SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

This sample is an *excerpt* from a Samuel French title.

This sample is for perusal only and may not be used for performance purposes.

You may not download, print, or distribute this excerpt.

We highly recommend purchasing a copy of the title before considering for performance.

For more information about licensing or about purchasing a play or musical, please visit our website.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

SF PERUSALS

Push

A Play

by George Cameron Grant

A Samuel French Acting Edition

SAMUEL FRENCH

FOUNDED 1830

SAMUELFRENCH.COM

ISBN 978-0-87440-331-2 Printed in U.S.A. #B1126

MUSIC USE NOTE

Licensees are solely responsible for obtaining formal written permission from copyright owners to use copyrighted music in the performance of this play and are strongly cautioned to do so. If no such permission is obtained by the licensee, then the licensee must use only original music that the licensee owns and controls. Licensees are solely responsible and liable for all music clearances and shall indemnify the copyright owners of the play and their licensing agent, Samuel French, Inc., against any costs, expenses, losses and liabilities arising from the use of music by licensees.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

All producers of *PUSH must* give credit to the Author of the Play in all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play, and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears for the purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production. The name of the Author *must* appear on a separate line on which no other name appears, immediately following the title and *must* appear in size of type not less than fifty percent of the size of the title type.

PUSH was first performed Sunday, July 31st, 2010, at the Hudson Guild Theatre in New York City as a participant in the Strawberry One Act Festival. It was named a Festival semi-finalist, and was performed again on August 3, 2010. Both performances were directed by Liz Amadio, with sound and lights by Zach Pizza, garnering Best Actress (Emma Charap) and Best Director (Liz Amadio) nominations. The cast was as follows:

EVE . . . . . Emma Charap
HOODIED FIGURE . . . . . Abbey Rowe
BILLY . . . . . Ted Kolsby
MOTHER . . . . . Hank Morris
FATHER . . . . . Vincent Bandille
FEMALE TEENAGER #1 . . . . . Kacy Hopkins / Anaridia Burgos
FEMALE TEENAGER #2 . . . . . Abbey Rowe
MALE TEENAGER . . . . . Wesley Tunison
JAVIER . . . . . Francisco Huergo

Encore performances of ***PUSH*** were performed Friday, March 2, 2012 and Sunday, March 4, 2012 at the Hudson Guild Theatre in NYC, as a participant in the Strawberry One Act Festival. Performances were directed by Liz Amadio, with sound and lights by Zach Pizza, with Sarah Jones as the Stage Manager. The cast was as follows:

EVE . . . . . Emma Charap
HOODIED FIGURE . . . . . Abbey Rowe
BILLY . . . . . Ted Kolsby
MOTHER . . . . . Hank Morris
FATHER . . . . . Vincent Bandille
FEMALE TEENAGER #1 . . . . . Alana Tyrrell
FEMALE TEENAGER #2 . . . . . Abbey Rowe
MALE TEENAGER . . . . . Edwin Morel
JAVIER . . . . . Francisco Huergo

Eastside Side Players of Madison, Wisconsin

The Eastside Players of Madison (WI) East High School participated in the Wisconsin High School Theatre Festival in Fall of 2012 with a production of ***PUSH***, produced and directed by Paul Milisch.

The cast: Scout Slava-Ross, Liam Sunde, Molly Riedemann, Ted Huwe, Joseph Garcia Menocal, Lexie Callen, Zoe Kjos, Anna Mickle, Max Alvarado, Evan Kind, Joe Klafka. Understudies: Anna Cohen, Seth Campbell, Michelle Morency, Cosmos Nikimos, Laura Bessenecker.

The crew: Emma Rankin-Utevsky (Stage Manager), Michelle Morency (Asst. Stage Manager), Laura Bessenecker & Anna Cohen (Run Crew), Cosmos Nikimos (Sound Operator), Seth Campbell (Light Operator).

The production advanced through the festival to the State level, and the production received an All-State Award. Scout Slava-Ross was also awarded an Outstanding Actor Award for her portrayal of Eve.

The Eastside Players dedicated their production to everyone who has ever been hurt, alienated, or generalized by other people's words, and the production involved collaboration with East High's WORDS HURT club as well as the LGBQT support staff of the Madison Metropolitan School District.

Anna Cohen will be performing ***CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE ESPLANADE***, the original monologue which evolved into ***PUSH***, featured in the back of this book, in the upcoming Wisconsin Forensics Festival.

Now in Preparation!

PUSH is currently being adapted for the screen by the Film and Drama Department of the Frank Sinatra School of the Arts, Astoria, New York. With the intention of creating a "tool for tolerance," ***PUSH*** will be a film made *by* students *for* students.

CHARACTERS

EVE
BILLY
MOTHER
FATHER
2 TEENAGE GIRLS
TEENAGE BOY
JAVIER
HOODIED FIGURE

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Bullying, sexual harassment, intimidation, and violence can be an everyday occurrence in a child's life. Whether originating in the school, neighborhood, or even their own home, the consequential dysfunction and depression can be disturbing, sometimes dangerous, even deadly. *PUSH* attempts to engage these unfortunate realities of childhood head on and unvarnished. No doubt it will incite debate. Hopefully, it will also inspire communication, compassion, and connectivity between students and their parents, teachers, and loved ones. I urge you to examine *PUSH* for yourself, then hope you will be compelled to encourage your school, theater, library, place of worship, or community organization to present the play. Whether staged, or as a simple reading, my wish is that *PUSH* will become a useful "tool for tolerance" in ensuring every child's right to live, learn, and love, in a safe environment.

ONE BULLIED CHILD IS ONE TOO MANY!

– George Cameron Grant
2011

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

My deepest appreciation goes out to the following:
Your generosity of time, talent, insight, stubbornness, encouragement and unconditional love, helped bring ***PUSH*** *into the light, and helps keep me out of the dark.*

Richard Abramowitz
Liz Amadio
Father Douglas Arcoleo
Jeff Baltimore / XL Graphics, NYC
Vincent Bandille
Anaridia Burgos
Donna Finn
Van Dirk Fisher
Louise Freymann
Kacy Hopkins
Francisco Huergo
Robert Kamlot
Ted Kolsby
Hank Morris
Abbey Rowe
Wesley Tunison
Father Nestor Watin
Larry Winer

and especially to my daughters

Elizabeth & Jenna

A special note of gratitude must go out to
Miss Emma Charap,
whose courage and trust inspired me to write
CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE ESPLANADE*,*
the original monologue from which ***PUSH*** *evolved.*
Emma magnificently originated the role of Eve on December 14, 2010,
at The Producers Club in NYC.

PUSH

is dedicated to all adolescent and teenage victims
of anger, abuse, bullying, ignorance, and exploitation.

(Scene: A dimly lit Bronx subway station, yellow warning stripe butting the edge of the stage…)

(Time: 5am, Christmas Eve.)

(At rise: **EVE***, a girl of sixteen, sits huddled in a barely lit corner of the station upstage right, sound asleep, hands stuffed into the pockets of the way-too-big, red varsity jacket she wears, the name* **BILLY** *embroidered on it, red wool cap pulled over the hair covering her shoulders. The approaching thunder of an oncoming train is heard, and as it passes, flickering lights illuminate the stirring* **EVE***, while also revealing a* **BLACK-HOODIED FIGURE***, seen only from behind, lowering an object into a red trash can downstage left. As the roar of the train fades and the station returns to shadows,* **EVE** *nuzzles deeper into the corner, just as a clanking of the garbage can is heard. Eyes instantly open,* **EVE** *springs to her feet, hands emerging from the jacket, one holding an opening box cutter, extended and ready for anything, as the* **FIGURE** *withdraws…)*

EVE. Who's there? I know you're hiding behind that pole, so you might as well come out where I can...*(cautiously approaching the trash can)*...I'm warning you, I've got a sharp blade in my hand and I'm not afraid to use it, so if you're thinking of trying anything, you'd better... *(squinting toward the sound of running footsteps)* ...jeez, it's a - hey, come back, I thought you were just another creep trying to - really, you don't have to run away!... *(Closing the box cutter, she pockets it, extending empty hands.)* ...I put it away, see? I'm not going to hurt you, I swear. Look, if you're hungry, I've got half a sandwich here somewhere...*(extending a wrinkled bag she removes from her jacket pocket)*...see, here it is, now come back! Hey!...*(stuffing bag back into the jacket pocket)* ...gone...

(looks up) ...damn it, Billy, are you happy now? You've got me scarin' the hell out of some kid who's probably more frightened than *I* am! I don't mean to yell at you, but everything's such a freakin' mess down here. I'm a mess, Mom and Dad are a mess, it's all turned to crap, and I don't know what to do or who else to turn to, so you're just gonna' have to put up with this, *OK! (She slowly returns to the corner.)* I remember the exact moment you told me. Thanksgiving morning, in front of the TV, right before the parade came on. I knew you'd been holding something back, keeping something from me, but I never would have guessed...

(Lights up on **BILLY***, Eve's brother, sitting on the floor, up center stage, white T-shirt and jeans, pen in hand, a well-worn, opened notebook in his lap, as he turns to her.)*

BILLY. ...I'm in love!

EVE. Oh.

BILLY. Did you hear me, Eve? I said I'm in love.

(She crosses stage and sits beside him.)

EVE. I heard you.

BILLY. And that's all you have to say?

EVE. I'm sorry, Billy - look, that's great - I'm happy for you.

BILLY. It would be nice if you meant it.

EVE. I *do* mean it.

BILLY. But?

EVE. Come on, Billy, you're *always* in love.

BILLY. That's not true.

EVE. Sure it is. You daydream about it, talk about it when you're *not* daydreaming about it - *you were just singing about it in the shower* - I'll bet anything you're working on some kind of love poem in that notebook of yours right now.

(He self-consciously shuts the notebook.)

BILLY. So what's wrong with that?

EVE. Nothing, if you weren't always getting your butt kicked by it.

BILLY. Love's a risk, sis, sometimes you have to push yourself to take a chance.

EVE. I wouldn't know.

BILLY. How could you?

EVE. Why would I want to? All I know about love is Mom and Dad - and you - so forgive me if I'm not exactly in a rush to find out for myself.

BILLY. *That* was kinda' mean.

EVE. But the truth! You're the ones who are supposed to be setting a good example, and so far you're all doing a pretty crummy job.

BILLY. Gee, thanks.

EVE. Come on, Billy, you know the way you are.

BILLY. This is *different*, sis.

EVE. Whatever you say.

BILLY. It is.

EVE. Alright, I believe you.

BILLY. This is serious, Evie, this is for real.

EVE. And all the others were—

BILLY. Me just trying to be somebody else.

(She hugs him.)

EVE. I love that somebody else, I don't ever want to lose him.

BILLY. Don't worry, you won't.

EVE. I hope not.

BILLY. I'm still Billy, only this Billy's finally doing *what* he really wants, with *who* he really wants, not who and what everyone else *thinks* he should really want.

EVE. So who *does* this Billy really want? It's Jessica, right?

BILLY. Jessica?

EVE. Then it's got to be Deborah Spellman, I've seen you two hanging out at the—

BILLY. No!

EVE. No?

BILLY. She's just a friend.

EVE. Annie Hayes?

BILLY. Uh-uh.

EVE. Betsy Callahan.

BILLY. Think you'd better give up.

EVE. Well, do I know who it is or not?

BILLY. No.

EVE. Then who is it? What's her name?

(He turns away.)

Billy?

BILLY. What?

EVE. What's wrong?

BILLY. Nothing.

EVE. Hey, this is *me* you're talking to, big brother, you never have nothing to say about anything, *especially* on the subject of love, so are you going to tell me her name or—

BILLY. Javier.

EVE. Havi-what?

(He turns to her).

BILLY. Javier. That's...*his* name.

(Standing, **EVE** *walks downstage as spot goes out on* **BILLY.***)*

EVE. Yeah, I know, you kept talking after that, but it had to be ten minutes before I could hear what you were saying, because all I could do was keep playing that name over and over in my head. Javier. Javier. *Javier* – thinking maybe it would somehow change to Jessica, Deborah, Juanita, anything but - Billy, I've never been closer to *anyone*, so how come I didn't know this, never sensed or suspected it, not for a second? I mean, it's not like you didn't go out with girls, plenty of girls,

and it's not like any girl you *didn't* go out with wouldn't have killed to go out with you, so how come every time you'd tell me about your dates I never realized there was something off, something wrong? How come it never occurred to me that what was missing in your eyes was what I saw that morning when you said...*the name?* Could it be you never knew it yourself? Maybe you *did* know it, but had to deny your feelings until you found someone you couldn't deny? Or maybe you were just too afraid to say anything because you pretty much knew what everyone's reaction would be.

(A cell phone rings...removing it from the jacket pocket, she stares at the number.)

Well, well, there they are again. They call me *every ten minutes.* Most of the time I don't even answer, but if I do, I rarely make a sound, I only listen.

(Spotlight on Eve's frantic **MOTHER** *downstage right, cell phone in hand, and* **FATHER**, *sheepishly hovering right behind.)*

MOTHER. Evie, are you there? Evie?

FATHER. Please answer your mother, Evie.

*(***MOTHER** *covers the receiver.)*

MOTHER. Anthony, please!

*(***EVE** *silently hisses at the phone.)*

I know you can hear me, Evie.

FATHER. What your mother's trying to say is -

MOTHER. She knows what I'm trying to say, now would you please let me handle this...*(back into phone)*...we want you back, baby, we miss you terribly.

FATHER. Listen to your mother, Evie.

MOTHER. We're so sorry for everything that was said, everything that's happened.

EVE. Little freakin' late for that, isn't it, Mother?

MOTHER. You're there!

EVE. Of course I'm here.

FATHER. She spoke to you?

MOTHER. Why don't you ever answer me?

EVE. I just did.

FATHER. What's she saying?

*(***MOTHER** *covers phone.)*

MOTHER. *(to* **FATHER***)* Shhh!...*(back to phone)*...we've been sick to death with worry.

FATHER. Tell her, Mary.

EVE. Tell me what, Mother?

MOTHER. We want you to come home, baby.

EVE. Oh, that.

FATHER. Can I talk to her, please?

MOTHER. No...*(back to phone)*...we need you, Evie, now more than ever.

EVE. *(in a whisper)* Blah, blah, blah, blah.

MOTHER. What was that?

EVE. Nothing.

FATHER. Please let me speak to her.

(He reaches for the phone, but **MOTHER** *holds it beyond his grasp.)*

(over **MOTHER***'s shoulder)* We just want you home, Evie, *no questions asked!*

EVE. No questions asked?

MOTHER. You heard your father.

EVE. *Hah!*

MOTHER. Evie!

*(***EVE** *snaps the cell phone shut ...blackout on* **PARENTS.***)*

EVE. No questions asked! Big of them, huh? *(She walks to the platform edge.)* Billy, maybe you already know this, maybe you don't, but the story's everywhere - TV, newspapers, radio, all over the freakin' internet. *Teen subway tragedy! Troubled honor student jumps to his death!* Troubled! Can you believe that crap? Everyone thinks they know you, think they know what happened, but

I know the truth, I know what really happened. You didn't jump, not really - you were *pushed!*

(Spotlight on two **TEENAGE GIRLS** *up stage left, both holding stacks of books as they cross.)*

FEMALE TEENAGER #1. Betty said she saw Billy Fortunato with some Spanish guy on City Island. She said they were...*(whispers)*...making out.

FEMALE TEENAGER #2. What? Get the frig outta'—

FEMALE TEENAGER #1. You heard me! Touching each other - kissing -

FEMALE TEENAGER #2. That's bull, I don't believe it.

FEMALE TEENAGER #1. Why would she make that up?

FEMALE TEENAGER #2. Billy Fortunato a freakin' queer?

FEMALE TEENAGER #1. Shhh! Guess who's right behind you.

*(***BILLY***, now wearing the same red varsity jacket and wool cap* **EVE** *wears, notebook in hand, enters light where teenage girls are, passes behind them, then, sensing their stare, turns to face them…they giggle, then turn away just as* **MALE TEENAGER** *enters up stage left, knit cap pulled over his head, faded plaid shirt covering T-shirt and ripped jeans.)*

MALE TEENAGER. Hey faggot!

*(***BILLY** *turns to him.)*

Yeah, that's right, I'm talkin' to you, got a problem with that, fairy?

*(***BILLY** *turns to walk away as girls begin to giggle.)*

Oh, and how's your spic boyfriend, faggot?

(Angrily turning toward him, fists clenched, **BILLY** *begins walking in his direction.)*

Uh-oh, faggot's angry, I'm shakin'.

*(***BILLY** *stops, turns, then begins walking away.)*

Where you runnin', girlie boy, I've got something special here just for you.

(He grabs his crotch as the girls laugh.)

EVE. *Push!*

(Lights out on **BOY** *and* **GIRLS** *as* **BILLY** *walks downstage right,* **EVE** *at his side, as lights come back up on* **FATHER** *and* **MOTHER**, *sitting angled from each other on red chairs, as if gathered around a table…***FATHER** *has a red napkin tucked into his open shirt collar.)*

FATHER. *(rubbing his hands)* Let's eat!

*(***EVE** *steps between* **BILLY** *and their* **PARENTS.***)*

EVE. *(whispering)* Billy, you sure about this?

(Nodding, he brushes **EVE** *to the side.)*

BILLY. Mom, Dad, I've got something very important to tell you.

FATHER. Could it be you're finally pulling your head out of the clouds, out of your ass, and back to getting your old spot on the team?

MOTHER. Anthony!

EVE. Daddy!

FATHER. What'd I say? *What?*

BILLY. That's not important to me.

FATHER. Then I don't give a crap - pass the sweet potatoes.

BILLY. I'm in love.

*(***EVE** *backs away to centerstage.)*

FATHER. That so?

BILLY. Yeah, Pop, it is.

FATHER. Where's the butter?

BILLY. But that's...that's not all of it.

(Lights out on the family, as **EVE** *walks centerstage to the edge.)*

EVE. And then you dropped the bomb.

(Lights back up on a furious **FATHER** *leaping to his feet, chair flying backwards behind him, being held back by an hysterical* **MOTHER** *as he lunges at* **BILLY.***)*

FATHER. Get the hell out of here, and don't even think of coming back! *Now who's got the freakin' butter?*

BILLY. Dad, I need you to listen -

FATHER. Love! You call that love? That's not love, that's an abomination!

MOTHER. Anthony, please, it's *Thanksgiving.*

FATHER. Oh, that's right, how could I forget?... *(looking upward)* ...Thank you, dear Lord, for making my only son a freakin' faggot - guess you misunderstood when I asked for a *ball*player, *stupid me!*

*(***BILLY** *turns to his* **MOTHER.***)*

BILLY. Mom, please say something to him.

*(***MOTHER** *blesses herself.)*

MOTHER. Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

FATHER. *They're* not gonna' help you... *(turning to* **BILLY***)* ...you still here?

BILLY. Why do I have to go anywhere?

*(***FATHER** *goes nose to nose with* **BILLY.***)*

FATHER. Because you're a freak of nature, an embarrassment, only human beings live in this house and you just lost your membership, now get out of my face, and out of my house before I throw you out!

*(***MOTHER** *gets between them.)*

MOTHER. For the love of God, Anthony, please stop it, you're gonna' give yourself a stroke.

FATHER. Who gives a crap, I'm already dead... *(Picking up the chair, he sits.)* ...now where the hell is the dark meat? *You know how much I love dark meat!... (looking up at a stunned* **BILLY***)* ... Did you hear me, faggot, I said get the hell outta' here!

*(***BILLY** *slowly withdraws.)*

And don't even think of coming back 'cause I'm changing all the locks first thing in the morning.

EVE. *Push!*

(lights out on **PARENTS** *as* **BILLY** *runs cross stage left into a spotlight that* **JAVIER**, *a well-dressed Spanish man in his early 20's, suddenly steps into.)*

JAVIER. I'm going home, Billy.

BILLY. What do you mean, home?

JAVIER. Home. *My* home. Back to Pamplona.

BILLY. When? For how long?

JAVIER. Tomorrow. For good.

BILLY. I don't understand.

JAVIER. I talked to my Uncle about a job back home, and he said yes, he can use me, so...I'm going back.

BILLY. But what about us?

*(***JAVIER** *turns away.)*

BILLY. Javier? What about what we have? What we feel? What about... *(He opens notebook, rifling through the pages to one near the end.)* ...what about everything we shared? All the things we shared and said, what *you* said—

JAVIER. I should go.

BILLY. *(pointing to the book)* Here! That afternoon we were in the park when you told me—

JAVIER. I have to go!

BILLY. When you told me that *you loved me.*

JAVIER. This is too much for me, Billy, everything's too crazy, it's - how do you call it - a freaking mess.

BILLY. You wanna' talk about a mess? I can't go home anymore, Javier, how's *that* for a freaking mess?

JAVIER. I don't understand.

BILLY. What don't you understand? I told them.

JAVIER. Told who? Told what?

BILLY. My parents, my sister, I told them – about us.

JAVIER. You *what?*

BILLY. I don't know what I was thinking. I thought they'd understand, maybe even be happy for me.

JAVIER. Why did you do that?

FINISH READING THIS SCRIPT

Visit our website to purchase the full script or to explore other titles.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

To stay up to date on all that we are doing, follow us on social media:

*Titles for licensing are subject to availability depending on your territory.

SF PERUSALS