

World's Worst Class Photo Day by Carla Mysko

This play was written to be performed as a series of monologues for children ages 8-13 that can be adjusted based on cast size and names of students/teacher. The set can be very simple, with a set of risers or short blocks. A laptop sits down centre on a block and is opened toward the performers and away from the audience.

Teacher: Okay everyone line up in our two rows, you know like we've practiced for school concerts? Tallest at the back, shortest at the front. *(students scramble trying to remember where to go)*...Come on guys, there is a class waiting behind us. Okay good, but I can't see everyone, so can the front row just slouch a bit? That's better but I still can't see everyone, so back row I want you to stand on your toes. Ben, please take your finger out of your nose. Emma, I'm not getting any younger – could you visit with Lily after we do this? Damyen if I've told you once I've told you a thousand times not to pinch. Now she's crying, oh that's just great – Ava can you please just try and hold it together for 2 more minutes? That's good! That's good! Everyone smile... *(muttering)* Principal Smith said I hit this button, count to three and I will be in the photo. *(Loudly)* Ok, 1..2..3. *(cursing)* Shoot, I didn't take it. *(muttering again)* Where's that button? *(frustrated, noticing each child is goofing off)* Finnegan, stop that. Adam quit it. Ekin, what are you doing? Turn that off Alex *(he's fiddling with a cell phone)*. Alright break it up. Ok I'm hitting the button, SMILE everyone. CHEEEEESE.

Camera snap sound (like computer makes). Lights out and on Individual student interviews. Everyone freezes, and lets the spotlighted person talk and move about)

Sophie: I think the teacher forgets that I'm here. She never notices me. I've stood in this same spot all year. *(looks around)* It never changes, I stand here, but everyone else changes. My mom would be really mad if I did something bad

in class, so I'm good. But no one ever notices. I wonder what would happen if just this once I did something to make Mrs. Mysko notice me? What could I do? *(thinking)* It probably wouldn't bother anyone anyway, they're too busy noticing Carmin or the other girls. I know what I could do; I could step on her foot and make her squeal so that the photo is ruined *(motions that she might do this)*. No, I have an invitation to her birthday party and I really want to go. *(thinking)* What if I just put my fingers behind his head? *(does it)* That's not too bad is it? *(does it again and considers)* No, that's kind of boring. *(crosses arms)* Maybe I just won't do anything.

Finnegan: I don't like having my photo taken *(says loudly)*. It should be my choice to be in the class picture. *(grumbles angrily)* Why do we have to do this anyway? *(looks around, and notices something)* What is that smell? *(pinches nose)* I wonder what's in my lunch...If I eat really quickly, then I can finish a few pages of my book before they force us to go outside. *(getting grumpy again)* Outside. Do you know how silly it is that they send us outside in the winter? *(listing)* First I have to put on my snow pants, then my hat, scarf, jacket, boots and then mitts. Every once in a while I forget and put my mitts on before I've put on my boots or done up my jacket and then I have to just rip them off again. By the time I'm dressed for outside I'm so hot that I'm sweating. *(pinches nose and looks around again)* What is that smell? *(shakes it off and goes back to addressing audience)* Then when I get outside it never fails that someone gets me with a snowball. I don't like it. Just once I wish we could stay in and watch movies. *(looks around and pinches nose again)* What is that smell?

Aria: *(whispers to others)* Could somebody please make Kaz stop making that sound? It's like he thinks he's a plane coming in for a landing. *(stands really stiff and makes a horrible huge fake smile, talking through his teeth)* I'll just smile and maybe she will hurry up and get the photo taken. *(says in a confused way)* Why are we using the computer for this anyway? Why aren't

we using the camera, like we always do? I mean usually there's a photographer that comes to take our pictures. *(gives teacher a dirty look)* Mrs. Mysko acts like this photo is so important, she said it's going on the website or something, for the school's birthday. *(looks at Carmin)* I thought Saturday was Carmin's birthday, but I didn't get an invitation so maybe she's not celebrating it. *(looks concerned)* Wait a minute, why is Sophie smiling at Carmin? She didn't invite me. She didn't invite me! Why didn't she invite me? If I had a magic gold dragon I would totally make him sit on her. *(looks at Carmin and looks back)* I know, I'm going to give her a piece of my mind!

Lily: *(has a blank bored look)* If I imagine I'm at the beach, I can ignore anyone. It's really easy, you just have to pick somewhere really nice in your mind and then think about going there. When I'm there I don't have to hear silly sounds or people saying dumb things and I'm never bored. *(smiles, imagining)* I've been to the beach. We used to go all the time when I was smaller. *(stares at the teacher)* I wonder if Mrs. Mysko has ever been the beach, she's pretty pale so she probably burns. *(blankly)* Last night I was reading my book and my mother said she was supposed to remind me of something. *(sadly)* Why didn't I remember that it was photo day? *(looks at shirt, grabs a piece of it)* Why did I wear this shirt? It's not like I'm actually going to look good in this picture. My grandma bought me this shirt. I don't even like this shirt. I love my grandma. *(smiles)* She makes the best cookies, and buns, and sandwiches and soup and... *(unhappy)* When is lunch? I'm really hungry. I think I have a granola bar in my pocket, *(starts searching pockets)* maybe I could just...

Damyen: *(makes dirty looks at Ava)* Oh great I have to stand here with her. *(rolls eyes and stares at feet, looks up and speaks)* I'm not the shortest kid in class, at least I don't think so. *(looks around)* They are always teasing me that I'm the shortest, but it's not true. I'm pretty sure there are at least 5 other people shorter than me. *(looks around)* I can't help it anyway, it's not like anyone in my family is tall. I mean, they're okay, they aren't short. But they aren't tall

either. Not like some people's parents where their dads are weirdly tall and need to buy special cars so they don't smash their heads on the roof when they get in. Nothing like that. *(looks at Ava)* What's her problem? It's not like I've ever done anything to her. *(we notice for the first time as he motions to his foot, that Ava's heel is ground into Damyen's foot)* "Ouch! *(looks at Ava)* Why did you do that?" *(looks away)* Stupid girl.

Ava: *(looks at Damian)* "Oops, sorry Damyen." *(not sorry and leaves foot where it is)* "I didn't mean to step on your stupid foot." That kid really bugs me. I don't know why, but everything he does really bugs me. Maybe it's because he talks in class all time and then the teacher has to stop, then she gets mad and makes us do extra homework. Or maybe it's because last year he put gum in my hair. He said it was an accident but I don't really think so. Teacher knows I don't like him, so why do I always have to stand by him. *(looks around)* There are lots of other people in this class I could stand beside. She almost never lets me stand beside Carmin or Sophie. *(looks at Damian)* Oh great now I can see Damyen looking at me. What does he want? *(to Damian)* What? What? Ok, just say it in my ear. *(We notice as she motions that Damyen has been pinching her – she yells)* "Ouch! Big Stupid!" *(Cries)* I don't know why he hates me so much.

Ben: Psst, Adam....psst Adam! *(makes a face at Adam)* "This is so boring". *(to Adam)* Psst, psst, Adam, Adam... *(makes face)* Adam, psst. Kaz, poke Adam for me. Kaz...Kaz...poke Adam. *(makes face, laughs at Adam)* Too funny. *(sees Adam's face)* That's awesome. I think I'm going to make this face for the picture. *(makes face, sees Adams face)* That's awesome, you should make that face. *(makes face)* My mom says if I keep making this face, it will stay that way. That would be awesome. Can you imagine walking around all day looking like this. It would be like *(makes weird face and holds it to talk)*, hello Mrs. Mysko...have a nice weekend Mrs. Mysko...I love you mom! Ouch. Kinda hurts to hold your face that way for too long, so I probably won't hold it that

way until it gets stuck. I wonder what would happen if I held my face that way...until even past when it started to hurt ...and then it did get stuck. And then my face would be stuck that way and it would hurt at the same time.
(looks at Adam) Adam...

Alex: *(rolls eyes and says in a flat Eeyore type voice)* Bored. Bored. Bored. Bored, bored, bored... If I were any more bored I would turn into a block of ice or something. And, if I turned into a block of ice, I would hope that penguins would come. Because then it wouldn't be so boring. But probably they would be so bored that they would leave, and then I would be bored again. *(a little more upbeat)* Those little Happy Feet penguins are never bored though. *(Does kind of a little shuffle dance)* This needs some music. *(turns on iPod/phone, dances a bit, hears teacher, turns it off)* Fine then. Okay...bored, this is so boring.

Adam: Hurry up and take the picture already! Psst Ben...Ben. *(makes face)* Hey Ben, look at this. *(makes face)* Ben. *(makes face)* Kaz...psst...Kaz...Kaz poke Ben for me. *(makes face, sees Ben's face)* That's great, too funny. Ben...Ben, look...Ben. *(makes face, laughs)* I wonder if I would get in trouble if I made a face for the photo. Mom probably wouldn't get mad, she wouldn't be happy, but she wouldn't be mad...I don't think. I'm pretty sure the teacher would be mad though. Come on hurry up and take the picture! I swear she doesn't know how to work that thing. My grandpa couldn't probably figure it out better than her. My baby cousin could probably figure it out better than her. I bet there isn't anybody who couldn't figure it out better than her. "Hey Kaz, did you make that smell?" Somebody farted. *(looks at Ben)* Ben...

Kaz: What did she say? I'm supposed to stand here? Or the other side of them? Super, now I'm between these two. What? *(looks at Ben)* What? *(looks at and then pokes Adam)* Psst... *(gestures to Ben, sees Ben, shakes head finding it sort of funny)* Wow! What are you guys, in kindergarten? What? *(looks at Adam)*

What? *(looks at and then pokes Ben)* Psst...*(gestures to Adam, sees Adam, shakes head)*. You guys, come on grow up. What? *(looking straight ahead to teacher)* I didn't do anything. It wasn't even me making the faces. That's not fair. Those guys are always getting me into trouble. Their faces aren't even that funny. I could probably do better than that. No I could definitely do better than that. Psst...Ben...Adam *(gets their attention)*

Ethan: *(presses a half concealed fart cushion, laughs)* Huh, was that me? No *(presses fart cushion, laughs)* Hey, can you do this? *(tries to make fart sounds with his arm pits)* I keep trying but, nothing. *(sings in kind of creepy way)* Two plus two is four, four plus four is eight, eight plus eight is 16, 16 and 16 is 32 oohh. *(blows air onto his arm to make more gross sounds, laughs)* Knock, knock. *(looks at neighbor)* Come on, knock, knock. *(mimics a different voice)* Whose there? Cash. *(mimics voice again)*. Cash who? No thanks, but I'll have some peanuts. *(laughs)* Well, actually I can't even eat the peanuts because I'm allergic to them. So I guess I'd rather have some gummy bears. *(remembering)* Oh yeah, I forgot about my gummy bears. *(realizes he has gummy bears in his pocket and pops one in his mouth)*.

Emma: *(looks at Carmin and looks back)* Carmin's birthday is going to be so much fun, but I'm kind of sad she didn't invite Aria. *(pouts, looks at Aria and looks back)* I don't know why she didn't invite her, because I thought she was going to invite her. It makes me sad that she feels bad. *(pouts and looks at Aria, then brightens)* I should invite her over after school and we can make some posters. She can really draw! I wish I could draw as good as her. *(less brightly)* Only, all she draws lately are golden dragons. *(shrugs)* That's okay, I think the only thing I wanted to draw last year were Smurfs, now it's unicorns. I don't even think I have a single blue crayon left that isn't so small that it's hard to colour with. *(babbles)* Maybe my mom could make us homemade macaroni for supper. I really like the way she makes it with lots of cheese and stuff. *(impatient)* Boy, this is taking so long. I'm getting hungry,

(looks at Lily) maybe Lily would let me have a bite of her granola bar. I'll give her my pudding at lunch.

Ekin: I'm so itchy! *(scratches belly and arms)* This sweater is driving me crazy. My mom thought it was cold out today, so she made me wear this sweater. But, it makes me so itchy! *(scratching)* I feel like there are bugs all over me. *(pauses, thinking about it – looks at neighbor)* Scratch my back, please? Pretty please? Oh my gosh! What if there are bugs in this sweater? What if it's fleas? If pets can get fleas, then people could probably get fleas... *(worried, starts checking out the sweater)*. I don't like it. I don't see anything, but that doesn't mean there isn't anything there. They could just be really small fleas. *(looks at other neighbor)* Scratch my back please? Please? *(thinking, getting more scared by the minute)* Or, what if the last time I wore it a spider got in it and now it has spiders in it? *(horror)* Maybe I could take it off *(scratching and a little panicked)*, I really want it off *(scratching, more panicked)*. Why did mom make me wear this sweater?

Luke: *(like a checklist)* Sophie...stupid, Aria...stupid, Lily...kind of okay, Ava...stupid, Emma...meh, Ekin...what is she doing? Why is she acting so weird? Carmin...I don't know. I think I probably have the weirdest girls in my class, ever. When they aren't giggling over something dumb, they are crying over nothing. *(question to the audience)* What is that about? *(back to taking stock)* Emma is kind of pretty...*(suddenly firm)* so what, she's probably extra weird. *(thinking)* I wonder how many of the guys were invited to Carmin's party... *(firmly)* who cares, it will probably be dumb anyway. *(exclaiming loudly)* Wow, this is dumb. *(puts bunny ears sign behind neighbor's head and laughs at his own joke)*. A guy goes in to see a psychiatrist. He says, "Doc, I can't seem to make any friends. Can you help me, you fat slob?" *(laughs at his own joke)* What has four legs and one arm? A happy pit bull. *(laughs at his own joke, then to the audience)* They don't know what they're missing at that party.

Carmin: Hurry up and take the picture my face is starting to hurt. (*frustrated*) Aaah! Okay fine, I'm just not going to smile. (*big teeth*) And if I don't smile, and my parents get the photo and I'm not smiling, someone's going to get in trouble (*says in a sing-song way*). My mom won't like it (*sing-song*). (*suddenly serious*) No seriously, this is taking way too long. I love getting my picture taken though (*makes huge cheesy smile*). (*suddenly*) No, wait! I think I would rather have my picture taken like this. (*Makes duckface and turns to pose*). No maybe I'll stand like this (*makes a surprised face*). Oh my gosh I just remembered that in 2 days it's my birthday party (*smiles really big and rubs hands*). I wonder what my parents will get me. I hope they get me what I asked for because imagination is not good when buying presents. Hopefully it's nothing embarrassing. Oh my gosh, I can't wait – I just can't wait. (*suddenly notices smell and pinches nose*). Yuck! What is that smell?

Rowan: Oh man, I wish she would hurry up. I don't feel so good (*rubbing tummy and moaning lightly*). Every day for my lunch I get a sandwich, a piece of fruit, a granola bar and a juice box. Some days I get a fruit roll up or a pudding for a treat, but not today, so I swapped Luke for his chocolate bar at recess because I never get stuff like that. He always has chips, pop or chocolate bars. He's so lucky! (*moaning increases*) Ooooh, my tummy! I've got to go to the bathroom so bad. (*worriedly*) Come on! Oh man, I think I'm going to (*rubbing tummy*)...well, maybe if I just (*looks around*)...no one will notice will they? Oh man, maybe I don't want Luke's chocolate bars from now on. Oooh! (*surprise look*) OH! Oops. (*looks around ashamed*) It wasn't me, maybe it was her. Yeah, I'm pretty sure it was her. (*telling a secret to the audience*) Whew! That was a stinker – silent but deadly.

Teacher: (*The teacher goes to the laptop to check the photo, looks unhappy, hits multiple buttons, GASPS, horrified*) Oh my gosh, I can't believe I just did that! What did I do? Oh my gosh! What is the Principal going to think? Principal? Heck, what is the Superintendent going to think? Why didn't they tell me about that

button? *(A combination of horror, humiliation and embarrassment)* Oh great, *(flatly)* now the whole thing is posted on our website. *(suddenly panicked and loud)* How do I fix this? *(Gasping and muttering)* LITTLE MONSTERS!!! *(quick blackout, lights up)*

The resulting photo is either held up by students for the audience or projected as a classroom webpage.

THE END.