**Jaren (Karen), Stretchen (Gretchen), Regi (Regina), Mr. George, and Brady (Cady)**

**Drew Wil Paulo Sean/Danny Han**

**Announcer: “Imagine yourself watching ‘Mean Guys’”**

**Regi is opening the doors for all of the guys:**

**Stretchen**: What are you supposed to be?
[*Points to her headband*]
**Jaren**: I'm a MOUSE. DUH.

**(Jaren brought new guy, Brady, over to meet the guys)**

**Regi**: Why don't I know you?
**Brady**: I'm new. I just moved here from Africa.
**Regi**: What?
**Brady**: I used to be home-schooled.
**Regi**: Wait... what?
**Brady**: My mom taught me at home...
**Regi**: No, I know what home-school is, I'm not stupid! So you've actually never been to a real school before? Shut up! Shut up!
**Brady**: I didn't say anything.

**Jaren**: If you're from Africa, why are you white?
**Stretchen**: Oh my Gosh, Jaren, you can't just ask people why they're white.

**Regi**: Africa. But you're, like, really pretty.
**Brady**: Thank you.
**Regi**: So you agree?
**Brady**: What?
**Regi**: You think you're really pretty?
**Brady**: Oh... I don't know

**Regi**: Well, regardless, that bracelet, I love it!
**Stretchen**: So Fetch!
**Regi**: What is fetch?
**Stretchen**: Oh, it's like slang, from... England.

**Regi:** So, tell us about yourself. What are you into?

**Brady**: I think I'm joining the Mathletes.
**Regi, Stretchen,**[**Karen**](http://www.imdb.com/name/nm1086543/): No! No, no!
**Regi**: You cannot do that. That is social suicide. \*Dang\*! You are so lucky you have us to guide you.

**Jaren**: Yeah, we’ll help you with everything.

**Brady**: What do you mean?

**Stretchen**: Well, I mean you wouldn't buy a tank without asking your friends first if it looks good on you.
**Brady**: I wouldn't?
**Stretchen**: Right. Oh, and it's the same with girls. Like, you may think you like someone, but you could be wrong.

**Jaren**: On Wednesdays we wear tanks!

**Stretchen**: That is so fetch!
**Regi**: Gretchen, stop trying to make fetch happen! It's not going to happen!

**MR GEORGE ENTERS THE ROOM**

MR George: Hey, hey, hey. How are my best dogs? Happy Hour is from 4 to 6! I’m gonna make you guys a hump-day treat!

Regi: Get out of here!

**MR GEORGE LEAVES THE ROOM**

**BURN BOOK – A few fun and lighthearted jokes based on club kids (but be careful)**

**MR GEORGE ENTERS THE ROOM AGAIN**

Mr George: Soooo....what is up? Whats the 411? What has everybody been up to? What's the hot gossip? Tell me everything. What have you guys been listening to? What are the cool jams?

Regi: Get out of here!

**MR GEORDGE LEAVE THE ROOM**

**(Guys go in front of mirror to flex)**

**Jaren**: Gosh. My traps are tiny!
**Stretchen**: Oh please. I my quads are pencils.
**Regi**: At least you guys can go sleeveless. I've got no shoulders.
**Stretchen**: My hairline is so weird.
**Regi**: My biceps have no definition.
**Jaren**: My tan is hibernating.
[*pause. All look at Cady*]
**Brady**: I have really bad breath in the morning.
**Jaren**: Ew! Gross dude!

**MR GEORGE IN AND OUT AGAIN…**

Mr George: I just want you to know, if you ever need anything, don't be shy, OK? There are NO rules in the house. I'm not like a *regular dad, I'm a cool* dad. You guys keep me young, I love it so much

**Regi**: Brady, do you even know who sings this?
**Brady**: Um... the Spice Girls?
**Regi**: I love him. He's like a Martian!

**Jaren**: You know who was looking fine today? (some girl in the crowd).
**Stretchen**: Okay, you did not just say that.
**Jaren**: What? She's a good kisser.
**Stretchen**: She's your cousin.
**Jaren**: Yeah, but she's my first cousin.
**Stretchen**: Right.
**Jaren**: So, you have your cousins, and then you have your first cousins, and then you have your second cousins...
**Stretchen**: No, honey, uh-uh.
**Jaren**: That's not right, is it?
**Stretchen**: That is so not right.

**Regi**: I gave her everything! I was half an athlete when I met her.
**Jaren**: Do you wanna do something fun? Wanna go to taco bell?
**Regi**: I can't go to taco bell, I'm on an all-carb diet. GOSH Jaren you're so stupid!
[*Regi leaves, Stretchen follows*]
**Stretchen**: Wait, Regi! Talk to me!
**Regi**: No one understands me...
**Stretchen**: I understand you!
[*Regi & Stretchen's voices fade out*]
**Brady**: You're not stupid, Jaren.
**Jaren**: No, I am actually. I'm failing almost everything!
**Brady**: Well... there must be something you're good at.
**Jaren**: I can stick my whole fist in my mouth! Wanna see?
**Brady**: No no no... Anything else?
**Jaren**: Well... I'm kinda psychic. I have a fifth sense.
**Brady**: What do you mean?
**Jaren**: It's like I have ESPN or something. My pecks can always tell when it's going to rain.
**Brady**: Really? That's amazing.
**Jaren**: Well... they can tell when it's raining.

**Jaren**: [*to Brady*] If only you knew how mean he really is... You'd know that I'm not allowed to wear black jorts, right? Yeah! Two years ago she told me jorts were \*his\* thing and I wasn't allowed to wear them anymore. And then for Hannakuh my parents got this pair of really expensive white jorts and I had to pretend like I didn't even like them and... it was so sad.

**Brady**: Ahh.. You poor guy.

**Regi comes back in the room:**

**Regi:** Wait! This is my house. That means you guys have to leave.

**Regi**: (mutters something about herself)

**Hit by bus (another person wearing a big box decorated by like a bus comes through and lays out Regina. (THE END)**