

The Death is Yet to Come

By Naomi Rose Mock for Leon High School 2020

CHARACTERS:

Mr. Bates

Miss Breen

Candy Baker

Candy Hollis

Candy McCall

Sandra Guildstern

Clara Vogel

Blake Chapman

John Michael Hubert

Sid Caldwell

Sebastian St. Vincent

Lorna Dunn

Detective Sawyer

Lady Chaperone at the Prom (Aunt Karen)

Mr. Canton D Baker

Mrs. Candace "Sugar" Baker

Brittany Sanders & the PREP SQUAD

Dottie Briggs & the JAZZERCISE GIRLS

SPORTY BOYS

POLICE OFFICERS

PROLOGUE: gym

(UV LIGHTS UP and CURTAIN OPENS on a stage filled with teens dancing enthusiastically in a multi lined version of Thriller. Early in the song, a student near the back puts a paper on the prom banner that changes it from THE BEST IS YET TO COME to THE DEATH IS YET TO COME. No one in the dance seems to notice. At the climax of the song there is a hideous scream. A girl runs through the center of the dancers and to the front of the stage. She is wearing a sash smeared with blood and bearing the legend "Prom Queen." A crown sits at a precarious angle on her head. She runs into several students as she stumbles to the front of the stage. She has a dramatic and long death scene. The rest of the kids stand in awe, frozen to their spots and mesmerized by the gruesome spectacle. As the screams fade, there is another scream from the back of the house as a chaperone who has a bandage around her face runs forward. The kids erupt into panic. A man steps forward and tries to calm the pandemonium.)

Mr. Bates: (After several failed attempts to restore order) Everyone CALM DOWN!!!! (Slowly the students huddle together and wait for instructions)

Black lights down and more harsh reality gym lights UP

Thank you. (He crosses to the girl's body and checks for a pulse, then slowly straightens up). It's as I feared. There has been a tragedy. Our beloved Candy Baker...has been stabbed to death. (Chaos erupts again.) People! Look, I need you guys to get it together. Miss Breen? (The chaperone comes forward from SL, nervously.)

Miss Breen: Um, yes Mr. Bates?

Mr. Bates: I need you to go and call the police. Immediately.

(She turns to go)

Miss Breen: Yes sir. Right away.

(She glances around furtively.)

Mr. Bates: (Pulling her to one side) And, Miss Breen, I need you to come right back. None of your usual disappearing acts.

Miss Breen: Oh sir, but I never...

Mr. Bates: No excuses. And go alone. (She turns to go) Miss Breen? I'll expect you back within five minutes.

(He steps back to address the crowd of students, who are huddled in various friend groups now looking very afraid.)

Mr. Bates: Students, the police have been called. As your principal, I am in charge until they arrive. Here's what we are going to do: you are all to stay in this wing of the school. NO ONE IS TO LEAVE. I don't want to alarm you, but...as our prom was an entirely closed event...it does

eliminate outside suspects. Which means...our killer is amongst us...*(there is a lot of hushed horror expressed)*...and we will find out who it is. Trust on that! Now, I intend to start by interviewing those of you who were closest to Miss Baker. Please come as soon as you're called. We will be retracing the events that led up to tonight. *(Looks around for a second)* That's all. Disperse. *(A beat)* Ummm...I need to see Miss Candy Hollis as my first interview.

(Students leave in their little pockets of social groups, Two students come and pray over Candy's body...others ad libs about Candy and how they felt are important here. A student snatches down the prom banner which reads "THE BEST IS YET TO COME," except that someone has replaced the word best with death in red, ugly ink. A desk and two chairs have been moved to the downstage right portion of stage as a makeshift interview set up.)

LIGHTS DOWN for Candy Baker to leave the stage...

Jazzercise girls and Hollis and Baker exit SR for a quick change

SCENE 1: PRINCIPAL & CANDY HOLLIS: office

Mr. Bates: *(The woman with the bandaged face is leaving Mr. Bates' office. He pops an antacid and drinks some mouthwash from inside his desk. Telephone on his desk. And maybe a photo of his mother. As Candy knocks on his door, he shuts the drawer rapidly and straightens his tie with nervous energy)* Come in!

Props: "mouthwash" (some liquid), "antacid" (Tic Tacs probably)

Candy Hollis: *(Tearfully)* I'm here. *(Sits in a crumple)* It's just so so so awful isn't it?

Mr. Bates: I am sure this must be very hard. I know the two of you were close.

Hollis: Oh my god, close? That totally doesn't cover it at all. *(Cries again)* She was my Candy Sis. We've been like the best since we were in like elementary. Or at least junior high.

Mr. Bates: I know she was your best friend, but what i am trying to get to here-

Hollis: She was more than a best friend. *(walks to Bates)* She made *me* the best. She made us the Candies. We've ruled at every school since ...well, the late seventies. *(moves to sit on edge of table)*

Mr. Bates: Yes. *(Swallows.)* Charming. Anyway, I want to know who you think could have done this?

Hollis: Oh...I totally know.. Like, there's not a question about it at all.

Mr. Bates: You do?

Hollis: Oh, for sure! (*Confidentially*) it was that mousey, go-getter Sandra Guildstern

Mr. Bates: Sandra? Oh, I hardly think so? She's so...

Hollis: (*Interrupting*) Boring? Mousey? Jealous of all things Candy related? (*Jumps up in anger and then calms back down; sitting back on edge of table*) Yeah. For sure. Anyway...I knew she was up to no good right from the beginning of this week when we had the final meeting of the prom planning committee and all the trouble started...

(*Lights fade out on Bates and Hollis. Shifts to the prom set up 3 days prior.*)

SCENE 2: PROM COMMITTEE MEETING: gym (in past)

(*SID with camera & HUBERT are painting the banner THE BEST IS YET TO COME. Some other girls are setting up chairs. Black and Miss Breen are talking. Candy H. is already sitting in committee, trying to save seats for other Candies. We catch a JAZZERCISE DANCE boombox (Never Gonna Give You Up) and after it we are reacquainted with Candy Hollis and the very much alive Candy Baker. All three are wearing pink sweaters with the word Candy bedazzled on it. All three are obviously judging the other girls. When Baker and Hollis appear SR, music down and lights up on prom committee scene.*)

Baker: Like, why is she even in here? What can she possibly bring to prom? (*Gestures at a girl who is sitting at the far stage left side of the stage. Wearing all black, and chewing on a pencil while obviously deep in thought.*)

McCall: Except fleas, am I right? (*Laughs at her own joke, a bit too loudly, while obviously watching to get approval from Hollis and Baker.*)

Hollis: Whatever. She's just nasty.

Baker: Daddy said that he's had to fire her lazy dad from the factory for, well... bad stuff.

McCall: (*In hushed tones of a girl used to gossip*) Bad stuff like...drugs?

Baker: (*With a knowing vagueness*) Probably. I mean, you know her mom was such a skank. She was always high...that's how she almost burned down Daddy's factory back in '78.

(*Sebastian reacts to this and moves to help them hang up the banner*)

Clara Vogel: (*speaks without looking at Candy. She can't even deign herself to turn around... yet.*) Baker, I can hear what you're saying about me! I'm not an idiot!

Baker: Oh wow. You're not? That's weird. I always heard that you were ugly and stupid. But I guess one out of two isn't bad.

(*Hollis and McCall fall out laughing, as they do whenever Baker makes a joke.*)

Clara: (*now she stand up and walks over to Baker.*) You're scum! And so is your entire family! You know your father fired my dad just because he always was in love with my mom and

couldn't ever get her to go out with him! That's probably why he killed her too, or maybe he hoped he'd be caught because prison was a vacation compared to being at home with your idiotic mom and you!

Baker: *(Losing her cool, uncharacteristically)* Your mom was a loser and YOU are a loser. My dad could buy your mom, and this entire town ten times over...and Daddy loves me! You're pathetic!

Clara: *(Smiling patronizingly)* Your dad couldn't buy my mom though, could he? So he had to set a fire in his own factory and blame her for it. That's more pathetic if you ask me!

Baker: You're a liar. A trash liar... and so was your dead mom! *(Clara launches at her...but they're interrupted by Miss Breen who comes hurrying in, accompanied by the captain of the football team, Blake Chapman carrying a football.)*

Miss Breen: That is quite enough ladies. *(Turns to two girls who are still trying to set up the table.)* Sandra, you didn't feel you should stop this? As president of the senior class, and this planning committee?

Sandra: Miss Breen, I've learned not to interfere with the Candies. There's no point. *(Lowering her voice)* It's why I didn't want them on this committee to begin with.

Miss Breen: Oh Sandra, you know Mr. Baker supports and finances every event in Bakersfield. We couldn't have prom without him. So, we can't do prom without his daughter either. *(Looks at Clara, critically.)* Clara – may I have a word? *(Pulls her downstage left.)*

Clara: I'm sorry, Miss Breen. I know you're trying to help me out, and I do need the service hours, but they're so awful... my mom was..*(chokes back a sob)* ... no one ever gave her a chance *(another sob)* And then...and then...then he killed her!

Miss Breen: Clara! *(Taking her by the shoulders)* Stop it! You can't slander our premier resident like this. Look, I feel for you, I really do...but you need to straighten up! Clara, if you don't get these hours, not only will you not graduate – you'll be headed to juvenile hall after that "misunderstanding" with Principal Bates.

Clara: I know! I know... *(Walking back to her seat, muttering)* Someone's going to stop the Candies. Candy Baker is gonna get what's coming to her.

(Two girls enter from stage right. One wears a cheerleading uniform, and the other a neon sweat band on her forehead, with two matching smaller ones on her wrists. The first girl, obviously the alpha, speaks first.)

Brittany Sanders: Oh my gosh you guys, I--

Dottie Briggs: *(Coughs)* We are so--

Brittany: Dottie, whatever! (*Flashes a bright smile at the room*) We are sorry we are late. My prep squad has just been working overtime to get everyone so pumped about prom. We've written like five new cheers, do you guys want to see?

Dottie: (*Elbowing her in the side*) Brittany, don't forget about my dynamo Jazzercisers...they've been just stretching and bopping. (*She giggles and does something that vaguely resembles a cheerleading jump, but doesn't stick the landing and grabs her ankle. The room laughs collectively; if there is one thing they can all agree on, it's that the only thing more pathetic than Brittany and her prep squad is Dottie Briggs and her wannabe athletes who follow in their wake.*)

Brittany: (*After a significant and long-suffering eye roll.*) Dottie, I've told you at every single prep squad try out that you can't execute a pike jump. Sweetie, it's why you've never made the team...not once in three years, or all of junior high. (*Offers her hand.*) Come on, let's sit down. (*The two girls hobble to the corner seats. Dottie sits down and massages her ankle. Brittany glares at her until she gives up her seat to Brittany. Dottie hobbles and stands behind. Like she always does. Sigh.*)

Baker: Ugh, they're all lemmings. Wonder when they'll finally have their mass drowning.

(*McCall and Hollis chortle*)

Brittany: You weren't too good to be on cheer in junior high, Candy Baker. Remember your cheer sister roots!

Dottie: Yeah!

Brittany: Dottie! Don't help!

Sandra: Alright...enough! Can we all sit down? We are only three days out from prom and we still haven't worked out a lot of the details. So, I'm going around to each of you to get an update. Okay...everyone...take out your notes. (*Candy Baker rolls her eyes as Sandra pulls out a pink file-o-fax and fluffy pen and highlighter.*)

Baker: (*Pulls out a compact*) Ugh! Even my bangs are drooping.

Sandra: Do you have a report for us Candy? Or do we need to give you time to focus on the height of your hair? (*She smiles through gritted teeth.*)

McCall: Oh my god Sandra, you need to take a chill pill!

Hollis: For real. Just start with someone else...like boy genius over there. He has a ton of notes, I bet!

John Michael Hubert: (*A very nervous boy who has skipped a couple of grades clears his throat.*) I mean, I did have a couple of suggestions. (*Pulls out a five page sheet*) I especially wanted to focus on some song choices. (*Looks around from paper.*) This is, of course, just a partial list...

Blake Chapman: *(walks over the Miss Breen)* Dude... I don't have time for this. Look, Miss B, I'm missing basketball practice for this, but coach needs me there. Can I just make a suggestion and then dip out? *(Flashes a winning smile at Miss Breen.)*

Miss Breen: *(Twisting her hair around her finger.)* Oh, of course Blake. I know those practices are essential for success. *(She giggles nervously.)*

Blake: You're the best. *(There's a long, telling pause.)*

Sid Caldwell: Oh man...spit it out Blake, we all have lives.

Hollis: What life do you have, Sid? Who even do you hang out with?

McCall: Yeah, do you even go here?

Baker: *(Showing uncharacteristic empathy.)* Sid has a point. Give him a break. Blake? Any day now?

Blake: *(walks over the Sandra)* Well, like, don't you guys think it's kind of spooky cool that prom is on Friday, the 13th? You know, like that movie? Jason? Chicks getting stabbed? All that?

Sid: Are you thinking we should have some kind of horror theme? Like whoever wins prom king and queen gets pigs blood poured on them...

JM Hubert: *(standing up)* Oh yeah, like Carrie!

Baker: Oh my god...did your babysitters let you stay up late one night to watch a spooky ooky movie? *(Baby talking)*

JM Hubert: I'm not that much of a baby. *(Under his breath.)* I hate her. *(Paces around upset. Calming himself.)*

Sandra: Blake, can you just clarify your ideas a little for us?

Blake: I mean, couldn't we make it like prom, but also like ...horror? I don't know, that's all I really had in my head. *(Looks at watch.)* I gotta go. Lemme know what I need to do...you know, like for the spook factor. *(Shrugs)* I have a Jason mask?

(He exits. Miss Breen also checks her watch. Small exchange as Blake passes by her.)

Miss Breen: Ok, well you guys are really on a flow with this dialogue, so I'll just...be right back.

Baker: Go run after your little boy toy Miss Breen. *(She laughs and turns away. She does not see the look Miss Breen shoots at her as she exits...a murderously angry one.)*

Clara: So I shouldn't be in a rush because the longer we take, the more community service hours I get and all...but like, can we move it along a little bit?

Sandra: Did you have any thoughts on the prom then, Clara?

Clara: Yeah, I think it would be cool if we didn't have to come with a date. I'd rather just go by myself and meet people there, or go with friends. *(Everyone reacts affirmatively, except the Candies.)*

Baker: Oh my god. Do you even have any money to buy some of those for the night? *(The other Candies laugh.)*

Clara: I don't think YOU have any room to talk about buying friends.

Sandra: Okay...we aren't getting anywhere here. I have some ideas i want to put forward. First, I would like for the entire student body to vote for Prom King and Queen and not just collect ballots the night of the dance.

Baker: No way. Who cares what losers who can't get dates think? *(Baker walks toward Sebastian, wrap an arm around him. Looks right at Clara)* Anyone who IS ANYONE at Bakersfield High is going to be at the prom. That's stupid.

Sid: Seems like a legitimate idea to me.

Hubert: Yeah, I like it too. I have lots of cool underclassmen friends.

McCall: Because you are basically an underclassmen who takes big boy classes.

Sandra: It would make it a more accurate representation of the wishes of the vox populi. And I personally...

Baker: Ew. Like is that a virus?

Sandra: Candy Baker, if you hadn't cheated your way to that A in Latin you would know that means the voice of the people.

Baker: *(Getting out of her chair and into Sandra's face.)* And you think that the voice of the people would pick your frumpy mug as queen, huh? Just so you could look more well-balanced for those Ivy League scholarships? *(arm around her to show her this fact that she is in control.)* Let me tell you something...you can work the hardest, lead the most clubs and care the most, but this is Bakersfield High. My name is in the name. My family built this place and we will always beat your work ethic with just pure class and money. There is no hope. Don't try to cheat the system.

Sandra: *(Clearly sputtering with rage. Following her back to her seat. Making her look like she could possibly kill her later or in the previous scene.)* Cheat the system? How on earth can I cheat a system that is so clearly rigged? I know how you win everything! I know how you bribe and lie and steal to get what you want. And it ALL changes this year. This prom ends your reign as Queen of the phonies. This prom ends YOU!

(The scene dissolves into arguing. Girls rehearse another JAZZERCISE NUMBER (Girls Just Wanna Have Fun) while everyone else goes away arguing. Sandra hurries off because she has

to change back into her prom dress. *Lights fade and fade up on Principal Bates. Sandra is now sitting in the interview chair.)*

SCENE 3: PRINCIPAL & SANDRA: office (present)

Lights up when Sandra walks into Principal's office until then Jazzercise number.

Sandra: Principal Bates, I know it looks bad for me. But that was nowhere near the biggest issue with Candy! I am just one of many! Things got really dicey between the Candies themselves. That all started when Sebastian St. Vincent showed up at lunch. You know he is *always* sitting in the Candy store...

Mr. Bates: The what? Is that even on campus? Do I need to write him a warning for leaving campus...*(reaches in drawer)*

Sandra: Oh, no, the Candy Store is the lunch table where the Candies hold court. Sebastian always sits with them. That is, until Wednesday of this week.

Mr. Bates: What was so special about Wednesday of this week?

Sandra: Nothing. And everything! Because...*(in epic narrator style)* for the first time...on the 11th of May, 1987....

Mr. Bates: Sandra, please cut the theatrics, there's been quite enough dramatics tonight.

Sandra:*(Offended)* I was just trying to note the auspiciousness of the occasion. Anyway... Sebastian showed up. BUT he was with that new girl. You know Lorna Dunn?

Mr. Bates: Ah yes, the one who just moved back to the states from parts unknown.

Sandra: I thought she moved back here from FL?

Mr. Bates: Exactly. *(Beat. Then looks off into space)* She reminds me of someone I used to know...

Sandra: *(looking at him pointedly)* Point being... they didn't sit in the candy store. In fact, they didn't even acknowledge the Candies. And that's when it got weird...

(Lights fade up on tables of high school cliques in various stages of the activity that is high school lunch. The candy store is slightly stage right of center)

SCENE 4: CANDY STORE: cafeteria (in past)

(Prep Squad and Sporty Boys are in the scene but they are waiting in the wings to walk across with various athletic gear with them each time. Candies are at the high table which is decorated like a debutante table of finery, Lorna and Sebastian are at a table talking. Several Prep Squad members are sitting at a table already onstage eating lunch. Lights up on Candies table.)

Baker: Candies, I'm like bugging about Sebastian. He's just been really...I don't know...distant around me lately. Have you guys noticed?

(There's a slightly too long pause)

McCall: I mean, no? *(Nervous giggle)*

Hollis: Yeah, no, I think he's been normal...well, you know how he is...not really normal, but like his dreamy, cool...

Baker: Candy! I don't appreciate you drooling over my boyfriend.

Hollis: Sorry, Candy.

McCall: I think he's a total barf fest *(makes wretching noise)*.

Baker: *(Looking across the cafeteria)* Well...let the barfing commence...there he is. Ugh. With that weird new girl again. *(Beat)* What's her name?

McCall: Lorna Dunne. She just moved here from like Hawaii...

Hollis: She reminds me of like someone but i can't think who. It's kind of weird...

Baker: Ugh, you are both useless. Who cares about her anyway? Why is MY boyfriend sitting with a random and IGNORING me????

(Lights fade down on Candies and up on Lorna and Sebastian at downstage table)

SCENE 5: SEBASTIAN & LORNA vs. THE CANDIES: cafeteria (in past)

Lorna: I can't thank you enough for sitting with me. It's so scary coming into this school as a new girl with absolutely no connection to anyone at all.

Sebastian: Honestly? I am so over all the drama around here. Graduation can't come soon enough, and then I am just gone and gone for good.

Lorna: Where are you going?

Sebastian: Anywhere there aren't any Candies...or expectations.

Lorna: Where could you find a place like that?

Sebastian: I don't know. I'm gonna start by bumming around Europe for a while, then I'll just kind of play it by ear. Bakersville will be history.

Lorna: *(Enthusiastically)* Wow, that sounds so exciting...*(beat)*...and expensive...how in the world will you pay for that?

Sebastian: (*Reluctantly*) Well...there was a fire. My parents were both killed...They left me a... I have a large inheritance. (*Beat*) That's it.

Lorna: A fire? Oh my. Oh wait...did I see the ruins of a fire ravaged mansion on the way into town? Off highway 6?

Sebastian: Yeah. That's the one. They say it's haunted now. (*Pause as he goes somewhere else for a second, and then shakes it off.*) I wouldn't know. I've never been back for visits.

Lorna: How did you survive?

Sebastian: I wasn't home. I'd snuck out on a date with Candy Baker. Actually, it was our first date ever. I was so surprised when she asked me. Surprised, and flattered. But then...just hours later...I.. I came home to find an inferno...I've always wondered if I could have made a difference if I had just ...well, never mind. (*Lorna puts her hand on his shoulder and gives it a squeeze of comfort. Hollis notices this and alerts Baker. Baker snaps to attention and stands up for the showdown.*)

Baker: (*Who has been crossing and witnessed this scene with the other candies in tow*) Oh,how sweet...the new girl is comforting the town psycho. Cute. (*Candies surround the table. Hollis and Baker on either side of Lorna.*)

Sebastian: (*startled, jumping back*) What? (*Looks at Baker with distaste.*) Leave us alone. I just needed a breather from you. (*Looks at the other girls.*) All. Of. You.

McCall: (*She and Hollis sit next to Lorna*) You know, we get it, he's like the hottest guy in the whole school...but I don't think a sweet little girl like you could handle him.

Hollis: Only someone like Candy Baker can handle his level of brooding and possible psychosis.

Baker: Do you hear that Bass? You know they're right. You and I are meant to be together. (*She sits next to him*) Forever.

Sebastian: (*Yanking himself free of Baker's reach and standing up.*) You Candies are everything that's awful about this town! You all get actually turned on by the notion that people think I may have killed my own family just to get my hands on their money sooner. You're sick. (*Looks at them in disgust.*) You can't even be loyal to each other.

McCall: Ugh! Rude! We are Candies through and through!

Hollis: Candy Sisters forever and ever! (*Should incorporate some sort of "Candy Salute" here.*)

Sebastian: Oh really? Well Hollis, (*goes behind her*) I don't recall your mentioning that sisterhood last Saturday when you showed up at my bedroom window in the middle of the night. I bet you just wanted to talk to me about how important your sisters were, huh?

McCall: Ugh. What a skank.

Sebastian: *(Turning on her and moving toward her)* Oh...and you, of course, have room to talk?

McCall: I mean...

Sebastian: So when you took me to dinner, under the pretenses of advising me about what to get Baker for her birthday, and then spent the entire time telling me to break up with Baker because she isn't good for me, and you'd know how to make me feel all better, all the while caressing my leg under the table...

Hollis: *(smugly)* Total skank move!

Baker: *(Jumping up from the table):* You're both ungrateful skanks! You'd be nothing without me...you were both plain little. ...brunettes *(there is a gasp around the room)* I plucked you out of the obscurity of the Junior Honor Society, McCall...*(another gasp)*... and you, Hollis, your dad is my father's VP ...and you and your entire family have always been, and always will be, just an off brand version of the Bakers. Second best. *(Lorna tries to leave, Baker/Hollis shoves her back down)*

(Both of the other Candies recoil from her)

Baker: *(Scornfully)* And as for you...Sebastian St. Vincent....you're nothing but a lonely poor little rich boy with a pretty face. You were never good enough for me...i just took you on as a charity head case. So stick with your new little friend. I'm done. *(Beat)*. I'm done with all of you. For good! *(She exits)*

Hollis and McCall: *(at the same time)* Oh my god. I totally hate her!

(Lights fade down on the cafeteria and back up in Mr. Bates' office where Sid is now being interviewed.)

SCENE 6: PRINCIPAL & SID & THE BAKER PARENTS: office (present)

Sid: Yeah, those girls are nuts. And Sebastian...he's ok, but definitely keeps himself to himself, you know? *(Sid has a video camera)*

Mr. Bates:*(Chews up an antacid)* Well, this gives me at least five people who wanted Candy Baker dead. It's so confusing...I thought she was the most popular girl in school.

There is a knock (Candace knocks on door as Canton is already walking in) as a man pushes his way into the office without waiting for a response. A woman teeters behind him wearing dangerously high heels and with hair significantly lighter than God ever intended.

Canton D. Baker: Bates? It's Bates isn't it? *(Hands him a card)* I don't think we've met, officially, since you've been here, but you've seen my name, I'm sure. Now, what in the hee haw hell are we going to do about this Bates, huh? *(Wipes his hand across his face.)* My poor little sweet

Candy baby...I don't even know what to do. (*Collapses in seat next to Sid, who looks incredibly uncomfortable.*) Canton goes to sit in the seat Sid is in, Sid slides into the next seat

Bates: Mr. Baker...of course. Sir, it is an honor to meet you ...I obviously truly regret the horrific circumstances. Truly I do. (*Pops another antacid*)

(*The woman totters forward.*)

Candace "Sugar" Baker: Mr. Bates, you will forgive my husband, of course...this has been a terrible shock. I am Candace Baker...but all my friends call me Sugar. (*She has been holding Mr. Bates hand throughout this introduction and clings to it in an odd mix of desperation and seduction for several seconds after she has given her name.*)

Bates: (*After an uncomfortable pause*): Mrs. Baker...

Sugar: Oh, Sugar, please...

Holds out her hand, wanting Bates to kiss it, then she grabs Bates arm with her other hand

Bates:(*swallowing visibly*) Sugar...please have a seat. Sid, please wait in the hallway.

Mr. Baker: Sid...Sid Caldwell?

Sid: (*Backing away*) Yes sir, that's me.

Mr. Baker: Aren't you the kid who's been asking questions and carrying one of those fancy video contraptions around with you?

Sid: Oh yes sir, it's just for our school news channel. We wanted to write a history on how much the Baker family have meant to this town sir. (*He smiles ingratiatingly.*)

Mr. Baker: Well, let me shake your hand, son. (*Takes Sid's hand and pulls him in towards him for a hug and whispers something in his ear...the color visibly drains from Sid's face.*)

Sugar: (*Obliviously and vaguely towards Mr. Bates.*) Can just loves kids. Always had such a way with them.

Sid: (*Breaking free*) Mr. Bates, just yell when you need me! (*He exits*)

Mr. Baker: (*Looking after Sid with a mean smile, all thoughts of his dead daughter apparently vanished.*) Good kid. (*Looks at Bates*) Good strong handshake.

Bates: Well, I want you to know Mr. and Mrs. (*beat*) Sugar.. Baker, that we have the police on the way and I've been interviewing student witnesses.

Mr. Baker: (*All of a sudden a demeanor change again, maybe a little nerves have crept in. Takes phone receiver off the hook*) Now, now...Bates...no need to be hasty calling the cops. Let's go ahead and take care of this ourselves. Police can just add so much stress. Isn't that right, Sugarpop?

Sugar: Oh yes Can, absolutely.

Bates: Sir, I agree, but I didn't have a choice. They were called as soon as the unfortunate incident happened with your daughter, sir. *(place phone receiver back on the hook)*

Sugar: Can, I'm sure it's fine, honey...you do know that nice police chief, the one that you hired last Christmas?

Mr. Baker: Hmmm. You know what, you're right, Sugar bear...Bates, I'll be back in touch, need to make some calls. In the meanwhile, you have my card. Keep me apprised of ANY changes. *(Without a handshake this time he rises from his chair and heads towards the exit. Sugar then finally sits in the chair and Can has to come back in the room to get her)* Sugar bell! Let's move!

Sugar: *(Again holding Mr. Bates' hand):* Goodbye, Mr. Bates, it has been a pleasure.

(They exit. There is a knock at the door. Sid enters.)

Mr. Bates: *(Popping another antacid and drinking some more mouthwash)* Sid. Sit down. What did that man say to you?

Sid: *(A little shook up)* It wasn't really anything important. Anyway, you were asking about Candy?

Bates: Alright, but if you ever want to talk just let me know. *(Collects his thoughts.)* But on the subject of Candy Baker...yeah, I am confused. How can one girl be simultaneously the most popular girl in school and have so many enemies? *(Almost to himself)* Though, having met her father I wonder if the apple perhaps didn't fall far from that tree. *(Shakes his head as though shaking the thought away.)*

Sid: Look, Mr. Bates....you have no idea how deep the hatred goes. NO ONE liked her. I was actually planning an expose of Candy Baker and the Candies reign of terror if she won Prom Queen. I've been interviewing students from every group. I have the footage right here!

Mr. Bates: Ok, this I have to see. *(Chews another antacid and moves over to Sid to watch the footage on camera.)*

SCENE 7: CANDY HATRED CAMEOS: midstage (present)

(A spotlight comes up on John Michael Hubert, down center)

Hubert: Mr. Bates...I know I've told people I hated Candy Baker. Look, the truth is...she was my babysitter in the sixth grade. She was so mean to me. She used to lock me in my bedroom so she could sneak out with her boyfriend...then she'd threaten to tell people I still slept with a stuffed bear named Robert. My parents insisted she babysit because my mom is Mr. Baker's secretary. Anyway, she was so awful.... if she ever did actually hang out with me she would make me watch horror movies. Then I skipped seventh and eighth grade, and we were in high school together...and the real bullying started.

I hate her. She's made my life miserable since I was eleven.

(Lights out on him and he steps upstage)

Miss Breen: Yes, I had the Candies, all three of them, in my classes. I thought they were...decorative. You know the type, always poking at themselves in their compact mirrors, flirting with boys. But...Candy Baker....she was a cruel girl too. She played mind games. My friend, I mean student, Blake. Well, she led him on so badly. She was in a fight with that boyfriend of hers and started showing up to all of Blake's games. Sitting in the front row, brushing her hair. I just wanted to slap her. *(Looks at her watch)*. Oh, dear, I have to run to a meeting.

(Lights out as she steps upstage.)

Blake: I told everyone that prom would be crazy spooky if we did it on Friday the thirteenth. And BOOM! See? Candy's dead. She was a mean girl, but man, she was hot. Hate to lose the hot ones, you know? Did you know she and I dated? Yeah...it was for a hot time, not a long time if you get what I'm saying...I can't be tied down to one girl for too long ...and she was always stuck on that creep Sebastian. I never got it. I mean, that guy isn't like ...normal. No guys like him. He is always just moping around. I don't know how she chose that loser over a real man like me. Man....I'm still mad about it now. *(Looks at his watch.)* Oh man, I gotta run. Have a ...(beat) practice.

(Lights out as he steps upstage)

COURTNEY: Candy Baker? CANDY BAKER? Wanna know what I think. I think it is about time she got what she deserved. She took everything from everyone. She took MY everything when she started dating Sebastian. Like, she wasn't even interested in him. She never talked to him or seemed like she even knew who he was. Then out of the blue, she asks him out and they have been together ever since. He was supposed to be with me forever. WE had been hanging out. He called my house all the time and WE studied at the library together, and then suddenly THEY are dating? It was all so quick and right at the time of his parents' death in the 2nd fire at her father's factory. I should have been the one there for Sebastian, NOT HER. I should have been the one to comfort him, NOT HER. I should have been the one here at the prom with him. So Candy Baker was no friend of mine. I will always hate her and what she took away from me!

(Lights out on her and she steps upstage)

Polly (a member of the pep squad): Friends? With Candy Baker? Ugh, as if! Candy Baker was such a skank. One day, I wore a brand new khaki skirt to school. During first period, Candy Baker told me that my skirt was "like, totally bangin'." Then, during lunch, she spilled a whole milk carton all over it! My social life was ruined for like, a week. My skirt was ruined forever. Then the next day, who comes to school in the EXACT SAME SKIRT? You guessed it, Candy Baker. So me? Friends? With her? Ugh, grody to the max, NEVER!

(Lights out on her and she steps upstage)

Clara: Look, Mr. Bates, I don't really wanna be in here with you. I know it's still weird after you think I was stealing from you. But it wasn't for money I swear. And I didn't see anything either. I promise. I won't say anything. Oh. Candy Baker? That's why I'm here? *(Relaxes a touch)* Close? I hated that monster. We have like...a dynastic beef. Her sketchy father, I know. Even though I was just a baby...he killed my mom in that fluke fire at his factory. He was always sending her flowers and stuff. And he showed up after her death at my school asking all these creepy questions. He is a creep. Candy is just like her dad. She will stop at nothing to get what she wants. She's probably faked her own death just to get attention. Not that I am sad if she is gone for good...how could I be? I've wished for this every day since high school started.

(Lights out as she steps upstage)

GARRET: Baker? Jesus Christ, gag me with a spoon. Look I don't like her, I never have. She made fun of me and my boy's WWE action figure collection. I had HULK HOGAN man...It was totally not tubular...But did I kill her? Or want her dead? That's a pretty interesting and valid question....but naaaahh.. I got way more important things to do. I barely care about my own problems, why would I care enough to go out of my way to get her.

After all, I'm too busy stuffing (Mason's character) into lockers. So no, I didn't kill her. But I certainly hate her, like everyone else in the school. Did you know she made fun of the way I ran? She called me a drunk duck, like I'm the baddest runner in the school I'm the school's running back!...how could she say that, ya feel? But anyways..may I use the restroom now? I think I had a little too much punch.

(Lights out on him and he steps upstage)

Brittany: Look, Candy Baker was a quality cheerleader. Her jumps were clean and she had great energy. Her ponytail was always high and tight. And she just gave it all up...for what? To be a Candy? *(Dottie steps into the spotlight, a little upstage of Brittany.)* I don't get it. I offered her a guaranteed spot on the squad. You know, to raise cheer spirit...but she declined me every year...

Dottie: What? You offered that snake a spot on the squad? I can't even deal with you...I've worked so hard Brittany...I've been practicing my jumps on my Jane Fonda personal fitness trampoline all year and I still don't get a break. I HATE CANDY BAKER AND I HATE YOU!

(Goes out of spotlight.)

Brittany: *(Another epic eye roll.)* Ugh. Can you excuse us? *(Leaves spotlight.)*

Mr. Baker: *(Hands up in front of face, walking through the spot)* I won't answer any questions, no comment.

Sugar: *(Looking blankly)* You can call me Sugar. *(She smiles. Mr. Baker's voice from offstage yells)*

Mr. Baker: Sugar bunches...come here NOW!

Sid: *(with camera)* Look, I don't buy into all the high school crap. I know that none of this fish bowl popularity matters outside of this stupid school and tiny town. I wanted to do an expose on Candy Baker just to show how pointless she is. How lame is it to go to BAKERSfield High and live in BAKERSville when your last name is Baker. Honestly? The most interesting thing that girl could have ever done is get herself killed...and now...my little high school expose will be a lot more interesting too...maybe I can even get on Sixty Minutes.

(Lights out and he moves upstage)

JOEY GACY AKA "The Jesus Freak": *(with boombox)* We're all heartbroken over Candy's death. What can I say about her, the whole school loved her! Candy was so beauti... she was so ki... her personality was...*(he can't bring himself to compliment her)* I-I'm sure God had a better plan for her. Me and the Bakersfield Advocates for Theology in Highschool, or BATH for short, have been praying nonstop. Even though she should be BURNING IN HELL *(he takes a deep breath)* I am still praying for her soul. Principal Bates, I'm sure your faith in God has been rattled by this horrible event! Might I suggest you listen to one of my favorite songs, Hosanna by Michael W. Smith? Or how about Great is the Lord? Here, just listen to his whole Big Picture album. I've got all on a cassette tape. Wanna hear it now? I brought my boombox to play it! Come on, just listen to it. *(heading upstage while shouting)* Hey, come back here! Just listen to it, LISTEN TO IT!

Lorna: I'm not sure how I can be of any help, I don't know anyone here. Candy wasn't very nice to me about my friend Sebastian, but I am sure sad that she is dead. It's just too horrible for words. I just wish I could be more helpful...if only I wasn't so new to everyone...everything.

We just moved here, my aunt and me. Both my parents are dead...there was an accident...My aunt got a job at the factory...she had a friend who worked there once. *(Beat)*

But we JUST got here two weeks ago. So. There's not really anything else I can tell you...

(Lights fade back up on her and we see she is standing in Principal. Bates office)

SCENE 8: PRINCIPAL & LORNA: office (present)

Mr. Bates: Well, thank you Lorna...you've been most helpful. What did you say your aunt's name was? I've been thinking you remind me of someone...maybe I know her?

(Phone rings before Lorna can answer)

Mr. Bates: Bates here. Oh great. We've been waiting for you. *(He hangs up)* Come along, Miss Dunn...the police are here.

(They step back into the prom setting and harsh gym lights mixed with UV lights where the entire company is gathered once again)

SCENE 9: DETECTIVE & POLICE: midstage (present)

Mr. Bates: Students, the police have arrived. They will be conducting interviews for all in this room. You are to answer any questions addressed to you honestly, do you understand? (*Two police officers and a detective enter stage left, led in by Miss Breen and Blake.*)

Detective Sawyer: (with notebook/pencil) Thanks Principal, we will take it from here. (*Students disperse.*)

(*As cast exits, Sawyer steps down and addresses the audience directly.*)

Hi folks, due to cutbacks we are very short staffed here at Bakersville PD. I am going to deputize all of you so you can help me conduct interviews and get this nasty case solved asap. Now, if you please, raise your right arm and repeat after me:

I solemnly swear

To engage my brain and solve this crime.

Excellent. You're all going to be just great, I can tell. Let's take fifteen minutes to allow you to conduct your interviews and formulate your ideas. My people have provided some notes for you to use as a guide. Report back in fifteen!

INTERMISSION

ACT II

SCENE 1: BACK TO THE PROM: gym (present)

DETECTIVE SANDERS: Thank you all for upholding your pledge. My colleagues and I believe, thanks in large part to your assistance, that we have solved this heinous, heinous crime. I have decided that the best way for us to untangle this sizable web of petty hatred is to...well... to simply show you.

(*As he does this speech, all actors will take their exact places as they had for the beginning of THRILLER.*)

So let me take you back, to an earlier time, 7:34PM to be exact...when some high schoolers were just dancing to the hit record of young Michael Jackson.

(UV LIGHTS UP. Thriller starts to play just as it did for the opening. However, as we get through the first eight counts, the line of dancers revolves so that they're facing upstage and several figures are revealed downstage, as well as a punch bowl and some other "prom paraphernalia." The music is silenced, and the dancers keep moving in shadow as dialogue begins.)

McCall: Oh my god, Baker, this was your shining moment. This, this is what all of this school BS has led to...

Hollis: My queen. *(Goes in for a hug.)*

Baker: Ugh. You guys are some fake and fugly heifers. I'm tired of it. You know what? Yeah, I'm prom queen, but who cares? I've already outgrown this crown. *(Beat)* To be honest, I think I've pretty much outgrown the both of you. *(She walks over towards the punch bowl where Clara and Ms. Breen are talking.)*

McCall: Heifer? As if!

Hollis: Fugly? Whatever. She's the one who's peaked in high school.

McCall: So 1981. We will get her back for this!

Hollis: Ugh, wanna stab her in her FUGLY back.

McCall: Shake it off, Candy! Let's just dance and see if Sebastian notices. *(They do the Candy handshake and sashay back to the dance. Sebastian, in the corner talking to Lorna and the Lady Chaperone, is oblivious. Meanwhile, back at the punch bowl...)*

Clara: *(Handing a folded sheet of paper to Ms. Breen)* And that's everything, but look at that. It's not to do with him...but it was in my file.

Breen: I told you where to look...your file wasn't it.

Clara: I know, I know...but I was in there already and thought might as well. And I already found all that stuff for you.

Breen: You've already been caught once, Clara...I can't help you again.

Clara: Read it..it proves I have a sister. A sister who's almost my age. And was born AFTER my mother died. And look who the father is--

Baker: *(Entering the conversation)* Oh my god, Clara, I don't think they let freaks have siblings...it's written somewhere. Like a pretty person's version of Darwinism or something.

(Clara lunges at Baker but Miss Breen intervenes, with an assist from Blake who appears out of nowhere.)

Breen: Ladies. Stop it. Now. *(She stops. Then winks at Blake)* Thank you, kind sir. *(They go off to join the dance.)*

Sandra: *(Walking up with Dottie and Brittany)* WOW Candy...Darwinism. And I thought you slept through bio sophomore year.

Dottie: *(with pride)* No! That was me, Sandra!

Brittany: Congrats on prom queen, I didn't want it anyway. Come on girls. *(They fade back into the dance.)*

Sid: *(Holding a large video camera device)* Can I get any words for the Queen of 1982?

Baker: *(Into the camera)* I would just like to say that there's been a lot of BS going around about me...and I am going to hunt every last one of you down. *(Just then Hubert runs up behind her and dumps a bucket of what looks like blood all over her.)*

Hubert: That's for making me watch Carrie, you bi--

Baker: Ickkkkkkkk! Oh my god! What even is this gross red stuff? Ooooooo! I am going to murder everyone! *(She spins around to chase Hubert. Sebastian has been headed for the punch bowl. He tries to circumspetctly avoid Baker but she spots him.)*

Baker: There. You. Are. How's your time going with your new little girl toy thing?

Sebastian: *(Dropping his cool facade and becoming just a boy in front of a girl, about to tell her he loves someone else.)* She's pretty amazing. Listen, Candy...we've got such a lot of history...you went through the whole fire thing with me...but.. I just feel like...I don't know...like maybe we are just high school. *(He takes her hand)* and high school is, well, over...

Baker: You know what Sebastian? Our date on the night of the fire was a set up. MY father made me do it. He'd had some issues with your dad pulling money out of the factory because he got suspicious about the fire there when I was a baby. Anyway, I don't get involved in my dad's stuff, and I had said how you were the cutest boy in school...so he bought me my first Porsche if I went out with you. So... that's our history. You've basically been set up by my dad.

Sebastian: Are you saying... are you saying that your FATHER had something to do with the fire that killed my family? And that you knew about it? *(He looks like he may just throttle her, when Lorna intervenes.)*

Lorna: Oh I am so sorry to interrupt... Sebastian, could you possibly get me that punch, I'm just parched...and then we can go back where its quiet and talk some more.

(She squeezes his arm, warmly.

The lady chaperone passes a little upstage of Lorna and put something shiny (a fake knife) in her hand which Lorna closes her fingers tightly around.

Sebastian moves to the punch bowl as the chaperone moves upstage right and Lorna and Baker move downstage left.

The music gets louder, as we see Lorna pointing at herself, taking something out of her pocket, pointing at the chaperone.

Baker starts laughing and Lorna stabs her.

The dancers move back into downstage position, Baker runs down center as she did in the opening, followed by the screaming chaperone. Everyone else rejoins the dance)

Detective: And that's what happened folks.

(The scene breaks apart and all of the kids separate leaving Lorna standing alone center. Breen and Blake move in on her. Mr. Bates and the Bakers have entered the scene stage right.)

Bates: Lorna? The girl from some weird place? But why?

Detective: She wasn't alone either. *(Chaperone is dragged downstage by the police officers and stood next to Lorna.)* Let me explain...

DENOUEMENT: gym (present)

Detective Sanders: First, let me start by saying that we had some elements at play here at this school before the murder ever came into the picture. The school had a new principal and not a lot was known about him...by us, locally. But we do have some friends from the Federal Bureau of Investigation with us (that's the FBI to you lay-folks). They were following a suspect named Norman Bates who had been suspected in a series of vicious hotel stabbings across the country. Miss Breen and Mr. Blake Chapman are actually...Agents Mr. and Mrs. Smith.

(Gestures to Breen and Blake, who both flash credentials.)

Breen: Sorry for the deception everyone. But my love for my husband is real. *(They hug as there is a gasp from the crowd.)*

Blake: And, I really was like a super athlete in high school, which wasn't all that long ago. *(They cross to Principal Bates and put handcuffs on him.)* Been tracking you all the way since that Bates Motel thing in the desert, buddy.

Bates: *(Suddenly cowering and helpless)* My mommy made me do it...I, I...why I wouldn't hurt a fly.

Breen: But, we actually gathered a lot of evidence for this crime while researching our good friend Norman there.

Clara: I helped!

Breen: Clara has been my undercover helper this whole year. She didn't trust Bates since the first day of school when she saw him shredding photographs in his office when she was serving detention.

Bates: Those weren't school documents though...just...personal things.

Clara: I don't trust anyone in this town. Except Miss Breen is pretty ok. *(They exchange a smile.)* I snuck into his office...found some things for Miss Breen, like some lady's wallet, and a piece of shower curtain...weird.

Breen: And she also discovered, though going beyond my orders *(side eyes Clara, but not angrily)*, a picture in her file...and a birth certificate.

Mr. Baker: Now, now...let's just get back to the matter of the creep principal and the little gal who killed my little Candy.

Sugar: *(Petting Bates on the head)* it's okay Batesey...Sugar's here now.

Mr. Baker: Sugar lump...come here! *(She goes.)*

Sugar: Yes Can.

Breen: Oh, we are getting to that too sir. Never you fear. *(Blake moves stealthily in the direction of the Bakers.)* So the picture in her file, much to her surprise, was of YOU. Mr. Baker. You, with Candy...but scrawled across it are the words...and two more daughters.

Mr. Baker: Well that's odd. I can't begin to explain it. *(To Detective Sanders)* May I go and make a phone call?

POLICE OFFICER: Stick around a second if you can, sir.

Breen: Yes, the second document was even more interesting: a birth certificate, made out five months after the factory fire that killed Clara's mother. For the birth of a baby named Lorna...father named Canton D. Baker. *(There is a gasp of shock around the room)* And mother named...

CHAPERONE: Elaine Diane Vogel *(Another gasp.)*

Lorna: Aunt Karen, please don't say anything else. Please! *(She starts to cry.)* My Aunt Karen was Diane's sister. She's raised me since I was a baby after THAT man *(gestures towards Mr. Baker)* killed my mother. We lived in all sorts of out of touch places, I mean, we just moved here from Florida, but since I was tiny she has raised me to HATE the Bakers. The plan was always revenge...revenge on the only child that he acknowledged, that got all his love, and affection...and his NAME. I've been told that when I was seventeen we would move here, and that I would take Candy Baker's life...and his... by taking away the one person he loved. *(There is another collective gasp around the room.)*

Aunt Karen: *(crosses to Lorna)* My good girl...she's always been my good, sweet girl. *(She crosses to Mr. Baker)* But there's another thing my good girl doesn't know. She thinks I've always kept my face bandaged like this because I had a botched birthmark removal attempt. Which is not entirely a lie, but that's beside the point. *(She begins to dramatically and purposefully undo her bandages.)* I didn't die in the fire you purposefully set in your own factory, Canton D. Baker. The fire you set because you knew I was five months pregnant with YOUR child. *(The crowd gasps again. Her eyes fall on Sebastian)* There was another man. A very good, upstanding man. Who I had confided my issues with about Mr. Baker. He had been coming to meet me at the factory so I could show him the many abuses of power, and the embezzlement and misuse of his financial contributions. He was the biggest investor and could have ruined Canton D. Baker for good with just one flick of his pen. Can knew that too...and somehow, he found out that I'd been talking. Anyway, he...my friend...arrived too late, the fire was in full blaze, but he found me and took me to a hospital far from here. When he returned, he told Can that he had arrived too late to save me and found my dead and burned corpse. *(The bandages are now off.)* Sebastian, that was your father. He paid for my hospital stay, he is the one that wrote the true paternity and identity of my child on my birth certificate. *(Turns to Lorna)* For you see, Lorna...I wasn't entirely dishonest with you. I didn't remember who I was for many years. The fire had caused some kind of amnesia. When my memory came back I wanted to spare you from knowing the trauma that I, your mother had been through. *(She reaches out and pushes Lorna's hair from her face.)*

Clara: Mom! *(Runs forward and they embrace.)*

Sebastian: *(to Baker)* So you weren't just an arsonist, but a serial arsonist.. and a murderer! *(Gets in his face.)* My father was a good man. A kind man, why would you do that to him? And my entire family?

Aunt Karen *(but actually Elaine):* Because your father kept investigating him, and finally had enough to lock him away...but he made a mistake, he revealed that I had survived, and that our child was in the world...so he laid a Candy trap for you...

Baker: I don't know this woman...it's all a lie. *(To Sebastian)* Whoa, now son, this is all a mistake. Let's not forget that these crazy females also killed my baby gi-

Sugar: Oh, can it, Can. You killed her as sure as you almost killed this poor lady. *(Gestures to the artist formerly known as the Chaperone)* Lock him up and throw away the key fellas. *(She winks at the cops.)*

Mr. Baker: *(Being dragged off stage by a cop)* But, Sugar petals!

Sugar: It's Candace to you, Mr. Baker. Take him away, boys.

Police Officer: Yes, Mrs. Baker.

Sugar: Oh, it's Sugar to you hon. *(Waves at him in weird seductive fashion.)*

Detective: Well, I think that wraps it up... *(In rapid fire, auctioneer patter.)* Lorna killed Candy Baker because she was the love child of Candy's dad and Clara's mom, and was raised by her aunt, Clara's dead mom's sister who was the bandaged chaperone at the dance and gave her the murder weapon but was really Clara's dead mom, who had survived the fire and was rescued by Sebastian's father and hidden while she had a baby and recovered from her fire amnesia and we also discovered that Sebastian's entire family was murdered by Candy Baker's dad to cover up the fact that Sebastian's dad knew about discrepancies at the factory and the whole undead baby mother daughter thing. As an exciting bonus, we also captured serial shower killer Norman Bates. All with the help of you fine folks, and all in a day's work. *(Takes a deep breath...can be dramatic)*

Take them all away. Kids...this will certainly be a prom to remember, huh? Night, all. *(He exits)*

(As prisoners are taken away the kids sort of mill around. Suddenly, Sandra speaks up.)

Sandra: I have just one, minor, question? And I know it seems insignificant by comparison...but we had worked so so hard on our prom theme and banner this year ...and it was always The Best is Yet to Come, as voted on by our student committee.

Brittany: Snaps for all you guys!

Sandra: So, was it like Mr. Bates being creepy changing it to the Death is Yet to Come, or one of the other murderers?

Dottie: *(With great pride in herself...triumphant to have been significant at last.)* It was me. I wasn't included in the vote and I just wanted to ruin the banner. *(The crowd all groans collectively in disgust at her immense petty lameness.)*

Brittany: OH my god Dottie. Come on guys.

BLACKOUT

CURTAIN CALL is dance party for JAZZERCISE and a final Cheer from Prep Squad then each character gets a John Hughes epilogue bio:

(Characters Line up in Order as listed. Spotlight passes over each of them as a voiceover lets us know their fate)

HUBERT went on to become the fourth youngest person to ever graduate from YALE and then is rumored to have invented a thing called the internet. He now lives in St. Barts, Switzerland, and Florida and is married to a supermodel. His kids never have to watch scary movies...unless they want to.

SID graduated college early and was a founding employee of MTV. He now owns most of the Disney corporation and his footage of EXPOSE AT AMERICAN HIGH started a craze called Reality TV.

BRITTANY cheered her way onto Jane Fonda's workout videos and became a fitness guru for the ages.

DOTTIE is still in lawsuits with Brittany for stealing her signature Jazzercise moves.

CANDY McCALL never married, and never made any new friends. She and **CANDY HOLLIS** opened a museum in the former Baker mansion (assisted by **SUGAR**, who now goes by Candace) and called it the CANDYSTORE. It is right behind the World's Largest Piece of Chewing Gum on the list of American Attractions.

MISS BREEN and BLAKE - AKA Mr and Mrs Smith – recruited **CLARA** into the Bureau right out of college. Rumor has it that she's now their boss. The Smiths are still agents, still married and have two kids named Clara and Blake.

SANDRA GUILDSTERN graduated from Harvard Law and is going to be running for President of the US in 2020.

LORNA DUNN served twenty years in prison for her crime. When she was released on parole in 2022, she and **SEBASTIAN** reconnected on eHarmony. They're now married and live in Connecticut where they raise miniature donkeys.

ELAINE VOGEL (aka **LADY CHAPERONE** aka **AUNT KAREN**) served ten years for her crime. She now works for her daughter Clara in the witness protection super-secret division of the FBI.

CANTON D. BAKER is still in prison where his hobbies include tango dancing and water polo. He's not getting out any time soon.

NORMAN BAKER escaped from prison shortly after sentencing. He's never been apprehended again.

CANDY BAKER is still dead, but prom is said to be haunted by a kool aid soaked prom queen. (You guys didn't think Hubert would actually use blood, did you?)

And Bakersfield High? It's now called Washington High. And Bakersville? We are now known as Green Valley. *(Thriller plays and the kids dance party as lights fade to black)*