

Labels

CAST:

Mike – the labeler

Dave – labeled the private schooled kid (but really: home schooled)

Darla – labeled the flirt (but really: friendly)

Annie – labeled the nerd (but really: has a kid and is trying to finish high school)

Tina – labeled student body president (but really: cutter)

Laura – labeled the cutter (but really: had an appendectomy)

Adam – labeled the public school kid (but really: private school)

Rufus – labeled the home schooled kid (but really: public school)

(Lights up. MIKE enters, carrying his stack of labels. All the others except DAVE are already on stage and in position. They should all pantomime conversations/actions/etc. MIKE looks around for a moment and snaps his fingers. Instantly, everyone freezes. MIKE, whistling a cheerful tune, starts distributing his labels.)

He labels them like this:

CHEERLEADER on DARLA

UBER-NERD on ANNIE

CUTTER on LAURA

STUDENT BODY PRESIDENCE on TINA

PUBLIC SCHOOLER on ADAM

HOME SCHOOLER on RUFUS

(MIKE looks around, nods, and sits down on the bench. He snaps his fingers, and everyone starts moving again. He settles back to watch them.)

(DAVE enters. He looks at the labels for a moment before he sees MIKE. He approaches.)

DAVE: Hello.

MIKE: Hi. How are you?

DAVE: Great. Beautiful morning, huh?

MIKE: Yeah, I love fall. Except for school.

DAVE: Oh. Well, I kind of like school.

MIKE: A-ha! (snaps his fingers and DAVE freezes, except for his eyes. MIKE whips out the PRIVATE SCHOOLER sign and pins it on DAVE. Then, he snaps his fingers again and sits back.)

DAVE: Uh—what was that?

MIKE: What was what?

DAVE: You snapped your fingers and—and hung a sign on me.

MIKE, *worried*: No, I didn't.

DAVE: Yes, you did. There's a sign—hanging on me. And you hung it there.

MIKE: No, I didn't.

DAVE: Yes, you did.

MIKE: Fine. Yes, I did. You saw me snap?

DAVE: Yeah.

MIKE: Usually people don't notice.

DAVE, *looking at the other people*: You hung the signs on them too?

MIKE: Labels. Not signs.

DAVE: Labels? You put labels on people? Why?

MIKE: Why not? Don't you?

DAVE: Uh—no.

MIKE: You should. It really helps in relationship building.

DAVE: How is that?

MIKE: So you know who's safe to talk to and who's not. It's the best way to go.

DAVE: You lost me.

MIKE: Here. I'll show you. (*stands and walks to DARLA and ANNIE and snaps his fingers*) This girl is a flirt. (*gestures to DARLA*) It's obvious. The makeup. The clothes. Even her hair? Yeah. Definite flirt.

DAVE: Maybe she's just friendly.

MIKE: Whatever. (*points at ANNIE*) But her—she's a hard worker. A studier. See the glasses? The books? Uber-nerd. You won't catch her fooling around or chatting up the guys.