

I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT
by
Penny Jackson

I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT

Copyright (c) 2014 by Penny Jackson

CAUTION: Professionals and Amateurs are hereby warned that performance of **I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT** is subject to payment of a royalty. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of The United States of America, and of all countries covered by the International Copyright Union (including the Dominion of Canada and the rest of the British Commonwealth) and of all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, the Berne Convention, and of all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations. All rights, including without limitation professional/ amateur stage rights, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all other forms of mechanical, electronic and digital reproduction, transmission and distribution, such as CD, DVD, the Internet, private and file-sharing networks, information storage and retrieval systems, photocopying, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved. Particular emphasis is placed upon the matter of readings, permission of which must be obtained from the Author in writing.

The English language stock and amateur stage performance rights in the United States, its territories, possessions and Canada for **I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT** are controlled exclusively by Next Stage Press. No professional or nonprofessional performance of the Play may be given without obtaining in advance written permission and paying the requisite fee. Inquiries concerning production rights should be addressed to licensing@nextstagepress.net

SPECIAL NOTE

Anyone receiving permission to produce **I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT** is required to give credit to the Author as sole and exclusive Author of the Play on the title page of all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production thereof. The name of the Author must appear on a separate line, in which no other name appears, immediately beneath the title and in size of type equal to 50% of the size of the largest, most prominent letter used for the title of the Play. No person, firm, or entity may receive credit larger or more prominent than that accorded the Author.

I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT

I Know What Boys Want was produced by Ego Actus at The Lion Theater, Theater Row, New York City, on July 16, 2015, with the following cast and credits.

VICKY.....Olivia Scott

MARGARET.....Lue McWilliams*

ROGER.....Alex Esola

LIN.....Kelsey Wang

EMMA..... Molly Collier

OLIVER..... Jesse Shane Bronstein

HANNAH..... Charlotte Froyland

TED..... Alexander Nifong

*This actor is appearing courtesy of Actors Equity Association

ENSEMBLE :

Lori Lusted

Joshua Spence

Meghan St. Thomas

Phoebe Torres

Director: Joan Kane

Scenic Design: David Goldsein

Costume Design: Caitlin Cisek

Lighting Design: Dennis Parichy

Sound Design: Any Evan Cohen

Projection Design: Jim Marlowe

Fight Choreographer: Al Foote III

Stage Manager: Tyler Winthrop

Casting: Robin Carus Casting

General Press Representative: Susan L. Schulman

I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT

This play is dedicated to Joan Kane.

I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT

ACT 1 SCENE 1

The stage is dark. Gradually, we hear what sounds like a pornography tape, the sounds of a boy moaning, then a girl protesting with rap music in the background.

A single light focuses on VICKY, a voluptuous high school senior girl in tight jeans and a low cut sweater watching a video on her iPhone from a wooden bench. VICKY is in the waiting room of a law office. We continue to hear the sounds of the sex video, but muted. LIGHTS RISE and MARGARET, a plain middle-aged woman wearing a business suit, enters. VICKY turns off her phone as MARGARET sits down next to her and takes out a notebook and pen.

MARGARET. The ladies room feels as if it's a mile away.

VICKY. This place smells like dust and old people.

MARGARET. Let's get started.

VICKY. What are you doing?

MARGARET. I need to take notes for Mr. Cohen. We need to review the facts. I explained all this to you this morning.

VICKY. But I told you everything last night.

MARGARET. I was crazy last night. I wasn't listening.

VICKY. I don't want to be here. He can't help me.

MARGARET. Please, Vicky. You promised. I even called the school and said you would be missing your morning classes.

VICKY. School? How can I go there again? Everyone knows. Everyone watched.

I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT

MARGARET. Let's calm down and hear what Mr. Cohen has to say.

VICKY. I don't want to talk to Mr. Cohen.

MARGARET. Just twenty minutes ago, you said that you would come to the lawyer and tell him...

VICKY. I know I promised. But this is MY problem. No one can help me. I'll deal with it.

MARGARET. No, it's OUR problem. I'm your mother.

VICKY. Oliver is a bastard!

MARGARET. Can you keep your voice down, please?

VICKY. Isn't this a law office? I thought lawyers were always screaming.

MARGARET. (*writing in notebook.*) So Oliver is the boy in the video?

VICKY. No, he's the asshole who filmed it.

MARGARET. Don't swear.

VICKY. Don't you think we're fucking past worrying about a little cursing?

MARGARET. (*whispering furiously.*) Why is "fucking" your generation's favorite word?

VICKY. (*stands up.*) I'm out of here.

MARGARET. You promised me. Why was this Oliver there? Why were you there?

VICKY. I told you last night. It was a party.

MARGARET. And you were drunk.

VICKY. You know that.

MARGARET. And high.

VICKY. Someone gave me a roofie! I just know it!

MARGARET. Roofies!

VICKY. I think so.

MARGARET. Think?

VICKY. After I had this Cosmo...do you know what a Cosmo is? Suddenly like everything was all blurry. And when I was with Roger. I couldn't see. I thought we were alone.

I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT

MARGARET. Is Roger your boyfriend?

VICKY. I don't have a boyfriend.

MARGARET. Is he your hookup?

VICKY. *(sarcastic)* Good for you, Mom. You got the lingo.

MARGARET. But this Oliver filmed you without your consent! Right? Right?

VICKY. Oh, God.

MARGARET. I need to know the facts.

VICKY. Yes, that asshole filmed me without telling us.

(MARGARET'S cell phone buzzes. She reads the text.)

VICKY. Who's that?

MARGARET. Your father. He can't come. His new baby has the croup.

VICKY. Big surprise.

MARGARET. You would think that he could show up for this.

VICKY. I told you! We don't need a lawyer! I don't need anyone else involved! I can deal with this! Next week, they'll be some other girls on YouTube doing the same thing and everyone will forget me. *(MARGARET stops and stares at VICKY. Uncomfortable silence.)*

VICKY. What are you doing, Mom? You're freaking me out.

MARGARET. Who are you? I'm looking at you but I can't see you.

VICKY. What are you talking about?

MARGARET. I don't know you. I don't know you or your friends at all. I thought I could understand this but I can't. I can't understand what you girls do and why you do it and the boys who do it to you and why they post all of it on The Internet and then Twitter and God knows what else too. Do you know that I had to watch this...thing...at work? I had to watch that at work on my computer.

VICKY. It's not my fault!

I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT

MARGARET. What's not your fault? The tape or being drunk or stoned or doing what you are doing with that boy in front of that other boy?

VICKY. I can't talk to you! Go away!

MARGARET. Lower your voice.

VICKY. Can I leave? Please?

MARGARET. We have to talk before we meet the lawyer. I have to understand this. This is so beyond my range of comprehension. Sex tapes in high school. I spoke to your headmaster an hour ago.

VICKY. Dr. Simmons!

MARGARET. Because he saw it. Who do you think notified me about it? Everyone saw this, Vicky. Your teachers too. And I don't even want to start thinking about colleges.

VICKY. How did Dr. Simmons know?

MARGARET. A parent found her son, her sixth grade son, watching it. She made him forward it to Dr. Simmons who forwarded it to me.

VICKY. I'm not a slut! (*with intention to hurt*) I'm not a dried up prude either.

MARGARET. What does that mean?

VICKY. You know what this is about? My body scares you.

MARGARET. Don't be ridiculous.

VICKY. Remember when I was twelve, and you made me wear that training bra so the one guy you dated wouldn't look at my boobs? That bra hurt me so much.

MARGARET. What does this have to do with that video?

VICKY. You hate that I look good. Hot.

MARGARET. I have to understand you. What do you want? What do you girls all want? Please. I need to know the answer. Who do you want to be? What are your ambitions? Talk to me! I'm not a stupid woman. I'm trying so hard. But this video, it's beyond me. I don't know how to help you.

VICKY. I don't want your help.

I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT

MARGARET. I can see that you don't. And what's more...it made me sick. Physically sick. At the office, I threw up.

VICKY. That's all the wine last night, not me.

MARGARET. This really pushed me over the edge.

VICKY. So get drunk. Get drunk cause your daughter's a slut.

MARGARET. Don't say that!

VICKY. Why not! That's what you think! (*VICKY'S cell phone buzzes. She stares at the message and grimaces.*)

MARGARET. What's wrong?

VICKY. There's more.

MARGARET. What do you mean, more?

VICKY. Oliver has more scenes. Scenes from that night. He just added a new video on X-Share.

MARGARET. X-Share?

VICKY. It's an online porn site. Anyone can post there.

MARGARET. How do you know this?

VICKY. Everyone knows.

MARGARET. That lawyer, he can stop it.

VICKY. No he can't.

MARGARET. Of course he can. Hal Cohen is one of the best lawyers in the city.

VICKY. I didn't want to tell you this, but I have to.

MARGARET. Oh my God. What now?

VICKY. One night, Roger and I were fooling around and we made this tape. Roger said he erased it but I don't know if he did. If that tape showed up again, maybe the lawyer wouldn't want to get involved...I can't testify. I won't. I hate lawyers. I'll get Oliver. But I don't want anyone's help. (*MARGARET drops the notebook and pen. She is completely stunned. The secretary calls from off stage.*)

SECRETARY. Mrs. Walker? Mr. Cohen is ready to see you. Mrs. Walker?

(*VICKY walks away while her mother stares, frozen in shock.*)

I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT

SCENE 2

That afternoon. A brick wall by the high school. ROGER, a handsome high school senior boy, is pinned to the wall while VICKY pummels him with her fists and her school bag.

VICKY. You bastard! You ruined my life! I hate your fucking guts! I hate you!

ROGER. Baby, I'm so sorry.

VICKY. Sorry! I'm practically a trending topic on Twitter. All over Instagram. And now Oliver added new scenes to that disgusting web site!

ROGER. New scenes! Jesus!

VICKY. Do you know what it was like when I walked into school this afternoon? Everyone was staring at me. Everyone was whispering. I felt filthy. Like someone dumped a pile of shit over my head. And the teachers...they were laughing at me.

ROGER. This is so fucked up. Hey! *(VICKY continues hitting ROGER.)* Chill out, one minute, please! *(As they argue, two students with hoods covering their faces, enters and start videotaping with their cell phones.)* Hey, what are you doing!

VICKY. Get the hell away from here, you little bitches! *(Vicky runs after the girls as they retreat, still taking photos on their phones. VICKY returns to ROGER.)*

ROGER. Please don't hit me again. I don't know what happened. I thought the door was locked. You have to believe me.

VICKY. I can't trust you.

ROGER. Why would I want this to happen? I'm crazy about you, babe.

VICKY. I swear Oliver gave me a roofie in that Cosmo. I took only a few sips and it was like a truck hit me!

ROGER. Maybe you're right. I had that drink too. And those pot brownies.

I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT

VICKY. Oliver must have planned it. So you had to know!

ROGER. I swear I just found out about this five minutes ago! That bastard sent me the link.

VICKY. Why, Roger?

ROGER. Maybe it's revenge. I posted these photos of him on Instagram from his birthday party. Remember I told you how he was so drunk and we took off his clothes and smeared chocolate all over Ollie and...

VICKY. Why would you do that?

ROGER. We were drunk too...stoned too. I don't know. I guess I shouldn't have done it but Christ, Ollie and me have been friends for years. Our Dads even worked in the same office.

VICKY. What are you going to do?

ROGER. I'll talk to him.

VICKY. Just talk? Not strangle him?

ROGER. I can't figure this out. I know he can be a jerk, but still...

VICKY. Focus here. You need to get his phone. He filmed us with his phone.

ROGER. Do you think it's that easy? Oliver is just going to hand over his brand new five hundred dollar phone? And that won't even help us.

VICKY. Why not?

ROGER. He probably has back up files. And a password. (*VICKY grabs ROGER'S arm so hard he winces.*)

VICKY. You saw that video. What did you see?

ROGER. You know...you and me, in my bed, doing...

VICKY. Think. What did you see?

ROGER. I saw you.

VICKY. That's right. My face. My body. My naked body. No one sees your face, Roger. You can be anyone.

ROGER. What does this have to do...

VICKY. I'm the victim, not you! Do you know my Mom hates me? She practically called me a slut.

I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT

ROGER. She's just jealous because she's old and washed up and no one wants here while you, babe, are so so hot. (*ROGER tries to kiss her but VICKY pushes him away.*)

VICKY. Get away from me! I thought you would protect me!

ROGER. What can I do?

VICKY. Make it stop!

ROGER. I can't. It's bigger than me. The both of us. It's the friggin World Wide Web!

VICKY. I'll stop it! And thanks again, Roger!

(VICKY punches him in the stomach. ROGER kneels down in pain. The stage darkens as the two freshmen, in their hooded sweaters, return with their cell phones, clicking away.)

SCENE 3

That afternoon, after school. LIN's bedroom, LIN, a very pretty Asian girl, wears a Georgetown t-shirt, jeans and boots. LIN is Skyping with her friend EMMA on her lap top computer. LIN is also watching a video from her iPhone. As LIN talks to EMMA, her eyes constantly flit from the iPhone to her laptop computer.

LIN. Hey, Emma, can you see me? You watching it on your phone?

EMMA. Oh My God!

LIN. I told you, right? Oliver added these new scenes?

EMMA. Is that a tramp stamp?

LIN. Where?

EMMA. Right above Vicky's ass crack.

LIN. (*studying phone.*) Vicky doesn't have any tats.

EMMA. Her thighs are so toned.

LIN. Can you actually see the muscles in her thigh?

EMMA. Roger's got a beer gut.

I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT

LIN. If he knew he was going to be filmed, he should have worked out more.

EMMA. Do you have any idea how much shit I would get from my Mom if she knew I was Skyping you? And watching Vicky?

LIN. But Vicky's your friend. It's not like you chose to watch X-Share like some random porn site you just found.

EMMA. Don't think that's going to fly.

LIN. I should have stayed at that party. Kept an eye on Vicky.

EMMA. Vicky did what she did. She's a bad ass. It's not like she never screwed Roger before.

LIN. Yeah, but it's usually not broadcast for the public. We have to help her.

EMMA. Help her? You were at that same party. Where were you?

LIN. You're right. I should have protected Vicky. But I lost her and then Doug Ross started talking to me...you know Doug Ross.

EMMA. God, he's hot.

LIN. And I was more than stoned and then someone said Vicky went home.

EMMA. Who?

LIN. (*thinks for a moment.*) Oliver Bourne.

EMMA. I know all about Oliver's Dad. Don't you?

LIN. Why should I?

EMMA. Don't you read The New York Post?

LIN. My parents think that's a trashy paper. No way would they let me read the stupid stuff they print. Shit! This is going to get worse and worse. Who knows what Oliver will post next!

EMMA. Roger should have confiscated Oliver's phone.

LIN. At the time Roger wasn't in any position to confiscate anything.

EMMA. Ha ha! No shit, Sherlock! I wish my boobs looked as good as Vicky's.

LIN. Me too. Even my Mom's implants don't look so good.

EMMA. When did your Mom get implants?

I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT

LIN. Last month. Botox too. She looks like a friggin' Barbie doll with this permanent finger up her ass.

EMMA. This is really bad. Vicky can just forget early admissions to Brown.

LIN. I can't ever look at her again without thinking...

EMMA. And now Roger's a rock star. Hey, have you checked out that new boy, Ted from California? Kind of hot.

LIN. Yeah, he's hot but what's with the pink hair?

EMMA. Shit, I hear my Mom.

LIN. I should sign off too. My SAT Tutor is coming.

EMMA. I wish my Mom would get me an SAT tutor. They're so expensive.

LIN. Well Ivy Tutors are worth every cent. Gotta go.

EMMA. Bye, gorgeous.

(EMMA signs off as HANNAH, another high school senior, enters. Hannah is a little chunkier and a lot less fashionable than the other two girls. HANNAH wears a funky loose fitting thrift shop dress and work boots. A girl definitely out of place.)

HANNAH. Ivy Tutors, that's a new one to me.

LIN. *(still typing on her computer.)* Oh. Hi, Hannah.

HANNAH. Hi.

LIN. I can't really tell anyone that you're my SAT tutor, right? Kind of embarrassing.

HANNAH. Yup, I'm embarrassing all right.

LIN. *(stops typing.)* You promised my Mom you would keep it a secret.

HANNAH. Oh, it's a secret. Where's your Princeton Review book?

LIN. One sec. This is important. *(starts typing on her computer again.)*

HANNAH. Vicky, right?

LIN. How did you know?

HANNAH. Come on, the sex video. Everyone's talking about it. Watching it. A friend from my old high school forwarded it to me!

I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT

LIN. If my boyfriend tried to pull that sex tape shit with me... when we screw we don't have an audience.

HANNAH. Hey, that's way TMI.

LIN. Did I just shock you?

HANNAH. No...but when I was watching that video, it just seemed so...mechanical. Not human. They could have been computers. And she was practically passed out in the end.

LIN. I know.

HANNAH. What does Vicky's Mom say about all this?

LIN. Her Mom's a bitch. A real dried up old cunt.

HANNAH. Don't use that word.

LIN. What's wrong?

HANNAH. It's such an ugly word.

LIN. Sorry. I hear it all the time.

HANNAH. So are we going to try to tackle Algebra? Seriously, where is your SAT book?

LIN. Everyone thinks because I'm Asian I'm smart. But I'm not.

HANNAH. Well we can both try to change that

LIN. (*checking cell phone messages.*) Man, this is bad!

HANNAH. Is that Vicky?

LIN. Can I trust you?

HANNAH. Do you think you can trust me?

LIN. I think so.

HANNAH. Why? Because I'm not in the "in" group.

LIN. Don't be pathetic. But you could do something with the way you dress.

HANNAH. All right. We need to help Vicky. What's going on?

LIN. (*checking message.*) Oliver keeps adding more stuff to that porn site.

HANNAH. What's his problem?

LIN. He's in love with Vicky. Always has been. Everyone knows that.

HANNAH. That's not the way to impress girls.

I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT

LIN. This so has to be controlled. Like if Parker Prep gets a bad rep for this, no college will look at any of us.

HANNAH. So you're more worried about college acceptances than your friend.

LIN. My parents spent a fortune on private school! Vicky's stupid mistake can't ruin my future! Don't you remember what happened last year over at Winfield Academy? (*LIN finds a newspaper hidden in her drawer and gives it to HANNAH. The front page headline reads PREP PORN PARTY with a lurid photograph of partying teenagers.*) So the seniors there last year had a huge party with every drug imaginable and naked girls jumping into this giant vat of Jell-O anyway, someone filmed this and the video went mad crazy, and not a single senior was accepted at their first choice college. The Ivy League had a total ban on them.

HANNAH. Because of this video.

LIN. So the teachers and Dr. Simmons can't find out. And forget about Vicky's Mom. She's like this old time feminist who will completely freak out! (*There is a ping on LIN's phone. LIN reads it and frowns.*)

HANNAH. What's wrong?

LIN. Emma can't find Vicky. You don't think she jumped off the bridge?

HANNAH. No. She wouldn't do that, would she?

LIN. I've been texting and calling her but no answer!

HANNAH. There's one place I know where you can always find Vicky.

LIN. Where?

HANNAH. (*walking over to the laptop computer and pointing at the screen.*) She'll always be there. She can't ever leave.

SCENE 4

That afternoon by a school wall. Vicky waits for OLIVER, who enters. OLIVER, another high school senior, is a menacing boy

I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT

with slicked back hair. A future Wall Street criminal who is arrogant, intimidating and charming.

OLIVER. *(raises his hands above his head).* I plead innocent, officer.

VICKY. Stop it, Oliver. Stop it now!

OLIVER. Stop what?

VICKY. Give me your phone.

OLIVER. Now why would I do that?

VICKY. You know why, you sick son of a bitch!

OLIVER. Whoa there, potty mouth!

VICKY. They'll find you and arrest you.

OLIVER. I'll deny everything. I can erase all proof. *(VICKY tries to grab his phone but OLIVER is too fast.)* How about some negotiating? My mobile friend costs me several hundred dollars. But we can barter. You know what barter means, right? We trade things of equal value.

VICKY. What do you want?

OLIVER. You. You're even more gorgeous when you're mad. Come on. You can stop this so easily. *(OLIVER reaches out to stroke VICKY'S cheek.)* You're the most gorgeous girl I've ever seen. You have the face of an angel. And the body of a... *(VICKY tries to slap him but OLIVER grabs her hand.)* You shouldn't have done that, Vicky. There's so much worse I can do with that video. Isn't Brown your first choice?

VICKY. So if I fuck you or blow you, it's over?

OLIVER. I wouldn't put it in such crude terms.

VICKY. Blackmail. Rape. Are those any better?

OLIVER. Consider this a business deal. You give, and I give.

VICKY. Like I would have anything with you! Just the idea of touching you makes me want to puke. You never had a girlfriend, did you, Ollie? You wouldn't know what the hell to do.

OLIVER. You do realize, don't you, that I have the entire school's email directory. At any time I want, I can send a link to every

I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT

student here who will send the link to their friends at other schools.. You have no idea what viral means.

(MR. CARLSON, a teacher, calls out offstage.)

MR. CARLSON. *(O.S)* Bourne why aren't you in class? And Vicky, the headmaster wants to talk to you.

OLIVER. Sorry, Mr. Carlson.

VICKY. Why does he want to see me? He should see you.

OLIVER. Good luck. And don't forget my offer. *(Whistling, OLIVER exits. VICKY sinks down the ground, scared and almost defeated.)*

SCENE 5

An hour later, 5pm. ROGER's bedroom. ROGER and TED, another high school senior boy, sit in front of a desk that has a laptop computer. ROGER's face is still bruised. TED has pink streaks in his hair and looks like a punk surfer washed up on the shores of Manhattan. They all wear jackets with their private school emblems. Two untouched cups of coffee are on the table.

TED. *(looking at untouched cup)* Are you going to drink this?

ROGER. Nah. I hate coffee.

TED. So why did we go to Starbucks?

ROGER. This is what we do. We're supposed to go to Starbucks and check out the girls from other schools.

TED. But those girls you were talking to were tourists from Argentina.

ROGER. Listen up, Ted. I'm your Orientation brother, right? I'm supposed to show you the ropes. So this is the plan. After school the senior boys head over to Starbucks and check out the talent.

TED. Talent? You mean actresses?

ROGER. Jesus, what planet are you from?

TED. *(chuckling.)* Actresses. Had you there! Chill out, Roger. I was just kidding.

I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT

ROGER. What was your school like in Santa Cruz?

TED. I was home schooled last year.

ROGER. Serious?

TED. I used to go to real school, then something happened in my family, and my Mom was like “I’m your teacher now!”

ROGER. Fuck me!

TED. So I’m glad I’m back in a regular school, even though I don’t know anyone here. So how did you get that bruise?

ROGER. Long story. Let’s talk about you. That’s my job. I’m supposed to make you feel at home here.

TED. Does this go on your college application? Senior Class Orientation counselor?

ROGER. Right, Are you always this cynical?

TED. Sorry. Just still a little lost here.

ROGER. Why are you in New York? I mean, look at you. You should be on a beach in Big Sur, not Lexington Avenue.

TED. Well, my parents split up.

ROGER. Sorry to hear that.

TED. And my Dad moved here. And I moved in with him. I was lucky to get a place Senior year.

ROGER. Didn’t want to stay with your Mom?

TED. I kind of needed a change. But I’m still feeling weird here.

ROGER. Why?

TED. Do you really want to know?

ROGER. Sure. I’m your big brother, right? Hey, you’re looking at a guy with almost a black eye? You can trust me

TED. I mean, I should be open about it. That’s what Lillian says.

ROGER. Who’s Lillian?

TED. My therapist.

ROGER. I thought they only had shrinks in New York.

TED. No, they’re everywhere.

ROGER. So, like, if I’m not being too nosy here, but what’s the problem.

TED. All right. I’ll tell you. Jan.

I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT

ROGER. Is she your girlfriend?

TED. *(long pause.)* No. Jan's a he. And he is my Dad's partner.

ROGER. Partner? Like in business?

TED. No, as in lover.

ROGER. Whoa!

TED. I like really don't want people to know, because I don't want to be that kid.

ROGER. Gotcha man. This is tough shit.

TED. Jan and my Dad, they're trying to be chill with me.

ROGER. Then it's all right.

(OLIVER suddenly enters, jumping up and down on ROGER's bed and creating a scene.)

OLIVER. Yo Rog! My main man!

ROGER. Get the hell out of my room, Oliver! Who let you in anyway?

OLIVER. Lupe, your sweet, sweet maid. Hey, is that a nice way to greet your best friend?

TED. I should go, Roger.

OLIVER. Hey, beach boy! Didn't someone tell you Green Day is over?

ROGER. Lay off him, Ollie.

OLIVER. You're the new kid from California, right? What's with the hair? Is pink the new black there?

TED. Roger, is this joker your friend?

ROGER. Not any fucking more.

OLIVER. Come on, Rog. We go a long way back. *(to TED.)* Like when we were in first grade, I protected Roger from this gang on Lexington Avenue. Seriously. My Dad always made me carry a knife. So Teddy bear, tell me about the pink.

TED. Why?

OLIVER. Is it because all the kids in your old school were faggots?

TED. No. It's because I wanted to dye my hair pink. Got a problem with that?

I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT

ROGER. Lay off him, Ollie. Now get the fuck out of here!

OLIVER. Can't you take a joke?

ROGER. This isn't a joke! The admissions director at Yale will see this! Hell, my mom probably will see this. This is so fucked up.

TED. Are you guys talking about that sex tape?

ROGER. You know about it?

TED. I saw some kids watching it in the locker room.

OLIVER. You can call me Francis. You know. Francis Ford Coppola?

TED. Man, you filmed that stuff? It's viral.

OLIVER. Like Contagion. My favorite movie. Even dying, Gwyneth is hot! Hey Rog, what happened with the face?

ROGER. Vicky hit me.

OLIVER. She has a mean punch.

ROGER. How do you know? I need to talk to Vicky now.

OLIVER. You're not talking to her. She left school. I saw her in Dr. Simmons office. Someone told me she's suspended. I think she threw a paperweight at Simmons head.

ROGER. What!

TED. I saw that tape. She was practically passed out.

ROGER. You saw the tape? Where?

TED. Some kids were watching it on their phones in the locker room.

ROGER. Christ!

OLIVER. Ted, why are you here?

ROGER. He's my orientation brother.

TED. I can speak for myself. I was invited here. Were you?

OLIVER. So Teddy, were all the boys faggots at your old school?

ROGER. Oliver...

TED. Hey, I can handle myself. Do you think I'm a faggot?

(A menacing moment as TED stares down OLIVER. ROGER'S cell phone buzzes. He reads his text message.)

ROGER. It's Vicky.

OLIVER. What's up with her?

I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT

ROGER. You're right. She's suspended for a week. I can't believe she threw a paperweight at Simmons.

OLIVER. Man, I love tough chicks.

ROGER. If you don't erase that video, she swears she'll cut off your balls.

OLIVER. Brrr...I'm just quaking with fear. *(to TED.)* You still here, beach boy?

TED. No. See you later, Roger. *(exits.)*

OLIVER. What's his effing problem?

ROGER. His Dad's gay, so he's kind of sensitive to the faggot jokes.

OLIVER. Poor Teddy bear. *(Roger suddenly dives for OLIVER'S backpack and takes his cell phone.)* Didn't know you needed another iPhone, Rog. Isn't Daddy rich enough to buy you one?

ROGER. Erase everything you have from that night.

OLIVER. I can erase it, but that doesn't mean it's not stored somewhere else. *(OLIVER grabs the phone from ROGER as the two fall on the bed, struggling.)*

ROGER. I don't believe you! Give me the Goddamn phone!

OLIVER. Chill out! What's your problem? Man, I made you a star. All the girls are talking about you. And not just girls at our school, girls everywhere! Kim Kardashian is waiting for you.

ROGER. You got to stop this shit. How much did you tape?

OLIVER. Oh, I have lots and lots of material.

ROGER. Why did you do this?

OLIVER. Revenge should have no bounds. That's Hamlet. AP English. Remember, Rog?

ROGER. Please, Oliver. Stop it.

OLIVER. Are you now begging?

ROGER. Yes, I'm begging.

OLIVER. Can't. Too late. Viral means virus. Infected all over the place.

ROGER. Did you do this because you want to fuck Vicky?

OLIVER. Fuck. That's a little crude, isn't it, Rog?

I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT

ROGER. Why did you do it? Why? I thought you were my friend.

OLIVER. *(stares at ROGER for a long moment.)* Ask your Dad some time.

ROGER. My Dad!

OLIVER. He should learn to keep his mouth shut.

(OLIVER exits. ROGER grabs his cell phone and dials.)

ROGER. Martha, is my father there? I really need to speak to him.

SCENE 6

(Same time. VICKY's bedroom. MARGARET is looking through her bag when VICKY enters.)

VICKY. What are you doing?

MARGARET. Where have you been? The headmaster called and told me what happened. You hit him on the head and he had to go to the emergency room.

VICKY. He told me to take a week off. That I was causing too much of a disturbance during college admissions application week. The jerk.

MARGARET. Did you have to throw a paperweight at him!

VICKY. You weren't there! You didn't see all the framed photographs of him with Oliver's father. And Roger's Dad just donated the new swimming pool. Dr. Simmons doesn't care about me. We don't have enough money. He actually said, "Miss Walker, the facts are still unclear. It seems you were inebriated. As well as taking drugs." And then he shook his finger at me. Like I was some toddler. That's when I lost it.

MARGARET. But you're suspended. This is getting worse and worse. I don't know what to do.

VICKY. I'll tell you what to do. Leave my room.

MARGARET. You lost any right to privacy.

VICKY. Get out of my stuff!

MARGARET. *(shows a vial of pills.)* I found these. What the hell are these pills?

I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT

VICKY. They belong to Lin. She is having panic attacks during SAT prep.

MARGARET. *(reading bottle label.)* Xanax.

VICKY. I'm only taking them because I'm having a very bad time, if you haven't noticed! Give me back my bag!

(VICKY grabs the bag from MARGARET. The pills spill on the floor. VICKY starts picking up the pills and placing them back in the vial.)

MARGARET. No wonder you were suspended. You must have been high when you yelled at Dr. Simmons. And now you have nowhere to go.

VICKY. That's right. Bye-bye Brown.

MARGARET. Give me those pills.

VICKY. *(giving MARGARET the vial of pills.)* Are you happy now? Did I fulfill all your expectations? Mom? Mom, the super achieving wonder woman who answers the phones at Bellmarc Realty. Who sits at home every Friday night and watches The Real Housewives of New York and makes fun of them even though their lives are a hell of a lot more interesting than yours. And keeps cleaning the apartment even though it's never dirty and drinks a glass of wine and then another glass and passes out on the sofa. Wow, you're a real role model.

MARGARET. You're high. Otherwise, you wouldn't be such a bitch.

VICKY. What's your point, Mom? Just look at you. You won't wear make-up because why? It's a political statement. You won't dye your hair because why? It's giving in.

MARGARET. Why is feminism such a dirty word for your generation? Do you understand what The Equal Rights Amendment means?

VICKY. It means that women can hate each other even more. They have a job but they worry so much about getting too old to have kids, and when they have kids and go back to work they wish they were home instead but they can't because of all the feminists

I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT

who would bitch at them. And the women who do stay at home with their kids are called traitors since they opted out of the workforce and they have this stupid acronym S.A.H.M, that means Stay At Home Mom, and it's just pathetic. That happened to you, right?

MARGARET. I left my job to raise you. Maybe I made a mistake since now no one wants to hire me full time.

VICKY. You were stupid to quit. And then throw Dad out. At least he has money.

MARGARET. I can support you and myself without his help. My part time job...

VICKY. That you hate at a crummy real estate office. And then you blame me.

MARGARET. I blame myself. I made a wrong career choice. What are we going to do, Vicky? This filthy film, and now you're suspended!

VICKY. I'm moving out. I'm moving to Dad's.

MARGARET. You think he wants you? You think he wants another child in that house? A screwed up daughter suspended from school! Your father's has another daughter! A brand new daughter who's six weeks old. I'm sorry to break this to you, but I'm the only parent you got.

VICKY. Roger's right.

MARGARET. The boy with you in the video?

VICKY. He said you were jealous.

MARGARET. What!

VICKY. He said that you were jealous because I'm hot. And you're old and finished.

MARGARET. How dare he!

VICKY. And he's right! Have you gone on more than one date? Do you do anything except clean the house and go to work?

MARGARET. I'm supporting this family.

VICKY. Bullshit. Dad pays for my school. You hate your job but you won't quit because you need to prove to the world that you can

I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT

make it on your own. But you can't. And no one cares that you're a liberated woman. Liberated from what?

MARGARET. Stop it.

VICKY. You know why Dad left? He left because Stacy likes it! She likes getting fucked!

MARGARET. Enough!

VICKY. Stacy told me that Dad said you were frigid.

MARGARET. That's a Goddamn lie! (*MARGARET loses it completely and pushes VICKY so hard that VICKY falls on the bed and nearly hits her head.*)

VICKY. The way you just looked at me. It was like you wanted me dead.

MARGARET. I'm sorry. I didn't... (*pause.*) Maybe it's better if we two have a break.

VICKY. Yes.

MARGARET. I lost control. I didn't mean to hurt you.

VICKY. Oh, yes you did.

MARGARET. Maybe I did. Oh God. Maybe I did. (*starts crying.*)

VICKY. Don't do that.

MARGARET. Why not?

VICKY. Because you're making me feel like shit, and I already feel ten times that way.

MARGARET. Destroy that tape!

VICKY. I'm trying.

MARGARET. Don't try. You gave up on the lawyer. You said you would do it.

VICKY. I'll do it.

MARGARET. His cell phone. He taped it with the cell phone, right?

VICKY. But Mom...

MARGARET. That boy's cell phone. I NEED TO HAVE IT.

VICKY. All right. I'll get it. (*pause.*) I didn't mean what I said to you. About Stacy.

I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT

MARGARET. Oh yes, you did. You certainly did. Maybe you should leave now.

(VICKY exits. MARGARET examines the pill bottle and pops a Xanax pill in her mouth.)

SCENE 7

(The next day. HANNAH sits by the high school's brick wall, reading T.S. Eliot's The Waste Land. HANNAH wears a funny yellow raincoat, rain hat and big bright yellow boots. ROGER and TED walk by HANNAH and ROGER stops.)

ROGER. Yo, Hannah.

HANNAH. Yo? Get real.

ROGER. Listen, can you give this to Lin Chang? It's a note for Vicky. *(gives her an envelope.)*

HANNAH. What makes you think she'll want this?

ROGER. Believe me, she will.

HANNAH. Why can't you give this to her yourself?

ROGER. Because she won't talk to me, you nosy bitch.

HANNAH. *(crumples up the envelope and throws to the ground.)*
Go to hell, asshole. I'm not your personal postal worker.

TED. Hey Roger, just cool it.

ROGER. Don't mind her. She's been a loser at this school since day one. Look at that stupid raincoat. And those Donald Duck boots.

HANNAH. *(standing up and walking menacingly to ROGER.)*
Quack, quack, quack. And screw you too.

ROGER. *(picks up the crumpled envelope from the ground.)* You coming?

TED. Nah, I'm going to catch the bus across the street.

ROGER. Jesus. Have fun with the freak. Later, little bro. *(ROGER exits.)*

HANNAH. Why did he call you little bro?

TED. He's my Big Brother. As in Orientation.

I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT

HANNAH. Right. So how are you acclimating?

TED. Big SAT word?

HANNAH. Okay, do you like it here?

TED. New York City is really intense. Sometimes, when I'm in a crowd, I just have to close my eyes and breathe in and out. (*pause.*)

Look, I'm sorry about Roger. He's a jerk. I don't really hang out with him. Are you friends with Vicky?

HANNAH. No. Do you know her?

TED. Not really.

HANNAH. But you do know her.

TED. (*uncomfortable*) What do you mean?

HANNAH. Come on, everyone at school is talking about it. The sex video?

TED. Right. Look, do you really want to talk about this?

HANNAH. Did you watch it?

TED. Whoa!

HANNAH. So you did watch it!

TED. Just a little. (*pause.*) Made me sick.

HANNAH. You don't have to say that just because I'm a girl.

TED. No, it's messed up. She was so drunk and stoned.

HANNAH. I know. She looked dead.

TED. So you saw it too.

HANNAH. Duh! Everyone saw it! Can I ask you something?

TED. Look, I don't really...

HANNAH. Shut up.

TED. Okay. What do you want to know?

HANNAH. Do boys really like watching that stuff?

TED. You mean, porn?

HANNAH. Yes.

TED. Not everyone. But a lot of guys like it. Does that bother you?

HANNAH. Yes. I mean, my Mom worships Gloria Steinem.

TED. Wasn't she a Playboy bunny?

HANNAH. She was only a Playboy Bunny so she could write an investigative journalist article. Is your Mom a feminist?

I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT

TED. We never talked about it. I haven't talked to her for a while.

HANNAH. Do you talk to your Dad?

TED. Yeah, I mean...

HANNAH. What's wrong?

TED. You'll probably hear this at school. My Dad's gay. That's why he left my Mom.

HANNAH. Okay.

TED. I wish it were okay.

HANNAH. Why?

TED. My Dad's always asking me how I'm feeling. If I want to see another therapist, if I need extra help in school. Sometimes I just want to tell him to leave me alone.

HANNAH. That's got to be hard.

TED. Hey, Hannah, you're different.

HANNAH. Oh, I know I'm different.

TED. No, different in a good way. You listen.

HANNAH. Really?

TED. Yeah.

HANNAH. Talking about parents, there's my Mom in her new Volvo station wagon.

TED. Does your Mom pick you up a lot?

HANNAH. Just this week. She's off. Anything wrong with that?

TED. No. Hey. I like that your Mom picks you up. I like it.

HANNAH. Come on.

TED. No, nice. I mean it. Nice.

HANNAH. But definitely not cool. Like my boots. I guess they really do look like something Donald Duck would wear.

TED. I think they're very...fashionable.

HANNAH. What do you know? You're a boy.

TED. I know what boys want. *(searches in his pockets)*

HANNAH. What's wrong?

TED. I forgot my Metro card in my locker.

HANNAH. My Mom can give you a lift. You live on the West Side, right?

I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT

TED. How did you know?

HANNAH. All the new kids live on the West Side. Come on!
(*HANNAH takes TED'S arm and the two exits.*)

SCENE 8

LIN's bedroom, after school. VICKY and LIN are sitting at LIN's desk, watching the sex tape on her laptop computer.

VICKY. Where did they find all this new footage? And why does Oliver keep tweeting about this site? Turn it off.

LIN. Roger sent me a note.

VICKY. A note?

LIN. He knows you won't talk to him. He misses you. He's sorry.

VICKY. Sorry! Nothing's changed. I'm on X-Share real live porn with new extended footage. (*sarcastic.*) "Behind the scenes with Vicky and Roger." I could take this if my Mom wasn't so friggin menopausal. She keeps talking to me about Gloria Steinem. You know who Gloria Steinem is, right?

LIN. Yeah. Sure. I mean. Gloria Steinem. I've seen her...on TV. That's right. TV. A reality show?

VICKY. No! She's a feminist. Anyway, Gloria Steinem said a woman reading Playboy feels like a Jew reading a Nazi manual.

LIN. Do they even publish Playboy anymore?

VICKY. Did you even hear what I just said? How screwed up is that? How could my Mom say that to me?

LIN. I wish I had Hannah's mom for my mom.

VICKY. Hannah?

LIN. Her mom's a brain surgeon but she hangs out with Hannah, and they do things together like go to the movies and bake cookies. At first, I made fun of Hannah for this, but now I'm beginning to think it's nice. I bet Hannah's mom wouldn't hate you.

VICKY. Would she help me murder Roger and Oliver? Shit! I need one of your Mom's Xanaxes.

I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT

LIN. She doesn't take them anymore. Neither does my Dad. They're both into homeopathic crap like Valerian.

VICKY. But I need help! I swear, I really could kill Roger.

LIN. I always knew he was a little shit. And don't even pretend you were in love with him.

VICKY. But he could be nice. He gave me Godiva chocolates for Valentine's Day.

LIN. And what did you have to do for those chocolates? Smear them all over your body?

VICKY. My Mom thinks that once I get Oliver's iPhone, it's over. But how do I do that?

LIN. You'll figure it out. You'll do whatever you have to do.

VICKY. Whatever I have to do.

LIN. When you kick Oliver in the balls, make sure you aim for his left testicle. That's the side that has the most sperm and he won't ever be able to reproduce shitty little Olivers. You'll be saving humanity. Here, take this. (*gives VICKY a vial of pills.*)

VICKY. What's this?

LIN. A few Xanax I stole before my parents went all vegan.

VICKY. (*popping a pill in her mouth.*) This better make me feel good.

LIN. It will, baby, it will.

VICKY. Where's Emma? Maybe she can help me.

LIN. (*nervous.*) You don't know about Emma?

VICKY. What happened?

LIN. Her mom withdrew her from the school.

VICKY. Why?

LIN. Emma's mom didn't like the environment. I think she used the word "licentious."

VICKY. So Emma's gone. Why didn't she text me or call?

LIN. She's not allowed to speak to you.

VICKY. That's so unfair!

LIN. Her mom found her a place at a boarding school in Maine and she left this morning.

I KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT

VICKY. Everyone's dumping me. Emma, even my Mom. Can I stay here overnight? My Mom is driving me crazy.

LIN. Stay here?

VICKY. Yes. Is that okay?

LIN. Ah, this is really embarrassing.

VICKY. What?

LIN. My Mom doesn't want me to see you either.

VICKY. Why?

LIN. It's a little obvious, right? She's been speaking with Emma's Mom.

VICKY. I can't fucking believe this.

LIN. I have a little sister. If my Mom wasn't in Boston right now, there's no way you would be here.

VICKY. Okay. I get it.

LIN. I'm sorry.

VICKY. Why don't I leave now and save you the embarrassment.

(VICKY exits. LIN follows her but stops. LIN picks up her S.A.T. book and throws it the floor, upset and not sure what to do.)

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW THIS PLAY
ENDS, ORDER A HARD COPY AT
WWW.NEXTSTAGEPRESS.NET***