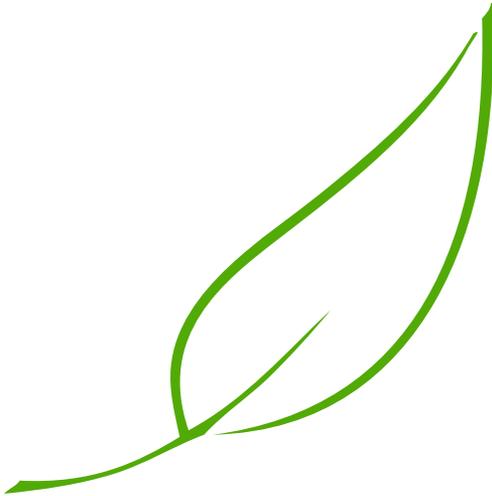


# THE CULTURE CLUB

by Ken Bradbury



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# The Culture Club

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### CAST OF CHARACTERS

(5 female)

Mona

Jeanette

Marie

Petey

Sarah

**MONA:** (*entering with Jeanette*) Where is everybody?

**JEANETTE:** How should I know? This was your idea.

**MONA:** It was OUR idea. All of us.

**JEANETTE:** It's dumb.

**MONA:** Dumb ideas work sometimes.

**JEANETTE:** Don't look at me when you say that.

**MARIE:** (*entering, a young lady who thinks she's quite sophisticated*) Afternoon, darlings!

**MONA & JEANETTE:** (*imitating her*) "Afternoon, Darling!"

**MARIE:** Do I detect a note of ... what shall I say? Sarcasm?

**MONA:** Have a seat, your highness. It's time to start the meeting.

**MARIE:** Without the others?

**MONA:** I said to meet in my basement right after school.

Mom's gonna be home soon and we don't want her to hear this.

**MARIE:** Mothers. How utterly ... (*at a loss*) ... motherly.

**JEANETTE:** We gonna wait for the others?

**MARIE:** I've having my nails done at five, darling.

**MONA:** Horseshoe or finger?

**MARIE:** My dear, what's it like to be so utterly crude?

**JEANETTE:** Gee Marie, when I get into eighth grade, will I be like you?

**MARIE:** In your dreams, perhaps. Many are called but few are chosen.

**MONA:** What's keeping everybody?

**PETEY:** (*a bit of a Tomboy, entering with Sarah*) Hey guys!  
We late?

**MARIE:** (*looking at them, then*) Charming.

**MONA:** You're okay. Let's call the meeting to order.

**MARIE:** Utterly charming.

**PETEY:** What's in her craw?

**MONA:** She's our advisor. I figured we needed help.

**SARAH:** (*timid young lady*) Advisor?

**MONA:** She's in eighth grade. She's been around.

**SARAH:** Wow.

**MARIA:** I will allow you to be impressed.

**PETEY:** Big woop.

**JEANETTE:** We better get started. We got a lot to do.

**MONA:** Ladies, the first meeting of the 7<sup>th</sup>-grade Culture Club  
will now come to order!

**PETEY:** Culture? I don't need to stinkin' culture! (*they all do a  
slow "take" to her as she scratches herself*)

**MARIE:** (*finally*) Perhaps if you first learned to spell it.

**JEANETTE:** It's to get us ready for eighth-grade, Petey.

**PETEY:** I got my ball glove. What else you need?

**MARIE:** Oh ... my ... word.

**PETEY:** You want a fat lip?

**MONA:** Culture, Petey! Culture! Come on, you're our friend  
and we all gotta fit in to 8<sup>th</sup>-grade.

**PETEY:** I fit in!

**MARIE:** To what? A hard hat? (*beginning to exit*) I'm sorry  
ladies, but if you don't want my expertise, then ...

**MONA:** Hold it, Marie. (*to the others*) Look guys, Marie  
knows her way around the 8<sup>th</sup>-grade scene. It won't hurt us  
to listen.

**SARAH:** Do we have to do anything? I'm not sure if I ...

**JEANETTE:** Just listen, Sarah. That's all. You won't have to  
do anything you don't want to.

**PETEY:** I think I'm gonna get sick.

**MONA:** Everybody just calm down! (*they do*) Okay Marie, the  
floor's yours. Whatta we gotta do to be a classy 8<sup>th</sup>-grader?

**MARIE:** (*looks at Petey*) You mean other than plastic surgery?

**PETEY:** I oughta ...!

**MONA:** Hold it, Petey!

**MARIE:** Ladies, the upper levels of Jr. High Society require more than just looks ... more than hair and clothing and perfume ... It's ... It's an inner quality ... It's ... it's a sublime state of being, achieved by a precious few! It's what every young woman aspires to! It's a voice inside you! A roaring! Booming! Robust exhalation of exhilarated womanhood! It is the top! The uppermost! The Pike's Peak of existence!

**PETEY:** (*the only one among them not spellbound by this exhortation, after a pause*) Can you still pop your gum?

**MARIE:** (*a cry of despair*) Ahhhh!

**PETEY:** (*as the others stare at her*) Oops ... Sorry.

**MARIE:** My dear young friends, for a girl to enter the hallowed halls of 8<sup>th</sup>-grade is like ... well, it's like the World Series of Adolescence!

**PETEY:** Now you're talkin'!

**MONA:** Sit down, Petey.

**MARIE:** No more pigtails and blue jeans! Ladies, you are about to leave the world of Kids Are Us and enter the fabled land of Victoria's Secret!

**PETEY:** She talkin' dirty? I ain't stayin' if she talks dirty.

**JEANETTE:** It's a store, Petey.

**PETEY:** Then why is it a secret?

**SARAH:** This scares me.

**MARIE:** As well it should, my timid little Tinkerbell. Eighth-grade is no place for the faint of heart.

**JEANETTE:** Why's that?

**MARIE:** Shall I be plain? Shall I hit the nail on the proverbial head? It's the "Boys," girls. The boys!

**PETEY:** Big deal. My brother's a boy and I can whip him.

**MARIE:** You could probably whip your father. (*indicating a chair*) Stand here, Petula.

**PETEY:** Don't call me that!

**MARIE:** Your name is Petula and I want you stand here on this chair.

**PETEY:** In a pig's eye, you creep!



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