



Performing Arts Virtual Learning

7 & 8 Stagecraft

Script Analysis

For technical needs

April 29, 2020



7 & 8 Stagecraft

Lesson: April 29, 2020

Objective/Learning Target:

TH:Pr5.1.6.b. Articulate how technical elements are integrated into a drama/ theatre work.



Reminder: Your Mission

As you continue to read the script you will be making a chart of the technical needs of the show in 5 categories:

- Scenery
- Costuming
- Sound
- Lighting
- Props

You will also make a note of the page number where that the specific need arises.



Get out your chart from yesterday, and add a second page if needed.

Scenery		Costuming		Sound		Lighting		Props	
Need	Page #	Need	Page #	Need	Page #	Need	Page #	Need	Page #
		One: jeans Red t- shirt Army boots Yellow bandana Chiefs hat	Page 6						

Fill out the chart as you read the script. Be specific and detailed in your description of the need of the show, include page number and character when necessary.



The Script

30 HORRIBLE CATASTROPHES OF MIDDLE SCHOOL

by Kamron Klitgaard

We begin today with Catastrophe #4 on page 10

FOUR: Catastrophe number four: Everyone's against me! I don't know why, but everyone, and when I say everyone, I mean the teachers, my parents, the administration, even my friends are out to get me! Even kids I've never met before. I know, you think I'm exaggerating. Well, watch this.

*TEN, ELEVEN and TWELVE step forward and talk together in a group.
FOUR walks by them as they talk.*

TEN: Did you guys do your homework for Mrs. Crabtree?

ELEVEN: No, I forgot.

TWELVE: What were we supposed to do?

FOUR: See? What did I tell you? Out to get me. They're probably all laughing at me right now.

ELEVEN: *(To the entire cast.)* Hey, you guys, I got a joke! What's brown and sounds like a bell? *(Singing like bell.)* Dung! Get it? Dung!

EVERYONE boos the joke.

FOUR: *(Tears up.)* It's worse than I thought! They're not laughing at me?! They're booing me! *(Runs away crying.)*

FIVE: *(Steps forward.)* Catastrophe number five: My mom still treats me like a baby. I know I'm not an adult yet, but I'm a teenager, and that's getting close. But she insists on calling me baby names and using little kid phrases.

THIRTEEN and FOURTEEN step up. FOURTEEN sits and plays with a toy car.

FOURTEEN: *(In a little kid voice.)* This car is my favorite birthday present! You're the best!

THIRTEEN: Thanks, my Little Sugar Booger.

FIVE: *(Approaching.)* Mom, I'm home!

THIRTEEN: In here, Snuggle Bunny!

FIVE: Mom, I'm not a snuggle bunny.

THIRTEEN: Alright, come sit on my lap and tell me what you did in school today, my Little Angel Drawers.

FIVE: Mom, stop calling me that. And I'm too old to sit on your lap.

THIRTEEN: You're never too old to sit on mommy's lap. And Little Sugar Booger doesn't mind my nick names. Do you, Little Sugar Booger?

FOURTEEN: Nope!

FIFTEEN and SIXTEEN rush up behind FIVE.

FIFTEEN: Did you ask her yet?

FIVE: I'm just about to. Go wait over there.

SIXTEEN: Come on, man! Hurry up!

FIVE: Mom, is it okay if I go down to the creek?

THIRTEEN: *(In baby talk.)* Oh! Are dese your wittle fwriends?! Dey are sooooo cute! *(Grabbing FIFTEEN by the shoulders.)* And what's your name wittle boy?

FIFTEEN: Uh... Ralph, ma'am.

THIRTEEN: Oh, you're so adorable! I'm gonna call you Ralphie! No, Ralphie Mouthie! No, Ralphie Mouthie Galouthie!

FIVE: Mom, please. I beg you.

THIRTEEN: *(Pinching SIXTEEN'S cheeks.)* And what's your name? Wait! Let me guess. Is it Baby Marmoset?

SIXTEEN: What?

THIRTEEN: You look just like a baby marmoset.

SIXTEEN: I do?

THIRTEEN: *(Pinching cheeks.)* Oh, my goodness! You even talk like one.

FIVE: Mom! Can I go down to the creek? We're building a fort.

THIRTEEN: With who?

FIVE: What do you mean with who? With these guys.

THIRTEEN: What are their names?

FIVE: Mom, please don't make me—

THIRTEEN: What are their names? And ask me in a full sentence.

FIVE: *(Embarrassed.)* Can I go down to the creek and build a fort with Ralphie Mouthie Galouthie and Baby Marmoset?

THIRTEEN: Very well.

They head off for the creek.

THIRTEEN: Remember, your bedtime is 7:30!

FOURTEEN: *(Standing.)* Goodbye, Son! I'm so glad I married you.

THIRTEEN: Thanks, Sugar Booger.

They fade back as SIX steps forward.

SIX: Catastrophe number six: The cool bench! At our school, there's a bench in the commons area that we all call the "cool bench." First, you can't sit on it unless you're an upper grader. Second, if you are an upper grader you can't sit on it unless you're "cool." Normally, I would never go near the cool bench as I am neither an upper grader or cool. But I don't think you will believe me without a visual demonstration.

FIFTEEN, SEVENTEEN and EIGHTEEN bring on a bench and sit or stand by it, socializing. SIX approaches the bench, hesitates and then sits on it.

FIFTEEN: What are you doing, Doofus?

SIX: Just sitting on this bench.

SEVENTEEN: Why?

SIX: My legs were tired of standing?

EIGHTEEN: What grade are you in, Doofus?

SIX: Seventh.

SEVENTEEN grabs a large trash can and drags it over. FIFTEEN and EIGHTEEN pick up SIX and put him/her in the trash can.

SEVENTEEN: This is the cool bench, Doofus!

They fade back into the group.

SIX: I told you, you wouldn't believe me.

EIGHT helps SIX out of the trash can. SIX fades back with the can. SEVEN steps forward.

SEVEN: Number seven: Being short. When I was in seventh grade I was the shortest kid in the whole school. But being short isn't the worst part. It's the names you're called. If you're going to call someone names, they need to make sense!

NINETEEN and TWENTY step forward.

NINETEEN: *(To SEVEN.)* Hey, Smurf.

SEVEN: *(Yelling.)* Smurf?! I'm not blue!

NINETEEN: Sorry... Smurfette.

SEVEN: *(Yelling.)* I'm not a girl or blue!

TWENTY: Chill out, leprechaun.

SEVEN: Unbelievable! I'm not Irish! *(To Audience.)* See what I mean? No logical sense. Those are just a couple of names. I've also been called—

NINETEEN and TWENTY: *(Alternating each name.)* Shrimp, Bilbo Baggins, gnome, vertically challenged, Danny DeVito, Mini Me, Toddler, Napoleon, Happy-Sleepy-Sneezy-Bashful-Grumpy-Dopey-Doc, PeeWee, Squirt, Half Pint, Small Fry, Ewok, Munchkin, Shorty McShort Shorts.

SEVEN: No logical sense! I'm not a sea animal, or a hobbit, or a movie star, or a three-year-old, or a famous historical leader, or a Disney character, or a kids' television show host, or a measurement, or a fast food, or a George Lucas creation, or someone who lives on the yellow brick road. But I do kind of like Shorty McShort Shorts. That one kind of makes sense.

They fade back as EIGHT steps forward.

EIGHT: Catastrophe number eight: Emo Island. I know what you're thinking – what's Emo Island? In the commons area, there's this place where Emos hang out. It's like the commons area is the ocean and wherever the Emos are standing is like an island.

TWENTY-ONE: *(Steps forward.)* What if they don't know what an Emo is?

EIGHT: Doesn't everyone know what an Emo is?

TWENTY-ONE: I don't know, there're a lot of old fogies in the audience.

EIGHT: Oh yeah, there's my dad. For those of you who don't know, Emo is a style of punk rock music characterized by its highly emotional lyrics. A person who likes said music is called an Emo.

TWENTY-ONE: Basically, Emo is short for emotional.

EIGHT: Emos are very easy to spot because they have a dress code that is strictly observed. They wear a lot of blacks and greys. They dye their hair dark and wear dark eye liner. They are not allowed to smile, and their hair must cover 3/5 of their face at an angle. And they show only one emotion: Sad.

A BUNCH OF STUDENTS congregate dressed as Emos.

TWENTY-ONE: Some of them even draw a black tear on their cheek.

EIGHT: Sometimes there could be like twenty Emos on the island. It's the saddest place in the world. The opposite of Disneyland. When you walk by it, you can feel the sadness radiating from them. It's like a thick, invisible, ocean of sad.

TWO and NINETEEN skip by the EMOS and stop. Their demeanor changes to sad. They cry and then join Emo Island.

EIGHT: I wonder if there's a way off the island.

They fade back.

NINE: *(Steps forward.)* Catastrophe number nine: I'm a klutz! What does that have to do with middle-school? Nothing. Except that's where I became a klutz. See, in elementary school, I was totally normal. But in middle school, I grow five inches every year! My mom buys my clothes three sizes too big so I can "grow into them."

TWENTY-TWO enters as mom with a pair of scuba flippers or huge clown shoes.

TWENTY-TWO: Come here, dear. I bought you some new shoes.

NINE: Mom, those are way too big!

TWENTY-TWO: I bought 'em for you to grow into.

TWENTY-TWO helps NINE slip off his/her shoes and into the scuba fins.

NINE: *(Walking around.)* Mom! These are huge!

TWENTY-TWO: Just try 'em for today and see how they feel.

NINE: And of course, I trip right in front of the Cool Bench!

TWENTY-THREE and TWENTY-FOUR step out as NINE trips on the fins and bumps into them.

TWENTY-THREE: (*Pushing NINE away.*) Watch where you're going, freak!

TWENTY-FOUR: Yeah, get some new shoes, ya doofus!

NINE: (*Falling.*) My mom bought 'em for me to grow into! (*Sitting up.*) Am I the only one whose mom does that?

A GROUP OF STUDENTS comes forward with scuba flippers or giant shoes and walks the halls of school, bumping and tripping. Then they all fade back, as TEN steps forward.



That is all for today!
Make sure your chart is
complete.

**Hang onto your 5 column chart
for the rest of the play.**

See you back here
tomorrow.

