

MEAN GHOULS

– A Kidstock! Musical Parody Script (2025 Edition)

SYNOPSIS

Welcome to BOO High — a haunted high school where monsters and mortals have always coexisted... just not peacefully. The Cryptics, a misunderstood group of magical misfits, stick to the shadows while the school's social spotlight is dominated by The Glossies, a glitter-obsessed clique of popular human students who've ruled the halls with style, status, and synchronized sparkle.

When Zelda, a mysteriously glowing new student, arrives at BOO High, everything changes. She's confident, kind, and oddly radiant — and she refuses to play by the rules that keep the Cryptics hidden and the Glossies on top. Her popularity rises quickly, confusing the monsters, alarming the humans, and catching the eye of everyone from cheerleaders to janitors. The Glossies lash out by dubbing the Cryptics “Mean Ghouls,” but the real meanness might lie closer to home.

Caught between cliques, compliments, and creepy cafeteria tension, Zelda must decide whether to chase the spotlight or help others shine. As Spirit Week spirals into a glitter-fueled showdown, unlikely friendships form, labels are questioned, and BOO High faces a supernatural shake-up that could either divide the school forever... or transform it.

CHARACTER LISTS & DESCRIPTIONS

GROUP A: THE CRYPTICS (*Parody of Janis, Damian, and Cady's transformation arc from Mean Girls*) A misunderstood, magical group of monster students who have long avoided the spotlight. Their journey parallels the emotional arc of outsider characters who learn to navigate popularity, loyalty, and identity.

- **Zelda** – A glowing new ghoul who defies social expectations; her arc mirrors Cady's rise from outsider to accidental influencer.
- **Luna** – A confident werewolf struggling with leadership; she channels Janis's strong will and protective instincts.
- **Bonesy** – A skeleton jokester who uses humor to hide insecurity, echoing Damian's comic relief and unexpected depth.
- **Frankee** – A science-savvy ghoul who lives by charts and data; the logical planner of the group.
- **Glimmer** – A ghost who feels unseen but yearns for belonging; emotionally reflective and sincere.
- **Hex** – A spell-caster with anxiety who speaks in metaphors; often dramatic and mystical.
- **Scarecrow Joe** – An optimistic, unraveling misfit with heart; always falling apart but holding the group together.

GROUP B: THE GLOSSIES (*Parody of The Plastics from Mean Girls*) A glittering human clique obsessed with popularity, order, and appearances. Their journey reveals how style without substance falters under the light of authentic connection.

- **Blair** – Alpha leader who fears losing power; clearly based on Regina George with a sharp edge and control issues.
- **Cassie** – Loyal second-in-command who mirrors her queen bee; a classic Gretchen figure who lives for validation.
- **Tiff** – Energetic cheer captain with pep to spare; her constant cheerfulness masks her competitive drive.
- **Maddie** – Kind-hearted Glossie with doubts; the group's Karen equivalent, but with a real conscience.
- **Riley** – Rules-oriented follower obsessed with order; her structure is a cover for inner uncertainty.
- **Kimmi** – Social media-obsessed trend watcher; documents everything and panics when she's offline.

GROUP C: FACULTY & STAFF (*Comic Relief – All Monsters*) A collection of eccentric monster educators who constantly misunderstand social power dynamics. Each staff member embodies a traditional horror archetype reimagined as a school faculty member.

- **Principal Boo-gart** – A classic boogeyman turned administrator; well-meaning but overwhelmed by chaos.
- **Coach Grunt** – A Frankenstein-esque gym teacher with a surprising soft side and emotional depth.
- **Ms. Dreadley** – A vampire-inspired fashion teacher whose dramatic flair often overshadows her good advice.
- **Mr. Chalk** – A ghostly math teacher, barely present in both spirit and engagement.
- **Lunch Lady Slime** – A lovable swamp monster who serves mystery stew with heart and occasional advice.
- **Custodian Clomp** – A towering troll janitor whose silence hides deep wisdom and careful observation.
- **Whisper** – A banshee librarian who knows more than she lets on, guiding students in quiet but powerful ways.

SCENE SYNOPSIS WITH LOCATIONS & GOALS

<u>Scene</u>	<u>Group</u>	<u>Location (Stage Area)</u>	<u>Scene Focus / Goal</u>
1	Cryptics	Paranormal Library (SL)	Zelda meets the Cryptics. She is welcomed into their misunderstood world.
2	Glossies	Hallway (CS)	Glossies react to Zelda's presence and label the Cryptics "Mean Ghouls."
3	Staff	Faculty Lounge (SR)	Faculty tries to make sense of Zelda's influence and student dynamics.
4	Cryptics	Hallway (CS)	Cryptics test visibility. Zelda inspires them to step into the public space.
5	Glossies	Paranormal Library (SL)	Glossies sneak into Cryptic space, trying to find out Zelda's "secret."
6	Staff	Hallway (CS)	Faculty observes growing unity but doesn't know how to respond.
7	Cryptics	Faculty Lounge (SR)	Cryptics cross into staff territory, sparking an unexpected realization.
8	Glossies	Hallway (CS)	Maddie and others begin to question the Glossie way.
9	Staff	Faculty Lounge (SR)	Staff decides whether to control the change or support it.
10	Glossies	Hallway (CS)	Glossies plan a collaborative Spirit Week event.
11	Cryptics	Paranormal Library (SL)	Cryptics host an open event. Zelda reflects on her growth.
12	All Groups	BOO High Auditorium (Full Stage)	The Showcase. All groups collide and unite through performance.

MEAN GHOULS – OPENING NUMBER

CHORUS (All)

Mean Ghouls here—too loud, too bright,
Too strange for day, too bold for night.
Not your norm at BOO High's door,
Where being different starts a war.
Let us shine—don't dim our glow,
We won't back down or lay low.
Call us "Mean Ghouls" if you dare,
We've always been proud to glare.
We're the change.
We belong.

Song pauses in tableau as the CRYPTICS introduce themselves and sing their verse

ZELDA: New to BOO High, I glow when I'm stressed—
My name is Zelda, and I'm trying my best.

LUNA: I howl at full moons, I sulk and I pace.
Luna they call me—I don't fit this place.

BONESY: Bonesy's my name—I clatter and grin.
I'm all bones outside, but inside I'm thin skinned.

FRANKEE: I keep to the facts, I graph and I chart.
Frankee the thinker with a logical heart.

GLIMMER: I vanish on purpose, so there's less mess or fuss.
Glimmer they say, but do they see us?

HEX: When nervous, I rhyme—my spells are a blur.
Call me Hex if you dare (or prefer).

SCARECROW JOE: I'm Joe, stitched together with misfit threads,
a patchwork of poems and straw in my head.

VERSE 1 – Cryptics

We're cryptic kids who hide in halls,
We whisper truths and dodge the calls.
We shimmer weird and flicker proud,
We haunt the fringe but dream out loud.

Stage comes to life again with FULL ENSEMBLE singing

CHORUS (All)

Mean Ghouls here—too loud, too bright,
Too strange for day, too bold for night.
Not your norm at BOO High's door,
Where being different starts a war.
Let us shine—don't dim our glow,
We won't back down or lay low.
Call us "Mean Ghouls" if you dare,
We've always been proud to glare.
We're the change.
We belong. We belong!

Song pauses in tableau as the GLOSSIES introduce themselves and sing their verse

BLAIR: I'm Blair, and I lead with a wink and a walk.
Say what you want—I'm still top of the talk.

CASSIE: I mirror the queen, I echo, I shine.
I'm Cassie, alone I don't know what voice is mine.

TIFF: I flip and I cheer, I dazzle the day.
Tiff is my name—get out of my way!

MADDIE: I used to believe all the glossies ran the show.
Now Maddie's not sure what she wants you to know.

RILEY: Every rule, every chart, I have under control.
I'm Riley—I function, I follow, I scroll.

KIMMI: Trends are my truth—I scroll, snap, and tag.
Kimmi's the brand in a glittering bag.

VERSE 2 - Glossies

We Glossies glide in perfect sync,
We lead with gloss, no time to blink.
We rule the scrolls, the trend, the hall-
But something's glowing past us all...

Stage comes to life again with FULL ENSEMBLE singing

CHORUS (All)

Mean Ghouls here—too loud, too bright,
Too strange for day, too bold for night.
Not your norm at BOO High's door,
Where being different starts a war.
Let us shine—don't dim our glow,
We won't back down or lay low.
Call us "Mean Ghouls" if you dare,
We've always been proud to glare.
We're the change.
We belong.

Song pauses in tableau as the STAFF introduce themselves and sing their verse

PRINCIPAL BOO-GART: Principal Boo-gart—I run this whole school.
At least I pretend to, I don't know who I fool.

COACH GRUNT: Grunt's the name—I bark and I blow.
I teach dodgeball...and emotional growth? uh. No.

MS. DREADLEY: Dreadley is fashion with flair, never flat—
I teach "self-expression" and dress like a bat!

MR. CHALK: I'm Chalk, I'm a ghost, and I'm mostly ignored.
I once solved for X and the whole class just snored.

LUNCH LADY SLIME: My stew is a mystery—green, red, or blue.
I'm Lunch Lady Slime, and I'll serve it to you.

CUSTODIAN CLOMP: I mop through the mayhem, I sigh and I sweep.
Clomp is my name—I clean while you sleep.

WHISPER: They call me Whisper—I shelve and I spy.
The library listens, and so do I.

VERSE 3 - Staff

We staff the halls and sort the mess,
We grade, we mop, we second-guess.
But rules are bending out of shape-
There's something here we can't escape.

Stage comes to life again with FULL ENSEMBLE singing

FINAL CHORUS (All)
Mean Ghouls here—too loud, too bright,
Too strange for day, too bold for night.
Not your norm at BOO High's door,
Where being different starts a war.
Let us shine—don't dim our glow,
We won't back down or lay low.
Call us "Mean Ghouls" if you dare,
We've always been proud to glare.
They won't fade. (*Glossies & Staff*)
Bring it on. (*Cryptics*)
We belong! We shine, we glow!
Here we glow! Here we glow! Here we glow!

SOUND FX: SCHOOL BELL RINGS

All characters cross the stage as if the bell has signaled a passing period. They weave past each other—some rush, some glance warily toward center stage—setting up the next scene. The Cryptics head toward their Paranormal Library.

SCENE ONE – THE CRYPTICS

Location: Paranormal Library

The Paranormal Library glows softly with bubbling beakers, magical bookshelves, and a chalkboard that reads "Spirit Week Is Coming... Hide or Shine?" The Cryptics are gathered after the final bell. Zelda stands near the doorway, uncertain but glowing. Luna tapes up a poster. Bonesy sharpens a quill. Frankee checks a clipboard. Glimmer floats behind a stack of books. Hex stirs a potion. Scarecrow Joe

LUNA:

Alright, Cryptics—let's make this Spirit Week a little less invisible.

BONESY:

I brought glitter bones in case anyone needs flair. Fun and festive!

ZELDA:

Is this the Paranormal Library? I'm supposed to report here first—but I might be glowing too hard?

FRANKEE:

Confirmed. And yeah, is that glow a medical condition or just your whole thing?

GLIMMER:

It's brighter than our whole hallway's ever been!

ZELDA:

I didn't mean to stand out—I just transferred from Swamp Valley Charter. It was damp. And judgy.

HEX:

You shimmered through the aura alarm. That's not standard. Or... subtle.

SCARECROW JOE:

If you glowed any harder, we'd have to hand out sunglasses. I got spares in my boot.

LUNA:

I'm Luna. Welcome to the Cryptics. We haunt this wing and sometimes do homework.

BONESY:

Most students pretend we don't exist. We also pretend we don't exist. It's a system.

ZELDA:

So you're the monsters of BOO High?

FRANKEE:

More like the invisible honor roll. We come with automatic social rejection.

GLIMMER:

We prefer quiet. The Glossies prefer volume. In every sense.

ZELDA:

I don't want drama! I just want to belong somewhere that doesn't freak out when I glow.

HEX:

Then be careful! The Glossies trademarked "extra."

SCARECROW JOE:

And trademarked hallway sparkle and selective kindness.

(Luna, Bonesy, Zelda, and Frankee gather around a half-glowing Spirit Week flyer that reads "BOO High: Sparkle With Spirit!")

LUNA:

The Glossies set the rules. We're just trying not to get detention for existing.

BONESY:

We're good at background noise and eye contact evasion.

ZELDA:

Then maybe it's time to rewrite the rulebook.

FRANKEE:

Being seen means being judged. It's cause and effect.

LUNA:

Still... don't you ever wonder what it would feel like to actually matter?

BONESY:

Every day. Then I remember the dress code says "no glowing accessories."

ZELDA:

I don't know what I'm good at yet. But I'm done trying to disappear.

FRANKEE:

That sounds like a hypothesis worth testing. Let's chart it.

(Glimmer, Hex, and Scarecrow Joe exchange glances and shift to the darker side of the room.)

GLIMMER:

She's not so scared of being seen. That's... new.

HEX:

She glowed through the silence like she meant it. How... different?

SCARECROW JOE:

She noticed me—and I wasn't even on fire.

GLIMMER:

People like her usually go Glossie before midterms.

HEX:

Or vanish trying not to.

SCARECROW JOE:

Let's keep an eye on her and maybe... stay hopeful.

GLIMMER:

If she joins them, we fade again. Like always.

HEX:

Maybe she's different. But maybe we just want her to be.

JOE:

I hope she sticks around.

SOUND FX: SCHOOL BELL RINGS

All characters cross the stage as if the bell has signaled a passing period. They weave past each other—some rush, some glance warily toward center stage—setting up the next scene. The library empties as students head toward their next destination.

SCENE TWO – THE GLOSSIES

Location: Hallway Lockers (Center Stage)

Spirit Week flyers flutter like confetti. Blair, Cassie, and Maddie stand in front of glamorized lockers—adjusting glitter, gossiping, and inspecting everything for perfection. There's music playing faintly from someone's rhinestoned phone. The social stakes are sky-high.

BLAIR:

This Spirit Week is my legacy. Glitter must blind. Banners must slay.

CASSIE:

I changed it from Comic Sans to Papyrus—point fourteen, bold, with hearts.

MADDIE:

Wait... people actually care about fonts?

BLAIR:

Only if they want to stay relevant. Which we do.

CASSIE:

We're going for record likes this year. #BOOGirlsUnite and #ShimmerStrike

MADDIE:

What are we uniting for again—extra credit?

(Tiff, Riley, and Kimmi arrive, arms full of sparkle, poster tubes, and energy.)

TIFF: (to Maddie)

To dominate. And dazzle. Obviously.

RILEY:

We have to submit all our forms correctly. Which I laminated.

KIMMI:

Spirit Week is peaking—and I haven't even posted my outfit yet!

BLAIR:

Focus! Our vibe sets the tone. If we unravel, the whole school implodes.

CASSIE:

I brought backup lip gloss. It's the new shade from Unapologetic: it's called Judgement.

MADDIE:

I just keep thinking about that new girl. Zelda, right?

TIFF:

The glowing one? She'll fade. Neon doesn't last.

RILEY:

Unless she's a transfer from one of those elite cryptic academies. That would complicate our rubric.

KIMMI:

She didn't even follow me back. Which is either tragic... or strategic.

(Blair, Cassie, and Maddie close their lockers with synchronized flair and strut off. Tiff, Riley, and Kimmi linger, watching after them with half-curious glances.)

TIFF:

So... do we like her or plot against her? I'm good at both.

RILEY:

We should find more info before trying to cancel her. Logic before sabotage.

KIMMI:

I'll start a background scroll. If she's got sparkle secrets, I'll find them.

TIFF:

I call aesthetic sabotage if she tries to out-glow us. Glitter traps are prepped.

RILEY:

I'll update the seating chart to prepare for any issues.

KIMMI:

This could go viral. I'm drafting a TikTok.

SOUND FX: SCHOOL BELL RINGS

ANNOUNCEMENT

PRINCIPAL BOOGART *"Good morning, Boo High! This is your principal, Mr. Boo-gart, reminding all students that Spirit Week is a time for unity, enthusiasm, and minimal spell damage. Please refrain from glowing without permission in common areas. Also, a big BOO-ravo to the Glossies for their glitter-based banner strategy, but remember, sparkle doesn't substitute for all content. That is all."*

SCENE THREE – THE STAFF

Location: Faculty Lounge (Stage Left)

The faculty lounge is dim, cluttered, and slouched from years of exhaustion. Mismatched chairs circle a scarred table. A bubbling coffee cauldron gurgles. A bat-shaped wall clock ticks erratically. MR. CHALK fades in and out of visibility near the window. LUNCH LADY SLIME stirs a bubbling vat labeled "Spirit Stew." CUSTODIAN CLOMP has a mop. WHISPER quietly rearranges books by aura frequency.

MR. CHALK:

Is it just me or is the lounge gloomier than last year?

LUNCH LADY SLIME:

My chili's glowing again, how very festive! Or radioactive.

CLOMP:

I scraped spectral slime off the ceiling this morning. Again.

WHISPER:

Three silent study requests were denied. The noise is... noisy.

MR. CHALK:

Spirit Week always starts loud and ends with magical malpractice.

LUNCH LADY SLIME:

Last year, someone made my stew float. No one blinked.

CLOMP:

That wasn't stew. You don't wanna know what that was.

WHISPER:

I'm considering a new kind of decimal system to label all the cliques.

(Enter PRINCIPAL BOO-GART, COACH GRUNT, and MS. DREADLEY mid-debate from opposite doorways.)

BOO-GART:

I'm serious; if we don't enforce intergroup collaboration, this Spirit Week will combust.

GRUNT:

Spirit Week needs dodgeball. Dodgeball *fixes* things.

DREADLEY:

It needs spectacle! Capes! Glitter smoke! Performative unity!

BOO-GART:

We don't need glitter. We need rules, structure, sign-in sheets!

GRUNT:

And whistles. Nothing says "unity" like synchronized sprints.

DREADLEY:

Or synchronized sequin scarves.

(The room energy lifts as tensions rise.)

MR. CHALK:

It's gotten worse, now students don't even *look* at each other?

LUNCH LADY SLIME:

They sort their leftovers by clique.

CLOMP:

And their trash. The Glossies toss glitter. The Cryptics toss potion corks.

WHISPER:

No cross-borrowing in the library. Monster books untouched by Glossy fingers.

BOO-GART:

We're supervising factions, not students.

GRUNT:

The dodgeball sign-ups were *species-segregated*.

DREADLEY:

The costume closet is divided by sparkle intensity.

MR. CHALK:

Then maybe the problem isn't the students. Maybe it's *us*.

LUNCH LADY SLIME:

We're at least part of the problem... It's a long menu of problems.

CLOMP:

I say we schedule a mandatory mingling drill.

WHISPER:

Or a silent reading on empathy.

BOO-GART:

We can't wait. If we don't act now... this Spirit Week ends in a divided yearbook committee.

(They all freeze for a moment, considering the horror.)

GRUNT:

Okay. Now I *am* scared.

DREADLEY:

Let's meet again tomorrow. And this time... with a strategy.

SOUND FX: SCHOOL BELL RINGS

Faculty freeze, cups mid-sip. Then scatter with urgency. The lounge empties, whispers lingering.

The full cast is in motion across the stage, weaving through hallway scenes — lockers slamming, books floating, cheer routines, glowing students. Controlled chaos with overlapping movement. They create a flash mob dance with different groups being front and center on their featured verse.

PARA THIS? PARA THAT!

CHORUS (All Groups)

Something's not normal, it's out of control,
Like parachuting through an endless black hole.
It's not what we expected; It's not what we planned
We're drifting through an uncharted land.

Paranormal? Paradox!

Parallel lines that think outside the box!
Parasite rumors and para-attacks—
Para this, para that, and we can't relax!

VERSE 1 – The Cryptics

Everyone else freezes in tableau, lit dimly. The Cryptics move downstage center. They gesture subtly toward Zelda, books, and shadows around the lockers

CRYPTICS:

We're monsters and ghouls with para-style,
We've walked this hallway with fear for a while.
They told us to blend , to shadow, to shrink—
But Zelda appeared and now people think.

We're part of the story, not part of a threat—
And we haven't hit paranormal yet.

CHORUS (All Groups)

The full cast bursts into movement again. Students pass papers, post signs, react to rumors swirling.

ALL:

Something's not normal, it's out of control,
Like parachuting through an endless black hole.
It's not what we expected; It's not what we planned
We're drifting through an uncharted land.

Paranoia! Parity!
Paradigms shifting unexpectedly!
Pairs of people out of their packs
Para this, para that, and we can't relax!

VERSE 2 – The Glossies

The rest of the cast freezes again. Glossies strut forward, tossing hair, scrolling on phones, practicing cheer moves. They sing to each other and gesture toward Zelda's locker.

GLOSSIES:

We organize Spirit Week line by line,
Our parallel rows are perfectly fine.
But now she appears with her para-flair,
And suddenly style is floating midair.

We're fashion and cheer and social precision,
But we are approaching a para-collision.

CHORUS (All Groups)

The full ensemble reanimates with even greater urgency. Hallways are in overload. Movement builds to comedic frenzy.

Something's not normal, it's out of control,
Like parachuting through an endless black hole.
It's not what we expected; It's not what we planned
We're drifting through an uncharted land.

Paranoia! Parity!
Paradigms shifting unexpectedly!
Pairs of people out of their packs
Para this, para that, and we can't relax!

VERSE 3 – The Faculty & Staff

Everyone freezes mid-chaos. Faculty and staff step forward, each holding a clipboard, mop, ladle, or book. They sing while attempting to restore order. Their movements are comedic but tight.

STAFF:

We function in order, in rules, in routines,
We lay down the law and cancel their schemes.
But now we've got chaos, calm, and surprise,
With para-behaviors we don't recognize.

They're polite, productive, and practically sweet—
Which might be a trap that we're doomed to repeat, repeat, repeat, repeat.

BRIDGE (All Groups – Slower, Unified)

The movement slows. Cast members step forward in mixed groups — Cryptics, Glossies, Staff — looking at each other with uncertainty and hope. Lights warm. Tableau breathes in harmony.

ALL:

What if the change we fear is the key?
What if the shift is how we get free?
What if we stop resisting the bend—
And try to see strange as a possible friend?

FINAL CHORUS (All Groups)

Students and faculty move with intention. They exchange books, nods, cheers. Everyone crosses paths with mutual recognition. Lights brighten.

ALL:

Something's not normal, but maybe that's right,
It's para-connected in morning and night.
It's scary and funny and new to unpack—
Para this, para that, and we won't look back!

Paranormal! Para-bold!
Parallel voices breaking the mold!
This school is a para-prism of sparks—
Para this, para that—at this school we light up the dark.

The entire cast freezes mid-motion — confident and united. Lights out.

SOUND FX: SCHOOL BELL RINGS

Everyone resumes their travels to class.

SCENE FOUR – THE CRYPTICS

Location: Hallway (Center Stage)

The hallway flickers dimly under old haunted lights. Zelda and Luna enter from stage left, drawing glowing symbols on the floor with spirit chalk. Bonesy clicks in from stage right with a clipboard of hallway "vibe data." Frankee enters too. Slowly, Glimmer drifts in, arms crossed, followed by Hex with a wand and Scarecrow Joe twirling a hat. They form a loose circle.

ZELDA:

Someone in the lunch line actually smiled at me.

LUNA:

A real smile, or that tight-cheeked Glossy warning grin?

BONESY:

Let's test it—were they smiling with their eyes?

FRANKEE:

I heard someone call our wing "kinda cool now." Data shows that's never happened before.

ZELDA:

I didn't mean to start anything—I just stopped shrinking.

LUNA:

Well, the moment you stood tall, they started looking.

BONESY:

So maybe the trick isn't hiding... it's haunting with pride!

FRANKEE:

Careful. Visibility changes variables. And outcomes.

(Glimmer appears near the lockers, arms folded. Hex flips open a glowing journal. Joe slouches against the wall.)

GLIMMER:

Someone said I looked “sparkly mysterious.” I’m so flattered!.

HEX:

They asked what my wand was for- and they actually seemed curious about it!

SCARECROW JOE:

My stitches are tightening, but the hallway feels... loose. In a good way.

ZELDA:

Exactly! Fading and being invisible is so tiring.

LUNA:

But now they’re seeing us. Really seeing us.

BONESY:

Should we lean into it? Or slow it down?

FRANKEE:

I think we stay steady. Let them adjust.

GLIMMER:

We used to vanish to survive. Now we glow without anyone’s permission.

HEX:

I thought by blending into the shadows I’d be safer. Now, I don’t know.

SCARECROW JOE:

The full moon just shows up. It doesn’t need the sun’s approval.

ZELDA:

We can’t script how they see us—but we choose how we stand.

LUNA:

Then let’s stand with pride.

BONESY:

And sound. Rattles and all.

FRANKEE:

And mystery. With a margin for error.

(Zelda moves downstage, staring out as if seeing the hallway anew. Glimmer, Hex, and Joe gather near a flickering locker cluster.)

GLIMMER:

I want to belong but I still get so scared being seen.

HEX:

I flicker more the closer they get. But I don’t want to vanish.

SCARECROW JOE:

You don't have to. We're gonna be okay.

GLIMMER:

But they still don't get us.

HEX:

Then let them wonder. Not all glow is for them.

SCARECROW JOE:

Maybe being a mystery is okay. It's not an excuse to judge us.

SOUND FX: SCHOOL BELL RINGS

ANNOUNCEMENT:

COACH GRUNT: "ATTENTION! Coach Grunt here with a Spirit Week Dodgeball Update. This year's theme is 'Dodge Bullying, Catch Balls.' Also: if you see Cryptics in the gym... be cool. They *might* be starting a dodgeball poetry club. Or they *might* be making a poetry wall. Either way, let's play fair and scream responsibly!"

Hallway activity moves character groups to their next scene location.

SCENE 5 – THE GLOSSIES

Location: Paranormal Library (Stage Right)

Rows of ghost-lit shelves hum with magical energy. The space glows strangely cozy. Blair, Cassie, and Maddie tiptoe into the Cryptics' hidden library, each holding a phone or compact mirror. They pause to stare at glowing posters and jars of swirling light.

BLAIR:

Why does their *library* look more curated than our locker wall?

CASSIE:

They have potion labels with fonts I haven't even seen before.

MADDIE:

And crystals. Literal glowing crystals. It's like a haunted Pinterest.

BLAIR:

Zelda just *exists* and suddenly spooky is trending.

CASSIE:

She stared at the trophy case like she was judging *us*.

MADDIE:

She told me I had "quiet power." I accidentally said thank you.

They round a shelf. Tiff, Riley, and Kimmi enter from the opposite side, snapping pictures.

TIFF:

Confirmed: The glow in here is messing with my saturation settings.

RILEY:

There's no signage! No schedule! It's anarchy... but like, pretty.

KIMMI:

I tried to geo-tag it. The app crashed. That means it's legit.

BLAIR:

They don't even sparkle. They just have, like, totally spooky auras.

CASSIE:

Do you think they cast a charm on the hallway's aesthetic?

MADDIE:

I got more likes from standing *near* Zelda than I did in full gloss glam.

TIFF:

Our pyramid poses are being out-charmed by crooked posters!

RILEY:

The Spirit Week seating chart is unofficially scrambled.

KIMMI:

Zelda glows in photos without filters. I checked.

The group gathers near a glowing bulletin board. Blair lowers her voice.

BLAIR:

Okay, let's regroup. We own the vibe. This is a fluke. We need to stay in formation.

CASSIE:

But what if we're not setting the standard anymore?

MADDIE:

What if we've just been louder, not better?

TIFF:

We could remix our look. Borrow a little mystery.

RILEY:

No. We need to still be our own thing. Imitation is so... ew.

KIMMI:

Or we *collaborate*—cross-aesthetic appeal.

Blair takes a beat, clearly rattled, then straightens her blazer.

BLAIR:

No one dethrones sparkle with fog. If being weird is winning we have to reinvent.

CASSIE:

Together?

MADDIE:

Carefully.

BLAIR:

Carefully and smart...ly.

TIFF:

And maybe with one glitter smoke machine.

RILEY:

We'll add that after a risk assessment.

KIMMI:

And a poll.

SOUND FX: SCHOOL BELL RINGS

The hallway is between passing periods—eerily calm. Staff members emerge from side doors and corners, as if summoned to an unspoken meeting. Their expressions range from concerned to baffled. The “Boo High Spirit Week” banner overhead has been tampered with—half sparkling, half glowing eerily.

SCENE 6 – FACULTY & STAFF

Location: Hallway (Center Stage)

The hallway is suspiciously clean and calm. Bulletin boards are straight. Lockers sparkle. The staff enter from various corners, all reacting to the unusual order.

MR. CHALK:

I caught students organizing a glow-in-the-dark algebra study group. On purpose.

LUNCH LADY SLIME:

Someone left me a hand-drawn menu, complete with shading and a Papyrus font.

CUSTODIAN CLOMP:

Hallway gum levels are at an all-time low. I'm bored.

WHISPER THE LIBRARIAN:

They're returning books on time. And shushing themselves.

PRINCIPAL BOO-GART:

This level of harmony is suspicious. It's calm... too calm.

COACH GRUNT:

Cryptics fist-bumped me after dodgeball. Twice.

MS. DREADLEY:

A Glossy asked if “individual expression” could be extra credit. I nearly fainted.

MR. CHALK:

Logic puzzles are replacing pranks. The line graffiti has been replaced by line graphs.

LUNCH LADY SLIME:

Even the slop station has been alphabetized. Algae to Zarzuela.

CUSTODIAN CLOMP:

They cleaned around the lockers. I usually need to do that with a flamethrower.

WHISPER THE LIBRARIAN:

Someone muttered “thank you” to me. I nearly evaporated.

PRINCIPAL BOO-GART:

No one has knocked over a single trophy in three days. That’s a record.

COACH GRUNT:

Zelda helped refold the gym towels. Color-coded. Creepy.

MS. DREADLEY:

Someone left mood crystals in the drama office. I feel seen.

The staff naturally divide into two smaller clusters. First Mr. Chalk, Lunch Lady Slime, Custodian Clomp, and Whisper huddle by the trophy case.

MR. CHALK:

Order is supposed to rise from chaos—not the other way around.

LUNCH LADY SLIME:

Is kindness a rebellion now? Are we being overthrown with manners?

CUSTODIAN CLOMP:

We’re supposed to manage mess, not neatness.

WHISPER:

I miss when “thank you” came with a hiss.

MR. CHALK:

This glow-up is statistically unlikely.

LUNCH LADY SLIME:

It’s not stew anymore—it’s... soup. I never agreed to soup.

CUSTODIAN CLOMP:

If I find one more sparkle-sticker in the janitor closet, I'll... smile? I haven't smiled in years.

WHISPER:

The silence has gone soft. It used to hum with secrets.

Meanwhile, Principal Boo-gart, Coach Grunt, and Ms. Dreadley form a second huddle center stage beneath the altered banner.

PRINCIPAL BOO-GART:

This can't be a coincidence. It's a mood realignment.

COACH GRUNT:

Spirit Week is usually warpaint and whistle-blowing. This is peaceful.

MS. DREADLEY:

It's like the students found their voices and we lost the plot.

PRINCIPAL BOO-GART:

What do we do? Double down on discipline?

COACH GRUNT:

I can try a trust circle. But I won't enjoy it.

SOUND FX: SCHOOL BELL RINGS

ANNOUNCEMENT

MRS DREADLEY: "Hark! This is Ms. Dreadley from the Costume Department—uh, I mean Faculty Lounge. Spirit Week has entered its experimental expression phase. Students are now permitted—nay, encouraged—to wear capes, crowns, and boots that speak confidence. If you hear laughter in the hallway, all is well. No pranks, just progress!"

"If We Could Just Be"

Full Cast in Unison

VERSE 1 (Reflective, Imagined World)

If we could just be without feeling strange,
If no one was watching, if no one would change.
If steps down the hallway were steady and light,
If no one was wrong and no one was right.

VERSE 2 (Wishing the Conflict Away)

If shimmer was normal and silence was kind,
If rules didn't force us to leave parts behind.
If faces weren't labeled or sorted by zone,
If different felt welcome instead of alone.

CHORUS (Dreamy, Emotional)

If we could just be—without the disguise,
If no one had secrets or shields in their eyes.
If we could just walk without hiding our glow,
If we could belong without having to show.
If we could just be... and be seen that way,
Then maybe this school would be brighter each day.

VERSE 3 (What Could Have Been)

If monsters and mortals had always shared space,
If kindness had always been part of the race.
If lunchrooms were louder with laughter than fear,
If no one had whispered when someone drew near.

CHORUS (Final – Longing and Hopeful)

If we could just be—without playing parts,
If rules didn't try to divide all our hearts.
If glow didn't threaten and strength didn't scare,
If style didn't matter and voices were fair.
If we could just be... what we are inside,
Then maybe we'd stop feeling like we have to hide.

CODA (Soft Echo)

If we could just be...
If we could just be...
If we could just be... together.

SOUND FX: SCHOOL BELL RINGS

SCENE 7 – THE CRYPTICS

Location: Faculty Lounge (Stage Left)

The lounge is dimly lit. The coffee pot bubbles in the background. Staff schedules line the wall. The Cryptics enter cautiously, out of place but determined. A glowing cauldron centerpiece flickers slightly as they circle up.

ZELDA:

We've been watched from a distance. Now we step into the spotlight.

LUNA:

This is their turf. We shouldn't linger.

BONESY:

I brought a peace offering. It's labeled "Not a Prank."

FRANKEE:

The sign-in sheet doesn't even have a spot for "other."

GLIMMER:

They'll think we're intruding!

HEX:

If a spell could fix fear, I'd cast it now.

SCARECROW JOE:

We're not intruding. We're... inviting ourselves in politely?

ZELDA:

If we want change, we have to move first.

LUNA:

This place has rules written in coffee stains.

BONESY:

I bet nobody's ever hosted a cauldron chat in here.

FRANKEE:

We could offer a schedule share—logic meets lore.

GLIMMER:

They stare like we're made of fog. Maybe we are.

HEX:

Let's go for now.

SCARECROW JOE:

Even crows have got to land to find their flock.

SOUND FX: SCHOOL BELL RINGS

The Cryptics scatter just as footsteps approach from offstage. They vanish like rumors, leaving behind only a slightly glowing chair.

SCENE 8 – THE GLOSSIES

Location: Hallway (Center Stage)

The hallway is unusually quiet. Glossy posters hang slightly crooked, their sparkle fading. Blair stands near the Spirit Week scoreboard, arms folded. Cassie and Maddie linger at the lockers. Tiff, Riley, and Kimmi arrive slowly, not strutting—just walking.

CASSIE:

I passed the Cryptics' wing. Someone smiled at me... and I smiled back.

MADDIE:

Zelda helped a kid who dropped their books. No cameras, no audience, just niceness. Ew.

TIFF:

She gave me a thumbs-up after cheer warmups. I didn't know what to do with it.

RILEY:

Her side of the hallway has a color-coded schedule. It's scary efficient.

KIMMI:

She's trending in "cool without trying." I checked three different apps.

BLAIR:

And none of it involved glitter, sequins, or even a ring light.

CASSIE:

We've never felt this unsure of our shine.

MADDIE:

Maybe that's because for once, the glow is real.

TIFF:

We used to lead the sparkle. Now we're chasing it like lost confetti.

RILEY:

I logged our Spirit Week points. We're behind. Like... way behind.

KIMMI:

Even the freshmen voted "cryptic cool" on my poll. The freshmen.

BLAIR:

Then maybe it's time to lead with more than looks. Maybe we glow louder when we glow together.

SOUND FX: SCHOOL BELL RINGS

ANNOUNCEMENT

LUNCH LADY SLIME: "This is Lunch Lady Slime broadcasting from the cauld—uh, cafeteria. Today's menu includes Be You Stew, with a side of Self-Discovery. I repeat: Be You Stew. Also, if a Glossy offers you a compliment with no strings attached, say thank you. But duck. Just in case. Spirit Week is getting weird, but like... heartwarming weird."

The group slowly disperses, no flashy exits. They tuck their glitter into pockets instead of flaunting it. Lights fade as the focus shifts to Stage Right for the next scene.

SCENE 9 – THE STAFF

Location: Faculty Lounge (Stage Left)

The lounge is quieter now, scattered with half-finished coffee mugs and lingering post-it notes. A “Glow Patrol” sign has been cheekily altered with marker to read “Growth Patrol.” The staff gathers in a loose circle, some seated, some standing, all holding a scrap of paper, a clipboard, or a student’s thank-you card. There is a pause—thoughtful, not tense.

PRINCIPAL BOO-GART:

This isn’t the school I used to run.

COACH GRUNT:

But it might be the one we always needed.

MS. DREADLEY:

Fashion’s shifting faster than my syllabus, and I’m here for it.

MR. CHALK:

Frankee asked me to co-lead a logic club. I’m honored.

LUNCH LADY SLIME:

Students returned trays with thank-you notes. I laminated them.

CUSTODIAN CLOMP:

They fixed the mop closet. Labeled the shelves. Who even does that?

WHISPER:

They whispered “thank you.” And there wasn’t any sarcasm.

PRINCIPAL BOO-GART:

So do we follow their lead, or find our place beside it?

COACH GRUNT:

I say we coach from the sidelines, not bark from above.

MS. DREADLEY:

I could make a new unit on identity. Ooo, they could use glow sticks, rhinestones, or both!

MR. CHALK:

They started to rewrite the rules. It’s our job to help make edits along the way.

LUNCH LADY SLIME:

And with a side of patience, we could all make a mean main course. But, like.. Tasty mean.

CUSTODIAN CLOMP:

I taught someone to change a lightbulb! It was the highlight of my day.

WHISPER:

We can write a new system of kindness together.

PRINCIPAL BOO-GART:

Then let’s show them what unity looks like: faculty style, no glitter required.

THIS IS HOW WE GLOW part 1

Faculty & Staff Version

CHORUS

Something seems useful, something seems clear,
Maybe we guide them instead of just steer.
No more control from a dusty old show—
This is how we glow, this is how we glow!

VERSE

We'll open the doors and unlock side halls,
We'll chaperone dances and repaint the walls.
We'll let them combine all their sparkle and sass,
We'll sweep up the glitter and still let it pass.

CHORUS (Reprise)

Something seems useful, something seems clear,
Maybe we guide them instead of just steer.
If students are glowing and kindness can grow—
This is how we glow, this is how we glow!

SCENE 10 – THE GLOSSIES

Location: Hallway (Center Stage)

The hallway is buzzing with half-finished decorations. Spirit Week flyers crisscross, glitter trails glint underfoot. The Scare Leaders stand around the Spirit Week planning board, their usual sparkle dimmed—less polished, more thoughtful. A glitter pen rolls slowly across the floor.

BLAIR:

I penciled in a collaboration zone for tomorrow.

CASSIE:

Wait—collaboration with the Cryptics?

MADDIE:

It could be our boldest look yet.

BLAIR:

Zelda smiled at me. Like... she meant it.

CASSIE:

Maybe kindness is our new brand.

MADDIE:

Even if it clashes with glitter.

TIFF:

I rewrote our cheer—now it rhymes with empathy.

RILEY:

I posted the Spirit Week invite to every hallway. Even the basement.

KIMMI:

The library got a sparkle balloon. I tied it to the “Quiet Zone” sign.

TIFF:

People didn’t roll their eyes this time.

RILEY:

They asked how to join.

KIMMI:

Someone called us “unexpectedly inspiring.” Unexpectedly?! Uhm. Hello?

BLAIR:

Focus on the “inspiring”! The old gloss would be bitter. The new gloss just glimmers!

CASSIE:

Totally! We can make space, not just statements.

MADDIE:

Let’s sparkle where it matters.

BLAIR:

Let’s shine in a way that reflects everyone.

This Is How We Glow part 2

Glossies Version

CHORUS

Something feels fresher, something feels right,
We’re leading with kindness, not just with light.
We’re making it cool to mix status and show—
This is how we glow, this is how we glow!

VERSE

We’ll open our space, we’ll share the stage,
We’ll welcome the spooky, the shy, and the strange.
We’ll remix our cheers with shimmer and sass,
And prove that true style has room for each class.

CHORUS (Final)

Something feels fresher, something feels right,

We're leading with kindness, not just with light
If sparkle can spread and the good vibes can grow—
This is how we glow, this is how we glow!

ANNOUNCEMENT

CLOMP THE CUSTODIAN: *"Students... the hallway is glowing! The messes have cleared. The stench is pleasant! I've started organizing a decoration shelf according to colors, textures, and scents. If you'd like to help make this Spirit Week more spirited, let me know! And remember: only you can prevent hallway fires."*

SCENE 11 – THE CRYPTICS

Location: Paranormal Library (Stage Right)

The library glows with transformation—string lights, floating banners, shimmering lockers, and welcoming signs that read "YOU BELONG HERE." The space feels less hidden and more chosen. Zelda adjusts a glowing corner of a bulletin board while the others gather, grounded but proud.

ZELDA:

I never thought visibility could feel this good.

LUNA:

It feels like... like we're home.

BONESY:

We have a guest book and a candy jar. Now that's hospitality!

FRANKEE:

Someone asked me if potions and physics can co-exist; and let me tell you I scuh-REAMED.

GLIMMER:

I floated down the hall and didn't get one weird look.

HEX:

No one even blinked at the shimmer. Not even the spiders.

SCARECROW JOE:

I told a joke and they laughed! I didn't have to explain it!

ZELDA:

Remember when you were just rumors? Now we're real!

LUNA:

And the glow? It's not just yours now—it's ours.

BONESY:

A Glossie was reading our poetry wall. Out loud. With feeling.

FRANKEE:

Turns out we're not "too much." We're just enough for the right crowd.

GLIMMER:

And when I smile, people see me and it feels good!

HEX:

A teacher even said he admired my confidence.

SCARECROW JOE:

This isn't a glitch. It's a new spell we wrote together—with kindness.

ZELDA:

Then let's make it official.

(She presses the final charm into place on the glowing "YOU BELONG HERE" sign.)

ZELDA (cont'd):

And stamp it with our glow.

This Is How We Glow part 3

Cryptics Version

CHORUS

Something feels different, something feels new,
We're glowing with pride and not hiding our hue.
We opened the wing and let everyone know—
This is how we glow, this is how we glow!

VERSE

We'll wave in the halls, we'll laugh in the light,
We'll welcome the stares instead of the fright.
We'll share all our charms and weirdness with pride,
We'll stand in the spotlight, not run and hide.

CHORUS (Final)

Something feels different, something feels right,
We're walking in truth and not dimming our light.
We started as shadows and now we all show—
This is how we glow, this is how we glow!
Watch us glow!

SCENE 12 – THE RESOLUTION

Location: Center Stage

The Cryptics are already onstage as the scene opens.

ZELDA:

I'm nervous. This much glow can burn.

LUNA:

This much glow can also light the way.

BONESY:

The hallway's never looked more alive.

FRANKEE:

It's terrifying... but good terrifying.

GLIMMER:

I can feel the shimmer in the air.

HEX:

Everyone's headed here. Even the Glossies.

SCARECROW JOE:

Then it's time to find out if we're really united.

The Glossies enter and split into small clusters, approaching the Cryptics.

BLAIR:

This started as Spirit Week... it became something else.

CASSIE:

It became real.

MADDIE:

And kind.

ZELDA:

We didn't mean to steal sparkle.

LUNA:

We meant to find ours.

BONESY:

It turns out we can share.

MADDIE:

Without losing shine.

BONESY:

Without losing self.

CASSIE:

You don't scare me anymore.

LUNA:

We never meant to.

ZELDA:

But we're ready to glow... together.

BLAIR:

Then let's do it.

FRANKEE:

So, no more competing.

GLIMMER:

No more feeling small.

HEX:

No more sparkle wars.

TIFF:

The only glitter will be for glamour.

RILEY:

And the cheer team will cheer for everyone.

KIMMI:

Whether they float.

FRANKEE:

Or they shimmer.

TIFF:

Or even if they don't.

GLIMMER:

Especially if they don't.

RILEY:

Being different is the new glow.

HEX:

Glow is the new normal.

KIMMI:

And the new normal is sooo fetch!

The Staff enters and listens as students converse.

PRINCIPAL BOO-GART:

I can't believe they did this on their own!

MRS. DREADLEY:

Without detention slips.

ZELDA:

And without glow-ting (gloating).

MRS. DREADLEY:

It's the best kind of order—chosen order.

BLAIR:

We chose to give up control, and just like... let it glow.

PRINCIPAL BOO-GART:

Then so will we.

COACH GRUNT:

I call this a win.

SCARECROW JOE:

I call it a sweep.

COACH GRUNT:

With unexpected MVPs.

SCARECROW JOE:

And everyone on the scoreboard.

MR. CHALK:

And broken statistical records all around!

LUNCH LADY SLIME:

With glitter that glows.

CUSTODIAN CLOMP:

And kindness that shows.

WHISPER THE LIBRARIAN:

And this new chapter could be called something like-

ALL CRYPTICS:

We belong here.

ZELDA:

We're not fading ever again.

BLAIR:

We're not gatekeeping glow, we'll share it.

ALL GLOSSIES:

Together, we all shine.

ALL STAFF:

Is it safe to say this is a success?

PRINCIPAL BOO-GART:

Then let's light the way. One final time.

ANNOUNCEMENT

PRINCIPAL BOO-GART (over the PA system, school-wide):

Attention, BOO High. This is your principal—yes, the one who used to fear glitter. This Spirit Week began with division. Monsters hid. Humans judged. Staff sighed. But something unexpected happened. You listened. You laughed. You led—together. So from this day forward, BOO High will not be separated by wings, wardrobes, or weirdness. We glow as one. Now, report to the auditorium—not for detention, but for celebration. This is not just how we sparkle... This is how we glow.

IT'S TIME TO GLOW UP – THE FINALE

Performed by All Characters – Full Cast

CHORUS (All): It's time to glow up, time to rise,
We shine with truth, no more disguise.
It wasn't perfect, but we showed—
That real connection makes us glow.

It's time to glow up, time to share,
We built a stage from hallway care.
We took a mess and made it art—
Now different beats one glowing heart.

VERSE 1 – Cryptics: We thought we had to fade from view,
To shrink our shine, to hide what's true.
But when we stepped into the light,
We found our weird was also right.

VERSE 2 – Scare Leaders: We used to guard the golden frame,
Define what glowed, protect the name.
Now shine belongs to all who try—
And sparkle shares instead of hides.

VERSE 3 – Faculty & Staff: We drew the lines, then watched them blur,
We listened, learned, and did confer.
We thought control would keep things smooth—
But students glowing sparked the truth.

BRIDGE – Alternating Lines:

ZELDA: I thought I had to glow alone.
BLAIR: I thought this glitter zone was mine.
BOO-GART: I thought the rules would stand like stone.
LUNA: But sharing glow redrew the line.
RILEY: I followed order, kept things tight.
MADDIE: I learned that different can unite.
CLOMP: I used to clean up joy and glee—
ALL: But now we glow collectively!

FINAL CHORUS (All – Big Finish): It's time to glow up, time to rise,
With haunted hearts and hopeful eyes.
We didn't match, we made our way—
And built a show from disarray.

It's time to glow up, time to shine,
The school, the hall, this heart of mine.
It's not perfect, but it's true—
Gloss or ghoul, there's room for YOU!

Cast gathers into a final yearbook pose and a flash goes off freezing them in tableau.

Lights fade to black

SCHOOL BELL

The End