When it Rains Gasoline

By

Jason D. Martin

Synopsis:
A play about teenagers hanging out, holding up, getting down, and falling through.

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NOTE#1:  
This show should be performed with the absolute bare essentials. Scene changes should be very fast and include little in the way of complex set pieces. This is essentially a bare stage show and should be treated as such. All settings should be indicated by minimalism.

NOTE#2:  
Music is a very important element in this piece. There are some suggested pieces. However, it is fine if the director chooses to use other music instead. The intention of the music though, must stay the same.

NOTE#3:  
This play should be cast with people playing multiple roles. One can do the show with twelve actors. However, more may be utilized if the director wishes to do so. The breakdown should be as follows:

Sean  
Dayna  
Alysa  
Emily  
Paul  
Rose  

Chris, Blade  
Jody, Randy  
James, Jaydog  
Jessie, Dopeman  
Little Gee, Angus  
Mary, Annie

NOTE#4:  
Be sure to vary costumes enough for the double cast characters so that they are not confused or thought to be the same person. Glasses, wigs, and other elements should be employed to help create character visual variety.
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Draft Five

(The piece should open in the dark with the following excerpts being read over the PA system. These are current excerpts and can be substituted with something more timely. It is important that different voices read each excerpt; the effect on the audience should be that of a bombardment of different newscasts.)

REPORTER VOICE:
A six year old was expelled from his elementary school today for bringing a one inch plastic GI Joe gun to school. Administrators felt the gun was a weapon and imposed the districts strict no tolerance rule on the child.

NEW REPORTER VOICE:
For a second time in recent months, lobbyists have converged on the state capitol asking that teachers do not condone the idea of homosexuality as normal.

NEW REPORTER VOICE:
In yet another violent episode in our schools, a six-year old child shot a seven-year old classmate to death after a playground scuffle.

NEW REPORTER VOICE:
In a radical vote today, the school board in the state of Kansas elected to severely reduce and perhaps completely eliminate the teaching of evolution in their science curriculum. In its place they will elevate creationism to the level of fact.

Rite of Manhood

(At rise a cafeteria is discovered. There are students in little groups scattered around the stage. Each group is frozen in some type of animated conversation. The following sequence is a split focus scene. The girls should be on one side of the stage and the boys on the other.)

SEAN:
Yeah, that little chicky will be bowin’ down ta’ king Sean tonight.

CHRIS:
What little chicky would that be?

SEAN:
Who have I been lusting after since the beginning of the year?
CHRIS: I dunno’, your right hand?

SEAN: Dude, let me give you some advice, go ta’ hell.

*(Shift focus.)*

DAYNA: I’ve got a date tonight.

ALYSA: With who?

DAYNA: You’ll never guess.

ALYSA: Probably not… Paulie?

DAYNA: Can I just say one thing? Gross. No, try again.

ALYSA: Is he good looking?

DAYNA: Of course.

ALYSA: On the football team?

DAYNA: Yes.

ALYSA: Hottie?

DAYNA: Uh-huh.

ALYSA: What are you doing going out with my boyfriend?

*(Shift focus.)*
SEAN:
No, ya’ dipwad. I’m going out with Dayna.

CHRIS:
Dayna? You mean Dayna? *(Holds his hands out to imitate an hourglass body.)* The Dayna with the body?

SEAN:
No, my invisible friend Dayna. What do you think?

*(Shift focus.)*

DAYNA:
Sean.

ALYSA:
You mean the captain of the football team Sean? You don’t know what you’re getting into.

DAYNA:
Whatever.

ALYSA:
Just ‘cause I’m not a prude.

DAYNA:
You better watch it girl.

*(Shift focus.)*

CHRIS:
Rumor is that that girl doesn’t put out.

SEAN:
That’s just ‘cause she hasn’t been out with me. Every girl wants me.

CHRIS:
Fuckin’ dream world if I ever heard one. Right. Every girl is not gonna’ have the patience to get the tweezers and microscope ta’ please you buddy.

*(Shift focus.)*

ALYSA:
You better watch yourself Dayna.
DAYNA: What?

ALYSA: Well he’s the type a guy that expects something.

DAYNA: What do you mean he expects something?

ALYSA: You know, what every guy wants…

DAYNA: I’ve been out with plenty of guys who don’t “expect something."

ALYSA: Yeah… Band geeks.

DAYNA: Hey, not every guy is as perverted as you think.

ALYSA: No, every guy is more perverted than you think. Take it from someone who knows.

(Shift Focus.)

CHRIS: So what if she doesn’t want ta’ do anything?

SEAN: She’ll want to.

CHRIS: And if she doesn’t?

SEAN: There’s always a little bitchslap ta’ get her in the mood.

CHRIS: Yeah okay, whatever. Good fuckin’ way ta’ get a girl ta’ like ya’.

(Shift focus.)

DAYNA: Look, I like him. If he does something…
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ALYSA:

What? You’ll look at him funny?

DAYNA:

No, I’ll…

ALYSA:

You’ll do whatever he wants you to do.

DAYNA:

Maybe I’ll want him to do something.

ALYSA:

For some reason I don’t believe that.

DAYNA:

Why do you assume that?

ALYSA:

‘Cause I know you…

DAYNA:

Maybe I’m going out with him because I want him to do something.

ALYSA:

I’ll believe that when I see it.

(Shift Focus)

SEAN:

You know like the song. (*He begins to rap.*)

Flick flack bitchslap,
Slap da’ bitch around,
Killin’ Chillin’ Sittin’
Back and spillin’
In any bitch that’s willin’
To go down…
Slap ‘em,
Wrap ‘em,
Bring ‘em in and crack ‘em,
Flick flack bitch slap,
Slap da’ bitch around.

CHRIS:

(*Laughing.*) You’re a stupid ass, ya’ know it.
SEAN: What are you laughing at dude?

CHRIS: You… You’re so fuckin’ lame. “Flick Flack Bitch slap” (Laughing.) You couldn’t rap if your life depended on it.

SEAN: (Smiling.) Shut up… I’m just trying to get in the mood.

CHRIS: Whatever dude. You know you wouldn’t touch her if she didn’t want you to. You’re too much of a pussy.

SEAN: What are you talkin’ about?

CHRIS: Dude, let’s not go there.

(Shift focus.)

ALYSA: Okay, so where’s he taking you?

DAYNA: The river.

ALYSA: Oh my God.

DAYNA: What?

ALYSA: Look Dayna, I don’t think you should go. You’re way over your head with this guy.

DAYNA: It’s just a date. A first date. Hopefully it won’t be the last… Hopefully we’ll be on our way to the prom together.

ALYSA: A first date to a place where he’s gonna’ want to do a whole lot more than hold your hand.

DAYNA:
Whatever… Sean’s a nice guy.

ALYSA:
You don’t get it. Nice boys aren’t always so nice.

DAYNA:
Okay, whatever Mom.

ALYSA:
You need a Mom if you’re not going ta’ use common sense. Look, Sean’s a football player, right?

DAYNA:
Yeah.

ALYSA:
And what do football players try to do? They try to score. Just like on the field. They try to score.

DAYNA:
You’re so overreacting.

ALYSA:
No I’m not. Do you ever pay attention to those lists on the bathroom stall walls?

(Shift Focus.)

SEAN:
I said, what are you talking about?

CHRIS:
Well, some of the guys… Some of the guys think you’re kind of a puss. Ya’ know? They don’t think you get it as much as you say you do.

SEAN:
What?

CHRIS:
Dude, ya’ gotta’ look at the record… I mean, you go out with some prudish chicks. I mean, Dayna? That doesn’t look so good. Not only that, but you’re always hanging out with those goddamn Christers.

SEAN:
Christers?

CHRIS:
Your little reject religion club. Naw man, you don’t get it as much as you say.

SEAN:
Well, fuck you!

CHRIS:
Come on man.

SEAN:
No. Fuck you! Don’t you understand English ya’ little asshole?

CHRIS:
Dude, all I’m sayin’…

SEAN:
No, all I’m sayin’ is get the fuck away from me before I crush your little fucking head and your little fucking brain!

CHRIS:
Alright man, whatever.

(Shift Focus.)

DAYNA:
You mean the graffiti in the stalls?

ALYSA:
Yeah, those lists on the bathroom walls – you know, the names. Those are guys to watch out for. Sean is on those lists.

DAYNA:
He is?

ALYSA:
Yeah, now why don’t you make up some excuse ta’ skip tonight, huh?

DAYNA:
No, I…

ALYSA:
You’re gonna’ go anyway…

DAYNA:
He’s nice.

ALYSA:
Don’t say I didn’t warn you.

(Alysa and Dyana freeze. Chris and Sean are frozen.)

**Pink Bunnies**

(The lights in the cafeteria fade. A fifteen-year old girl steps forward. A single spot comes up on her.)

EMILY:
Sometimes I just wish the world was full of pink bunny rabbits. There would be a beautiful lush forest, green grass, a sparkling brook, and it would always be warm. And all that would live there would be pink bunny rabbits. Hundreds of pink bunny rabbits. They would eat the grass and the leaves and there wouldn’t be any wolves to hurt them. Every rabbit’s Mom and Dad would love them no matter what… And all the rabbits would be in love… They would all have the perfect mate that would never ever hurt them in any way. They would all be able to trust each other and know that if something bad happened, no one would run away. I know it’s a weird dream, but I’ve heard weirder. My boyfriend used to tell me how cool it would be if there were one way mirrors into the girls locker room. That’s kind of strange… Then again, he is a guy. I had another friend who thought that rocks were alive and that if you touched them the grease on your fingers would kill them. A little weirder. Someone once told me that he had a premonition that one day we would all have flying waffles for cars… That almost takes the cake for weirdness. No, I’ll tell you the weirdest thing I ever heard was when my doctor told me that I was pregnant… There is no doubt that that’s the weirdest thing I’ve ever heard. I never knew a fifteen year old girl would… Well, I suppose I’ve heard about it happening. I guess I never thought it could happen to me. I wish the world were full of pink bunny rabbits.

(Emily steps back and the light fades out.)

**Buddies?**

(Paul enters the stage alone. Everyone is frozen. He is a chunky boy that wears glasses. He gets picked on a lot and it shows. Randy, a wanna-be gangster, enters opposite and approaches Paul.)

RANDY:
Yo Paul…

PAUL:
Hi Randy.

RANDY:
Yo, you gots some green? Hook me up man. I don’t got no lunch money.
PAUL: Ya’ didn’t pay me back last time.

RANDY: The flow’s a little slow, if ya’ know what I’m sayin’.

PAUL: Why don’t ya’ get some money from your Mom.

RANDY: That old bitch?

PAUL: Ya’ shouldn’t talk about her that way. She’s always nice when I’m over.

RANDY: Yo Paulie, remember what I told ya’?

PAUL: Yeah. Um… Don’t talk about going to your house when we’re at school.

RANDY: That’s right. Nobody needs to know about that shit.

PAUL: Here… Here’s two dollars. I gotta’ keep the rest for lunch.

RANDY: Yo, you don’t need no five dollars for lunch.

PAUL: Alright, here’s two more.

RANDY: Cool gee.

PAUL: Ya’ think I could sit with you guys at lunch?

RANDY: Whoah, we got school friends that don’t get things between you and me. I got me a deal comin’ up here. Theys gonna’ tag me inta’ Blade’s set. I can’t have my Mom’s best friend’s kid taggin’ around.
That’s a gang.

RANDY:

No fuckin’ shit.

PAUL:

Randy?

RANDY:

Yeah.

PAUL:

We’re friends too right?

RANDY:

Yeah, we’s friends. Just not here. Ain’t no one gotta’ know we’s friends.

PAUL:

There’s no one around. Um… You can talk normal if you want.

RANDY:

Look Paul… Yeah. I’m your friend. But just not here. I’m trying to get into the set. Those guys won’t understand if you’re hanging around okay?

PAUL:

Well, I’m not sure if…

RANDY:

This is okay right?

PAUL:

Yeah… Yeah I guess.

RANDY:

Okay, peace bro.

(Randy exits.)

PAUL:

Yeah. See ya’ at your Mom’s.

(The lights fade. Paul steps back into the crowd.)

Rite of Manhood II
(The lights crossfade and the cafeteria setting dissolves. Perhaps it doesn’t really disappear. Perhaps two chairs come on center to indicate a car. Maybe the student groups are still frozen upstage. The audience discovers Dayna and Sean at the drive-in. Sean’s arm is over Dayna’s shoulder. The scene should be played as if they are watching the movie at the same time they are speaking. In the background, one can hear “Slap my bitch up,” by Prodigy.)

SEAN:
You know, I’m really glad you came tonight.

DAYNA:
So am I.

SEAN:
You know, I been thinking about you a lot lately.

Really?

DAYNA:

SEAN:
Well, yeah. You know, you’re not like other chicks… I mean, girls. I mean, you know… Look at you, you’re the prettiest girl at school.

DAYNA:
Do you say that to all the girls?

SEAN:
Pretty much, yeah…

DAYNA:
(Laughing.) Don’t think you’re too special ‘cause I say this to all the boys…

What?

DAYNA:

SEAN:
You’re not so bad yourself.

DAYNA:

SEAN:
I know. I’m usually pretty attracted to myself when I look in the mirror. You know, I stand there naked and flex… (Pretends to flex.) Next thing ya’ know, I’m makin’ out with my reflection.

DAYNA:
(Laughing.) You don’t think that’s a little strange?
SEAN:
No, it’s only strange when I wear my mother’s underwear while I’m doing it.

DAYNA:
(Still laughing.) That’s not strange, that’s just plain weird.

SEAN:
You think that’s weird? You should see what happens when I dress my dog in my mother’s underwear.

DAYNA:
I don’t think I want to.

(Impulsively, SEAN leans across the seat and kisses DAYNA. She smiles.)

Now how did we get from your mother’s underwear to that?

SEAN:
Easy.

(He kisses her again.)

All this talk about underwear…

(He doesn’t finish the sentence, but begins to kiss her. She goes along with it, enjoying it. The kissing slowly becomes a bit more passionate. In between the kissing, the following lines take place.)

DAYNA:
Sean?

SEAN:
Yeah?

DAYNA:
Justa’… Just a little slower.

SEAN:
Yeah.

(The kissing becomes even more passionate. SEAN begins to attempt to touch DAYNA’s breast. Each time his hand gets close, DAYNA moves it away with her own hand. SEAN gets a little more aggressive and tries to put his hand up her shirt. He continues kissing her during the following lines.)

DAYNA:
No, Sean. Just… If you could just stay away from there.

SEAN:

Uh huh.

(The kissing continues for another moment or so, until SEAN tries again.)

DAYNA:

Come on, I said no.

(She moves his hand away. Sean continues kissing her, not really paying attention. He tries one last time, as DAYNA raises her hand to stop him, he keeps going. She is pushing on his arm to keep it off her breast, but he will not let go.)

Stop Sean! I said stop!

(He sits up, he is embarrassed.)

SEAN:

I’m sorry… I didn’t mean to…

DAYNA:

It’s okay… I mean…

SEAN:

Yeah.

DAYNA:

Sean?

SEAN:

Yeah?

DAYNA:

You can kiss me… And if you want you can touch me.

SEAN:

What?

DAYNA:

I’m totally into it… It’s just that… Well, you know, I want it to be special.

SEAN:

I… Ah…

DAYNA:

SEAN:

What?

DAYNA:
It’s okay… I want you to. I’ll do more than that if you want.

SEAN:

No. I…

DAYNA:
What’s wrong?

SEAN:

I just don’t…

DAYNA:
A minute ago you were all over me. Is there something wrong? Are you… You know?

SEAN:

No. It’s just that…

DAYNA:
What! You’re not attracted to me?

SEAN:

No… I… I would have stopped before. I…

DAYNA:

What?

SEAN:

It’s this thing… I…

DAYNA:

What thing?

SEAN:

Look, you can’t tell anyone.

DAYNA:

What can’t I tell anyone? Are you a faggot?

SEAN:

No! I… My Church… I took this oath that I wouldn’t…
DAYNA: Yeah, I see now.
SEAN: Good.
DAYNA: That’s not good enough.
SEAN: What do you mean?
DAYNA: I came out here expecting more than a beer by the river Sean.
SEAN: Well, I’m sorry. I mean, everyone said that you were a prude… So I thought…
DAYNA: Yeah.
SEAN: I’m sorry.
DAYNA: So am I.
SEAN: You won’t tell anyone?
DAYNA: One condition…
SEAN: What?
DAYNA: You have to take me to the prom.
SEAN: Okay. I guess I could do that.
DAYNA: Alright then…
SEAN:
I’m sorry.

DAYNA:
Will you… Will you at least hold my hand?

(He smiles and takes her hand. There is a moment while they sit quietly watching the movie. Crossfade. The cafeteria is discovered once again by the audience. Sean and Chris are sitting alone.)

SEAN:
Man that girl was a wild one. We are talking wild one!

No way.

TODD:
Yeah way. She sucks like a vacuum cleaner with a souped up engine.

I guess you would know.

SEAN:
Shut the fuck up and listen. She’s like throwin’ her body around sayin’ no no no… Yes yes yes. You know the story. Grabin’ my dick, rippin’ her shirt off… Scratchin’ at my chest… Biting my nipples… I mean wild man, just fucking wild!

(The lights fade to black. Sean gets up and crosses to another group.)

Religious Persecution

(The focus in the cafeteria shifts once again. There are two girls, Rose and Mary, and two boys, James and Sean. The actress playing Rose needs to be aware that she often quotes her mothers rants about liberals and others. This should be evident at times when Rose is searching for the right thing to say.)

SEAN:
Hey Rose… Hi Mary, um… I brought someone you might want to meet. Ah, this is James. He’s a computer nerd, but he’s religious and stuff. James, Rose and Mary.

JAMES:
Hi.

ROSE:
Hello.
MARY: Hi.

SEAN: So is this cool? Can James listen in?

ROSE: Sure. But Sean… You gotta’ control yourself if you stay.

SEAN: Yeah.

ROSE: No swearing?

SEAN: None.

ROSE: Because if there’s any more of that…

SEAN: No. No. I… I’ll be good.

ROSE: James?

JAMES: Yes?

ROSE: Why do you want to be here? With us?

JAMES: Oh dear… Because I heard that you were strong Christians that were really into serving the Lord in the best way possible.

ROSE: Yeah… That’s right. Are you a pure hearted Christian?

JAMES: Yes.

ROSE: Well as long as you show us you’re pure of heart… I suppose it’s cool if you stay. Do you think you can cut it with Christians like us?
JAMES:
Yes… Yes, I’m sure.

ROSE:
Okay then… We’re making posters today. We can talk while we work on them.

JAMES:
What are we putting on the posters?

ROSE:
Oh, well… There’s this thing going on.

*(She hands him a card with something written on it and some poster making materials.)*

Just copy the card on the poster. We’re going to put these up around school after class.

JAMES:
Aren’t we going to get in trouble if we write this and put it around? Don’t you think it’s a little preachy for public school?

ROSE:
We’re allowed to have our club.

MARY:
Yeah and… And this is really great. This type of stuff lets people know about the problems around here. I really dig these projects. They get people involved.

SEAN:
Just copy the card dude…

ROSE:
Anyway… We can talk about the Bible and stuff if you guys want while we work on the posters.

MARY:
Well maybe we should talk about converting more people here at school.

ROSE:
That’s good. Any ideas gentlemen?

SEAN:
Some guys think I’m a freak for being in this club.
So convert them.

SEAN:
Give me a break Rose… These guys are football players and stuff. They don’t get my beliefs.

ROSE:
Well, you shouldn’t be friends with them. You should have more friends like James… Pure hearted Christians.

JAMES:
Oh dear.

SEAN:
But James is a computer geek. I mean, I’ll hang out with him here, but…

But what?

ROSE:
You know.

SEAN:
To much work to convert?

ROSE:
I’m making the poster…

SEAN:
Making the poster’s good… That’s all I’m doing Rose.

ROSE:
Making the poster’s good… But it’s not enough. There are still a lot of people that…

MARY:
Satan is everywhere.

ROSE:
He’s hiding here at school. We have to do what we can to convert people.

MARY:
(Loves talking about hell and gets excited and giddy when talking about it in each of her hell speeches.) But Satan is in them, especially boys. My Mom told me all about it… I feel it when I get close. I see him in the eyes of boys that look at me in that way. (James and Sean look away quickly.) I see them watching me, wanting me to indulge in the carnal pleasures with them. I know they want to poke me with their burning pitch-fork. I
know they want to spill Lucifer’s hot seed into me. I know they want to grope at my breasts with hands that might be claws in the next world… I know they want to press their putrid lips against mine and steal me from the virginity I so love. Did you know that Todd Fliesch asked me to go to prom with him? He said he could get his Dad’s car… You know what that means? Oh they’re tricky. They have codes… Things they say when they want to infest you with the devil. Riding in the car with a boy like that is no better than being the whore of Babylon herself… One day you’re going to prom with the captain of the football team, the next you’re nothing more than a harlot of hell.

ROSE:
Many boys have Satan in them.

SEAN:
Well, Rose, Mary, you need to watch out, otherwise you’ll be having the devil’s child before you know it.

ROSE:
Satan works in mysterious ways. Did you know that Mr. Mason believes in evolution?

JAMES:
Oh dear.

MARY:
And I thought he was such a good teacher. It’s too bad great serpents of the underworld will be feeding on his malignant flesh.

ROSE:
Yeah, it’s too bad. A lot of educated people don’t see Satan. But there are a lot of people doing worse things than trying to push the devil’s Darwin upon us.

JAMES:
No… No, more?

ROSE:
Yes James, there are many more.

JAMES:
No…

ROSE:
Those that try to get us to think that homosexuality is okay… And would try to give those hell bound masturbaters the same rights and other stuff as decent Christian folk. The liberals that let thousands of unborn babies to be murdered every day. Those that allow the diseased and heathen godless immigrants into this great land promised us in the Bible. Liberals that don’t want those condemned to be put to death. The twisted and um… The twisted and corrupt Jewish government that would like to see our last means… Our last
means of defense taken away from us… Our weapons, so that they can infiltrate our homes and kill our children and take away our faith.

JAMES: Oh no…

SEAN: You don’t have any children or guns Rose.

ROSE: Do you wanna’ keep coming to these meetings?

SEAN: Yes.

ROSE: Then use your head. That’s not the point. They will take these things away from us… Then the Jews and the Blacks and the homosexuals will rule Earth as Satan rules hell.

SEAN: There are lots of black guys on the football team that aren’t Satanic.

ROSE: Fine, put the blinders on if you want.

JAMES: Can I? Can I make a comment about that?

ROSE: Yes James…

JAMES: I happen to know that… I mean, I know that black people… A lot of black people are Christians.

SEAN: Yeah, you go James… That’s what I’m sayin’, some of those guys are Christian.

JAMES: Somebody even said that homosexuals can be Christian too.

ROSE: Whoever told you that is wrong.

SEAN: Okay hold on… James don’t be so ignorant. Fudge packers can’t be Christian.
JAMES:
Oh Dear.

ROSE:
No, it’s okay to question some thing, just not everything. My mother says question everything but the Bible, the Bible is truth. In the Bible we know that the Jews killed Jesus, our savior.

JAMES:
But wasn’t Jesus a Jew?

ROSE:
No… After they killed him he turned into a Christian. He didn’t want to be a Jew anymore ‘cause they were always killing him. And as for blacks… Well God’s white, so blacks aren’t part of God’s plan. Their skin is dark because their souls are dark.

JAMES:
Jesus was from the Middle East…

MARY:
Just because everyone in the Middle East today has sold themselves to the Devil doesn’t mean that they did then…

JAMES:
But look at the color of people in the Middle East, they’re not white.

ROSE:
I know Jesus is white ‘cause there’s a picture of him in my Bible and he’s white in the picture.

MARY:
Don’t question the Bible, the Bible is truth.

SEAN:
You can’t argue that…

JAMES:
Oh.

ROSE:
Any more ignorant liberal ideas to throw on the table my Satan tempted friend?

SEAN:
You lookin’ at buyin’ a Harley ta’ ride to hell on there James?
JAMES:  
No… But… Well, I guess I got one question still… But…

ROSE:  
Well spit it out.

JAMES:  
Is it possible… Well hypothetically… Is it possible that maybe Satan… Just for the sake of argument, has made his way into our religion causing us to think that all these people are out to get us? Causing people to blow up abortion clinics and kill homosexuals? Causing people to hate blacks and Jews? Is it possible that Lucifer is so sneaky that he got into people’s heads causing them to want to kill people that are different? Causing people to misinterpret the Bible and perhaps even causing us to go down the road of final and eternal damnation?

MARY:  
I think Satan’s in this boy Rose…

JAMES:  
What?

SEAN:  
Naw, naw… He’s got a point.

MARY & ROSE:  
What?

I do?

JAMES:  
Rose you don’t know what you’re talking about… All you do is listen to your parents and repeat what they say.

SEAN:  
But it’s got a pretty good point. Rose doesn’t know everything.

ROSE:  
Just one minute here.

SEAN:  
No. You listen. James has a really good point. What if we’re not doing what we’re supposed to do? What if someone – namely a girl named Rose – screwed us up?
ROSE:
Sean, you need to shut your mouth. I’m in charge here.

SEAN:
I don’t remember electing you.

JAMES:
It was just a question.

ROSE:
Then give me your poster and get out of here.

SEAN:
I’m not giving you my poster.

ROSE:
Then get out of here.

SEAN:
Maybe I will. Maybe I’ll start my own club and we’ll make our own posters.

ROSE:
Then start your own club. I don’t care. You’ll have to get your own poster material.

SEAN:
We’ll have a fund-raiser. We’ll make cookies and sell them at lunch.

ROSE:
Then have a fund-raiser. I won’t help you organize it if it’s not for this club.

SEAN:
Fine, then we’ll BUY cookies and sell them at lunch.

ROSE:
You have to have a food handler’s permit to sell food at lunch.

SEAN:
Then I’ll get one.

ROSE:
Where?

SEAN:
At the food handler permit place. Where do you think?
ROSE: You don’t know where that is.

SEAN: Yes I do.

ROSE: Where?

SEAN: I can’t remember the name of the street.

ROSE: You have to talk to the vice principal about fund raisers… And you have to do it by yourself.

SEAN: Maybe I will.

ROSE: Old Mrs. Pugh?

SEAN: Yeah, I’ll talk to that bitch.

ROSE: Nice language. She hates you.

SEAN: It doesn’t matter.

ROSE: Then get outta’ here.

SEAN: I am.

ROSE: Go.

(SEAN considers his options.)

SEAN: Okay, maybe I don’t want to.
Then stay.

Fine.

Whatever.

It was just a question.

Um… Who’s in charge of the club?

SEAN: ROSE:
She is. I am.

MARY:

Well, my poster’s done.

ROSE:

Okay, let’s see.

(Mary holds up her poster. It says, “Emily Anderson is going to kill her unborn baby!”)

ROSE:

That’s wonderful.

MARY:

Thanks.

JAMES:

I like it.

SEAN:

It’s cool.

MARY:

So where are we gonna’ hang it.

ROSE:

In the main hall. Everyone will see it before they go to class. She’ll never be able to kill her baby with this up.
(The lights change and Sean gets up. He walks to the other side of the stage where he meets two young men.)

The Loser I

(The lights come up on three teenage students.)

ANGUS: What’s up Sean?

Chriss: Seano.

Sean: Sup guys?

Angus: Shoulda’ seen it. That was so fucking awesome.

Sean: What?

Chris: Did ya’ see that little punk?

Angus: Little… What are you talking about little?

Chris: Yeah. Little’s the wrong word. Ya’ see that big fat ass mother fuckin’ rhino whale?

Sean: You guys must be talking about Paul.

Chris: Damn right.

Angus: Yeah, “Hey Paulie, I bet you can’t do an Olympic sit-up.”

Chris: “Can too!”

Angus: That was soooo awesome dude.
CHRIS: Who woulda’ guessed he’d a done it. Damn, he’s not very smart for a four-eyed whale.

SEAN: Hold up man. Now what’s an Olympic sit-up?

(The other two crack up.)

CHRIS: No way. You don’t know what an Olympic sit-up is?

ANGUS: Maybe you’d like to try one?

(He says this seriously, holds for a moment, then begins to laugh.)

SEAN: Naw man, I ain’t gonna’ try anything I don’t know nothin’ about.

CHRIS: It don’t matter. Sean’s cool anyway.

ANGUS: Yeah, alright. Should we tell ‘em?


ANGUS: Like Paulie.

(From this point forward Angus adjusts his voice often for effect. It is recommended that the actor make his voice high. However, this is not the only option and others should be explored in rehearsal. When he changes his voice it will be noted from here on simply as: “High Voice.”)

(High Voice.) Paulie! Paulie! Nerdy little Paulie!

CHRIS: Then ya’ bet him that he can’t do an Olympic sit-up.

ANGUS: Can’t do one.

CHRIS: Yeah, an then you… This is the best part.
ANGUS: The best part man; *(High voice.)* The best part.

SEAN: What?

CHRIS: Well, first ya’ get the guy down into sit-up position.

ANGUS: Yeah, sit-up position. *(ANGUS gets down into sit-up position.)*

CHRIS: Then ya’ tell ‘em their gonna’ do a practice and ya’ put your hand out like this.

*(Chris puts his hand out in front of Angus who is still in sit-up position. The hand is placed so that Angus can easily touch his nose to it.)*

ANGUS: Yeah, just like this.

CHRIS: The guy does a sit-up and touches your hand with his nose.

ANGUS: Yeah, right there.

*(Angus does a sit-up.)*

CHRIS: He’ll say that’s easy.

ANGUS: *(High voice.)* So easy.

CHRIS: So ya’ put your hand a little more forward and ya’ do it again.

*(Angus does it again.)*

ANGUS: *(High voice.)* Oh so so easy.

CHRIS:
Then ya’ tell ‘em this is the real thing. Here’s what you’re gonna’ do. You’re gonna’ close your eyes and touch your nose to my hand here.

(He moves it forward again, right at the end of the sit-up range.)

ANGUS:

(High voice.) Easy! Easy! Easy!

CHRIS:
Then ya’ drop your pants, step over the stupid fuck and… Hey man, don’t worry. I’m not gonna’ do it for reals. Anyway, ya’ just bend over stickin’ your bare ass out and he’ll do the rest.

ANGUS:

(High voice.) Easy! Easy! Easy! (Slaps his hands together.) Assface!

(Angus jumps to his feet without doing the sit-up.)

SEAN:
That is so great… And you got Paulie?

ANGUS:

(High voice.) Paulie Paulie Assface!

CHRIS:
And we ain’t talkin’ no little bump. We’re talkin’ solid slap, then he’s all getting’ into it. Ya’ know stickin’ his nose up there.

ANGUS:
Fuckin’ brown noser.

CHRIS:
That’s for damn sure. I didn’t use too much TP last time I visited the crapper.

(They all laugh. The lights fade on the three young men. A young man steps forward.)

Little Faggot

(At rise, Rose, Jody, Paul, and Chris are discovered sitting in a half circle with their desks pulled together. They have paper and pens on the desk. The teacher’s voice throughout this scene will come from the P.A. Whenever someone tells Paul to shut up or makes fun of him, he laughs as if he thinks whatever is being said is funny. The following scene can be substituted for the monologue with Jody that follows this scene. It is titled “Little Faggot (Alternate Scene)"
Okay class, your journaling assignment today is Gays in the Military. Got that? Gays in the military. I’d like you to get feedback from others in your cooperative learning circle. You have five minutes to discuss, then fifteen to write. Remember the key word in cooperative is cooperate. Got that? Cooperate in your cooperative learning circle.

Goddamn I hate that freak.

Please don’t swear Chris.

We should cooperate.

Shut up Paulie.

I guess we only got five minutes, we should talk about this.

Fuck that. Goddamn fags.

God will damn the homosexuals.

Rose, this is public school… You’re not supposed to talk about God.

God made Adam and Eve not Adam and Steve.

That’s not true.

Jesus Christ… Rose.

God made Adam and Eve.

God made Adam in his image.
Duh…

I ah… I…

Shut up Paulie.

I guess ah… Well how was Adam supposed to procreate?

That’s why he made Eve…

If I remember right… I guess, Adam asked for Eve first.

So… He didn’t ask for Steve.

God made Adam in his image. God’s both man and woman. Adam was a hermaphrodite. I guess that means he was man and woman too, you know…

I think that…

Shut up Paulie.

I guess, I mean… That’s how he was gonna reproduce…

That is such garbage. God’s not perverted.

Jesus Christ, what a faggoty thing to say.

I’m not a faggot!

Little gay boy.
I’m not gay.

I bet you and Paulie get it on.

You’ll go to hell if you’re gay Jody.

I’m not gay! I like girls!

Oh yeah, which ones?

There are some I like.

Who?

I have a girlfriend!

You do not.

Yes I do!

Who?

She goes to a different school!

What school?

It’s in Canada.

Oh yeah! I believe that!

Homosexuals are the devil’s spawn.
PAUL:
Rose, you don’t have to be so mean to everyone.

ROSE & CHRIS:
Shut up Paulie!

CHRIS:
Is that it? Jody and Paulie sittin’ in a tree…

JODY:
Shut up Chris.

CHRIS:
Shut up? I’ll kick your faggoty little ass.

PAUL:
My buddy Randy’s a gangster… He’ll…

CHRIS:
Shut up Paulie!

JODY:
What are you scared of Chris? You scared you’re gay?

CHRIS:
Fuck that! Fuckin’ work over goddamn gay boys!

ROSE:
Language please Chris!

CHRIS:
Screw you, ya’ little twat.

ROSE:
Satan spawn.

CHRIS:
Ya’ like big dicks Jody? Huh?

JODY:
Leave me alone.

CHRIS:
What do ya’ do? Jam it in Paulie’s belly button? Uh yeah. Paulie. Uh give it to me!
JODY:
That’s it Chris… You’re right. When I look at you I get hard. I want to grab your cock and suck it dry! Is that what you want to hear?

CHRIS:
Faggot. I’m gonna’ get some boys together ta’ kick your faggoty little ass.

P.A.
Okay class, times up. I’d like you to separate your desks from your cooperative learning circle. Isn’t cooperative learning wonderful? Okay, take out a pen or pencil and a piece of paper and write about your discussion on gays in the military.

(The lights fade to black.)

Little Faggot (Alternate Scene)

(Discovered center is a teenage male sitting in a pool of light. His face is buried between his knees so the audience can only see the back of his head. Students involved in different conversations in around the stage should break their freeze for a single moment to say the following lines.)

VOICE ONE:
He’s such a little faggot.

VOICE TWO:
Shut up, you fag.

VOICE THREE:
That’s so gay.

VOICE FOUR:
Fudge packers can’t be Christian.

VOICE FIVE:
What are you talking about you homo.

VOICE SIX:
Goddamn gayboy.

VOICE SEVEN:
He’s such a little faggot.

(The boy sitting center looks up from his knees. He is Jody, a teenager trying desperately to deal with his homosexuality. He begins to stand up. He does the following monologue from his small pool of light.)
JODY:
I’m scared. I mean, not just a little frightened… I’m scared. Really scared. These kids here… They… Well, they don’t understand. I guess I shouldn’t be too surprised by that. I don’t think they want to understand. Most of ‘em live in a dream world. They think about football and prom and hanging out at the mall. I guess that’s pretty normal. Problem is… I guess I don’t fit the norm. You see… I’ve realized… Well, I’m… It’s so hard to say… I guess I’m gay. There. It’s in the open. It’s not an easy thing to be here. I’ve been told it’s not an easy thing to be anywhere. But, here it’s pretty bad. I don’t have a lot of support. When I told my Mom, I guess she freaked or something. My Dad just calls it a phase, you know. He’s like, “when I was your age my Pa got me a whore. That took care a that, I was a man.” So he got me a whore, locked me in the room with her and… Well, she was only eighteen. I guess we talked for hours. She poured her heart out to me… She poured it out to a sixteen year old queer. At the end of the time she hugged me and thanked me. That’s when I knew for sure that I was gay. I guess that’s when my Dad knew too. He hasn’t tried to get me a prostitute again. I guess that’s a good thing. He hasn’t talked to me a whole lot since then though. It’s like… Well I guess he’s just disappointed. He’s the type a guy that likes to sit around, drink beer, and talk about getting laid. I kinda’ doubt he’s gonna’ wanna’ talk about that kinda’ stuff with me. Mom… Well, she’s actually a little closer to accepting it. We’ll see what happens. The problem now is here at school and being afraid. I desperately want to tell people who I am… But at the same time I’m so scared of what they’re going to say or what they’re going to think. In one of my classes a teacher brought up gays in the military… What I heard scared me more than anything. I guess one kid was like, “God made Adam and Eve not Adam and Steve.” Stupid kid never read the Bible. God made Adam and then said he made him in his image… There was no Eve yet. How was Adam suppose to procreate? Well I figure he musta’ been a hermaphrodite. I guess that means he was both man and woman at once. That means God is both man and woman at the same time. I kinda’ think of myself like that. Anyway, I brought that up in class… All except the part about me being like that… And a bunch a kids freaked out and said no way and stuff. Anyway, this one kid was all talkin’ about how he’d beat up all the gay people he sees ‘cause they piss him off. They’re just too fruity. They deserve to get the crap beat out of ‘em. I said that was very Christian of him and maybe he was worried he was gay… I tell you, that did not go over well. Since then kids have suspected. I guess that really scares me. What are they going to do if they ever find out? Will they be the same? Will they talk to me anymore? It’s not like I’m gonna’ try and pursue a relationship with them if they’re not gay… But that’s what they think. I guess they’re pretty afraid too.

(Jody drops back and the monologue light fades. A bell rings and most of the students on stage exit to go to class. It is possible to eliminate the ringing bell and keep everyone on stage frozen. The lights fade slowly.)

Stuffed Animals
Emily… What’s wrong?

PAUL:

EMILY:

Nothing.

PAUL:

EMILY:

I just heard you. I was sitting and I heard you.

PAUL:

EMILY:

It’s nothing.

PAUL:

EMILY:

Is there… Is there anything I can do?

PAUL:

EMILY:

No… I just…

PAUL:

EMILY:

I was sitting over there by myself ‘cause I needed to study. I… I didn’t want to sit in the cafeteria ‘cause people’d want ta’ hang out with me and stuff.

PAUL:

EMILY:

Yeah…

PAUL:

EMILY:

Really, is there anything I can do?

PAUL:

EMILY:

No.

PAUL:

EMILY:

It was the sign wasn’t it? I… I saw Rose and her friends putting it up. I… I’m sorry they told everyone you were pregnant.

PAUL:

EMILY:

Pregnant… What do you know about it?

PAUL:

EMILY:
PAUL: What?

Well… I…

EMILY: Why are you even talking to me?

PAUL: It’s just that… You were crying… I… You were crying and I was studying…

EMILY: Do you want me to cry somewhere else so I don’t interrupt your studying?

PAUL: No… I just want…

EMILY: What?

PAUL: I… I… I wanna’ help.

EMILY: Oh.

PAUL: I mean… I’m sorry.

EMILY: It’s okay… I’m sorry. I usually don’t get so mad…

PAUL: I know.

PAUL: Well, I was bothering you and stuff…

EMILY: It’s okay.

PAUL: I was actually gonna’ go hang out with Randy. Maybe study biology with him or something. Are you… Are you okay?

EMILY:
Yeah… ‘Course I’m okay. Jeeze.

I’m sorry, I…

PAUL:

Yeah you probably should be…

EMILY:

I am… I… I’ll go.

PAUL:

No, don’t… It’s…

EMILY:

What?

PAUL:

EMILY:

I don’t wanna’ talk, but I wanna’ talk… Ya know?

You wanna’ talk?

PAUL:

EMILY:

I don’t know.

PAUL:

Well, ya’ know… Um… I’ll listen if you want.

(A pause.)

EMILY:

What am I gonna’ do? Everybody knows… Everybody!

PAUL:

I don’t know. (Beat.) Is it Chris’?

EMILY:

That bastard. As soon as I told ‘em… So much for Prom.

PAUL:

Why don’t you go home? They’d let you go home today.

EMILY:

My Mom won’t let me. She… You know…
PAUL: Yeah… (*Pause.*) That’s a nice doll.

EMILY: It’s a pink bunny.

PAUL: Aren’t you afraid people will make fun of you with that?

EMILY: Nothing could be worse than the sign… Those stupid kids… Why would they put up a sign to tell everyone my business?

PAUL: I like it…

EMILY: What?

PAUL: Your stuffed animal.

EMILY: Oh.

PAUL: I used to have a stuffed lion. I remember holding him at night.

(Grace grimaces.)

EMILY: What’s wrong?

PAUL: I shouldn’t have told you that.

EMILY: It’s okay. I think it’s sweet.

PAUL: You do?

EMILY: Chris is mean to you isn’t he?
PAUL:
Naw, he’s just joking around. He likes to joke around with me.

EMILY:
He was mean to me. (*Angry groan.*) Uhhh… Why’d they do that? Why’d he do that? Why?

PAUL:
I don’t know… I just… Are you sure there’s nothing I can do?

EMILY:
Not unless you can turn back time.

PAUL:
I… Maybe I’ll invent a time machine… You know, when I grow up.

EMILY:
When you do, come and see me.

PAUL:
I will.

EMILY:
Paul?

PAUL:
What?

EMILY:
 Aren’t you afraid of being seen with me? You know, with the sign and everything?

PAUL:
No, I mean…

EMILY:
It’s just that you’re the first person to say anything nice to me since they put up the sign.

PAUL:
I… I can’t just let you sit here and cry… Those kids can be really mean. I mean, if I were you I’d want someone to stop and talk to me.

EMILY:
Yeah.

PAUL:
I mean, sometimes kids can be mean.
EMILY:
No kidding.

PAUL:
Maybe I could get you some tissue or something.

EMILY:
I’m fine now… Thanks.

PAUL:
It’s no problem. I was just studying.

EMILY:
What do you think I should do?

PAUL:
Oh… I… I don’t know about that kind of stuff.

EMILY:
If I have a… You know, everybody’s gonna’ know.

PAUL:
That’s hard.

EMILY:
And if I don’t… Oh God…

PAUL:
You could… Um… You could put it up for adoption.

EMILY:
I don’t know… I…

PAUL:
You could say you had a miscarriage.

EMILY:
I don’t think they’d believe me.

PAUL:
You could… Um… You could transfer schools.

EMILY:
That’s easy for you to say you…
PAUL: Yeah...

EMILY: And I’m...

PAUL: I know...

EMILY: Well, I was...

PAUL: Yeah.

EMILY: I’m sorry Paul. I… I didn’t mean to...

PAUL: I know.

EMILY: It’d just be easier for someone like you to transfer.

PAUL: Yeah.

EMILY: I don’t mean to be mean ya’ know.

PAUL: I know.

EMILY: Ya’ know Paul… I think you’re a good guy.

PAUL: Really?

EMILY: Yeah, I think it’s sweet that you had a stuffed lion… And I think it’s wonderful that you stopped to talk to me… To see if I was okay.

PAUL: Well, I… I mean, I couldn’t just let you sit there crying.
EMILY: Thanks.

PAUL: Well… Um… Maybe you could ditch school for the rest of the day…

EMILY: Yeah… Maybe…

PAUL: I’d come with you… I… We could hang out in the park and talk… You know.

EMILY: I think I’d…

PAUL: Don’t worry about being truant… I… I work in the attendance office. I could take our names off the list tomorrow.

EMILY: Maybe we could do that…

PAUL: I… I can’t believe Chris did this to you. I mean… If I had a girlfriend as pretty and as nice as you… I… I would never leave her. I’d… I’d be by her side through everything.

EMILY: You’re a sweet boy Paul.

PAUL: Um… Thanks… I… You know.

EMILY: No… What you said… It’s… It means something to me.

(She hugs him tightly. Dayna and Alysa enter and watch the scene take place. While hugging she says the next line.)

EMILY: Thanks.

PAUL: I… I like hugging you… I mean… If I had a girlfriend like you…

(They break their embrace. As they pull away they make eye contact. Emily leans in and kisses him lightly on the forehead. She then sits back.)
Emily… You wanna’… Um… Would you go to prom…

Isn’t this a pretty picture?

Emily you’ve sunk so low.

Pregnant and with Paulie…

Can I just say one thing… Gross.

Grosser than gross.

No, I was just sitting here and…

Making out with your new boyfriend.

I’m not her boyfriend.

Why don’t you just waddle away whale boy?

I was just sitting here when…

What do you think? Should we tell Chris?

It doesn’t matter. They’re history anyway.

No. No. No! That’s not what was happening!

Oh it’s not?

PAUL:
No, she was sitting on the steps and…

EMILY:
And Paul came over and said that if I hugged him and kissed him on the forehead, he’d take my name off the truant list if I skipped. He works in the attendance office.

PAUL:
What?

DAYNA:
Isn’t that kinda’ like being a prostitute?

ALYSA:
Nope, that’s using good old fashion female sexuality to get what you want.

EMILY:
Yep, and I’m a pro.

DAYNA:
I see.

EMILY:
I mean, you guys don’t think I’d actually kiss Paulie of my own free will…

ALYSA:
No, we were just messing with ya’. Sucks about that sign though…

EMILY:
Sucks big time… What am I gonna’ do?

ALYSA:
We could put up a sign that says Rose is a lesbian.

(The three girls exit the stage as they talk about what to do about the sign. Paul slumps to the floor.)

PAUL:
Stupid! Stupid! Stupid! You’re so stupid Paul… So stupid…

(He choke the sob.)

So stupid…

(The lights fade. A bell rings.)

Little Faggot II
(The lights shift and Jody is discovered sitting in the lunch room with one girl and two boys. The girl is Annie; the boys are Jessie and James. These are the types of kids that love to talk about computer games, science fiction, and role playing games.)

You guys just don’t get it.

There is not a whole lot to get, you’ve got a screw loose.

We just need to remember our roots.

Roots? Oh dear.

You seriously just don’t get it.

I guess I can see where you’re coming from Jess.

Thank-you Jody.

Jeese… You got a screw loose too.

Tell me about it.

All I’m saying is that with all these new graphics and these new systems with millions of bytes and CD ROM, the roots are being forgotten.

You’re wacked.

Um… I’ll second that.

No… You take these super games with super graphics and you forget what came before. You forget about the old school. That is a real bad direction to go. You forget what a
real man’s game is. Now Pac Man… That is a real man’s game. Donkey Kong, that is a real man’s game. And you know what men were playing back in the day? Pong! Pong! Now that, that is a real man’s game. You’ve got your ball, you’ve got your paddle, and you’ve got your little bricks. Simple. To the point. A real man’s game. There is no Fantasy Super Force Mario Ex lax save point. You don’t have to call some stupid hot line to figure out the secrets. You don’t need to get a stupid magazine! You bounce the ball off the bricks and they disappear. When the bricks are gone: You win!

ANNIE:
You are getting a little too excited about this. Not only that, but you don’t even know what you’re talking about. Super Breakout is the game where ya’ hit bricks. Pong’s like tennis.

JESSIE:
Whatever.

JAMES:
So you’re saying that you’d give up your system for an Atari six hundred?

JESSIE:
That’s not what I’m saying.

ANNIE:
Enlighten us, what are you saying?

JESSIE:
I’m just saying that we’re forgetting where we came from.

ANNIE:
All that was before our time. We’re not forgetting anything… We need to explore strange new worlds, not dwell on the old ones.

JESSIE:
Yeah whatever Princess Bubba.

ANNIE:
I’d appreciate it if you didn’t call me that anymore.

JODY:
I’ve got something important to tell you guys.

JAMES:
I… I don’t understand. To remember our roots we’re supposed to play pong?

JESSIE:
Sure, that’s a start.
JODY:
It’s something I’ve wanted to say for awhile.

ANNIE:
So you’re saying you’d pick Pong over Dino Warriors Seven?

JESSIE:
See that’s the thing; you’re missing the point again.

Now what is the point again?

ANNIE:

JESSIE:
My dear Princess Bubba’ the point is…

The point is I’m gay.

JODY:

JESSIE:
The point is that… The point is that… What?

Well, I guess I’m…

JESSIE:
Jesus… What… No. Please let it be, I’m day… I’m stay… I’m way… Yeah, I’m way. You’re way what Jody?

JAMES:
Oh dear.

JODY:
You guys… I’ve wanted to tell you for awhile. I guess… I guess I’ve wanted to tell you because… Well the three of you are my best friends. I hope…

(James gets up and sighs heavily before walking away.)

James? (Jody’s voice quivers. He is on the brink of tears.) I can’t help who I am… I can’t change who I am… And I’ve wanted you to know for awhile. I’ve wanted… I mean… I guess I felt like I was lying to you without telling you who I was. And… And I need your help… I… I think some guys know… They… They might do something to me if I don’t have your help.

JESSIE:
So what you’re saying is that you’re some kind of little faggot?
ANNIE:
Jody.

(She puts her hand on top of Jody’s.)

JODY:
I’m saying I’m the same guy you’ve always known… It’s just that you didn’t know everything. Please don’t tell anyone. I guess I could get beat ta’ hell pretty easy ‘cause of this.

ANNIE:
It’s okay… I won’t tell anyone. We’ll… We’ll go to prom together. They’ll never suspect.

JODY:
Thanks Annie. Je… Jessie?

JESSIE:
Some kind of faggot sitting here all along.

Jessie please?

JODY:
A fucking little faggot.

Oh my God, no.

JESSIE:
Tell me one thing little faggot… Is Pong a real man’s game?

What?

JESSIE:
Is Pong a real man’s game or a faggot game?

I… I don’t know.

JESSIE:
Well, I figure you and I are gonna’ have ta’ play sometime to figure that out.
Really?

JESSIE:
Just don’t look at me funny.

JODY:
Don’t worry.

JESSIE:
I’m gonna’ prove to the world once and for all that Pong is a real man’s game and that none of this new fangled crap is worth anything before the almighty power of Pong.

JODY:
Do you realize how big a freak you are?

JESSIE:
Peas in a pod my boy. Peas in a pod…

(The three remaining at the table are smiling as the lights fade to black.)

The Loser II

(Paul steps forward and a pool of light rises on him.)

PAUL:
I get along with pretty much all the kids. I know there are a lot of girls that really like me, they’re just shy. I’m kinda’ shy too. I know what they’re going through. I don’t expect them to jump out and tell me how they feel, especially with Chris and… Well, you know. This one group of girls… Really popular girls, invited me to a party. I got all dressed up. I was the only boy there. We played a game where they giggled and dared each other to kiss me. None did… I’m sure they were just shy. I… I can really get people to laugh when I do things sometimes. I’m… I’m not really sure what those things are… I mean, I get up from eating lunch and a whole group of kids at the next table starts to laugh. I’ve thought about maybe being a comedian… Especially since I’m so good at making people laugh. Chris and Angus and… I don’t like making those guys laugh. Not really. Sometimes they’re… I… It’s not fun to make them laugh, they… (A painful pregnant pause.) Sometimes in my dreams I see people like Chris choking on something. He’s motioning for me to help him. He wants me to give him the Hiemlick maneuver or something, but I just stand there. I watch him fall to his knees holding his throat… His face turning blue. For some reason blood starts to come out of his nose and ears. His eyes pop out and blood starts to come from there too. The whole time I know I can save him, but I don’t do anything. I watch him die. He’s lying there not moving, not doing anything. Suddenly his skin splits open. I expect to see muscles and bones, but… Instead, maggots and spiders and worms start to crawl out of his ravaged body. Then I know what he was… Nothing. He wasn’t worth anything to anyone but insects and
maggots. Sometimes I think about ending it. It would be so easy to make a statement, to show the world that people like me aren’t going to take it anymore. Put a gun to his head… Pull the trigger… See if I’m right about his insides.

(Paul steps back into the crowd again. The lights fade. Perhaps a bell rings and the kids on stage clear. Perhaps they remain frozen upstage for the next scene.)

The Gangsta’

(As the lights come up, a teenager is discovered brandishing a gun. He pulls it out of his belt and points it. He smiles and puts the gun back in his belt. He repeats this a couple of times. The youth is dressed in gang attire. He is standing in an alley behind the school waiting for his friends.)

BLADE:
Mother fucker! I’ll put a cap in yo’ ass. (He pretends to knock someone down.) Come on… That’s right, open your mouth. Now bite down on the barrel. If I pull this fuckin’ trigger yo’ brains is gonna’ be all over the school. Ya’ like that gee? That’s what I thought nigga’.

(He apparently hears someone coming and stands up quickly, tucking the weapon in the back of his belt. Four teenagers approach from down the alley. They are RANDY, DOPEMAN, LITTLE GEE, and JAYDOG.)

JAYDOG:
Sup Blade?

BLADE:
What up Gee? Hey Dopeman, Little Gee… Sup?

DOPEMAN and LITTLE GEE:
(Together.) Sup?

BLADE:
And this little punk is the new guy you were all tellin’ me about?

RANDY:
Yeah, that’s me.

BLADE:
I don’t remember talking to you mother fucker.

DOPEMAN:
Word, this is the mother fucker.

BLADE:
Sheeit, he ain’t but a little bitch. Ain’t that right little bitch?

RANDY:
Fuckin’ lookin’ ta’ get your ass kicked I think.

BLADE:

(*Punches him. RANDY doubles over and the others hold him up to keep him from falling.*)

I wasn’t talking to you.

LITTLE GEE:
Name’s Randy.

BLADE:
Seems to me his name is little bitch.

DOPEMAN:
I think that’s what I heard too.

JAYDOG:
Fuck yeah, that’s the shit I heard.

BLADE:
Now you can talk little bitch.

RANDY:
I…

BLADE:
(*Hits him again.*) Sorry. Fuck me, I changed my mind.

JAYDOG:
Anyways this little bitch wants in.

BLADE:
Oh yeah? You want in little bitch? Ya’ think ya’ got the balls Gee?

DOPEMAN:
He ain’t got the balls yet.

LITTLE GEE:
We’ll have ta’ give him balls ta’ chill with us.

JAYDOG:
Well I ain’t willin’ ta’ give up none a my nuts for a little bitch.

BLADE:
Ya’ know what ya’ have ta’ do ta’ earn our respect? Ya’ know how ta’ be more than just a little bitch?

RANDY:
I heard…

BLADE:
(Slaps RANDY hard across the mouth.)

You need to shut the fuck up until I tell you to talk. Got that?

(RANDY nods his head.)

Ta’ be with us ya got ta’ be a man. You ain’t gonna’ get away with dissin’ on any of us. If one of us gets dissed or if one of us gets jacked or if one of us gets beat… Ya’ got ta’ be ready ta’ kill some mother fucker. I ain’t talkin’ about kickin’ some punks ass… I ain’t talkin’ about eggin’ his house…

(He takes the gun from the back of his pants and points it at RANDY.)

I’m talkin’ about puttin’ the gun to some stupid mother fucker’s head and blowing his fucking brains out. Ya’ understand? Do you understand me?

(RANDY nods.)

JAYDOG:
Tell ‘em what we’re gonna’ do to ‘em.

LITTLE GEE:
Fuck yeah, tell ‘em.

BLADE:
Give me that bag.

(DOPEMAN gives BLADE a small cloth bag.)

RANDY:
The hell is that for?

BLADE:
(Puts his pistol right up to RANDY’s head.)
If you talk again without me tellin’ ya’ to…

DOPEMAN:
The bag’s ta’ put over your damn head. Shee, he don’t know nothin’.

BLADE:
We’re gonna’ put this bag over your head so ya’ can’t see. Then we’re gonna’ beat the living shit out a’ ya’. If… And that is a big if… If you survive, then you’ll be part of the gang… Any questions? You can speak now.

RANDY:
No.

BLADE:
Good. If you cry like a baby, I’m gonna’ kill ya’.

DOPEMAN:
Time?

(BLADE nods his head yes. DOPEMAN places the bag over the boy’s head and pulls the drawstring tight around his neck.)

BLADE:
Are you scared little bitch?

(RANDY nods his head no. BLADE punches him. RANDY falls to his knees trying to breathe but not getting anything.)

Now are you scared?

(RANDY nods his head yes.)

That’s the kind a shit I like to hear. Okay, fuck ‘em up.

(“Gotta’ keep ‘em separated” by Offspring begins to play over the P.A. BLADE steps back while the other three boys go at it. They begin to beat RANDY senseless. He is being thrown back and fourth between the boys like a ball in a pinball machine. He is not allowed to fall down as each boy has a chance to hit him again and again. There are times when he starts to crumple, but is then pulled back to his feet. Finally RANDY falls to his knees and the boys back off. BLADE picks up a 2x4 and hits the helpless boy in the side of the head. RANDY crumples to the ground. The music stops and the boys begin to cheer each other on and congratulate themselves.)

DOPEMAN:
Alright nigga’ we put that boy through the shit!
JAYDOG:
Fuck yeah, that was twice as pimp as your beat-in Little Gee.

LITTLE GEE:
I don’t know, mine was pretty fucked. I’m just glad Blade didn’t do the number with the 2x4 on me.

BLADE:
He’s a little bitch… He needed a bit more.

JAYDOG:
That boy is knocked cold.

LITTLE GEE:
But he’ll be one happy mother fucker when he wakes up.

BLADE:
Better pull up that fuckin’ hood so he doesn’t choke on any blood and shit.

(JAYDOG bends down to tend to RANDY’s hood.)

DOPEMAN:
Ya’ see that undercut I gave that boy. (Pretends to do it again.) I got the four one one on that fuckin’ move.

LITTLE GEE:
Nah man, the old one two ya’ know. Bap bap!

(Pretends to punch.)

DOPEMAN:
Fuck that little boxer shit. I kung fooed his ass!

There’s some shit wrong here…

JAYDOG:

BLADE:
What?

JAYDOG:
He ain’t breathin’ man! He ain’t breathin’!

DOPEMAN:
What you talkin’ about he’s not breathin’?
J. Martin

When It Rains Gasoline

JAYDOG:

He’s not fucking breathing!

BLADE:

Get outta’ the goddamn way.

(He pushes past JAYDOG and squats down beside RANDY. The others quickly join him looking for a pulse or any sign of life.)

DOPEMAN:

Oh my God man! Oh my God!

BLADE:

Shut up! Give him CPR.

LITTLE GEE:

I ain’t givin’ no guy CPR.

DOPEMAN:

Fuck no… Me neither.

BLADE:

(Pulls the gun from his belt.)

One of you’s gonna’ give this little bitch CPR or I’m gonna’ put ya’ all down.

JAYDOG:

I’ll do it.

BLADE:

Well get your ass up here and get started.

(JAYDOG leans over and begins CPR. Suddenly he notices something and pulls back, revolted.)

BLADE:

Why’d you stop?

JAYDOG:

Jesus! Jesus… Jesus…

BLADE:

This ain’t no time to get religious on me. Do the CPR or I’m gonna’ put a cap in yo’ ass.

JAYDOG:
Oh Jesus… It ain’t gonna’ do shit. Fuckin’ A! We gotta” get outta’ here.

BLADE:

What are you talking about?

JAYDOG:

Look at the side of his head! Look! *(BLADE looks.* Ya’ see that shit Blade. You did that with your fuckin’ 2x4 finale. You crushed the side of his head! You killed Randy!

BLADE:

I didn’t.

JAYDOG:

Yes you did! *(Tears begin to spring from his eyes.* You picked up that board and smashed his skull with it!

BLADE:

It was all of us! We were all beating him in! It was all of us!

JAYDOG:

We didn’t do nothin’ that would make his brain leak out! You look at the side of his fucking head Blade and you’ll see. You did that! You killed him.

BLADE:

*(Realizing what he’s done.* I… I didn’t. We all… We all were…

JAYDOG:

I’m getting the fuck outta’ here. You guys better do the same.

*(JAYDOG takes off down the alley with the others following. BLADE remains squatting beside the corpse. He no longer appears to be a hardened gang leader, but a teenager who feels the weight of guilt for the first time.*)

BLADE:

We were all doing it… I wasn’t the only one. I… Jaydog and Little Gee and Dopeman, they were doing it too. They were… They were doing it too. I… *(Tears begin to well in the teenagers eyes.* I… My God… Oh my God… I swear… It was just a game… Oh don’t die Randy. Don’t be dead, please… Please… Oh God please… No please…

*(As the tears stream down his face, Blade covers Randy’s body with his own. The audience can see sobbing shudders rack the young man’s body. Slowly, very slowly, the lights fade to black.*)

*(The lights fade out.*)

**Prom Queen**
At rise, Alysa is discovered in a pool of light. She is wearing a prom dress.

ALYSA:
Auntie Anne, do you realize that tonight is the most important night of my life? Oh my God! Do you? It’s like totally more important than cheer tryouts. It’s more important than my first kiss, the first day of middle school, the first day of high school, the first day of drivers Ed, more important than my drivers license, more important than any of my ex-boyfriends, more important than my current boyfriends… I mean friend. It is the pinnacle of high school experience. The prom. Prom night. The night that I will remember for the rest of my life. I spent six hundred dollars on my dress. Anyway, Jane Hickman spent a thousand… She’s a total Daddy’s girl. For her sixteenth birthday, her Dad bought her a brand new Ford Explorer. For my sixteenth birthday, I got a two year old Pathfinder. Whatever. Some girls are just born with a silver spoon in their mouth. She’s such a snobby little rich girl. A little rich girl whose parents buy her anything she wants. Her parents have a swimming pool and a tennis court. All we have is a Jacuzzi. One time she told me she liked my outfit. She’s such a snob. I know what she meant. She was making fun of my new designer jeans. She thinks they’re out of fashion already. Slut. Oh well, I’m not going to let Jane Hickman ruin the most important night of my life. My six hundred dollar dress is way more stylish than that over-priced rag she’s gonna’ wear. That little bitch. That little slut. I’m gonna’ be homecoming royalty for sure. Homecoming queen! I hate Jane Hickman. Hicky Hickman, ‘cause she’s always got a hicky. That little hootchie mamma better not be getting on the royal court. I’d just kill myself if she was homecoming queen. I’d kill myself! It’s bad enough her dress cost more. It’s bad enough she’s got a newer car. It’s bad enough she’s got a pool and a tennis court. I hate my parents. I can’t believe you’re related to my Mom. She’s so lame. At least you have money. We sure don’t. Why don’t we have a pool and a tennis court? My Mom is so lazy all she does is sit around at the computer. My Dad’s never around. He’s always at the office. Whatever that means. Like if he was at the office, he’d be making money right? Well, maybe he needs to get his butt in gear and get his daughter a fifteen hundred dollar dress so she doesn’t look like a bag lady at the prom. That’s what I’m going to look like. A bag lady! Jane Hickman’s going to be prom queen for sure. This is going to be the worst night of my life.

The single light fades out. People dressed in prom attire begin to enter the stage.

The Loser III
Prom Night

(The prom has come. Chris, Angus, and Sean are dressed up and screwing around. There are other students in the background hanging out and enjoying the evening. Light dance music is playing.)

CHRIS:
Yo yo yo… Homie boy!

ANGUS:
Yo yo yo… *(High voice.)* Homie boy!

SEAN:
You guys are insane in the membrain.

ANGUS:
*(High voice.)* Insane in the membrain.

SEAN:
So who ya’ here with?

ANGUS:
Shelly belly Shelly… I know she’s gonna’ be showin me a whole lot more than her belly come tonight!

SEAN:
Alright buddy!

*(PAUL enters.)*

CHRIS:
Hey hey, look who we got here.

SEAN:
Check out who just showed their chubby butt.

ANGUS:
Man o’ man, ya’ know those yo momma’s so fat jokes?

SEAN:
Yeah?

ANGUS:
Well, he’s yo mamma and boy is yo mamma fat!

CHRIS:
Yeah, we’re talkin’ rool er in flower and look for the wet spot fat.

ANGUS:
*(High voice.)* Chunky chubby choo choo chunk!

CHRIS:
Hey Paulie who’d ya bring ta’ prom? I mean, I got a leash you could borrow, you know if you can find someone ta’ bring.

PAUL:

Look I don’t want trouble anymore.

ANGUS:

(High voice.) No more trouble.

PAUL:

(Pulls out a gun and shoots Angus.)

Nope.

(Everybody is watching. Angus holds his stomach as a red stain begins spreading over the front of his shirt. He is in shock. Everybody is in shock. Angus slowly crumples to the floor and dies. Everyone is silent for a moment, then Sean tries to run. Paul shoots him. He falls to the floor and dies instantly. Chris turns to run and Paul shoots him in the leg. Chris falls to the floor and tries to drag himself away. Others in the room are running and screaming in an attempt to get away. Some do. Paul shoots three or four of the onlookers who fall to the ground immediately. At least one of the wounded onlookers is whimpering. The others appear to be dead. Chris is frantically dragging his wounded leg behind him which is leaving a trail of blood across the stage. Paul walks over to him.)

Turn over.

CHRIS:

(Crying.) No… No, you’ll shoot me. Oh God! It hurts. Please don’t hurt me anymore… Please. (He turns over.) Please.

(Chris continues to cry and beg while Paul stands above him aiming the gun at the young man’s head.)

PAUL:

Don’t hurt you? Don’t hurt you? When I asked you to stop; no when I begged you to stop hurting me, did you? When I cried… When I cried in front of the world, did you have mercy and stop hurting me then? Did you stop Chris? Did you stop? No… Of course you didn’t. You were just getting started…

CHRIS:

No… Please… Please…

PAUL:
Well now I’m just getting started.

*(Paul shoots Chris three or four times.)*

Now I’m done.

*(He begins to cry softly. There should be three or four full beats before any action takes place. He raises the gun to his head. Blackout. A shot is heard and if possible a flash is seen. Slowly, very slowly, a pool of light rises on stage. Lying face down in that pool of light is Paul. The light fades to black. We hear the voices of the teenagers begin to sing “Amazing Grace.” We will hear the song throughout the remainder of the play. The lights come back up on stage. Discovered is a cemetery. There are three crosses down stage and one cross upstage. A news anchor style voice emanates from the P.A. system.)*

**REPORTER VOICE:**

Today in another all too common act of violence, a young man killed three of his classmates with his father’s handgun. Following the murders, the young man turned the weapon on himself. By all accounts the three young men who were slain should be considered heroes. Onlookers stated that they each tried to disarm the disturbed young man in an attempt to keep others from being hurt.

**TEENAGE FEMALE VOICE:**

I always knew something like this would happen with him… You know, Paul. He was a weird guy… Always staring at you and stuff, you know.

**TEENAGE MALE VOICE:**

I just want to say that it’s a shame that three great guys like that had to die because some freak just couldn’t fit in. Chris, Sean, Angus… You guys were the best.

**REPORTER VOICE:**

There wasn’t a dry eye at St. James Cathedral this morning as Chris Young, Sean Swenson, and Angus Phillips were laid to rest. Few people will forget the three young men that saved so many lives at Washington High School on that fateful day. Across town at the Daleman Cemetery, Paul Bauerman, was laid to rest in an empty chapel. Ironically all four bodies will come to a final rest in the same cemetery. In a related story, Randy Ilkman, another student at Washington High remain missing. It is unknown at this time if he was involved with the violence that took place last Saturday.

*(Throughout the reporter quotes from the P.A. system, students will lay flowers on the three graves while singing. Each will exit after the flowers have been left. The last person on stage is Emily. She lays a flower on each of the three boys graves, then crosses over to the lone grave. She considers it for a moment, then lays a flower on that grave as well. She exits. The stage is empty as the song comes to an end. The lights fade to black.)*

*The Play is Finished*