

Social Pariahs

By Jared Mallard

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STORY OF THE PLAY

Stan is a social pariah. He's beat up at the school bus stop, never chosen for any team, and ignored every day at lunch. Then Chloe enrolls at the school. Being called names? No problem. She has flippant retorts and happily collects the offensive epithets in a notebook. Someone in her face? Her dad taught her how to physically twist a bully's arm. Amid her tough, cool exterior, however, she also has compassion. Stan and Chloe become allies and gradually fall in love the way you do the first time, when you feel as if you have everything because of this one person. *Social Pariahs* is a portrait of how your first love can affect your life, no matter how old you grow. It is a story of how teenage sorrow, bravery and beauty can stay with you forever. A powerful and dramatic play. About 45-50 minutes.

AWARDS/ PRODUCTION HISTORY

Runner up for 2021 Tom Henry Awards for the Playwrights Guild of Canada. Produced in 2022 under the title, "A Year in the Stars and Rain," the show took home numerous awards at the provincial drama festival including Best Production, Best Script, Best Choice of Material and numerous acting awards.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

(4 m, 8 w, 2 flexible, extras)

CHLOE: (F) 14. Quick wit. Keeping a secret.

STAN: (M) 14. Social pariah. Hopeless romantic.

SHAWN: (M) 15. Alpha dog of the school. Bully.

ANDY: (M) 15. Part of goon squad.

GRACE: (F) 15. Part of goon squad.

ANNIE: (F) 15. Part of goon squad.

BETHANY: (F) 15. Part of goon squad.

BUS DRIVER: Anger problem, hates their job.

GLORIA: (F) 45. Stan's mom.

ADULT STAN: (M) 45. Stan as an adult.

MRS. GERTIE: (F) 40. Uptight English teacher.

JULIE: (F) 14. Socially awkward, mute.

LINDA: (F) 40. Chloe's mother.

COACH MONTGOMERY: Forced to teach drama.

EXTRAS:

STUDENTS: in lunchroom, bus, and classroom scenes.

SETTING

In and around the high school over the course of a year. Locations include cafeteria, bus stop, bus, classroom, park, and Stan's house.

SYNOPSIS OF SCNES

ACT I

Scene 1: Spring, Part One. The high school cafeteria.
Scene 2: Spring, Part Two. The bus stop and on the bus.
Scene 3: Spring, Part Three. The classroom.
Scene 4: Summer, Part One. The park.
Scene 5: Summer, Part Two. The park.

ACT II

Scene 1: Fall, Part One. The bus stop.
Scene 2: Fall, Part Two. Stan's living room and bus stop.
Scene 3: Winter, Part One. School drama rehearsal.
Scene 4: Winter, Part Two. Outside a classroom.
Scene 5: Spring, Part One. The performance.
Scene 6: Months later: Remembering.

Scene 1: Spring, Part One

(ADULT STAN stands on the end of the stage.)

ADULT STAN: I read once that there's no love like your first. Before I was anyone else's, I was hers. First love can hit you at any time. It swallows you up, brings butterflies to the gut and tingles to the head. It's all consuming. It's awful, terrifying... and beautiful. *(Beat.)* And it changed me.

(ADULT STAN watches as LIGHTS come up on stage. We are now in the past. A high school cafeteria. STUDENTS sit at various tables. STAN sits by himself, reading. SHAWN and GOON SQUAD enter. Shawn throws a wrapper at Stan.)

ANDY: Nice catch, nerd!

SHAWN: I see all your friends decided to join you again today.

GRACE: I think he has more friends than yesterday.

ANNIE: Wearing the same shirt too.

BETHANY: Do you own more than one shirt?

SHAWN: I doubt it.

ANNIE: His mother is a waitress.

BETHANY: And his father left them.

GRACE: Boo-hoo.

ANNIE: So sad.

(STAN goes to get up, but SHAWN pushes him back down. As this happens, the SQUAD surrounds Stan. CHLOE enters and takes a seat.)

SHAWN: I didn't say you could leave.

STAN: Shawn, please.

(GRACE notices CHLOE sitting in "their seat.")

GRACE: Hey, that's our table!

BETHANY: You can't sit there!

CHLOE: I gotta sit somewhere.

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SHAWN: Perhaps you don't understand how this works, but that's our table. It has been since the beginning.

CHLOE: The beginning of what? Time?

SHAWN: Move!

CHLOE: I'm just sitting, man.

(SHAWN goes to grab HER shoulder. She quickly, like a ninja, twists his hand and bends him to her will.)

SHAWN: Ouch! Ouch!

CHLOE: Call off your dogs.

SHAWN: NO!

CHLOE: Call 'em off!

SHAWN: Guys, back off.

CHLOE: Now, I'm going to sit down, and you and your goon squad are going to leave. Got it! *(Silence.)* Got it!

SHAWN: Yes!

(SHE lets HIM go.)

SHAWN: *(Cont'd.)* You just signed your death wish, new girl. *(To SQUAD.)* Right?

GRACE: Right!

ANNIE: Death wish!

CHLOE: What's all of your deals? You just follow him like some obedient lap dogs?

(GOON SQUAD looks at one another, conflicted.)

CHLOE: *(Cont'd.)* Like you? *(Points at BETHANY.)* I bet you're good at something, but you're too afraid to try because you would look stupid in front of him. Am I right?

BETHANY: Whatever.

CHLOE: You should do what it is you love. And you two. *(Points at ANDY and GRACE.)* I can tell by the way you're standing that you have a crush on each other, but you're probably too afraid to date because it would anger alpha dog here.

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(Awkward, bashful. Clearly, THEY like each other.)

ANDY: Who her?

GRACE: Him?

CHLOE: And you. *(Points at ANNIE.)* You're the saddest because I actually think you like alpha dog and he doesn't even notice you.

(Silence. She hit a nerve.)

SHAWN: You're so lucky we're in school right now, new girl.

(SHAWN and GOON SQUAD exit.)

CHLOE: *(Yells offstage.)* Bye-bye! I envy everyone you have never met! *(A beat.)* Hey! You!

STAN: Me?

CHLOE: Wanna come sit next to me?

(STAN gets up and sits with HER.)

CHLOE: *(Cont'd.)* You gotta name?

STAN: Stan.

CHLOE: Chloe.

(THEY pause. ADULT STAN speaks to the audience.)

ADULT STAN: It happens by accident, in a heartbeat, in a single flashing moment.

CHLOE: So, you're like the popular kid, right?

STAN: I... Ummm...

CHLOE: Dude, chill. I know. You're a loser. Like me. They call you names too, huh? I used to keep track.

STAN: Track of what?

CHLOE: *(Takes out a decorated binder.)* I call this the "Social Pariah Diaries." I keep track of all the interesting things people called me at my old school. I have them in alphabetical order. *(Reading.)* "Animal, beast, caveman, dirtbag, freak, greeniac..."

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CHLOE: *(Cont'd.)* I like that one, because I'm vegetarian...
"Hillbilly, hippie, lard face, mutant, neanderthal..." you get
the picture.

STAN: You're new?

CHLOE: New?

STAN: To the school?

CHLOE: Finish your sentences, man. Yes, I am a new student
at Harwich High.

STAN: Thanks.

CHLOE: For what?

STAN: You know.

CHLOE: Dude, you need to learn how to say more than a few
words at a time.

STAN: Thank you for stopping those guys.

CHLOE: See? A full sentence with a subject and a predicate.
I'm so proud of you. What are you reading? *(STAN hides
his book.)* Really? What are you, a toddler? Let me see.
(Grabs the book.) *Lord of the Rings.* Is it good?

STAN: It's my favorite book.

CHLOE: Sounds interesting. *(SHE flips through it and puts
the book in her bag.)*

STAN: Hey?

CHLOE: Oh, stop your whining, you already read it.

STAN: How do you know?

CHLOE: For one, you said it was your "favorite" book. How
would you know that if you didn't already read it? For
another, there's like a hundred dog-eared pages and
highlights in here. Don't worry. I'm a fast reader.

STAN: How did you do that?

CHLOE: Do what?

STAN: That thing you did to Shawn.

CHLOE: What? This?

*(SHE takes HIS arm and twists it around, bending him to her
will.)*

STAN: Ow, ow, ow.

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CHLOE: It's easy really. You just have to know the pressure points and basic joint manipulation. You just find the right angle, and there. *(SHE twists again, STAN screams in pain.)* My father was in the military. He taught me a bunch of stuff. Oh sorry. *(SHE lets HIM go.)* You try it on me.

STAN: I can't.

CHLOE: Why? Because I'm a girl? It's *(insert year)*, dude. Take my arm. *(HE takes HER arm and follows instructions.)* Now, twist the wrist and bend the arm back. See? Ow. Ow, ow. You got it. Nice!

STAN: Are you going to be here tomorrow?

CHLOE: At school? Yeah, dude. I kind of have to.

STAN: Where are you from?

CHLOE: A farm.

STAN: A farm?

CHLOE: Yeah, my father got sick from the military and when he came home we decided to buy a farm and live off the land. It was all very hippy and awful. You think your chores are bad? You should try farm chores. Milking cows, mucking goat stalls...

STAN: Why did you move back to the city?

CHLOE: *(Finds the lie.)* My... umm... mother got sick and we needed to be closer to the hospital.

STAN: I'm sorry.

CHLOE: What about you? What are your parental units like?

STAN: It's just me and my mom now.

CHLOE: Did your dad split? *(STAN is uncomfortable.)* I have zero filter, man, but if it's too much to chat about, I understand.

STAN: Yeah, Dad split.

CHLOE: Sorry, man.

STAN: Thanks.

CHLOE: Is your mom cool though? Like, does she take good care of you?

STAN: My mom is amazing.

CHLOE: Aren't parents weird when it comes to their kids?

STAN: What do you mean?

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CHLOE: Like, my mom, ever since I was born, does the exact same thing to me every time I leave the house. She breaks into song singing, "You Are My Sunshine." Like we could be in the most public place and she'll just break into song..."You are my sunshine, my only sunshine." I'll just bury my head and run away.

STAN: You think that's bad. My mom calls me "special star."

CHLOE: Okay, dude, that's pretty bad.

STAN: Look, you don't have to pretend to be nice and sit with me and be my friend.

CHLOE: It's complicated.

STAN: What is?

CHLOE: Friendship, but don't worry, you don't have to do it alone. You have me.

(SFX: The bell rings.)

CHLOE: *(Cont'd.)* I gotta jet to class. I'll see ya around, "special star."

(SHE extends her hand. STAN shakes it. THEY freeze. ADULT STAN speaks to the audience.)

ADULT STAN: She showed up during the last week of school, right before the summer. I thought it was weird that someone would come to school right before the end of the year, but that's her. That's Chloe.

(LIGHTS out.)

End of Freeview

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