

# HIGH SCHOOL YEARBROKE

By Burton Bumgarner

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## **STORY OF THE PLAY**

Yearbooks are for looking back on your high school days and remembering what a great time you had. Problem is, when you are in high school, those times don't always seem so great. Three members of the yearbook staff try to put a publication together that will spark memories years down the road. But in some cases they capture a little too much of the truth with their photos and captions -- often with hilarious results.

## **SETTING**

The setting is a high school classroom where the yearbook staff is at work. A teacher's desk, work table, several desks, chairs, bookshelves, and a computer work station are all UPS. The core actors represent the student body, both as individuals and organizations, and throughout the play they take on many rolls. Names, locations, etc., may be localized at the discretion of the director. The time is the present.

## **CAST OF CHARACTERS**

*(3 m, 4 w)*

**MICHELLE:** he yearbook senior editor.

**BONNIE:** The copy editor.

**JAKE:** The photographer.

**THE CORE:** Four actors (2m, 2w) who play multiple roles.

## **PROPS**

**BONNIE:** Nail file, computer.

**MICHELLE:** File folders, cap and gown.

**JAKE:** Computer, camera with flash, tripod.

**ACTRESS 1:** Pom-poms, cap and gown.

**ACTOR 2:** Towel, cap and gown, courier's uniform,  
clipboard and pen.

**ACTRESS 3:** Pom-poms, sandwich, long gown, bouquet of  
flowers, tiara, cap and gown.

**ACTOR 4:** Handkerchief, towel, cap and gown.

**SOUND EFFECTS:** Sound of a running shower, "Pomp and  
Circumstance."

## HIGH SCHOOL YEARBROKE

*(AT RISE: MICHELLE, BONNIE and JAKE enter and face the audience.)*

MICHELLE: *(To audience.)* Welcome to the wonderful world of our high school yearbook. I know it's going to be a very exciting year. My name is Michelle, I'll be your senior editor. This is Bonnie, she'll be your copy editor.

BONNIE: I don't know why I'm the copy editor. I can't write very well. And my spelling is terrible. Why can't I be the senior editor?

MICHELLE: Because you're not a senior. *(To audience.)* Jake will be your photographer.

JAKE: I just finished up three weeks of in-school suspension and I'm ready to party!

MICHELLE: Let's begin. We only have seven months until our yearbook goes to press.

BONNIE: *(Counting on HER fingers.)* We have eight months.

MICHELLE: I'm going on a domestic exchange in April and everything has to be done before I go.

JAKE: We could finish it up for you.

MICHELLE: Not in this lifetime! I'm the senior editor. I finish up the yearbook. Time to begin. *(BONNIE crosses to work table and sits, filing her nails. JAKE crosses to sit at teacher's desk, props up his feet and pretends to sleep.)* What are you doing?

BONNIE: Filing my nails.

JAKE: Trying to sleep. I signed up for yearbook staff so I could get some rest.

MICHELLE: How dare you! You're my staff! Get to work!

BONNIE: You're the senior editor.

MICHELLE: So?

JAKE: So, edit.

MICHELLE: You're supposed to do the work.

BONNIE: Isn't it your job to inspire us or something?

MICHELLE: It's my job to be responsible for everything. And make sure YOU two finish all your work in time. Jake, have you started the group photographs and layouts?

JAKE: Sort of.

MICHELLE: Bonnie, have you started the captions and the copy?

BONNIE: Sort of.

MICHELLE: Let's see. (*SHE crosses to teacher's desk, knocks JAKE'S feet out of the way, and makes Jake move to a student desk. She begins to look through filing folders on the desk.*) Dedication. To Mrs. Bostic.

ALL THREE: (*After a count.*) Uck!

BONNIE: No one can stand her.

JAKE: Why Mrs. Bostic?

MICHELLE: Because she's been teaching here since Lincoln was president and she's never had anything dedicated to her. The principal thought it would be a good idea.

BONNIE: Her retirement would be a better idea.

JAKE: Did the fact that the woman is a complete hag ever enter into the equation?

MICHELLE: No. Let's see what you wrote. "This year's annual is dedicated to Mrs. Bostic. Her dedication to her students and her traits of patience and understanding make this woman deserving of highest esteem." You didn't write this!

BONNIE: How do you know?

MICHELLE: Because it's literate and everything's spelled correctly. Who wrote this, Bonnie?

BONNIE: Actually, my mother wrote it for Mr. Lewis. I just switched "Bostic" for "Lewis" and changed all the pronouns. My mother had Mrs. Bostic in tenth grade. She still wakes up screaming at night from the terrible dreams.

MICHELLE: "We acknowledge that certain kind of excellence exemplified by Mrs. Bostic." ...you spelled Bostic wrong.... "An exceptional man..."

BONNIE: Oops. I missed one.

MICHELLE: "...and teacher, she employs her natural abilities, her wit, her personality, and her unselfish enjoyment of life for the people around her..." This is too much.

JAKE: (*Crossing to computer.*) I'll write a dedication for that old bat. (*HE keys.*) "For her uncontrollable fits of temper, the complete lack of patience, understanding, and basic teaching skills, and her ability to thrive in a sea of tension and disgust, we dedicate this edition of the yearbook to Mrs. Bostic: the nastiest, the cruelest, the least civilized teacher in Central High School history...and quite possibly in the history of public education." Signed, Michelle Mitchell, Editor.

BONNIE: Hey, that's good.

MICHELLE: You had better delete that!

JAKE: Print and save.

MICHELLE: Don't leave that lying around! On to academics. (*Goes through folder.*) Here is the school board. The faculty. The staff. Boring. Boring. This is a terrible photograph of the principal. Is his finger really up his nose?

JAKE: I was playing around with double exposures. That's Coach Robinson's finger.

MICHELLE: We can't put this in the yearbook.

BONNIE: It's supposed to be a reflection of the year, isn't it?

MICHELLE: Yes, but this is a doctored photo. Coach Robinson never stuck his finger up the principal's nose.

JAKE: How do you know? It's possible.

MICHELLE: Have you ever heard of tabloid journalism?

JAKE: Of course. It's going to be my major in college.

MICHELLE: Don't plan on anything funny! This is MY yearbook.

JAKE: (*Salutes military style.*) Yes, sir!

MICHELLE: Get out there and take those group photographs! (*CORE enters and mills around DS. JAKE crosses with camera and tries to pose them.*) Bonnie, get busy on that copy.

BONNIE: (*Crossing to computer.*) Yeah, whatever.

MICHELLE: Student Government. (*CORE poses for photo.*)

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