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**DANNY'S HOW-TO VLOG
ON SURVIVING MIDDLE SCHOOL,
DEFEATING THE BAD GUYS,
AND RULING THE WORLD**

WRITTEN BY BRIDGET GRACE SHEAFF

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CHARACTERS:

Danny McMahon, our hero

Julie, his sister

Mom, his mother

Betsy, his best friend

Hector, his arch nemesis

Ms. Cortez, the librarian at Joe Biden Middle School

DANNY starts his computer and logs onto his system. He looks over his shoulder to be sure that no one is looking at his password. As he types in his password, he also mouths his password: "1,2,3,4." The computer makes a logging in sound. Once logged on to the Internet, DANNY makes a few quick clicks, adjusts his webcam, looks into the screen and fixes the part in his hair, changes it back, and clicks start.

Danny: Greetings, my millions of followers! Welcome to my inaugural video blog or "VLOG." I am your host, Danny McMahon, an all-around awesome guy. Thank you for joining, what I am calling, my "How-To Be as Awesome as Danny McMahon" series. Over the next several weeks, months, and, depending on the syndication timeline, *years*, I will be leading you through daily activities and stories that will help you be as awesome as me, Danny McMahon. You can look forward to lessons on... *(He shuffles around trying to find his cue cards. He finds them and holds them up to the screen so the webcam camera can see what each card says.)* "Juggling: The Lost Art;" "Finding Your Retainer in the Lunchroom Garbage Can and Still Making It to Class on Time;" and "Crossing Guards: Friend or Foe?" In the comments section below, please feel free to make suggestions for future "VLOGS." Although if your name is Julie and you once again left your million hair-care products all over the bathroom when I needed to get ready this morning, I will not be taking any suggestions from you. Also, if you are a jerk, I will kick your butt. *(He adjusts his glasses; clears his throat, and begins what appears will be a long lecture.)* From the dawn of time, scientists have been searching for a way to make the years between ages 11 and 14 bearable to the common man. Although these scientists have tried many methods, such as roll-on deodorants, shopping malls, and snazzy pocket folders, they have always come up short. But now,

with Danny McMahon’s How-To VLOG, it is safe to say...

Julie: (*Interrupting*) Mom! Danny is using up all the bandwidth again!

Mom: Daniel, share some bandwidth with your sister!

Danny: (*Yelling downstairs to them*) That’s not even how bandwidth works, Mom!

Mom: Don’t take that tone with me, young man! I don’t care if you know more about hard drives and Wi-Fi and Spider Solitaire than I do. You play fair with your sister and give her some of your Internets.

Danny: (*Sighing deeply*) It would appear that this concludes today’s VLOG. Tune in next time to learn all about guiding your parental units to the higher planes of consciousness, as we discuss “How to Get Out of Setting the Dinner Table.”

TRANSITION: DANNY begins a new entry on his VLOG.

Danny: Greetings, Internet users! It has been a full week of posting, so it’s time to count our followers. May I have a drumroll, please? (*Begins making a drumroll sound*) After seven entries of my VLOG, the numbers have now shot up to.... three people. Well, that’s three more than I started with! And the numbers will only skyrocket from here.

Julie: (*Entering his bedroom*) Danny, Mom says she didn’t appreciate what you said in your last video and that if she is going to follow you—you’d better start saying nice things about her.

Danny: (*Reacting to the intrusion*) Julie! Get out! (*Resuming a more professional on-air demeanor*) Anyway, today’s video is entitled “How to Be Friends with the Opposite... (*Embarrassed*) S-E-X.” Now, I have told you all about my best friend, Betsy, but let me tell you about what happened at school today.

FLASHBACK TRANSITION:

Betsy: Danny! Danny McMahon! Have you heard?

Danny: Betsy? Why are you so frantic? Did another bird fly into the band hall and get stuck in the tuba?

Betsy: No, but did you see the posters?

Danny: (*To the VLOG*) I think it’s important for my viewers to know that ever since the smear campaign went up against me when

I ran for Class Treasurer, I have avoided reading any and all flyers posted on the walls of my school. So what if I had ripped my pants in gym? They didn't need to put pictures up! Anyway, Betsy handed me a flyer that read "Enter Joe Biden Middle School's Map-A-Thon: A geography competition for all students. Sign up in the library." (*Smiling big*) Well, as you all know, geography happens to be my strongest subject in school. And I can thank all of my knowledge to the countless hours of playing *Risk* against myself and staring at the world map hung up in the cafeteria when I used to eat lunch by myself during grades two through five.

Betsy: So, are you going to enter? Danny, I think you should! I think you would be great at it!

Danny: I don't know, Betsy. Who else is signed up?

Betsy: Oh, not a lot of a people. There's a few kids from Mrs. Sullivan's class and, um...

Hector: Hey, "Granny" McMahon.

Danny: (*To the VLOG*) I turned to face none other than my arch nemesis: Hector Kurkowski.

Hector: How's your bridge club? (*Mocking Danny by using an old lady voice*) Make any progress on that debate about whether Herbert Hoover was more attractive than Coolidge?

Danny: (*Narrating*) Now, Hector is your typical bully. He's large, beefy, and has a low gravelly voice that sounds like a pencil sharpener eating drywall screws; however, unlike most bullies you read about in books or see in PG movies, Hector is, unfortunately, not a complete idiot. In fact, he has the third highest grade point average in our whole class.

Hector: So, are you gonna sign up for the Map-A-Thon, McMahon?

Betsy: Yeah, he is! And he's going to wipe the floor with you, Hector. So you better back off!

Hector: Wow, McMahon, you got yourself a bodyguard. And she's a spunky one, too. Not that it will help. (*Singing ala Whitney Houston*) "And I-I-I—will always crush you..."

Danny: I don't need a body guard, Kurkowski. And she's not that spunky. She's more like... perky.

Hector: (*Continuing to vocalize the end of "you" ala Whitney Houston*)

Betsy: Um... Thanks, Danny.

Danny: (*To Betsy*) You're welcome. (*To Hector*) And, Hector, I