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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SETTING

A moderate-sized high school. This does not take place in the inner city, but it doesn’t take place in a small town either.

CHARACTERS

Paul
A heavy-set stereotypical “loser.” The other kids avoid Paul or make fun of him.

Emily
A popular cheerleader who has just found out that she’s pregnant.

Jody
A young man who is trying to deal with his sexual identity.

Dayna
A popular cheerleader who is still a virgin.

Alysa
One of the most popular girls at the school. The head cheerleader. She is both a stereotypical “mean girl” and an airhead.

Chris
A rude, mean and angry jock.

Sean
The captain of the football team and a semi-serious religion nut.

Angus
Chris’ sidekick. A punk jock who likes to rip on people he sees as less important.

Rose
A complete rightwing religious wingnut.

Jessie
A video-game drama nerd who is infatuated with cheerleaders.

Annie
A video-game drama nerd who is infatuated with Jessie.
A NOTE ABOUT PUNCTUATION:

In this play two types of punctuation that indicate different things are used at the end of a sentence. A dash indicates that a character is being cut off by another character, whereas an ellipsis (the three dots) indicates that the line fades away.

CASTING

This play was designed for eleven actors. However, it would be simple to make the chorus larger. Feel free to add characters where needed.

FLOW AND STAGING

*When it Rains Gasolines* was designed as a minimal setting show. The play merely requires a few chairs and tables. Everything else may be mimed or created by lighting. The show should move seamlessly. There is no reason to close curtains or to stop the production for any reason.

This piece is a full-length play in one act. Please stage it as a single unit. Do not “find” a place to impose an act break. This will only hurt the flow of the piece.

The actors should never leave the stage. Instead they should always be in the background, watching the action. Some directors may choose to have them frozen in a pose, whereas others may choose to have them wearing masks while they watch, and others may just have them become part of the audience.

Costumes should be simple. Actors should never change clothes, but instead should add something over their existing clothing in order to show that it is prom or a different day or whatever the director feels the scene needs. Additional pieces of clothing may be added or taken off in front of the audience.

CUTTING FOR CONTENT

Some schools or institutions may feel the need to cut certain lines due to overzealous principals or parents. It is fine to cut single words and to replace them with something less controversial. But adding or cutting entire sections is not appropriate and will ultimately hurt the overall content and theme of the play.

The “assface” scene and the rape scene may not be cut. If these scenes are too graphic for your institution, then a different play should be considered. These scenes may be staged in such a way so as “not-to show-anything” or so as to not make the performers uncomfortable.

For those who don’t feel that they can perform the piece with these stipulations, the author has developed a play with a similar tone, but with less controversial material entitled, *Ghouls*.

HISTORY AND INSPIRATION

The inspiration for *When it Rains Gasoline* slowly came to being while the author worked as a high school drama and English teacher in the late 90s. Several of the characters and scenes were based on his experiences working at an inner city school in Seattle.
Many of the early drafts dealt with more “traditional” inner city issues like gang activity, drug use and racial intolerance between minorities. However, the play was heavily revised after two very sick young men committed a heinous series of murders at Columbine High School in April of 1999.

By that time the author had transferred to a rural school district where it felt as if more kids were marginalized by their personal attitudes, by their clicks, and by their peers than in the inner city district. The day after Columbine, a number of students arrived at school wearing black trench coats to show solidarity with the Colorado murderers.

In August of 1999, the author began a graduate playwriting program at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas. It was there that he developed the concept into a series of intertwined mini-plays. The sequence between Paul and Emily was turned into a stand-alone ten-minute piece entitled, Stuffed Animals. Stuffed Animals has seen numerous productions at high schools and universities around the United States and Europe.

During the development of When it Rains Gasoline as a unified work, the character count skyrocketed. The large cast made it less likely that the play would see a professional production. Large casts lead to large payrolls, and that is hard for most small theatres to deal with… But even though the script seemed too daunting in cast size for most American theatres, When it Rains Gasoline finally saw a complete production in Timisora, Romania at the English Language Theatre Festival in 2003.

Between the first production and the present, the play has seen many new drafts. Each draft has allowed it to grow and change. The author has explored the characters from many different perspectives, even developing a few drafts into a screenplay format with a filmmaker friend.

By the end of the first decade of the new millennium, Emily’s Pink Bunny monologue and Paul’s Insect and Maggot monologue had been performed in hundreds – if not thousands – of auditions and competitions. Student performances of scenes and monologues from the script can be found on video all over the internet, but the play itself only saw a handful of productions.

In 2010, the author turned the computer back on and reopened the file entitled, When it Rains Gasoline. He cut a number of characters and scenes in order to make it mildly more producible. He tightened the transitions and sprinkled inspirations from Brecht and Ionesco into the play. And in the process of breaking down and rebuilding the piece, he believes that he found the true heart and soul of each individual character…

…That is, until the next time that the author gets the itch to “fix” just one little thing in the play…

Following this most recent rewrite, after fifteen years of tinkering, When it Rains Gasoline finally saw a complete professional American production. In the spring of 2010, the Mad World Theatre Company produced the piece at the Renegade Theatre in Los Angeles.

So is this the “final draft”? Not by a long shot. This play is very much alive in the author’s head and will continue to see rewrites for future productions.

ROYALTIES

This play is protected by the copyright laws of the United States of America. All productions (both amateur and professional) of this show are subject to a royalty payment. Royalties are
required of all productions whether they charge an audience for tickets or not. This play may not be produced under any context without written permission from the author.

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Monologues and scene cuttings from this play – not to exceed eight minutes – may be used for competitions, class work, and auditions without a royalty payment and without written permission.

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QUESTIONS AND COMMENTS

Please direct questions about royalties or commercial use to the author at:

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For more information about the history of this play and the author’s other works, please log onto:

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At rise, a young man is discovered center stage. He is a bit chubby and holds a mop. He is in a back classroom, cleaning the floor. He slowly pushes the mop across the floor, daydreaming. He is PAUL.

All of the other actors are on the periphery of the stage. Throughout the play performers will not leave the stage. Instead they will move to the side and watch. Some directors may want them frozen on the side, whereas others may want them to move a bit. They may be sitting or kneeling on the edge or back of the stage, but it should be clear that they are not part of the action or of the scene. They simply don’t leave the stage when they are not in the midst of a performance.

Suddenly Paul stops mopping. He flips the mop over and stands as if he is ready to fight. He makes a noise with his mouth. It sounds like a light saber going on. He slowly turns around and swings the mop around a little bit. Every time he swings he makes a light saber sound. Then, all of a sudden, he is in a battle. He is swinging the mop around like a character out of “Star Wars” and he is fighting invisible monsters and Storm Troopers. He ducks laser fire and rolls across the floor to attack an invisible enemy. Perhaps he starts to sing the music from the movies. Or perhaps he continues to make light saber sounds and laser sounds with his mouth. Or perhaps he throws in a line from the films here or there.

The lights dim and suddenly we hear the real thing. Lasers are blasting. Star Wars music is blaring. And now actors in Storm Trooper masks are attacking. This goes on for a long moment before the Storm Troopers stand aside and Paul is once again fighting the air. The music stops and we see the Storm Troopers standing around him in a circle. Each of them is holding a phone or a camera and they are videotaping Paul as he fights invisible enemies for his life. It is silent again, except for the sounds that Paul himself makes.

In the dark, we hear voices. NEWSCASTERS speak. The newscasters should be wearing the Star Wars masks, or should be somehow otherwise masked. The lights should slowly rise on them standing on stage. The actor playing Jessie should be Male Newscaster #1. The actress playing Annie should be Female Newscaster #1. The actor playing Jody should be Male Newscaster #1 and the actress playing Emily should be Female Newscaster #2.

MALE NEWSCASTER #1
Another video has gone viral. This time it’s a seventeen-year-old boy pretending to play Star Wars with a mop. With over seventeen-million hits and several thousand re-edits, the Star Wars kid was one of the most watched videos on the internet this year!

FEMALE NEWSCASTER #1
For the second time in recent months, conservative activists have come together to support language in high school text books that defines homosexuality as an abnormal and abhorrent psychological trait that can be cured through intensive therapy.

MALE NEWSCASTER #1
The numbers do not lie. For more than a decade rural school districts have spent millions of dollars on abstinence-only education. Ironically, those regions and school districts that have placed the most emphasis on abstinence-until-marriage have the highest teen pregnancy rates.

In the following beat, the newscasters will begin to talk all at once in a cacophony of voices. They will all finish on the exact same note. If a school or university has a problem with the language, the final line could be changed to “screwed up.”

FEMALE NEWSCASTER #1
Social networking has taken a new turn. In recent months Google announced an additional new app: the personal diary application. This software allows the user to essentially social network with his or her self. The user will simply turn on the computer’s camera and begin to speak directly to the computer. And while initially it appeared that this form of social networking was destined to failure, it has absolutely taken off. Teenagers in particular, are using personal diaries more than ever. It is estimated that one in three teens are now having private conversations with themselves. The software allows the user to either keep their diaries completely private or to open them to the public. Surprisingly, this program is bucking the trend and more kids are keeping their profiles to themselves. This program tells us one thing about teens...

Kids these days are fucked up...

MALE NEWSCASTER #1
For the seventh straight year the teen homicide rate has seen a significant increase. Analysts say that there are three different types of teen homicide. They are gang related, bully related and sociopathic. Gang related homicides appear in street gang conflicts. Bully related homicides tend to be when a bully goes too far or when a victim takes revenge on a long time enemy. While all of these homicides are troubling the most troubling are the sociopathic. These are the school shooters. These are the kids that are so damaged that they don’t see anything wrong with taking the lives of anyone, teacher or student that wronged them. One thing is for sure….

Kids these days are fucked up...

FEMALE NEWSCASTER #2
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 text books. This issue has come to the forefront for the fifth time in recent years. A similar past ruling was reversed after a change in the composition of the school board. Colleges and universities universally scorned students after the initial ruling. They felt that the middle and high schools did the kids no favors by limiting their access to universally accepted scientific fact. No doubt about it. Kids these days are fucked up...

MALE NEWSCASTER #2
The details of a new report on teen drug use have startled parents and teachers alike. There was and always has been an assumption that children were drinking alcohol and using marijuana. But the new report indicates that the use of meth amphetamines, heroine, crack, cocaine and pharmaceutical drugs are on the rise in every social class. This tells us one very important thing….

Kids these days are fucked up…

The scene shifts and a pool of light appears on the center of the stage. ALYSA steps into the light.

ALYSA
Hi! I hope you can see me. This is the first time I’ve used this private diary video multi- whatever thingy. I don’t know if I can keep this all to myself though. You know, I want
everyone to know about me. I’m here and I’m a popular girl. Not a mean popular girl like in the movies, but a cool and nice popular girl. I have over three-thousand followers on Twitter. I have hundreds of friends on Facebook and I even got a fanpage. Oh and p.s., the only reason Jane Hickman has so many followers on Twitter is because she’ll follow pretty much anybody who will follow her back. Oh and spread her legs for pretty much anyone who will follow her too. Huh. (laughs) That’s pretty good.

She pulls out her cell phone and starts typing on the keys.


Another pool of light rises and we see EMILY and DAYNA.

This is Emily and Dayna. Cheerleaders. All around cool chicks. Everybody wants to be like us. Everybody. Em’s a bit of a slut, but she loves me like a sister. And Dayna’s va-jay-jay is pretty much sewn shut. But, we’re workin’ on that. One night I got her drunk at a party and sent her into a bedroom with a horny dude. I thought she’d pass out and get it over with…but it didn’t happen. Anyway, she loves to party with me and she won’t be a little saint forever. I’ll see to that. Next time I’ll have to send her back with two horny drunk guys…

The lights fade on Emily and Dayna. A new pool of light rises. There we see, ANGUS, CHRIS and SEAN.

And these are the hot guys at school. Angus is my boyfriend. Chris is cute, but…dumped him. Sean’s cute too, never went out with him…didn’t have a cool enough car. Maybe some day after I dump Angus, I might try Sean. Angus has the best car right now, so obviously he’s my boyfriend.

The lights fade on the boys and another pool of light rises on ANNIE, JESSIE, ROSE, JODY, and PAUL.

And I don’t know why this picture’s in here. I don’t know any of these people’s names. You know, ‘cause they don’t, like, matter. Hmm. I guess I do have names for them. (goes down the line pointing) Dork. Video game nerd dork. Religious freak dork. Faggot dork. And fat faggot dork. (laughs) That last guy was in a really funny video where he’s in Star Wars or something with a mop. Somebody posted it on YouTube and now everybody knows what kinda’ freak he is. You should watch it. I’ll link it to this thing some day. I just got to figure out how.

The lights fade on the last group.

So, cool. Now you know all my friends. And now you know why I’m so popular and why everyone likes me so much. ‘Till next time.
She winks and the lights crossfade to a high school cafeteria. There are three tables. At one table sits Sean, Angus and Chris. At the next table we see Emily, Dayna and Alyssa. And at the third table we see Annie, Jessie, Rose and Jody. A pool of light on each table will indicate where the action takes place. The other tables will be frozen in the dark. Annie holds drum sticks. She plays them on the table throughout the scene. This may just be tapping or something more intricate, or a combination of both. The scene should not be played to silence.

SEAN
Yeah, what-up bitches? That little chicky will be bowin’ down to the king tonight.

Yeah? Who ya’ talkin’ ‘bout?

CHRIS
You know who.

SEAN
I dunno’. Fat Paulie?

CHRIS
Ohhh snap. He said you’re gay!

ANGUS
Dude!

SEAN
Shift focus.

DAYNA
I’ve got a hook-up tonight.

ALYSA
With who?

DAYNA
You’ll never guess.

ALYSA
Probably not… Paulie?

DAYNA
(Laughs.) Gross. No. Try again. And think hot guy, not not hot guy.

ALYSA
Hot guy, not not hot guy?
DAYNA
Yeah, hot.

ALYSA
Football team?

DAYNA
Duh. Yeah…

ALYSA
Have I gone out with him?

DAYNA
Depends.

ALYSA
Depends on what?

DAYNA
Depends on what you consider going out. I think you eyed him but figured you’d dump him two minutes after you picked him up.

ALYSA
Yeah, but I dump everybody. I’ll drop Angus as soon as I can find a college guy. Or someone who’s been on TV.

*Shift focus.*

JESSIE
Look at ‘em.

ANNIE
Who?

JESSIE
Them. All of them. The quote, un-quote, cool kids.

ANNIE
What about ‘em?

JESSIE
I hate ‘em.

ANNIE
Why?
JESSIE
First of all, they don’t know anything. Three of them together couldn’t do a calc problem if their lives depended on it. Remember last-year in class when Chris asked if we had to take British literature next year. And when Mr. Lee said yes, he was all like, “dude, I don’t wanna’ have to learn British.”

ANNIE
Yeah, that was funny.

JESSIE
All they do is sit over there and talk about those girls.

ANNIE
Which girls?

JESSIE
You know which girls.

ANNIE
Oh.

JODY
Sounds like someone’s jealous

Annie looks surprised.

JESSIE
Of who? Them? Please…

JODY
Sounds like somebody’s got a hard-on for one of the cheerleaders.

JESSIE
So what? Everybody’s got a hard-on for the cheerleaders. Don’t you?

JODY
No.

ROSE
You guys shouldn’t talk like that.

JESSIE
Rose. Your religion’s your thing. But this is a free country and we’re just talkin’ like normal guys. And Jody… Don’t give me that! (Jessie emphasizes the words, “hard-on” to burn Rose.) I know you got a hard-on for one of the cheerleaders. Every guy’s got a
hard-on for one of the cheerleaders. If you don’t got a hard-on for one of the cheerleaders, you’re just not a man!

ROSE

People go to hell, you know…

JESSIE

(Laughs.) What?

ROSE

For lust. For language like that. For coveting…

JESSIE


ROSE

Jessie McNeil! You are a bad person and devil’s gonna’ eat your soul!

JESSIE

Hard-on.

Rose storms off. The focus shifts. Paul enters. He holds a tray of food. He sits by himself. He watches the kids at each table. The focus shifts again.

SEAN

No, you dipwad. I’m goin’ out with Dayna.

ANGUS

(Speaks in falsetto.) Ahhh boy!

CHRIS

You mean Dayna with the (holds hands in front of his chest) and with the (holds hands over his rear-end).

SEAN

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

Shift focus.

EMILY

You’ve got to be kidding. Sean?

DAYNA

Yeah, Sean.

ALYSA
The captain of the football team? (Laughs.) My little girl’s growing up.

Dayna.

(Exasperated.) What…?

You know what…

Shift focus.

That girl is shut up like an abandon house in the winter.

And by shut up he means (falsetto voice) no nookie for you.

Whatever. That’s just ‘cause she hasn’t been out with me. You guys know better than that. Every chica in this school wants me.

What every chica doesn’t want is to pull out the tweezers and the microscope to find it.

Ohhhh double snap.

Shift focus.

Which one?

Which one what?

Which one do you like?

I don’t know.

Whoa, that’s not what it sounded like a minute ago.
ANNIE
Yeah, where’d all that righteous teenage angst and anger go?

JESSIE
Look, can’t I just quietly wish that I was in a different social class in this high school?

No.

JESSIE
Why?

JODY
Because that would mean that you don’t want to be friends with us…

*Shift focus.*

EMILY
And I want to be your friend. That’s why I’m saying this.

ALYSA
Oh please. It’s about time she went out with someone like that.

No it’s not. She’s not like you.

DAYNA
I’m right here and I’m perfectly capable of deciding who I’m like and not like.

EMILY
He’s gonna’ want something from you.

DAYNA
I’ve been out with plenty of guys who want something from me.

Yeah, drama nerds.

DAYNA
I went out with him one time and I made him promise that he’d never tell anyone I went out with him.

ALYSA
Sympathy sex?

DAYNA
No! I didn’t have… No! Not every guy is as perverted as you two think.

ALYSA
My dear dear Dayna. Every guy is more – way more – perverted than you think. Believe me. This is something I know a lot about.

*Shift focus.*

CHRIS
Believe me, I know all about this chick. She ain’t gonna’ be makin’ any bacon.

ANGUS
*(Falsetto voice)* Or apple juice.

CHRIS
Or any other kinda’ juice.

SEAN
Whatev.

CHRIS
She’s not gonna’ wanna’ do anything.

SEAN
Dude. You guys. I know how ta’ get that kinda’ chick in the mood.

CHRIS
Yeah? How?

SEAN
I just know.

*Shift focus.*

DAYNA
You don’t know anything.

EMILY
I know you. I know how you think. And I know that you’re not gonna’ go for this kinda’ guy. Guys like that… They’re… They can be dangerous…

DAYNA
Look, you’re not my mom. Maybe I’m goin’ out with him because I want him. Maybe I’m goin’ out with him because I think it’s time to do something real with a boy.

ALYSA
You go girl!

EMILY

There’s rumors.

ALYSA

There’s no rumors.

EMILY

There’s rumors about Sean.

ALYSA

There’s no rumors.

EMILY

Alright. What kind of rumors?

DAYNA

ALYSA

There’s no rumors.

EMILY

The kind where the girl doesn’t call the cops afterwards because she thinks they won’t believe her.

ALYSA

So there’s one rumor…

DAYNA

I didn’t know about that. I’m supposed to go to the lake with him.

Shift focus.

CHRIS

You taking her to the lake?

ANGUS

Get the doctor on the phone because that is (falsetto voice) sick!

SEAN

Word. That’s what I’m sayin’. She knows what the lake means.

ANGUS

(Falsetto voice.) She knows what the lake means!

SEAN

Beat box.
Angus starts to beat box. Annie’s drumming is in sync with the beat box.

SEAN

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

Angus stops beat boxing.

CHRIS
Man… You are not as good at that as you think.

ANGUS
Yeah, you suck.

SEAN
Dude. Whatev…

Shift focus.

JESSIE
Sorry. I didn’t… I didn’t mean that… I just meant…

JODY
I know.

ANNIE
Are you…? Do you think…? Are you going to…? What’re you gonna’ do about the prom?

JESSIE
I don’t know. It doesn’t matter.

ANNIE
Are you going to…? Are you going to ask her? The one you like?
JESSIE
I don’t know. What do you care?

ANNIE
I don’t.

There is a pause. Jody is looking at Annie. He turns to Jessie.

JODY
Don’t ask her to the prom.

JESSIE
Why?

JODY
She’s not out of your league, but she’s tied up with a different group of people. You know? You should go with someone from your group of people. Someone from your clique. Someone that you have something in common with. You know what I’m sayin’?

JESSIE
No. Who?

JODY
(Mildly sarcastic.) I don’t know. I can’t think of one person.

ANNIE
Shut-up Jody.

JESSIE
(Looking at the other table.) I went out with her before.

ANNIE
What?

JESSIE
She didn’t want me to tell anyone that we went and saw a movie.

ANNIE
What movie was it?

JESSIE
Alien Invasion.

ANNIE
That was a great movie. The part where the android…
ANNIE and JESSIE
(Together.) …gets stuck in the jet engine!

ANNIE
Talk about great CGI…!

JESSIE
Yeah… She didn’t like it.

JODY
Okay, so she didn’t want you to tell anyone she went out with you. And she hated the movie you took her too? And it was the movie that you’d been excited about since last year when the first trailer came out? (Dripping with sarcasm.) Yeah, you guys would make a great couple…

ALYSA
You guys would make a great couple.

ANGUS
(Thrusting his hips and in a falsetto voice.) You guys could make a great couple.

EMILY
I think that he’s dangerous.

JODY
This kind of…longing just isn’t good for you.

CHRIS
If you don’t get it on soon, your junk will probably explode.

ALYSA
Girl, it is time. Emily doesn’t know what she’s talking about. You gotta’ get your freak on.

JESSIE
Thanks Jody. (Sarcastic.) I appreciate your lack of encouragement.

SEAN
Thanks for the warning Chris. But you know I’ll make sure that it’s not a problem.

DAYNA
Thanks. But I can take care of myself.

CHRIS, ANGUS, JODY, ANNIE, ALYSA and EMILY
(All together.) You’re welcome.
Annie stops her beat.

ANGUS

(Falsetto.) And God bless us, every one.

The scene shifts and Emily is discovered alone. She has just pushed record on her personal diary. The rest of the kids have cleared to the side of the stage. They watch. During the monologue the kids all breathe audibly in through their noses and out through their mouths. This should be in sync and should give effect of ocean waves in the background. It should not be very loud and should not have an impact on the scene, but it should give the scene rhythm.

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 a one-way mirror 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 just never thought that it could happen to me. I wish the world were full of pink bunny rabbits…

The scene shifts and Emily disappears. The audible offstage sounds change. The kids continue to keep the breathing rhythm of breathing in through their noses in unison, but now when they breath out through their mouths, they whisper “oh no” throughout the scene. This should not be very loud and should have no impact on the lines. It should just provide a background rhythm to the scene.

Angus and Chris appear wearing gym clothes. They run around the stage as if it is a gymnasium. After completing a lap or two, Paul appears. He is also wearing gym clothes and running, but he is having a very hard time. Chris sees Paul and nudges Angus. They slow down and keep pace with Paul.

CHRIS

How’s it goin’, Paulie?
You know…it’s goin’.  

Wanna’ check somethin’ out?  

What?  

Under the bleachers.  

Mr. Johnson wants us to run until 10:30.  

Mr. Johnson’s a jackass.  

And he’s blind as a bat.  

He’ll never know we’re gone.  

I don’t know…  

Come-on…  

Yeah. Come-on…  

Alright. I guess. If it’s just for a minute…  

It will be. Here.

Chris, Angus and Paul duck under the bleachers. This should be indicated with a change in the lighting.

It’s dark under here.
Naw man, it’s just your eyes. I can totally see.

Yeah. It’s probably just your glasses.

Yeah, maybe.

So, Paul…me and Chris have this bet goin’. I want ya’ ta’ help me prove Chris wrong. He thinks you can’t do an Olympic sit-up, and I think you can.

What’s an Olympic sit-up?

It’s a special sit-up. Dude – Angus – he’s not gonna’ be able to do it. Let’s just go back out with the rest of the class.

Naw man, he can do it. You can do it. Right, Paul?

I can do an Olympic sit-up.

No way. You won’t be able to do it.

I can do it!

*Chris and Angus exchange a glance, a gleam of mischief in their eyes.*

Okay, get into the sit-up position.

*Paul gets down on his back with his hands behind his head, fingers intertwined.*

Alright, we’ll do a practice one first. All you have to do is to do a sit-up and touch Chris’s hand with your nose.

That’s it?

ANGUS
That’s it for the practice.

*Chris puts his hand out above Paul. Paul easily does a sit-up and touches his nose to Chris’ hand. Chris is smiling. Angus looks as if he’s about to crack up.*

**ANGUS**
Okay, now’s the real one. Chris will move his hand a little further away.

*Chris does this. The new sit-up will require Paul to bring his chest all the way to his knees.*

**ANGUS**
The only difference this time is that you’ll have to keep your eyes shut.

**PAUL**
My eyes shut?

**ANGUS**
Yep.

**PAUL**
That doesn’t sound that hard.

*Paul puts his hands behind his head and gets ready.*

**ANGUS**
Now Paul, you have to close your eyes.

**PAUL**
Why? I don’t get that part.

**ANGUS**
Because it makes you work harder.

**PAUL**
Okay…

*Paul closes his eyes. As soon as he does this, Chris steps over the boy so that his rear end is toward Paul’s face. Chris drops his pants and leans over with his ass sticking out.*

**ANGUS**
Ready. Set. And go!

*Paul sits up and face plants into Chris’ ass. Paul opens his eyes and Chris and Angus begin to laugh hysterically. Chris stands up, pulling his pants back up.*
PAUL

*Paul frantically tries to wipe off his face with his open hands. Chris and Angus cannot stop laughing.*

CHRIS
Dude. You are so frickin’ stupid. I can’t believe that you fell for that.

PAUL

ANGUS
Man, did you see that? Did you see how he was like totally trying to stick his nose up your ass? *(Angus does a poor imitation of Paul, pointing his nose up in the air and acting like he’s trying to insert it in something.)*

CHRIS
Isn’t that what they call a brown-noser?

They both laugh.

ANGUS
*(Falsetto voice.*) Brown-noser.

Paul is starting to stand up.

CHRIS
Dude, we didn’t say you could stand up.

Yeah. Chillaxe bro.

ANGUS
I was just…

PAUL
I was just… I was just… What? Trying to get your nose in my ass for some more?

ANGUS
You want a bit more Paulie?
PAUL

No. I don’t.

ANGUS

We could give you some more assface if that’s what you want…?

PAUL

(Very close to tears.) I don’t. No…

CHRIS

You don’t know if you want more.

PAUL

I don’t… I don’t want more.

CHRIS

Angus. You wanna’ hold him down…?

ANGUS

Sure.

Angus pins Paul to the floor.

PAUL

Please. I don’t want… Please. I don’t want more.

CHRIS

What a brown-noser…

Chris acts like he’s about to pull down his pants again, when the class bell starts to ring. He stops.

ANGUS

Mr. Nash next. Can’t be late.

CHRIS

Damn. Well, Paulie… Saved by the bell.

Chris slaps the young man on the face. Then Angus lets him go. Chris and Angus exit. Paul begins to cry in earnest. The lights fade. As they fade we continue to hear him cry. The offstage “oh no” breathing stops. The lights shift and we discover Dayna standing in front of a mimed mirror. She is combing her hair. Voices emerge from backstage. They should be played like they’re in her head.

MALE VOICE

Young lady, you will be home at curfew or you will be grounded for a month.
ALYSA
It’s time to grow up girlfriend. Time to see what gettin’ it on is all about.

MALE VOICE
I was a teenage boy once, you know...? And I know what those boys will do. You have to watch yourself. You have to take care of yourself. Those boys aren’t interested in you. They’re only interested in one thing.

ALYSA
And it is great! Absolutely great! And you know what else? They’ll do anything for it. You want something? They’ll buy it for you. You want to have a good looking date to the prom, you got one. You want ‘em to pay for everything? No problem. You just gotta’ put out.

EMILY
There are rumors about Sean, you know. The kind of rumors that girls don’t want to tell anybody because they’re afraid no one will believe them.

MALE VOICE
You’re my little girl and I just want you to be safe.

   Dayna snaps open her purse and pulls out a condom in a package.

DAYNA
Don’t you worry Daddy. I’ll be safe...

   The lights shift and Dayna and Sean are discovered sitting side-by-side in a car. Annie starts to keep a rhythm on the side of the stage by slapping her thighs. It should be light and it should not be an intense rhythm, but should provide a beat underneath the scene.

SEAN
I’m really glad you came tonight.

DAYNA
So am I...

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

DAYNA
Really?

SEAN
Yeah… Sure. I mean, you’re not like the other girls around school.
DAYNA
What…? What do you mean?

SEAN
I mean, you’re different. You know, prettier.

Prettier?

Oh yeah. Way prettier.

Way prettier?

You have no idea, do you? Dayna, you’re the prettiest girl at school.

(Laughs.) No. Alysa. Jane Hickman. There are lots of prettier girls than me.

SEAN
No. Actually, there aren’t. You’re the prettiest.

Pause.

Thank-you.

Sean puts his arm around her shoulder.

SEAN
Alysa thinks she’s hot, but she’s way too into herself. She tweets everything she does. It gets pretty boring watching her tweet what she’s eating on her Iphone. Man, Angus and me an Alysa, we were at a movie once, and I swear she ran a running commentary on every scene on Twitter or Facebook or something. Over the top and boring… And Jane Hickman’s just a rich little daddy’s girl. She has her own hot tub in her room. You… You’re the one I think about all the time. Every day.

DAYNA
You’ve been in Jane Hickman’s room?

SEAN
No. No, I just… She told… I just…
DAYNA

It’s okay.

SEAN

I never went out with her.

DAYNA

But you went out with Alysa…?

SEAN

No, I never went out with her… She—

SEAN and DAYNA

(Together.) Doesn’t like my (your) car. (Dana says “your” and Sean says “my.”)

*They laugh.*

SEAN

But why are we talking about her?

DAYNA

I don’t know.

SEAN

We should be talking about you.

DAYNA

Yes. We should.

*They laugh again. Suddenly, Sean leans across the seat and kisses Dayna. She smiles.*

DAYNA

I thought we were talking about me.

SEAN

We are.

*He kisses her again and she goes along with it. In between the kisses, the following lines take place.*

DAYNA

Sean?

SEAN

Yeah?
DAYNA
Justa’… Just a little slower.

SEAN
Yeah.

_The kissing becomes more passionate. Sean begins to attempt to touch Daya’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._

DAYNA
Sean! Stop! I said, stop!

_He stops and sits up embarrassed._

SEAN
I’m sorry… I didn’t mean to…

DAYNA
It’s okay… I mean…

SEAN
Yeah.

_Pause._

DAYNA
Sean?
SEAN

Yeah?

DAYNA

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

What?

DAYNA

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

I… Ah…

DAYNA


What?

DAYNA

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

No. I…

DAYNA

What’s wrong?

SEAN

I just don’t…

DAYNA

A minute ago you were all over me. Is there something wrong?

No. No. No, it’s just that…

DAYNA

You said I was the prettiest girl at school.

SEAN

You are, but…
DAYNA
But what? I’ve heard the rumors Sean. I know all about you. You don’t go half-way.

SEAN
Rumors?

DAYNA
You know what rumors I’m talking about.

SEAN
You don’t understand.

DAYNA
I don’t. Is there something wrong with me?

SEAN
No. No. It’s just…

DAYNA
Just what?

SEAN
My church.

DAYNA
What?

SEAN
My church.

DAYNA
Your church?

SEAN
Yeah.

DAYNA
What does that have to do with anything?

SEAN
I… I…

DAYNA
What?
I took this oath.

What do you mean, oath?

Promise.

Promise…?

Look, you can’t tell anyone. Usually when I… Girls don’t like it when I move too fast and they…

I don’t understand.

This can’t get out.

What can’t get out?

My church…

I heard about the church already.

I said I wouldn’t… You know…

Really?

Yeah.

You have to be kidding.

No.
But the rumors…

SEAN
Girls don’t like to go too fast. If I push it, they freak out.

DAYNA
Oh. My. God. You’re a…

SEAN
Yeah.

DAYNA
Oh. My. God.

SEAN
I’m sorry.

DAYNA
I can’t believe it.

SEAN
This can’t get out…

DAYNA
But you have to admit, it’s kinda’ funny.

SEAN
Dayna, this can’t get out…

DAYNA
Don’t worry… (She starts to giggle.) The captain of the football team… God. I never woulda’ thought…

SEAN
It can’t get out.

DAYNA
No. I won’t tell anyone your secret identity.

SEAN
You won’t?

DAYNA
No. (Sighs.) I guess it’s back to drama geeks for me.

SEAN
What?

DAYNA

Nothing.

SEAN

So…? Do you want to do this again sometime…?

Pause. Dayna looks disgusted.

DAYNA

No.

SEAN

Okay…

The lights shift. Sean is standing on the stage alone. The following should be played as if he is addressing his friends. The beat that Annie keeps on her thighs becomes more hurried.

SEAN

So she was like, give it to me. I can’t wait any longer. Give it to me. And so guess what bitches? I gave it to her. Tell you what, I gave it to her and gave it to her. And that girl… Man, that girl… She is just wild. Absolutely wild. Nothing prude about her at all. She knew her stuff. And you know, I don’t say this about most girls I been with, but that girl… That girl taught me some stuff… Man, she taught me some stuff I ain’t even seen on the internet. She was just wild… Wild man, wild…

The lights shift again and we discover Rose, Jody, Paul and Chris. They have their desks pulled together in a “cooperative learning circle.” A teacher speaks from offstage. Annie’s beat stops and the offstage, but visible, actors begin breathing audibly again. They breath in through their noses and out through their mouths. The Teacher’s Voice should come from Jessie, offstage but observing.

TEACHER’S VOICE

So your journaling assignment today is gay marriage. Studies show that a large percentage of the population now approves gay marriage as a social norm. Young people such as yourselves are leading this societal shift in thinking. Before you journal on the subject, I’d like you to discuss it in your cooperative learning group. What do you think about gay marriage? Should it be legal? Should it be something that our state adopts? (If you are already in a state where gay marriage is legal, the line should be, “should this be something that our state dismisses?”) What do you think and why? You have five minutes to discuss this in your group before we start to journal…

CHRIS
(Surveying his group.) Loserville again.

PAUL

(Hesitantly.) I guess we should start to talk about this stuff.

CHRIS

Shut-up Paulie.

JODY

We only have five minutes. We probably should start to talk.

CHRIS

Screw that. I know I don’t want to sit around here talkin’ about homos all day.

*Chris pulls out his cell phone and starts texting. He is still listening and looks up at his classmates throughout the following.*

ROSE

God damn homosexuals.

JODY

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

ROSE

I can. It’s called freedom of speech. In America, I can talk about whatever I want. I can… I can talk about God and I can talk about what God hates. And God hates fags… (Pause.) And Socialists…

JODY

It sounds like you hate gay people too…

ROSE

I hate the sin. But I love the sinner.

JODY

What about those church people who protest at funerals…? The people with the signs that say exactly what you just said… The people who hold the “God hates fags” signs. You ever done that, Rose?

ROSE

My church is active politically.

JODY

Right.

PAUL
I think—

CHRIS

Shut-up, Paulie.

ROSE

God made Adam and Eve, not Adam and Steve.

JODY

Yeah, well… That’s debatable…

CHRIS

What?

JODY

It’s debatable.

CHRIS

Oh man, everybody knows that part of the Bible.

ROSE

God made Adam and Eve.

JODY

God made Adam in his image.

CHRIS

Yeah, Dude. Everybody knows that part too.

PAUL

I ah… I…

CHRIS

Shut-up Paulie.

JODY

So… How was Adam supposed to procreate?

ROSE

That’s why God made Eve, duh.

JODY

I’m not as religious as you, Rose. In fact, I’m not really sure I believe in God at all.

ROSE

What?
I’m not that sure I believe in God…

That’s insane. You’ll go to hell…

Not if there is no hell.

There’s a hell…

This is beside the point.

God is not beside the point.

Let me just get back to Eve.

Eve?

Isn’t that what we were talking about?

Supposed to be talking about fruitloops tryin’ to hook-up with fruitloops to make ‘em their booances. (*Booance* is pronounced, *boo-on-say*. *This is the plural.*)

Alright. Tell me about Eve. I’m sure you know all about her.

What I was trying to say is that I’m not as religious as you, but… I’ve read the Bible.

And that didn’t prove to you that God exists…?

No. It’s just a book.

Just a book…?
JODY
Anyway, I’ve read the Bible. But I probably don’t know it as well as you.

ROSE
That’s an understatement.

JODY
It is… But that’s not the point. If I remember right, I think Adam asked for Eve.

CHRIS
So what? He didn’t ask for Steve. Or Brad. Or Jake. Or Ben. And he definitely didn’t ask for no Paulie. He didn’t ask for no daisy chain a guys suckin’ each other’s—

JODY
But he made man in his image, right?

ROSE
That’s right.

JODY
So Adam’s there all by himself. He’s frolicking in the Garden of Eden, naked. He’s out there chasing rabbits or doing whatever you do when you’re by yourself with nothing to do. And he’s alone, right?

ROSE
Yes.

JODY
So, I ask you again. How was he supposed to procreate?

CHRIS
Eve. Dude, aren’t you listening?

JODY
Dude, aren’t you listening? He had to ask for her. Lots of people think that God is both man and woman combined.

ROSE
Liberal, small-minded Christians.

CHRIS
What are you sayin’, man?

JODY
That if God is both man and woman, and Adam was made in God’s image, then maybe Adam was both man and woman too…

ROSE

What?

JODY

Adam was a hermaphrodite. He was going to reproduce with himself.

ROSE

What?

JODY

He was a hermaphrodite.

CHRIS

Hermaphro…

JODY

Hermaprodite.

ROSE

What?

JODY

Man and woman as one.

ROSE

I know what it is. I just can’t believe—

PAUL

What about gay people getting married?

CHRIS

Shut-up Paulie. Dude, that is the most ass-backward, gayest thing I ever heard.

ROSE

And it’s wrong. You can’t say stuff like that Jody.

JODY

What happened to freedom of speech?

ROSE

Freedom of speech isn’t about letting people like you tell lies.

JODY
People like me…? What do you mean?

I mean, hell-bound homos.

JODY

Yes you are. And you know what happens to little gay boys around here, don’t cha’?

JODY

I said, I’m not gay. I like girls.

CHRIS

Right. Which ones?

JODY

There are some I like.

CHRIS

Who?

JODY

I… I have a girlfriend.

CHRIS

You do not.

JODY

Yes, I do!

CHRIS

Who?

JODY

She goes to a different school!

CHRIS

Yeah, what school?

JODY

It’s… It’s not in this state.

Chris sets his cell phone on the table.
CHRIS
You got her number? I’m thinkin’ I wanna’ give that girlie-girl a call.

JODY
My cell’s in my locker.

ROSE
That’s weird. I saw you texting before class.

CHRIS
You textin’ your boyfriend for a booty call?

PAUL
You guys don’t have to be so mean.

ROSE and CHRIS
Shut-up Paulie!

CHRIS
Oh… Snap. I get it! You (points at Jody) and you (points at Paul).

PAUL
I’m not gay.

JODY
Dude, why don’t you just leave him alone for once.

CHRIS
Oh, that’s good. Defending her honor. Now we know who’s on top.

ROSE
God hates fags.

CHRIS
Listen. I ain’t jokin’ around now. God’s not the only one around here who hates fags. Some people – some of us – really really really hate people like you. It makes us sick to our stomachs to know that there isn’t a special camp somewhere… You know, a special camp where we could put you… A special camp where you… A special camp where you and all the other little perverts get gassed…

Pause.

TEACHER’S VOICE
Okay… Excellent. Let’s go ahead and separate from our groups and open up our journals. You’ll have fifteen minutes to journal about what you and your group talked about.
The lights shift. Jessie and Dayna are discovered on opposite sides of a classroom. They are texting one another. In the following scene, capital letters should be said as letters. This should be done fast, as a dialogue. Annie begins keeping a beat on the stage with her drum sticks.

JESSIE

DAYNA

W U? With you?

JESSIE
J slash W. Just wondering.

DAYNA

Maybe.

JESSIE
Maybe?

DAYNA

WIIFM? What’s in it for me?

JESSIE
Dinner. Movie.

DAYNA

What movie?

JESSIE
Restless Killers 3.

DAYNA

RUMCYNAMD. Are you on medication, because you missed a dose.

JESSIE

Something else?

DAYNA

YSAN. You’re such a nerd.

JESSIE

RB at sign A. Right back at cha.

DAYNA
PPL. People. Can’t know NO about us.

Why? Letter Y.

Cuz PPL will talk.

WGAFF? Who gives a flying—?

I do.

RUNTS. Are you nuts? I NO You – letter U – like me.

I have a REP.

Yeah. I NO about UR REP. I heard Sean talking about it.


I don’t care about your REP.

Question mark?

Number 8.

What?

That’s what Sean said.

FYI! Sean is an F-ing liar.

IDC – I don’t care – about that. IYQ. I like you.
Everything is FUBAR.

Question mark?

I’m FINE. I’m F’d up, insecure, neurotic and emotional.

Question mark?

I can’t go out W slash you – letter U.

IDG. I don’t get it.

We can’t go out.

We just can’t.

Question mark?

TAW. Teachers are watching.

NTN. No they’re not.

I can’t go out with a LUSER.

You – letter U – think I’m a LUSER?

Yes.
Pause.

JESSIE

DAYNA
FU!

JESSIE
RBAY! Right back at you!

DAYNA
PO! Piss off!

JESSIE
Fine! (Long pause.) Do you – letter U – think we could go out next week?

Dayna groans angrily and puts her head down on her desk. The scene shifts. Annie stops her beat. The offstage actors begin a different breathing rhthym. When they breath out, they make a “pu” sound and then a “ti” sound, before they breath back in. This is done in unison. We see Rose in the hallway. She is carrying a sign. She places the sign on the wall. It says, Emily Smith plans to kill her unborn baby. Rose exits just as Emily enters. Emily sees the sign and immediately runs to it. She tears it down and begins to tear it up. As she tears it up, she starts to cry. She finishes tearing up the sign and sits down. She continues to cry. She opens her backpack and pulls out a stuffed pink bunny rabbit. She hugs it as she cries. Paul enters. He notices her, but doesn’t approach right away. He watches her for a long moment. Finally he approaches.

PAUL
Emily…? What’s wrong?

Emily tries to hide the stuffed animal and wipes away her tears.

EMILY
Nothing.

PAUL
I just heard you. I was walking and I heard you.

EMILY
It’s nothing.

PAUL
Is there…? Is there anything I can do?
EMILY
No… I just…

PAUL
I was sitting just around the corner. I was sitting by myself ‘cause I needed to study. I heard you and came over. I… I didn’t want to sit in the cafeteria ‘cause people’d wanna’ hang out with me and stuff.

EMILY
Yeah.

PAUL
Really, is there anything I can do?

EMILY
No.

PAUL
It was the sign wasn’t it…? I saw Rose… I saw Rose and some of her church friends putting them up.

EMILY
Them…?

PAUL
Yeah.

EMILY
There’re more?

PAUL
I’m sorry.

EMILY
I can’t believe this…

PAUL
I’m… I’m sorry they told everyone that you’re pregnant.

EMILY
Pregnant—what do you know about it?

PAUL
I…
EMILY

What?

PAUL

Well... I...

EMILY

Why're 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 the one who's sorry. I... I usually don't get so mad...

PAUL

I know.

EMILY

Do you?

Pause.

PAUL

Well, I was bothering you and stuff...

EMILY

It's okay.
PAUL
I was actually gonna’ go hang out with my buddy Randy. You know, maybe study biology or something with him.

EMILY
Randy? Randy Wilkins…?

PAUL
Yeah.

EMILY
Isn’t he in a gang?

PAUL
Yeah, but his Mom knows my Mom. You know, so sometimes we hang out.

EMILY
Oh.

PAUL
I mean, she doesn’t make him hang out with me.

EMILY
Yeah.

PAUL
So, you’re okay…?

EMILY
Sure. Yeah. I’m okay.

PAUL
I’m sorry, I…

EMILY
Yeah, you should probably be…

PAUL
I am… I… I’ll go.

Paul turns to go.

EMILY
No, don’t…
What?

Don’t go.

I… I can stay. I can stay if you…if you need me…

I… I need someone.

Everyone needs someone.

It’s weird.

What’s weird?

I don’t know, I… It’s just like I don’t wanna’ talk about this stuff, but I wanna’ talk about it. You know?

You wanna’ talk?

I… I do.

To me…?

Yeah.

What about your friends?

They… They don’t want to talk about this stuff.

Really?
You don’t want to either…

EMILY

No, I… I can talk. I can talk.

PAUL

You sure…?

EMILY

Yeah. Yeah, I can listen too.

PAUL

And you won’t…?

EMILY

What?

PAUL

You won’t. I can tell.

EMILY

Won’t what?

PAUL

Nothing.

EMILY

What?

PAUL

Pause.

EMILY

Judge me.

PAUL

Judge you?

EMILY

You won’t, will you?

EMILY

No. No, I’d never do that.

PAUL

Yeah.

Everybody knows everything and I... I don’t know anything.

Was it…? Was it Chris?

I hate him.

I’m sorry.

As soon as I told him… The second I told ‘em… Outta’ there. *(Snaps her fingers.)* Like that. Gone.

Maybe you should go home. I bet they’d let you go home today.

So much for Prom.

Mr. Mason. I bet he saw the signs. He’ll let you go home.

My Mom won’t let me. She… You know…

Yeah… *(Pause.)* That’s a nice doll.

It’s a pink bunny.

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

Nothing could be worse than the signs. Nothing…

I like it.
What?

Your stuffed animal.

Oh.

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

*Paul grimaces.*

What’s wrong?

I shouldn’t have told you that.

It’s okay. I think it’s sweet.

You do?

Chris is mean to you, isn’t he?

Naw, he’s just joking around. He likes to joke around with me.

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

I don’t know… I just—

I wish I could turn back time.

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 Rose started making rumors and putting up signs.

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
Kids… Kids can be really mean…

EMILY
No kidding.

PAUL
Maybe I could get you a 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
The signs… If I have a… You know? Everybody’s gonna’ know.

That’s hard.

EMILY
And if I don’t… Oh God…

PAUL
You could… You know, 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.
I’m sorry, Paul. I… I didn’t mean to…

I know.

It would just be easier for someone like you to transfer.

Yeah.

I don’t mean to be mean, ya’ know.

I know.

You know what else? I… I think you’re a really good guy.

Really?

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.

Well, I… I mean, I couldn’t just let you sit there crying.

Thanks.

Well, um… Maybe you could ditch school for the rest of the day…?

Yeah, maybe.

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

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… 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.

You’re a sweet boy, Paul.

PAUL
Um… Thanks… I… You know…

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

On an impulse, she hugs him tightly. After a moment he hugs her back. They stand like that for a long moment. Dayna and Alysa enter. The next lines are said during the hug.

EMILY
Thank-you. Thank-you for listening.

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

They break their embrace. As they pull away from one another, they make eye contact. Emily leans in and kisses him lightly on the forehead. They are holding hands.

PAUL
You know, you were talking about prom…about prom being over. It… It doesn’t have to be—

ALYSA
Emily?

Embarrassed, Emily pulls her hand away from Paul.

ALYSA
What’re you doing?
EMILY

Nothing, I—

ALYSA

You’ve got more than enough problems. Come here.

*Emily approaches the girls.*

What’re you doing?

EMILY

I… He…

ALYSA

What do you think Chris would say about this?

EMILY

I…

ALYSA

If you hang out with someone like that, he’s gonna’ find out.

EMILY

Don’t tell him. Please don’t tell him.

DAYNA

We won’t tell him. Right Alysa?

ALYSA

Why’re you hugging that loser?

EMILY

I… I don’t know.

ALYSA

You don’t know? Em, that’s the YouTube kid. He’s the biggest loser there is. And in your condition…? I’m just saying, you don’t need to be hanging out with people like that. Your reputation is already—

EMILY

I wasn’t, I…

*Emily glances back at Paul for a moment.*

ALYSA
What?

EMILY
He… He works in the attendance office.

ALYSA
The attendance office?

DAYNA
That’s right. I’ve seen him there.

EMILY
Yeah. Yeah, I was gonna’ ditch and he, he was gonna’ take my name off the list.

ALYSA
So, why were you hugging him and…you know, making googley eyes at him?

EMILY
I wasn’t making—

ALYSA
But you were hugging him.

EMILY
I just… I thought I could get him to take my name off the list. You know, I thought I could get him to take my name off the list by…by being flirty.

*Pause. Paul is shattered.*

DAYNA
Now that’s what I call feminine charm.

ALYSA
What a sassmuffin. *(To Paul.)* Hey fatty. You gonna’ take my homegirl’s name off the list?

PAUL
Yeah… Yes.

ALYSA
Great. *(To Emily.)* Let’s getcha’ outta’ here. The religoids kinda’ screwed up the day. And we need to talk. We need to talk about whatcha gonna’ do about the bun.

EMILY
The bun?
ALYSA

The bun in the oven, girlfriend.

_They start to exit. Emily turns._

EMILY

Thanks for… Thanks for taking my name off the list…

_They exit. Paul stands staring after them. The breathing shifts. The offstage actors audibly breath in and out through their mouths. The scene shifts and we see Jody sitting in a chair, alone, in a pool of light. His face is buried in his hands. FOUR MASKED CHARACTERS enter the stage. They encircle Jody, taunt him and dance around him._

MASKED CHARACTER #1

_(Angus is wearing this mask.)_ He’s such a little faggot.

MASKED CHARACTER #2

_(Chris is wearing this mask.)_ Back in Laramie they know what to do with boys like you.

MASKED CHARACTER #3

_(Sean is wearing this mask.)_ That’s so gay.

MASKED CHARACTER #4

_(Rose is wearing this mask.)_ God hates fags.

What a gaywad.

MASKED CHARACTER #2

The Nazis put pink triangles on people like you…

MASKED CHARACTER #3

It’s like a disease…if you get close enough, maybe you can catch it.

MASKED CHARACTER #4

It is an abomination for a man to lie with a man. Leviticus.

MASKED CHARACTER #1

Shut-up you fag.

MASKED CHARACTER #2

They put ‘em in gas chambers. They put ‘em in ovens.

MASKED CHARACTER #3

They’ve all got AIDS. Them and the Africans.
The fires of hell are waiting.

This place is gay.

AIDS isn’t a disease. It’s a cure.

They’re all trying to turn our kids.

Jesus loves you and has a wonderful plan for your life: hell.

I know exactly what you’re thinking when you look at me, you fag.

They call it smear the queer for a reason.

Gay rights are not civil rights.

God rained fire on Sodom.

You should just do it to yourself and save everyone the trouble.

Just die.

It would be easier to just not be anything anymore.

It would be easier to just be dead.

**JODY**

No!

*The masked characters fade away.*

**JODY**

No! No! No! No!… I’m not that guy… I’m not that guy…!
Jody turns on the private diary setting on his social networking site. He begins to speak into the computer’s camera.

JODY
I’m scared. I mean, I’m not just a little bit frightened… I’m actually scared—really scared. I can put ‘em on a bit. Act cocky. But they know. They know what I really am. These kids here… They… Well, they don’t 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 don’t fit the norm. It’s not easy being what I am here. People say it’s not an easy thing to be anywhere, but… It’s really not an easy thing to be here. And it’s not like I got a whole lotta’ support. My Mom—well that didn’t go over well. Locked herself in the bathroom all night. And my Dad… Let’s just say he’s not very open-minded. We don’t talk about it at home. We pretend like it, never came up. It is not a subject that is open for discussion. I know that a lot of queer teenagers are suicidal. They just can’t take it. But that’s not me. That’s not me. I don’t think about that stuff… Mostly, I don’t think about that stuff. Okay, sometimes it comes into my head, but there is no way I’d ever do anything to myself. There’s no way. I mean, look at me. I’m not scared of what I’m gonna’ do. I’m scared of what other kids are going to do to me if they ever really find out. I mean, I’m worried about my friends. I’m worried that they won’t want to be around me. I’m worried that they’ll think I’m somehow different, diseased, inferior… But that’s only part of what I’m scared of. Only part… I’m also worried about the others, the ones who aren’t my friends. The others… the ones who hate. The ones who sit in the back of the classroom and talk about Mexicans taking their jobs. The ones who thought Obama was born in Kenya. The ones who think we’re all pedophiles with AIDS who made a choice to be like this. (Laughs.) If only they knew. I don’t think anyone anywhere would ever make a choice to be like this. It’s too hard… Yeah, the ones who hate… they’re stupid. But you know what? Stupid people are dangerous, really dangerous. I mean, I’m just a guy. I’m just a person. I don’t want to hurt anyone. I’m not going to hit on some insecure jock. I mean, give me a break. I don’t even have the self-esteem to hit on another gay guy. So I don’t know what they’re problem is. I don’t know what it is. But it doesn’t matter. If the others—the ones who hate—if they find out about me, they’ll come after me. And they’ll hurt me. And they’ll laugh when they do it. I’m afraid. Scared. What will people think of me when I’m out? What will people do to me? Everything’s gonna’ change. Everything.

The scene shifts. Dayna and Sean are discovered in Sean’s car. Annie begins to keep a rhythm on the stage floor with her drumsticks. The audible breathing stops.

SEAN
So here we are.

DAYNA
Here we are.
Again.

We’re here again.

So what made you change your mind?

About what?

About me? About going out with me again?

Nothing.

Nothing?

Okay, there was something.

What?

A rumor.

What rumor?

About something you were saying…

What was I saying?

Something about me.

About you…?

*Pause.*
Seems like you talk about a lotta’ girls.

So?

So you lie about a lotta’ girls.

What?

You lie about a lotta’ girls.

I don’t lie.

No, you do.

I don’t lie.

You do. You do lie. You say you had sex with them. You say you had sex with them and people believe you. And they don’t say anything.

I wouldn’ta gone out with you again if I knew you were gonna’ pull something like this.

Like what? Sean, you’re an ass. You say you’re saving yourself or some stupid thing and then you tell everyone something different. You’re an ass.

Alright. I’m an ass. Can we go now?

No. No. Everybody thinks you’re some kinda’ sex machine. And you know what? Girls don’t say anything. I don’t know why they don’t say anything, but they don’t. And everybody thinks they’re sluts because you come back and tell these crazy porno stories about ‘em. And they don’t say anything. Well, guess what? The whole reason I came out with you tonight is because I wanted to tell you in person that things were gonna’ change.
SEAN

Change?

DAYNA

Yeah, change.

SEAN

What do you mean?

DAYNA

I mean, that I’m gonna’ tell everyone.

SEAN

What?

DAYNA

I’m gonna’ tell everyone.

SEAN

What do you mean everyone?

DAYNA

I mean everyone on the football team, the baseball team, the basketball team. I mean everyone in debate and on the chess team. I mean the goth kids and the emo kids and the skater kids. I mean the kids in the knitting club and in the sci fi club and even the kids in the band. Everyone is gonna’ know. Everyone…

SEAN

You can’t. You wouldn’t…

DAYNA

I can and I would…

SEAN

You have no idea what you’re saying. You’ll ruin everything.

DAYNA

Shoulda’ thought about that before spreading rumors about people.

SEAN

Look…

DAYNA

No. You’re not talking your way outta’ this.
SEAN
No, look… The girls… The girls like the rumors.

DAYNA
Yeah, just like girls who wear short skirts like to get raped.

SEAN
No. No. No, you’re not listening. It’s not the same thing.

DAYNA
You’re right, it’s not. But it’s the same ballpark.

SEAN
It’s not. They like the rumors because they like the attention. They want people to think they had a wild night with me.

DAYNA
That’s not true.

SEAN
Yes, it is. Yes, it is. Any cheerleaders give you a hard time about being a virgin lately?

DAYNA
That’s not the point.

SEAN
Alysa. How about Alysa? Has she given you a hard time lately?

DAYNA
It’s not the point.

SEAN
If you tell, all of the girls who have been keeping my secret will be in the open.

DAYNA
Yeah, but their not the ones who are lying.

SEAN
Yes, they are. By not saying anything. By not saying anything, they’re lying.

Pause.

SEAN
Just think. Think about all the girls that you know that I’ve been out with. Think about ’em.
DAYNA
Anybody ever do this to you before?

SEAN
Do what?

DAYNA
Back you in the corner? Tell you they’re gonna’ tell?

*Pause.*

SEAN
You’re gonna’ hurt a lot of your friends.

DAYNA
Maybe… Maybe you’re right.

SEAN
I am right.

DAYNA
Maybe.

SEAN
It’s for the best.

DAYNA
The best?

SEAN
Yeah…

DAYNA
The best…

SEAN
You wanna’ go home now?

DAYNA
In a minute…

SEAN
What?

DAYNA
It’s pretty close to Prom.
SEAN

(Hesitantly.) Yeah?

DAYNA
So when I first went out with you, I thought we were starting something…

SEAN
Yeah…?

DAYNA
So I need a date for the Prom.

SEAN
I’ve… I’ve already got a date.

DAYNA
Yeah, me.

SEAN
No, I’ve got—

DAYNA
You’re gonna’ break that date unless you want the whole school to know about your…situation.

Pause.

SEAN
Whatevs.

DAYNA
I’m on the Prom committee and I can’t miss it. It’s gonna’ be a good one. There’s gonna’ be ice sculptures and black lights… It’s gonna’ be good. Besides, by going with me you’ll save some money.

How so?

DAYNA
My Dad’s about your size. And he’s got a tuxedo. Should totally fit you and it’s not gay or anything.

SEAN
Really…?
DAYNA
Yeah…

SEAN
Okay.

DAYNA
Okay?

SEAN
Yeah… Okay…

The scene shifts. Paul is discovered alone. He turns on the private video diary mode of his social networking site and starts to talk. All the noise stops. There is no sound from the offstage visible actors.

PAUL
I get along with pretty much all the kids. I know there are a lotta’ 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 always 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 I wish that their little hearts would just freeze. I have fantasies about that. 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 that I can save him, but I don’t do anything. I watch him die. He’s lying there, not moving, not doing anything. And suddenly… Suddenly his skin splits open. I expect to see muscles and bones, but… But instead, maggots and spiders and worms start to crawl out of his ravaged body. And then… And then I know what he was… Nothing. He wasn’t worth anything to anyone but insects and maggots… Sometimes… 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 gonna’) take it anymore. Put a gun to his head… Pull the trigger… See if I’m right about his insides…

The scene shifts. Annie, Jessie and Jody are discovered in the cafeteria. The offstage actors begin a breathing rhythm. When they breath out, they make a
“pu” sound and then a “ti” sound, before they breath back in. This is done in unison.

JESSIE
That’s—that’s not what I’m saying!

ANNIE
You just said it. It is what you’re saying.

JESSIE
You’re choosing to misinterpret what I’m saying.

ANNIE
I’m not misinterpreting anything. You just said it.

JESSIE
I know. And you just misinterpreted it.

ANNIE
Whatev. I can see I’m not going to win this one…

JODY
Are you guys done?

JESSIE
Not by a longshot.

JODY
Oh, ‘cause I wanted to tell you something, you know—when there’s a second or two…?

JESSIE
In a minute. Let me just try to say this in a different way. With all these new graphics, with all these new systems, with millions of bytes…it’s easy to forget the roots. And the roots are important.

ANNIE
Yeah, it’s easy to forget the roots of science fiction movies too. But that doesn’t mean I’m gonna’ sit around and watch Metropolis all the time. It’s old. And it’s bad. Gaming is the same way, but worse…stuff from three years ago is old and bad.

JESSIE
Okay, I don’t even want to get into the three year ago thing…

ANNIE
Why not?
JESSIE

‘Cause that’s not what I’m talkin’ about.

ANNIE

Then what are you talkin’ about?

JESSIE

You take these super games and their super graphics that the creators took as long to produce as a Hollywood movie and you forget what came before. You forget about the old school. You forget what a real man’s game is. Now Ms. Pac Man—that was a real man’s game. The original Donkey Kong, that was a real man’s game. And... And you know what they were playing back in the day? Pong! Pong! Now that...that was 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 log onto some special website to figure out the secrets. And you certainly don’t need some lame ass magazine! You bounce the ball off the bricks and they disappear. When the bricks are gone, you win!

ANNIE

When the marbles are gone. You win.

JESSIE

(Deadpan.) Ha Ha Ha, very funny.

ANNIE

Of course, you don’t know what you’re talking about…

JODY

Is this gonna’ be a long conversation?

JESSIE

I absolutely do know what I’m talking about.

ANNIE

You absolutely don’t.

JESSIE

Please. Explain.

ANNIE

First, you don’t even know what game is what. The brick game was Super Breakout.

JESSIE

That’s not the point, I—
Second, I’m not a man and don’t want to be a man. So you’re argument is useless. I certainly don’t wanna’ waste my time playing a “real man’s game.”

Pause.

JESSIE
Okay, so… We need another opinion. Jody?

JODY
My opinion?

JESSIE
Yeah.

JODY
Alright, you asked for it.

ANNIE
Go ahead. He’s gonna’ be on my side.

JODY
I wanted to tell you guys something, but I can’t keep my mouth shut about this anymore.

JESSIE
Shut about what?

JODY
This is what we in the homo world like to call, nerd foreplay.

ANNIE and JESSIE
What?

JODY
Nerd foreplay.

JESSIE
I don’t… I don’t—

JODY
Jessie. It’s time for you to go out with a girl who likes you. Like Annie.

Annie is blushing, deeply.

JESSIE
I… I…
JODY
There’s no Is. ("Is" is I in the plural.) Just say, “Annie, would you like to go to the prom with me?”

JESSIE
But… But—

JODY
There are no buts. Annie, would you like to go to the prom with me?

JESSIE
I just can’t—

JODY
And there are no can’ts. Annie, would you like to go to the prom with me?

JESSIE
But what if—?

JODY
She’ll say yes. You’ll say yes, right?

ANNIE
Probably.

JODY
See. That’s pretty good. Now, Annie, would you like to go to the prom with me?

JESSIE
Dayna—

JODY
Is using you. Annie, would you like to go to the prom with me?

JESSIE
Alright.

JODY
Alright?

JESSIE
Yeah. (To Annie.) What do you think?

ANNIE
About what?
JESSIE
About the prom thing. I guess, I’m probably gonna’ go. And you know…I’d probably allow you to come with me if, you know, you wanted.

JODY
Okay. Stop. Annie, do not say yes to that. Pretend like you didn’t hear it.

JESSIE
Why? I did what you want.

JODY
Yeah, the junkshow asshole way.

JESSIE
What?

JODY
With me now, Annie would you like to go to the prom with me?

JESSIE
With you?

JODY
Yeah, speak with me…

JODY and JESSIE
Annie, would you like go to the prom with me?

ANNIE
Yes. I would like that very much.

JODY
See, that wasn’t so bad.

JESSIE
No.

JODY
Alright, I’m gonna’ let you two lovebirds continue your nerd foreplay without my presence.

Jody starts to leave. Jessie’s voice stops him.

JESSIE
Wait!
What?

You said something else.

I know what you’re talking about. I heard it too.

What?

You know what.

Something homo something.

And you weren’t talking Australopithecus or Sapien

Yeah, it wasn’t a Lucy reference.

Okay so, I have no idea who Ropithecus or Lucy are.

That doesn’t surprise me, but I have a feeling you know another type of homo.

The sexual kind?

Yeah. Is that what you were trying to tell us?

Pause.

You guys have no idea how perfect you are for each other.

Are you gay?

I’ve done good work here today.
Jody, are you…?

You can tell us…

*Pause.*

Yeah… Yeah. I’m… Yeah…

So, what does that mean?

It means he likes men, you ignoramus.

I know that?

Is there a specific boy you like?

He doesn’t want to talk about that. Why did you ask him that?

I just thought that since we were sharing…

It’s too much, too soon.

So you guys are—?

Are what?

We’re not gay.

No. No, that’s not what I was asking.
What’re you asking?

You guys are okay with this? JODY

Okay with what? ANNIE

Me. JODY

Yeah. Of course. JESSIE

You’re our friend. ANNIE

I just thought… JODY

You didn’t have to think that. ANNIE

You didn’t… JESSIE

Thanks. Thanks, guys. JODY

But you do have to think about Pong. JESSIE

Oh no. JODY

Oh yes! Pong. We’re gonna’ play it at my house tonight. And I’d like to see if a gay guy, like yourself, is man enough to play, “The Pong.” JESSIE

Sure. Yeah. I’d love to give Pong a shot… JODY

And you…? My prom date? JESSIE

ANNIE
I’m not gonna’ come because I’m your date.

JESSIE

Really?

ANNIE
I’m gonna’ come because you guys are gonna’ be there. I could do without the Pong, but I’ll be there for you guys.

JESSIE

You’re such a girl…

The scene shifts. Alysa is discovered center stage. She is making another report into her private video diary. She looks distraught. The offstage breathing shifts. In unison, the actors breath in through their noses and out through their mouths.

Do you realize that tonight is the most important night of my life? Oh my God! Do you? It’s like way more important than cheer tryouts. It’s way 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 driver’s license, more important than any of my ex-boyfriends, more important than my current boyfriends—I mean friend. It is the pinnacle of the 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 got her a brand new Ford Mustang. For my sixteenth birthday, I got a two-year old Prius. Whatev. Some girls are just born with a silver spoon in their mouth. She’s such a snobby little rich girl. A little rich girl who’s 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, (Make quote signs with her fingers.) 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 gonna’ let Jane Hickman ruin the most important day of my life. My six-hundred dollar dress is way more stylish than the 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 gettin’ on the royal court. I’d just kill myself if she was homecoming queen. I’d kill myself! It’s bad enough that her dress costs 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. 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. And my Dad… My Dad’s never around. He’s always (Makes quote signs again.) at the office. Whatever that means. Like if he was (Makes quotes a last time.) 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 gonna’ look like. A bag lady! Jane Hickman’s gonna’ be prom queen for sure! This is the worst day of my life!
The scene shifts and all the kids appear on stage, except for Paul. We can see him in the background off stage watching the action. There is a dark look on his face. It is Prom Night and all the kids are entering the stage in a line. They’re looking around the room in awe. There are no organic sounds from offstage. Music is thumping and some kids start to dance. Other kids quietly greet one another with hand shakes, fist bumps or hugs. Chris enters alone, but immediately approaches Angus and Alysa. Emily enters alone as well, but stands off to the side watching. Rose is also alone, watching and judging. Jody enters with Jessie and Annie. Dayna and Sean enter, arm-in-arm.

SEAN
This is great. You did a really good job.

Dayna spins Sean around to look at the back of his tuxedo.

DAYNA
No.

SEAN
What?

DAYNA
It’s not…

SEAN
What?

DAYNA
There’s something wrong.

SEAN
Oh no, the tux is great too. Tell your Dad thanks for letting me borrow it. Saved me like a hundred bucks and it looks good.

DAYNA
There’re supposed to be blacklights.

SEAN
Chillaxe. It’ll be fine without ‘em.

DAYNA
No. No, it won’t. Just a minute.

Dayna rushes out. Sean joins Alysa, Angus and Chris. He greets Angus and Chris with a fist bump and hugs Alysa.

SEAN
What up?  What up?

Nada.  

Sean.  

How’s it going, Alysa?  You look good.

So does Dayna.

You see that?

What?

That little perv kid.

What little perv kid?

The fag.  Jody what-his-name…

What ‘bout ‘em?

Didn’t bring a date.

Neither did you, my brother.  You lookin’ to hook up with him or what…?

Dude.  Chill with that.

Alright, whatev.

_Suddenly the blacklights go on._
SEAN

Hey, there they are!

Sean turns to look around. We see that the back of his clothing is glowing with a secret message that we couldn’t read before. Two words stand out on the black. They are, “LIAR! VIRGIN!” Everybody starts to laugh and tease him.

ANGUS

Oh snap!

ALYSA

Dayna! You go girl!

CHRIS

What the…? You makin’ everything up?

The kids improvise a few lines about the jacket. The nerd group improvises a couple of fast lines about the jacket as well. The improve fades as Jody speaks.

JODY

Too much Sprite. I gotta’ hit the bathroom. I’ll be back in a minute.

Jody exits the stage and the scene shifts. We see Jody standing with his back to the audience at a urinal. He sighs loudly. Chris enters and walks over to the urinals. He stands right next to Jody. He looks down into Jody’s urinal. The other kids are offstage. They are all watching on their hands and knees, tapping the floor and keeping a rhythm. The light floor tapping should be ominous. A Director may choose to make this beat change pace or volume with the scenes. This should continue until the first gunshot.

CHRIS

You like me looking down into your urinal like that.

Jody moves over to the next urinal. Chris moves to the urinal Jody that Jody was just at.

CHRIS

God made Adam and Eve. Not Adam and Steve.

Dude. Leave me alone.

JODY

(HPM.) Leave me alone. (IN his normal voice.) Adam wasn’t queer.

Jody zips up to leave. Chris zips up and rushes past him. He is blocking the door.
CHRIS
I saw you pretending out there.

JODY
Pretending what? Let me past.

CHRIS
I saw you pretending you were normal.

JODY
I didn’t do anything to you. Why’re you messing with me?

CHRIS
You were pretending. I saw you with that girl. You know, the girl who looks like she’s got some mad cow disease or something.

JODY
Annie?

CHRIS
Yeah.

JODY
She’s a nice looking girl.

CHRIS
Only a gay boy would say that. You bring her?

JODY
She came with another friend.

CHRIS
But you were dancing with her. Like you were normal.

JODY
She’s my friend—what are you talking about? I am normal.

CHRIS
No you’re not.

JODY
Fine. Just let me through.

CHRIS
No. Not good enough.
JODY
What do you want from me?

CHRIS
I want you to admit it. I want you to admit that you’re a little homo fag.

JODY
Let me through!

Jody tries to push past Chris. Chris knocks him to the floor and starts to beat him. Jody is crying.

JODY
Stop! Stop it! I didn’t do anything!

CHRIS
Yes, you did. (Beating him.) You looked at me! You looked at me like you wanted me! You looked at me!

I didn’t! I didn’t!

CHRIS
You know you did! You know you did!

Chris gets off of Jody and kicks him. Jody is crying. Chris walks to the bathroom door and turns the bolt-lock.

CHRIS
Let me just lock up so we got a little privacy.

JODY
(Crying.) Please stop hurting me. Please.

CHRIS
Stop hurting you? Little fag boy, I’m just gettin’ started…

Chris jumps on top of Jody and starts to hit him again. In the process he starts to pull Jody’s pants off. Jody realizes what is happening and starts to scream and cry more loudly. He attempts to fight back, but Chris is much bigger and much stronger. Improvised lines during the fight may be appropriate.

JODY
No! Don’t! Oh God, don’t!
CHRIS
You wanted it. You looked at me and you wanted it! Now you gonna’ get it!

*Chris rapes Jody from behind. It happens very fast. Jody is crying. Eventually, Chris stops, zips up, unlocks the door and exits. Jody lays on the bathroom floor for a long time – at least ten full seconds – crying. The door opens and Paul enters.*

PAUL
Jody? Oh my…

*Paul rushes over as Jody is trying to sit up. Jody is crying and can barely talk. Paul helps him pull up his pants. It’s a struggle for Jody to get the following lines out. Paul is holding him like a soldier holds his injured comrade.*

PAUL
What happened? What…? Who did this?

JODY
(Still crying.) I was just in here…

PAUL
Do you want me to get a teacher? I’m gonna’ get a teacher.

JODY
No. No. Nobody can know…

PAUL
Somebody’s got to know.

JODY
No. He…

PAUL
What…?

JODY
He… He… I can’t…

PAUL
What?

JODY
He…
What did he do?

He raped me. Oh God. He raped me.

I gotta’ get someone.

No.

We can’t do this by ourselves.

No. No. I don’t want it.

We can’t—

He raped me. Oh God, he raped me…

Who raped you…?

He pulled my pants down and he…

Who did it?

I can’t believe… Oh God…

We should call the police.

No. No.

Who did it? Who did this…?

*Pause. Jody is trying to talk. Finally he’s able to say it.*
Chris. It was Chris.

PAUL

Chris?

JODY


PAUL

Jody. Jody. I have to go.

JODY

No. No. Don’t—

PAUL

I’m gonna’ take care of this.

Paul stands up.

JODY

Don’t leave me here. Please, Paul. Don’t leave me.

PAUL

I’m gonna’ send someone in. A teacher. And I’m gonna’ take care of it.

JODY

Don’t… Don’t…

PAUL

I’m gonna’ take care of it.

Jody curls up into a ball on the floor crying, as Paul exits. The scene shifts. We see Chris and Angus talking on the dance floor. The other kids are on the periphery of the stage, watching the action. They continue the floor tapping. It becomes louder. Paul enters.

CHRIS

Hey, look who just got here. Hey Paulie… Over here!

ANGUS

(Falsetto voice.) Chunky chubby choo choo chunk.

Paul quickly approaches.
PAUL
Look, I don’t want any more trouble.

CHRIS
What are you talkin’ about, no more trouble?

I’m talkin’ about this.

*Paul pulls out a gun and points it at Angus. He fires. The gunfire sound should be made by the kids on their knees watching. The gunfire sound will be made by the group clapping as one. Angus falls to the ground. Paul fires into Angus two more times. The floor tapping has stopped. The kids on the sidelines watch.*

PAUL
No more trouble.

*Paul turns the gun on Chris and fires into his leg. Again the gunfire sound is made by clapping. Chris screams and falls to the ground. He immediately starts to try to drag himself away. He is panicked and crying.*

PAUL
Turn over.

*Paul follows him for another moment.*

PAUL
I said, turn over.

CHRIS
No… No… You’ll shoot me. Oh God! It hurts! Please don’t hurt me anymore… Please.

*Chris turns over, facing Paul. Paul stands over him, aiming the gun at him. Paul starts to cry.*

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? No. Of course you didn’t. You were just getting started…

CHRIS
No… Please… Please…

PAUL
Well, now I’m just getting started.

**CHRIS**

*(Desperate.)* Please, just let—

_before Chris can finish what he is about to say, Paul raises the gun up and fires. He shoots Chris four times. Each shot is made by the sound of clapping. Paul stares at the body for a long moment, crying. He slowly raises the gun to his own head. He shoots himself. The sound is made by clapping. Blackout.*

_the lights slowly rise to a dim level. We see the following kids silhouetted by the light: Alysa – holding her pink bunny, Jody, Sean, Dayna, Jessie and Annie. Angus, Alysa, Chris, Rose and Paul are now masked journalists standing behind the silhouetted kids._

**NEWSCASTER #1 (ANGUS)**

In another shocking incident, a student at Red Valley High School shot and killed two students and then took his own life.

**NEWSCASTER #2 (ALYSA)**

Little is known about the seventeen-year old boy. His peers indicated that he was a social outcast.

**NEWSCASTER #3 (CHRIS)**

At least one of the kids killed, had a long history of bullying. The police and parents are now looking into why this wasn’t addressed by the school district.

**NEWSCASTER #4 (ROSE)**

A recent report indicates that there’s been a history of social problems at Red Vally High School that haven’t been addressed by parents, teachers or students.

**NEWSCASTER #5 (PAUL)**

It makes one wonder…if someone, if anyone was paying attention to the dynamics at the school. Would the shootings have taken place?
But it’s because they’re hurting. If kids listen to one another and treat each other – no matter who they are – with respect, then they can fix most of the problems themselves…

The lights fade to black

The play is Finished
A former high school drama teacher, Jason lives and breathes to write for and about theatre and film. Over the years, seven of his plays have been published in different anthologies. Numerous productions of these plays and others have been performed throughout the United States and Europe. He has received three Meritorious Achievement Awards from the American College Theatre Festival for excellence in playwrighting; and his play *Dying Light* was selected as the Best New Play at the Northwest Drama Conference in 1995. More recently, Jason's Brechtian exploration of Native American rights and modern environmentalism entitled, *Endangered Species*, was selected as a finalist in the Earth Matters on Stage conference in Humboldt, California. As a screenwriter, Jason adapted John Weld's book *Fly Away Home* into a screenplay for Laguna Films in California. In addition to writing for theatre and film, Jason is a film critic and outdoor adventure writer who has seen his work published in newspapers, magazines, on blogs and in journals throughout North America. Jason holds a Masters of Fine Arts degree in dramatic writing from the University of Nevada, Las Vegas and currently resides in Bellingham, Washington.