

A COMMON MARTYR

by
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A COMMON MARTYR was produced by Cone Man Running Productions on Sept 8 - 18, 2013. The production was directed by Keshia Lovewell and stage managed by Alex Scott. The opening night cast was as follows:

Jonathan Moonen ----- Sidney
Reed Walker ----- Curtis
Christopher St. Mary ----- Randall
Katherine Rinaldi ----- Kim
Amanda Perez -----Maddie
LeeAnne Denny ----- Lee

CHARACTER LIST

Kim Coffey	Dating Sidney and preparing for their relationship to last beyond college. Maddie's best friend.
Randall Ricks	Alpha male. In control. Athlete who is out of touch with reality. Caring in a way. Likes Lee.
Sidney Cobb	Sensitive guy and incredibly gullible. Nervous about prospect of a future with Kim.
Madison (Maddie) Glass	Loves Randall. Doesn't know how to be herself. Tomboy. Lee's older sister.
Curtis Flight	Advantageous and sly. A follower but with an agenda.
Lee Glass	Maddie's sister. Gorgeous and is well aware of it.

*All roles are open to any ethnicity and to be portrayed as late teens.

The play takes place in a suburban/rural community in the Northeast. It's the day of college graduation and late May.

SCENE BREAKDOWN

Act 1		
Scene 1	Podium at Graduation	Friday. 3pm
Scene 2	Campsite	Friday. 6pm
Scene 3	Campsite	Friday. 10pm
Scene 4	Campsite	Friday. 11pm
Act 2		
Scene 1	Campsite	Saturday. 6 am
Scene 2	Campsite	Saturday. 6pm
Scene 3	Campsite	Saturday. 10pm.
Scene 4	Campsite	Saturday. Midnight.

A COMMON MARTYR

ACT ONE, SCENE ONE

A voice over rolls as a dim spotlight fades up on SIDNEY. He's dressed in cap and gown and incredibly nervous

Voiceover: ... And before we let our seniors free into the big scary world, our final chapter is the salutatorian address from Sidney Cobb.

Sidney? *(Sidney comes into full light – he freezes.)*

(Nudging) Today, Sidney. It's about ninety five degrees outside. Your salutatorian address?

(Sidney looks straight ahead. He freezes as he scans the faces. After a long beat he finally, blankly speaks.)

Sidney. Goodbye.

(Lights fade to black quickly. The scene segues directly into 1.2 as RANDALL, CURTIS, and MADDIE all enter laughing. Three tents are already in place. Randall carries a cooler. Curtis has a few duffel bags. Maddie has a few sleeping bags. Sidney lags behind – still embarrassed.)

ACT ONE, SCENE TWO

RANDALL/CURTIS. *(Blankly – mocking his 'speech')* Goodbye.

(They all crack up again – laughing wildly.)

SIDNEY. Funny. Hilarious. Joke over yet?

MADDIE. What did you have prepared for your speech anyways?

SIDNEY. You know – Thomas Jefferson. “But friendship is precious; not only in the shade, but in the sunshine of life, and thanks to a benevolent arrangement the greater part of life is sunshine.” Some Descartes too. They were beautiful. *(The others laugh. Sidney's phone rings.)*

RANDALL. Don't answer that.

SIDNEY. Why not? She's going to be so mad.

RANDALL. This is for *your* birthday, Sid. You wanted a campout and kept telling us how it'd be the perfect end to college, a chance to acclimate us to your hobbies. Well, you've got your campout.

CURTIS. If you answer that phone again, it gets confiscated.

MADDIE. How long did it take for you two to say goodbye?

SIDNEY. All morning.

MADDIE. We're five miles out of town. She can't go one night without talking to you?

SIDNEY. She's the one. You know that feeling when you ask someone out – *(They all answer in unison. They've heard this countless times.)*

ALL. *(But Sidney)* Move on.

SIDNEY. You wait and wait all day and do everything to not look at the phone. Every time it rings, your heart jumps into your throat.

ALL. *(But Sidney)* Move on.

SIDNEY. And then you get that sinking feeling and think it's not going to happen. And then...it does. She said 'yes'. That's how it feels every time she calls me. *(Beat)* I'm sorry. I won't let her ruin our good time. Thanks for setting this up, Rand.

MADDIE. It'll be great. A last chance to hang before summer gets chaotic. I mean, Rand's got his summer pro league. Curt's got...

CURTIS. "The Pursuit for Perfection." I'm chasing double digits, Sid. I've been sitting on 'nine' ever since Tammy Everett decided *(he mocks.)* "We were moving so fast! And cuddling feels so...*safe*... with you.

MADDIE. *(Sarcastic.)* Do you get a prize when you hit number fifteen?

CURTIS. *(Back at her.)* You want to help me get there? I've got a sleeping bag and I'm ready to go.

MADDIE. Gross.

SIDNEY. *(Changing the subject.)* And Maddie's got...

MADDIE. I have a life outside of you guys! I go to movies. I listen to music. I have girlfriends! *(Beat)* I'm just thankful to be here and that I was able to duck out early on that dumb graduation party. All of these people crowding around Lee and glowing about how wonderful she is.

Then they see me and realize they have to talk to me too. It's like each one of them has this automatic button with some generic statement to ease conversation with me. *(She mocks pressing a button)* "Someday you'll be just as pretty as Lee." "I bet you'll miss Lee a ton, huh?" "You've gotten so tall!" And then there's Mom and Dad - drinking in the corner. Smiling but not so secretly regretting that I'm not some Barbie Doll who'll land a five star guy like Lee will. *(She grits her teeth)* And that fucking graduation present – *(She stops herself.)*

RANDALL. What'd they get you?

MADDIE. Never mind. *(Beat.)* Thank you for getting me out of the house, Rand.

RANDALL. Of course. We should get settled before it gets too dark. Provisions?

SIDNEY. I'll find some wood for the camp fire. *(Sidney exits.)*

MADDIE. *(Droll)* I've got the sleeping bags. Why do I have to carry these?

CURTIS. Because they're light and you're a girl. *(Maddie flicks him off and tosses a sleeping bag in his direction.)*

MADDIE. I can carry the beer too!

CURTIS/RANDALL. No!

MADDIE. What's the big deal? They're cans. I'm not going to break them.

RANDALL. You'll see. *(Sidney re-enters. In one arm he has kindling and he's talking on his cell phone. He is cutesy talking with his girlfriend – Kim.)*

SIDNEY. I'm sorry. I only meant that I had *thought* about going to Calgary. It's just one job offer, that's all. So, what was under *your* graduation gown? *(He laughs and realizes he's wandered back into their company.) (Quick and without emotion.)* Sorry, that was inappropriate. I love you. Bye.

CURTIS. Dude, we all know what was under *your* gown.

SIDNEY. Really?

CURTIS. Let's see – super hero underoos that your mom dressed you in, now probably rendered disgusting due to your speech fail.

SIDNEY. I've been dressing myself for years.

CURTIS. And the leash to which Kim has you chained. And not in the kinky way, either.

SIDNEY. I am *not* whipped.

MADDIE. What did she want?

Sidney. For starters, the overdue talk we're supposed to have about my job offer in Calgary, when I knew she wants to stay near her family. And then, to know when she could give me my graduation gift. (*Faux macho*) Told her that tonight was no good. I was out with the guys.

(*Beat*) And Maddie.

MADDIE. (*Snide*) Thanks

RANDALL. That's awesome. So, any ideas what it is? New set of binoculars for your bird watching?

CURTIS. Strip tease and a lap dance? (*They all laugh.*)

RANDALL. That'd be awesome.

MADDIE. (*Curious.*) Really?

SIDNEY. She wants it to be a surprise. (*Not subtle – to Maddie.*) I wonder if she might've told her best friend anything.

MADDIE. Not getting a peep out of me.

RANDALL. So when are you meeting her?

SIDNEY. She wants to meet tomorrow for lunch (*Awkward beat. The others eye Randall.*) What? What's wrong?

MADDIE. Randall's first summer league game.

RANDALL. (*Breezy.*) There'll be others.

SIDNEY. I'm sorry. I can call her and see if she's free another time?

RANDALL. It's cool. Let's just enjoy tonight. Graduation night, am I right? We could be home in shirt and ties getting pinched by irritating relatives who we thought we'd only have to see at Christmas and Easter.

MADDIE. You think that's bad? Try Hanukkah, Rosh Hashanah, Yom Kippur, sitting Shabbat forever –

SIDNEY. I didn't know you were Jewish.

CURTIS. Are you kidding? I'm still amazed she's a girl. That's not a bad thing. You've always just kind of been here, Maddie. It's cool though, we can talk about dicks and farts and which girls have the best racks and you don't blink.

MADDIE. (*Unenthusiastic.*) Yeah. About that-

RANDALL. And your sister's a babe.

MADDIE. Ew. She's a freshman.

CURTIS. Seriously. How long have you been trying to tap that?

RANDALL. Ever since I knew what 'tap that' meant.

SIDNEY. I heard her driver's license is like a pro shot. They even put it up at the DMV. It was that perfect.

CURTIS. Well, I heard that she turned down Darren Riley.

MADDIE. Who?

RANDALL. (*Shock.*) Graduated two years ago. Quarterback. Drafted in the second round by the Norsemen.

MADDIE. Let's stop talking about my sister now, shall we?

RANDALL. One totally honest, earnest question?

MADDIE. (*Sighs.*) Fine.

RANDALL. What time does she get up to paint on her pants? (*All the guys laugh. Maddie rolls her eyes and avoids them.*)

CURTIS. Maddie, it'll be great. Think about it. Rand and her knock boots, get hitched, have hot ass talented all-star babies-

SIDNEY. You realize you just said 'hot ass babies'. Right?

RANDALL. (*Trying.*) And you'd get to be the Aunt. (*Randall puts his arm around her.*) Best Aunt ever.

MADDIE. I'd probably be stuck babysitting and changing diapers. (*To Randall.*) You realize all of this is only remotely plausible in your little mind. I never should have encouraged her to school with me. It's not going to happen.

CURTIS. Sure it is! She just hasn't been subject to his charms. Give him an hour alone with her and she'll be a puddle of hotness.

MADDIE. (*Shrugs.*) Not her type.

RANDALL. (*Seriously.*) What has she said?

MADDIE. Nothing. I just know my sister. (*Changing subject.*) Sid, this kindling is wet. We'll catch hypothermia before we're drunk. (*She picks up the kindling and Sid follows. Curtis walks over to her and interrupts.*)

CURTIS. Let me.

MADDIE. What the hell? I can do this! (*Curtis and Sidney exit together.*)

RANDALL. (*Gently.*) He knows you can. (*Maddie refuses to look at Randall. She unrolls her sleeping back and sits away from him.*)

What'd I do, Maddie?

MADDIE. How long have you been lusting after my sister?

RANDALL. When you say 'lusting', it sounds so dirty.

MADDIE. That's what it is though. You don't look at her and say 'Hey, that's one sexy ass GPA.' 'I bet she's great to talk to!' No, you see the perfect body and the gorgeous face and pretty much jump in line with every other guy in this damn school. Why didn't you tell me?

RANDALL. I'm sorry. I thought you knew. (*Beat.*) The guys kid you about being 'one of the boys' but in reality we know who you are. I guess it's a little daunting – kind of like it's the last thing you'd want to hear. For what it's worth, she's got nothing on you. You can try to hide it with those big tee shirts and shorts, but put you in a dress and you'd have a million dudes lining up. You'd stand there and say 'take a number'.

MADDIE. (*Won over.*) Stop.

RANDALL. I'm one hundred percent serious. (*Maddie leans in quickly and kisses him. He is shocked and doesn't know how to react.*) Um.

Thanks, Maddie. (*Randall stands and she buries her head in her hands.*)

MADDIE. Sure. Anytime.

RANDALL. Were you planning on going to the game tomorrow?

MADDIE. I planned on it. Why?

RANDALL. You might not want to. I have something planned – something I wanted to say to your sister – arranged. It's too late to cancel it.

MADDIE. (*Angry.*) She's not going to your stupid game! (*Randall exits off stage. Maddie waits a moment and runs in the opposite direction.*)

SIDNEY. (*Excited.*) How could you not hear that? The Bob White? (*He whistles.*) Bob White?

CURTIS. Hang on. I wanted to ask you something while we had some privacy. So. Kim wants to meet you for lunch to discuss this big surprise. That doesn't strike you as a little...I don't know... funny?

Sidney. No. Why?

CURTIS. What do you hope the surprise is?

SIDNEY. Maybe a framed picture of us together. Or –

CURTIS. No, Sid, I asked what you *hoped* it was. Let me ask you this – how'd you feel when we joked about her surprise being a strip tease?

SIDNEY. It's hilarious, because ...it's extremely far from reality.

CURTIS. And what if you asked for it?

SIDNEY. (*Sighs – mocks her.*) “Not until we're ready and able to express our love in that fashion.”

CURTIS. Don't you see what she's doing with this lunch thing then? She's immediately taking the ball out of that court. If it were night time, maybe it'd be a dinner somewhere nice, a movie, a long car ride home. You see where I'm going? You're my friend, that's why I'm able to say these things. I couldn't pretend to be on your side if I didn't talk about this with you. I mean, this girl is talking kids, a serious relationship, marriage... - how many girlfriends have you had before her?

SIDNEY. None.

CURTIS. And what if, this is just playing devil's advocate because you're my buddy – what if there's another girl out there. Friendly, open, not so mind fucked on a commitment so many years away. Who's to say that when you do your bird watching crap, that you won't find someone like that? Attractive, cool, open minded? And what will you have to give this person if you're dating and sex experience to this point is a mother fucking tabula rasa! You've got a chance to teach orinth- (*He struggles.*)

SIDNEY. Ornithology.

CURTIS. That... in Calgary. I don't know anything about it...but that's impressive. A real girlfriend wouldn't make you choose.

SIDNEY. (*Slowly.*) You're right.

CURTIS. And what are you going to do about it?! (*Sidney tosses down his kindling and pulls out his phone. He dials.*)

SIDNEY. Call her. Right now. (*To Curtis.*) Voicemail. (*Into the phone.*) Hey baby. No, listen. Lunch isn't gonna work. I've got plans. Big plans. If you want a dinner date....and maybe more... I might be down with it. (*Falters a bit.*) I'm at the camp sit. Phone's going off.

Later. (*Sidney hangs up the phone and inhales deeply and then starts to panic. Curtis takes his phone and steadies him.*)

CURTIS. That was awesome. You're the *man!* (*Curtis throws Sid's phone far into the offstage field.*)

SIDNEY. I'm dead. (*Randall re-enters.*)

CURTIS. Get this *man* a beer. He stood up to the ball and chain.

RANDALL. (*Shock.*) You defied Kim? How'd she take it?

SIDNEY. I don't know. (*Faux bravado.*) I kind of hung up on her.

CURTIS. Voicemail.

SIDNEY. Voicemail. (*Beat.*) I think I'll have that beer now. (*He crosses to the cooler and pulls out an ornate beer bottle.*) What's this?

CURTIS/RANDALL. Don't!

RANDALL. This, my friend, is the holy grail of beer. Dad took me to a liquor store last week and told me to pick one out for graduation night. 'Goblet Chocolate XX Ale.' Lee's favorite.

CURTIS. (*Disgusted.*) Aw, man. (*Maddie enters – notices them all and hangs back.*)

RANDALL. I'm serious. Last month there was that huge party over at Northgate and some lame ass townie had a bottle of it. I overheard her talking about how she always wanted to try it, so it was a natural choice.

SIDNEY. Why do you have it here then?

RANDALL. Maybe she'll coming tonight.

SIDNEY. What? No way.

CURTIS. Why didn't you tell me? Is she bringing friends?

SIDNEY. She's almost out of *your* league, Rand.

RANDALL. (*A smile.*) Almost. (*Beat.*) Well, I invited her at least. We'll see.

CURTIS. Of course, she's coming!

SIDNEY. She is so hot.

CURTIS. (*To Randall.*) Blue book?

SIDNEY. What?

CURTIS. Blue book value. You know – condition, mileage, frame, body, how much work she needs -

RANDALL. Do you even have to ask? She's a ten, man.

SIDNEY. What's a 'ten' though?

CURTIS. A ‘ten’ is perfection. Let me educate you, oh poor inexperienced young man. There’s a few basic categories. Say a chick is walking down the street. If you get a full view it’s either – ‘yes’, ‘maybe’, ‘no’, ‘yes from behind’, ‘maybe after a six pack’ –

RANDALL. ‘Maybe after a twelve pack-‘

CURTIS. Right. And in Lee’s case ‘Marry me, have my children, and take my last penny because you’re that hot’. Can you believe she and Maddie came from the same junk?

SIDNEY. Maddie’s cute. Blue book?

CURTIS. Hmm. That’s a tough one. If we saw her in girly clothes we might know what the heck she really looks like. So we’ll do an estimate – seven I guess.

RANDALL. (*Thoughtfully.*) Eight.

CURTIS. Maybe a little higher since she’s probably still got her v chip.

SIDNEY. V chip?

RANDALL. We’ve got a lot of work to do. (*Maddie exits quietly.*)

CURTIS. Your turn then. Kim’s blue book value. (*He thinks.*) Nine.

RANDALL. (*Warning.*) Hey.

SIDNEY. We’re not broken up. Just a fight. A big one. So she’s either mad as hell or...no, she’s just mad as hell.

RANDALL. You’re safe here.

SIDNEY. (*Long beat.*) Seven. Kim’s a seven. Nice body – or at least what I’ve gotten to see so far. She loves me – otherwise she wouldn’t want to spend the next... God...I don’t even know how many years ahead with me. She doesn’t pick on me like everyone else does. Pretty. Funny. Can’t cook for shit. Gives good hugs.

CURTIS. (*Mocking.*) Aw –

RANDALL. (*To Curtis.*) Shut up.

SIDNEY. But she’s my first girlfriend. First love. People say they always stay with you somehow. If it doesn’t work out, you move on and get married, but they’re always there in your heart. In the back of your mind.

CURTIS. (*Aside.*) Like a migraine.

SIDNEY. (*Laughs.*) You guys remember that old pick up truck my Dad gave me?

RANDALL. Dude, of course. You could hear that thing coming from a mile away.

SIDNEY. I named her ‘Kim’.

RANDALL. (*Confused.*) Why?

SIDNEY. With both of them, it’d take forty dollars just to take them out and shut them up. (*Beat. Curtis and Randall burst out in laughter – Sidney lets down his guard and joins in. As their laughter subsides, KIM enters. Nobody moves.*) (*Pale*) Fuck. (*Impulsively, Curtis shoves Sidney into one of the tents, just out of her sight.*)

RANDALL/CURTIS. Hi, Kim.

KIM. Where’s Sidney? He’s not answering his phone.

CURTIS. He’s pissed at you.

KIM. Me? What did I do? I got this completely random message from him. Something about lunch versus dinner and ... it just wasn’t him. Has he been drinking? Sidney doesn’t swear. He doesn’t talk to me like that. What happened?

CURTIS. Congrats, Kim. You’re the straw that broke the camel’s back. Get lost.

KIM. (*To Randall.*) Please have him call me. (*Kim starts to exit and momentarily Maddie stops her. Angrily, Maddie eyes Curtis and Randall.*)

MADDIE. He’s in the tent.

CURTIS. Goddamn it.

RANDALL. (*Exasperated.*) Maddie. (*Kim crosses to the tent and stands outside.*)

KIM. (*Gently.*) Can we talk?

SIDNEY. (*Long beat.*) You’ve done nothing but talk for the last five years. (*He emerges from the tent and calmly paces near her as he starts.*) No wait, not talk. Lecture. Nag. Pester. “Why are you wearing that, Sid?” “Stop looking at birds and start looking at me, Sid” “Not until I see a ring, Sid” “You can’t get a job *there*, I’m staying near my folks, Sid”. When do I get to talk? When does the cuckolding of Sid end? Hmm? I know *exactly* what you had in mind. Four years in college together. I tossed aside everything I wanted to be near you. We stayed in adjoining dorms. I checked in on you every night before bed and get

that oh-so-incredible peck on lips to carry me through to my next bland day. Talked about getting engaged in our junior year – a nice sized rock that’s just like the ones you see in magazines, though nothing that’s financially attainable by someone - I don’t know - like me. And we graduated together. The next step is getting married next summer in a lavish gala that your family can’t afford. You won’t be quite ready for sex, as it truly should be foremost about procreation over enjoyment and you want it to be special. As opposed to following my real passion, I’ll go off to law school or some graduate program of which I’ll have no interest in whatsoever, but will enable you to find yourself. After I’ve gotten my worthless Masters, I’ll land in some boring ass job where I debate on a daily basis whether to push pencils for another day against jumping head first from the twentieth floor and seeing which one hurts more in the long run. By age thirty and either through my having begged for fifteen years or the grace of God, we’ll have sex for the first and last time and you’ll pump out a child, never working another day of your life. And if we have a boy, odds are you’ll start the whole cycle of breaking him down systematically from day one until he’s a flaccid pulp-like cardboard cut-out that his father embodies! (*Cool.*) No thanks. Not for me. (*To everyone.*) I’m going to Calgary. (*He enters into the tent. Kim is standing, frozen in shock. End of Scene.*)

ACT ONE, SCENE THREE

An hour later. Night has fallen. Curtis and Randall sit alone drinking by the campfire. They are playing ‘spoons’.

CURTIS. You’re not going to win.

RANDALL. How do you play this friggin game?

CURTIS. Spoons. Essentially, you put a spoon in between you and you have to grab it first. No rules apply, you can grab first and try to be quick or grab last and try to dig it into the other person’s hand to make them give.

RANDALL. Wow. And what do you win?

CURTIS. The game. Who's going to move first? *(They both reach for the spoon and struggle – digging it into the other's hand. Randall wins. Curtis rubs his sore hand.)*

RANDALL. This really is a dumb game. *(Sid emerges – clearly inebriated. He has a beer in hand. During the course of this he lectures as a professor might. Pacing amongst them, sitting, trying to engage them, and drinking.)*

SIDNEY. You know why I like birds so much?

CURTIS. Here we go –

SIDNEY. *(Quick and without emotion.)* Shut the fuck up, Curt. God chose them to be superior and they don't know it. That kind of modesty is refreshing. It's all they know. Their life is simple. Mate, raise chicks, hunt, migrate, and just fly. All shapes and sizes. The hummingbird to the hawk. When people watch other people, they're voyeurs. Perverts. Only in the research sense are they scientific, but even when its clinical there's a degree of control and power over another person. Humanity ruins everything. We cage birds. Clip their wings. Try to make them speak our language. Men have to have *things*. *(Pointed to Randall)* Pretty things. Without possessions or competition with fellow man, they feel empty. Invalidated in their tiny peanut brains. Sure, birds fight and preen, but that's survival of the fittest. Darwinism in its purest form. What do I know? I'm a whipped loser who'll probably regret and reverse on everything positive I've done tonight. *(Beat – a small laugh – he sits slowly reclining near them.)* Did you know when a group of birds migrate in the 'v' formation that they can actually coast on thermal heat waves and descend on another one to conserve energy? Awesome. *(He closes his eyes and lays still – long beat.)*

RANDALL. We should've given you alcohol much earlier and more frequently.

SIDNEY. Amen.

CURTIS. That would've been a fun graduation speech. Right, Sid? *(No response.)* Sid? And he's out. Round two? *(They again play 'spoons'. This time Curtis wins. Both rub their hands in pain afterwards.)*

RANDALL. Who taught you this game?

CURTIS. My Dad and his brother used to play when they were kids. They grew up in West Texas so they really didn't have that much going on.

RANDALL. No offense, but it's pretty friggin stupid.

CURTIS. You have better things to do?

RANDALL. Do you think Lee will really come?

CURTIS. How did you ask her?

RANDALL. Left a note under her door.

CURTIS. You're kidding. You really did that?

RANDALL. You've seen how she and her friends walk through the halls. It's like this unapproachable barrier.

CURTIS. I know. Fingers crossed, right? She'll come.

RANDALL. Thanks. I don't want to play spoons anymore.

CURTIS. Me either.

SIDNEY. *(Still laying with eyes closed.)* I have a confession.

CURTIS. Lord –

RANDALL. *(Laughs.)* Let's hear it.

SIDNEY. I dated another girl before Kim. I was on a vacation at the Cape with my family. We used to take these big family vacations to the shore. All of us would jump into the station wagon and spend like two weeks in our beach house out there every summer – just boating, good food, tons of ice cream. It was nice. Well, a few years ago, when I was still dating Kim, I went. Kim and I had been fighting, so I guess you could call it a temporary break up. Truth is, my family doesn't like her and couldn't stand the thought of being with her in the car for six hours. My aunt and uncle and Cousin Holly went too. Holly's like a year younger than me and she brought her best friend, Anna. Anna was cute. *(Sidney stands up and gets a beer. He cracks it open and sits back down.)* Skinny. Big brown eyes and long brown hair – great smile. It took a few days to win her over. This one day it was raining all day and everyone was going stir crazy. I convinced her to take a walk on the beach with me. She thought I was crazy at first, but something just made her change her mind and we were running through the wake together – holding hands. Later that week, I spent all my birthday

money on an antique necklace that she pointed out at this store in town. When I gave it to her that night, I leaned in and closed my eyes, only to feel a stern finger pressed against my lips saying ‘Ah, Ah, Ah – too soon.’ Talk about pissed. She knew it too. (*Sidney lies down again.*) The next day we all went over to this arcade in the village and I didn’t say a word to her all day. Wouldn’t look at her. Cool as ice. She realized how upset I was and I guess tried to make amends. She said, “If you beat me at air hockey... I’ll give you a kiss.”

RANDALL. And?

SIDNEY. I beat that bitch seven to nothing. (*Beat – Randall and Curtis start cracking up hysterically.*)

KIM. (*Offstage.*) Sidney? (*Sidney crawls into his tent. Kim enters with Maddie.*) Damn it. (*Kim sits abruptly and buries her head in her hands.*) It was only lunch! It doesn’t mean anything! (*Maddie sits, exhausted.*)

MADDIE. It’s been like this for hours.

KIM. (*To Maddie.*) Which one is your tent? (*Maddie points. Kim climbs into it quietly and lies down.*)

MADDIE. (*Sighs.*) Good times. How’s Sid?

RANDALL. Blasted and monologuing.

MADDIE. Awesome. (*Sidney climbs out of his tent. He puts his finger over his mouth to shush them. He whispers.*)

SIDNEY. Got to pee. (*Sidney tiptoes away, doubles back for another beer, and exits quietly.*)

CURTIS. (*Sighs.*) I’ve got drunk duty. (*Curtis exits – following him.*)

RANDALL. You’re a good friend.

MADDIE. I know. (*Beat.*) Going to be a long night.

RANDALL. (*Small laugh.*) Yep. Are they going to be okay?

MADDIE. It’s hard to say. They’ve got a lot of history. It’s up to them, I guess. (*Maddie casually leans her head against Randall’s shoulder. Awkward.*) I called Lee. I told her I needed a ride home and that she’d find me here.

RANDALL. Why?

MADDIE. You deserve a chance. And you’re my friend. Don’t fuck up. It’ll probably be your only chance.

RANDALL. Right. Thanks.

MADDIE. Sorry I'll have to miss your game tomorrow. Think you're going to play?

RANDALL. (*Guarded.*) Of course I will. I've been killing the ball in practice. Why?

MADDIE. No reason. Sorry. Forget it. (*Yawns.*) Tell me. One quality you look for in a girl. (*Quickly rephrasing.*) And no body parts. That's not a real answer.

RANDALL. (*Beat.*) A girl who can wink.

MADDIE. (*Sleepy/Fading.*) Really?

RANDALL. Yeah. Gives her that bit of an edge. Flirty without being a skank. Mysterious but knowing. You don't see that much anymore.

MADDIE. I'd try but I don't think I can keep my eyes open much longer.

RANDALL. What about you?

MADDIE. A guy who loves me.

RANDALL. That's it?

MADDIE. (*Falling asleep.*) That's it. I don't want to wake up. (*LEE enters in the distance. She walks up to the campsite and watches. She clears her throat.*)

RANDALL. Lee.

LEE. Hey. Am I interrupting something?

RANDALL. Um. This? No. No! Maddie, come on. Wake up. (*Maddie stirs – she looks and sees Lee and slowly processes why she's being waken.*)

MADDIE. (*Pointed.*) Hey, Sis. Thanks for coming.

LEE. You called me. Let's go.

MADDIE. I've changed my mind. (*Maddie calmly walks away from the two and towards her tent.*) (*To Randall.*) You're welcome. (*Maddie exits into the tent.*)

LEE. Get your ass out here! I didn't drive across town just to turn right back around. (*She waits and there's no answer. She starts to exit.*) Fine. Well, this has been fun.

RANDALL. Wait! (*Randall crosses to the cooler and pulls out the special beer. He presents it to Lee.*) Here. Stay.

LEE. (*An edge softer.*) Oh my God. Do you know the last time I had this? Some stupid party over at Northgate where this lame-o– who’d probably struck out all year – tried to get me drunk on it.

RANDALL. I remember. I was there.

LEE. Obsessive. Nice. Creepy.

RANDALL. I just noticed. That’s all. You want some? It’s supposed to be amazing.

LEE. I’ve heard that one already. Didn’t work the first time and it won’t this time either. (*Sighs.*) What the hell? That stuff’s expensive. You rob a bank?

RANDALL. Graduation gift. (*Randall looks around.*) Fuck. No cups.

LEE. Forget it. (*She reaches into the cooler and grabs one of the generic beers. She sits casually and sips. Long beat.*) Congratulations on graduating. Where are you going?

RANDALL. Undecided. (*Faux modesty.*) Baseball draft’s coming up soon.

LEE. I see. Impressive. Now, do many seniors still resort to leaving notes under dorm room doors? Did you miss your chance to pass it to me after recess?

RANDALL. You’re clever for a *freshman*.

LEE. Aren’t most players who get drafted the ones who actually play? (*Beat. Randall is deflated a touch.*)

RANDALL. (*Defensive.*) Coach said it’s a sure thing.

LEE. Okay. You want to tell me about this big deal that you mentioned in your note? I don’t like surprises. Why don’t you just have Maddie go and she’ll tell me later? She’s always gushing over you.

RANDALL. I like *you*, Lee.

LEE. *Why?*

RANDALL. You’re smart –

LEE. How do you know that? Do you just see my name listed in the college newspaper for honor roll with everyone else?

RANDALL. Athletic –

LEE. That’s because I’m on the soccer team. Did you even come to my games? Wait – please don’t answer that. I don’t want to know.

RANDALL. You’re not making this easy.

LEE. I'm trying to figure out why you like me. You don't even know me. Let's see – we've covered perceived grades and sports. We've never had a bonafide conversation so there's nothing for you to draw on there. Unless Maddie's been spouting off, you have no secondhand basis either. So, I'm left to deduce you fall in line with the *others*. Go ahead. Say it.

RANDALL. You're hot.

LEE. And you're different. You're not like the others. You just want to get in my pants because you *like* me, right? Keep in mind you're now a graduated senior with no future plans and pipe dreams of playing ball when nobody's calling and apparently you couldn't hit a donkey's ass with a shovel. At some point over the summer, maybe that'll smack you in the face and you'll 'plan b it' and go to a beer league – convincing yourself you're back on track. Am I right? (*Sidney enters still teetering between sleepy and drunk. He looks back and forth between Lee and Randall. He shrugs and smiles.*) And somewhere in there, you get to have sex with me. It's a win-win. (*Beat.*) Thanks for the beer. (*Lee exits Sidney enters and turns on a dime.*)

SIDNEY. Gotta puke.

KIM. (*Offstage – inside tent*) Sidney? (*He runs off again. Kim exits the tent and runs off after him. Randall sits processing everything that's just occurred. He finishes his beer and casually aims it at the cooler and misses. Immediately he crosses and enters Maddie's tent. He closes the flap behind him and lies down.*)

MADDIE. Rand?

RANDALL. (*Offstage – inside tent.*) Ssh. (*End of Scene*)

ACT ONE, SCENE FOUR

A few hours later. Curtis sits alone at the campfire. He has on headphones and is listening to music while drinking. He looks entirely bored. He finishes a beer, crumples it and tosses it off in the distance.

KIM. (*Off stage.*) Hey! (*Kim enters holding his beer can. She looks worse for the wear.*)

CURTIS. Oh. Sorry. Couldn't catch your runaway groom, huh?

KIM. He's a fast little bugger. You wouldn't think so. He climbed a tree. (*Breaking down more.*) Instead of talking and trying to work this out – he climbed a fucking tree. (*Crying.*) You don't have to say anything. I don't want sympathy. You hate me.

CURTIS. No, I don't.

KIM. You certainly said some awful things.

CURTIS. Sid's our buddy. Did you think about loyalty?

KIM. Of course, you haven't heard my side yet. And I'll spare you the boredom. His mind's already made up so what's the point?

CURTIS. I'll listen. I'm bored, but mostly I don't want to see you cry.

KIM. I'll just stop crying then. Stiff upper lip. See?

CURTIS. So, are you guys like "done"?

KIM. If he came down from that damn tree, maybe I'll have a chance. Five years down the drain.

CURTIS. That's like two years and nine months longer than any relationship I've had.

KIM. (*Sarcastic.*) I bet. Well, learn your lesson from poor, poor, pitiful me. The long ones can crumble just as fast as the one night stands you have.

CURTIS. Noted. (*Beat.*) So, what's your side?

KIM. Why do you care, Curtis? Is it really going to make any difference?

CURTIS. Who else is going to listen? Sid's up a tree. I've no idea where Maddie and Rand are. It's me. And if I don't listen, then you're going to run out of here crying and probably drive off some cliff. And quite honestly, I don't need that on my conscience. And Sid's acting like a little bitch. (*Laughs.*) A drunk, little bitch.

KIM. No arguments here. What can I say?

CURTIS. Convince me you're not the sex withholding, shot calling, emasculating ball breaker we've heard so much about.

KIM. I remember the first time I saw my sister Kelly's house. She'd gotten married during my sophomore year and immediately they got a place on Lake Whitetail. It wasn't even the house really. It was just their *life*. A big white house, neighbors who were decent, a patio where

we ate dinner and saw sailboats going by and kids horsing around on the docks. She and her perfect husband with his expensive boat and his ideal job and eventually their incredibly cute baby who we'd later learn was on the way. I mean, this was the girl who shared the bunk beds with me. When we were kids she'd smack herself really loud and start crying. When Mom would come running, she'd be sobbing and pointing at me. Mom would carry me away and I'd see that face of hers form a nasty, vile smile. (*Aside.*) Bitch. (*Back to rant.*) And now, she's a *person*. An adult. I think of everything she went through to get to that place. Dating, primping, boys, break ups... she's a really pretty girl. Smart too. At the wedding, I told myself that the second I found a guy who could share that kind of life with me, I'd hold on and not let go. And here I am. Graduated. I have no idea what I want to do. I can't stand the thought of leaving my safety net – my parents. My entire work resume is comprised of scooping ice cream for five bucks an hour. The guy who I thought was my sure thing, won't even talk to me. And I'm alone with you – the listening hater. You can tell everyone whatever you want. (*Beat.*) Feels good to get it out.

CURTIS. I've got to ask though –

KIM. Sex. I still believe that it'll be better after marriage. (*Mad*) I'm not a nun! I can do other stuff. It doesn't help that he's not necessarily –aggressive. (*Sidney stumbles in. He sees Kim and is too tired to run anymore. He waves her off and starts into his tent.*) Are you still drunk?

SIDNEY. Who wants to know?!

KIM. Me.

SIDNEY. I'm going to be drunk *all* weekend. I'd say you can call me after that but...one - my phone's somewhere out in that field and probably covered in piss or beer at this point and two - I just don't want to talk to you anyways. (*Sidney backtracks and goes to the cooler to get another beer.*)

KIM. (*Gentle.*) Enough, Sidney.

SIDNEY. Thanks, *Mom*. You've decided to nag on my drinking now too? (*Curtis stands and crosses to Sidney. Sidney raises his hand for a high five.*)

CURTIS. Go to bed, Sid.

SIDNEY. What? Dude, you're leaving me hanging'!

CURTIS. Is this how you talk to her when you're sober?

SIDNEY. You're killing my buzz.

CURTIS. Thought so. Apologize.

SIDNEY. (*Explosion.*) You have no idea what I've been through! Months! No! Years and days and weeks of dates and pecks on the cheek and plans –

CURTIS. Apologize or go back up your fucking tree.

SIDNEY. What'd she tell you? All lies, I bet. (*Dramatic.*) Mentiras! (*Sidney falls down.*) We met during Spanish class. (*Longer beat.*) Okay then. (*He stands and manages his way back to the cooler for a beer and ambles off into the forest.*)

KIM. Will he be okay out there?

CURTIS. Eh. Possible frostbite. A few snakes but nothing poisonous. He'll be back. (*Curtis crosses to the cooler and grabs a drink. He looks to Kim and motions.*) You're something else.

KIM. (*Sighs.*) I know –

CURTIS. No, I meant even after all that crap you still care. You're cool. (*He reaches in far and pulls out a wine cooler and hands it to her.*)

KIM. Why'd you bring those?

CURTIS. Anticipation. Hoping I'd have some female company at least. And if I didn't, I'd just make Sid drink them. (*They both laugh.*)

KIM. Did you invite any other girls?

CURTIS. Nope. Rand asked Lee to come here, but that's it. Guess I was playing the "hope she has a friend" game.

KIM. What were you listening to when I walked over?

CURTIS. Flash Mob. (*Beat – she shrugs.*) You don't know Flash Mob? (*Sighs.*) Come here. (*Kim crosses and sits hesitantly next to him. He hands her one of the ear buds. She puts it in her ear and listens. He does the same.*) I went through this huge song void before I found them. You know that feeling when you hear a great song and you think "I will never hear a song this good or original ever again." You think its impossible right? I mean music's been around forever and really how different can it sound at the end of the day. People steal stuff left and right but sometimes it all just sounds alike. And then you hear that one

song that pulls you out of the void. If you listen to this one, “Side Car Blues”, up until one minute and twenty two seconds, you’ll know exactly what I mean.

KIM. I can’t hear anything. *(She hands him the ear bud. He tests it and it doesn’t work.)*

CURTIS. *(Irritated.)* Piece of crap headphones. Here. *(He gives her the working ear bud – she holds it by her ear. He crosses to the cooler and gets her another drink. He returns and hands it to her. He sits and listens – putting his head closer to hers as they share the ear bud.)* Tell me what you think.

KIM. It’s good. Maybe I need to hear the rest of the album. *(Beat.)* Whew. I’m also thinking these wine coolers are pretty strong.

CURTIS. What? There’s like no alcohol in those. It’s all sugar.

KIM. *(Laughs.)* Whatever you say. *(She nudges him again and this time he does it back. It turns into a little game. He lets her catch his arm and pulls her close to him. He kisses her once on the cheek and lingers until he can kiss her once on the lips.)* Do you have a place where we can go? *(He indicates the tent. She nods. He leads her there. Inside we here giggling as they fumble in the dark. A light gives silhouette to their adventure.)*

CURTIS. *(Voice.)* What’s that?

KIM. *(Voice.)* Ssh. My hip. Ow. That’s my shoulder. That’s my elbow. That’s – *(Beat. Passionate/overwhelmed.)* Oh my God. *(Lights go to a quick fade. Sidney reenters. He looks worse for the wear. He’s stumbling and slurring. A shoe is missing and his clothes are disheveled.)*

SIDNEY. *(To no one in particular.)* Did you know a group of crows is called a murder? Bad. Ass. And that they’re one of the smartest birds? They can sense bad people and call them out. They can identify other people too – like their favorite person. And the color – can you imagine being that sleek and ominous. Like a ninja. Except noisy. *(Aloud.)* Is anybody listening to me? *(Back to self.)* Figured. Philistines. Don’t care at all about an education. *(Aloud again.)* Today’s lesson is on crows! Did you know you can hunt them legally in any state? How much does that suck? Now, class. Does anyone know the origin of ‘eating crow’? Some believe it’s from Leviticus where it’s listed as an

animal to not eat. And when people defy the rules or make a fucking shame of themselves – they’re “eating crow.” Get it? (*Yelling*) I said, get it!? (*Back to self.*) Kind of like I am right now. I’m a crow. No, I’m eating crow. (*He lies down – aloud one last time.*) Anyone? Hello? (*He crawls into his tent.*) I’m a crow. (*Lights fade*)

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