

# SNAPPED!

## CHARACTER LIST

7 females, 6 males, 4 either, extras

LESTER .....	Nerd who is picked on by almost everyone at school
PETER .....	Friend to Lester
AUSTIN .....	Bully of the school, boyfriend to Lisa
LISA .....	Girlfriend to Austin
KRISTIE .....	Friend to Lisa
NELLIE .....	Plain girl who likes Lester
ABBY .....	Friend to Nellie
RHONDA .....	Student Body President
BENCHLEY .....	Principal of the school
TYRONE (TYRA) .....	Chess Club President and its best player
BILLY (LILLY) .....	A Chess Club member and friend to Tyrone
GARY .....	Student and friend of Austin
SARAH .....	Student and Gary's date at the dance
DYLAN .....	Student and friend of Austin
SID .....	Student, about the size of Lester
MR. (MRS.) SMITH .....	FBI Agent
MR. (MRS.) JONES .....	FBI Agent
EXTRA STUDENTS .....	Any number

## SYNOPSIS

Just think what would happen if you could snap your fingers and stop time. Everything frozen except you! For Lester Lopkins of Lincoln High School, it's a dream come true when he discovers he has this super-hero power. Lester now feels that he is someone. He dresses, talks, and acts differently, which doesn't sit well with his friends. And best of all, he can now stop from being bullied.

Things come to a peak when the school bully is after him, the FBI is after him, and his friends are ready to abandon him. Snapping seems to have gotten Lester into more trouble than ever. In the end, Lester learns that wearing fancy clothes, cheating, and even bullying the bully isn't the way he wants to be. He just wants to be himself. With the help of his friends who stand by him, he learns to stand up for himself, without snapping.

## SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

### ACT I

Scene 1: Hallway of Lincoln High School, present day

Scene 2: Lunch time

Scene 3: Next day

Scene 4: Lunch time, same day

### ACT II

Scene 1: Several days later, after school

Scene 2: The Spring Formal Dance

Scene 3: The same day as in Act I Scene 1

#### TIME PERIOD

To make Snapped more fun, the director can choose any time period from the 60's to present day. Adjust costumes for the period.

#### SET DESCRIPTION

The set is the hallway of a typical high school. There needs to be a row of lockers up stage. Lester's locker needs to be large enough or have a false back so Lester can fit in it. If this is not possible, there could be a janitor's closet (or something similar) that Lester could be locked up in. There could be doors leading to classrooms used as students pass through the halls. There could also be hallway bulletin boards as you might see in a typical high school.

## SNAPPED!

### ACT I Scene 1

*The scene is the hallway of Lincoln High School. There is a row of lockers up center. On each side there can be a bulletin board and door to a classroom. At rise there are students at lockers and some passing through the hall. Lester is at his locker with the door open as Peter enters from right. LESTER and PETER share a locker.*

PETER: Hi, Lester.

LESTER: Hey, Peter.

PETER: Did you finish your biology homework?

LESTER: Did we have homework in biology?

PETER: I guess that means you didn't do it.

LESTER: Nope. I was studying my new book, "*How to play chess and win.*" I'm going to beat that Tyrone if it's the last thing I do.

PETER: You will never beat Tyrone. He's too good.

LESTER: Someday I will. (*LESTER yawns. EXTRA STUDENTS enter and crosses the stage. As one EXTRA passes LESTER, he flicks his ear. He and his friends laugh and continue off stage. LESTER reacts.*)

LESTER: Stop it!

EXTRA: (*Imitating LESTER.*) Stop it!

LESTER: Why do they have to do that? Why can't they just leave me alone. You know, I'll show everyone. I'll beat Tyrone and then everyone will be afraid to mess around with Lester, the chess champion. Someday . . .

PETER: I won't hold my breath.

LESTER: Hey. Look. (*He shows PETER a check.*) A check for \$10.00.

PETER: What's that for?

LESTER: For mowing Mrs. Matthews' yard. All I need is a few more bucks and I'll have enough to go to the Spring Formal Dance.

PETER: You're forgetting one thing; you need a date. And I don't think you can make enough money to buy one of those.

LESTER: When the ladies see me all decked out in a tux, they'll be begging to be my date.

PETER: Yeah, like who?

LESTER: Maybe Lisa.

PETER: Lisa? A senior? She'd never go to the Spring Formal with you. And besides, Austin would pound you into the ground just for asking her.

LESTER: I can take care of myself.

PETER: Oh, you don't have to worry about that, Austin will take real good care of you. Why don't you ask Nellie?

LESTER: Nellie?

PETER: She's about the only girl who talks to you and I think she even likes you.

LESTER: Nellie? But she's only a freshman.

PETER: Well, you're only a sophomore.

LESTER: But I like older women.

PETER: Junior and Senior girls don't even know you exist. And you think one of them will go to the Spring Formal with you?

LESTER: Yep. You just have to have the right moves.

PETER: This isn't a chess game. You can't just move your king next to the opponent's queen and expect romance.

LESTER: Maybe not. What do you recommend?

PETER: You're asking the wrong guy. It's not like I have girls falling at my feet. Maybe you should google, "how to ask a girl to a dance." (*If the time period is before Google and texting, use these lines*): [Maybe you should call 1-800-HOW TO GET A DATE.]

LESTER: Tried that, Google must be single. [Tried that. No one answered.] Maybe I could text [call] her.

PETER: You have to have her number to do that and you would have to talk to her to get that, which brings us right back to the beginning.

LESTER: You think maybe you could get me her number?

PETER: Not a chance! I'm your locker partner, not your personal assistant.

LESTER: *(Yawns.)* Boy, am I tired. But staying up all night studying my chess book is going to be worth it. *(He yawns again. NELLIE and ABBEY enter right unnoticed by LESTER and PETER.)*

NELLIE: Look. *(Stopping ABBEY.)* There's Lester. Isn't he a dream?

ABBEY: More like a nightmare.

NELLIE: Do you think he'll ask me to the Spring Formal?

ABBEY: I wouldn't even wish that on an enemy.

NELLIE: Abbey!

ABBEY: What do you see in Lester? He doesn't dress very well, those glasses of his make him look like the biggest geek in school, and doesn't play any sport.

NELLIE: That's not true. He's on the chess team.

ABBEY: Chess *team*?

NELLIE: And grunge is in.

ABBEY: Not that kind of grunge.

NELLIE: And he told me that as soon as he can afford it, he's going to get contacts.

ABBEY: And until then he's a grungy nerd who thinks chess is a sport.

NELLIE: Abbey!

ABBEY: Okay, okay.

NELLIE: How can I get him to ask me out to the dance?

ABBEY: Ignore him. Guys like that. They like to go after the girl they think they can't have.

NELLIE: I don't think that will work with Lester.

ABBEY: Why not?

NELLIE: Because most people ignore him now. I think it needs a more direct approach.

ABBEY: Whoa! You're not going to go over, grab him, and kiss him right here in the hallway, are you?

NELLIE: No.

ABBEY: Good, because I just ate.

NELLIE: I think I'll just make myself more available. Come on. *(They cross over to LESTER and PETER.)* Hi, Lester.

LESTER: Oh, hi. *(He turns back to talking to PETER.)*

ABBEY: *(To NELLIE.)* Well, he jumped at the chance to ask you to the dance, didn't he?

NELLIE: Shhh. *(To LESTER.)* Lester, I hear there's going to be a big chess tournament coming up.

LESTER: Yeah, all we have to do is find a room to play in. *(He turns back to talking to PETER.)*

NELLIE: And the talk around school is that you will win the tournament.

LESTER: *(Becoming very interested.)* The talk around school?

NELLIE: Yeah, all the students know that you're the best chess player and that this time you'll beat Tyrone.

LESTER: *(Getting high on himself.)* Yeah, I've been studying this book, "How to Play Chess and Win." And I have learned a few more moves and I'm going to have no problems beating Tyrone.

NELLIE: We'd love to come and watch.

LESTER: You would?

ABBEY: We would?

NELLIE: Yeah, *we* would. *(Gives ABBEY a nudge.)*

ABBEY: Why not, I haven't been getting enough sleep lately.

NELLIE: When is it going to be?

LESTER: Thursday at noon. I'll let you know where.

NELLIE: That would be great.

ABBEY: Come on Nellie, I think I'm going to be sick. *(She pulls NELLIE away and they exit.)*

NELLIE: *(As they exit.)* Bye, Lester.

PETER: See what I mean. She likes you.

LESTER: She doesn't like me; she likes watching chess.

PETER: Nobody likes watching chess. *(LISA and KRISTIE enter and pause. They talk silently.)*

LESTER: Look, there's Lisa. She is so pretty. I would give anything to go to the Spring Formal with her.

PETER: How about your life, because that's what you'll lose if Austin finds out you're even thinking about her.

LESTER: *(Arrogantly.)* Ah, who's afraid of Austin?

PETER: I am! *(AUSTIN enters and goes to LISA and puts his arm around her. They talk silently. KRISTIE exits.)* There's Austin now.

LESTER: Look he's got his arm around her.

PETER: *(Turning AUSTIN from looking at LISA.)* Don't even look over in that direction. You know how jealous he is.

LESTER: *(Continues to look in their direction.)* I told you I'm not afraid of Austin. *(AUSTIN notices that LESTER is looking at LISA.)* I can see it now, her and I making a grand entrance to the Spring Formal. Her in a long white dress, me in a black tuxedo. Everyone would freeze as we took to the dance floor, arm in arm. *(AUSTIN crosses over to LESTER.)*

PETER: *(Glancing at AUSTIN. Panicking.)* Let's get out of here.

LESTER: *(Turning towards PETER and not seeing AUSTIN getting close.)* Relax. I haven't finished my daydream yet.

AUSTIN: *(Grabbing LESTER and turning him around.)* Hey! What were you looking at?

PETER: Nothing. Nothing at all.

AUSTIN: I'm not talking to you.

PETER: Right.

AUSTIN: I said, what were you looking at?

LESTER: What was I looking at? Well, ah.

AUSTIN: You're looking at my girl, weren't you?

LESTER: Girl? What girl?

LISA: Come on Austin, leave him alone.

AUSTIN: Not until after I teach him a lesson.

LESTER: Lesson? But school hasn't started yet. *(Fearful laugh.)*

AUSTIN: If I catch you looking at my girl again, time for you will stop.

LISA: Let him go Austin.

AUSTIN: *(Not listening to LISA.)* Do you understand me?

LESTER: I think I understand quite well.

AUSTIN: *(Glancing at the open locker.)* Well, I think you need some time to study my lesson.  
*(He stuffs LESTER in his locker.)*

LESTER: What are you doing?

AUSTIN: Giving you your very own private study hall. *(Closes the locker door. PETER is standing close by. To PETER.)* What are you looking at?

PETER: Nothing.

AUSTIN: Then split!

PETER: I'm out of here. *(He quickly exits.)*

LISA: You aren't going to leave him in there, are you?

AUSTIN: I sure am.

LISA: For how long?

AUSTIN: Oh, until time itself stops. *(They all exit. A microphone is placed in the locker so that the audience can hear LESTER, if needed.)*



LESTER: *(He knocks on the locker.)* Hello? Is anyone out there? *(He knocks again.)* Hello? *(Pounds on the locker.)* Let me out of here. I'm claustrophobic. *(Calming himself down.)* Okay, Lester, don't panic. Just relax. *(Takes deep breaths.)* You're not going to die. I hope. *(He yawns loudly, maybe some snoring. Then, if possible, strange music is heard or maybe a lullaby and lights flash or slowly fade. Moments later lights come up and sounds are heard like he is waking up and stretching.)* Where am I? I must have fallen asleep. *(PETER enters, looks around to be sure that AUSTIN is not around. He goes to LESTER'S locker.)*

PETER: Lester? Lester? Are you in there?

LESTER: Peter? Is that you?

PETER: Yeah.

LESTER: Hurry up, get me out. Rigor mortis is setting in. *(PETER opens the locker and LESTER crawls out, stretches.)* I feel like I've been in there for hours.

PETER: Not quite. You missed most of first period.

LESTER: Why didn't you come and get me out?

PETER: I tried but Mr. Anderson wouldn't let me leave class until now.

LESTER: That Austin. Someday I'm really going to give it to him. Someday people are going to treat me with a little more respect. Some day . . .

PETER: Right. We better get back to first period.

LESTER: I mean it. Someday when I snap my fingers *(he snaps his fingers in front of PETER'S face and PETER freezes)* people are going to stop and pay attention. *(He doesn't notice PETER'S frozen state.)* In fact, you and I are going to confront Austin right now. *(Noticing PETER.)* Peter? Peter? *(He snaps his fingers in front of his face. PETER unfreezes.)* Quit daydreaming.

PETER: Day dreaming? I'm not day dreaming.

LESTER: Then let's go find him.

PETER: Find who?

LESTER: Austin. Didn't you listen to me or were you frozen in time? Come on. We're going to go find Austin. *(He exits.)*

PETER: Lester. Lester! Are you crazy? *(He follows LESTER out. A few moments later BENCHLEY and RHONDA enter.)*

BENCHLEY: Rhonda, I can't be bothered with these insignificant events.

RHONDA: But the Decorating Committee picked black and orange as the colors for the Spring Formal. Black and orange! It's going to look like Halloween.

BENCHLEY: When you are Student Body President and you delegate a task to a committee you must be willing to accept their decisions.

RHONDA: But as President, can't I veto their decision?

BENCHLEY: Not without making the Committee mad and then you'll be decorating the dance yourself. What you have to do is try a little brain washing.

RHONDA: Brain washing?

BENCHLEY: Yes, make them think it's their idea to change the colors. That's how I get people to do what I want them to do. That, and the fact that I can suspend them.

RHONDA: Can't you just talk to them?

BENCHLEY: I'm sorry Rhonda but we have a State Accreditation Team arriving next week. I have so much to do before they arrive. If we don't pass this accreditation evaluation there could be serious repercussions. I just don't have the time to deal with the colors for the Spring Formal. But you could do something for me, Rhonda.

RHONDA: And what's that?

BENCHLEY: I would like you to make sure the students behave themselves while the team is here. If you could talk to them about good behavior.

RHONDA: But Mrs. Benchley, the students don't listen to me any more than they listen to you. *(BENCHLEY gives her a puzzled look.)* Oh, I'll do what I can.

BENCHLEY: Thank you. *(RHONDA exits. TYRONE and BILLY enter and cross to BENCHLEY.)*

TYRONE: Mrs. Benchley.

BENCHLEY: Yes, Tyrone, what is it?

TYRONE: With Mr. Arbuckle out this week, we don't have a room to hold the chess tournament in. I've asked all the other teachers but none of them want the tournament in their rooms. They all say it would be just too much excitement for them.

BENCHLEY: What about the cafeteria?

TYRONE: Don't you remember what Mr. Arbuckle did after we got ketchup all over the chess pieces?

BENCHLEY: Yes, yes, you don't have to remind me about the ketchup fiasco. How about right here in the hallway?

TYRONE: The hallway? But it's full of people at lunch.

BENCHLEY: You have always said that you wanted more spectators at your tournaments, right?

TYRONE: Yes, but . . .

BENCHLEY: And this will also be a great opportunity to get some other students interested in the Chess Club, which is exactly what you want, right?

TYRONE: Yes, but . . .

BENCHLEY: Then it is settled. The Chess Tournament will take place here in the hallway tomorrow. Now if you will excuse me, I have a million things to complete before the team arrives. *(She exits.)*

BILLY: We're going to have a Chess Tournament here in the hallway?

TYRONE: It's either that or we have to cancel it. But no matter where it is, I'm still going to win.

BILLY: I don't know, Lester has been studying a new book and he says he's going to beat you.

TYRONE: Lester is never going to beat me. I'll beat him again, as usual. *(They exit. Black out.)*

## ACT I Scene 2

*Lights fade up. A bell is heard and the hall fills with students as they go to their next class. Students ad lib. LESTER and PETER enter. They are in mid-conversation.)*

PETER: It's a good thing I talked you out of your suicide mission.

LESTER: Yeah, well. *(TYRONE and BILLY enter.)*

TYRONE: Hey, Lester.

LESTER: Yeah? *(Opening his locker.)*

TYRONE: The Chess Tournament is on for tomorrow, lunch, right here.

LESTER: Here?

TYRONE: Yep, right here in the hallway.

LESTER: In the hallway?

TYRONE: Yes, I convinced Mrs. Benchley to allow us to have it in the hallway so we could get more exposure and have a few more spectators this time.

PETER: One more spectator would double what we had last time.

LESTER: Isn't the hallway a little too noisy at lunch for a game of chess?

TYRONE: What? You scared that I'm going to beat you? Again!

LESTER: No way, Tyrone. This time I've been studying and this time I'm going to beat you.

TYRONE: Would you like to make a small bet on that?

LESTER: Sure! What are willing to lose?

TYRONE: How much are you willing to pay me?

LESTER: How about three dollars?

TYRONE: Three dollars? Is that all? Doesn't sound like you have much confidence in yourself.

LESTER: That's all the lunch money I have. *(He holds out his three dollars.)*

TYRONE: *(Grabs the three dollars.)* I'll hold this until tomorrow.

LESTER: Hey, that's mine. *(Grabs the money back.)*

TYRONE: Fine. *(LISA and SARAH enter and cross in front of LESTER and continues out.)* But don't spend it, because tomorrow it will be mine.

LESTER: There goes Lisa. Is it stalking if you just happen to be walking in the same direction? *(He follows her out, leaving his locker open.)*

PETER: *(To LESTER as he is walking away.)* What do you have, a death wish?

BILLY: What's up with your friend?

PETER: He wants to ask Lisa to the Spring Formal.

TYRONE: Lisa? She'd never go with him. Not in a million years.

PETER: I told him that.

BILLY: And besides, Austin would checkmate him just for asking.

PETER: I told him that, too. *(Suddenly LESTER rushed on stage.)*

LESTER: Quick! Hide me.

PETER: Hide you? Why?

LESTER: Austin saw me looking at Lisa and he's after me. *(He jumps into his locker and closes the door. AUSTIN rushed in.)*

AUSTIN: Where's that little twerp? I'll pound him into the ground. Where is he? *(They all answer, "I don't know," and rush off stage.)* When I find him, he's going to get it. *(He exits. The stage is bare.)*

LESTER: *(From inside the locker.)* Hello? Is anyone out there? Peter? Peter? Oh no, not again. *(Black out.)*

### ACT I Scene 3

*It is the next day and as the curtain rises LESTER and PETER enter and cross to their lockers. LESTER is walking funny as if he is very stiff. Other students can enter and exit the hall.*

LESTER: My whole body hurts. Why couldn't you get me out of my locker sooner yesterday? There isn't exactly room enough to lounge in there.

PETER: I tried but every time I came by to get you out, Austin or his friends were around. And I was not going to chance having Austin mad at me.

LESTER: Thanks for your unbelievable bravery and friendship. Someday I'll show that Austin a thing or two. Someday people are going to stop and pay attention to good-old Lester. Someday . . .

PETER: What day would that be?

LESTER: You know for a friend, you sure are sarcastic.

PETER: I like to think of it as realistic.

LESTER: The pains I feel are definitely realistic. *(He feels pain and reacts.)* I hardly slept at all last night.

PETER: That could be a problem. You have the big chess tournament today at lunch.

LESTER: If I live that long.

PETER: And you won't, if Austin finds you.

LESTER: Thanks for the reminder.

PETER: Let me also remind you that you have a three-dollar bet riding on this chess game. And if you lose you'll not only have Austin on your tail, but you'll be hungry too.

LESTER: Thanks for your sunny forecast.

PETER: My pleasure.

LESTER: I wish I could just snap my fingers (*he snaps his fingers in PETER'S face and PETER freezes*) and make this day go away. (*He doesn't notice PETER'S frozen state.*) You're going to have to help me watch for Austin, especially when I'm playing the chess game. I don't want him to interfere with my concentration. Peter? Peter? (*Snaps his fingers in front of PETER'S face. PETER unfreezes.*) Are you listening to what I am saying?

PETER: Of course, I am. You said that you wished you could snap your fingers and . . .

LESTER: (*Waiting.*) I said more than that.

PETER: That's all you said.

LESTER: No it wasn't, see you weren't listening to me.

PETER: I was too.

LESTER: I said, I wished I could snap my fingers (*he snaps his fingers in PETER'S face and PETER freezes*) and make this day go away. (*Again he doesn't notice PETER'S frozen state.*) And that you're going to have to help me watch for Austin, especially when I'm playing the chess game. I don't want him to interfere . . . (*He looks at PETER.*) Peter? Peter? (*Snaps his fingers in front of PETER'S face. PETER unfreezes.*) There you go again, not listening to me.

PETER: I am too. But you keep snapping your fingers in front of my face. (*He snaps his fingers in front of LESTER'S face but of course nothing happens.*)

LESTER: Quit snapping your fingers in *my* face.

PETER: See you don't like it either. (*NELLIE and ABBEY enter. They cross over to LESTER and PETER.*)

NELLIE: Hi, Lester.

LESTER: Hi, Nellie.

ABBAY: Abbey's here too.

LESTER: Oh, hi.

ABBAY: Well, don't overdo yourself.

NELLIE: Well, today's the big day.

LESTER: Big day?

NELLIE: Yeah, the chess game between you and Tyrone.

PETER: *(To LESTER.)* Or your last day on earth. *(LESTER elbows him.)*

LESTER: Oh yeah, the chess game.

NELLIE: Are you ready for it?

LESTER: Tyrone won't even know what hit him.

NELLIE: I can't wait till lunch. I'm going to watch your every move.

LESTER: I'm sure the whole school will turn out to watch.

PETER: Only to watch the match is between you and Austin. *(Again LESTER elbows him.)*

NELLIE: What?

LESTER: Don't listen to him. Beating Tyrone will be as easy as *(he snaps his fingers and everyone freezes)* that. I know that studying my book, *How to Play Chess and Win*, will pay off. Nobody will be able to beat good-old Lester. *(He turns and sees that everyone is frozen.)* Peter? Nellie? Hey, quiet playing games. Hey guys, Snap out of it. *(He snaps his fingers and everyone unfreezes. He pauses, a little amazed at what just happened.)*

NELLIE: *(Hanging on his every word.)* Yeah, beating Tyrone will be as easy as what?

LESTER: *(Reluctantly.)* As that. *(He snaps his fingers and everyone freezes again. This time he sees it happen.)* This is too weird. *(He walks around them and examines them. He is somewhat scared. He moves back to where he was and snaps his fingers, everyone unfreezes. He is weary.)*

NELLIE: *(Eagerly.)* Yeah, as easy as what?

LESTER: *(Still weary.)* As snapping your fingers.

NELLIE: Oh. Well, Abbey and I can't wait to see the game.

ABBEY: Yeah, I'm bringing my pillow.

NELLIE: See you then. Bye. *(Everyone exchanges good-byes and NELLIE and ABBEY exit. LESTER is very puzzled and confused at what happened.)*

PETER: What's wrong with you? You look like you saw a ghost.

LESTER: There's something very strange going on here.

PETER: Like what?

LESTER: Like you guys were frozen.

PETER: Frozen? What do you mean frozen?

LESTER: I mean that you guys were frozen, not moving.

PETER: Boy! All this pressure with the big chess tournament and being Austin's pray has pushed you over the edge.

LESTER: No, I mean it. I wasn't just imagining it. I think it happened when I snapped my fingers. Here let me try it.

PETER: I think you're . . . *(LESTER snaps his fingers and PETER freezes in mid-sentence. LESTER examining him.)*

LESTER: This is weird. *(He snaps his fingers. PETER unfreezes.)*

PETER: . . . crazy!

LESTER: *(With excitement that it worked.)* See what I mean? See what I mean? You were frozen. After I snapped my fingers you were frozen and then when I snapped my fingers again you unfroze. I'm not kidding! Here, let me try it again. *(He snaps his fingers again. PETER freezes. Examines PETER again.)* This is so cool. *(He gets behind PETER and then snaps his fingers. PETER jumps at LESTER'S sudden disappearance.)*

PETER: *(With fear.)* Lester?

LESTER: *(Taps him on his shoulder. PETER turns around and screams.)*



PETER: How'd you get behind me?

LESTER: I just snapped, moved behind you and snapped again.

PETER: You're crazy. What am I saying? I'm the one who thinks you disappeared. Maybe I'm crazy.

LESTER: You're not crazy. And neither am I. Let me do it again. *(He snaps and PETER freezes.)* Awesome! This is like being a genie or something. *(He moves behind PETER again, snaps. PETER is unfrozen. PETER reacts again.)* Behind you buddy.

PETER: Don't do that.

LESTER: Why not?

PETER: Because it's spooky.

LESTER: This isn't spooky. It's great.

PETER: From where I'm standing, it's spooky.

LESTER: Think of what I could do with this power.

PETER: Power?

LESTER: Just think. No more waiting in the long lunch line, just snap, *(he snaps, PETER freezes.)* move to the front of the line *(he moves a few steps)*, snap *(he snaps again, PETER unfreezes)* and be on my way.

PETER: *(Reacting to LESTER'S sudden jump.)* You did it again.

LESTER: Oh, sorry. I didn't mean to. I've got to be careful.

PETER: You're right you better be careful. With this power . . . to snap, you're going to get into a lot of trouble.

LESTER: How can I get into a lot of trouble?

PETER: Lester, you always get into trouble.

LESTER: But before I didn't have the power to snap.

PETER: That's just going to make things worse. *(LESTER snaps and PETER freezes.)*

LESTER: *(Taking money from PETER'S shirt pocket.)* Now, let's see, he usually keeps his lunch money in the pocket. Yes, here it is. *(He snaps. PETER unfreezes.)* Are you buying lunch today?

PETER: Yeah, mom gave me money. *(He feels for the money.)* My money? *(LESTER holds up the money.)* You took my money? *(Taking his money back.)*

LESTER: Relax, I gave it back.

PETER: You shouldn't have taken it in the first place.

LESTER: You have to promise that you won't tell anybody about this. I don't want anyone to know that I can snap.

PETER: Who would ever believe me? No one. Because I don't even believe me.

LESTER: Promise me. Promise me! *(He holds up his fingers like he's going to snap PETER.)*

PETER: Okay! Okay! But you have to promise me that you'll keep this . . . snapping under control and that you won't use it on me.

LESTER: Deal. *(SARAH and several people start to enter the hall and go to their locker, cross and exit, etc.)*

EXTRA: Did you finish your homework in biology?

SARAH: Yep. In my locker. *(She pulls out her homework from her locker.)*

PETER: *(Hearing EXTRA.)* Oh, I forget to do my Biology.

LESTER: Me too.

SARAH: It's right here. *(LESTER sees that she has her homework and snaps, everyone freezes. LESTER crosses to SARAH and takes her homework. He returns to where he was and looks over the homework.)*

LESTER: Oh, I almost forget. *(He snaps, everyone unfreezes. SARAH reacts to her homework suddenly missing.)*

SARAH: My homework? It's gone. I just had it in my hand and now it's gone. I must have dropped it. *(To EXTRA.)* You have to help me find it. *(They search the stage.)*

PETER: *(Realizing what LESTER had done.)* I can't believe it. You took her homework.

LESTER: She can do it again.

PETER: Why should she have to do it again? I told you you couldn't keep this under control.

LESTER: Relax! It's only some homework. It's not like it's going to jeopardize national security or something.

PETER: *(With anger.)* How would you like it if someone stole your homework!

LESTER: Man, you are really up tight! Okay, I'll give it back. *(Calling to SARAH.)* Hey, Sarah. I found your biology homework.

SARAH: You did? Thanks. *(LESTER hands it back to SARAH.)* Where did you find it?

LESTER: Ah, on the ground.

SARAH: I must have dropped it. Thanks.

LESTER: *(To PETER.)* Are you happy?

PETER: Yeah. *(TYRONE and BILLY enter.)*

TYRONE: Well, if it isn't the second place winner of the chess tournament and the man who is going to lose three dollars to me.

LESTER: Don't count my winnings before the game is won. And did I say three dollars?

TYRONE: Don't tell me you're going to back out on the bet.

LESTER: No, I thought I bet you fifty dollars.

TYRONE: Oh, do you want to make it fifty dollars?

LESTER: You bet I do.

TYRONE: Then fifty it is.

PETER: Lester, what are you doing?

LESTER: *(Snaps and everyone freezes. He turns to PETER and talks to him and then realizes he's frozen.)* Peter, I . . . I wish I could be more selective with this thing. *(He snaps and everyone unfreezes.)* Peter! Let me handle this. *(To TYRONE.)* It's a bet. *(They shake hands.)*

TYRONE: Even if you memorized that chess book, it isn't going to help you when I checkmate you.

LESTER: We'll just see who checkmates who.

TYRONE: Yes we will. Battle you at lunch! (*TYRONE and BILLY exit.*)

PETER: Lester, you don't plan to use your powers to beat Tyrone, do you?

LESTER: Well, . . .

PETER: (*Shocked.*) That would be cheating!

LESTER: It won't be cheating.

PETER: Then what do you call it?

LESTER: Using oneself to the fullest.

**END OF PREVIEW**