

A script from



“Breakfast Club”

Adapted from the screenplay by John Hughes
by Eddie James and The Saddleback Players

- What** Adapted from the climax of the movie about five students from different cliques at school who are forced to spend a Saturday in detention.
(Themes: Personalities, Peer-pressure, Parents, Breaking out of a mold, The Golden Rule)
- Who** Brian Allison
Claire Andrew
Bender
- When** Present day
- Wear (Props)** This script is set in a school library, so you can do as little or as much set as you want.
- Why** Luke 6:31; Jeremiah 29:11
- How** This skit is not for the faint of heart! The tone of the skit cuts to the bone of what it’s really like to be a high school student, and can be a great ministry to them. But any excuse you give the audience to disengage with you will be taken, so do not “act” and get these lines and characters down until they are second-nature to you.
- Time** Approximately 10-12 minutes

Brian is reading the essay from the end of the skit. If possible, voice over on video with scenes from different type of random high school events showing. If not it can be done offstage.

Brian: Saturday... February 10th, 20___. Shermer High School, Shermer Illinois. To whom it may concern... we accept the fact that we had to sacrifice a whole Saturday in detention for whatever it was that we did wrong, but we think you're crazy to make us write an essay telling you who we think we are, do you really care? You see us as you want to see us... all different types of personalities... in the simplest terms and the most convenient definitions. You see us as a brain, an athlete, a basket case, a princess and a criminal. Correct? That's the way we saw each other at seven o'clock this morning... then something happened. We became real...

Lights up. All the characters are sitting in a loose circle talking from the deepest part of their soul.

Allison: Alright, you want to know the real reason behind what I did to get in here? Nothing... I didn't have anything better to do.

Claire: I can't believe you; you're so weird. You don't say anything all day and then you open your mouth and it takes forever just to get to the plain and simple truth.

Andrew: You're just mad because she's different than you, that's all.

Claire: Okay, fine, but it doesn't make it any less bizarre...

Andrew: What's bizarre? I mean we're all pretty bizarre! Some of us are just better at hiding it, that's all.

Claire: *(To Andrew)* How are you bizarre?

Allison decides to field that question.

Allison: He can't think for himself...

Andrew: She's right... do you guys know what, uh, what I did to get in here? I taped Larry Lester's buns together.

Claire laughs.

Brian: *(To Andrew)* That was you?

Andrew: *(To Brian)* Yeah, you know him?

Brian: Yeah, I know him...

Andrew: The bizarre thing is, is that I did it for my old man... I tortured this poor kid, because I wanted my dad to think I was cool. He's always going off that I'm not crazy enough like he used to be when he was in school. So, wanting to please and to show dad what I have in me, I uh, I jumped on top of Larry and started whaling on him... and my friends just laughed and cheered me on. The whole time I was sittin' in Principal Vernon's office I kept thinking, "This isn't me. I'm better than this! I could do so much more if I wasn't so afraid of not measuring up to what my Dad wants. My attitude has got to change, or I'm going to wind up repeating everything my old man did."

Bender: I think your old man and my old man should get together and go bowling.

Andrew laughs briefly.

Brian: It's like me, you know, with my grades... like, when I, when I step outside myself kinda, and when I look at myself you know? I see me and I don't like what I see, I really don't.

Claire: What's wrong with you? Why don't you like yourself?

Brian: Cause I'm stupid... 'cause I'm failing shop. See we had this assignment, to make this ceramic elephant, and um... and we had eight weeks to do it, and we're s'posed ta, and it was like a lamp, and when you pull the trunk the light was s'posed to go on... my light didn't go on. I got a F on it. Never got a F in my life... when I signed up, you know, for the course I mean. I thought I was playing it real smart, you know. 'Cause I thought, I'll take shop, it'll be such an easy way to maintain my grade point average...

Bender: Why'd you think it'd be easy?

Brian: Have you seen some of the dopes that take shop?

Bender: I take shop... you must be an idiot.

Brian: I'm an idiot because I can't make a lamp?

Bender: No, you're a genius because you can't make a lamp...

Brian: What do you know about trigonometry?

Bender: I could care less about trigonometry.

Brian: Bender, did you know without trig there'd be no engineering?

Bender: Without lamps, there'd be no light!

Claire: Okay, so neither of you is any better than the other one...

Allison: I can write with my toes! I can also eat, brush my teeth...

Claire: With your feet?

Allison: Play (*Name some popular/classic song*: _____) on the piano.

Brian: I can make spaghetti!

Claire: (*To Andrew*) What can you do?

Andrew: I can... uh... tape all of your buns together...

Bender: God only knows what I can do... that's legal anyway.

Beat. Allison turns lighthearted conversation into deeper ground.

Allison: You think God knows? Knows all about us?

Andrew: I guess. Haven't really thought about it.

Bender: Who cares. It was a figure of speech.

Claire: I care. I mean... never mind.

Andrew: Say it, Claire.

Brian: Yeah, say it.

Claire: Forget it, it sounds too weird... it's too embarrassing to even say.

Bender: Have you ever seen Teletubbies? Now that's embarrassing. I'm sure what you have to say isn't anything worse than those colored stay-puffed marshmallows.

Claire: Promise you won't laugh?

All: Promise.

Claire: I think there is a God. I mean look at this world we live in... I just have to believe that there is a purpose for our lives... more than just existing... y'know? As weird as this may sound, I've always believed... maybe I've gotten it from Sunday school and stuff like that... but God has somehow given me this personality... this imprint... I just need to figure out how to use it.

Claire, being a very popular person, is left feeling very vulnerable sharing this type of information.

Andrew: I can see that. Like I said, I just have never thought about it before.

Brian: Me too.

Bender: That was great Claire... my image of you is totally blown... not only are you the homecoming queen, but you're a church freak on top of that.

Allison: That is so mean. Don't do that to her! You promised you wouldn't laugh.

Bender: Am I laughing?

Andrew: Apologize right now, Bender!

Bender turns to Andrew. As he speaks, we can see his words hitting home.

Bender: What do you care what I think anyway? You've never given me the time of day all year long! What do you jocks say about us? My kind doesn't even count right? I could disappear and it wouldn't make a difference. The school would be that much more free of scum like me if I was gone. You think we don't hear you guys talking about us by your lockers? *(Turns to Claire)* And you... don't like me anyway! You hypocrite.

Claire: You know I have just as many feelings as you do and it hurts just as much when someone steps all over them!

Bender: You're so pathetic! *(Furious)* Don't you ever... ever! Compare yourself to me! Okay? You have gotten everything and I've gotten nothing. School would probably shut down if you didn't show up! "Queenie isn't here!"

Claire: *(Quietly)* Shut up.

Bender: It must be easy to believe in a God, Claire, when everything has been handed to you with a silver spoon!

Claire: *(Angry)* Shut up!

Bender: I bet Christmas is a real treat at your house, huh Claire? Everyone in their Sunday best. Faking every minute of it...

Claire: *(Furious)* Shut up! *(Starts crying)*

Bender: You know what I got for Christmas this year? It was a banner year at the old Bender Family! I got a carton of cigarettes. The old man grabbed me and said, "Hey! Smoke up, Johnny!" Okay, so go home and cry to your father or maybe even better yet... *(very sarcastic)* to your Heavenly Father!

There are a few beats.