



SCENE 2

VASHTI *is with friends*. PRINCIPAL *is nearby*. ROSH *walks up to VASHTI*.

ROSH: Hey Vashti! Whatcha doin' tonight after prom?

VASHTI: No plans yet. Why?

ROSH: I'm hosting a little after party. You should come. I got a case of Bartles & Jaymes and a copy of "Purple Rain." Things are gonna get *crazy!*

VASHTI: Appreciate the invite, but I'm gonna pass.

ROSH: You can't "pass," you're the main attraction!

VASHTI: (*Icked out*) What does *that* mean?

ROSH: It means that you are a total babe and like half the guys in school have the hots for you. If you show up, they'll show up. Instant party, just add Vashti! (ROSH *puts his arm around VASHTI*)

VASHTI: (*Shrugging off his arm*) First of all, barf me out. Number two, I'm not your arm candy that you like show off in front of your friends. And number three, if you and your friends want to be a bunch of creepers you can do it without me.

ROSH: Geez, take a chill pill. And let's be honest, either you show up or you're done as Prom Queen.

VASHTI: What? The principal already announced it in front of like everyone! I'm the Prom Queen. Deal with it.

ROSH: Dude, I'm *the* most popular guy in school — I can literally do whatever I want. Watch. (*Walks over to PRINCIPAL*) Excuse me, Mr Principal Dude? I have some very disturbing news to report.

PRINCIPAL: Disturbing news?

ROSH: It's about Vashti. She asked me if she could copy my scroll on Modern Zoroastrianism. I told her that plagiarism was a serious crime, but she said that she's so popular I *had* to do what she said.

PRINCIPAL: That's a very serious accusation you're making.

ROSH: Oh I know, sir. I hate to turn her in for cheating, but how could I have her as my Queen knowing that she is such a bad role model?

PRINCIPAL: And you swear you're telling me the whole truth?

ROSH: Of course! Would someone as handsome as me tell a lie? (ROSH *gives a winning smile to the crowd.*)

PRINCIPAL: What a *punim!* (*Turns to VASHTI*) Vashti? Come here please.

VASHTI: (*Walks over*) Yeah?

PRINCIPAL: My buddy Rosh here told me that you asked to copy one of his essays.

VASHTI: Me copy *his* paper?! Rosh is so dumb he's still writing in hieroglyphics. I had to literally invent the concept of "zero" just to describe his personality. He's so gross that when Alexander the Great was conquering the known world, he got to Rosh's house and was like "Nah, I'm good."

PRINCIPAL: I'm sorry, but we can't have our Prom Queen acting as a bad example to the student body. (*Grabs crown off her head*) I'll need this back.

VASHTI: (*To ROSH*) What is your damage? This is so humiliating. My life is over!

PRINCIPAL: Okay, now we gotta tally up the votes again and see who got second place.

MUSIC RESUMES