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Mikey Wears Braces

by
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4/30/09

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MIKEY WEARS BRACES
by
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Loud muffled rock music plays. Lights up on a trash-strewn, bricked-in alley, a narrow trench between a downtown dive bar and an industrial building. The light is dim -- wet and electric.

MIKE, early 30's, pounds on a metal door. His cashmere t-shirt, jeans and leather cuffs are a scrupulously edited ensemble of a musician's effortless cool.

Mike

Let me in! Charlotte! It's not funny any more. I said I'm sorry. Amber! Anybody! HELLOO!

He gives the door a final pound.

MIKE (cont'd)

Shit!

He studies the alley. High walls on three sides and on the fourth, a chain link fence topped with razor wire. The fence has a well-padlocked gate. Bags of trash sit next to the door.

MIKE (cont'd)

HELLOOOOOO! Anyone?! HELP! Shit.

He bangs his head against the door.

High up on the far wall, a window opens out and a pair of converse-clad feet scramble on the brick wall, inching downward, followed by the rest of ANDY, fresh and punky, earbuds looped around her neck, wearing jeans, a tight tee, and made up as all get out.

MIKE (cont'd)

Wait! Don't jump.

Andy jumps to the ground.

Andy

Ow! Shit.

MIKE

Are you OK?

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I think so.

ANDY

Mike helps her to her feet. Andy looks around. Mike heads for the window. She heads for the door. There's no handle. She starts banging.

Hello? Hey! Open the door!

ANDY (cont'd)

HELLOOO? HELP? HEEEEEEY! (beat) Where does the window go?

MIKE

It's from a bar.

ANDY

That window goes into the bar?

MIKE

Yes. Where does this door go?

ANDY

She pounds on the door.

The bar.

MIKE

She steps away from the door. She looks around and heads for the gate. She shakes the fence.

Heeelp! Anybody! HEEEEEEEEEEY!... HEEEEEEELP!

ANDY

I've been banging and yelling for five minutes. You couldn't hear me?

MIKE

No. Not at all. It's so loud in there.

ANDY

Dammit.

MIKE

Mike studies the window.

Andy looks at him, then again.

Are you..? You're him. You're Mikey.

ANDY

Mike, actually. But yes.

MIKE

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ANDY

You play guitar in Mikey Wears Braces. We came here tonight to hear you guys play. I didn't recognize you. With that shirt. And your hair like that. I mean, it's a nice shirt. It's really nice. It's not...you know.

Mike tugs at his shirt.

MIKE

Yeah.

ANDY

I can't believe you're right here. I love you guys. Your music. Especially "Teen Idol." It's like the fucking theme song of my life--

MIKE

Thanks. Thank you. Nice to meet you...

He extends his hand. She takes it.

ANDY

Andy. Wilson.

MIKE

Andy Wilson. My pleasure.

ANDY

Wow. My pleasure too. Mike.

MIKE

I need to get back in.

She lets go of his hand.

ANDY

Yeah.

MIKE

Could I boost you back up through the window? Then you can run around and open the door.

ANDY

I can't go back that way. Why don't you just call the bar and ask them to send someone to let you back in?

MIKE

Yes! Can I borrow your phone?

ANDY

Sure.

Andy reaches into her back pocket, but comes up empty.

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ANDY (cont'd)

Shit. It's on the table.

MIKE

Are you sure?

Andy searches her other pockets. Checks her bag. No phone.

ANDY

Yes, I'm sure. Shit. Where's yours?

MIKE

In my jacket. (beat) Alright. Let's try getting you up to the window.

ANDY

Oh. No. I don't think so. I'm not going back in there. How about I boost you and you run around and let me in?

MIKE

I guess that works, too. Can you?

ANDY

Sure.

Andy and Mike approach the window. She makes a sling with her hands.

MIKE

Ready?

Andy nods, and Mike steps into her hands and boosts himself up. He reaches up but is still inches from the sill.

MIKE (cont'd)

Can you lift me any?

Andy tries valiantly.

MIKE (cont'd)

Look out, I'm going to try to jump.

ANDY

Wait, I'm trying.

He tries to push off from her hand, but only breaks her grip apart. He tumbles down on her, knocking her over.

ANDY (cont'd)

Ow!

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MIKE
I'm sorry. You OK?

ANDY
Yeah. I'm cool.

MIKE
Look, I think I can lift you. Let's try that.

Andy brushes herself off, wandering
away from the window. Mike catches her
arm.

MIKE (cont'd)
C'mon, come back here.

ANDY
They won't start without you. What about Amber? She'll come
find you.

MIKE
No. She won't.

ANDY
Of course she will.

MIKE
The time where she noticed a god-damned thing has long since
past. So please please pretty please get over here.

ANDY
No. (beat) No wonder she broke up with you.

MIKE
Excuse me?

ANDY
I said no wonder you guys broke up.

Mike stares at her.

ANDY (cont'd)
You're acting like kind of a dick. You guys were together for
almost seven years, show a little respect.

MIKE
You think I don't show her respect?

ANDY
I read your facebook page. She hasn't said anything about
you.

MIKE
On the facebook.

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ANDY

You're the one who posts there. And you just called her stupid!

MIKE

I said she doesn't pay attention. Look, you don't know everything, OK? Now, before they start playing, can you please come here so I can boost you through?

ANDY

No!

MIKE

No one will come.

ANDY

Well, then I'll wait until someone comes to drop off more trash! Or take that trash out (indicating the gate)!

Mike looks at the trash and the gate.

MIKE

That might not be 'til four!

ANDY

I'm not going back in the window!

Andy sits angrily on the step by the door. Andy steals glances at him. Mike catches Andy staring.

MIKE

What are you looking at?

ANDY

Nothing.

Andy looks away.

MIKE

Are you going to help me?

ANDY

No.

MIKE

Andy.

Andy looks at him. Then looks away.

MIKE (cont'd)

What?

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ANDY
Nothing. (beat) You remembered.

MIKE
Of course I did.

ANDY
I kind of can't believe I'm actually here with you.

MIKE
I'm just a guy, Andy. If you wanted, I could sign something for you.

ANDY
Really?

Mike pulls out a Sharpie.

MIKE
Whadya got?

Andy dumps out the contents of her bag, a vast assortment of girly stuff.

ANDY
Oh, um... I don't have anything.

MIKE
Some girls, they want me to sign their, uh, chestal area.

ANDY
Right!

She hikes the neck of her shirt aside. He puts a hand on her waist. She holds her breath as he signs with a flourish.

MIKE
You've got some pen. On your...

He reaches toward her. She pulls back.

ANDY
It's not pen. I got stabbed in the face with a pencil in third grade. It's lodged. It's horrible. And it's blue. I have lead in my face and it looks like someone poked me with a marker. Stop looking at it.

MIKE
No kidding?

ANDY
I hate it.

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Mike looks closer.

MIKE

It's adorable.

Andy blushes nine shades of red.

ANDY

I-- My shirt! I should've-- I could've kept the shirt.

MIKE

Hold it taut. Hold still.

Andy holds the shirt, while he signs, forearm resting across her chest. He caps the pen and tucks it into her front pocket.

ANDY

I was looking forward to hearing you play.

MIKE

And I want to play. The night's not over.

ANDY

I'm not going back in there.

MIKE

What are you so afraid of?

ANDY

I'm not afraid.

MIKE

Who's in there?

ANDY

I drove down from New Haven with the sisters.

MIKE

Nuns?

ANDY

God no. Sorority. Girls from school. And these guys.

MIKE

Boyfriends?

ANDY

No. Just some guys from SUNY that helped us with our IDs.

MIKE

Well, that seems like an awful lot of work to spend the night in an alley.

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ANDY

That wasn't the plan. All of your songs, they have this thing, where I listen and I can't be sitting, I have to move. Then I need to keep moving. Propulsion.

MIKE

Live it's even better. It drives from lower.

Mike is looking at her blue spot.

ANDY

What are you looking at?

MIKE

You.

ANDY

Quit it.

MIKE

Your eyes all lit up with that angry sparkle. Amber used to look at me like that a lot.

She looks up at him. His eyes are locked on hers. She takes a breath and kisses him. He kisses her right back.

MIKE (cont'd)

Tonight's a big night for me. After the set, do you want to do something?

ANDY

Like what?

MIKE

Well, I have these unreleased cuts I can play for you, my place isn't far, and--

ANDY

Really? I'd like that.

He kisses her again.

MIKE

I just have to play first.

ANDY

Right.

MIKE

It's a big night for me.

They kiss again. Deeply.

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ANDY

What happened to your braces?

MIKE

Right. "I don't wear braces. Mikey wears braces." Whaddya say we continue this inside, yeah?

ANDY

What? I don't... You don't wear braces?

MIKE

No, I--. That's the line. Goonies. Where the name comes from, right? You didn't know that?

ANDY

On the cover, you were- I've never seen it.

She leans in for a kiss.

MIKE

You've never seen The Goonies.

ANDY

Before my time, I guess.

She kisses his neck.

MIKE

I feel old. How old are you?

ANDY

Seventeen.

He places her at arm's length.

MIKE

What? You're what?

ANDY

I'm seventeen.

MIKE

But you'll be eighteen next week, or in three days, or tomorrow?

ANDY

Well, almost seventeen.

MIKE

Shit. No no no No. Shit. You're 16. Aw ffu-aaagh! You're a groupie!

ANDY

I am not.

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MIKE

You did this on purpose! You said you were with your sorority sisters.

ANDY

Yes. Yeah. They're from my school.

MIKE

Friggin' high school. Since when do they have sororities in high school?

ANDY

Well, there's just the one. I guess it's not a real sorority, they just call themselves that I guess.

MIKE

Why are 16 year olds hanging out with guys from SUNY?

ANDY

I told you. They got us IDs. I said that.

MIKE

I thought to drink. Not to get in.

ANDY

Well, to drink too. And get cigarettes.

MIKE

Oh my god. I'm going to hell.

ANDY

Why?

MIKE

I'm going to jail, and then to hell.

ANDY

For what?

MIKE

For touching you and kissing you and being alone in an alley with you and propositioning you! (re: her chest) Wipe that off!

ANDY

No! What do you mean propositioning me?

MIKE

What do you mean, what do I mean? With the kissing, and the flirting, and "I've got some old tapes at my place", you know, to listen to while we get drunk and have sex. Aw fu-aaaagggh-dammit!

Mike makes a desperate running leap for the window. Not even close.

ANDY

You were? You meant go to your house? You want to have sex with me?

MIKE

No! I was just saying that so you would help me get back in.

ANDY

Oh... Well, screw you then.

MIKE

I'm sorry, Andy. I'm sure you're a lovely girl. It's not personal. I just thought you'd be more amenable-- Why can't we just pop you back in there to run around and let me in?

ANDY

I climbed out of a back window because there are people that I didn't want to be in there with. I shouldn't have kissed you. I can't believe I did that to her. You're an ass.

MIKE

Maybe so, but I really need you. You're here. If you hadn't come out here, I'd be done. This is a make-or-break deal for me tonight, so if you could find it in you to deal with the awkward, I'd be really really grateful.

ANDY

Grateful enough to proposition me? To "you know, listen to me play while we get drunk and have sex" in my plush musician's loft, kind of grateful?

MIKE

I'm sorry about that! It was wrong. But seriously it's five minutes. Less. Three. That's how long it'll take you to get through that window and get backstage to the door.

ANDY

They'll see me.

MIKE

Who?

ANDY

My friends. Lucy and Alyssa and the Dani's.

MIKE

So?

ANDY

So they want me to do something I don't want to do.

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MIKE

What?

ANDY

Adam. He's one of the guys from SUNY who did our IDs. The girls had everything all planned. We're all paired up. Five girls, five guys. They get us IDs and we... I'm supposed to... hook up with Adam.

She goes to her bag and starts shoving the girly stuff back in it.

MIKE

But you don't want to?

ANDY

No! I don't want to have sex with Adam.

MIKE

Whoa. Right. So don't. Do that.

ANDY

If I don't, they're gonna be even more pissed at me.

MIKE

Your friends? Screw 'em.

ANDY

These are the only friends I have. And they're really popular. They have to like me. I want them to like me. I just don't want to do that. The guys went for drinks and they went to the bathroom, and told me to watch the table, and I was waiting for them, and I saw the window, and I just-- I needed to get out.

She picks up a wallet from the stack of girly stuff.

ANDY (cont'd)

Oh, god. No, god.

MIKE

What?

ANDY

This is all their stuff.

MIKE

Why do you have their stuff?

ANDY

They made me bring a bag, they said I had to bring one because they didn't want to worry about their stuff at the bar. I forgot to leave it.

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MIKE

Do you have their phones?

ANDY

As if they'd ever let those out of their grip.

MIKE

Shit. So, it's done. You already ditched them, they're already gonna be pissed, so what do you care? Go on in there, give 'em their stuff, and leave 'em again. What can they do?

ANDY

They can write on my locker things I might or might not have done in the janitor's closet with three kids from the special ed class. That's what they did to the last girl who they were mad at. And everyone believed it. If I go back in there, and they see me, I'm going to do what they want. I'm going to end up going with them, to SUNY, and I'll end up... If I just disappear, I can explain it all on Monday. I can think of something maybe by then to tell them.

MIKE

I bet you can just sneak in without them seeing you.

Andy shakes her head.

ANDY

They're sitting right there. The window was right above the booth.

MIKE

So what are you gonna do now then?! What the hell is your big plan here?

ANDY

I don't know! I wasn't thinking I would be locked in an alley!

MIKE

Well, ya are! Now what?!

ANDY

I told you. Wait here til someone comes.

MIKE

Seriously? You're seriously gonna fuck me. If you don't go in there, I am fucked.

ANDY

You're the one who locked yourself out, going where you weren't supposed to! Don't blame me!

MIKE

This is not my fault. But it's gonna be yours if I don't get in there before we go on.

ANDY

You don't know what they're like. Amber's not gonna play without you. She just wouldn't. You don't just go on without your lead guitar.

MIKE

She might if she thinks I left.

ANDY

That's retarded! They're gonna be like, "Where's Mike? Is he in the bathroom? Is he out smoking? Someone go get him, 'cuz we're on!" Why would someone think, "Where's Mike? He must have something real important to do. Let's go ahead without our lead guitar. No one will notice." Why the hell would you leave your own gig? Why would they think that?

MIKE

Because Charlotte will tell her that! And because I walked out last time she'd believe her. Goddammit!

ANDY

You walked out. Why would you do that?!

MIKE

Because I was an asshole, and they were assholes back, and I really couldn't play like that.

ANDY

Why would Charlie tell Amber you walked out now?

MIKE

Because "Charlie" locked me out here!

ANDY

Why?

MIKE

Because she doesn't want me to play tonight! Because tonight, finally, she brought this manager here. After swearing he would be at every gig for the last three months, she finally got him here. It's the whole reason we brought her in. She has all these insipid ideas of what the band should look like and how we should sound, but...For four years we've been trying to get a manager. And tonight she got him here. "Charlie says" this is what we need for them to sign us. This guy doesn't like coarse. Coarse is what we do. But "Charlie says" so Amber agrees. So I wear a stupid hundred and eighty dollar t-shirt. I go along because finally...

(MORE)

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MIKE (cont'd)

But if they play without me, which is how she thinks it should be, that's how it will be, that is the band he's gonna sign, and then either I will be the superfluous guitar, or Mikey Wears Braces will be an even more ironic name, 'cuz there won't be any Mikey!

ANDY

But it's your band. You started it. With Amber. Charlie's new. Why doesn't Charlie want you to play?

MIKE

Because she wants me gone!

ANDY

Why?

MIKE

Because they're fucking! OK?

ANDY

What?!

MIKE

That's why we broke up. Amber and I. Because of Amber and Charlotte.

ANDY

Oh. No. No way.

MIKE

Yes way! Welcome to my life! Now do you see? Why you have to save me?

ANDY

I don't know. I can't believe she would go on without you.

MIKE

Why not just tell them to fuck themselves?! These girls aren't your friends. Find some new friends.

ANDY

These are my new friends!

MIKE

So go back to your old friends!

ANDY

I don't have any!

MIKE

Why not?!

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ANDY

I'm new! I just moved there! The most popular girls in school wanted to be my friends. They did. I can't tell them, "fuck you." They're not the sort of girls you say "fuck you" to. They're not even the kind of girls you say "no, thank you" to. Maybe when they first approached me "no, thank you" would have meant just one bad day. But tonight "no thank you" is "fuck you very much, please ruin my life!" And if they decide they aren't my friends anymore, sure as hell, no one else will be seen with me.

MIKE

Not one single other person in the whole town would be friends with you? No one else you tried to be friends with?

ANDY

No. I don't know. Maybe there used to be one girl at the church who was kind of nice.

MIKE

At church? Bingo! Church is built-in friends!

ANDY

I don't go to that church. I'm not joining a church so people will like me. I was there for piano lessons.

MIKE

Piano. Awesome. And this girl?

ANDY

Fiona. She took lessons before me.

MIKE

There you go. Be friends with her.

ANDY

This isn't going to help me with Alyssa and Lucy. Even if I was friends with Fiona, it wouldn't help me. She doesn't go to my school. Besides I quit piano.

MIKE

Why?!

The house music is interrupted by the warble of an electric guitar tuning. He grabs her by the arm and tries to drag her back to the window.

ANDY

What are you doing? Let me go!

MIKE

Now! I'm supposed to be on now! You're going in!

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ANDY

They're right there!

MIKE

So what?! Tell them to get out of your way! Tell your friends to fuck their stupid-ass hookup plan, 'cuz you have something important to do!

Andy

Let go of me!

He keeps pulling. She kicks his knee.

MIKE

(letting go)

Goddamnit!

ANDY

(rushing away)

You're a bastard.

MIKE

Why won't you help me?

He pounds on the door.

MIKE (cont'd)

Let me in! Heeeeeelp! You're going to ruin everything!
HEEEELP! I'm locked out! ANYBODY!

No answer.

ANDY

I'm sorry, Mike. I can't do it.

MIKE

Because of the mean girls.

ANDY

Screw you.

MIKE

Are they not going to speak to you? Are they gonna give you the cold shoulder? Are they gonna say you're mean, and ruin everybody's fun?

ANDY

Go to hell!

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MIKE

Don't you feel a little overdramatic? I'm going to be cut off from what I've bled for, for nine years, sacrificed over and over for, you're going to ruin my life because your little friends want you to have sex with this boy and you're too weak to figure out how to say no thankyou--

ANDY

Shut up!

MIKE

"Oh Adam, I can't think of any reason not to go back to your room--"

ANDY

Is that what you want? It isn't my fault you're stuck here! It's your fault! And yes! I'd rather jump out a window and be locked overnight in an alley than do the guy who chalked my ID for me. I didn't know I was supposed to be doing the guy with the chalk tonight, or I might have prepared a little better for having sex for the first time!

MIKE

Andy, slow down--!

ANDY

They'll ruin my life! You have more to your life than what happens tonight! I don't!

The tuning stops abruptly, along with the muffled house music.

MIKE

No! Wait! AMBER!

He tackles the door, pounding viciously. Muffled guitar starts playing the first song. Andy approaches him.

MIKE (cont'd)

Get away from me! If you're going to be useless, I don't want to look at you.

ANDY

I'm sorry.

MIKE

No you're not, Andy. They're playing without me. That's your fault.

ANDY

It's not my fault you don't get along with them. Maybe it means it's time. Time for you to find someone else to play with.

MIKE

You don't know what the hell you're talking about, little girl. It took me nine years to get this far! I'm 32 years old. And I don't live in a "plush musician's loft." I live in a crappy walk-up railroad apartment in a crappy neighborhood. With two roommates. I am 32 and I'm a temp at a marketing firm. I've been there for 6 years. I don't have any benefits. You know I did used to wear braces? I wore braces on my bottom teeth three years longer than I was supposed to because I could only afford to have the top ones taken off and that's how long it took me to save up for some student to pry the rest of the metal out of my mouth. I don't have nine more years to get here again, I don't have it in me and you're gonna sit there and do nothing, all because some girls aren't gonna like you anymore! It's time to grow up Andy! Learn a little something about real sacrifice! "Lean into the oncoming bruises/the hurt is less/when you're the one who chooses."

She backs away.

ANDY

I didn't think she would play without you.

MIKE

Well I guess you don't know Amber then.

ANDY

She's my hero.

MIKE

Life's a bitch, Andy. And so is she.

ANDY

You don't mean that.

MIKE

You don't know her.

ANDY

Yes I do! And who do you think you are saying I don't know sacrifice?! I know sacrifice! You have no idea what I've given up! I worked so hard. I worked so hard. When my dad said we were moving in five months I locked myself in the basement and put on my iPod and I was listening to that song, and I wished I was her. And I decided to try. I was gonna be new and pretty and I started dancing and running around and I just kept going, for five months. The songs pushed me.

(MORE)

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ANDY (cont'd)

I lost sixty pounds and I worked all summer at Just Calendars and Easy Spirit and I got all new clothes and I cut my hair so when I got there I could start new and I wouldn't have to try so fucking hard and I did every single thing they... and now...unless I can think of something to convince them not to, they are going to destroy my life. I swear I want to help you... If it was anything else, I would do it... "If I could catch you/when you fall/I'd be your super girl."

MIKE

Don't fucking quote my own songs at me! You don't know what those words mean! You are sixteen and you hear that and you think you know what it's about. And you turn it up real loud so your parents don't hear you rubbing one out, while you stare meaningfully at the poster imagining we're looking deep into your soul! But that, sweetie, doesn't mean you understand!

ANDY

You don't even have a poster! And being sixteen has nothing to do with anything! I listen to you guys every day and it has nothing to do with- with rubbing anything out! It has to do with the fact that it's my life she's singing about! Every single song she's singing about me! Like she's watching me and letting me know that she knows and everything will be OK! That I'm OK and everything will be OK! "I can still hear them in the stall/ephemeral as paper dolls/but their eyes pierce these metal walls/I won't be a sacrifice anymore." She's singing about me.

MIKE

She's not.

ANDY

You're right! Sometimes she's singing about you! And I imagine that someday I might be with someone like you, because she was. She was like me, and she ended up with someone like you, "a boy who baits me/a man who checkmates me/A friend and a fiend". She was singing that about you.

MIKE

No. She was singing about herself. Singing my songs about her. I wrote that about her.

ANDY

But it's about a girl.

MIKE

It's about love. He to she's an easy switch.

ANDY

You wrote that song?

MIKE

I write all the songs. I wrote them for her.

Andy

"Paper Dolls"?

MIKE

Yes. I was a geek in high school. News flash: anyone worth knowing was a dork in high school, it comes from having to learn to fight for what's important to you.

ANDY

They're your songs?

MIKE

And now Charlie's going to "fix" them--

ANDY

What about the others?

MIKE

They'll go along with Amber, who goes along with Charlotte, who finally has a reason! She says she can't play lead, but it's just an excuse. When I'm not there, she'll be able to "fix" all the songs, rewrite lyrics, change the progressions, 'til everything is as bland and simple as she is. She wanted us to change them for tonight! She showed up for rehearsal with a stack of rewritten lyrics. Damn pillager! She wants to make "Teen Idol" a ballad! She wants to change "a near miss kiss/felt like a drive by" to "I miss your kiss/baby it's alive, yeah"?!

ANDY

No!

MIKE

And after tonight, she can do whatever the hell she wants! She'll destroy everything I wrote! You've worked hard. I know.

ANDY

Yes.

MIKE

I've spent the last three months rehearsing in the apartment I used to live in, with my girlfriend and her new girlfriend, so I know hard. Whatever socially awkward situation tonight brings with your friends, you'll tough it out.

ANDY

Fuck you, socially awkward! You don't know them.

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MIKE

There's nothing they can do that will ruin your life like this is fucking up mine!

ANDY

They will say that I'm a slut, and have venereal diseases, and that I used to hold a record in consecutive blowjobs. I'll be the brunt of every raunchy joke. I will be the center of a-fucking-attention every day until I graduate. But hey maybe I'll quit first or they'll get me expelled. I wanted to be popular, and one way or another, they're gonna make me very popular. They can and they have and they will.

MIKE

Andy, they can't ever take what you've done for yourself away from you. That is all yours. And if those faux sorority girls have it, it's because you gave it to them.

The first song ends, and a second song kicks in. He looks up to the window, then collapses to the ground.

MIKE (cont'd)

It doesn't matter.

ANDY

(re:the song)

What is that?

MIKE

It's fucking "Teen Idol".

ANDY

It's not. It sounds weird. What happened to the melody?

MIKE

You sorry bitch.

ANDY

Did she just say, "baby/let me hold you"?

MIKE

Yes.

ANDY

What happened to, "Your furious soul,/lovely to behold?"

MIKE

Gone with the rest.

Andy stares up at the window and listens.

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Muffled music continues. He waits. He bangs on the door.

MIKE

Hellooo?...Andy?! (no answer. to the window) Andy?! You still in there?

He tries to reach the window. He paces. He pounds the door.

MIKE (cont'd)

Andy?! Right here! Andy!

He does another lap.

The door opens, loud music bursting out. Andy stands in the doorway, slightly mussed, clutching her bag to her chest.

MIKE (cont'd)

What took you so long?!

He runs to the door.

ANDY

I'm sorry. Hurry. It's almost over.

He shoulders past her into the doorway. She steps into the alley.

He runs down the hallway and off. Beat. She lets her bag drop to the ground and leans against the door to hold it open.

Her chest, belly and shirt are covered with markings. His autographs are scribbled over. Her breasts circled, nipples drawn on them. In block letters below her collarbone, it reads "LET ME SUCK YOUR COCK!" On her shirt, with a downward arrow: "PLEASE FUCK MY CUNT"

She slides down the door to sit. Mike re-appears in the doorway.

MIKE

Andy! Here.

He tosses the iPod to her. She scrambles away from the door, trying to cover herself with her arms as the iPod clatters along the ground. He catches the door as it swings shut.

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She stands on the far side of the alley, not looking at him. He props the door open with the empty bag, and steps out into the alley.

MIKE (cont'd)

Come here.

The music stops. Cheers and whistles. He looks inside.

ANDY

Just go! Hurry! Before they start.

MIKE

How did you--

She scoops up the iPod.

ANDY

I told them I wasn't going with them, that you needed me-- They didn't believe me. So I showed them where you signed.

He pulls his T-shirt off and holds it out to her.

MIKE

Take this.

She looks over her shoulder.

MIKE (cont'd)

Take that off, and put this on.

She reaches back and takes it. She turns away, peels hers off and throws it to the ground. On her belly: "FAT WHORE".

She slips his shirt on. A drum beat launches the song inside. He picks up her shirt.

ANDY

What are you doing?!

MIKE

I'm gonna wear your shirt.

ANDY

No. It's a big night.

MIKE

I need a shirt.

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ANDY

You're a boy, you can play with no shirt.

MIKE

It's not a modesty issue. It's a fuck them issue.

He squeezes into the shirt.

ANDY

You look ridiculous! Take it off!

She tries to pull off the shirt.

MIKE

Let's go!

ANDY

This is enough (re: the shirt Mike gave her).

MIKE

It's not. Come on. Let's play.

He offers his hand. She takes it and they run for the door. As they reach the door, he stops.

MIKE (cont'd)

You were right.

ANDY

About what?

MIKE

"Broken and whole/Your furious soul,/lovely to behold." I was writing about you.

She kicks the bag away. The door swings shut behind them with a metal thwang.

End of play