

JERRY: A WIZARD SCHOOL DROPOUT
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The Intriguing Interp Series
is published by
Mushroom Cloud Press
Orlando, FL

For more information and performance rights, contact

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<http://www.mushroomcloudpress.com/>

ISSN listed in graphic seal below.



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Narrator: Magic! If you think kids are born with this ability—the ability to levitate objects, the ability to make enemies into frogs, the ability to turn water into wine—then you are wrong... This kind of magic takes years of dedication; years of preparation! And just like regular humans, potential witches and wizards receive this preparation from school, but not some ordinary school that dabbles in math and science. Instead, this school dabbles in potions and curses. Wizard High! The most secretive high school in the entire world located in one of the most secretive locations in the entire world—in Utah somewhere. But even though this school and most high schools have their differences, for the most part the two are pretty much the same. They both have rigorous courses and intelligent teachers and strict policies. And—needless to say—they both have burnouts. That's what this story is about: a wizard school burnout named Jerry.

Jerry: Sup.

Narrator: Even at the young age of 6, onlookers could notice Jerry's lack of enthusiasm in wizardry.

First-Grade Teacher: Class, today we are going to discuss what we want to be when we grow up. Ringleworm the Brave? What do you want to be when you grow up?

Ringleworm: I want to be a wizard!

First-Grade Teacher: Very good, Ringleworm! How about you, Olfos the Giant?

Olfos: I want to be a wizard!

First-Grade Teacher: Interesting, Olfos! And what about Jerry... what would you like to be Jerry?

Jerry: I would like to be a dermatologist.

First-Grade Teacher: Jerry, don't you mean a wizard?

Jerry: No, I'm pretty sure I want to be a dermatologist.

First-Grade Teacher: I think wizard is a more realistic goal for you, Jerry.

Jerry: But...

First-Grade Teacher: Wizard!

Narrator: Aside from his idealism, Jerry also had a keen sense of humor for his age.

(Shows first-grade teacher holding a coffee cup while addressing her class).

First-Grade Teacher: Okay, class. It's time for recess. Everyone line up at the door except for Jerry—who chose to lose his recess privileges when, instead of picking up the toys as asked, he turned my coffee into monkey vomit.

(Takes a sip of the coffee).

First-Grade Teacher: Yep. Definitely monkey vomit.

Narrator: By middle school, most kids grew out of their immaturity. However, Jerry seemed stagnant.

(Middle-school teacher addresses class).

Middle-school teacher: Now if everyone has turned in their permission slips, we can hop on the bus and head off to visit the unnatural history museum. That is, everyone except for Jerry, who lost his field trip privileges when he turned all of the cafeteria milk...into monkey vomit.

Jerry: What! How'd you know it was me?

Middle-school teacher: You wrote about the incident in your term paper. Remember? You called it "How I turned the Cafeteria Milk into Monkey Vomit."

Jerry: Oh, yeah! Blame everything on Jerry!

Narrator: By the time he hit high school, the only trait that had really changed in our young dermatologist was his newfound dirt stache. Other than that, he was still the same old miscreant—and he certainly was no wizard!

(High school gym teacher lectures a class).

Gym Teacher: Okay, you sons of witches! I'd usually tell you to hit the showers after such heavy levitating as we did today, but it ends up that one of you seems to have turned the water in the warlocker rooms...into monkey vomit. Now I don't know which one of you little heathens pulled off this stunt—

Jerry: Thank god...

Gym Teacher: But because Jerry has been doing this everyday for the last 11 years, I can only assume it was him—for which you will be punished Jerry.

Jerry: What do you expect? I don't feel like getting naked in front of a bunch of other dudes, dude.

Narrator: In fact, despite the thousands of rubies the wizard public was paying for kids like him to attend school, the only real spell Jerry knew was how to turn liquids into monkey vomit. And yet, he continuously passed all of his classes. With straight D's, he'd graduate into the next grade—mainly because of the ridiculous "No Wizard Left Behind" policies enlisted by the government. It was only so long before a dreadful student like Jerry completely derailed the tracks of success altogether. Today, was that day.

(Jerry is in his spelling class. His teacher, Mrs. Crumblelumps, is lecturing).

Mrs. Crumblelumps: Okay, everyone. Today in spelling class we are going to go over the pronunciation of spells that will turn your enemies to stone. Now I expect you all to repeat these after me...Rigor Mortis!

Class: Rigor Mortis!

Mrs. Crumblelumps: Jerry, I didn't hear you cast that spell. Would you like to join us or wait in the hallway while we finish?

Jerry: Listen, Mrs. Crumblelumps. If I find a spell to have some sort of usefulness in the real world, than I will do my best to learn that spell. However, I'm just not seeing any sort of purpose for a curse that turns enemies into stone. If I have an issue with somebody, I'd rather just talk it out with him instead of, you know, rendering his body into a rock...

Mrs. Crumblelumps: Well, Jerry, you can sit in the hallway until you realize violence is the way to solve problems, not words.

Jerry: What if I never realize that?

Mrs. Crumblelumps: Then, I will have to fail you. And you're going to have trouble getting into Wizard College with an F on your transcripture.

Jerry: Like I'm going to go to Wizard College anyway.

Mrs. Crumblelumps: Well, then get a dead-end job before the army against the dark powers drafts you. Either way, you don't need to be wasting my or your peer's time.

(Jerry picks up his things and goes into the hall. He sits down and mumbles to himself.)

Narrator: Yes, there's no place for an idealistic dermatologist in the wizard public school system...

(A boy, Wigburg, approaches Jerry).

Narrator: And although Mrs. Crumblelumps may have thought she was doing something good, the way luck may have it she was actually sending Jerry down a dark, corrupted path, that not to many wizards venture back from. A path that even the ability to turn people to stone will do absolutely nothing.

Wigburg: Hey there, Jerry.

Jerry: Sup, Wigburg the Destroyer.

Wigburg: What are you doing out here in the halls?

Jerry: I got thrown out of spelling class for speaking my beliefs.

Wigburg: Well, if you want to join, me and a few a bros are going to go drive around, maybe do a little black magic.

Jerry: Black magic?

Wigburg: Yeah, I mean, unless you aren't, like, cool with that type of thing.

Jerry: No, no I'm cool. It's just that...I've never done black magic before...

Wigburg: We're not doing nothing to hard...not doing nothing that's bad for you at least.

Jerry: Okay, I guess it wouldn't hurt.

Wigburg: No, it wouldn't man. In fact, it'll help. You know. Expand your mind and stuff.

Jerry: Yeah, I'll do it. Let's go.

Wigburg: All right, man. That's the Jerry I know.

Narrator: So Jerry followed Wigburg out to Wigburg's custom van. The van looked old, worn-down and purple, with a giant accountant airbrushed on the side door—because just like nerds get wizards airbrushed on their custom vans, wizards get accountants.

(Jerry gets in the van's side door while Wigburg gets in the driver's. There are two other people, Fungletoad and Artimous, in the van).

Wigburg: Jerry, this is Artimous the Forgetful and Fungletoad the Confused. Gentlemen...this is Jerry.

Artimous: Jerry! I didn't know you black magic-ed! I thought you were a square or something.

Fungletoad: Squares have four sides.

(Everyone looks confused at Fungletoad's stupidity).

Wigburg: This is Jerry's first time, boys.

Jerry: What happens if we get caught?

Wigburg: Naked decapitation on a cold day.

Jerry: Wait, what—

Wigburg: You got the spells, Artimous.

Artimous: Yeah, dude. I got this list from my cousin.

Wigburg: The one from California?

Artimous: Yeah, dude. These spells are California good, man.

Fungletoad: My dad is from Washington.

Jerry: Listen, I don't know if I want to risk getting decapitated in the nude on a cold day just because of a little black magic.

Wigburg: Dude, Jerry. You'd be surprised how many people black magic. Probably like eighty-percent of the school.

Artimous: And there's not even any proven side effects. It really shouldn't be illegal. I mean, it's like, whatever, you know?

Fungletoad: I sleep in my socks because sometimes my feet get cold.

Artimous: Put on some music, Wigburg. Some music we can black magic to.

Wigburg: Okay. I've got Bob Merlin, the Voodoo Brothers, Fantasy C.R., the Dumble-Doors and...Phish.

Artimous: Whatever works.

Narrator: Yes, whatever does work when you do enough black magic. Jerry started out pretty lightly, once every few weeks—weekends only. But, by the beginning of his senior year at Wizard High, Jerry was a regular magic-head. He always had spells on him: at school, at home. He even went as far to start selling spells for a little bit, before his parents caught him; when he came home smelling like magic one night.

Jerry's Mom: Jerry...you're father and I are worrying. Lately, you've been out late and have slipping grades.

Jerry's Dad: And your friends don't even ring the doorbell when they come to get you. They just sit outside and rev the engine in that ridiculous accountant van.

Jerry's Mom: We're worried you've been getting into...black magic.

(Jerry is obviously under the influence of black magic).

Jerry: Oh...

Jerry's Mom: I found this list of spells in your pocket when I was washing the laundry. I casted one on your father to see what it did, and he just spent the next hour and a half watching the Backyardigans, giggling.

Jerry's Dad: I ate three bags of Doritos that day. Three!

Jerry: Sorry Dad. Won't happen again.

Narrator: But it happened again. Even though Jerry had loving parents who pushed him to quit—he had lost his personality to the magic, and his grades finally plummeted from D's to F's. So, before second semester of his senior year, Jerry decided to dropout. The magic had destroyed him. He no longer dreamed of becoming a dermatologist. Instead, he wanted to start a band, even though he had no past in music. Eventually, Jerry's mom and dad kicked him out. Lost, homeless, a heavy black magic addiction: none of these were good things. So Jerry decided to get a job...at the Wizard elementary school as a bus driver.

(Jerry is driving a school bus. Jerry takes a drink of his soda and then spits it out).

Jerry: Damn! Who keeps turning my Pepsi into Diet Pepsi! I swear when I find out who it is...

(There is yelling from the back of the bus. Jerry looks in the mirror to see what's going on).

Jerry: Hey! Knock it off back there! Quit sacrificing that first-grader!

Obnoxious kid: You can't tell me who I can and can't sacrifice! You're not my dad! My dad is dead! A 3000-year-old sorcerer killed him!

Jerry: That's not true! I'm only 2000-years old.

(Silence as the kid is puzzled by Jerry's comment).

Jerry: That's a joke...like I was saying that I was the one who killed...your...never mind.

Obnoxious kid: Hey, aren't you friends with my brother?

Jerry: No, I'm not too good of friends with Satan.

(Silence)

Jerry: You aren't to keen with that sense of humor, are you?

(Silence)

Jerry: Who's your brother?

Obnoxious Kid: Wigburg the Destroyer.

Jerry: Oh, you're a Destroyer? Yeah, I know him. What's he doing now?

Obnoxious Kid: He's interning for a big wizard politician.

Jerry: Wigburg is?

Obnoxious Kid: Yeah. He says it won't be too long before he has an office of his own.

Jerry: Really? God, I wonder if Artimous and Fungletoad are doing that good too.

Obnoxious Kid: Artimous is assistant-managing some restaurant, but Fungletoad is still a complete failure.

Jerry: Thank God. What's he doing? Serial killing?

Obnoxious Kid: Maybe as a hobby, but his job is as a dermatologist.

Narrator: Nothing makes you realize how real the scenario you are in is like a heavy blow to the heart. And even though Jerry had a steady paying job and was back to only doing black magic on the weekends, he only could see the bad in his situation. He believed his life was useless, ambitionless, worthless. But believing doesn't necessarily make things true, now does it?

(Jerry is driving the bus. There is a lot of ruckus coming from the back.)

Group of kids: The wheels on the bus go round and round...round and round...round and—

Jerry: SHUT UP! Everyone just SHUT UP or I'm driving this bus off a cliff!

(Silence until one person in the group breaks by finishing the song.)

Kid: ...round.

Jerry: That's it! I've had it with you little pieces of dragon dung! No one gets to talk anymore or I'm not taking you guys home.

Obnoxious kid: You can do anything to us! My brother told me you don't know any spells! That you're just a wizard school dropout!

Jerry: Be quiet!

Obnoxious kid: In fact, I bet I know more spells than you do...

Jerry: Listen, kid. I don't need this harassment!

Obnoxious kid: I bet he doesn't even know how to reverse a stone spell.

Jerry: Of course I do!

Obnoxious kid: Well, we'll see about that...Rigor Mortis!

(Jerry is suddenly turned into stone. The group of kids laughs at him, not realizing he can't control the bus).

Narrator: Now, unfortunately for Jerry, he actually did not know how to reverse the spell. Eventually, one of the kids did for him, however this was only after the bus careened over the side of a bridge into a rapidly flowing river.

(The bus flies over the edge of a bridge into a river. The kids all scream loudly)

Kid: Someone reverse it before we drown!

Obnoxious kid: Sitrom Rogir!

(Jerry turns back from stone).

Jerry: Oh God! Look what you've done!

Kid: How are we going to get out?

Narrator: Now, even though Jerry's brain had been fried from the years of black magic, he was still quick on his feet with his idealism.

Jerry: Quick! Give me your wand!

(Obnoxious kid throws Jerry a wand.)

Jerry: Ad astra per aspera!

Narrator: And just with the simple flick of a wand, Jerry turned that entire river...into monkey vomit.

Obnoxious Kid: Ew! Gross...

Narrator: Because of the gallons of monkey vomit surrounding the stranded bus, the river gracefully came to a halt—cause everyone knows monkey vomit is one of the thickest vomits a person can find. The police arrived and helped levitate everyone out of the back of the bus and Jerry finally felt like he had done something important.

(Police officer approaches Jerry).

Police officer: Congrats, Jerry. You're a hero. I mean, that is, if you exclude the fact you drove a bus full of children into a river.

Jerry: Is everyone okay?

Police officer: Everyone except this little guy, who drowned in the monkey vomit.

(Police picks up the carcass of Obnoxious Kid).

Jerry: Well, that's okay. He was kind of a jerk anyway.

Police officer: So when do you think you can reverse this whole "river full of monkey vomit" thing.

Jerry: Uh...reverse it?

Police Officer: Ha! That's funny. Pretending like you don't know how to reverse it...we'll have you do that once we pull the bus out and get it hosed off and back to the school. But thanks again for your help, Jerry. The world needs more people like you in this world.

Narrator: So Jerry, the wizard school dropout, no longer drove the bus angrily and hate-filled. Now Jerry drove that vomit-reeking automobile with the realization that he put his thumbprint on the world. You can take this story two ways. One: that everyone on this earth was put here for a reason; or two: that monkey vomit can come in handy every once in a while.