.
DON'T STAND OUT.
YOU'LL NEVER GO FAR.

BARBARA:

I DON'T SEE WHY IT'S NECESSARY
FOR ME TO EVEN GO TO SCHOOL!

THE DEBBIES:

MY FIRST DAY CLOTHES.

ENSEMBLE:

WHAT DO I WEAR?
WILL THEY MAKE FUN OF ME?
WHAT DO I WEAR
TO HIDE MY FEAR?

ALL:

PLAY IT SAFE
OR MAKE A STATEMENT?

BRUCE:

PLEASE TELL ME IT GETS BETTER NEXT YEAR.

BARBARA:

FIRST DAY OF FIRST GRADE.
FIRST DAY OF THE REST OF MY LIFE.
WHAT I WEAR WILL SET THE STANDARD;
OWN THE KINGDOM OR BE A FIFE.

SEBASTIAN:

I'M GONNA SHOW OFF MY ABS.

DEBBI: (*Spoken in rhythm.*)

MY BOOBS.

DEBBIE:

MY KARDASHIAN BUTT.

BRUCE and BEATRICE:

MY FIRST DAY CLOTHES.

ENSEMBLE:

WHAT DO I WEAR?
IT REALLY MATTERS.
WHAT DO WEAR?
WHERE DO I BEGIN?

RONALD:

WITH A SIMPLE BUTTON DOWN OXFORD?

BEATRICE:

OR A MATCHING CARDIGAN?

SHARON and QUINN:

MY FIRST DAY CLOTHES.

ENSEMBLE:

WHAT DO I WEAR?
IT ALL BEGINS NOW.
WHAT DO I WEAR?
THIS SETS MY BAR.

SEBASTIAN:

MY FIRST DAY CLOTHES.

ENSEMBLE:

BLEND INTO THE CROWD
OR BE ACCEPTED.
DON'T STAND OUT.
YOU'LL NEVER GO FAR.

BARBARA:

I DON'T SEE WHY IT'S NECESSARY
FOR ME TO EVEN GO TO SCHOOL!

THE DEBBIES:

MY FIRST DAY CLOTHES.

ENSEMBLE:

WHAT DO I WEAR?
WILL THEY MAKE FUN OF ME?
WHAT DO I WEAR
TO HIDE MY FEAR?

ALL:

PLAY IT SAFE
OR MAKE A STATEMENT?

SHARON:

PLEASE TELL ME IT GETS BETTER NEXT YEAR.

DEBBI:

TO RULE THE SCHOOL
YOU NEED A MINION.

DEBBY:

OOO! I'M A MINION.

DEBBI:

TO RULE THE SCHOOL
I MIGHT NEED TWO.

DEBBY and DEBBIE:

I'M A MINION.

DEBBI: (*Spoken in rhythm.*)

I'M DEBBI.

DEBBY: (*Spoken in rhythm.*)

I'M DEBBY.

DEBBIE: (*Spoken in rhythm.*)

I'M DEBBIE.

THE DEBBIES: (*Spoken in rhythm.*)

AH!

BRUCE and BEATRICE:

MY FIRST DAY CLOTHES

ENSEMBLE:

WHAT DO I WEAR?
IT REALLY MATTERS.
WHAT DO WEAR?
WHERE DO I BEGIN?

BEATRICE:

HOW WILL I KNOW WHERE TO FIT IN?

RONALD:

JUST BREATHE AND KEEP IT STEADY.

SHARON and QUINN:

MY FIRST DAY CLOTHES.

ENSEMBLE:

WHAT DO I WEAR?
IT REALLY MATTERS.
WHAT DO WEAR?
WHERE DO I BEGIN?

SHARON:

CAN THEY TELL THESE CLOTHES
ARE HAND ME DOWNS?

DEBBY:

DOES THIS OUTFIT MAKE ME THIN?

SEBASTIAN:

MY FIRST DAY CLOTHES.

ENSEMBLE:

WHAT DO I WEAR?
IT ALL BEGINS NOW.
WHAT DO I WEAR?
THIS SETS MY BAR.

THE DEBBIES:

MY FIRST DAY CLOTHES.

ENSEMBLE:

BLEND INTO THE CROWD
OR BE ACCEPTED.
DON'T STAND OUT.
YOU'LL NEVER GO FAR.

BARBARA:

I DON'T SEE WHY IT'S NECESSARY
FOR ME TO EVEN GO TO SCHOOL!

THE DEBBIES:

MY FIRST DAY CLOTHES.

ENSEMBLE:

WHAT DO I WEAR?
WILL THEY MAKE FUN OF ME?
WHAT DO I WEAR
TO HIDE MY FEAR.

ALL:

PLAY IT SAFE
OR MAKE A STATEMENT?

BARBARA:

PLEASE TELL ME IT GETS BETTER NEXT YEAR.

ALL pose for a group picture. SHARON holds up the sign "MRS. NAGLE'S FIRST GRADE CLASS". SFX: flashbulb goes off. ALL hold their pose until finally... SHARON starts whimpering. BARBARA steps out of the group and addresses the audience.

BARBARA: Look, I get it. It's hard to cut the apron strings. But first grade is the perfect opportunity to... snip snip. It's essentially a circumcision. Our parents are the foreskin and we are the penises.... Only, we aren't given any anesthesia for the pain.

SONG #2: CRYING SONG

SHARON, RONALD, SEBASTIAN, QUINN, BEATRICE

SOUND CUE 02: CRYING SONG, PART 1

SHARON and RONALD:

CRY! CRY! CRY! DON'T GO, MOMMY!

CRY! CRY! CRY! DON'T GO, MOMMY!

BARBARA looks over, disturbed. Waits.

BARBARA: Where was I?

BRUCE: Penises.

BARBARA: Right.

A connection. BARBARA nods, BRUCE joins her.

BARBARA: *(To audience.)* So, first grade is our first real step to true independence. It's when we start defining who we are as human beings, independently of mom and dad.

BRUCE: Or... in today's world, mom and mom.

BARBARA: Or dad and dad.

BRUCE: Or mixed race transgender mom—

BRUCE and BARBARA: —and racially ambiguous dad, or...

SOUND CUE 03: CRYING SONG, PART 2

SHARON and RONALD:

CRY! CRY! CRY! DON'T GO, MOMMY!

CRY! CRY! CRY! DON'T GO, MOMMY!

SHARON, RONALD, and SEBASTIAN sing simultaneously.

SHARON and RONALD:

CRY! CRY! CRY! DON'T GO, MOMMY!
CRY! CRY! CRY! DON'T GO, MOMMY!

SEBASTIAN:

WAH. WAH. WAH. WAH. WAH.
WAH. WAH. WAH. WAH. WAH.

BARBARA: (*Looks at SHARON, RONALD, and SEBASTIAN, disgusted.*) Seriously? (*Back to audience.*) I'm excited for the opportunity to discover my potential without anyone holding me back. The world is mine to pioneer and I plan to embrace who I am and who I'll be. I want to make a difference. I want people to hear my voice. I want—

SOUND CUE 04: CRYING SONG, PART 3

SHARON and RONALD:

CRY! CRY! CRY! DON'T GO, MOMMY!
CRY! CRY! CRY! DON'T GO, MOMMY!

SHARON, RONALD, and SEBASTIAN sing simultaneously.

SHARON and RONALD:

CRY! CRY! CRY! DON'T GO, MOMMY!
CRY! CRY! CRY! DON'T GO, MOMMY!

SEBASTIAN:

WAH! WAH! WAH! WAH! WAH!
WAH! WAH! WAH! WAH! WAH!

SHARON, RONALD, SEBASTIAN, QUINN, and BEATRICE sing simultaneously.

SHARON and RONALD:

CRY! CRY! CRY! DON'T GO, MOMMY!
CRY! CRY! CRY! DON'T GO, MOMMY!

SEBASTIAN:

WAH! WAH! WAH! WAH! WAH!
WAH! WAH! WAH! WAH! WAH!

QUINN and BEATRICE:

PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME. I'LL BE GOOD, MOM.

PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME. I'LL BE GOOD, MOM.

Music stops.

BARBARA: Do you ever feel like you're the only person in the world who isn't insane?

BRUCE: Every day.

BARBARA: I'm Barbara.

BRUCE offers BARBARA his hand. It is a limp wristed shake.

BRUCE: Bruce.

SFX: school bell rings. Everyone exits except BARBARA. DEBBY and DEBBIE stand at the lockers.

BARBARA: *(To audience.)* When your name is Barbara Laura Dunbarton, you're pretty much screwed. Who in the hell names their kid after not one but two first ladies and both of them Bushes? I'll tell you who, my repressed Republican parents. Don't they know one can't enter elementary school with an agenda? And I didn't want to stand out! I wanted to belong.

SFX: boxing bell rings three times. DEBBIE crosses with a sign that reads "Round 2". She is followed by DEBBY and DEBBIE. Lights up on THE DEBBIES at the lockers.

BARBARA: That's why I needed to get in early with the Debbies. They were the most popular girls in school. Debutantes in training. Untouchable. Everyone wanted to be a Debbie.

THE DEBBIES grab American Girl Dolls who are dressed exactly like them.

DEBBIE: Our parents were divorced and remarried by the time we were seven.

DEBBY: We go to therapy.

DEBBI: We are cool.

BARBARA: I so desperately wanted to be a Debbie. But... how could I be someone else when I didn't even know who I was yet? (*Pulls out a Barbie doll.*) Hi Debbies. Wanna play with me?

DEBBI: EW! Is that a... Barbie? (*Off BARBARA'S nod.*) Ew. No. Never. Negative. Na uh. Debbie

DEBBIE: Yes, Debbi. (*To BARBARA.*) We don't play with dolls that are anatomically incorrect and promote body issues. It's bad for our self-esteem.

DEBBI: It's so... 1959. You might as well have a Betsy Wetsy.

THE DEBBIES shake their dolls.

DEBBI: (*Dismissing BARBARA.*) Run along, loser.

DEBBIE and DEBBY: Yes, run along loser.

Hurt, BARBARA turns as BRUCE enters with a soccer ball. He has been watching the scene unfold.

BRUCE: Hey, Barbie—

BARBARA: —Don't call me Barbie. I will not be named after an anatomically incorrect doll.

SONG #3: PEOPLE LIKE US

BRUCE, BARBARA, THE DEBBIES

SOUND CUE 05: PEOPLE LIKE US

BRUCE: (*Spoken.*) Stop worrying about people like them. People like us are different and different isn't celebrated until college.

BARBARA: (*Spoken.*) What do you mean people like us?

BRUCE:

PEOPLE LIKE US ARE UNLIKE THE OTHERS.

PEOPLE LIKE US DON'T FOLLOW THE HERD.

PEOPLE LIKE US ARE MEANT TO BE FRIENDS.

BARBARA:

WE'RE JUST A LITTLE BEHIND
THEY'RE IN FRONT OF THE CURVE.

BRUCE:

WE REFUSE TO JUST WALK
THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW LINE.
HEY!

BARBARA:

WHAT?

BRUCE:

YOU KNOW WHAT'S BETTER THAN ONE?

BARBARA:

LET ME GUESS, TWO?

BRUCE:

I'LL BE THERE FOR YOU, PROMISE.

BARBARA:

I'LL BE THERE FOR YOU, TOO.

BRUCE (THE DEBBIES):

PEOPLE LIKE US
COLOR OUTSIDE THE LINES. (PEOPLE LIKE THEM.)
TAKE A RISK NOW AND THEN,
DARE TO DREAM ALL THE TIME.
PEOPLE LIKE US
ARE MEANT TO BE FRIENDS (PEOPLE LIKE THEM.)
TILL THE END.

BRUCE:

WHEN YOU GO THROUGH THE TOUGH TIMES,
I'LL BE THERE BY YOUR SIDE.

BARBARA:

WHEN YOU'RE LOST, I WILL FIND YOU.
BE THE JEKYLL TO YOUR HYDE.

BRUCE:

ASTAIRE TO YOUR ROGERS.

BARBARA:

THE BONNIE TO YOUR CLYDE.

BARBARA and BRUCE:

BE BATMAN

BARBARA:

ROBIN.

BRUCE (THE DEBBIES):

PEOPLE LIKE US

COLOR OUTSIDE THE LINES. (PEOPLE LIKE THEM.)

TAKE A RISK NOW AND THEN,

BARBARA and BRUCE (THE DEBBIES):

DARE TO DREAM ALL THE TIME.

PEOPLE LIKE US

ARE MEANT TO BE FRIENDS (PEOPLE LIKE THEM.)

TILL THE END.

BARBARA:

WITH YOU, I CAN BE ME.

BRUCE:

I CAN BE ME WITH YOU.

BARBARA:

YOU CAN TELL ME YOUR SECRETS.

BRUCE:

I CAN TELL YOU A FEW.

BARBARA:

WE'LL BE BEST FRIENDS FOREVER.

BRUCE:

SHARE THE UPS AND THE DOWNS.

BARBARA:

WHEN WE FIGHT, WE'LL MAKE UP.

BRUCE:

I LIKE THE WAY THAT SOUNDS.

BARBARA and BRUCE:

PEOPLE LIKE US
 COLOR OUTSIDE THE LINES.
 TAKE A RISK NOW AND THEN,
 DARE TO DREAM ALL THE TIME.
 PEOPLE LIKE US
 ARE MEANT TO BE FRIENDS
 TILL THE END.

BRUCE: *(Spoken over remaining music.)* People like us, should always be friends.

BARBARA: *(Spoken over remaining music.)* Best friends forever?

BRUCE: *(Spoken over remaining music.)* Best friends forever.

BRUCE and BARBARA do their handshake as the music ends. SEBASTIAN enters, looking for his ball.

SEBASTIAN: Why are you still holding onto my ball, Bruce?

BRUCE smiles tosses ball to SEBASTIAN. SFX: boxing bell rings three times. SEBASTIAN struts across flirting as he carries the sign: "3rd Grade".

ANNOUNCEMENT: Attention students. Due to yesterday's unexpected earthquake, today's fire drill has been cancelled. Don't forget, today is ice cream day. Please line up in the cafeteria in an orderly manner.

STUDENTS set up their lunch tables and grab their lunch boxes from their lockers. SFX: ice cream music plays underneath. STUDENTS line up to get their cones. DEBBIE gets her cone first. DEBBY is next.

DEBBY: *(Looks at the cone in disgust.)* Ninety calories. Oh no. Absolutely not.

DEBBY gives her cone to an AUDIENCE MEMBER. The rest of the STUDENTS get their cones. QUINN is last in line.

ICE CREAM GUY: *(To QUINN.)* Sorry kid, we're all out.

QUINN walks up to the AUDIENCE MEMBER with the cone. Looks with longing eyes. THE DEBBIES, in unison, cross over to the center table. They glare at SHARON.

SHARON: Fuck it. Suck it.

DEBBIE: I have gluten free bread with tofurky.

DEBBY: I have a tofu salad with kale.

DEBBI: I have yogurt and genetically modified grapes. *(Beat.)* Or as my daddy calls it, culture and baby wine.

BARBARA reaches into her brown paper bag and pulls out a pitiful sandwich.

BARBARA: I have PB and J.

ALL gasp.

DEBBI: I am allergic to peanut butter. Are you trying to kill me?

DEBBIE and DEBBY: Yeah. Are you trying to kill Debbi?

THE DEBBIES go back to their inner circle.

THE DEBBIES: Let's trade!

DEBBIE gives to DEBBI, who gives to DEBBY. They eat. A frozen tableau.

BARBARA: It's funny how one's personality is determined so early in life. *(Standing behind each of THE DEBBIES.)* Take Debbie, with an "e". D.E.B.B.I.E. Classic A type personality. Has to be first in the lunch line, first to the playground, first to learn the ABC'S.

DEBBIE: First to get pregnant. I'll definitely be first to get pregnant.

BARBARA: She always needs to be first. *(Beat.)* Then Debby, with a "y". D.E.B.B.Y. A bit dumb, but the prettiest of the Debbies, so they accept her unequivocally.

DEBBY: Unequivocally. U.N.E.Q.U.I. Vocally. Unequivocally. In a way that is clear and unambiguous. Unequivocally. (*To audience.*) I looked it up on Wikipedia. He knows EVERYTHING!

BARBARA: And then there's Debbi, with an "i". D.E.B.B.I. That doesn't even spell Debbie, it spells, Deb-eye. She gets away with making exaggerated "air quotes" even though she's only quoting herself.

DEBBI: It's Debbi with an "i". Like "I" am so smart and pretty and popular it's exhausting being "me".

BARBARA: She's the trend setter. The one everyone follows blindly. If Deb-eye goes to a big box store to buy a mass produced sweater made in a sweatshop by eight year old crippled kid in China, everyone else will to. She is the ultimate consumer whore who shops at big box stores. She's my ultimate nemesis... I wish we were best friends.

BARBARA starts to sit down with THE DEBBIES.

DEBBI: Ew. We do not sit with people who bring a paper bag lunch!

BRUCE: Barbie! Over here. I saved you a seat.

BARBARA wants to sit with THE DEBBIES, but has never been asked. She crosses and sits with BRUCE. BEATRICE enters with her lunchbox. Unsure where to sit. Awkward. Her dress is tucked into her underwear.

SONG #4: PAPER BAG LUNCH

ENSEMBLE

SOUND CUE 06: PAPER BAG LUNCH

BEATRICE:

HIGH NOON
GONNA FIND OUT SOON
WHICH KIDS ARE THE
COOL KIDS AT SCHOOL.

ALL:

FIFTEEN MINUTES OF LUNCH.
FIFTEEN MINUTES OF FAME.
IT'S TIME FOR ME TO MAKE MY NAME.

BRUCE:

BRUCE BANNER IS MY HERO,
SCIENTIST TURNED HULKY HUNK.

SHARON:

I LOVE DORA THE EXPLORER,
CAUSE HER PARENTS AREN'T DIVORCED OR DRUNK.

BEATRICE:

THE BRADY BUNCH NEVER HAD SHOUTING MATCHES;
NOT LIKE MY OWN MOM AND DAD.

QUINN:

YOU KNOW WHO'S COOL? MY LITTLE PONY.
IT'S VERY POPULAR AND NEVER SAD.

ALL:

WE'RE ALL CONSUMER WHORES.
WE SHOP AT BIG BOX STORES.
SIT IN CLIQUES OF TWO—

DEBBIE: (*Spoken in rhythm.*)

—OR THREE!

ALL:

DEPENDING ON OUR POPULARITY.
HOT LUNCH, COLD LUNCH,
BROWN BAG SACK LUNCH.
SNAPWARE, TUPPERWARE,
GET ME OUTTA HERE.
METAL BOX, PLASTIC BOX,
CLOTH BAG, PAPER BAG.
SHE BRINGS A PAPER BAG,
SHE BRINGS A PAPER BAG LUNCH!

Four measure musical interlude.

ALL:

WE ALL BRING RECYCLABLES TO LUNCH.
NO ZIPLOC.

DEBBI: (*Glares at BARBARA.*)

UNLESS WE'RE FROM THE GUTTER.

ALL:

WE MOSTLY HAVE PB AND J'S WITH MILK.

DEBBI:

EXCEPT ME. I'M ALLERGIC TO PEANUT BUTTER.

ALL:

WHAT COUNTS IS THE CONTAINER IT COMES IN.

RONALD: *(Spoken in rhythm.)*

SPIDER-MAN!

DEBBIE: *(Spoken in rhythm.)*

HELLO KITTY!

SEBASTIAN: *(Spoken in rhythm.)*

THE THING!

DEBBY:

IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER WHAT I BRING
'CAUSE I NEVER REALLY EAT ANYTHING.

ALL:

WE'RE ALL CONSUMER WHORES.
WE SHOP AT BIG BOX STORES.
SIT IN CLIQUES OF TWO—

DEBBIE: *(Spoken in rhythm.)*

—OR THREE!—

ALL:

—DEPENDING ON OUR POPULARITY.
HOT LUNCH, COLD LUNCH,
BROWN BAG SACK LUNCH.
SNAPWARE, TUPPERWARE,
GET ME OUTTA HERE.
METAL BOX, PLASTIC BOX,
CLOTH BAG, PAPER BAG.
SHE BRINGS A PAPER BAG,
SHE BRINGS A PAPER BAG LUNCH!

Four measure musical interlude.

BARBARA:

I BRING LUNCH IN A PAPER BAG.
IT'S WAY TOO DEFINING BUYING A LUNCH BOX.
PARTRIDGE FAMILY, FANTASTIC MR. FOX.
YOUR WHOLE IDENTITY
WRAPPED UP IN A LUNCH BOX!

SEBASTIAN: (*Spoken.*) Captain America! Steve Rodgers is a god!

DEBBY:

I HAVE A CRUSH ON C-3PO!

BARBARA:

I BRING A PAPER BAG LUNCH.

BEATRICE:

I TOLD SHE WAS ODD.

BARBARA:

I BRING A PAPER BAG LUNCH.

DEBBY: (*Spoken in rhythm.*)

BARBARA WHO?

BARBARA: (*Speaking over ALL below.*) Don't you people see that by bringing a paper bag lunch, I am not limiting myself. My possibilities are endless. Doesn't anybody get that?

ALL: (*Under BARBARA.*)

SHE BRINGS A PAPER BAG LUNCH.

SHE BRINGS A PAPER BAG LUNCH.

SHE BRINGS A PAPER BAG LUNCH.

SHE BRINGS A PAPER BAG LUNCH.

DEBBY: (*Spoken. Gasp!*) Maybe her mom just can't cook.

ALL OTHERS: (*Spoken.*) ooohhh!!

ALL:

WE'RE ALL CONSUMER WHORES.

WE SHOP AT BIG BOX STORES.

SIT IN CLIQUES OF TWO—

DEBBIE: (*Spoken in rhythm.*)

—OR THREE!—

ALL:

—DEPENDING ON OUR POPULARITY.
 HOT LUNCH, COLD LUNCH,
 BROWN BAG SACK LUNCH.
 SNAPWARE, TUPPERWARE,
 GET ME OUTTA HERE.
 METAL BOX, PLASTIC BOX,
 CLOTH BAG, PAPER BAG.
 SHE BRINGS A PAPER BAG—
 SHE BRINGS A PAPER BAG—
 SHE BRINGS A PAPER BAG—

BARBARA: *(Spoken. Interrupts.)* Okay. We get it.

ALL:

SHE BRINGS A PAPER BAG LUNCH!

Song ends. ALL go back to their lunches.

BARBARA: What do you have?

BRUCE: Lunchables.

BARBARA and BRUCE make gag faces.

BRUCE: Do you know how much sodium is in prepackaged food. My parents should be arrested.

BARBARA: So, who are you today?

BRUCE: Bruce Banner.

BARBARA: Ed Norton or Mark Ruffalo?

BRUCE: Ick. Yum. Neither. The one and only Bill Bixby. *(In English accent.)* You won't like me when I'm angry.

BARBARA: Was Bill Bixby British?

BRUCE: No. But it sounds cooler that way.

BARBARA: It does.

BRUCE: I know. That's why I did it. Everything sounds cooler in a British accent. Fun fact, Bill Bixby's Bruce Banner was called David Banner in the series, because in the seventies, they thought the name Bruce was too gay.

BARBARA: No!

BRUCE: Yes! And the biggest crime is he lost the alliteration. All comic heroes are alliterative. Clark Kent—

BARBARA: —Sue Storm—

BRUCE: —Peter Parker—

BARBARA: —Wonder Woman! Remember when you were Bruce Wayne all through second grade?

SFX: "Batman" music plays underneath.

BRUCE: BAM.

BARBARA: KAPOW.

BRUCE: THWACK.

BARBARA and BRUCE: SHAZAM.

BARBARA: Why don't you just try being yourself?

SFX: school bell rings. ALL exit to go to class, except BARBARA.

ANNOUNCEMENT: Attention Students, today, the girls' "let's talk" lunch gathering will be about menstruation and how to prepare for the big day. Grab your lunch and bring a friend to Mrs. McFeely's room B-116.

BARBARA: *(To audience.)* A boxing match typically consists of a determined number of three minute rounds, a total of up to twelve rounds. It used to be fifteen, but some boy genius in the world boxing association realized that boxing is like school. And school ends in twelfth grade. Unless you're held back.

SHARON rushes across stage holding up a paper with a big red "D".

SHARON: Fuck me. I just got a D. Don't they know they're slaughtering my self-esteem! *(Sits in the classroom.)*

BARBARA: And like boxing, each round just gets harder. If third grade truly equalled the third round, then Clubber Lang as portrayed by Mr. T in the BEST ROCKY MOVIE EVER, Rocky III, should have been exhausted. *(Beat.)* I still have nine more years of this to go. *(Beat.)* It's a battlefield out there.

SFX: boxing bell rings three times. The TEACHER writes "4" on the board. The 4 soon becomes part of an equation $4 \times 18 / 3 + 9 =$ TEACHER continues to write equations as THE DEBBIES enter.

BARBARA: Hi Debbie. Hi Debby. Hi Debbi.

THE DEBBIES ignore BARBARA and sit.

BARBARA: *(Imitating.)* Hi Barbara, how are you? Love your jeans, did you get them at Forever 21? Wanna come over to my house for a playdate? Wanna be BFF's?

BRUCE enters, wearing a karate outfit.

BRUCE: What are you doing?

BARBARA: Nothing.

BRUCE: Lie. You were talking to yourself.

BARBARA: I... was using my imagination. There's a difference.

BRUCE: Is there? They lock people up in Bellevue for having an imagination.

BARBARA: I just don't get why she doesn't want to be friends with me.

BRUCE: Who?

BARBARA: Debbi with an "i".

BRUCE: Um, cause she's a "bitch".

BARBARA: Bruce!

BRUCE: What? She is. Why do you even want her to be your friend? I'm a much better friend than she'll ever be. It's embarrassing the way you fawn all over her.

SEBASTIAN enters tossing a football. BRUCE jumps up, fawning.

BRUCE: Hi Sebastian. Do you need help with your homework? Or a wrestling partner. Or a fluffer?

SEBASTIAN ignores BRUCE and sits.

BARBARA: You were saying?

BRUCE shrugs. Busted.

BARBARA: I just want to fit in.

BRUCE: Then try being yourself.

BARBARA: No one likes myself. I don't even like myself.

BRUCE: I like yourself. I like myself.

BARBARA: Really, Bruce Lee?

SFX: school bell rings.

SHARON: Did you guys get back your geometry tests?

BARBARA: Yeah, I got a B.

BEATRICE: B-.

BRUCE: C+.

QUINN: C.

SHARON: Fuck me. I got a D. How can they give me a D in fourth grade? Don't they know it's slaughtering my self-esteem?

BEATRICE: Debby failed and she doesn't seem to have any self-esteem issues.

DEBBY: I'm beautiful and I'll marry rich.

BARBARA: But if everyone did badly, they'll have to grade us on a curve, right?

SHARON: My D will become a C.

QUINN: My C will become a B.

BARBARA: Your C+ will become a B+, your B- will become an A-. And my B will become an A. Score! I got an A on my test!

SONG #5: PERFECT

DEBBIE, DEBBY, DEBBI, ENSEMBLE

SOUND CUE 07: PERFECT

DEBBIE: (*Spoken.*) That's if everyone does badly. Burn! I got an A+.

DEBBIE stands, holds up a paper with a huge red A+ on it.

DEBBIE:

NEVER GOTTEN A B.
NEVER FAILED A TEST.
THEY ALL SAY—

ALL:

—SHE'S PERFECT.

DEBBIE:

THEY ALL CALL ME—

ALL:

—OBSESSED.

DEBBIE (ALL):

CAN'T SETTLE FOR AN A MINUS WHEN A PLUS IS BEST.
I'M PRESIDENT OF GLEE CLUB, FRENCH CLUB (LA LA LA, LA LA LA)
CAPTAIN OF DEBATE. (LA LA LA)
YEARBOOK EDITOR, HEAD CHEERLEADER, (LA LA LA, LA LA LA)
I CAN EVEN ICE SKATE.
CAUSE I'M A PERFECT OVERACHIEVER (LA LA LA)
WITH PERFECT WIND SWEEPED HAIR. (LA LA)
WHEN LOSERS TRY TO BEFRIEND ME
I GIVE THEM THE DEBBIE GLARE. (*DEBBIE glares.*)
(LA LA, LA LA ,LA LA)
(LA LA, LA LA ,LA LA)

DEBBIE sits. From her seat, DEBBY stands, looking into her phone.

DEBBY:

IT'S SO HARD TO BE PRETTY,
NEVER GOTTEN A ZIT.
THEY ALL SAY—

ENSEMBLE MEN:

—SHE HAS IT!

DEBBY:

THEY ALL CALL ME—

ENSEMBLE WOMEN:

—STUCK UP.

DEBBY:

BUT I'M ALWAYS CAMERA READY,
MR. DEMILLE, I'M READY FOR MY CLOSE UP!

DEBBY (ALL):

I'M A BEAUTY QUEEN IN TRAINING (LA LA LA, LA LA LA)
AND I'M ALWAYS ON A DIET. (LA LA LA)

BARBARA: *(Spoken.)* They say food boosts your brain power.

ALL: *(Under BARBARA'S spoken line.)*

LA LA LA, LA LA LA

DEBBY: *(Spoken.)* Isn't that a riot?!

DEBBY (ALL):

CAUSE I'M A PERFECT PRETTY PRINCESS (LA LA LA)
WITH PERFECT PRINCESS SKIN. (LA LA)
I CAN'T HELP IT IF EVERYONE'S JEALOUS
THAT I'M BEAUTIFUL AND THIN. (LA LA, LA LA, LA LA)
(LA LA, LA LA, LA LA)

DEBBY takes her seat as DEBBI stands on her desk. Looking down on her subjects.

DEBBI:

I'M ADORED BY EVERYONE HERE.
POPULAR, WORSHIPPED, BELOVED, REVERED.

ALL:

SHE IS.

DEBBI:

"QUEEN BEE" AS EVERYONE KNOWS.

ALL: *(Shout.)*

WE KNOW.

DEBBI:

IF THE A'S DON'T COME EASY, I CHEAT!

DEBBI: *(Speaks quickly.)* It's the only way to get perfect scores on my SAT's which I need in order to get into an Ivy League School and then run a Fortune 500 company and have "2.5" kids and a pure bread Doberman Pincher become even richer and more popular than I already am cause...

DEBBI (ALL):

I'M A PERFECT BORN LEADER (LA LA LA)
 WITH PERFECT PURITY. (LA LA)
 I KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT EVERYTHING.
 YOU DON'T WANT TO MESS WITH ME.

THE DEBBIE'S all stand and sing simultaneously.

DEBBIE:

I'M A PERFECT OVERACHIEVER
 WITH PERFECT WIND SWEPT HAIR.
 WHEN LOSERS TRY TO BEFRIEND ME
 I GIVE THEM THE DEBBIE GLARE. (*DEBBIE glares.*)

DEBBY:

I'M A PERFECT PRETTY PRINCESS
 WITH PERFECT PRINCESS SKIN.
 I CAN'T HELP IT IF EVERYONE'S JEALOUS
 THAT I'M BEAUTIFUL AND I'M THIN.

DEBBI:

...BORN LEADER
 WITH PERFECT PURITY.
 I KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT EVERYTHING.
 YOU DON'T WANT TO MESS WITH....

DEBBI upstages DEBBIE and DEBBY, who sit down as DEBBI finishes...

DEBBI:

...PERFECT BORN LEADER
 WITH PERFECT PURITY.
 I KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT EVERYTHING.
 YOU DON'T WANT TO MESS WITH—
 YOU DON'T WANT TO MESS WITH ME.

SFX: boxing bell rings three times. RONALD enters, wearing a dashiki.

RONALD: Hi. Hi, I'm back! Hi! I was on a Mission to Africa. (*To DEBBI.*) I learned how to save people.

DEBBI glares at RONALD.

RONALD: *(To audience.) Darasa la tano. That's Swahili for 5th grade. (To group.) I'm back everyone!*

ALL ignore RONALD.

ANNOUNCEMENT: Attention Students, please do remember to stand for the Pledge of Allegiance, unless you are a conscientious objector—then you can sit.

DEBBI and DEBBY sit on a bench texting on their phones. They wear matching headbands. ALL OTHER STUDENTS play nearby. SHARON and BEATRICE turn a rope for BARBARA. SEBASTIAN and QUINN trade cards. BRUCE reads a book. DEBBIE enters and joins her posse.

DEBBIE: Debbie meeting.

DEBBI: Go Debbie.

DEBBIE: Thank you, Debbi. Ready Debby?

DEBBY: Ready, Debbie.

DEBBIE: I'd like to propose that we need a fourth if we're going to win the Church talent show next year.

DEBBY: Next year?

DEBBIE: One can never be too prepared. And I have to win. College is only seven years away. I'm under a lot of pressure.

DEBBI: You're under pressure? I'm under "pressure".

DEBBY: How about Sebastian?

DEBBIE: Not a boy.

DEBBI: Not a boy.

DEBBIE: This is a serious song honoring our Lord and Savior Jesus H Christ. Who is going to be our fourth?

Bored, DEBBI doesn't even look at the rest of the STUDENTS.

DEBBI: Does anyone want to be our—

BARBARA leaves the jump roping and races over to THE DEBBIES.

BARBARA: —Me. I want to. Me, choose me. I'm perfect. Not desperate at all. Me.

DEBBI: Fine. Who wants—

BARBARA: Barbara. Barbara Laura Dunbarton.

DEBBI: Fine. Who wants Barbie?

THE DEBBIES all look up. DEBBIE raises her hand.

DEBBI: Motion passed. Does anyone second?

DEBBY: I second.

DEBBI walks around BARBARA, observing her prey.

DEBBI: You'll have to lose the glasses. It's not part of our "image".

BARBARA: But I can't really see—(*Off THE DEBBIES' looks.*)
Glasses are gone. (*Takes glasses off.*)

DEBBI: You're "pretty".

BARBARA: I am?

DEBBY: She is?

DEBBIE: You are.

DEBBI: In an unconventional way. But wear something cuter. That whole "lesbo" thing may be hip when you're older, but it doesn't really work in grade school. Conformity is a premium.

BARBARA: Oh I'm not, I mean, I don't think. I'm not—(*Off THE DEBBIES' looks.*) I can change. I will change.

DEBBI: Of course you will. If you want to be a "Debbie".

BARBARA: I do. I definitely do. I definitely do want to be a Debbie.
(*Confused.*) A "Debbie". (*BARBARA mimes doing a parenthetical. DEBBI is pleased.*)

DEBBIE: Debby, give her your shirt.

DEBBY takes off her shirt.

BARBARA: Right here? I mean, shouldn't I go into the—(*Off THE DEBBIES' looks.*) Right here it is.

BARBARA goes behind THE DEBBIES. Clothes fly as SFX: striptease music plays. BARBARA takes off her t-shirt and puts on DEBBY'S skimpy tank. Takes off her jeans and puts on a short skirt. DEBBI gives her a flower headband which matches the DEBBIES' headbands. BRUCE looks up, BARBARA is nowhere to be found.

BRUCE: Barbie?

THE DEBBIES part like the red sea to reveal a new version of BARBARA. BRUCE walks over to her. Stares.

BRUCE: You look—

DEBBIE: —pretty.

DEBBY: —popular.

DEBBI: —perfect.

BRUCE: I was going to say terrible.

BARBARA stands, conflicted. Desperate to belong, loathe to leave her friend.

DEBBI: Get lost, "loser".

DEBBIE and DEBBY: Yeah, get lost loser.

THE DEBBIES look at BARBARA, expectantly. Finally...

BARBARA: Yeah... get lost.

BRUCE looks like he's going to cry. He exits. BARBARA watches him go, upset. SFX: boxing bell rings three times. Lights come up on blackboard where SHARON, writes: "6th grade". THE DEBBIES immediately turn their vitriol on her.

DEBBI: I heard Sharon got her period in the shower after gym.

DEBBIE: I heard she still wears a training bra.

DEBBY: I heard she has to take the disabled bus because she's really a midget.

DEBBI: That's racist, Debby!

DEBBIE: —I heard Debby's racist.

DEBBI: —I heard she slept with Ronald and he's half black.
DEBBIE: —I heard she let the Vice Principal get to second base.
DEBBI: —I heard she has Syphilis—
DEBBIE: —Gonorrhoea—
DEBBI: —Chlamydia.
DEBBY: I'm right here!

THE DEBBIES shrug and continue.

DEBBIE: I heard Ronald's best friend is the janitor.
DEBBY: I heard Sharon is poor.
DEBBI: I heard Beatrice is a hermaphrodite.

ALL address the audience. No one is safe.

BEATRICE: I heard Debbi_e cheated on the vocab quiz.
SEBASTIAN: I heard Debbi's father is a druggie.
SHARON: I heard Debby's mother's on food stamps.
RONALD: He's a liar.
BEATRICE: She's a whore.
QUINN: He smells!
RONALD: I can't be friends with him.
DEBBY: I can't be friends with her.
DEBBIE: She's a loser.
BEATRICE: She's annoying.
QUINN: He's a freak.
DEBBI: She's a skank.
ALL: I'm so unhappy.
THE DEBBIES: I'm so unhappy.
BARBARA: I'm so unhappy.

Short beat.

BRUCE: I'm so unhappy.

SONG #6: MIDDLE SCHOOL SUCKS*ENSEMBLE***SOUND CUE 08: MIDDLE SCHOOL SUCKS****ALL:**

THEY SAY:

SHARON:

"SCHOOL GETS BETTER AS YOU GET OLDER."

ALL:

THEY SAY:

SEBASTIAN:

"WE'LL FILL OUR MINDS WITH SMARTS."

ALL:

THEY SAY:

BEATRICE:

"WE'LL GAIN MORE INDEPENDENCE."

ALL:

THEY SAY:

QUINN:

"WE'LL CONQUER MATH AND ARTS."

ALL:

BUT WHO'S—

BRUCE:

—THIS "THEY"? FACELESS ADULTS.

ALL:

THEY SAY:

RONALD:

"IGNORE ALL THE INSULTS."

ALL:

WE SAY:

QUINN:

"THEY'RE JUST TOO OLD."

ALL:

WE SAY:

SHARON:

“THEY JUST DON’T GET IT.”

ALL:

THERE ARE HUNTERS OUT THERE
WE’RE JUST SITTING DUCKS,
TRAPPED LIKE ANIMALS
‘CAUSE MIDDLE SCHOOL SUCKS!
BRACES AND PIMPLES, BRAS AND BOOBS.

QUINN:

OH MY GOD,
I’M GROWING PUBES.

ALL:

FEELINGS ALL OVER THE PLACE.
HORMONES FLOWING.

SHARON:

BOUGHT A BRA,
CONFIDENCE IS GROWING.

ALL:

SO MUCH DRAMA.
SO MUCH HATE.

BEATRICE:

I’M SOCIALLY AWKWARD.

SHARON:

I JUST WANT ONE FUCKING DATE.

ALL:

WE’RE SO—

DEBBY:

—MUCH MORE CONFUSED.

ALL:

OUR BODIES—

DEBBIE:

—CHANGE EACH DAY.

ALL:

OUR EGOS—

DEBBI:

—ALL GET BRUISED.

ALL:

WE'VE ALL—

BARBARA:

—LOST OUR WAY.

ALL:

THEY SAY:

DEBBIE:

"IT WAS HARDER FOR THEM."

ALL:

THEY SAY:

DEBBY:

"WE UNDERSTAND."

ALL:

I SAY:

BRUCE:

"YOU JUST DON'T GET IT."

ALL:

I DON'T,

DEBBI:

WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT.

ALL:

THERE ARE HUNTERS OUT THERE
WE'RE JUST SITTING DUCKS,
TRAPPED LIKE ANIMALS
'CAUSE MIDDLE SCHOOL SUCKS!
BRACES AND PIMPLES, BRAS AND BOOBS.

QUINN:

OH MY GOD,
I'M GROWING PUBES.

ALL:

FEELINGS ALL OVER THE PLACE.
HORMONES FLOWING.

SHARON:

GOT A ZIT,
CONFIDENCE SLOWING.

ALL:

SO MUCH PRESSURE.
SO MANY CLIQUES.

BEATRICE:

I JUST FLUNKED ALGEBRA.

SHARON:

I HAVE B CUPS IN A SIZE THIRTY-TWO!

ALL:

IF YOU—

BARBARA:

—GET IN WITH THE RIGHT CROWD.

ALL:

IF YOU—

BRUCE and DEBBI:

—SELL YOUR SOUL SO YOU UPGRADE.

ALL:

WE'RE ALL—

SEBASTIAN:

—JUST FAKING IT.

ALL:

WE'RE ALL—

RONALD:

—JUST LOST.

ALL:

MIDDLE SCHOOL—

BARBARA:

—COMES AT A REALLY HIGH—

ALL:

—COST. FRIEND—

DEBBI:

—SHIPS ARE FICKLE. DON'T KNOW—

ALL:

—WHY WE'RE—

BEATRICE:

—LAUGHIN' ONE MINUTE—

ALL:

—THEN JUST—

SHARON:

—CRY.

ALL:

THERE ARE HUNTERS OUT THERE
WE'RE JUST SITTING DUCKS,
TRAPPED LIKE ANIMALS
'CAUSE MIDDLE SCHOOL SUCKS!
BRACES AND PIMPLES, BRAS AND BOOBS.

QUINN:

OH MY GOD,
I'M GROWING PUBES.

ALL:

BRACES AND PIMPLES,
BRAS AND BOOBS.

QUINN:

OH MY GOD,
I'M GROWIN' PUBES.

ALL:

BRACES AND PIMPLES,
BRAS AND BOOBS.

QUINN: (*Spoken in rhythm.*)

OH MY GOD,
I'M GROWIN' PUBES.

EVERYONE exits except BARBARA, QUINN, and THE DEBBIES.

QUINN: *(Spoken over the last measures of music.)* I'm growing... I'm growing... I'm growing... pubes.

QUINN shows DEBBY, she is thrilled until DEBBIE breaks it up.

DEBBIE: Okay. Okay. Okay. Priorities people. We've been rehearsing this for a year. So there is no option but to win. We're doing our four pillars routine. I'm pillar one, *Christ hath died*. Debby, you're pillar two, *Christ hath risen again*.

DEBBY: I'm not sure that I should be pillar two. I mean, I'm the only one with real showbiz experience.

DEBBIE: *Toddlers and Tiaras* doesn't count, Debby.

DEBBY throws a fit and exits.

DEBBIE: Debby, you're pillar three, *Who is even at the right hand of God* again.

DEBBY exits.

DEBBIE: And Barbie you're pillar four, *Who Also Maketh intercession for us*. *(Looks at BARBARA.)* Got it?

BARBARA: Got it.

DEBBIE exits. BARBARA follows DEBBIE and then turns.

BARBARA: Should I mention that I'm Jewish? *(Exits.)*

ANNOUNCEMENT: Attention students, anyone who is not on today's field trips to either the juvenile detention center or the planetarium, please gather in the auditorium for the talent show.

BEATRICE enters, doling out her pills.

BEATRICE: (*Singsong.*)

Blue before breakfast so I don't fall behind.
 Pink before lunch so I clear my bright mind.
 Yellow at recess so the voices go away.
 And Purple whenever I feel like it, so I have a great day.

The other STUDENTS enter and sit down.

RONALD: Are you doing anything for the talent show?

SHARON: Fuck no. Talent shows are sanctioned exploitation by our fascist white administration.

QUINN enters, dressed as a mime. He does a bit of the Mime in a Box routine. During this, THE DEBBIES and BARBARA enter, dressed in choir robes, ignore QUINN, and set up three chairs. QUINN keeps miming. THE DEBBIES clap to suggest that he's finished. QUINN mimes himself offstage as THE DEBBIES begin...

SONG #7: JEEZIFY ME

THE DEBBIES, BARBARA

SOUND CUE 09: JEEZIFY ME

DEBBIE:

I AM PILLAR ONE OF JESUS CHRIST.
 PROCLAIMING THE AUTHORITY
 OF GOD WITHOUT APOLOGY.

DEBBY:

I AM PILLAR TWO.
 LIFTING HIGH THE NAME OF JESUS CHRIST IN WORSHIP,
 THROUGH MY ENTREPRENEURSHIP.

DEBBI:

I AM PILLAR THREE.
 BELIEVING FIRMLY IN THE POWER OF PRAYER:
 I AM ONE OF GOD'S CHILDREN, HE'S MY LOVE AFFAIR.

BARBARA:

I AM PILLAR FOUR.
 SPREADING THE WORD OF JESUS CHRIST,—

ALL:

A GREAT GUY.

WE LOVE HIM AND HERE'S WHY:

THE DEBBIES and BARBARA rip off their robes, revealing skimpy stripper costumes. DEBBIE does a gospel rap, as the other three do provocative dances on the chairs. Confused sexuality at its best.

DEBBIE:

MOTHERFUCKING RIGHT.

JESUS IS REAL TIGHT.

HE'S MY LIGHT FROM ABOVE,

BLINDING ME WITH HIS LOVE.

FOR ALL THE LADIES IN THE HOUSE,

WHO WANTS JESUS AS THEIR SPOUSE?

DEBBY, DEBBI, and BARBARA answer her with: "That's me," "Hell yes," "Uh huh," "Duh!" (etc.)

DEBBIE:

YOU'RE FROM GOOD OL' NAZARETH.

SEXIER THAN HAMLET AND MACBETH.

YOU CAN MESSIAH ME ALL DAY.

MESSIAH ME ALL NIGHT.

MY GREAT DIVINITY

WITH STRONG MASCULINITY.

FOR ALL THE LADIES IN THE PLACE,

WHO WANTS SALVATION AND GRACE?

DEBBY, DEBBI, and BARBARA answer her with: "Totally," "Hell yeah," "I really do," (etc.) THE DEBBIES and BARBARA clap out the numbers.

ALL:

(SHOUTING.) ONE! TWO! A ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR!

NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST PRAY IT WITH ME.

PUT YOUR HANDS TOGETHER AND JEEZIFY ME.

YEAH, JEEZIFY ME.

YEAH, JEEZIFY ME.

NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST PRAY IT WITH ME.

PUT YOUR HANDS TOGETHER AND JEEZIFY ME.

YEAH, JEEZIFY ME.

YEAH, JEEZIFY ME!

DEBBI: *(Spoken.)* Are you there, Jesus? It's me, Debbi. You're so popular. How do you do it? I mean, you didn't even have hashtag Twitter back then. Were you just, like, nice to people? I want your power. I want people to adore me. I want people to worship me. What's your secret, Jesus? I'm listening. I'm wide open to receive your divine instruction. *(Beat.)* Nothing? *(Irritated. Rote.)* Please help the starving children of Africa, the homeless guy in front of the 7-11, and of course, me. Amen.

THE DEBBIES and BARBARA clap out the numbers.

ALL:

(SHOUTING.) ONE! TWO! A ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR!
NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST PRAY IT WITH ME.
PUT YOUR HANDS TOGETHER AND JEEZIFY ME.
YEAH, JEEZIFY ME.
YEAH, JEEZIFY ME.
NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST PRAY IT WITH ME.
PUT YOUR HANDS TOGETHER AND JEEZIFY ME.
YEAH, JEEZIFY ME.
YEAH, JEEZIFY ME!

DEBBIE:

FOUR PILLARS FOR JESUS 'CAUSE HE'S THE MAN.
IF HE CAN'T DO IT, NO ONE CAN.
JUST ASK THE APOSTLES: PETER, JOHN, THOMAS AND ANDREW,
PHILLIP, JAMES ONE OR JAMES TWO.

ALL: *(Sigh.)*

JAMES TWO.

DEBBIE:

AFTER THAT THERE'S MATTHEW, THADDEUS, SIMON AND BARTHOLOMEW. WOOL
BUT DON'T ASK JUDAS.

ALL:

NO, NO, NO.
NO, NO, NO, DON'T ASK JUDAS.
'CAUSE HE'S BAD.
HE'S BAD,
HE'S A BAD BAD BOY.

THE DEBBIES and BARBARA clap out the numbers.

ALL:

(*SHOUTING.*) ONE! TWO! A ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR!
NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST PRAY IT WITH ME.
PUT YOUR HANDS TOGETHER AND JEEZIFY ME.
YEAH, JEEZIFY ME.
YEAH, JEEZIFY ME.
NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST PRAY IT WITH ME.
PUT YOUR HANDS TOGETHER AND JEEZIFY ME.
YEAH, JEEZIFY ME.
YEAH, JEEZIFY ME.

DEBBIE holds up her hands to silence them.

DEBBIE:

YEAH, JEEZIFY ME!

THE DEBBIES and BARBARA take a bow. Run off the stage. BARBARA, now humiliated, comes back, collecting the chairs. BRUCE enters. There is an awkward silence.

BRUCE: Hey.

BARBARA: Hey.

BRUCE: That was...

BARBARA: Yeah...

BRUCE: Where'd your entourage go?

BARBARA: To Debbi's. Debbie's going to help Debby study while Debbi makes diet brownies.

BRUCE: Sorry I asked. (*Begins to exit.*)

BARBARA: Bruce—

BRUCE: Yeah?

BARBARA: I miss you.

BRUCE: Be careful. Someone might hear you.

DEBBIE appears.

DEBBIE: Hellooooo. Debbi's waiting.

BARBARA exits.

SONG #8: PEOPLE LIKE US – REPRISE*BRUCE***SOUND CUE 10: PEOPLE LIKE US – REPRISE****BRUCE:**

PEOPLE LIKE US
COLOR OUTSIDE THE LINES.
TAKE A RISK NOW AND THEN,
DARE TO DREAM ALL THE TIME.
PEOPLE LIKE US
ARE MEANT TO BE FRIENDS
TILL THE END.

*BRUCE exits. PARKER and BARBARA enter.***PARKER:** For the record, I'm disgruntled.**BARBARA:** Really?**PARKER:** Yeah, Barbie's kind of a bitch.**BARBARA:** Not really. And it makes me uncomfortable when you use that word.**PARKER:** She stops being Bruce's friend because she wants to hang out with The Debbies. That's really harsh.**BARBARA:** It sounds harsher than it really was.**PARKER:** Really?**BARBARA:** No, it was pretty harsh. But kids do a lot of things they regret in order to fit in.**PARKER:** Not me. I am definitely not compromising myself. The problem with this story—**BARBARA:** —you're criticizing a bedtime story?**PARKER:** It's constructive criticism.**BARBARA:** Go on.**PARKER:** You're missing a hero. Everyone is a villain. Dumb Debby with the "y," ambitious Debbie with the "ie," and don't get me started on Deb-eye who's always talking in air quotes. She sounds horrible.**BARBARA:** She is. She was.**PARKER:** So what happens?**BARBARA:** You're still interested?**PARKER:** Mesmerized.**BARBARA:** It gets darker.

PARKER: Darker than Jeezify me? Not possible.

SFX: boxing bell rings three times. QUINN, struts across, the stage doing a mime routine with the "7th Grade" sign. DEBBIE enters texting.

DEBBIE: *(Texting.)* Where are you, Debbi? I specifically said 4pm.

DEBBI: *(Enters, texting.)* It's 3:59, Debbie.

DEBBIE: *(Texting.)* So where's Debbi?

DEBBI: *(Texting.)* I don't know. Where's Debbi?

DEBBY walks out texting. She does not see DEBBIE and DEBBI.

DEBBY: *(Texting.)* Debbie? Debbi? It's 4:01. I'm here. Where are you guys?

DEBBIE: *(Texting.)* Look up.

DEBBI: *(Texting.)* Look up.

DEBBY: *(Looks up, looks down, texts.)* Oh. *(Smiles and joins DEBBIE and DEBBI.)*

DEBBIE: *(Texting.)* Where's Barbie?

DEBBY: *(Texting.)* Barbie?

DEBBI: *(Texting.)* Where are you Barbie?

BARBARA rushes out, texting. She is dressed identically to THE DEBBIES.

BARBARA: I'm here. Sorry, I'm here. Where's the fire?

DEBBY: There's a fire?

BARBARA: It's an express—forget it. What's happening? What's going on? What are we doing?

DEBBI: It's Wednesday.

BARBARA: *(Not getting it.)* Oh. Okay.

DEBBI: I have therapy on Thursdays.

DEBBIE and DEBBY: Therapy Thursdays!

DEBBI glares at them.

DEBBI: As I was saying. I have therapy on Thursday.

DEBBIE and DEBBY: Therapy Thursdays.

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from:

SERIAL KILLER BARBIE
THE MUSICAL

Music by Nickella Moschetti

Book & Lyrics by Colette Freedman

Additional Lyrics by Nickella Moschetti

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