

A script from



“Returning to School”

Confession of a Slightly Jaded High School Girl

by
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- What** A high school girl, who is considered a “social outcast”, contemplates her life and the secrets she has kept as she starts another year of school. Themes: Loneliness, Outcast, Hurts, Acceptance, Cutting, Secrets, Change, Values
- Who** Female
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** She is on the “edgy” side, however that translates to your area/town.
Backpack
- Why** Philippians 4:12-14, 17
- How** For the director: this script is for one of your better female actors who understands character development. She is not the “cheerleader” or “popular girl” type, so be careful of “valley girl” tones. Think Ellen Page in the movie Juno. If you use both monologues (this one and male version), they can tie nicely into a Bible study or message on Philippians 3 and 4. You can use these back to back or space them accordingly within the program.
- Time** Approximately 3-5 minutes; This script is two pages long.

Student addresses the audience.

Yep...it's started. Everyone has returned to high school once again. The freshmen look scared to death. The sophomores feel like they are big stuff until they get pushed into a locker by a senior. The juniors want to be seniors but it's like they haven't quite hit that "above this height" mark that you find in front of really scary roller coaster rides. *(Demonstrating with her hand held out to her side)* You must be this tall to be a senior.

Then there's me. I'm what you call a "people watcher". Can't help it. People are really funny to me. Take that guy over there...

Pointing off into an imaginary spot. You could also use a guy from your youth group for her to talk about. Either way, make it funny.

He is totally trying to ask _____ to the dance. He's trying to be really cool, but I've noticed something about him over the years. His hands get really sweaty. Look! He's trying really hard to be cool and calm but his hands are dripping with sweat as he wipes them in his back pocket jeans. *(Pauses; back to audience)* Okay...I know I just said I'm a people watcher but some would say what I've just described is stalking. I assure you I don't have any restraining orders out on me. Yet.

I notice things. I can't help it. Like Shelby, my best friend, she has this weird giggle when she gets nervous. It sounds more like an old phone ringing. *(Imitates her friend's weird giggle.)* Sometimes I just want to pull off her head and say, "hello?" I notice every year I return, everyone- and I'm not using that term lightly here- seems like they are trying so hard to impress everyone with their new haircuts, new clothes, new summer tans- the whole bit. Then give it a month and everyone just kind of slides into this routine, this rhythm. It's really crazy once you see it firsthand.

I've noticed girls really want boyfriends even if they say they don't. I've noticed guys aren't as tough as they want us to think they are. So when you ask them, "What are you thinking?" it really *is* true when they say "nothing". I've noticed Geometry never gets used in everyday life. I've noticed most people only have a few pairs of jeans they just wear over and over again. And I've noticed, most importantly...everyone has some kind of secret.

Like for example, my parents. Totally pretending they are still in love. I don't buy it anymore. I want to...but I hear the fights when they think we aren't around. I see the secret of that girl over there. She wears long sleeves all the time. She cuts her arms to avoid some type of pain.

To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at SkitGuys.com!

ENDING:

My grandma, the one that calls me the old soul, also recites scripture from the Bible. Her favorite one to tell me every time she sees me and I just verbally vomit how much I hate school is, "Philippians 3:7". Basically, the guy is saying, "Once I thought all these things were valuable, now I consider them worthless, like garbage, compared to what Christ has done." "All these things" would mean the status, the awards, the titles, the friends, the money, the way we want people to think about us and yes...our secrets we hold so dear...all garbage.

I'm not there yet. But I want to be there.

I've returned to school. I'm here. I know there is something more. The real question is...do I have the guts to be different?

Lights Out. Slow Fade.