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Playscripts, Inc.
P.O. Box 237060
New York, NY 10023

Phone/fax: 1-866-NEW-PLAY (639-7529)
Email: questions@playscripts.com
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Cast of Characters

Young Men:

SCOTT
DAVID

Young Women:

JAY
STEPH
TRISH

Setting

A high school hallway.
Sort of a sideline.
Sort of a backyard.
All very minimally suggested.

Night and day.

Time

Now.

Production Notes

All the characters are high school seniors. Take liberties in making them right for your school.

Jay is not a cliché, one-dimensional cut-out of a gay girl.

This play is completely colorblind. If needed, you may change characters' names for the sake of authenticity or to make it right for your school.

They are all friends. No sexual overtones or tension. They're all smart and funny (to varying degrees, of course). Some have fashion sense. Some don't. Some have zits. Some don't. Sometimes their cyber and cell abilities outstrip their emotional development.

Acknowledgements

Slide/Over was commissioned by the Guthrie Theatre (Joe Dowling, Artistic Director), in association with The Children's Theatre Company (Peter Brosius, Artistic Director).

SLIDE/OVER

by Melanie Marnich

Scene 1

(Empty hallway. The parade of one-way conversations begins. Kids overlap at // . The conversations should end at the same time. From off we hear DAVID on his cell phone. He enters talking.)

DAVID. Yeah.

Yeah.

No.

Hold on. *(He clicks onto call waiting.)*

Yeah? //

He's a loser, right?

Your jacket?

Key his car, man.

Wait.

Can you hold?

I'm back.

No.

You get a job.

Susan.

She did.

UPS pays better than FedEx.

I'm tellin' ya, chicks dig the uniform.

Till September.

Suspended.

Until August.

Grounded.

Till February.

It sucks.

No.

I mean it really does suck.

(At the // above, TRISH enters talking on her phone.)

TRISH. ...not with him.

Not for a million.

You and him?

You did?
He is?
Oh. Sorry.
Was he cool? //
Really?
Really?
Really?
He does?
I *love* that smell!
Hold please.
Hey.
Yeah?
You're sure they won't be home?
Cool.
I'm there.
I'm wearing that green dress.
Yeah. That one.
Ciao.
Okay. I'm back.
No one.
Just Corey.

(At the above //, SCOTT walks in talking on his phone.)

SCOTT. No tickets yet?
Fifty bucks?
Can't do it, man.
Yeah. Maybe if I pull it out of my—
I don't know. //
How much for one kidney?
He's lying.
It's his dad's car.
Key it.
Wait.
Hold on.
Yeah?
That's cool.
That's cool.
That's cool.
Yeah, Mom,

I can too say other words.
Thank you very much.
I love you too.
Bye.
I'm back.
Don't ask.
I guess so.
It was a girl.
Don't make me kill you.

(At the // above, STEPH enters on her phone.)

STEPH. I do.
I *love* Latin.
I swear.
The *Latins* spoke Latin.
No.
Not just so guys think I'm smart.
Right.
Because smart is, like, an anti-love potion or something.
Hold please.
Hello?
Not again.
Does it hurt?
How *much* wax?
And you *pay* for that?
Hold.
Yes I am.
I'm not gonna tell you where I got them.
I *like* them.
I get compliments.
They are so not hooker shoes.
I am not getting defensive.
Hold please.

(All conversations end. The final beat is when STEPH clicks off and throws her phone in a locker or whatever. Finally, no one's talking. They're all milling around the lockers distractedly. Fact is, it's hard to talk when it's not into a phone. Finally...)

DAVID. So, like, tell me I'm not the only one who couldn't get a date this weekend.

(Beat.)

SCOTT. Well...

STEPH. Maybe...

TRISH. Sort of.

DAVID. I mean I asked this girl out and she said she had to wash her dog's hair.

(JAY enters.)

TRISH. Hey.

DAVID. Straight up: do you have a date this weekend?

JAY. Yeah.

(DAVID groans. His loser status has been confirmed.)

STEPH. You always do.

DAVID. There's a trick to it, right?

(JAY shrugs her shoulders. She's not about to give up any secrets.)

Just a hint.

JAY. I don't do anything. It's just...

TRISH. It's 'cause you're hot, Jay.

SCOTT. You *are* hot, Jay.

STEPH. So...?

(JAY rolls her eyes.)

TRISH. Who is it?

SCOTT. Come on.

STEPH. Who's the lucky girl?

JAY. She's from Park West. A senior.

STEPH. Where'd you meet her?

JAY. At the downtown library.

DAVID. I tried to get a date at the library. Didn't work.

SCOTT. That's because you asked out the librarian.

TRISH. What's her name?

JAY. Nicole.

SCOTT. Do we know her?

JAY. Absolutely not.

SCOTT. Is she cute?

JAY. I think so.

DAVID. Scale of one-to-ten.

JAY. Nine and a half... Nine and three quarters...

TRISH. Sign?

JAY. Sag. Hair: red, curly, long. Eyes: green.

DAVID. Why are you always dating my dream girls?

TRISH. Believe it or not, this conversation isn't about you.

DAVID. Why do you always say that?

(Someone cuffs him on the back of the head.)

STEPH. What are you guys gonna do?

JAY. I'm not sure.

DAVID. Rave?

TRISH. That's sooooo twentieth century.

JAY. I think maybe go to the mega mall and see a mega movie and eat mega popcorn and drink mega sodas.

STEPH. And maybe hold mega hands?

JAY. Mega maybe.

TRISH. Mega cool, girl.

(Bell rings. They pick up their books and exit as they speak.)

TRISH. Biology.

STEPH. Trigonometry.

DAVID. Outta here.

(Everyone except JAY and SCOTT slams their lockers and exits. JAY and SCOTT stay and clean their lockers.)

JAY. Don't you have somewhere to go?

SCOTT. Not this hour. You?

JAY. Same.

(SCOTT takes a thermos out of his locker.)

SCOTT. Hey.

JAY. What.

SCOTT. Coffee?

JAY. Can you make a double-one-percent-three-shot-soy-protein-with-a-cherry-on-top grande chai?

(SCOTT holds up a thermos with a 'this okay?' look on his face. JAY nods, smiles. They sit on the floor a little distance from one another. Pour, pour, sip, sip.)

SCOTT. How'd your week go?

JAY. Great. Pretty much like any other week. Let's see... Three new people learned my name...

VOICES FROM OFF.

Lesbo.

Homo.

Dyke.

JAY. One guy offered to cure me...

GUY FROM OFF. You just need a good lay...

JAY. One girl commented on my eyesight...

GIRL FROM OFF. She's staring at my boobs.

JAY. Only two neighbors talked to my parents without pitying them (that's down from seven at this time last year), one uncle called to say, for the tenth time, that he's praying for me. And I received one letter from "an admirer." Translation: perv. The prank phone call was the best. It took me half the week to convince my parents that "rug muncher" is a new kind of vacuum.

How was your week?

SCOTT. Pretty quiet.

(Beat.)

Warmer-upper?

JAY. Sure.

(He fills their cups.)

I saw you and Julia outside today. How are you guys doing?

SCOTT. Fine. She won't be in school for a couple of days though.

JAY. Why not?

SCOTT. She's having about 93 percent of her body waxed. It's like elective surgery. There's a recuperation time. She has a doctor's excuse.

JAY. Women.

SCOTT. Can't live with 'em.

JAY. Can't live without 'em.

SCOTT. Don't take this the wrong way, but...

JAY. Oh God...

SCOTT. I'm not sure we'd be such good friends if you were straight. I mean—

JAY. I know what you mean. Just like I don't think we could be such good friends if you were a girl. Because then there'd be certain...

SCOTT. Factors.

JAY. Options.

SCOTT. Issues.

JAY. Tensions maybe.

(Sip, sip.)

SCOTT. *(Referring to coffee:)* Good. Isn't it? I mean for it not being a triple-dipple-hum-dinger-double-zinger-puff-ball of a coffee.

JAY. Hits the spot.

(Sip.)

SCOTT. But then again you're so cool that sometimes I wish you were straight.

(Beat.)

Was that stupid? I'm sorry. I'm an idiot. I'll pour hot coffee in my pants if you want me to.

JAY. No. No. It's cool. It's really...honest, you know?

SCOTT. I guess.

JAY. Because I know what you mean.

(Beat.)

Because sometimes I wish you were a girl.

SCOTT. There're a lot of things I'd do for you, but becoming a girl is not one of them.

(They laugh. Sip.)

(Holding up thermos:) Warmer-upper?

(She holds out her cup. He slides toward her and pours.)

JAY. Watch Dawson's Creek lately? *(Plug in a television show that's current.)*

SCOTT. I never miss it. I like to look at the girls.

JAY. Me too.

SCOTT. More?

(He pours.)

That one chick on there's really high maintenance.

JAY. She's my favorite.

SCOTT. More?

(She slides toward him and he pours.)

(Referring to coffee:) We might as well finish...

(He slides closer to her and is just about to pour the coffee when they kiss a little kiss. It surprises both of them.)

JAY. Does that mean I'm straight?

SCOTT. Does that mean I'm a girl?

JAY. I don't know.

SCOTT. I don't care.

(They kiss again. STEPH enters at that precise moment, freezes in her tracks, and screams a horror-movie scream.)

Scene 2

(They're all standing in the hall. STEPH is covering her face.)

STEPH. It was horrible...horrible...

TRISH. What did you think you're doing!

DAVID. Stud.

STEPH. Awful...awful...

TRISH. *(To STEPH:)* Shut up.

JAY. I don't know! We kissed! That's all!

STEPH. You can't just go around kissing *men* all of a sudden.

TRISH. *(To SCOTT:)* You should be ashamed of yourself.

SCOTT. I didn't do anything wrong!

STEPH. Your tongue sure did. I *saw* it.

DAVID. You crossed The Boundary, man.

TRISH. *(To SCOTT:)* Listen mister, if you made her go straight, there'll be hell to pay.

STEPH. Do you know how much we've *invested* in your gayness? We've stuck up for you, stayed with you, protected you...

TRISH. We cleaned out your locker when the wrestling team stuffed it full of rubbers! Don't you feel any commitment? Loyalty? Obligation?

JAY. *To you?* You're kidding, right?

(An awkward silence.)

Say you're kidding.

(Beat.)

I didn't ask for any of this, you know. I didn't ask to be gay. I didn't ask you to be my friends. And I didn't ask for your support. I just thought that's what friends did. And now I owe you an explanation? An apology?

(JAY starts to cry a little.)

DAVID. Oh no.

STEPH. *(Upset now, too:)* Please don't cry. Please.

SCOTT. Jay, don't.

JAY. *(To all:)* Do you know how mean you are? Do you have any idea?

(JAY runs off. Beat.)

TRISH. Let's call her.

(They all take out their phones, turn them on, then turn them off. They know this requires more than a phone call but nobody knows what to say. Beat.)

DAVID. One of us should go after her.

(Pause.)

Come on. Someone?

(Nobody moves. The world slowly goes dark.)

Scene 3

(Night. The lights come up to reveal “Jay’s bizarre dream.” JAY stands in her pajamas on a sideline of some sports event. Her friends are with her. There is a V.O. announcer—preferably recorded at one of your school’s football or basketball games. It’s all very natural—but surreal—in that dream-like way. Cheering crowd noises up.)

ANNOUNCER V.O. Whoa! Look at her go! That footwork! Those fake passes! Whoa! Did she just foul? Yes? No! This young woman is a heck of a player! She’s keeping everyone on their toes tonight folks!

(At an exciting break in the action, SCOTT, TRISH, STEPH, and DAVID jump up and perform a cheer.)

DAVID, TRISH, STEPH, SCOTT.

Switch to the left!

Switch to the right!

Homo! Hetero!

Fight! Fight! Fight!!!

(Yea yea yippee and all that.)

(JAY is taken aback by this weirdness. It’s gonna be a long night.)

Scene 4

(Morning. Hallway. Everyone lingers around their lockers.)

DAVID. *(To SCOTT:)* You look like crap.

SCOTT. I didn’t sleep too well.

TRISH. Good.

SCOTT. *(To TRISH:)* You don’t look so hot yourself.

TRISH. I couldn’t sleep either.

(JAY enters. Everyone stops talking in the kind of way people stop talking about you when you walk in—so you know they were just talking about you.)

STEPH. Hey. Jay.

SCOTT. Hi.

DAVID. You look...rested.

(She rolls her eyes and walks to her locker.)

STEPH. Listen, Jay, we know we kind of went overboard yesterday.

DAVID. We just panicked.

STEPH. We're sorry. We're stupid.

TRISH. We overreacted.

STEPH. Like we said yesterday about supporting your gayness.

TRISH. We're right behind you on this, too. All the way.

STEPH. Gay. Straight.

TRISH. Celibate.

DAVID. Whatever. But, Scott, man, you cheated on your girlfriend. That's not like you. And don't think it doesn't count just because it was with Jay.

JAY. Oh God.

(The bell rings.)

TRISH. Forensics.

STEPH. Physics.

DAVID. Shakespeare. "If she live long, and in the end meet the old course of death, women will all turn monsters." King Lear.

(And he exits.)

TRISH. He's a freak show.

(TRISH and STEPH exit. SCOTT and JAY remain, getting books out of their lockers and stuff. It's an awkward silence.)

SCOTT and JAY. *(At the same time:)* Do you—
You first—
You—

(Beat.)

SCOTT. Jay. I'm really sorry.

JAY. Yeah. Me too.

SCOTT. It's stupid.

JAY. Too bad Steph saw.

SCOTT. Of all people.

JAY. Think they'll get over it?

SCOTT. They're probably already over it. Long-term memory isn't their best feature.

JAY. True.

SCOTT. What are you doing after class? Maybe we can talk this out or something. Just so we're comfortable.

JAY. A guy who wants to talk? Maybe you *are* a girl.

(Beat.)

It's a compliment.

(They smile.)

I'm hanging out with Trish and Steph this afternoon, so...

SCOTT. I guess I'll settle for Dave then.

JAY. Sorry.

SCOTT. Thanks.

JAY. I have to get to class.

SCOTT. See you later?

JAY. Yeah.

(She exits with a wave good-bye.)

Scene 5

(JAY, TRISH, and STEPH.)

JAY. What do you want me to say? He's repulsive? I almost puked? He smells like a farm animal?

TRISH. But aren't you freaked out? Just a little?

STEPH. Because we are. A lot.

(Over to... SCOTT and DAVID hanging out somewhere.)

DAVID. Let's face it. The girls are having a Girl Talk about this whole thing right now. So I think we should have a Guy Talk.

(Beat.)

And just talk.

(Beat.)

Like guys talk.

SCOTT. Shut up.

DAVID. Yeah. Like that.

(Back to JAY, TRISH, and STEPH...)

JAY. I don't want to talk about it anymore. I just want to drink my coffee...

TRISH. What is it with you and coffee?

STEPH. That's how this whole thing started.

(JAY rolls her eyes. They all sigh.)

STEPH. We're not doing this right, are we?

JAY. Forget about it. Neither am I.

Scene 6

(They're all in hallway cleaning lockers, smelling sneakers, writing, reading...)

STEPH. Okay. Raise your hands. Who honestly cares that the SATs are next week?

(Everyone ignores her.)

You know, at *real* schools kids actually *prepare* for it. *Study* for it.

(More ignoring.)

Come on. Isn't anybody doing anything? I mean this could decide our future. What could be more important?

(Beat.)

TRISH. Who's going to Jack's party on Saturday.

EVERYONE BUT JAY. I am. Yeah. I'm there. Nothing better to do. Why not...

DAVID. His parents are out of town.

TRISH. They have a croquet set and a kiddie pool.

DAVID. Which means it'll be so boring that everybody will have to bring somebody to make out with.

STEPH. *(To TRISH:)* Are you bringing that guy you met?

TRISH. Yeah. Are you bringing that guy you met?

STEPH. He's cute enough I guess. *(To SCOTT:)* Are you bringing Julia?

SCOTT. Yeah.

TRISH. Cool.

STEPH. *(To JAY:)* Are you bringing Nicole for old time's sake? Or a guy. Or something?

JAY. Nicole.

TRISH. Hey. That's cool. Remember, we're with you. No matter what.

STEPH. You just have to give us a little advance warning from now on. Okay?

JAY. I'll do my best.

STEPH. Because seeing you kiss Scott was as unnatural as walking in on, like, Trish making out with Dave.

DAVID. *(Referring to him and TRISH:)* We *did* make out.

TRISH. Big mouth!

STEPH. What?!

DAVID. *(Regarding he and STEPH:)* Big deal. We made out too.

STEPH. Shut up!

TRISH. *(To STEPH:)* Slut!

STEPH. *(To TRISH:)* Skank!

DAVID. Hey. We're all friends, right?

TRISH. *(To DAVID:)* Pig!

STEPH. Dog!

TRISH. Player!

DAVID. Thanks.

(And with that, they're gone... This leaves JAY and SCOTT.)

JAY. I'm really glad about you and Julia. That you're going to the party and stuff. That's good.

SCOTT. I lied. The minute she heard about all this she dumped me. What did Nicole say about the whole guy thing?

JAY. Kissing you? That "guy" thing?

SCOTT. Yeah.

JAY. *(With growing intensity:)* I haven't told her. I haven't said anything. I don't know what to say. What's to say about a kiss?

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