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LOCKDOWN

By Julia Edwards

CAST OF CHARACTERS

ALICE, the quiet girl who reads the dictionary
DARCY, senior class president, rule hound
GARRETT, friendly surfer dude
JEREMY, computer guru/ black market ringleader
KATARINA, substitute teacher, loses it
LEEANN, princess (chain-smoking, compulsive lying variety)
LEX, another righteous feminist bound for Smith College
LILY, a.k.a., Crazy Lily, can hear Satan (or so she says)
MIA, theatre spaz
MORGAN, retro chick
PIGEON, painfully shy, frog advocate
ROSIE, tough girl from Brooklyn, hates California
SIMONE, wears black, digs Nietzsche
SQUID, anti-authority skater punk
VINCE, Jeremy's "bodyguard" and role-playing junkie

SCENE 1

(A SCHOOL BELL rings. The library clock reads 1:20 PM. Several students are already present. ALICE, hands over her ears, reads the dictionary. SIMONE, the nihilist chick in black, listens to her CD player and reads Sartre's No Exit. LEX, a righteous feminist bound for Smith College, devours the latest Ms. Magazine. MIA, an eccentrically dressed theatre spaz, practices a monologue to herself. A line has formed at the library monitor's desk: first in line is LEEANN, the bad girl princess who chatters on her cell phone.)

LEEANN: That is SO not fair—she is such a cow!... Oh my God! That is SO gross!... OK, I'll be there at 7. Kiss, kiss!

(Leeann hangs up and makes another call. Second in line is ROSIE, a recent (and unwilling) transplant from her native Brooklyn. She waits impatiently. JEREMY, the library monitor/ black market ringleader, enters with VINCE, the somewhat disheveled role-playing junky and his right hand man. They set up at the monitor station.)

VINCE: So Josh says he wants to kill these hyenas who weren't evil or magical or anything and the Dungeon Master is like: Dude, they're just hyenas.

JEREMY: Vince. Tuck your shirt in.

(Vince tucks his shirt in.)

VINCE: But Josh just starts wailing on them with his Plus-2 Mace. Isn't that messed up?

JEREMY: Yeah. Start loading up the cart. We've got to get through Q by the end of the period.

VINCE: Check.

(Vince obeys his order. Jeremy starts tapping away at his computer.)

JEREMY: *(To Leeann:)* What can I do you for, Princess?

LEEANN: *(Into phone:)* Kiss, kiss! Gotta go! *(Femme fatale-ish:)* I don't normally do this.

JEREMY: That's what they all say.

LEEANN: It's just that my boyfriend, you know, he's an agent, you know, in Hollywood. He handles...big people. I mean...Tom Cruise big, OK? I can't really tell you who he handles, but—

JEREMY: They're big. Got it. Time's money and money's time so let's cut to the chase.

LEEANN: American History mid-term.

JEREMY: Teacher?

LEEANN: Snook.

JEREMY: Ooh... That's not going to be easy. He keeps his tests locked up pretty tight.

LEEANN: Can you do it or not?

JEREMY: We put a man on the moon; of course I can do it. But it'll cost ya.

LEEANN: How much?

(Jeremy gives Vince the signal. Vince whispers an amount in her ear; she's aghast.)

Do you take credit cards?

JEREMY: But of course.

(She hands over a credit card. GARRETT, the friendly surfer dude, ambles into the library.)

GARRETT: So this is what the library looks like. Oo. *(Acting all quiet:)* Sorry, studious people. You must be the Library Monitor Man.

(He hands over a pass.)

JEREMY: What are you in for?

GARRETT: Yeah, I don't know, Mrs. Plant thinks I've got a tardy problem and she's run out of other punishments.

JEREMY: Stamp him.

(Vince stamps the pass.)

GARRETT: *Sports Illustrated?*

(Vince points.)

You're a good man. Whoa—Leeann!

LEEANN: Garrett.

GARRETT: Who's your friend?

LEEANN: Never seen her before.

GARRETT: Tell her I think I'm in love with her.

ROSIE: Get bent, weirdo.

GARRETT: No, tell her I'm *definitely* in love with her.

LEX: Can you keep it down? Some people are trying to do this thing called "read."

GARRETT: Lex – my Favorite Feminist. You better not be hogging the Swimsuit Issue.

LEX: Believe it or not, I actually read things where women get to keep their clothes on and maintain this thing called self-respect. You should try it.

(Garrett picks up the coveted Sports Illustrated.)

GARRETT: *(Drooling:)* Oh, yes...

(Garrett plops down next to Lex, puts his feet up, and starts to "read.")

I'm sorry. What was that you said?

LEX: Seventy-two more days until college. Just seventy-two more days until college.

(DARCY, the senior class president, marches in with her loyal servants: MORGAN, a Retro Chick complete with poodle skirt and every Sanrio accessory that's made it through customs; and PIGEON, a painfully shy animal-lover, who juggles an armful of posters. Darcy approaches Jeremy with passes outstretched.)

DARCY: Official Class President business.

MORGAN: We're here to hang posters for the prom.

DARCY: At Principal Walters' request. Note the signature at the bottom.

(Pigeon loses control of the posters and they all end up on the ground.)

PIGEON: Uh oh.

DARCY: For crying out loud, Pigeon.

PIGEON: I'm sorry. It was the frogs. I usually smuggle them out one at a time but tomorrow's dissection day so I had to grab them all at once and they're getting a little rowdy. *(To frogs:)* It's OK, guys, we'll be home soon. You want an olive?

DARCY: I don't know why I bother sometimes.

MORGAN: Because you care.

DARCY: I know. It really takes it out of me sometimes. It really does. But – I guess that's what being a public servant is all about.

(Jeremy hands back the passes.)

Come on, girls. Let's poster.

(Darcy directs Morgan and Pigeon to hang perky prom posters. A second SCHOOL BELL rings. LILY, the punk chick who comes from money but pretends she doesn't, slams into the library just as the bell stops ringing. Lily walks past Leeann and Rosie and hands her pass to Jeremy.)

LILY: Here.

LEEANN: Hey, Lily.

(Leeann taps Lily on the shoulder.)

Hey. Lily.

(Lily slowly turns around.)

There's a line, in case you didn't notice.

LILY: Eat glass, Leeann. Besides, I'm just getting my pass signed. I don't need someone to steal test answers for me. *(To Jeremy:)* Hey, can I have that sometime this year?

JEREMY: I can't make out the teacher's name. Who signed this?

(Lily gets in Jeremy's face.)

LILY: It was that dorky history teacher with the blue cardigan and the comb-over—I don't know what his friggin name is—Moss or Jenson or something like that. What am I—school personnel? Now, what do you say you stamp my pass, like a good Library Monitor, and let me do my homework?

(Jeremy knows something's up – but would rather not get into it with Lily.)

JEREMY: *(To Vince:)* Stamp her.

(Vince stamps the pass. Lily grabs it and plops down in a corner and doodles Satan worship symbols on her arms.)

I don't care if her father is the deputy mayor, that witch has got serious problems and she should be locked up or seriously medicated or both.

LEEANN: Please. I went through the "I'm as crazy as a French film" years ago. It's so tired.

(Just then, a LOUD SIREN goes off. Everyone looks around. Not alarmed – just annoyed. SQUID, the anti-authority skater punk, jumps out from behind the stacks and runs at the door.)

SQUID: Don't let that door close!

(Squid's too late. Just then, every door, every window, every drawer suddenly LOCKS. We're talking maximum security lockdown here. Silence. Then the intercom kicks on with creepy "soothing music." Everyone stares: this isn't the norm.)

MIA: What the hell was that?!

(The Automated Teacher Unit speaks in pre-recorded fragments, each word at a different pitch.)

AUTOMATED TEACHER UNIT: Mia Safronski, one afternoon detention for unauthorized word.

MIA: But I've got *The Vagina Monologues* audition this afternoon.

AUTOMATED TEACHER UNIT: Mia Safronski, one afternoon detention for inappropriate anatomical reference.

MIA: But it's a play—I truly hate this place.

AUTOMATED TEACHER UNIT: I heard that.

(Mia's about to explode but thinks better of it.)

SQUID: I'll tell you what it was. It's the SS3000 in full lockdown mode. Check the windows and vents. I'll try the doors.

(Squid's the only one in a state of alarm; he checks the perimeter.)

Locked. Locked. Locked.

DARCY: That guy is so—

MORGAN: *(Cutting her off:)* Marlon Brando in *The Wild One*?

(Squid tests the windows.)

SQUID: Locked.

JEREMY: What's going on? My computer's dead.

ROSIE: *(To Jeremy:)* Hey. How long is this going to take? I need a paper on chinchilla mating habits by seventh period.

JEREMY: Don't get your panties in a bunch, ma chère.

ROSIE: What'd you say to me?

JEREMY: *(Frightened:)* We're just having some technical difficulties. We'll be right with you. *(To Vince:)* You're supposed to guard my body, not stand there like a sideshow geek. Now go see if anyone else is having power problems. This thing won't reboot.

(Jeremy goes from computer to computer, trying to get a connection. Squid checks the vents – they're locked too.)

SQUID: They've got the vents too. Hello? Is everyone on Prozac or what?

(Vince tries the library door; it's locked.)

VINCE: Hey, the door's locked.

(Vince runs to another door; it's locked too.)

MIA: What's going on?

VINCE: I don't know. It's like everything's locked up.

SQUID: No wonder people go live in log cabins in the woods.

(Vince and Mia run frantically through the library checking all the same things Squid has already checked. Meanwhile, Leeann files her nails.)

LEEANN: *(To Rosie:)* I love your shoes. Where'd you get those?

ROSIE: In Brooklyn.

LEEANN: Where's that?

ROSIE: In Brooklyn.

LEEANN: Oh, like actual Brooklyn. That's so cool. I've never been to New York. My boyfriend says I've got to go. Though he says I've got more of an LA look so this is where I'll probably work out of. But so many people are bi-coastal these days...

(No response.)

So what class is your paper for?

ROSIE: It's for a stupid class taught by a psychotic man with prison tattoos all up and down his arms who has us all researching mating habits of various rodents for reasons entirely unknown to me as we're studying Western Religions.

LEEANN: Oh, Mr. Motor. He's pretty harmless, for the most part. Just don't agree to any extra credit.

ROSIE: I hate this place.

LEEANN: Just 72 more days to go.

ROSIE: Not even. As soon as my boyfriend gets his Camaro running, he's going to drive out here and save me from this nauseating happy-go-lucky mini-skirts-and-jamba-juice-mini-mall land known as Southern California. All this sunshine makes me want to puke.

LEEANN: *(Not sure how to respond:)* I like Jamba Juice.

(Jeremy can't find a working machine.)

VINCE: Jeremy?

JEREMY: WHAT!

VINCE: Everything's locked. Even the drawers.

MIA: Even the bathroom's locked!

MORGAN: The bathroom's locked?

LEX: The bathroom can't be locked.

(Now everyone is in a tizzy.)

LEEANN: You mean—

VINCE: We're totally locked in here. I mean, like, totally.

LEEANN: I think I'm feeling a nic fit coming on.

(She rummages through her purse.)

Does anyone have a cigarette?

ROSIE: *(To Jeremy:)* Listen, buddy boy, are you still open for business or do I have to go through my other supplier?

JEREMY: Get out of my face, Scary Woman. The internet's down! There's no e-information coming in or going out. Check the phone jacks.

(Vince checks the phones.)

VINCE: The lines are dead.

(Rosie sighs and calls out on her cell phone. No signal.)

ROSIE: Oh great, no signal. This is just what I need. A failing grade from Mr. Motor, the ex-con, rodent-loving, religion teacher. My mother (may she drop dead and rot in hell) is like totally going to cut off my long distance. Does anyone know anything about chinchillas?

ALICE: *(Reciting from memory:)* A squirrel-like rodent (Chinchilla Langier) native to the

mountains of South America and widely raised in captivity for its soft, pale gray fur.

PIGEON: Oh, I love chinchillas. *(To the frogs:)* Oh, I love you guys too.

ROSIE: I repeat, I hate this place.

(Jeremy, looking like one of those strung-out stock floor traders, checks all of his phones, pagers, and electronic notebooks.)

JEREMY: I can't even call my broker.

VINCE: Are you OK?

JEREMY: Get off me, you fag.

VINCE: I was just —

JEREMY: Why don't you make yourself useful and tell me what's going on out there.

(Vince shuffles dejectedly to a vent and tries to communicate with the outside world.)

VINCE: Hello... Can anyone hear me? Hello...

(Mia bangs on another vent.)

MIA: Help! We're trapped! Get us out of here!

SQUID: I wouldn't waste your energy.

MIA: And why is that?

SQUID: WAKE UP, EVERYBODY! We're prisoners.

MORGAN: What do you mean prisoners? Like Ingrid Bergman in *Notorious* when the evil German spies started drugging her and Cary Grant didn't even know because they were having this totally ridiculous fight because they didn't realize that they both loved each other and she almost died?

(Mia starts hyperventilating.)

MIA: I just need everyone to know that I'm clinically claustrophobic so if I start banging my head on the wall or writing the same creepy sentence over and over again, just strap me down.

LEX: This isn't an audition, Mia. It's just another computer malfunction.

MIA: Have you ever been trapped in a well-used Port-O-Potty for twelve hours in Tijuana in August?

LEX: Hm...can't say that I have.

MIA: Well, my Aunt Booty was and now she's doing time at the funny farm.

LEX: Calm down. This isn't a Port-O-Potty.

MIA: No. It's bizarro Port-O-Potty. This time the bathroom's locked. What if I have to go? I've got a very small bladder!

(Lex tries to calm a hysterical Mia.)

ROSIE: Oh, brother. Leave it to a bunch of sheltered rich kids in Southern California to freak out about being locked in their fancy school library.

(Distracted by the mania, Simone finally takes off her earphones.)

SIMONE: What's going on?

GARRETT: We're locked in here.

SIMONE: Oh.

(Simone goes back to her music and reading.)

LEX: I'm sure it's just the stupid security system malfunctioning. Like every other brilliant idea the school board has.

MIA: Like when they replaced the nurse with an automated machine and she vaccinated that kid 200 times and he had to go to the hospital?

LEX: OK, that's not a good example. It's more like when they accepted the corporate sponsorship from CliffsNotes and replaced our entire library collection with these noxious yellow brain-drainers.

GARRETT: My favorite was when they banned all sharp objects and we had to write with crayons for a week. Ooh—check out Miss December.

(Garrett shows the magazine. The girls scoff.)

What? She looks like a very interesting woman.

LEX: Someone will get this hunk of junk back on-line and we'll all be fine.

SQUID: This isn't our same-old same-old sucky security system at work here.

LEX: Another conspiracy theory to share with the group, Squid?

SQUID: If anyone bothered to read the School Board minutes, maybe you'd know that they just installed the SS3000. AKA, a little institutional security brought to you by our friends at Northrop. Hello? Does anyone read *anything*? The same people who brought us such useful items as...the Stealth Bomber? Our tax dollars hard at work to make our children prisoners of our own paranoia.

DARCY: Well, do you know how many tax dollars we spend on graffiti vandals?

SQUID: And do you know how much we pay out in civil liberties when we walk into our school?

(Squid grabs Morgan. She's both repulsed and intrigued: who is this mysterious man?)

Look up there, what do you see?

MORGAN: I think it's that Baywatch dude but I'll have to consult with someone who lived through the early 80s.

SQUID: Look into his eyes.

MORGAN: Oh! Is that—

SQUID: A camera monitor. And look at the 3-D picture of the Big Mac. What's in the center?

MORGAN: Special sauce, lettuce, cheese?

SQUID: Look again. Smile. You're on Invading Our Civil Liberties Camera.

MORGAN: You're crazy. Like James Dean in *Rebel Without A Cause* who was so tortured because he felt different inside and he thought Natalie Wood felt different too and maybe she did but it was too late to save him because he was on a collision course with danger.

SQUID: Maybe I am crazy. Or maybe we're all just one big experiment. Did you know that one of the school's major contributors is a medical research laboratory? Maybe in exchange for our "education," we're giving ourselves up as guinea pigs.

DARCY: Tell it to your parole officer.

SQUID: Just because I'm a delinquent doesn't mean I'm not telling the truth.

MORGAN: Yeah, what kind of name is Squid, anyway?

SQUID: (*Flirting:*) Let's go out some time. I'll show you.

DARCY: Ew! You keep away from her, you animal!

MORGAN: Yeah!

SQUID: We're all animals, baby. Some of us just pretend we're not.

(Lily suddenly jumps up and sings The Sex Pistols' Anarchy song.)

LILY: I AM AN ANTI-CHRIST!
DON'T KNOW WHAT I WANT
BUT I KNOW HOW TO GET IT
CAUSE I...WANNA BE...
ANARCHY!

(Pigeon stares, mouth agape.)

LILY: (*To Pigeon:*) Don't make me eat one of your frogs.

PIGEON: (*To her frogs:*) Shh... It's OK, little guys. She didn't mean it.

LILY: You know, if I had to spend another second in here with you pathetic drones, I think I'd kill myself with a rusty fork.

LEEANN: No one's stopping you.

LILY: Kiss, kiss to you too, Leeann. (*To Garrett:*) What are you looking at, surfer boy?

GARRETT: Why don't you go sacrifice some goats, Freaky Satan Chick?

(Lily stands unsteadily for a moment, then composes herself.)

LILY: That's not bad idea.

(Lily heads for the door and tries to open it. It's locked. She tries again and again.)

The door's locked.

JEREMY: I feel like I'm in a bad *Star Trek* episode.

VINCE: Yeah, maybe there's something out of alignment with the space-time continuum.

JEREMY: You're such a stooge.

VINCE: I'm not a stooge.

JEREMY: Stooge.

LILY: What's going on?

MIA: We're prisoners of war. We can't get into the bathroom. But hey, it's more material for my method acting class so what do I care? As long as my bladder holds out and I don't explode all over the library walls.

LEX: Breathe, Mia. Breathe.

(Mia practices her breathing.)

LILY: You mean I'm stuck in here with you parasitic zombies?

(Lily stands unsteadily for a moment, looks around, then pounces on Simone's CD player.)

SIMONE: What the —

(Lily plugs herself in and starts rocking to the music.)

Hey. That's mine. Give it back.

(Simone tries to take the CD player back. Lily lashes out and growls menacingly. Simone gets out of the way — fast.)

Did you see that? She tried to bite me. I swear to God, that girl tried to bite me.

LEEANN: Great! We're locked in the library with government-issued security, Crazy Lily went rabid, and I only have half a piece of Nicorette.

(A STRANGE, MUFFLED NOISE from the vent.)

DARCY: Did you hear that?

MORGAN: I think it's coming from the vent.

JEREMY: Vince. Check it out.

MORGAN: This is so *The Haunting*. (The original, that is, not the cheesy re-make.)

MIA: This is so freaking me out.

SIMONE: This is so Jean-Paul Sartre it isn't even funny.

(Vince scrambles up to the vent to listen again. The MUFFLED NOISE.)

MIA: What the hell —

LEEANN: Shhh!

(Vince stands paralyzed. On his face, a look of fear and confusion. Silence.)

JEREMY: Well? What was it?

VINCE: I think...

JEREMY: What!

VINCE: I think...

(He tries to hold back tears.)

JEREMY: Come on, you fag, spit it out.

VINCE: You know...I REALLY DON'T LIKE IT WHEN YOU CALL ME THAT.

ALICE: It was the kind of normal you don't recognize as normal until things aren't normal anymore...if that makes any sense.

JEREMY: Who told Dictionary Girl to talk?

ALICE: It was just a day. I guess you'd call it average. Like one of those days when you're complaining about how unfair the geometry final was and what a pain in the ass that kid Lance is and when you go home and your parents ask how school was, you just shrug your shoulders and turn on the television to watch some stupid rendition of teen life written by some burned out forty-something guy from LA. It was just...normal. And then you hear this noise. I would say gunfire but that's not what it sounds like because it's not like it sounds in the movies. And normal is turned inside out like one of those frogs in biology class. You don't know what's happening but you do know it's bad and you do know right then and there that it's going to take years to recover from this. You're like: this is traumatic. I'm experiencing trauma. And it races through your body like this terrible disease. Your heart is in your throat and you think you're going to choke to death if it beats again. And then you get this rush of adrenaline. Like those animals on National Geographic who suddenly realize that they're surrounded. Your legs start moving. You're running faster than you've ever run before. You don't even know where. You're doing this thing called saving your life and your brain is completely off-line. And all of a sudden there are these people there holding you and telling you it's over. They're shoving pamphlets in your hands about Why Bad Things Happen to Good People. And Where Was God? Your teachers and your parents and all the politicians are saying that you need to talk about this. And the only thing you want to do is watch that teen show written by the burned out LA guy and laugh at those evil cheerleader witches. But even he's sobered up and he's writing about trauma and violence and how to process pain. There's nowhere to go to escape it. Except in your head. So you decide to pass the time reading the dictionary and hope to hell that you'll feel better about life before you hit zyzzyra, but you always keep your running shoes handy just in case you hear the noise again. Just in case you have to run for your life.

GARRETT: Well, that really clears things up.

LEX: Shut up, Garrett.

GARRETT: What?

JEREMY: Can someone please translate for me?

MORGAN: I think she's talking about the shooting at that school last year.

JEREMY: OK, my next question would be: why?

GARRETT: Or perhaps the question is: why not?

MIA: What's going on? Why are we talking about this?

VINCE: I think...someone's been shot.

(No one knows what to do or say. Blackout.)

SCENE 2

(Lights up. Later. The clock reads 3:40 PM. Everyone's numb and on edge. Alice comes to. Lex tends to her.)

ALICE: Where am I?

LEX: We're still at school.

ALICE: Where's my dictionary?

(Pigeon fetches the dictionary.)

PIGEON: Here you go.

(Alice clutches the dictionary like it's a stuffed animal.)

Is she...going to be OK?

MIA: Yeah. If you think little padded rooms in institutions where you can't wear shoe laces is OK.

LEX: She'll be fine. It's just her body's way of dealing with stress.

(Darcy and Morgan are back on poster detail.)

DARCY: Come on, Pigeon. Posters don't just hang themselves.

PIGEON: Oh. OK. I've got to—

LEX: Maybe she doesn't want to help perpetuate an institution that gives horny vodka-guzzling baboons the right to grope, puke on, and generally manhandle cookie-cut-out Barbie wannabes in tight taffeta dresses.

MORGAN: What's wrong, Lex? Going stag?

DARCY: It's called a prom, for your information, and 99.9% of people have this thing called "fun." You should try it.

LEX: Isn't that the same delusional percentage who think that high school represents the best times of their life?

PIGEON: Uh... It's OK. I like to help.

(Pigeon goes to work on the posters. Leeann paints her toenails.)

LEEANN: I can't believe this is happening here. I mean, this is the kind of thing you watch on TV. And you're like: those poor people.

VINCE: I wonder if our parents are watching this on TV right now.

LEEANN: I wonder if they're going to try to interview us and everything.

MIA: Yeah, Leeann, maybe it's your big break.

LEEANN: I've already got an agent. How about you?

(Jeremy looks out the window.)

JEREMY: No, look. It's a total ghost town out there. No way someone's been shot. This place would be swarming with cops and reporters.

MIA: I wish someone would make an announcement or something.

(Mia bangs on the vent.)

We're in here! Get us out of here!

VINCE: What are you doing? What if he's still out there? What if everyone is dead and he's going from room to room looking for more innocent people to kill? Did you think about that? Maybe we're just better off being quiet.

MIA: And what if there's no one out there and you just heard it wrong?

JEREMY: Maybe it's too much Mortal Kombat messing with your brain.

LEEANN: Yeah. What do you mean you *think* someone was shot? There's not a lot of gray area there. I mean, what exactly did you hear?

VINCE: There was this...strange noise...and then —

JEREMY: What kind of strange noise?

VINCE: It was...really...loud and...sudden.

LEEANN: Was it like a car backfiring?

MIA: Yeah. Maybe it was a car backfiring.

VINCE: No, it was different. It was —

JEREMY: You're not giving us a lot to go on.

VINCE: I heard someone scream.

MORGAN: Was it a man or a woman?

VINCE: I'm not sure.

JEREMY: Come on, was it high or low?

VINCE: I can't remember. It happened so fast.

GARRETT: Was it —

(He screams.)

LEEANN: Or —

(She screams.)

JEREMY: Or maybe it was —

(He screams.)

MIA: Or —

(She screams.)

VINCE: I KNOW WHAT I HEARD.

GARRETT: OK...I'm glad we got that settled.

(Rosie tries the bathroom door again.)

ROSIE: Does anyone have the key for this thing? Hey. What are we supposed to do if we have to go? Hello?

(Squid holds out a can of Coke.)

SQUID: You can borrow this.

ROSIE: I knew I shouldn't have come in the stupid library. Open up!

(Garrett spritzes his mouth with breath freshener and approaches Rosie.)

GARRETT: Step aside, damsel in distress. *(Trying the door:)* Hm. This is locked.

ROSIE: Thanks for the Obvious Report.

GARRETT: Hey, uh, maybe after we get out of here we could—

ROSIE: My boyfriend can bench press 225 pounds.

GARRETT: OK...I'll see ya around.

(Simone's still reading. Mia approaches.)

MIA: How can you just sit there and read?

SIMONE: What should I do?

MIA: I don't know. Have a reaction?

SIMONE: Should I hug you and cry and pretend that we actually like each other?

MIA: You know what's wrong with this world?

SIMONE: People like you think you know what's wrong with this world?

MIA: What is your problem?

SIMONE: I don't have one. Life sucks and then you die. So this moment is no better or worse than the next moment.

MIA: And I suppose if someone ran in here with a gun, you'd just sit there and read your stupid book.

SIMONE: It's Jean Paul Sartre's *No Exit*.

MIA: *(Imitates the French, badly:)* Whatever that is.

SIMONE: Read much? It's about three people who don't know each other and don't like each other and they're locked in this room together. Only it's not an ordinary room. It's hell. And they're never going to get out. Ironic, huh?

MIA: I just think it's really sad how much you hate yourself.

SIMONE: I don't hate myself. I'm just not hung up on death. That's the problem with the world. Everyone is so afraid of death, life becomes a living hell. Why do you think people buy guns and shoot each other?

MIA: And I guess you think it's OK just to run around killing people?!

SIMONE: No, I'm just saying I understand the urge!

GARRETT: Girls, GIRLS! Let's put our claws away. No cat fights allowed in the library. Wait a minute, everyone. Genius has struck. If only we had a giant pit of Jello we could have girl-on-girl wrestling.

(The intercom kicks on.)

PRINCIPAL'S VOICE: Everything is fine. I repeat, everything is fine.

LEX: See?

(Then, a song from The Sound of Music plays over the intercom.)

SQUID: And the hills are alive with the sound of music.

DARCY: Was that Principal Walters?

MORGAN: It didn't sound like Principal Walters.

LEEANN: Maybe he's being held hostage.

MIA: Maybe he's been killed.

SQUID: We can always hope.

(Pause while people take this in.)

DARCY: You better take that back.

SQUID: What.

DARCY: That's an incredibly inappropriate, insensitive, and, and, and unpatriotic thing to say.

SQUID: *(With Hitler salute:)* Yes, mon Führer!

DARCY: *(Aghast:)* The last thing we need at a time like this is sarcasm.

SIMONE: Yeah, and while we're at it, let's get rid of the poets, philosophers, and those pesky Jews.

DARCY: *(More aghast-ness:)* I am trying to give us direction and purpose to guide us through this difficult time. It is imperative that we stand unified against evil-doers and remember who we are and what we're made of.

SQUID: And who put you in charge?

DARCY: The student body did, mister.

SQUID: We're not falling for that old line anymore. We all know the real question is: who won the popular vote?

GARRETT: I call for a new vote!

LEX: Yeah. Just because you're president out there, doesn't mean you should be president in here.

DARCY: What are you talking about? I won! I'm the president!

SIMONE: You do know you're not a real President, right?

GARRETT: New vote! New vote! New vote!

(People chant along.)

DARCY: Fine! You want one of these losers to be your president, be my guest. Let's see...should it be the Satan worshiper or the juvenile delinquent? Hmm...

MORGAN: Oo! I'll run.

DARCY: Perfect! Let's have Morgan in charge and if something really terrible happens, she can tell us which Hello Kitty accessories to wear. She won't know thing number one about the code book or about evacuation procedure, but she will be able to reference stupid old movies that no one in this generation has heard of until we all go clinically insane!

SQUID: *(Sneezes to cover:)* Bitch.

GARRETT: OK. My money's on Darcy in the Jello pit.

(Morgan tries hard not to cry.)

MORGAN: You're just like that evil woman in *All About Eve* who acts like she's everybody's best friend and all the time, she's really sabotaging everyone and in the end she becomes this famous star but she's all alone and everyone hates her because she'll do anything to claw her way to the top.

SQUID: I saw that.

MORGAN: Yeah, Bette Davis kicked ass, didn't she?

LEEANN: I think Darcy's right. Not about being a bitch, but we need someone in charge figuring out how to get out of here. No offense to you all, but I've got a screening to get to.

ROSIE: *(To Squid:)* What about you?

SQUID: Who...me?

ROSIE: You're all acting like you know what's going on.

SQUID: Nothing we can do but wait. It's all a part of...The Experiment.

ROSIE: What are you, the eccentric cry-for-help cousin from Disney Teen Crap TV or something?

SQUID: What? We're locked in by the Department of Defense. You can't just trip the locks.

JEREMY: Yes, you can.

(Everyone looks at Jeremy.)

Code is man-made and what is man-made is made to be broken.

ROSIE: Well, get to it, computer geek.

JEREMY: Hacker. I'm a hacker, thank you very much.

ROSIE: Open the door and I'll call you the Dali Lama.

SQUID: That's funny. I thought people who programmed the intercom system to burp the Star Spangled Banner were called *crackers*, not hackers.

GARRETT: You did that? That was a good one. I really appreciated the humor in that.

JEREMY: Oh yeah? You show me a cracker who can set up and run a modified UNIX system without any help. It's the hackers of this world who built the internet. It's the hackers who make the global economy spin. It's like one gigantic spider web out there and it's the hackers who are the silk spinners. Without us, the world as we know it would cease to exist.

ROSIE: What are you? Superman's arch villain? We don't need to take over the world, we need to open the friggin' door.

JEREMY: Come on, Vince. Let's crack this walnut.

(Vince doesn't move.)

Yo, earth to Vince. Hey, gay boy. Quit your crying and let's get moving.

LEX: He said don't call him that.

JEREMY: Why don't you shave your armpits and stay out of it.

LEX: Because I can't tolerate little men with little egos taking their little aggressions out on other people because they just don't—how do you say—measure up? And if I have to skip all my classes and fail out of school just so I can follow you around, I'll do it. And the next time I hear one of those little remarks coming out of your little mouth, I'll teach you a lesson the old fashioned way.

LEEANN: You go, girl.

JEREMY: What is it, gay pride day? Whatever. I don't need anyone's help. Never have, never will.

(Jeremy drags out his laptop and starts to tap away. Everyone's quiet except Lily who croons to her music.)

PIGEON: Maybe...someone should...tell her...what's going on...

GARRETT: Count me out.

SIMONE: Get my CD player back while you're at it.

LEEANN: It's not like she's going to care.

LEX: How do you know?

LEEANN: I've known that girl since we were in pre-school and the only thing she cares about is pissing off her parents because she thinks they owe her.

SQUID: For what? Having so much money?

LEEANN: How should I know? But I swear, every year it's a new thing. Last year it was Jesus; this year it's Satan. Totally freaks out her parents.

LEX: I'll tell her.

(Lex approaches, Lily continues to sing, completely oblivious. Lex taps her on the shoulder.)

LILY: What do you want?

LEX: We just thought you should know what's going on.

(No response.)

LEX: Well. We're locked in the library and—

LILY: I know that.

LEX: And...Vince thinks he may have heard a gunshot. We don't know for sure what's happened, but it doesn't look good.

(Lily suddenly pops to her feet.)

LILY: Are you happy about this, Lex?

LEX: What?

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