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Cast of Characters

BOBBY WILSON, 15, a boy

FATHER, his father

MOTHER, his mother

WENDY, 5, his little sister

MISS DUESENBERG, a stressed-out young teacher

COACH BORNEY, a former marine who still believes he's in Vietnam

COACH ELLIE, a very attractive gym teacher

MR. BOB, a stressed-out, spaced-out teacher

MRS. SNELLING, a teacher frightened of her students

MISS CARTER, a bitter, mean teacher

PRINCIPAL, the principal

KNOB, 15, a weird student

BUS DRIVER, a weird bus-driver
(played by the actor playing Knob)

CARNIVAL BARKER
(played by the actor playing the Principal)

OMNIVORA, the girl who can eat anything
(played by the actor playing Coach Ellie)

TELEKINETIC LUCY, the woman who can move things with her mind
(played by the actor playing Miss Duesenberg)

GIGANTO, the very strong person
(played by the actor playing Coach Borney)

FUTURA, she can see the future (sort of)
(played by the actor playing Miss Carter)

LOBSTER BOY, part lobster, part boy
(played by the actor playing Mr. Bob)

SERPENTA, the snake lady
(played by the actor playing Mrs. Snelling)

AUDIENCE MEMBER

For casting purposes, the people of the school should be double cast as the circus freaks.

Acknowledgments

Bobby Wilson Can Eat His Own Face was first produced at North Oaks Middle School in Haltom City, TX, on April 1-2, 2005. The cast was as follows:

BOBBY WILSON	Michael Hinte
FATHER	Sean Loomer
MOTHER.....	Courtney Clark
WENDY	Bailey Lamar
MISS DUESENBERG	Kelsey Turk
COACH BURNEY.....	Jonathan Bounkham
COACH ELLIE	Bre Gibson
MRS. BOB.....	Alicia Reyes
MRS. SNELLING.....	Shannon West
MISS CARTER	Jillian Davis
PRINCIPAL.....	Elizabeth Song
KNOB.....	Jordan
BUS DRIVER.....	Ashton O'Reilly
CARNIVAL BARKER.....	Greg Davis
GIGANTO	Cameron Hodge
LOBSTER BOY.....	Sean Loomer
FUTURA.....	Chloe Gobe
TELEKINETIC LUCY	Jenna McDade
OMNIVORA	Yanina Gonzalez
SERPENTA.....	Hannah Lightsey

BOBBY WILSON CAN EAT HIS OWN FACE

A FREAKISH COMEDY

by Don Zolidis

(Music. Dark stage. BOBBY appears. He speaks directly to the audience.)

BOBBY. Hi. My name's Bobby Wilson. And I can eat my own face.

(Short pause.)

I bet you're all pretty curious about that, but the demonstration's gonna have to wait for later. I don't want to frighten anybody just yet. You see, 'cause my life is frightening enough as it is. I mean, it looks normal, from the outside, but if you were to come inside my house...

(Bobby's FATHER enters, looking around in a paranoid fashion.)

This is my dad.

FATHER. Who're you talking to, Bobby?

BOBBY. Nobody.

FATHER. Good. What was that noise?!

BOBBY. Nothing.

(Pause. Bobby's FATHER looks around, then dashes to the couch.)

FATHER. They're coming for me, boy.

BOBBY. I didn't hear anything, Dad.

FATHER. Your ears aren't as finely tuned as mine. Shhh!

(Bobby's FATHER looks up to the ceiling. They both look around.)

BOBBY. *(To the audience:)* You see, my dad had a bit of a problem.

(Bobby's FATHER dives behind the couch.)

He had this idea—

FATHER. *(From behind the couch:)* Quiet!

BOBBY. He believed that there were extra-terrestrials who were looking for him—

FATHER. *(From behind the couch:)* They watch us through the television!

BOBBY. And he was going to get abducted. Pretty much every day he thought he was going to get abducted.

(Bobby's FATHER pops up from behind the couch, wearing a helmet.)

FATHER. Are they gone?

BOBBY. Yeah, Dad, they missed us.

FATHER. This time. But they'll be back.

BOBBY. I know.

FATHER. They want my secrets.

BOBBY. Oh.

FATHER. Them and the government. They're working together.

BOBBY. The government is working with aliens?

FATHER. They'll hear you. Bobby, don't be naïve. The government's been run by aliens since 1960, the last time we had a bald president. Aliens have full heads of hair. That's how you can tell 'em apart from normal people. And they don't need to use hair care products. There's just something in their scalp that keeps their hair bouncy and fresh.

BOBBY. *(To the audience:)* I should point out here that my dad's story wasn't all that consistent—

FATHER. That's why they built Niagara Falls. To keep the Cubans from getting the bomb. You ever seen a Cuban up close? Great hair on Cubans.

BOBBY. *(To the audience:)* Every once in a while, though—

FATHER. Come here, boy. Sit by me.

(BOBBY sits by his FATHER on the couch.)

There's a couple of things I've learned over the years. One: If you see a dead animal on the side of the road, leave it alone. Two: Car insurance doesn't have to cost you a lot of money. And three, when it comes to love, don't always settle for the first woman that talks to you.

BOBBY. Thanks, Dad.

FATHER. All right. Let's go throw rocks at cars with government plates.

BOBBY. *(To the audience:)* But I didn't really have time for that.

(Bobby's MOTHER enters.)

MOTHER. Good morning, Bobby.

BOBBY. Hi Mom.

MOTHER. I sure do love you.

BOBBY. Thanks, Mom.

MOTHER. Would you like some brownies?

BOBBY. Okay.

(He talks to the audience again.)

My mom seemed normal, and she was normal, until my little sister Wendy was born. Wendy is five years old. And she's the devil.

(WENDY enters, skipping.)

MOTHER. Good morning, Wendy.

WENDY. Hi Mom!

MOTHER. I was just going to get you and Bobby some brownies.

WENDY. I don't think Bobby should have brownies.

MOTHER. Why not?

WENDY. Because he said poop!

BOBBY. What?

MOTHER. Bobby!

BOBBY. I didn't say it!

MOTHER. How could you?!

WENDY. And then he bit me!

MOTHER. You bit your sister?!

BOBBY. Mom, she's lying!

MOTHER. You're grounded, mister! Until you can learn to behave better towards your little sister, you can just sit in your room and think about what you did!

BOBBY. I didn't do anything!

WENDY. When Bobby lies it makes me sad.

MOTHER. It makes me sad too, Wendy.

BOBBY. Mom!

MOTHER. Get out of my sight!

(BOBBY exits sadly.)

WENDY. I hope Bobby stops stealing beer from the liquor store.

MOTHER. What! Bobby! Get back in here!

(BOBBY comes back and speaks to the audience.)

BOBBY. *(To the audience:)* So I was pretty happy to be going to high school, actually. Just to get out of the house. Although my teachers weren't the best.

(MOTHER and WENDY exit—MISS DUESENBERG enters. BOBBY sits down at a desk.)

MISS DUESENBERG. Okay, people, today we're going to learn about World War I—World War I started when—ah, you guys don't care. You don't care about anything. You're just a bunch of punks. Forget it. What am I doing wasting my time on you for?

(BOBBY raises his hand.)

Yeah, Bobby, what do you want?

BOBBY. I like to learn.

MISS DUESENBERG. Who cares?

BOBBY. What caused World War I?

MISS DUESENBERG. I don't know—there were a couple guys in Germany who hated a couple other guys in France and then they all just started shooting each other. I mean, that's all history is, kids. It's just a bunch of jerks shooting each other when they don't get their way. And then people die and then they eventually stop shooting each other, blah blah blah blah! I am so not into this right now. What, Bobby?

BOBBY. Wasn't there trench warfare in World War I?

MISS DUESENBERG. Shut up, Bobby. You know what I care about? I care about getting a husband. But NO ONE will date me because I'm stuck here babysitting you losers all day. And then the rest of the time I'm grading your stupid papers about nothing in particular, when no one could even bother to learn how to spell Austria-Hungary—and I'm getting old, and my butt is getting fat and it's all your fault! So, yes, there was trench warfare in World War I, Bobby, and you know what trench warfare is? It's a whole bunch of guys killing each other and getting nowhere, kind of like my love life.

(BOBBY raises his hand again.)

What.

BOBBY. Maybe you should try being nicer to people, maybe then you'll find a husband.

(MISS DUESENBERG gives him an icy stare.)

MISS DUESENBERG. Well I know one student who's not going to pass history class.

(BOBBY gets up and addresses the audience again as MISS DUESENBERG exits.)

BOBBY. *(To the audience:)* Gym class, though, was my least favorite subject.

(BOBBY moves back to gym class as COACH BORNEY enters.)

COACH BORNEY. All right. Line UP! Side straddle hops, ready... begin! One two three four two two three four, three two three four... four two three four...

(COACH BORNEY inspects BOBBY's attempt at jumping jacks.)

Wilson! Atten-SHUN!

(BOBBY snaps to attention.)

BOBBY. Yes, Coach Borney?

COACH BORNEY. Did you get up on the wrong side of the bed this morning, Wilson?

BOBBY. No, sir.

COACH BORNEY. Did you have a healthy breakfast with all four food groups?

BOBBY. What?

COACH BORNEY. I'm talking fruits and vegetables—breads—meats—and dairy!

BOBBY. Um...

COACH BORNEY. Look at these stringy little arms! You call yourself a man?!

BOBBY. Well I'm not eighteen yet.

COACH BORNEY. You're not? You're not eighteen! Hey boys! We got a little baby over here! How 'bout we put you back in the nursery—is it naptime for little baby? You disgust me, Wilson! You're nothing but a worm! A little, tiny, insignificant worm! Hey, does anyone here besides me want to punch Wilson in the face? I've got some advice for you, Wilson. You know how you get ahead in life? By being meaner and stronger than the guy next to you. You gotta push their faces in the mud if you're ever gonna walk. So what I'm telling you to do is every day after school, you better be in that weight room there lifting, getting stronger, getting bigger—start out with something small, that you can handle, like peas, and then from

peas you can move up to marshmallows, and if you work at it real hard you can start lifting oranges. You understand?

BOBBY. Um... not really.

COACH BORNEY. There are certain laws in society, Wilson. We have laws out there and then we have laws in here. And the law in here is this: when I say side-straddle hops, you bring your hands all the way together on the upswing making a CLAPPING sound! If you do not make that sound, it is not a correct side straddle hop. OBSERVE.

(COACH BORNEY counts and does four perfect jumping jacks.)

ONE two three four TWO two three four THREE two three four FOUR two three four. HUP! That is how a man performs side straddle hops. That is how a man who killed three Viet Cong with his bare hands does side straddle hops. If you ever want to kill a man with your bare hands, you'd better learn to do a side straddle hop. Understand?

BOBBY. Yes, sir.

COACH BORNEY. Good, now—ATTEN-SHUN!!! Side Straddle Hops, Ready—Begin! ONE two three four TWO two three four THREE two three four FOUR two three four! HUP!

(COACH ELLIE enters and approaches COACH BORNEY.)

BOBBY. *(To audience:)* That was Coach Ellie. She was twenty-four. She had a long-distance relationship with a guy in Pittsburgh named Michael. In my dreams, sometimes Michael was killed in a car accident, sometimes he developed brain cancer and died, sometimes he was hit by a meteor from outer space, sometimes he was eaten by wolves... Coach Ellie would be so distraught, she would come to me for comfort. And that's when...

COACH BORNEY. What?!

COACH ELLIE. I'm sorry, that's what's on the schedule for today.

COACH BORNEY. *(Shouting:)* All right, runts! Looks like it's time for social dance lessons! You're gonna go with Coach Ellie and she's gonna show you morons the ropes. Now listen—I'm gonna tell you

this once, and I'm not gonna repeat myself—if there's any grabbing of any body parts I'm gonna run you until your lungs pop like **BALLOONS**. You got it? You are gentlemen! Treat the girls with the respect that you would have for your **MOTHERS** or **GRAND-MOTHERS**. Females are beautiful flowers! Treat them **TENDERLY** or you will wish that you died in a rice paddy with a massive brain hemorrhage spurting blood like a **DRINKING FOUNTAIN!**

(COACH ELLIE steps forward.)

COACH ELLIE. Thank you, Coach Borney. Okay, um... find a partner. And assume the dancing position. I will demonstrate with Coach Borney.

(COACH ELLIE and COACH BORNEY stand together. BOBBY looks around.)

BOBBY. It kinda somehow always happened that there were more boys than girls in gym class. Which meant... basically, if you weren't quick enough, you'd end up having to dance with another guy. And on this particular day, I ended up having to dance with Knob.

(KNOB enters.)

We called him Knob, 'cause... 'Cause there was already another guy we nicknamed Dork.

(KNOB sneezes on his shirt and wipes his hands in his hair.)

KNOB. Hi.

BOBBY. Hey.

KNOB. I guess it's you and me, then.

(He laughs.)

This is kinda like the time Optimus Prime was battling Megatron and Megatron turns into a gun and Optimus Prime turns into a semi-truck, right? And then... oh wait, it's not like that at all. Do you collect Pokemon?

BOBBY. No—

KNOB. *(Continuing:)* My favorite Pokemon is Squirtle, 'cause he's like a turtle and he squirts.

(He laughs.)

Get it?

(He laughs again.)

Squirtle I choose you.

(He laughs again.)

So I guess I'm the girl then, huh?

COACH ELLIE. Okay, everybody! We're going to start with the basic Fox Trot. It goes one two three four—

COACH BORNEY. ONE two three four TWO two three four—look alive!

COACH ELLIE. Okay, not quite like that—let's put on some music and then we'll dance.

KNOB. Ready? I'm kinda nervous.

BOBBY. Um...

KNOB. Did you remember to put on deodorant today? Guess what? I didn't.

(A romantic song from the eighties, such as Phil Collins' "Tonight, Tonight, Tonight" plays. COACH ELLIE and COACH BORNEY dance very stiffly.)

COACH ELLIE. So boys what you want to do is lead your partner firmly, but gently.

(COACH BORNEY leads her firmly, nearly knocking her over.)

Gently, too.

KNOB. You're very graceful.

(He snorts.)

Squirtle.

(BOBBY breaks away.)

BOBBY. I'm sorry, I quit.

(COACH ELLIE comes over.)

COACH ELLIE. Okay, it's not that hard. Let me help you.

BOBBY. And at that moment...

(COACH ELLIE takes BOBBY's hands.)

COACH ELLIE. Your partner isn't going to break if you touch her, boys.

(She moves BOBBY's hands to right the position.)

That's right. Firm, but gentle. Hold on loosely, but don't let go. Because if you hold too tight, you're gonna lose control.

(They dance. Lights shift.)

That's good, Bobby.

BOBBY. Thank you.

COACH ELLIE. Watch how Bobby does it everyone. He's a master.

BOBBY. Thank you.

COACH ELLIE. You know I've been waiting for a man who could dance the fox trot like you.

BOBBY. Really?

COACH ELLIE. Oh yes. So graceful. So strong. So close to being on the beat.

BOBBY. I'm trying.

COACH ELLIE. I know. I'm falling for you Bobby. I've never felt like this before.

BOBBY. What?

COACH ELLIE. Run away with me.

BOBBY. What about that guy in Pittsburgh?

COACH ELLIE. Michael in Pittsburgh has been eaten by wolves. I need comfort now, more than anything. I need comfort and a man

who can dance the fox trot. It's not as romantic as the waltz or as sultry as the lambada, but what the heck, it's a crazy, topsy-turvy world, and a girl can get lost out there without a gentle but firm hand to guide her—and even though you're only fifteen, I feel you understand me in a way that Michael in Pittsburgh could only dream about.

BOBBY. I love you.

COACH ELLIE. Shhh... Kiss me.

BOBBY. So I leaned in...

COACH BORNEY. WHAT IS GOING ON!!!!

(The music stops abruptly and lights return to normal.)

COACH ELLIE. What are you doing?!

BOBBY. And it occurred to me as they were dragging me to the Principal's office that I must have been daydreaming...

KNOB. Squirtle.

(He laughs. Lights shift. MOTHER and WENDY are on-stage. Bobby's MOTHER has a note in her hand from the school.)

MOTHER. SEXUAL HARRASSMENT!?

BOBBY. Mom, listen—

WENDY. You're a pervert!

BOBBY. Shut up, Wendy!

MOTHER. Wendy's right, Bobby! How can you embarrass our family like this? Think about your grandmother, she has such a weak heart, when she hears about this it's going to kill her.

BOBBY. You don't have to tell her—

MOTHER. I already told her, and she's not feeling well at all. In fact she's in the hospital.

BOBBY. Why did you just say that—

MOTHER. And with her last dying breath, she said, “I hope there’s some kind of drug that we can put Bobby on to erase his mind and make him a good boy.”

BOBBY. Grandma’s dead!?!

MOTHER. No, but she very well could be and it would be all your fault!

BOBBY. I don’t understand—

MOTHER. Take these pills Bobby—

BOBBY. I’m not taking the pills. I don’t want to be on drugs.

MOTHER. Are you on drugs?

BOBBY. No I’m not on drugs!

MOTHER. Did television make you do this!

BOBBY. Mom listen to me!

WENDY. Bobby’s on drugs!

BOBBY. What!

MOTHER. How could you?! I feel weak. My heart!

WENDY. You killed Mommy!

BOBBY. She’s still alive!

MOTHER. Not for long! I’ve failed as a parent! I have a drug addict sexual harasser for a boy—and he won’t even take the pills that will save him!

WENDY. Drugs are bad!

MOTHER. Take the pills!

WENDY. Drugs are bad!

MOTHER. Take the pills!

BOBBY. Fine! Fine! I’ll take the stupid pills! Give them to me.

MOTHER. There’s no need to raise your voice.

WENDY. Can I get all the stuff in his room?

MOTHER. Yes, Wendy, go into Bobby's room and take everything you want.

WENDY. Yay!

(WENDY runs off.)

MOTHER. Remember, I'm doing this because I love you.

WENDY. *(Off:)* Can I take his bed?

MOTHER. Sure Wendy!

(BOBBY approaches the audience.)

BOBBY. So I took the pills. And they sent me off to a special school for problem children. And the special school was even worse than the regular school.

(BOBBY brings a desk on-stage. MISS CARTER enters.)

MISS CARTER. Okay, here's a book. Take out a piece of a paper, begin with the first sentence, and copy the whole thing down word for word, I'll be in the other room drinking coffee and complaining about you.

(MISS CARTER leaves. BOBBY looks around. Then he begins writing. Another teacher, MR. BOB enters.)

MR. BOB. I'll be your teacher today—um... ah... why don't you take out a piece of paper... and... ah... copy everything from the uh... the uh...

BOBBY. The book?

MR. BOB. Don't interrupt me, kid. The uh... the ah... that. I'll be over here reading my collection of Family Circus cartoons.

(MR. BOB sits down, takes out a book, and starts reading out loud.)

Billy, Grandpa is looking down on you from... ah... from... Uh... heaven. That's funny.

(He turns the page.)

(A third teacher, MRS. SNELLING, enters.)

MRS. SNELLING. Why are you looking at me like that? What do you want from me? You're dangerous! You're not going to try to kiss me, are you? Here!

(She throws a book at him and skitters away.)

Just—

BOBBY. Copy everything down?

MRS. SNELLING. Leave me alone!

(She runs off. MISS CARTER returns.)

MISS CARTER. The other teachers and I have decided that you're not going to learn anything here. You're just too difficult. And let me tell you something—you're headed for prison, you understand me you little deviant? You're a criminal, and you're always going to be a criminal—we don't think that you're even trying to learn—education is a two-way street, you have to meet us halfway—

BOBBY. If I meet you halfway across the street, aren't we both going to get run over by a truck?

MR. BOB. Oh Jeffy you always take the longest way to get to the sandbox. Heh heh.

MISS CARTER. That's enough of your disrespect. I'm going to recommend that you go to an even more special school for kids who are headed straight into prison after graduation.

(MRS. SNELLING returns.)

MRS. SNELLING. Ah! He's still here!

BOBBY. *(Standing up:)* What is your problem?

MRS. SNELLING. He's threatening me!

BOBBY. It's not like I walked in here saying, "I'm going to burn down the school!"

MR. BOB. *(Looking up:)* You're going to burn down the school?

MISS CARTER. He's going to burn down the school?

MRS. SNELLING. Ah! Run for it!

(The teachers scatter. BOBBY stands there. His MOTHER and WENDY enter. His MOTHER has a note in her hand.)

MOTHER. TERRORIST THREATS?!!

BOBBY. What?

WENDY. You're a terrorist!

MOTHER. You're making terrorist threats now!?

BOBBY. No, you don't understand—

MOTHER. How can you do this to me?

WENDY. You're on drugs!

MOTHER. And drugs!

BOBBY. I'm not on—

MOTHER. I'm a failure as a mother!

BOBBY. Well that part's true.

MOTHER. Ah!

WENDY. Mommy, can I go to the bank and take out Bobby's savings for college and buy a pony instead?

MOTHER. That's a good idea, Wendy.

WENDY. Yay!

BOBBY. Mom, you can't do that—

MOTHER. You should be ashamed of yourself! You know you need to take some of the blame here yourself, mister. It's not all our fault.

BOBBY. What? I'm taking all of the blame!

MOTHER. I remember when you were a baby—you weren't a terroristic drug addict sexual harasser then!

BOBBY. I'm not one now!

MOTHER. Well... we'll just have to find a school that will take you.

WENDY. Mommy!

MOTHER. What Wendy?

WENDY. Bobby said poop!

MOTHER. You go to your room right now Bobby. You are grounded! Oh wait—Wendy's taken your room—you go to the storage shed in the back. But don't touch anything!

(BOBBY approaches the audience again.)

BOBBY. So my mom talked with the administrators. They decided that it was impossible to put me back into public school, so they were going to send me to a maximum security facility where I could get the help I needed.

(The PRINCIPAL enters.)

PRINCIPAL. You see, Bobby, there are some people who are meant for public education, and some that aren't. In life there are winners, and there are losers. And that's the way it's been, and that's the way it's always going to be. And the point of public education is to determine whether you're a winner or a loser. That way you won't be confused once you leave here. And confusion is a terrible thing.

BOBBY. I'm confused.

PRINCIPAL. That's because you're a loser. If you were a winner, you would understand. Don't worry, though, we're going to make all the decisions for you. The first decision you need to make is to get off drugs.

BOBBY. I'm not on drugs.

PRINCIPAL. The first step is to admit you have a problem.

BOBBY. I don't have a problem!

PRINCIPAL. Sure you do. You're a loser, so you do drugs. The only reason we invented drugs was to make sure the losers would take them and thereby make our job easier. It's all so simple, don't you understand?

BOBBY. I don't get it.

PRINCIPAL. Exactly. You're not supposed to. So, Bobby, we're going to send you to the Happy Farm School for Rambunctious Youngsters, doesn't that sound nice?

BOBBY. Actually, yeah.

PRINCIPAL. The name is just to trick you. They have a shuttle that can take you straight to prison from there, so it's easier on the armed guards.

BOBBY. Armed guards?

PRINCIPAL. And remember, don't try to pet the dogs. They've been trained to attack when they sense kindness.

BOBBY. Wait a minute—

PRINCIPAL. I have a meeting, so I have to be going. It was really nice talking to you, Bobby, and since this will be our last conversation, I'm going to say goodbye and good luck. Just remember that you have a place in life, and never, ever, to rise above it. Say no to drugs.

(He leaves. BOBBY returns to talking to the audience.)

BOBBY. *(To audience:)* So that was about it.

(WENDY enters upstage, unseen by BOBBY.)

I didn't want to go anywhere near this Happy Farm place. This whole thing was totally unfair, and I remembered what my mom said to me:

MOTHER. *(Off-stage, shouting:)* Life is full of misery and suffering, get used to it!

BOBBY. So I decided to take things into my own hands: I had had enough with school, I had had enough with people yelling at me for no reason, I was going to strike out on my own, and I was going to make it on my own, doing the only thing I could do well: I could eat my own face. So, the next logical step was to run away and join the circus.

WENDY. *(Shouting off-stage:)* MOM! Bobby's going to run away and join the circus!!

BOBBY. What!

MOTHER. (*Off-stage:*) He is NOT!

WENDY. He said so just now!

BOBBY. I did not!

WENDY. And then he said poop!

MOTHER. (*Entering:*) Bobby! You go to the shed right now and think about what you've done! You're a bad influence on Wendy.

WENDY. Yeah!

MOTHER. The other day I caught her crucifying her barbies!

WENDY. Yeah!

MOTHER. And she learned that from you!

BOBBY. What! I never—Mom, the child is possessed by Satan!

WENDY. (*In a deep, angry growl:*) Silence, mortal! I will strip the skin from your bones—

BOBBY. Look at her!

MOTHER. She's going through a phase.

WENDY. (*Back to normal:*) And it's all your fault!

BOBBY. What!

WENDY. Hey, Mom? Can I have one of Bobby's kidneys?

MOTHER. Do you really need one of his kidneys?

WENDY. Pleeeeease.

MOTHER. Okay. But this is the last time.

WENDY. Yay!

(BOBBY runs off. Lights shift. Music.)

(BOBBY reappears.)

BOBBY. So I ran away from home.

(The BUS DRIVER enters.)

Well, okay, I didn't run, I just sort of... took the bus.

BUS DRIVER. Where ya headed?

(BOBBY gets on the bus.)

BOBBY. Um... the circus?

BUS DRIVER. What are ya gonna do at the circus?

BOBBY. I'm gonna be a circus freak.

BUS DRIVER. Yep. You got that look.

BOBBY. What look?

BUS DRIVER. The circus freak look. I used to be a circus freak, ya know.

BOBBY. Really?

BUS DRIVER. Sure. I used to have really long fingernails.

BOBBY. Wow.

BUS DRIVER. Yeah. I was an outcast. Regular society hated me.

BOBBY. Why didn't you just cut them or something?

BUS DRIVER. Huh. Yeah, maybe that woulda worked. I also ate dirt, though.

BOBBY. I can eat my own face.

BUS DRIVER. I'm also half-man, half-woman.

(BOBBY backs away.)

BOBBY. *(To the audience:)* So I sat in the back of the bus—but I didn't quite know exactly where the circus was, so...

BUS DRIVER. *(Calling out:)* Topeka!

BOBBY. This me?

BUS DRIVER. Nope.

(Short pause.)

Lincoln, Nebraska!

BOBBY. Me?

BUS DRIVER. Not you.

(Short pause.)

Bismarck, South Dakota! Not you.

(Short pause.)

Fargo, North Dakota! Not you.

(Short pause.)

Yucatan Nuclear Testing Facility!

(Pause.)

BOBBY. Me?

BUS DRIVER. You.

(BOBBY gets tentatively off the bus. The CARNIVAL BARKER appears.)

CARNIVAL BARKER. Step right up! Step right up! Come in and see the amazing freaks! Mistakes of nature! The strange and bizarre! Sights to freeze your skin and blow your mind! You will be amazed, you will be thrilled, you will be frightened, but you will never be the same! Watch your step, don't—hey kid, you're about to step in nuclear waste—

BOBBY. Oh. Whoops.

CARNIVAL BARKER. This is the most disturbing thing imaginable! See Giganto, the strongest man on earth! And the serpentine stylings of Serpenta, the snake lady! She is beautiful, she is horrible, she is horrible and beautiful! Test the limits of your mind with the visions of mankind gone horrible, horribly wrong!

BOBBY. Can I have a job application?

(The CARNIVAL BARKER looks at him.)

CARNIVAL BARKER. Sure.

(He produces a job application from his back pocket.)

Okay, you need a driver's license, social security card, birth certificate, three letters of recommendation, and a previous work history.

BOBBY. Um... I can eat my own face.

CARNIVAL BARKER. You're hired.

BOBBY. *(To the audience:)* So I got introduced to the freaks. And I finally felt like I belonged—

(The other freaks enter one by one as they are called and sit happily in a circle.)

CARNIVAL BARKER. Behold! Giganto! The Really Strong Guy!

(GIGANTO enters and flexes.)

Telekinetic Lucy! The Girl Who Can Move Things with her Mind!

(TELEKINETIC LUCY enters, concentrating on something.)

Omnivora! She can eat anything! Except her face.

(OMNIVORA enters and waves.)

Lobster Boy! Part boy, part lobster!

(LOBSTER BOY enters. LOBSTER BOY appears to be a normal boy with lobster claws for hands.)

Serpenta! She's got a snake!

(SERPENTA enters, carrying a large, rubber snake.)

Futura! She can see the future! That's why she's called Futura!

(FUTURA, draped in a robe, enters.)

FUTURA. It's going to rain tomorrow. Ha ha ha ha!

(Everyone looks at her.)

What? I can see the future. I'm going to sit down now.

(She sits down.)

See?

CARNIVAL BARKER. And of course, my name is Steve. And I can kinda bend my thumb back... watch...

(He tries to do this.)

Well, the humidity is a little high, so it's hard—

FUTURA. Because it's going to rain.

CARNIVAL BARKER. Okay, well, yeah, it's pretty cool when it works. Okay, have a seat.

(Everyone sits.)

First, off, Everyone, this is Bobby Wilson. He can eat his own face. So our first order of business is coming up with a cool name for him.

OMNIVORA. Wait a minute, I'm the one who eats stuff.

CARNIVAL BARKER. Right. But can you eat your face?

OMNIVORA. Shut up.

LOBSTER BOY. How 'bout we call him Eatshisownface-O?

TELEKINETIC LUCY. That's stupid.

FUTURA. I predict that you are dumb.

OMNIVORA. I still don't think we can have two people who eat stuff. What else can you do?

BOBBY. Not really much of anything really.

GIGANTO. I know! He can be a giant midget!

SERPENTA. How 'bout the human snake?

TELEKINETIC LUCY. How about the Guy Who Gets Stuff Nailed Into His Forehead!

GIGANTO. He can be a Giant Midget who Gets Stuff Nailed Into His Forehead!

OMNIVORA. That's a great idea. For a retard.

GIGANTO. Hey! I could snap you like a twig!

OMNIVORA. I can eat your face. Bring it on.

CARNIVAL BARKER. All right, all right, here's an idea. Let's call him: Bobby Wilson, the Boy Who Can Eat his Own Face.

SERPENTA. That's kinda obvious. I still like Amazo.

CARNIVAL BARKER. Amazo doesn't even mean anything.

SERPENTA. Sure it does. Amazing.

OMNIVORA. It's not all that amazing.

(BOBBY breaks away and walks toward the audience. The freaks continue to argue in the background.)

BOBBY. So... I came to realize fairly quickly that life among the freaks wasn't all that different from anywhere else.

FUTURA. I see him wearing a green outfit.

TELEKINETIC LUCY. Way to go out on a limb there.

LOBSTER BOY. Is anybody hungry?

OMNIVORA. Yes.

FUTURA. I predict we will have lunch.

BOBBY. *(To audience:)* So after about six hours of discussion, we came to the decision that I was going to be called:

CARNIVAL BARKER. The Human Blowfish!

BOBBY. *(To audience:)* It really didn't make any sense. But it was okay, and we kinda settled into a routine. We'd practice our show, we'd travel to some little town nearby, and then we'd come back to the nuclear test facility to rest.

(The other freaks, except FUTURA, exit.)

FUTURA. Hello, Bobby. You want me to predict your future.

BOBBY. Well, not really, but—

FUTURA. Have a seat, while I look into the cloudy depths of your future...

BOBBY. Okay.

FUTURA. Tomorrow... I see something through the mists of time... you are going to have lunch, it's going to be a ham sandwich, with mustard, and mayo, no wait, no mustard, it's going to be a decent sandwich, not the best sandwich you've ever had, but pretty good. Sometime after lunch you are going to need to pee.

BOBBY. All right, all right—

FUTURA. Wait! I see something. You will have to make some difficult decisions regarding your financial future... do you want term life insurance? You need to protect your loved ones... for only twelve dollars per month you could have term insurance of one hundred thousand dollars in case of accidental death.

BOBBY. Huh.

FUTURA. I actually happen to sell life insurance through American Family Insurance, so if you would like to go through me, then—

BOBBY. Hey!

FUTURA. I see you getting upset in the future.

BOBBY. I am upset!

FUTURA. I see you walking out of here.

BOBBY. Bye!

(He leaves.)

FUTURA. And you're going to fall in love with a girl from Peoria named Michelle who will eventually get into a car accident on the way to visit her grandmother in Milwaukee, but she'll forget to get new tires in the winter so the treads will be too thin and her car will skid out of control, leaving you heartbroken and dealing with your two children, Andrew and Samantha. Are you still there? Oh, well.

(She exits.)

(Music. The CARNIVAL BARKER enters.)

CARNIVAL BARKER. Welcome to the most disturbing show on earth! Injected with steroids from the time he was in the womb, Giganto is a giant among men!

(GIGANTO enters, flexing.)

At the age of six, he could lift an entire house over his head!

(GIGANTO picks up a chair.)

Watch as he executes the most difficult maneuvers of strength imaginable!

(GIGANTO does a push-up.)

Tremble in fear before the might of Giganto!

(GIGANTO stands up and flexes again. He gets a cramp and winces in pain.)

Don't worry, ladies, he's a gentle giant.

(GIGANTO tries to do a handstand, but fails and falls over, hurting himself.)

Let's hear it for Giganto!

(He crawls off-stage. From backstage, we hear the sound of one person clapping.)

Okay... Next up...

(SERPENTA, carrying a large rubber snake, dances onto the stage.)

SERPENTA. Ssssssalutationsssss!

(SERPENTA kisses her snake.)

Ssssome of you may wonder at what you ssssee.

CARNIVAL BARKER. Serpenta! Lady who likes snakes!

(Music plays. SERPENTA dances with her snake. Someone throws a snake from off-stage at her. She doesn't catch it. A third snake is tossed at her from the opposite side of the stage. She misses that one too. Apparently, this is the point in the show where she juggles the snakes, as she grabs all three snakes and assumes a juggling position.)

CARNIVAL BARKER. All three snakes are filled with deadly poison!

(SERPENTA begins tossing them into the air, attempting to juggle. She misses badly and begins stepping on them accidentally.)

Abandoned by her mother at the age of two months, Serpenta was raised in a snakepit outside of Dallas. She even speaks the language of the snakes!

SERPENTA. Hisssss!

AUDIENCE MEMBER. *(Off-stage:)* Harry Potter does it better!

SERPENTA. Harry Potter isn't real!

AUDIENCE MEMBER. *(Off-stage:)* Neither are those snakes!

CARNIVAL BARKER. Oh they are very real! Very real indeed!

(SERPENTA fakes as if a snake is biting her. She falls over.)

SERPENTA. Ah! I am poisoned!

AUDIENCE MEMBER. *(Off-stage:)* Good!

CARNIVAL BARKER. Let's hear it for Serpenta! We'll have to check the hospital later to see if she survived that deadly snakebite!

AUDIENCE MEMBER. *(Off-stage:)* I hope she dies!

(GIGANTO comes back on stage, and tries to pick SERPENTA up. He can't quite do it—TELEKINETIC LUCY comes on stage and begins staring at SERPENTA's body, trying to move it with her mind. Nothing seems to be happening. Finally, LOBSTER BOY runs on stage and helps GIGANTO move the body. SERPENTA waves to the audience as she is carried away. TELEKINETIC LUCY remains on stage. Off-stage, one person claps.)

CARNIVAL BARKER. Okay... it's time for the mental manipulations of... Telekinetic Lucy!

(LUCY puts both of her hands on her head and begins to concentrate.)

She can move things with only the power... of her mind!

(LUCY focuses on the chair. Nothing happens. Pause. She continues to stare. Long pause. She continues to stare. Nothing is happening.)

Hey look it's Michael Jackson!

(LUCY kicks the chair and it tips over.)

Wow! Look at that folks, the amazing power of the human mind! Now—watch in awe as she affects the trajectories of these balls!

(LUCY stands upstage, facing the audience. Two tennis balls, one from the left, and one from the right, roll across the stage, clearly rolled by people sitting in the wings. (They may even become visible for a moment.) LUCY stares at the balls as they roll past her. Nothing seems to happen to them.)

Wow!

TELEKINETIC LUCY. *(Speaking with an accent:)* Now... I shall levitate my own body using only my mind.

CARNIVAL BARKER. She has never attempted this before, folks! I can't believe it! Can she actually levitate?!!

(LUCY stands there, focusing. Pause.)

Can you believe that, folks?! Look at her!

(LUCY is clearly not levitating.)

It's so amazing I can't even believe what I see with my own eyes!

(She still isn't levitating.)

Let's hear it for Telekinetic Lucy!

(Again, one person claps off-stage.)

Now watch as she floats off-stage!

(LUCY walks, attempting to float, off-stage.)

We're going to have to take a short break to catch our breath after that one. There are refreshments in the lobby and we'll be back in fifteen minutes!

(The CARNIVAL BARKER scoots off-stage as BOBBY enters.)

BOBBY. *(To the audience:)* Backstage, things weren't going quite as well as they were on-stage.

(GIGANTO enters, and sits heavily on the floor, crying. BOBBY sits near him.)

It's okay, Giganto...

GIGANTO. I've never had a show this bad.

BOBBY. Sometimes the best of us screw up.

GIGANTO. I've got to tell you something, Bobby. You know when I said that I was the strongest man alive?

BOBBY. Yeah?

GIGANTO. I was lying! I've been fooling everyone all this time!

BOBBY. Well, I don't know that you've been fooling everyone...

GIGANTO. I haven't ever even taken steroids! I'm so ashamed! I was never even involved in the super-soldier program for the CIA or bitten by a radioactive spider or had experiments performed on me by a mad scientist! I'm just a guy from Plano, Texas. Maybe I should just quit.

BOBBY. Wait, wait, I'm sure there's a mad scientist somewhere who will perform experiments on you.

GIGANTO. You're just saying that.

BOBBY. No. Seriously. And there's probably some kind of Gamma Bomb ready to go off near here.

GIGANTO. I hope so.

(TELEKINETIC LUCY and the CARNIVAL BARKER enter, arguing.)

CARNIVAL BARKER. What was that?

TELEKINETIC LUCY. I'm sorry! I had a heavy breakfast!

CARNIVAL BARKER. I've never seen you screw up levitating that badly!

TELEKINETIC LUCY. I know!

CARNIVAL BARKER. You better go back to Telekinetic School to get yourself worked out!

TELEKINETIC LUCY. I just need some more practice, that's all.

(She spots a chair. She begins focusing on it.)

CARNIVAL BARKER. All right, Blowfish are you ready for the second act?

BOBBY. I'm ready.

CARNIVAL BARKER. Good! At least somebody around here is still competent!

(LOBSTER BOY and OMNIVORA enter.)

Hey, Lobster Boy, you ready?

LOBSTER BOY. I was born ready. Well, actually, I was born with lobster claws instead of hands. But that makes me ready, I guess.

CARNIVAL BARKER. Omnivora?

OMNIVORA. Is it lunch time?

CARNIVAL BARKER. You just had lunch.

OMNIVORA. Oh. I'm still hungry, though.

CARNIVAL BARKER. Well, you can eat a brick when you get on stage.

OMNIVORA. Cool.

CARNIVAL BARKER. All right, all right, move it, let's get ready for Act Two! And for God's sake, focus!

(He looks at TELEKINETIC LUCY, who is still focusing on the chair.)

You can stop focusing for a minute.

(Everyone exits. The CARNIVAL BARKER returns to his earlier position and resumes speaking in his announcing voice.)

CARNIVAL BARKER. Okay, everyone! Are you ready for the most mind-blowing experience of your entire lives! Tremble in fear before the prognostications of our psychic witch zombie, Futura!

(FUTURA comes on stage in her hood.)

What does the future hold for us?!

FUTURA. My knowledge comes with a price.

CARNIVAL BARKER. We'll pay anything!

FUTURA. I need...

(She looks to the sky and focuses.)

Only twelve dollars per month.

CARNIVAL BARKER. Who here has twelve dollars per month?

(FUTURA makes magical signs with her hands and begins a little dance.)

FUTURA. I see the future. I see all that will happen. I'm hearing... I'm hearing...

CARNIVAL BARKER. Tell us!

FUTURA. MCI will raise rates on long-distance service.

CARNIVAL BARKER. No!

FUTURA. I'm seeing...

(She continues to wave her hands and make magical signs.)

One of the next ten years will be unusually rainy. And... there will be a natural disaster... near a country that contains the letter E... or A. And wait... wait...

(She is about to have a revelation.)

Yes... I see...

(She raises her hands into the air and freezes. Pause. Clearly, FUTURA is trying to think of something.)

Dogs will grow thumbs and overthrow their human masters. Tomorrow.

(She slumps over as if drained by the effort.)

CARNIVAL BARKER. Wow! Did you hear that everyone? I guess we need to kill all of our dogs tonight, then! Okay... Let's hear it for Futura!

(One person off-stage claps. We hear a dog yelping. FUTURA waves and exits.)

Okay... next straight from his home on the bottom of the sea—the unholy child of Marilyn Monroe and a lobster... Lobster Boy!

(Pause. Nothing happens.)

He frightened his mother at birth! Lobster Boy!

(Pause. Nothing happens.)

Okay... well, he must be bathing in salt water or something, we'll move on to the amazing, the incredible... Omnivora! She can eat anything!

(OMNIVORA enters, holding one of Lobster Boy's claws and rubbing her stomach.)

OMNIVORA. Hello, I'm Omnivora, and—

CARNIVAL BARKER. Hey wait a minute.

OMNIVORA. What?

CARNIVAL BARKER. What's that in your hand?

(OMNIVORA sees she still has a claw and hides it behind her back.)

OMNIVORA. Nothing.

CARNIVAL BARKER. Did you EAT Lobster Boy?

OMNIVORA. No! Oh wait... Whoops.

(She smiles sweetly.)

He fell into a vat of butter sauce and then...

CARNIVAL BARKER. You did the same thing to Muffin Head!

OMNIVORA. He was tasty too.

CARNIVAL BARKER. Get out of here!

OMNIVORA. What?

CARNIVAL BARKER. Get out!

OMNIVORA. Oh come on, he was asking for it. Walking around here part lobster, part boy, what did he expect we were going to do with him?

CARNIVAL BARKER. I don't care!

OMNIVORA. Wearing those revealing outfits... He wanted to be boiled in a pot and eaten.

CARNIVAL BARKER. Get out!

OMNIVORA. Fine! I quit!

(OMNIVORA storms off-stage. The CARNIVAL BARKER looks at the audience.)

CARNIVAL BARKER. Um... We're gonna take a slight break. And... uh... if there are any freaks in the audience, we'll be taking job applications after the show. Thank you.

(He exits.)

(Lights shift to backstage. OMNIVORA is sitting on a bench, crying. BOBBY enters as she blows her nose on one of Lobster Boy's claws.)

BOBBY. Hi.

OMNIVORA. Leave me alone.

BOBBY. For what it's worth, I never even really liked Lobster Boy.

OMNIVORA. Thanks. I did.

BOBBY. Oh.

(Short pause.)

So what are you gonna do now?

OMNIVORA. I don't know. I figure I'll go on American Idol and win a recording contract. It's just—the circus is my home, you know?

BOBBY. Right.

OMNIVORA. I used to have a home in Montana—but I had a real problem when I was teething, so... so my parents abandoned me in a lumber yard.

BOBBY. My parents are crazy, too.

OMNIVORA. What did they do to you?

BOBBY. Well, um... my dad thinks he's going to be abducted by aliens and my mom keeps grounding me.

OMNIVORA. I wish I got grounded. I just got abandoned.

BOBBY. Yeah. Grounding's not so bad, I guess.

OMNIVORA. Hey, can I see your shoe?

BOBBY. Um... okay.

(BOBBY takes off his shoe and hands it to her. OMNIVORA takes a bite out of it.)

Hey!

OMNIVORA. What?

BOBBY. Those aren't for eating!

(He takes the shoe back.)

OMNIVORA. Oh. Sorry. Can I see your other shoe?

BOBBY. No!

(She starts crying.)

Hey, look... um...

OMNIVORA. I've got problems!

BOBBY. Yes you do.

OMNIVORA. I just can't stop eating things. I know I shouldn't have eaten Muffin Head—but he just looked so good, sitting there with his little muffin head—and then it turns out he wasn't even made out of muffin, he just had a weird birth defect that made him look that way, so he didn't even taste that good. And we were friends, too, we were going out, and we were kissing in the back of the bus and then... the next thing I knew he was just a stump.

BOBBY. Oh.

OMNIVORA. I have a hard time holding on to a guy.

BOBBY. Were you and lobster boy... going out?

OMNIVORA. No. I mean. He had a crush on me and everything. And I kinda liked him—but more as friends, you know? Friends or brunch. That kind of thing.

BOBBY. Oh.

OMNIVORA. You got a girlfriend, Bobby?

BOBBY. No.

OMNIVORA. Can I have your shoe?

BOBBY. No!

OMNIVORA. Everyone hates me!

BOBBY. They don't hate you, they're just scared you're going to eat them.

OMNIVORA. But I only eat people who resemble food items.

BOBBY. Right.

(Pause.)

OMNIVORA. What do you want to do with your life, Bobby? I mean, do you want to be a circus freak your whole life?

BOBBY. No.

OMNIVORA. You know what I wanna do? I wanna find a little house somewhere—you know, in the suburbs, away from a nuclear test facility, and I'd have a yard with a little garden in it, and I'd join Jenny Craig, and Weight Watchers, and—

BOBBY. You're not fat.

OMNIVORA. Oh I know. I have a really high metabolism. But I figure if I had to count points and stuff and watch what I eat then I wouldn't be, you know, inclined to eat other people or animals or pets or building materials.

BOBBY. Right.

OMNIVORA. And in the house with me, I'd have a guy. You know? Maybe not necessarily my husband, but more of a long-term partner who shared in domestic responsibilities as well as provided a mutual source of income.

BOBBY. Oh.

OMNIVORA. What about you?

BOBBY. Well I kinda want to be away from my sister, 'cause she's insane. And I guess I don't see myself going back into the educational system, 'cause I'm supposed to go to a special school for criminals, and I don't really want to do that. At some point I'd like to stop eating my face—

OMNIVORA. I wish I could eat my face.

BOBBY. It's not all that cool.

OMNIVORA. What about a girl?

BOBBY. I don't want to eat a girl's face.

OMNIVORA. No, I mean...

(She moves closer to him.)

BOBBY. Oh. You know, you kinda remind me of this girl that I liked.

OMNIVORA. Really? Did she have a big appetite?

BOBBY. I never really found that out.

OMNIVORA. Oh. Have you ever kissed a girl?

BOBBY. All the time.

OMNIVORA. Really?

BOBBY. Well...

(OMNIVORA farts.)

What was that?

OMNIVORA. I farted.

BOBBY. Oh man.

OMNIVORA. Seafood makes me gassy. Sorry.

BOBBY. Don't worry about it.

(OMNIVORA moves closer to BOBBY. He looks a little sick.)

OMNIVORA. Are you nervous, Bobby?

BOBBY. Just you sort of ate your last boyfriend, that's all.

OMNIVORA. Would you like to kiss me?

BOBBY. Oh. Um... That'd be cool.

(She leans in. TELEKINETIC LUCY enters from upstage.)

TELEKINETIC LUCY. *(Shouting:)* She's trying to eat Bobby!

BOBBY. What?

TELEKINETIC LUCY. Get away from him!

(LUCY concentrates. Nothing happens. BOBBY stands up.)

BOBBY. Wait a minute—Were you trying to eat me?

OMNIVORA. Yes! No! I mean—maybe just a little.

BOBBY. Ah!

TELEKINETIC LUCY. Stay back, ho!

(She concentrates again. Nothing happens.)

Stay back, Bobby, I can handle this.

(She gets in between BOBBY and OMNIVORA.)

BOBBY. Um... no, it's okay.

OMNIVORA. Lucy, do we really need to go through with this?

TELEKINETIC LUCY. Lobster Boy was my friend! And you're gonna pay!

OMNIVORA. Look, I caught him fresh, I don't have to pay for that.

(TELEKINETIC LUCY grunts and points at OMNIVORA. Nothing happens.)

TELEKINETIC LUCY. And to be here trying to eat Bobby too!

OMNIVORA. Bobby eats himself.

BOBBY. Ladies, um...

(BOBBY steps forward.)

TELEKINETIC LUCY. Stay back!

(She throws a hand at BOBBY, trying to halt his progress. Nothing happens.)

OMNIVORA. All right, Lucy—

(LUCY tries to stop her with her mind. Nothing happens.)

I hate to break this to you, but you haven't really had any powers since you levitated the world's fattest man last June. Okay? So it's really—it's kind of sad.

(LUCY concentrates again as OMNIVORA walks toward her.)

So... I, on the other hand, can actually eat someone. So you'd better just take off and let me—

(LUCY slaps OMNIVORA.)

Ah! Skank!

TELEKINETIC LUCY. Ho!

OMNIVORA. Dirtbag!

TELEKINETIC LUCY. Whale!

(They start fighting. BOBBY watches. He speaks to the audience.)

BOBBY. It was about this time I thought that maybe I wasn't cut out for the circus either.

(The CARNIVAL BARKER, FUTURA, and GIGANTO enter from upstage.)

CARNIVAL BARKER. All right, cut it out!

(The girls separate.)

If we're gonna have a wrestling match, we're gonna do it like good Americans and charge admission! And throw some mud on ya!

OMNIVORA. Um...

TELEKINETIC LUCY. I don't think so.

FUTURA. It's not going to happen.

CARNIVAL BARKER. Fine! Listen—we've had a tough time of it here in wherever it is we are. I say we just go back to the nuclear test site and go to sleep. And maybe some of you idiots will actually mutate one of these days so we can have some real freaks!

GIGANTO. I'm trying to mutate...

BOBBY. Wait a minute. Excuse me?

CARNIVAL BARKER. What?

BOBBY. Is that why we live on a nuclear test site? So we can be exposed to radiation and mutate?

CARNIVAL BARKER. Of course! Where do you think Muffin Head came from?

BOBBY. He mutated?

CARNIVAL BARKER. Sure. After we fed him all that nuclear waste.

BOBBY. Um...

CARNIVAL BARKER. What?

BOBBY. That's messed up. I'm outta here.

CARNIVAL BARKER. You can't leave!

GIGANTO. I thought we were friends.

BOBBY. I haven't even hardly talked to you!

GIGANTO. I know. I get emotional sometimes.

BOBBY. Look, I'm sorry. I draw the line at eating nuclear waste to try to mutate myself into some kind of freak for people to pay money to stare at.

OMNIVORA. It's actually pretty tasty.

BOBBY. Bye!

(BOBBY storms off. TELEKINETIC LUCY follows him. The others throw up their hands and exit.)

TELEKINETIC LUCY. Bobby wait!

BOBBY. I'm not coming back.

TELEKINETIC LUCY. I know, I know, I just—

BOBBY. Hey, thanks for saving me back there.

TELEKINETIC LUCY. No problem. It's just that you're the only guy around here who's normal and not part lobster.

BOBBY. What about Giganto?

TELEKINETIC LUCY. I see him as more of a friend. I'm just not attracted to him.

BOBBY. And you are... to me?

TELEKINETIC LUCY. Yeah.

BOBBY. No kidding?

TELEKINETIC LUCY. Yeah.

BOBBY. *(To the audience:)* And that's when two things occurred to me: One, that my father's advice about women...

FATHER. If you see a dead animal on the side of the road, leave it alone—

BOBBY. *(To the audience:)* The other advice—

FATHER. Don't fall in love with the first woman that talks to you.

BOBBY. *(To the audience:)* Was actually pretty good. And two: That a normal guy can really clean up at a circus freak show.

TELEKINETIC LUCY. Let's get out of here.

BOBBY. All right.

TELEKINETIC LUCY. Here. Take my hand and hold on.

(BOBBY takes her hand and speaks to the audience.)

BOBBY. And then the most amazing thing happened: I actually felt us move. At first it was just a little tremble, and then we actually... levitated off the ground!

(He turns to LUCY.)

We're actually levitating!

TELEKINETIC LUCY. Of course! They don't call me Telekinetic Lucy for nothing!

BOBBY. *(To the audience:)* And we lifted up off of the ground until we could see all the people down there below us. And from way up in the air all their problems didn't seem so big any more. Except Lobster Boy's. Who was dead.

TELEKINETIC LUCY. So where should we go?

BOBBY. I think I need to go home.

(He turns back to the audience.)

So we flew over the Great Plains and headed south. And from way up in the air, Nebraska wasn't even all that boring. Which was a little miracle. North Dakota was still boring though. Even from far away. Until finally...

(They exit and FATHER, MOTHER, and WENDY enter, sitting in their living room.)

WENDY. Mom, how do you spell disembowel?

MOTHER. Are you writing your little stories again?

WENDY. Yep.

MOTHER. You're so cute.

FATHER. Hey, what's that?

(BOBBY and TELEKINETIC LUCY enter from upstage, still holding hands.)

BOBBY. *(To the audience:)* And as we descended to my house, I realized that we had gotten a kind of glow from being exposed to all that nuclear radiation.

FATHER. Oh my God!

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!

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