

“RAD!”

RACE AGAINST DRUGS

Script and Music
by,



Bette Dale Moore
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DESCRIPTION: A musical drama ideal for upper elementary students. Drama, song and dance is combined to present a strong message about the dangers of using drugs.

PERFORMANCE TIME: 1 hour 5 minutes

SYNOPSIS: A group of elementary students have joined together to put on a musical aimed at keeping kids away from drugs. One of their friends is late for rehearsal. When she finally does show up, they find that she has been hanging around with some kids experimenting with drugs.

PERFORMANCE NOTES: The show is written for 14 actors, with the possibility of many additional parts for solos and one-liner speaking parts. Actors should also be eligible to try out for solos or special dance parts, although their characters do not necessarily need to do it all!

The use of a choreographer for this show is highly recommended. Not only does it take the pressure off of the musical director to “do it all themselves,” involving another adult or older student in the production to take over the dances can bring the performance up to a higher level. I started using a choreographer several years ago, and I can’t begin to tell you how much easier ... and more professional it makes the show!

The size of the supporting Choir may be large or small. It works well with either, as long as the singers are enthusiastic and dramatically involved in the telling of the story. (I usually have a 130 voice choir, although, one year we combined RAD Choirs from three different schools and had a massive 750 voice choir! Now, that was fun!!) I would suggest using upper elementary students, preferably 5th and 6th grade age, as the show is quite demanding.

RAD is a wonderful tool for teaching vocal, drama and dance performance skills to elementary age students. However, its impact goes far beyond the artistic realm. The discipline and teamwork required to complete a major production like RAD is a valuable life skill for kids to acquire. Plus, the show’s strong, moral message stays with kids long after they’ve left elementary school. When used in conjunction with D.A.R.E. or other drug awareness programs, its impact is even greater. Bottom line: RAD is aimed at equipping

kids to be as safe as possible, develop their talents, and to have a lot of fun in the process!
What more could you ask from an elementary music program?!!

RAD PLEDGE:

I pledge to always say, “No!” to the abuse of tobacco, alcohol, and illegal drugs.
No matter what others may say or do, I choose to run the Good Race ... the
Race Against Drugs!!

RAD RULES FOR SUCCESS

RULE #1: You don’t have to use drugs to feel good - Get your highs the natural way.

RULE #2: Keep your Genes safe - Be all that you can be.

RULE #3: Say “NO!” to Negative peer pressure - Stand up for what is right.

RULE #4: Set some goals - Make a plan for the future.

CAST:

PRINCIPALS

JENNY:	Serious but fun-loving; strong-willed and out-spoken.
STEPHEN or STEPHANIE:	One of Michael’s sidekicks; full of energy and easily distracted
TOMMY or TONYA:	One of Michael’s sidekicks; full of energy and easily distracted
SARA:	Sweet girl with a big voice. Sensitive and caring.
MICHAEL:	Boy with a great imagination and fun sense of humor
RENEE or RICHARD:	A good kid who is confused

GANG MEMBERS:

JAMIE:	Renee’s best friend - tough guy or girl with a bad attitude. Gang recruit.
ERIN or AARON:	A tough kid with a bad attitude. Gang member.
TONI or TONY:	A tough kid with a bad attitude. A gang member – boy or girl.

REPORT KIDS:

AMY: 'Valley Girl,' speaks very fast! "Get off the couch, and on with your life!"
JOHN: 'Surfer Dude;' speaks very slow. "Get off the couch, and on with your life!"

NATHAN: A small boy with a sore back. "Don't give in to Peer Pressure!"
RACHEL: A tall girl; good heart, but a little rough. "Don't give in to Peer Pressure!"

ALBERT and AGNES: Exaggerated "Nerds." Respect your body and your genes!

CHOIR:

Students who sing, dance and act out the message of RAD!

* * * * *

*JUST SAY NO" – SHORT INTRO*¹

(As music begins, CHOIR moves to riser positions, talking and laughing. Ad lib dialogue: "Hey - how are you? I'm fine. Whatcha been doin'? Oh, you know ...")

(JENNY walks C.S. to microphone, peers into Audience. Music fades as JENNY begins. CHOIR freezes in animated poses.)

JENNY(*calls*): Michael? Michael??! Are you out there? Michael! Come on, this is not funny. Where are you?

STEPHEN (*enters S.L.*): Hey, Jenny. Have you seen Michael anywhere?

JENNY: No. I was just looking for him myself. He's supposed to be in charge of the Opening Act and ... (it's time to begin)

STEPHEN (*interrupts*): Yeah; I know ... he told me. Hey, well, when you see him, tell him I think it's awesome!!

(STEPHEN abruptly whirls and runs off S.L.)

JENNY (*calls after him*): Wait! What's 'awesome?' Stephen??

(TOMMY excitedly enters S.R.)

TOMMY: Hi, Jenny! Hey, when you see Michael, tell him he's like, a ... uh, like ...he's a genius. The crowd's gonna love it! Bye.

(TOMMY races off S.L.)

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JENNY: Hold on a minute. Tommy? *(calls after him)* The crowd's gonna love what? Tommy!!

(SARA runs in S.R.)

SARA *(excited)*: Hi, Jenny! Have you seen ...???

JENNY *(interrupts, exasperated)*: No, I **haven't** seen Michael; but I wish I had! It's past time to begin and he's in charge of ...

SARA *(interrupting)*: I know; I know! Trust me ... you're gonna love it!! Bye!

(SARA runs off S.R.)

JENNY: Sara, wait! *(calling after her)* I'm gonna love what? Sara? What's everybody talking about? Would somebody please tell me what's going on?

TOMMY/ STEPHEN/ MICHAEL *(shout)*: **Hey you guys!!!!**

CHOIR *(thaws – coming to life!)*: What?!

TOMMY / STEPHEN/ MICHAEL: It's time for RAD!!!

CHOIR: *(cheers wildly)*

CD #12 SFX BEGINS (Bump it way up!)
RACE CAR NOISES



(MICHAEL enters S.L. wearing a dashing sort of scarf and driving a little kiddie car – pushed by STEPHEN and TOMMY. Choir dodges and sways as MICHAEL comes to a screeching halt in front of C.S. Sfx concludes.)

RACE CAR NOISE STOPS

MICHAEL: And _____ once again, the Miraculous Mighty Michael wins the RAD Race Against Drugs ... and the crowd goes wild!!!

(CHOIR cheers, whistles, waves arms. MICHAEL struts and acknowledges applause; then he joins TOMMY and STEPHEN in synchronized muscle poses.)

(SARA walks briskly to microphone S.R. and shouts)



SOUND High reverb, echo effect on Sara's mic

SARA: **QUIET!!!!**

CHOIR: Jhoom! (CHOIR jerks towards SARA and freezes with shocked expressions)

MICHAEL (*amazed*): Whoa. (*looking at choir*) How'd you do that?

SARA: Never underestimate the power of a woman. (*bats eyes, smiles sweetly*)

CHOIR/ CAST (*thawing*): Oh; we don't! We don't!

MICHAEL (*melodramatically*): Sara, will you marry me? (*falls down on one knee*)

SARA (*melodramatically*): Of course I will, Michael.

STEPHEN/ TOMMY (*together*): Aaagggghhh!!!! Another cowboy² bites the dust!

CHOIR: Jhoom! (CHOIR drops to bent-over, arms hanging in front position)

STEPHEN: Tell me when it's over!! (*covers eyes, strikes pose*)

TOMMY: I can't bear to look!! (*covers ears, strikes pose*)

SARA (*melodramatically*): I'll marry you, Michael ...

STEPHEN/ TOMMY (*together*): Aaagggghhh!!!!

(*They switch hand positions on the beat: STEPHEN covers her ears; TOMMY covers her eyes.*)

SARA: I'll marry you ... right after you get a life!

CHOIR (*make umpire "safe" hands*): He-eeeeeeeeeeeeee's safe!!!

STEPHEN/ TOMMY (*together*): What a relief!!!!

(JENNY has been upstage this interchange, totally amused)

JENNY (*laughing, moves C.S.*): So, Michael ... is this your 'Awesome Opening Act' that everybody's been talking about: a Kiddie car race and a doomed marriage proposal?

MICHAEL (*scornfully*): Noooo. That was just the grand entrance. You ain't seen nothin' yet, Baby!

JENNY (*laughing*): Boy, you got that right!!

MICHAEL: Hey ... cut me a little slack here, will ya? (*fake accent*) An artiste ... (*kisses finger tips and flicks them towards audience*) ... can't be rushed!

² Use 'cowgirl' bites the dust' if Stephen and Tommy are Stephanie and Tonya.

SARA (*sweetly*): Michael ...?

MICHAEL (*hopefully*): Yes, Sara?

SARA (*hollers*): **Move it!!**

(MICHAEL *jumps back – into STEPHEN or TOMMY’S arms – Scooby Doo style.*)³

MICHAEL (*meekly*): Yes, dear. (*beat, to CHOIR*) Drum roll, please.

(*Snare drummer begins roll as CHOIR beats on legs in fast rhythm. TOMMY dumps MICHAEL onto his feet!*)

STEPHEN: Is everybody ready?

CHOIR (*cheers*): YES!!!

CAST (*put hands together in center*): On your mark ...

CHOIR: ... get set ...

ALL: One, two, three, four ... GO-O-O-O-O !!!

CD #13 MUSIC BEGINS
"RACE AGAINST DRUGS"⁴
(Vocal Demo #1)



CHOIR (*chant, hands over hearts*): I pledge to always say, “No!” to the abuse of tobacco, alcohol, and illegal drugs. No matter what others may say or do, I choose to run the Good Race ... the Race Against Drugs!!

(*Flag Dancers run onstage and take positions*)

CHORUS:

We’ve got the pow’r to stand and be strong;

We’ve got the pow’r to choose right over wrong.

We’ve got the pow’r to take a stand!

You see, we’ve got the pow’r, to be free! Oh yeah; to be free! (*To CODA after 2nd verse*)

RAP:

Give it to me; give it to me; give it to me now!

Oo, hoo, ha! We’ve got the power here; we’ve got the power now

To join the Race Against Drugs; the Race Against Drugs.

We’re gonna start it right here; we’re gonna start it right now!

³ If using girls, Stephanie jumps into Tonya’s arms, or vice versa.

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SONG CONTINUES AND CONCLUDES

(SARA, JENNY, STEPHEN, TOMMY, *and* MICHAEL *return to Microphones*)

JENNY: Boy, Michael! I gotta hand it to you ... that was **awesome!!**

MICHAEL: Thanks!

STEPHEN: You should have seen it last night, Jenny. It was even better.

TOMMY: Yeah! Renee did this spectacular back flip thingee and came down right on Albert's shoulders.

JENNY: Renee? Landed on Albert? You're kidding?!

SARA: No; she really did!

JENNY: Boy, I wish I could have seen that!

(CHOIR *ad libs* for a bit as STEPHEN and TOMMY get the idea to start chanting ALBERT'S name.)

STEPHEN/TOMMY: Albert! Albert!

CHOIR (*joins in chanting*): Albert! Albert! Albert!

(Little ALBERT with "nerd glasses" and rolled up pants walks out from Choir with arms flexed in muscle pose – does an awkward cartwheel. Suddenly grimaces and grabs his back in "pain.")

CHOIR: Owwwwwwwooooooo.

ALBERT: Owwwwwww. (*retreats back to Choir.*)

(CHOIR *cheers and applauds Albert's effort.*)

JENNY (*laughs, beat*): So, where is Renee?

TOMMY: That's what I'd like to know. Man, you give somebody the spotlight, and what do they do? They flake out on ya.

MICHAEL: Hey, chill out, Tommy. Renee's got some issues she's dealing with.

SARA: Issues? (*concerned*) What kind of 'issues?'

STEPHEN: Attitude ... for one.

JENNY: Has she been hangin' around with Jamie again ... the "Attitude Queen?"

TOMMY: Yeah. And I heard Renee say something about going over to her house after school today.

CHOIR/SARA/JENNY: (*Ad lib dismay*: "Oh, great! This is not good, etc.")

MICHAEL: Now, hold on, you guys! What have you got against Jamie? She's not that bad, once you get to know her.

JENNY: 'Not that bad?!' Michael, get a clue: she acts like she's mad at the whole world.

SARA: **And** she's got the *gang* look ... that's a pretty dangerous combination, you know.

STEPHEN: Especially when some of the kids she's been hangin' around with are definitely gang members ... like Toni and Erin.

TOMMY (*to* STEPHEN): Jamie's been hangin' around with Toni and Erin? (*disgusted*) I thought they were grounded for trashing that house a couple weeks ago.

STEPHEN: Well, *supposedly*, they were 'grounded,' but it didn't stick. You know, I don't think their parents have any idea where they are most of the time ... and they sure don't know what they're doing.

MICHAEL (*defensively*): Well, *we* don't know what they're doing either. (*beat*) Come on; just because Jamie looks a little "rough" these days, it doesn't mean she's joined a gang. And even if she has, it doesn't mean that Renee will.

SARA: No. But, they're both starting to wear gang-type clothes and they have an "attitude."

TOMMY: Which are two of the things that gangs look for when they're trying to recruit new members.

MICHAEL (*getting concerned*): So, you really think Renee's in danger?

TOMMY: I don't know. What do you guys think?

CD #14 - MUSIC BEGINS "DRUG SCENE UNDERSCORE"



(CHOIR *freezes* – *Lights dim on Choir/Principals. Add spots on GANG and RENEE as they move to microphone positions S.R., and S.L.*)⁵

⁵ This scene is done in a memorized Readers Theatre style. Gang and Renee are on opposite sides of the stage and do not look at each other; they speak looking straight ahead, as if the other person were directly in front of them instead of on the other side of the stage.)

JAMIE (*sarcastic*): Hey, Renee. Glad you could finally make it.

RENEE (*concerned*): Jamie. What ... (*disgusted*) What are these guys doing here?

ERIN (*sneers*): What does it look like we're 'doin' here?' We're havin' a party.

TONI (*laughs*): Yeah; a **thirsty** kind of a party. (*mirthless laugh*) Want a beer?

RENEE (*disgusted*): No thanks. I don't drink.

JAMIE: Oh, come on, Renny; everybody does it!

RENEE: Well, that doesn't mean I should.

TONI (*threateningly*): If you want to be in the gang it does.

RENEE: Who said I wanted to join a gang?

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TONI: Listen, Sweetheart; if you look like a duck, you walk like a duck ... girlfriend, you **are a duck**. (*sneers*) You want in.

RENEE: I do not.

ERIN: Then what are you doin' here?

RENEE: Well, Jamie said to come over and ...

JAMIE (*interrupts rudely, mocking*): ... 'Jamie said' ... have a drink.

TONI: "Smokes" are on the table.

RENEE: No ... I don't want any of that stuff.

ERIN (*sarcastic*): What's the matter? Don't ya wanna be our friend?

RENEE (*angry, throws imaginary arm off*): Let go of my arm.

TONI (*smug*): You're one of us, and you know it.

RENEE (*jerks arm up*): I am not!! Let me go!!!

JAMIE (*sinister smile*): Relax, Renee. You're not going anywhere.

(*All freeze: GANG – threateningly; RENEE - frightened*)

MUSIC CONCLUDES

(Spots off – Lights return to normal.)

(GANG and RENEE turn around together and exit. CHOIR and frozen actors "thaw", blowing out breath and shaking heads. Dialogue continues after last chord)

MICHAEL: Okay, you guys. I know that we're **all** capable of imagining some pretty bad things that **might** be happening to Renee. But, let's not jump to any drastic conclusions until we talk to her.

(RENEE enters from behind risers, S.L. wears bandanna and flannel shirt)

RENEE (*rude*): Talk to me about what?

CAST/CHOIR: (*ad lib chatter*) Renee! She's back! What do you suppose she's been doing? Look, there she is. (*etc.*)

(chatter dies down)

RENEE (*repeats belligerently*): Talk to me about what?

JENNY: Uh ... about ... about the RAD Show.

SARA: Yeah. How come you missed practice today?

RENEE (*shrugs*): I was just at Jamie's with a couple other kids.

MICHAEL (*laughs, trying to relieve tension*): You know what? These guys thought some gang members had kidnapped you and were gonna beat you up or something.

RENEE (*scoffs*): Kidnapped?! I was just hangin' with my **friends**.

STEPHEN: What friends?

RENEE: Jamie ... Tony and Erin.

STEPHEN (*explodes*): You missed **our** rehearsal to 'hang' with **them**??!?

RENEE (*belligerent*): You got a problem with that?

STEPHEN: Yeah; I do. Why would you want to be hanging around kids who look like they've been suckin' on lemons all day?

(CHOIR, and PRINCIPALS pucker up and hold the look for audience laugh.)

RENEE (*sarcastic*): Oh, I suppose you have more fun here?

ALL (*breaking pose*): Uhhhhhhh ... Positively!!

CD #15 MUSIC BEGINS

"POSITIVE!"⁶

(Vocal Demo #2)



(ENSEMBLE, CAST *and* CHOIR *clap and free dance as soon as music starts.* TOMMY, MICHAEL *and* STEPHEN *dance, twirl and clown upstage.* RENEE *is the only one onstage who doesn't take part in the fun.*)

CHOIR (*chants*):

P - O - S - I - T-I-V-E! I am: P - O - S - I - T-I-V-E!

CHOIR (*sings*):

Positive! I'm positively positive!

Positive: that's the way I'm gonna be! I'm thinkin'

Positive! I'm positively positive!

Positive: that's the attitude for me! (*chants*): I am positive!!!

SONG CONTINUES AND CONCLUDES

SARA: So ... uh, Renee; what **were** you doing at Jamie's for so long?

RENEE (*shrugs, obviously lying*): Nothing.

(*Other four exchange looks.*)

JENNY: Nothing? How come you smell like smoke?

RENEE (*hesitates, then blatantly lies*): Uh ... Jamie's mom smokes.

JENNY (*not believing her*): Well, that might be true. But that's not why **your** breath stinks like tobacco. There's only one way that could happen. You were smoking, weren't you?

(RENEE *turns away*; JENNY *persists*.) Weren't you?

RENEE: One cigarette, okay? Lay off; everybody does it.

JENNY: No! Everybody does **not** do it. And even if they did, they shouldn't. Don't you know how addictive nicotine is?

SARA: She's right, Renee. I just saw this report on the internet that said 70 % of all smokers **want** to quit smoking, but only 3 percent ever do. And they **should** quit, because it's really dangerous.

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MICHAEL: Yeah. Did you know that every eight seconds ... someone in the world dies from a tobacco-related disease? That's like:

CHOIR/ALL: (*Tick off seconds with extended right arm, as a clock ticking down*) One, two three, four, five, six, seven, eight. (*slash hand in diagonal motion over throat and freeze.*)

MICHAEL: In the time it took for us to count to eight ... somebody just died.

TOMMY: Whoa! That adds up to ... (*figures rapidly in head*) four million people a year!

STEPHEN (*to TOMMY, amazed*) How'd you know that?

TOMMY: I'm good with math.

STEPHEN: Yeah! (*holds up hand*) Put 'er there, bro!

(*TOMMY slaps STEPHEN'S hand as CHOIR ad lib comments.*)

RENEE: I think those reports are a bit exaggerated.

SARA: No they're not. If anything, those numbers are low. Tobacco wrecks your heart, and fills up your lungs with gunk and all sorts of carcinogens.

TOMMY (*totally off track*): That's a big word! (*to STEPHEN*) Do you know what it means?

STEPHEN (*going off-track with him*): What? 'Gunk?' (*laughs*)

TOMMY: No. The other one. The big one.

STEPHEN: Carcinogen?

TOMMY: Yeah.

STEPHEN: Oh, you know; it means stuff that causes cancer. (*grins*) I'm good with words.

TOMMY: Yeah, dude; you the man!

(*They slap hands again as CHOIR ad libs comments. Keep it light.*)

RENEE (*irritated*): Would you guys ... (*tries to speak over the top, starts again*) Would you guys back off? Nobody's dying or getting 'addicted' around here. Having a cigarette once in a while is just part of being cool.

JENNY: What makes you think that kids who smoke are cool?

RENEE: I don't know. They just are.

TOMMY: ‘Frozen,’ is more like it. Ching! *(he freezes in wild pose)*

STEPHEN: Or ‘fried!’ Zssssss. *(freezes with pantomimed spatula in hand)*

(TOMMY and STEPHEN stay frozen as JENNY continues.)

JENNY: You know, Renee, if you’re really interested in being ‘cool,’ maybe you ought to spend a little more time doing some “Cool Mathematics.”

RENEE: What kind of mathematics?

CHOIR 1: Multiplication ...

(TOMMY and STEPHEN thaw.)

CHOIR 2: ... and Division!!

MICHAEL: Do the math, Renee; just do the math!

CD #16 MUSIC BEGINS
***"DO THE MATH"*⁷**
(Vocal Demo #3)



(Dancers and Soloists take positions during intro)

CHOIR *(sings)*:

D-d-d-do do do do, baby, do the Math; Do the Math.

D-d-d-do do do do, baby, do the Math; Do the Math.

DIALOGUE

RENEE *(speaks)*: Math? What’s that have to do with being cool?

TOMMY *(speaks)*: Just stick around; you’ll see.

CHOIR *(sings)*:

D-d-d-do do not need to smoke cigarettes to show that I’m cool.

D-d-d-do do know ‘cool’ doesn’t come from a pack;

It’s what’s inside: That’s the rule!

Being “cool” means ‘Self Confidence:” knowin’ who you are;

It’s believin’ in yourself and what you know to be true;

And, baby, it’ll take you far!!

Do the Math, Baby; think it through; do the Math, use your head and be cool.

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Do the Math, Baby, think it through. Do the Math, use your head and be cool.

INTERLUDE

RENEE (*spoken*): What kind of math are you talking about?

TOMMY (*spoken*): I thought you'd never ask.

SOLO 1:

1. Each cigarette takes about five minutes,
Five minutes off of your life.

CHOIR: (*echoes*) Your life.

SOLO 2:

You got a pack-a-day habit, that's twenty cigarettes,
Multiply that by five.

CHOIR: (*echoes*) By five.

DUET:

A hundred minutes now you're losing each day, and there's seven days in a week;
Seven hundred minutes times the weeks in a year,

ALL:

That's thirty-six thousand, four hundred minutes, I fear.

SONG CONTINUES AND CONCLUDES

*(Dancers exit to Risers. RENEE, MICHAEL, JENNY, SARA move to mics as song ends
MICHAEL, STEPHEN and TOMMY stand upstage left a little, listening.)*

SARA (*to RENEE, gently*): Do you understand what we're trying to say?

RENEE: Yeah; I guess.

SARA: So ... what are you going to do?

RENEE: I don't know; just don't push me. I gotta think some things through.

(SARA

SARA (*stretches hand towards RENEE*): Renee, if you'd just ...

RENEE (*cuts her off, angry*): By myself.

(SARA pulls back, hurt – long pause as she fights back tears)

SARA (*sadly*): Okay, Renee. Okay.

RENEE (*pauses, looks at others*): I'll see you around.

(RENEE pushes past others and exits S.L. JENNY moves to comfort SARA. All silently watch RENEE exit.)

JENNY: You know something? I almost wish that gang **was** trying to beat her up. At least then she'd know they aren't her friends.

(TOMMY and STEPHEN confer upstage about how to get RENEE to stay.)

MICHAEL: Shouldn't we try to stop her from leaving?

JENNY: How?

STEPHEN/ TOMMY *(totally hyper)*: Oh! Oh!! Oh!!! We got it! We got it!!!

TOMMY: We could tie her up with a rope ...

STEPHEN: ... crazy glue her to the risers ...

STEPHEN/ TOMMY: ... and put her in a big box!! *(grin happily)*

TOMMY: Isn't that a great idea?!?! Isn't it?

CHOIR/ALL: Noooooooooooooooooo.

STEPHEN: We were just trying to help.

STEPHEN/ TOMMY: Sheesh.

TOMMY *(fake cries)*: I'm so hurt!

(TOMMY and STEPHEN stomp off behind the risers, consoling each other. CHOIR laughs.)

JENNY: I think the best help we can give Renee would be to talk to her parents ... or maybe a teacher or some other adult that cares.

MICHAEL: What if they can't turn her around? What if she starts doing drugs?

JENNY: Then we might have to go to the authorities.

MICHAEL: You mean, like, turn her in? But we're her friends.

JENNY: Exactly!

MICHAEL: But that ... *(doesn't make sense)*

Show continues ...