Cast of Characters

The Cheerleaders (cannot be doubled)
- BRITNEY, (female) the Captain who is trying her best (F)
- BRITNEE, (female) the Snobby Sidekick (F)
- BRITTANI, (female) the Not-So-Bright One (F)
- KEVIN, (male, but could be female) the Sarcastic One /Courtney (M or F)

The Non-Cheerleaders (can be doubled if desired)
- TAYLOR, the shyest kid ever (M or F)
- PATTI MARCONI, the biggest nerd in school /Peter (M or F)
- DEBRA MORRIS, a recently dumped girl, cries a lot /David (M or F)
- GOTH GIRL, just like it sounds /Goth Boy (M or F)
- MUSICAL THEATER GIRL, annoying and has seen every episode of Glee... twice
- MCNUBBINS, a football jock, not the brightest star in the galaxy (M or F)
- MARTHA, Britney's mom (could be played by a teacher if desired) (F)
- BERT, Britney's dad (could be played by a teacher if desired, or could be cut all together)
- GLADYS, an old woman (this is really funny if played by a male, but can be played by a woman as well) /Glenn (M or F)
- JAMIE, has a paper bag for a head /Paul (M or F)
- PRUDENCE GOODFELLOW, uh... a little ahead of her time
- GIANT GORILLA, a large primate
- MAX, thinks the apocalypse is here... may or may not be correct
- BRITNIE, the only normal one (F)

Casting Note

With the exception of Bert, Martha, and the Britneys, all of these characters can be played by an actor of any gender, so if desired, feel free to change names and pronouns to make sense with your desired casting.

Set

4 chairs and a table, no scenic changes.

Author's Note

If you do decide you're performing this play, feel free to change names or genders as desired, and to change any lines of text to accommodate the opposite gender. If you're doubling, feel free to switch the order of the scenes to accommodate any costume changes that you feel are necessary. (Though, really with a simple hat or scarf, actors can go from character to character quite easily.) You're also welcome to cut or adjust anything you find objectionable.

If the piece is running long or if you're doing it for competition, feel free to cut out any scene. Similarly, you're welcome to cut any auditionees that don't work for you or your organization's casting requirements.

If you have any questions about cuts, changes, or how to execute anything, feel free to email me at mgdavidsonplays@gmail.com. Break a leg!

Best,
M. G. Davidson

So You Wanna Be A Cheerleader

By: M. G. Davidson
Scene 1

(BRITNEY, BRITNEE, and KEVIN, all members of the Cheerleading Squad, huddle together before the bell rings for class.)

BRITNEY. Alright, guys. Let’s huddle up. We need to talk about the squad tryouts this year. Wait! Where’s—

(BRITTANI rushes in.)

BRITTANI. Sorry I’m late! I couldn’t find the gym.

BRITNEE. What? Brittani, you’ve been going to school here for three years.

BRITTANI. It’s a really hard shaped building.

KEVIN. It’s a square.

BRITTANI. And like, all the renovations over the summer?

BRITNEE. That was at your house.

BRITTANI. Right.

BRITNEY. ANYWAY. Coach Williams says there are some new rules about qualifying for nationals.

KEVIN. Oh good, maybe they’ve changed it so you don’t have to be talented to qualify now. Then we could finally have a shot.

BRITNEY. Kevin! Let’s be positive about this! Some fresh blood could really give our squad what we need to take it to the next level! As Captain, it’s my job to make sure I guide our team to victory! Go Lions! [Feel free to replace this with your own team name throughout.] Wolves!

BRITTANI. (Daydreaming.) I love pizza.

BRITNEE. (Quietly to BRITTANI.) Focus.

BRITNEY. So the new rules say we have to have at LEAST five people to constitute a full squad.

BRITTANI. (Completely panicking) FIVE?! But there are only FOUR of us now!!!! OH MY GOD, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO? THIS IS. THIS IS. OH NO. OOOOHHHHH NO. OH MY GOD!!!!!! OH NO OHHHHH NO—

BRITNEY. Pull yourself together! It’s fine. We’re going to have tryouts.
BRITTANI. (Totally fine.) Oh! Okay, good.

KEVIN. (To BRITTANI:) Can we make her try out again?

BRITTANI. As Captain, I want the best of the best! So I want to open the tryouts to the WHOLE SCHOOL.

BRITTANI/BRITTANI/KEVIN. WHAT?

BRITTANI. Yup. Everyone. I posted a list this morning.

BRITTANI/BRITTANI/KEVIN. WHAT?

BRITTANI. Tryouts are today right after school.

BRITTANI/BRITTANI/KEVIN. WHAT?

BRITTANI. Britney! That is a VERY risqué move! VERY few people appreciate the fine art of looking good AND having CHEER!

BRITTANI. Yeah. And that's why we've never won a single trophy. Because we've only ever had the four of us on the squad.

KEVIN. I always think of exclusivity as a virtue.

BRITTANI. Come on, guys. This will be fun! I'm sure there will be loads of talent just waiting for a pom-pom to set it free!

(The bell rings for class. If you don't have sound, BRITTANI can look at her watch and say, "We'd better get to class or we'll be late!")

BRITTANI. See you after school!

(She exits.)

BRITTANI. What's after school?

KEVIN. An IQ test.

BRITTANI. I'd better study!

KEVIN. You have no idea.

Scene 2

(Later that day. In the gymnasium. BRITTANI, BRITTANI, BRITTANI, and KEVIN sit in chairs behind a long table. TAYLOR is standing in front of them. She looks terrified.)

BRITTANI. Hello, welcome to cheerleading tryouts. I'm Britney with a y, this is Britnee with an e—

BRITTANI. Hey.

BRITTANI. Britney with an i—

BRITTANI. Hi.

BRITTANI. And...Kevin.

KEVIN. (Bored:) Go Wolves.

BRITTANI. You must be Taylor.

TAYLOR. (Mumbling inaudibly:) Mhmm.

BRITTANI. I'm sorry, I didn't catch—

TAYLOR. (Still mumbling:) I'm Taylor.

BRITTANI. Could you, maybe...um? Speak up?

TAYLOR. (Still mumbling:) Sure.

BRITTANI. What?

TAYLOR. (Still whispering, but a little louder now:) Sure.

BRITTANI. Um. Great. So. We'll just teach you a cheer and see what kind of school spirit you got in there, Taylor! Britnee with an e?

(BRITTANI stands, walks to the center, demonstrates a cheer with some simple cheerleading moves that go with it.)

BRITTANI. Wolves.

We are the, and we're fierce as can be!

Try and go against us and you sure will see!

You'll think you will beat us and come out ahead,

But you'll leave the field wishing you were dead!

GO WOLVES!

(BRITTANI and BRITTANI clap enthusiastically, KEVIN claps slowly.)

BRITTANI. Great, Britnee with an e! Awesome, Taylor, do you think you're ready to try?

(TAYLOR nods. Says nothing.)

KEVIN. (Quietly to BRITTANI:) That must be dork for "yes."

BRITTANI. Shhhh!

TAYLOR. (Takes center stage, quietly mumbles it all in one breath and does the movements in a small way:) Wearethelionsandwe'refierceascanbetr

yandgoagainstusandyou'resurewillseyou'llyou'llbeatusandcometo

utaheadbutyou'llleavethefieldwishingthatyouweredeadGOLIONS.

(BRITTANI claps too enthusiastically. BRITTANI and BRITTANI look grossed out. KEVIN is on his iPhone.)
BRITNEY. Okay, that was...really, um, great, Taylor. Thanks so much for coming in. Um, we will post a decision on the board by Wednesday.

TAYLOR. (Still quietly mumbling:) Thankyou.

   (TAYLOR turns to go.)

BRITNEY. We really appreciate you coming in.

BRITNEY. (Whispering to KEVIN:) Even though it was a complete waste of our time.

   (TAYLOR stops dead in her tracks.)

TAYLOR. (Clearly, audibly:) What did you just say?

BRITNEY. Um, what?

TAYLOR. (Turning to BRITNEY:) I said, WHAT. DID YOU JUST. SAY.

BRITTANI. (Whispered aside to KEVIN:) I'm scared.

BRITNEY. (Scared now:) Nothing, I just meant—

TAYLOR. ARE YOU REJECTING ME?

BRITNEY. Rejecting is a strong word—

TAYLOR. YOU. ARE. REJECTING...ME? ME?

BRITNEY. Well, um, we wish we could pick everyone, Taylor, we do but—

TAYLOR. YOU WILL PAY FOR THIS! MARK MY WORDS! NOBODY REJECTS ME, ME! TAYLOR GIL-SHERIDAN! DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM? DO YOU HAVE ANY SENSE OF WHAT YOU'VE JUST DONE? YOU WILL PAY. OH YES. YOU WILL RUE THE DAY YOU DID NOT SELECT ME FOR YOUR CHEERLEADING SQUAD! MARK MY WORDS! YOU WILL. RUE IT. RUE IT I TELL YOU!

   (TAYLOR exits. No one moves for a second. Small pause.)

BRITNEY. Well, that was—

   (TAYLOR pokes his/her head back in.)

TAYLOR. YOU WILL RUE IT!

   BRITTANI / BRITNEY / KEVIN.

   AH!
Britney. Um, Patti, this is really nice of you but—

Patti. Britney, I hope you don’t mind, but I also took the liberty of calling Scott Anderson for you—

Britney. Britnee/Brattani/Kevin. You what?!? Oooooo!!!

Patti. He’s available next Friday and would love to see a movie with you. He will pick you up at 7:30, and he says please don’t be late.

Britney. Oh...really? That’s um. That’s cool.

(Britney is super psyched, but pretends not to be.)

Patti. Mmmmhhmm. So. In conclusion. As you can see, I think I would prove myself very valuable to the team. No matter what the particular hierarchical social structures at our school may dictate.

(Patti takes a giant inhale from her inhaler.)

Britney. You’ve made a compelling case.

Britnee/Brattani/Kevin. What???

Britney. But we need to see you cheer. This is the cheerleading squad, after all, Patti.

Patti. So you’ll let me try out?

Britney. Sure, why not.

Patti. Oh my God! Oh my God!!! Really?!?!? Are you serious?!?!? I just—I can’t believe this. I have. Been. Waiting. For. This. Since kindergarten. I’ve longed for this day. I’ve dreamt of this day. I have a picture of this day on my vision board at home. I changed the name of my cat from Fluffy to “Please God let me get to try out for the cheerleading squad”...I can’t believe it is finally here! Thank you. Thank you!!!! I’m so excited!! I’m so excited I could just—

(Patti falls to the ground. She’s fainted. Nobody moves.)

Kevin. Does this mean I’ll have to organize my own closet?
BRITNEY. No need to thank me, just...uh, give it your best shot, there Debra.

(DEBRA sniffs, tries to pull herself together, begins to do the cheer.)

DEBRA. We are the... WOLVES

(She starts to sob hystically.)

BRITNEY. What's wrong now?

DEBRA. (crying) Those were Andrew-kins favorite animal. HE LOVED LIONSSSSSST! [If you've replaced the name of your team, feel free to adjust this text as necessary.]

(DEBRA breaks down.)

KEVIN. She looks like my insides feel.

Scene 5

(Lights up. GOTH GIRL is standing holding two pom-poms or makeshift pom-poms.)

GOTH GIRL. WOLVES

We're the mighty... and we never ever win,
Cheerleading's pathetic who cares 'bout fitting in.
Shake your stupid pom-poms and jump around and yell,
DOESN'T MATTER ANYWAY WE'RE ALL GONNA TO-

BRITNEY. OKAY! That's enough! Thank you...

GOTH GIRL. Z.

BRITNEY. Z. okay. Thank you, Z. It was a little...different...than the cheer we had posted for everyone to learn—

GOTH GIRL. Whatever.

BRITNEY. But we appreciate your extra...creativity. It's clear you're very...excited...about cheerleading.

GOTH GIRL. I hate cheerleading.

BRITNEY. Ew. Why did you come here if you hate cheerleading? These are the CHEERLEADING tryouts?

GOTH GIRL. My mom said she would buy me a dehydrated skull if I tried to "acclimate to traditional values with more willingness."

KEVIN. Great job there.

(GOTH GIRL glares at him.)

BRITNEY. Well, um, thanks for coming down, we appreciate it.

GOTH GIRL. Whatever.

(Shes doesn't leave. Awkward silence for a moment.)

BRITNEY. Um, you can go now.

GOTH GIRL. Aren't you gonna call my mom?

BRITNEY. Come again?

GOTH GIRL. I need you to call my mom. And tell her I tried out.

BRITNEY. Oh...well...I'm, uh, sure she'll believe you.

GOTH GIRL. (Lunging close) She won't.

BRITNEY. Oh. Um. Ok. Great. I will...call her.

(GOTH GIRL stands inches away from BRITNEY as she calls.)

BRITNEY. Hi, Mrs...Z's mom?

Hello. Yes. This is Britney.

Yes, with a Y...I'm the Cheerleading Captain at—

Oh yes, she did, yes.

Um. Well, sure. She did a great job but—

Well. Not this year, no.

KEVIN. Not any year in the foreseeable span of time and existence.

(BRITNEY gives him a look.)

BRITNEY. Oh, that's very kind of you, but it's just, we don't feel she's quite a fit.

(GOTH GIRL hocks a loogie.)

BRITNEY. Mmmmmhm. Maybe next year.

No you can't PAY to have her on the squad.

Well, because money really isn't the point.

BRITNEY. Isn't it?

BRITNEY. I couldn't accept that.

No, please ma'am.

You want to give me how much? To be her friend?

(Shes eyes GOTH GIRL who is now carving something into the desk or picking her nose or something.)

BRITNEY. I'm afraid that wouldn't be right, Mrs.—

KEVIN. Hello, Ma'am. Kevin, here! Assistant Captain of the Cheerleading team. I'm ALL ears. ALL ears.
Scene 6

(Note: The singing in this scene should be ridiculous and over the top, perhaps absurdly operatic. It does not necessarily have to be traditionally “good” because the joke is that MUSICAL THEATER GIRL is really abrasive and annoying.)

BRITNEY. Alright, up next we have—

MUSICAL THEATER GIRL. (Singing obnoxiously as she enters:) Maria! Maria!
I just met a girl named Mariaaaaaaaaaaa—

BRITNEY. (Interrupting) Ookay, Maria, thanks for coming. Before you do the cheer for us, why don’t you tell us why you wanted to try out for the sq—

MUSICAL THEATER GIRL. (Singing:) There’s NO business like SHOW business like NO business I knowoooooooow!!!!! Everything about it is APPEALING! Everything the traffic will allow!!!! NOWHERE DO YOU GET THAT HAPPY FEELING WHEN YOU ARE STEALING THAT EXTRA BOW!

BRITNEY. (Trying to yell over the singing) Okay, sure, but this isn’t really a show, it’s CHEERLEADING. We CHEER. Outside. On a Field. NOT in a theater.

BRTTANI. (Also over the singing) Unless it rains.

MUSICAL THEATER GIRL. THE RAIN IN SPAIN FALLS MAINLY IN THE PLAINNNNN.

BRITNEY. (Trying to be nice) Um, I like your...confidence...but could we get on with the—

MUSICAL THEATER GIRL. I have CONFIDENCE IN SUNSHINE, I HAVE CONFIDENCE IN RAIN! I have confidence that spring will come a-GAIN! BECAUSE WHICH YOU SEE I HAVE CONFIDENCE IN ME.

BRITNEY. (Still yelling over the singing) THANK YOU! THAT’S ALL WE NEED. OKAY?!


KEVIN. (Perhaps to audience) I hate theater.
MCNUBBINS roars loudly like a wolf and picks one of the girls up—or preferably, KEVIN, if possible.)

KEVIN. AHHHHHHH!!! PUT ME DOWN!! THIS IS HARRASSMENT!!

MCNUBBINS. (Holding KEVIN:) Yeah! Go LIONS!

MCNUBBINS exits carrying KEVIN, still shouting “GO WOLVES!” over and over.

KEVIN. (Yelling over MCNUBBINS:) CALL MY ATTORNEY!

(They’re gone. BRITNEY sighs wearily.)

BRITTANI. (Looking up, because she has finally determined she has no tattoo) Where’s Kevin?

(MCNUBBINS pokes his head back in.)

Scene 8

BRITNEY. Next!

KEVIN. (Now wearing a bandage of some kind, perhaps) Why even bother?

BRITTANI. Because we need a new cheerleader, silly.

KEVIN. (sarcastic) Thanks for the reminder.

BRITTANI. That’s why I’m here!

BRITNEY. (Motioning to them to quiet down as MARTHA enters.) Hi, welcome to—what are you doing here?

MARTHA. Oh, honey! I just wanted to come on down and see how it’s going!

BRITNEE/BRITTANI/KEVIN. Hi Mrs. Stewart.

MARTHA. Kids! So great to see you!!!

(Shes goes around and gives each of them a huge gross kiss.)

BRITNEY. MO-OM!!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

MARTHA. My Kevin! I haven’t seen you in ages, you’ve grown so big!

KEVIN. (To BRITNEY:) Wait, is she calling me fat?

BRITNEY. Mom! I’m BUSY. You have to leave—

MARTHA. Oh, I know. SO BUSY! My daughter! The captain!


MARTHA. Oh honey, you’re so silly! Isn’t she a riot, kids?

(BRITNEY pulls MARTHA to the side.)

KEVIN. A regular Louie CK. (Or insert any contemporary reference to a comedian of the day.)

BRITNEY. (Off in the corner with MARTHA) Mom! Is there a REASON you have decided to DESTROY my LIFE by coming here today? Or do you just want me to have no friends and die alone and have my cat eat my face?

MARTHA. Oh, Brit-Brit, you’re too much! No! I’ve come to audition!

BRITNEE/BRITTANI/KEVIN. WHAT?!

MARTHA. When I was a girl, I wanted so so badly to be a cheerleader, but you see, my mother made me join...THE KEY CLUB!

BRITTANI. What’s that?

BRITNEY. They make keys.

BRITTANI. Oh. I get it.

BRITNEY. Um. MOM. Slight problem with you auditioning to be a cheerleader.

MARTHA. What’s that honey?

BRITNEY. YOU ARE 46 YEARS OLD.

MARTHA. Oh, now you’re just being silly.

BRITNEY. HOW SO?

MARTHA. I’m 45! You know that!

KEVIN. (Smugly:) Come on, Britney. You said EVERYONE deserves a shot.

BRITNEY. But—

BRITNEE. Kevin’s right.

BRITTANI. I heard it with my own two eyes.

(BRITNEY groans and takes her seat at the audition table.)

MARTHA. Yippee!! Oh, this is going to be such a hoot!

BRITNEY. Yeah, what a gift.

(MARTHA gets ready to cheer.)
MARTHA. I took the liberty of rewriting the cheer a little bit. You know, Mother knows best.

KEVIN. This'll be good.

(MARTHA begins to cheer.)

MARTHA. We are the Wolves, and our school work comes first! Cheering is nice, but it’s for knowledge that we thirst! We always obey our parents and make our curfews in time! We stay away from fast cars, motorcycles and crime! GO LONG WOLVES!

(BRITTANI claps.)

BRITNEY. (Getting up to shoo MARTHA out of the room:) Alright, Mom, great job. We’ll...uh...be in touch.

MARTHA. (Stopping BRITNEY from pushing her out) OH! Wait! (She fishes in her purse, takes out her camera phone.) Kids! Gather together! I need a picture of my girl on the job!

(If you’d like to cut BERT you can skip to the “Camera...camera...camera...mmm...oh oh. No no no. Nope. That’s Instagram...no...oh...too cute for yoga class is following you...sweetie...camera...oh here we go...photophotophoto” line and have MARTHA say BERT’s lines.)

(They all reluctantly gather up, she snaps a photo.)

BRITNEY. All right, you have your picture, now GET. OUT.

MARTHA. Oh wait! I want a picture WITH YOU! (Calling offstage:) BERTRAM! BERTRAM! (Pause, nothing—she shrilly shrieks:) BERT!

(BERT enters.)

BRITNEY. DAD?!!

BERT. Hey, kiddo! (He goes to BRITNEY, rustles her hair.) How’s my little princess pudding pie peanut poodle?

BRITNEY. I think I’m gonna be sick.

BRITTANI. I love pie.

(BERT crosses to KEVIN.)

BERT. Kev! My man! (Slaps him hard on the back) Looking SHARP!

KEVIN. Ow.

MARTHA. Bertram, we need you to take a photo of us.

BERT. Can do my love. CAN. DO. Alrighty rudy, everyone gather in here.

(MARTHA pulls them all back into a photo tableau.)

BERT. Dang nabbit, how does this thingmachobob work?

MARTHA. Go into the camera app and select photo and click the red button, Bertie.

BERT. Sure thing, sugarlips.

BRITNEY. DAD. GROSS.

BERT. (Squinting, holding the phone away, trying to figure it out. This takes a long time. Like. A really long time. Ad-libbing is okay) Camera...camera...camera...mmm...oh oh. No no no. Nope. That’s Instagram...no...oh...too cute for yoga class is following you, sweetie...camera...oh here we go...photophotophoto

KEVIN. I am actually going to die.

BERT. HOLD THE PHONE HERE IT IS—Okay. Photo. Red button. Here we go. Here WE GO! 1...2...3 say cheese!

ALL EXCEPT KEVIN. Cheese!

(KEVIN) I’m actually dairy free right now.

(Pause.)

BERT. Ah rats, my thumb was over the photo. Let’s try it one more time.

BRITNEY/BRITTANI/BRITNEE/KEVIN. NO!

Scene 9

BERT. Don’t lose hope yet, guys. There’s still plenty more people in the list.

KEVIN. Oh goodie.

(They hear thumping offstage.)

BRITNEE. Ew. What is that?

(Loud coughing from offstage.)

KEVIN. (Sarcastic) Sounds promising.

(GLADYS enters. She is a 109 year old woman. She has a cane or a walker—hence the thumping.)

GLADYS. Sorry I’m late my dears. I had to take my pills.
(She pauses for a rest after only taking like three steps.)

GLADYS. (Coughing) Oh my! I haven’t had this much action since World War I when my best friend Minnie took me to a square dance!

(She starts walking again. BRITNEY, BRITTANI, BRITNEE, and KEVIN are in shock. She finally reaches the middle of the room.)

GLADYS. Alright, I’m ready for the cheer now kids. Let’s see if I can remember this...here we go...I wrote it down...yes...

* (She fishes in her purse for a notecard and glasses. She puts them on.)

GLADYS. Oh, silly me, I have to put this newfangled contraption away here...

(She puts her cane down, or the walker aside, slowly. She makes it way more complicated than it needs to be.)

GLADYS. (Standing reading the notecard, which she clearly can’t see well:) We are the Liars and we’re fuzzy as can be!
Try and go against us and you sure can’t see!
You’ll think you will sweat us and come off with your head,
But you’ll leave the farm wishing your goat was all dead!
GO LiARS!!

[Feel free to adjust the word “Liars” to be a word that makes sense with your own team name!]

(GLADYS raises her hand in a feeble cheer, and her back spasms. She falls to the floor writhing in pain.)

GLADYS. Help! OH HELP! HELP!

BRITNEY. Oh my god!

KEVIN. (Disgusted:) Oh my god.

GLADYS. Quick! Somebody call an apothecary! Oh—oh—my back!
It’s broken!

(BRITNEY takes out her cell phone.)

BRITNEY. (On the phone:) Hello, 911?

BRITTANI. (To BRITNEE, totally serious:) Wow. She was amazing.

BRITNEY. Please god let this one be the one.

BRITNEY. I cannot take this anymore.

BRITTANI. (Resting her head on KEVIN:) On the bright side, look how much we’re bonding!

KEVIN. I can’t even.

BRITNEY. Next!

(JAMIE enters with a paper bag over his head.)

BRITNEY. Hello, (Consulting the list:) Jamie. How— (She sees the bag) are...you today?

JAMIE. Fine, thanks.

BRITNEY. Um. Ok. So. Um. Let’s get started I guess?

JAMIE. Sure.

BRITNEY. Would you maybe want to um, maybe you could, perhaps—

BRITTANI. (Bluntly:) Why do you have a bag on your head?

(BRITNEY elbows BRITTANI)

JAMIE. What?

BRITNEY. We, uh, couldn’t help but wonder, maybe it would be easier to cheer if you took the bag off your head.

JAMIE. I’m not wearing a bag on my head.

KEVIN. Aaaaaand we’re done.

BRITNEY. Jamie, there is...how do I put this...

BRITTANI. There’s a brown paper bag over your head.

BRITNEY. Thank you. Brittanii.

JAMIE. What do you mean?

BRITNEY. Well, Jamie. What we’re trying to say is...

BRITTANI. Your head is a paper bag!

JAMIE. What are you talking about? (Pause, JAMIE starts to laugh!) Oh, ha! Haha! Is this some kind of weird initiation? I get it! Okay, cool. I’ll play along.

KEVIN. Please don’t.
JAMIE. (Laughing as he speaks:) Uh, hey guys, sorry about this BAG ON MY HEAD! Ha! Hope you’ll FORGIVE me for this weird old paper BAG ON MY HEAD!

BRITNEY. Okay, thanks so much for coming, we’ll let you know once we make a decision.

JAMIE. Oh no problem, I’m easy to find what with this BAG ON MY HEAD! Just look for the BROWN PAPER BAG and there I’ll be!

BRITNEY. Will do. Thanks, um, have a nice day.

JAMIE. Brown paper bag! Haha, you guys are nuts. So nuts.

(JAMIE exits.)

KEVIN. You can say that again.

BRITANNI. “You guys are so nuts.”

KEVIN. (To BRITANNI:) It must be so lonely in your mind.

Scene 11

(Rights up. BRITANNI is sitting, chewing gum. The others look depressed.)

BRITNEE. Don’t lose faith, Britney with a y. We’ll figure something out.

KEVIN. Or at least we’ll feel a sense of self satisfaction that we are literally the only people in the school who can actually walk and chew gum.

(BRITANNI stands up to spit her gum out, she choke for a second.)

KEVIN. Some of us anyway.

BRITANNI. That was scary.

BRITNEY. Come on guys, let’s get back to business here. Next up is Prudence Goodfellow.

BRITNEE. I don’t know her.

BRITNEY. Yeah...me either, weird...

(PRUDENCE enters.)

PRUDENCE. G’day to ye ladies, gentlemen.

BRITNEY. Um. G’day.

KEVIN. (Putting in his earbuds:) Wake me when this is over.

PRUDENCE. I’m sorry I was a trifle bit lagging in my arrival, Miss. You see, I traveled several leagues to get here. Took nearly a fortnight.

BRITANNI. (To BRITNEE:) What’s a fortnight?

BRITNEE. It’s like some kind of animal.

BRITANNI. Makes sense.

BRITNEY. Uh, it’s no problem, Prudence.

PRUDENCE. Oh, Miss, haha, a noblewoman like thineself needn’t call me Prudence. Ye may call me straight Pru, if thine please. I’d be jolly happy if ye would, Miss.

BRITNEY. Okay, Pru. No...problem. Um, do you know the cheer we’re using?

PRUDENCE. Oh yes, Miss. I’ve been practicing all the while the sun sits in the sky. Since at least before the last tide of the harvest moon sank over the hill. Since before Papa left for the midsummer’s hunt.

BRITNEY. Right...why don’t you give it a try?

PRUDENCE. Much obliged to thee, my fine lady. Thanks be to thee and thine kinsman.

BRITNEY. Alright. Maybe we should just cheer now.

PRUDENCE. Indeed, m’lady.

(PRUDENCE clears her throat.)

We are the moms, and we’re fierce as can be!
Mine team art thou furry beasts and fear raises in thine hearts
Try and come against our men and it shall be a lost art
Thou woe and blustery heavens shall rain down from the gods,
There’s not chance of victory ‘gainst us no matter your desired odds!
GO FURRY LAIDEN MASTERS OF THE KINGDOMS OF THY FATHERS!

[Feel free to adjust this cheer to make sense with your own team name.]

(BRITANNI claps enthusiastically.)

BRITNEY. Um, Prudence, what year is it?

PRUDENCE. Why, it’s the year of our lord twelve ninety-eight, to be sure.

KEVIN. Don’t call us, we’ll call you.

PRUDENCE. What’s a...call?

KEVIN. (To the audience) And scene.
Scene 12

(Lights up. A GIANT GORILLA is standing in front of the audition table.)

BRITTANI. Next, Britney. Please feel free to use any ridiculous costume that’s easy to obtain. A list of possible suggestions include:
- A Giant Chicken or Chicken Head
- The Grim Reaper
- A person in a banana or hot dog costume
- Santa Claus
- Anything absurd!

Scene 13

(Everyone looks miserable.)

BRITTANI. (Singing) 99 bottles of beer on the wall! 99 bottles of beer on the wall. I lost count again.

KEVIN. There is a god.

BRITTANI. There’s still some more names on the list, maybe it will be—

(MAX runs in.)

MAX. Quick! Under the table! Now! Now!

(BRITTANI goes under the table immediately. KEVIN sighs.)

BRITTANI. Um, is something wrong?

MAX. We don’t have time to waste!

KEVIN. Judging by today’s auditions, that’s clearly a lie.

MAX. THE ZOMBIES ARE COMING! THEY ARE MARCHING TOWARDS US RIGHT NOW!

BRITTANI. Ew.

MAX. They are going to tear us limb from limb! Quick! We need to barricade the door!

(BARRICADES THE DOOR IF DESIRED. BRITTANI starts to cry. A note on barricading: this can be achieved with folding chairs and does not need to be a good barricade at all.)

BRITTANI. I don’t want to die!

BRITTANI. We aren’t going to die Britanni with an i! This guy is just insane!

MAX. (Still running around barricading them in) Oh, don’t you wish! Don’t you wish I was insane!

KEVIN. I guess wishes do come true.

MAX. Okay, fine! Make jokes now. But I’m telling you. It is CHAOS out there. CHAOS.

BRITTANI. I need to call my parents!

MAX. I saw a band of weird robots dressed in costumes MARCHING towards the school on the football field. THEY WERE CARRYING SHINY INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE. They made HORRIBLE SOUNDS. Sounds that would make your HAIR STAND ON END!

BRITTANI. Are you sure it wasn’t the school marching band?

MAX. THAT’S NOT ALL! There were these huge mutant android men, slamming into each other and screaming and shoving and piling on top of this tiny brown object... maybe some sort of COMPUTERIZED MIND CONTROL DEVICE.

BRITTANI. Um. That sounds like the football team.

MAX. Okay, well EXPLAIN THIS!

(HE HOLDS UP A FRISBEE.)

MAX. A TINY SPACE SHIP! SENT FROM THE GREAT BEYOND! TO DESTROY MANKIND.

KEVIN. That. Is. A. FRISBEE. You. LUNATIC.

(MAX lunges at KEVIN threateningly, BRITTANI and BRITTANI block KEVIN from MAX.)

MAX. (Menacingly in KEVIN’s face while BRITTANI and BRITTANI restrain him) HOW DO YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT THEIR WAYS? ARE YOU ONE OF THEM?

BRITTANI. (Cheerfully to MAX) So did you wanna be a cheerleader?
Scene 14

(They are all lying around looking exhausted.)

KEVIN. Dear Diary, I've been trapped in these godforsaken tryouts for hours. Food is scarce. Hope is nothing more than an illusion—

BRITNEY. (Poking her head in the room:) Hi! I'm so sorry, are the tryouts over, or do you have room for one more?

(BRITNEY gets up.)

BRITNEY. Of course we do! Of course, come on in! I'm Britney with an y. This is Britnee with an e—

(BRITNEE grunts.)

BRITNEY. Britanni with an i—

BRITTANI. (Whispers:) HELP ME.

BRITNEY. And Kevin.

KEVIN. (Barely alive:) Go Lions. Wolves.

BRITNEY. Nice to meet you all. My name is Britnie, too. Britnie with an “ie.”

BRITNEY. (Eyeing the others with cautious excitement:) Oh wow! What a coincidence!

BRITNEY. It's such an honor to be here. Thank you so much for squeezing me in, that's really nice. Especially since I'm sure you saw a lot of great people today.

BRITNEY. Um, yeah...it's been very—

(TAYLOR from Scene 1 pops his head in. BRITNEE, BRITTANI, BRITNEY and KEVIN tense up.)

TAYLOR. YOU WILL RULE THE DAY I TELL YOU! YOU WILL RULE THE DAY. THIS DAY. RULES IT. IS WHAT YOU WILL DO. YOU WILL RULE IT. RULEEEE EE IT!!

(TAYLOR disappears.)

BRITNEY. Competitive.

(Short awkward pause.)

BRITNEY. Right. (Small pause.) Would you like me to do the cheer you told us to prepare?

BRITNEY. Yes! Please! Let's see what you've got.

(She makes the others get up and sit at the table again. They grumble and moan as they do it.)

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BRITNEY. Whenever you're ready.

BRITNIE. (Taking a breath.) I'm a little nervous.

BRITNEY. That's ok, that's normal.

KEVIN. (Under his breath:) After this day, I don't even know what that means anymore.

BRITNEY. Okay! Here goes!

(They begin, with BRITTANI, BRITNEE, BRITNEY, and KEVIN getting more hopeful throughout. She's really good, and makes it seem easy.)

We are the Lions, and we're fierce as can be!
Try and go against us and you sure will see!
You'll think you will beat us and come out ahead,
But you'll leave the field wishing you were dead!
Go Lions! Wolves!

(Maybe she does a little trick or cute move at the end if desired.
BRITTANI, BRITNEE, BRITNEY, and KEVIN applaud loudly, nearly hysterical with joy.)

BRITNEY. THAT WAS AMAZING

BRITNEY. THANK GOD

BRITTANI. I LOVE PANDAS

KEVIN. WE'RE SAVED

BRITNEY. It's a miracle! Oh my gosh, you have no idea! Everyone else we saw today was like some kind of weird alien or something!

BRITNEY. (She chuckles.) Well, not me, I hope!

BRITNEY. No, you're perfect!

BRITNEY. So I made it! I made the team?

BRITNEY. You are OFFICIALLY a Lion! High School (or insert your school name here) Cheerleader! Go Lions! Wolves!

(BRITTANI, BRITNEE, BRITNEY, KEVIN, and BRITNEY applaud and hug, etc.)

BRITNEY. Wow, what an honor you guys. I'm so excited! I can't wait to cheer for the Lions and...more importantly, get to have four great new friends.

Wolves

BRITTANI/BRITNEE/BRITNEY/KEVIN. How sweet! / Awww! / Welcome to the team (etc.)
BRITNEY. Well, I guess all that’s left is to get you a uniform and some pom-poms and get out there for some practice! Let’s go to the locker room and get you fitted!

(They all start to exit except BRITNIE.)

BRITNIE. I’ll catch up with you guys in one sec. I just want to call my mom and tell her the good news.

BRITNEY. Oh of course! Great!

BRITNIE. I’ll catch up in a second. (Taking out her phone.)

BRITTANI. (To BRITNIE as she exits) Go on! (To BRITNIE:) It’s right?

Wolves!

(As BRITTANI, BRITNIE, BRITNEY, and KEVIN begin to exit, we hear them say.)

BRITNIE. Yes, Brittani. (Waves) Our football team is THE WOLVES.

KEVIN. Tell me, Brittani, did your father play football when you were a baby...with your head?

BRITNEY. KEVIN!

BRITTANI. Haha! No. But that sounds fun.

(BRITTANI, BRITNIE, BRITNEY, KEVIN are gone. BRITNIE puts her phone away. She peels a Band-Aid off her hand. There is a weird mark there, she presses it.)


(Perhaps a series of beeps if you have sound cues)

It’s Lt. Z548FRG. Come in. I’ve infiltrated the squad successfully. Commencing Phase 2. Phase 2 is commencing.

(BRITNEY pokes her head back in.)

BRITNEY. You coming Britnie?

BRITNIE. (Back to her normal voice:) Yup, one sec, just leaving a voicemail.

(BRITNEY leaves again.)

BRITNIE. (Alien voice to audience:) Go (wolves).

End of Play