

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

Edith Can Shoot Things and Hit Them

by A. Rey Pamatmat

A SAMUEL FRENCH ACTING EDITION



SAMUELFRENCH.COM

Copyright © 2012 by A. Rey Pamatmat

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Cover Art Copyright © 2011 by Actors Theatre of Louisville.

Artwork by Matt Dobson

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that *EDITH CAN SHOOT THINGS AND HIT THEM* is subject to a licensing fee. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including professional, amateur, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved. In its present form the play is dedicated to the reading public only.

The amateur and professional live stage performance rights to *EDITH CAN SHOOT THINGS AND HIT THEM* are controlled exclusively by Samuel French, Inc., and licensing arrangements and performance licenses must be secured well in advance of presentation. PLEASE NOTE that amateur licensing fees are set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. When applying for a licensing quotation and a performance license please give us the number of performances intended, dates of production, your seating capacity and admission fee. Licensing fees are payable one week before the opening performance of the play to Samuel French, Inc., at 45 W. 25th Street, New York, NY 10010.

Licensing fee of the required amount must be paid whether the play is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged.

Professional/Stock licensing fees quoted upon application to Samuel French, Inc.

For all other rights than those stipulated above, apply to: Abrams Artists Agency, 275 Seventh Avenue, 26th Floor, New York, NY 10001; attn: Beth Bickers.

Particular emphasis is laid on the question of amateur or professional readings, permission and terms for which must be secured in writing from Samuel French, Inc.

Copying from this book in whole or in part is strictly forbidden by law, and the right of performance is not transferable.

Whenever the play is produced the following notice must appear on all programs, printing and advertising for the play: "Produced by special arrangement with Samuel French, Inc."

Due authorship credit must be given on all programs, printing and advertising for the play.

No one shall commit or authorize any act or omission by which the copyright of, or the right to copyright, this play may be impaired.
No one shall make any changes in this play for the purpose of production.
Publication of this play does not imply availability for performance. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised in their own interests to apply to Samuel French, Inc., for written permission before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre.
No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

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 *EDITH CAN SHOOT THINGS AND HIT THEM* *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.

In addition the following credit *must* be given in all programs and publicity information distributed in association with this piece:

EDITH CAN SHOOT THINGS AND HIT THEM was first developed in the Ma-Yi Writers Lab, read as part of the Public Theatre's 2010 New Work Now series, and was originally presented by Victory Gardens Theater, (Chicago, Illinois) as part of Ignition 2010 (Dennis Zacek, Artistic Director; Jan Kallish, Executive Director).

EDITH CAN SHOOT THINGS AND HIT THEM was first produced in a rolling world premiere by Actors Theatre of Louisville in the 2011 Humana Festival of New American Plays, Actor's Express Theatre Company, Atlanta, GA, New Theatre, Coral Gables, FL, and Mu Performing Arts, Minneapolis, MN as part of the National New Play Network's Continued Life Program.

EDITH CAN SHOOT THINGS AND HIT THEM received its world premiere production by Actors Theatre of Louisville as part of the 2011 Humana Festival of New American Plays. It was directed by May Adrales; the set was by Brian Sidney Bembridge; the costume design was by Connie Furr-Soloman; the lighting design was by Jeff Nellis; the sound design was by Benjamin Marcum; the props design was by Joe Cunningham; the media design was by Philip Allgeier; the fight director was Drew Fracher; dramaturgy was by Michael Bigelow Dixon; and the production stage manager was Kimberly First-Aycock. The cast was as follows:

EDITH Teresa Avia Lim
KENNY Jon Norman Schneider
BENJI Cory Michael Smith

CHARACTERS

(in order of appearance)

EDITH – 12, Filipino-American, a girl, Kenny's sister

KENNY – 16, Filipino-American, a young man, Edith's brother

BENJI – 16, any race, a friend

SETTING

A remote non-working farm outside of a remote town in remotest
Middle America.

TIME

The early 90's.

AUTHOR'S NOTES

Edith Can Shoot Things and Hit Them should be performed by young-looking adult actors, not actual teenagers.

Ed and Eddie are pronounced as the diminutive nicknames of the male name Edward.

The shadows in for Mother can be done with puppets, projections, or something else non-human. Please do not use actual people – NO GROWN UPS!

ACT I

Everyone says so

(In darkness a girl's voice hums "Ein Männlein steht im Walde" from Engelbert Humperdinck's Hänsel Und Gretel.)

(Lights rise on a barn with a rafter that intersects with a cross support firmly rooted in the dirt. There are a couple bales of hay and a haystack at its base.)

(EDITH sits on the rafter, 10-12 feet above the ground. She is 12 and wears a stained T-shirt, ratty shorts, and is barefoot. She holds a giant stuffed frog to which she is too old to be talking, but she does exactly that.)

EDITH. I am very mature for my age. It's true, Fergie, I am. I look twelve, but I'm really much, much older. Everyone says so.

(EDITH looks at the frog as though listening to her, pauses, and then punches her in the face.)

Who cares what you believe? The truth is true. Our kind mature at a different speed than stupid, little human girls. On my planet, I'm a full-grown grown up, and I have my own apartment where I live without my twenty parents. Who needs them?

(pause)

Yeah! Twenty people to build one baby, and they all get together to help the baby grow. Feed her and make her clothes and paint her bedroom a different color every month no matter how expensive it is. There's always someone around, because everyone has twenty parents.

EDITH. (*cont.*) But that was when I was small. Now I'm stuck here, alone on this planet as a test. To see – well, I don't know, but it's a test. **THAT'S** the test: for me to figure out what the test is. And I've got to do it fast, before the evil shape-changing aliens from an enemy planet take over our world!

And Kenny waits to see if I complete the test, which is how he'll know I'm ready to fight in the war. And when I am, I'll sprout wings and fly away! My kind have wings when they grow up.

(*pause*)

Well, I mean, I'm grown up now, but when I grow up more, I'll fly away and return to my planet, shoot those aliens in their faces, save Kenny's life, and rescue my twenty parents, who are really, actually helpless without me. And I'm going to do it all by myself.

And when I do, Kenny will stay home because he'll be so proud of me. For being such a big girl. A big, grown up girl. With wings.

End of Scene

Liar

(Moments later. KENNY enters and looks up to the rafter, where EDITH sits. KENNY is 16, a fairly average guy. The most outstanding thing about KENNY is the masterful degree to which he doesn't stand out. He's dressed to leave home.)

KENNY. You shouldn't be up there.

EDITH. When is he coming home?

KENNY. How should I know?

EDITH. He tells you.

KENNY. Not always.

EDITH. When I look out the barn door from here, I can see past the hay all the way into the orchard.

KENNY. Will you get down?

EDITH. Last time he was here, it was so annoying. I was practicing my song for choir, but he needed to sleep. He yelled at me, and I was all, "This is homework!" So I came out here, because he's a jerk.

KENNY. He didn't mean it. To yell.

EDITH. Yes, he did.

KENNY. Only because he was tired.

EDITH. So I came out here and sang and sang and sang until my head exploded. And it made me want to fly, so that's when I figured out I could get up here.

KENNY. Don't ever go up there when I'm not home.

EDITH. I'm not going to fall.

KENNY. But what if you do? You shouldn't even be up there now.

(EDITH tumbles like she's going to fall, but wraps her legs around the support so she just dangles upside down.)

EDITH!

(EDITH laughs.)

If you fall –

EDITH. I WON'T.

KENNY. Accidents aren't on purpose, that's why they're accidents, and if you have one, it'll take the police or an ambulance an hour or more to get here.

EDITH. Forty-five minutes. They'll do the sirens.

KENNY. Forty-five minutes is still too long if your head is cracked open.

(EDITH makes a siren noise.)

Get down.

EDITH. He was home anyway.

KENNY. Like that matters. He wouldn't have done anything. When you were little – when we were both little, there were termites in this barn.

EDITH. There were?

KENNY. An infestation of termites that ate through everything, and even though the wood looks fine, the barn isn't. It could fall. That rafter could break. You could fall. At any time.

EDITH. When we were little?

KENNY. Yeah. Yes.

EDITH. We didn't live here. When we were little we didn't even live here.

KENNY. They told us when we got the house.

EDITH. You're such a liar.

KENNY. Can you please come down?

EDITH. What do you think happens when you go out?

KENNY. What do you mean?

EDITH. Why won't your friend come here?

KENNY. We already have plans. I'm going to his –

EDITH. Benji's.

KENNY. His mom would freak.

EDITH. Why?

KENNY. No proper supervision here.

EDITH. He's sixteen. You're sixteen.

KENNY. She's over-protective.

EDITH. And we're under protected.

KENNY. I protect you.

EDITH. I can protect you, too –

KENNY. Which is why I want you to get down. Because I'm being over-protective.

EDITH. You just want to leave. And you don't want Benji to come over here, that's why you're leaving. And when you do, I'll just be here by myself and anything could happen.

KENNY. But it won't.

EDITH. You don't know.

KENNY. But I trust you.

EDITH. Make him come over. Stay here. There's nobody here.

KENNY. Ed...

EDITH. Kenny...

KENNY. Next time, I'll. I'll try to figure out something next time, if you climb down now.

EDITH. GET down. You can only climb up.

KENNY. I'll ask Benji. Get down.

(EDITH considers. She gets down.)

EDITH. What's for dinner?

KENNY. Spaghetti?

EDITH. Pizza. The long ones in the oven, not the microwave ones.

KENNY. We don't have any.

EDITH. Take me to the store.

KENNY. Okay, but we're walking.

EDITH. Why?

KENNY. We're almost out of money.

EDITH. He didn't put any in the bank?

KENNY. Don't worry. He will. He just hasn't yet.

EDITH. Drive me to the store, and I'll walk back by myself.
And then you can just go on to Benji's from there. Or
I can go with you.

KENNY. You're not walking at night for half an hour by
yourself. We'll get you pizza and walk home together.
Then I'll go. By myself. And you won't climb up there
while I'm gone.

EDITH. Okay, but the long kind. On bread.

KENNY. Get your shoes on.

EDITH. Maybe you should call him.

KENNY. I left him a message.

EDITH. What if he doesn't call back?

KENNY. He will. And if he doesn't, I'll figure it out. I always
figure it out, right?

EDITH. Mostly.

KENNY. There will be money in the account tomorrow.

EDITH. He'll forget. Just call. Call Dad.

End of Scene

Hunting for Gnomes

(EDITH sits on the couch. The TV is on playing a movie like The Gnome-mobile on VHS. In her lap is 6th grade math homework. Next to her is a partly eaten French bread pizza. Next to that are a remote control, a cordless phone handset, and her stuffed frog.)

(The couch seems huge with her on it all by herself.)

(She watches TV. Does a math problem. Eats some pizza. Again.)

(Time passes. She's completely alone.)

(The phone rings. EDITH pauses the movie and answers.)

EDITH. Hello?

Hey. I'm doing it now.

Invert and multiply.

You flip the numerator and the denominator. INVERT. Dina, this is so basic. This is the review lesson before the actual lesson. This isn't even the 6th grade math part of 6th grade math.

I don't know why it works, it just does. Just do it.

No, I don't want to talk to your mom. Don't. Don't put her –

Hiiiiiii...I'm okay, Mrs. Osheyack.

My Dad's at work.

My brother's in the bathroom.

Pizza.

Okay, we'll eat healthy tomorrow.

I'm going to bed soon.

He's here; he's just in the bathroom. I'm completely safe. I can take care of myself.

Could you put Dina on?

I hate you.

I'll hang up next time. Tell her to worry about you. You're the one who can't remember fractions.

EDITH. (*cont.*) Invert. Multiply. Reduce. Then you're done.

Yeah, I'm going to bed now.

Okay. See you tomorrow.

(**EDITH** *hangs up. She looks around the room, pensively, and then turns to the frog.*)

We're completely safe.

(**EDITH** *re-starts the movie, turns up the volume, looks around again, and then exits.*)

TV.

Oh, we'll hunt for gnomes in the countryside,

Over hill and dale, both far and wide.

And we will not rest till we've found a bride,

A gnome who will stand at Casper's side.

Is that a gnome here? Or that a gnome there?

And when we find her will she care,

That Casper is handsome and true and fair,

So she'll happily be half of our married pair?

(*As the TV plays, there is noise offstage. A door opening, some rummaging, maybe a trunk opening or a step stool unfolding.*)

(**EDITH** *re-enters. In one hand she holds a hand pumped air rifle; in the other, a hunting bow and some arrows.*)

(*She uses the remote to turn off the TV and exits the opposite side of the stage [and the house].*)

End of Scene

Changing

(The next evening. The same couch.)

(**BENJI** stands next to one end, clutching his gigantic book bag. **EDITH** sits on the other end scrambling a Rubik's Cube.)

(**BENJI** will one day go to MIT to become a civil engineer or to RISD to become an architect. Right now, though, he is too thin and too hunched over with hair that's a bit too long, clothes that are too starched, and aviator glasses that are too big for his face. He's 16. A classmate of Kenny's.)

EDITH. Is it a sleepover?

BENJI. Just hanging out.

EDITH. No one's here.

BENJI. Why?

EDITH. No one's ever here but us. You could sleepover, and no one would care.

BENJI. There's school tomorrow.

EDITH. We go to school, too.

BENJI. My mom would worry.

EDITH. Tell her not to. It's safe here. I can shoot things. You're totally safe. I can hit stuff.

BENJI. Why would I...would you do that?

EDITH. Because it's true. We're well-supervised and protected.

(KENNY enters with a stack of comic books.)

KENNY. (to **EDITH**) Do your homework.

(EDITH holds out the Cube.)

EDITH. Do it.

KENNY. I'm not doing your homework.

EDITH. No this.

KENNY. (to **BENJI**) You can sit.

(BENJI does.)

EDITH. Fix it.

KENNY. You mixed it up, you do it.

EDITH. I can't. Fix it.

BENJI. You can? Let me see.

(KENNY hands BENJI the comics and takes the Cube.)

KENNY. I'll do it, and then you'll go in the kitchen and do your homework.

EDITH. Okay, okay.

(KENNY starts solving the Cube.)

He's not really figuring it out. He uses algorithms. Do you know what that is?

BENJI. That is – they are set series of steps.

EDITH. Right. So if the cube looks one way, he does these steps. If it looks a different way, he does different steps. He doesn't know why he twists one side or the other. He just knows what will happen in the end once he completes the steps.

BENJI. That's still figuring it out.

EDITH. It's like, "If this, then that. If this, then that." Over and over till it's done. Like a computer following a program. He's like a robot. He doesn't even need to think sometimes. He just knows what to do and does it. Barely thinking. Just doing.

BENJI. How did you learn?

KENNY. I got this book and one weekend I just learned how.

EDITH. We didn't have gas, and there was no money left in the bank, so we were trying not to go anywhere.

(KENNY has finished the first two layers by now.)

BENJI. Wait. Is it done?

KENNY. Almost.

(KENNY finishes the last layer as BENJI watches, fascinated.)

There.

BENJI. Wow.

EDITH. Again! One more time.

KENNY. I'm not your monkey. Do your homework.

(EDITH huffs and goes off.)

BENJI. That's so rad.

KENNY. You could learn, too. She's right: I'm not thinking, just doing.

(holds up a comic)

This is it. Issue 20.

BENJI. Does it hint or does it show it?

KENNY. Actual, full on, lesbian kissing. There are these girls – Kathy and Lenny – and they're traveling across America with this alien guy, Shade. And Kathy's in love with Shade but also feels like she doesn't get him, because, you know –

BENJI. He's an alien.

KENNY. So she ends up hooking up with Lenny. Total girl on girl.

BENJI. You said kissing.

KENNY. Well, they show kissing, but they definitely do more. I mean, there's even an issue where Shade changes into a blanket.

BENJI. What do you mean?

KENNY. That's his power. He changes into things or people. So he changes into a blanket and Kathy and Lenny don't know, and they do it on top of him.

BENJI. Girl on girl.

KENNY. Yeah.

BENJI. Lesbian stuff?

KENNY. Yeah.

BENJI. Wow, that's so –

KENNY. YEAH. And there's one where –

(EDITH comes in carrying her homework.)

Kitchen.

EDITH. It's boring in there. I'm doing my homework. I'm just doing it here.

KENNY. *(to BENJI)* Let's go to my room.

EDITH. NO. Stay here.

KENNY. We're having a private conversation.

(to BENJI)

Or we could go to the barn.

EDITH. No. You're here, so stay here. I'll go to the kitchen. Just don't leave the house.

KENNY. Okay. We'll be there soon to make dinner.

(EDITH gets up and goes back into the kitchen.)

BENJI. You can cook?

KENNY. Yeah. Okay, so there's this other issue where Shade changes into a woman. His power is out of control. And while he's a she, he has sex with this gardener.

BENJI. Who's a guy, I assume?

KENNY. Yup.

BENJI. So, it's like, gay.

KENNY. Not really, because Shade's a woman. But mentally he's a man, and he talks about how it feels having someone inside him instead of being inside someone else.

BENJI. Your dad let's you read this?

KENNY. He doesn't know.

BENJI. Can I read them?

KENNY. Yeah. Take them. I've read all of them.

BENJI. No. Can I read them here? My mom will freak if she sees them. She goes through my stuff, and if she misses stuff, my brother tells her.

KENNY. What a tool.

BENJI. That's what older brothers are like.

KENNY. I'm not.

BENJI. Not in general. But you are to Ed. A little.

KENNY. You said you brought something?

BENJI. I'll show you later. In the barn.

KENNY. No one's here.

BENJI. Ed.

KENNY. Ed doesn't care.

BENJI. I do.

KENNY. We can just go in my bedroom. She's not allowed in there. She knows I'd kill her if –

(BENJI kisses KENNY. It's sudden but seductive.)

BENJI. I'd rather go out back to the barn. Okay?

(BENJI kisses him again.)

KENNY. Okay.

End of Scene

Interruption

(A rotary phone. It rings.)

(KENNY goes to it. BENJI reads comics.)

(KENNY pauses, readies himself, and then answers.)

KENNY. Hello?

We're fine. We're about to make dinner. You know how Ed likes that Hamburger Helper with the macaroni and cheese? I figured there must be a way to do it with real cheese and –

Oh, sorry. You tired?

We will.

Wait. Did you put money in the bank last week? It didn't go through if you did.

Mostly gas, so we need food.

(EDITH pokes her head in the room and watches KENNY on the phone, intently.)

(in phone)

Well, I have to pick Ed up from extra-curricular stuff. Choir. And there's driving her to practice and voice lessons.

You got two months, after that I used the money in the bank. And we need food.

I will, but you missed a week.

Yes, you did, and we need food.

What should I do? Send her to Mrs. Osheyack's for the weekend again?

(Yelling comes from the phone. KENNY takes it from his ear and holds it against his chest to quiet the yelling.)

EDITH. What are you doing?

KENNY. Shhh. Wait one sec.

(KENNY puts the phone to his ear again.)

Sorry. I won't...sorry for my tone.

KENNY. (*cont.*) I'll budget better this week. I will. But we still need something.

Okay. How much?

(**KENNY** gives a thumbs up. **EDITH** is relieved.)

Okay. Ed's here, so –

Oh. All right. I'll tell her. Thanks.

Bye.

(**KENNY** hangs up.)

He's busy.

EDITH. Is he at work?

KENNY. No, Chloë's. But he has to rest so he can –

EDITH. I don't care. He paid for six months. Of voice lessons.

KENNY. He doesn't remember. He doesn't really know how much each month cost.

EDITH. Because you got them, right? You told him what to get me for Christmas, and you got them, right?

KENNY. Yeah. Anyway, now he'll put extra money in the bank, and we'll save it in case he forgets again.

EDITH. And now you don't have to tell him you used up gas driving to Benji's every night.

KENNY. We need the money.

EDITH. And now he's here, and you'll have to use more gas driving him home.

KENNY. You wanted me to bring him over, and I did.

EDITH. I know. I don't care.

BENJI. Um...Kenny?

(**KENNY** realizes **BENJI** has overheard their conversation.)

KENNY. Let's start dinner.

BENJI. Should I do something?

EDITH. Can you cook?

BENJI. No. I can...set the table.

EDITH. Table? We eat in the living room with the TV.

BENJI. Only barbarians watch TV while they eat.

EDITH. What?

BENJI. That's what my mom says.

EDITH. Barbarians don't even have TV. Where'd you find this guy?

KENNY. We're the only sophomores in Pre-Calc. Go in the kitchen and do your homework.

(to BENJI)

Could you put those comics in my room?

(EDITH and BENJI go.)

(KENNY looks at the phone. He hates it. He picks up the receiver, pauses, then puts it back down off the cradle.)

(He disconnects the phone from the wall.)

End of Scene

Science

(KENNY and BENJI in the barn, sitting in the hay.

BENJI pulls a dictionary out of his bookbag.)

KENNY. That's what you brought?

BENJI. Yes.

KENNY. I have a dictionary. You didn't have to carry that in your bag all day.

BENJI. But I marked pages.

(BENJI shows him strips of paper that he's inserted between pages.)

Pages with key words. Because they exist. Words...for what we do. Are doing.

KENNY. Doing when?

BENJI. You know when.

KENNY. But I want you to say it.

BENJI. Words like, fellatio.

KENNY. "Fellatio?"

(BENJI turns to the page in the dictionary.)

BENJI. (reading) "Fellatio. Noun. Oral stimulation of the penis."

KENNY. I already have a word for that. BJ. Blowjob. A word and an abbreviation.

BENJI. I know what a BJ is, thank you.

KENNY. Exactly. So why do we need a dictionary?

BENJI. Why do we need a comic book with lesbian kissing in it?

KENNY. Because it means that this stuff happens. People kiss people. Not just boys kissing girls or girls kissing boys. People just kiss people. And give them BJs.

BENJI. That's what I mean. There are words for it. And not just crass words or the words they use at my mother's church. These words... "fellatio" is scientific. It's not – there's no. It's not condemning people who do it, and it's not glorifying them either. No bias. There's a scientific word for it, because it is a scientific fact that it happens. And since it happens it needs to be named. And so it is.

(**KENNY** *kisses* **BENJI.**)

KENNY. What's the word for that?

BENJI. That's just a kiss.

KENNY. Just?

BENJI. How come we go to my house?

KENNY. I...don't know.

BENJI. Is your dad ever home?

KENNY. Not really.

BENJI. Where is he?

KENNY. Work. Or his girlfriend's. Chloë.

BENJI. So...

KENNY. It's embarrassing. He's never here.

BENJI. That's a good thing. I mean, no interruptions.

KENNY. Most of the time. But then he'll just suddenly show up. We'll come home from school and there he'll be, or he'll get off a late shift at the hospital and just show up here in the middle of the night.

BENJI. But most of the time –

KENNY. Sometimes I just. I want to leave here. That's all.

BENJI. Have you ever run out of money?

KENNY. A couple times. I just send Edith to Dina Osheyack's, and then all I have to do is fend for myself.

BENJI. How come your dad's never here?

KENNY. Look: can I fellatio you now?

BENJI. It's not a verb.

KENNY. So can I give you a fellatio now?

BENJI. It's an act, not an object. Were you even listening to me?

KENNY. Yes.

BENJI. You're making fun of me.

KENNY. Not really. A little.

BENJI. You will not be getting any fellatio today.

KENNY. Oh, really?

(KENNY starts to rub BENJI through his pants. BENJI tries to stare at him, stonily, but is failing.)

BENJI. There are...words. Other words.

KENNY. Like what?

BENJI. Homosexual. That's a scientific word. Not faggot – like burn the faggots. Or gay – like we're carefree and happy and gay. "Adjective. Of, relating to, or having a sexual orientation to persons of the same sex." No judgement. Just a fact. Homo-homosexual.

(KENNY keeps rubbing, leaning in closer.)

KENNY. Mm-hmm.

BENJI. And mutual masturbation. Frottage.

KENNY. What else?

BENJI. A...uh. There's, uh...

KENNY. What?

BENJI. Anal. Anal intercourse.

(KENNY stops.)

KENNY. Oh.

BENJI. Um, you know what that – ?

KENNY. Of course, I do. It's fucking, but...I mean, yeah. It's fucking butt.

BENJI. Right.

KENNY. Have you ever?

BENJI. No. I've never anything. Except.

KENNY. Fellatio.

BENJI. Blowjobs. Yeah. Have you?

KENNY. No. How could I have...?

BENJI. I don't know. I was just asking.

(They sit quietly not knowing what to do with themselves.)

KENNY. (*indicating the dictionary*) Is there. Is it in there? Anal intercourse.

BENJI. No. But I found a medical book.

(**BENJI** takes out a scrap of paper that he scribbled on.)

(*reading*) "Anal intercourse: the sex act involving insertion of the penis into the anus."

KENNY. That sounds. I mean.

BENJI. What?

KENNY. Pretty easy.

BENJI. Yeah. It also...it sounds. Very scientific. We could. Be like scientists.

KENNY. What do you mean?

BENJI. I did research, and we could be like scientists. We could do an experiment.

(**BENJI** pulls a bottle of lotion out of his bag.)

KENNY. Oh, an experiment...?

(**BENJI** kisses **KENNY**.)

BENJI. Only if you want to. You don't want to?

KENNY. I don't...know if I want to.

BENJI. Oh.

KENNY. But I want...

(**KENNY** kisses **BENJI**. He takes off **BENJI**'s glasses and takes **BENJI**'s head in his hands, staring into his eyes.)

(20 seconds.)

Okay.

BENJI. Are you sure?

KENNY. Yeah. Okay.

(*They start to make out.*)

BENJI. (*backing away*) If you were running out of money, why did you use up gas to come get me?

(**KENNY** reaches for **BENJI** and kisses him again.)

End of Scene

Keeping Watch

(Outside the barn.)

(EDITH drags a metal bucket onstage. In her other hand her air rifle and bow. Under her arm is her giant stuffed frog. She flips the bucket upside down and sits.)

EDITH. I don't know what's better, Fergie. Back to back? If we sit right up against the barn, we can sit next to each other and still have a good view of the surrounding area.

(EDITH pulls the bucket further upstage and then sits on it facing slightly to the left. She positions Fergie next to her facing slightly to the right.)

This is a very important mission, okay? Keep the intruder inside the barn, by any means necessary. Kill, don't capture, capice?

It won't be hard. Did you see that guy? He's the kind of guy who's allergic to something stupid like peanuts or corn or air or something. He would lose a fight with a mosquito. But that's no excuse to be lazy. He could be a shape-changer – part of the test to see if I'm ready for war! And even if he's not, we've got to be sure he doesn't make trouble. You know what happens when outsiders come here, right?

It's a good thing we're so good at this, Fergie. Because Kenny really isn't. He gets in a tough spot and he won't blast his way through, guns blazing. He doesn't even get himself into tough spots. He just walks around them. But to execute this mission – our mission – you have to stand up and face things and say:

(EDITH bolts upright and points the rifle at someone.)

"Hey! Who goes there?"

(EDITH's eagle eyes pierce through the night. After a moment, she relaxes and lowers the gun.)

False alarm. Thanks for backing me up, though. Hey, watch this. See the hay bale?

(EDITH pumps the rifle and shoots. Sound of a pellet getting swallowed up by straw.)

EDITH. *(cont.)* Pretty good, right? Okay, okay. Watch this. See the trash can?

(EDITH pumps. Shoots. Sound of a pellet hitting plastic.)

One more, one more. That leaf.

(Pumps. Shoots. No sound.)

Okay, well. I'm still good, though. I just need more practice.

Anyway, I don't know what Benji's deal is. So till we figure it out we have to keep a close eye on him. This is a very, very important mission, Fergie. Very important.

(EDITH keeps watch.)

(10 seconds.)

(Lights change, indicating the passage of time.)

(EDITH has fallen asleep on the ground in front of the bucket. She hugs Fergie to her.)

(KENNY and BENJI enter, holding hands, and see EDITH. KENNY nods to BENJI who exits. KENNY wakes her.)

KENNY. Hey. Ed. Eddie.

EDITH. *(sitting up quickly)* The mission!

KENNY. Edith.

(EDITH sees KENNY.)

Go in the house. I'm going to drive Benji home.

EDITH. I'll come with you. I have to keep an eye on him.

KENNY. He'll get home safe, I promise. Go to bed.

(KENNY starts to walk off.)

EDITH. I'm tired of being here by myself. You get to leave, but I'm stuck here.

(a beat)

KENNY. Bring a pillow. Lay down in the back seat and go right to sleep, okay? You can't be falling asleep in school tomorrow. You need to be well rested, okay?

EDITH. I'll use Fergie as a pillow.

KENNY. Okay.

(EDITH tries groggily to stand. After a moment, KENNY picks her up. EDITH wraps her arms around KENNY's neck as he carries her to the car.)

End of Scene

Cleaning the House

(The living room. BENJI sits on the floor in front of the couch doing Pre-Calc homework. KENNY's book is next to him, but KENNY is not there.)

(EDITH, however, is. She watches him, her arms hiding something behind her back. After a few seconds, BENJI feels her eyes on him. He looks up at her.)

EDITH. You again.

BENJI. ...Hi.

EDITH. Mm-hmm. You're always here.

BENJI. Studying.

EDITH. Why do you have to study so much?

BENJI. It's an accelerated class. We cover Algebra II and Trig in one class instead of two.

EDITH. It's still a lot of studying. You stupid?

BENJI. Is your brother stupid?

EDITH. No. He's almost as smart as me.

BENJI. Well, we're in the same class, so I guess I must be almost as smart as you, too. That's why we're study buddies.

EDITH. Is that all you are?

BENJI. I...I don't...what do you mean?

EDITH. He's never needed a study buddy before.

(EDITH takes her arms from behind her back. She holds her bow in them, trained on BENJI, who freezes.)

BENJI. What's that for?

EDITH. Nothing. Do you know Mrs. Osheyack?

BENJI. Mrs...what?

EDITH. Or Dina Osheyack? Her brother goes to your school.

BENJI. Tom Osheyack? He stuffed me in a locker when I was a freshman, because I wouldn't trade it for his. I hate that guy.

EDITH. Tommy did? Oh...so you aren't friends?

BENJI. Definitely not. Is that okay?

EDITH. I'm friends with Dina, and one time her mom drives me home from choir. And Dina's mom has to pee so bad, she comes in the house. I don't want her to, but she does.

And the house is a mess. She asks, "Is anyone here?" Dad is at work. Kenny is still at yearbook. She gets all weird about it. I show her how when I'm home I microwave food for dinner. Or, if I know Kenny is coming home fast, how I start the rice cooker. But it makes her even more upset, so she plants herself in the living room and waits till Kenny gets home. She even cleans the living room a little bit.

And then she keeps calling, for weeks after that, asking for my dad. And, finally, they talk. And then he yells at Kenny for not keeping the house clean, and then he yells at me for letting someone inside.

BENJI. Your dad sounds – that sucks.

EDITH. So Kenny doesn't really let anyone in the house anymore. And he cleans a lot.

BENJI. It is, yeah, really clean.

EDITH. But he let you in.

BENJI. Oh.

EDITH. Did Mrs. Osheyack hire you to spy on us?

BENJI. No!

EDITH. She's always in our business now.

BENJI. I don't even know her.

EDITH. Maybe Tommy paid you to trick Kenny, so you could –

BENJI. Tommy – Tom wouldn't be caught dead talking to me.

EDITH. Then why are you here?

BENJI. Because Kenny falls asleep in class.

EDITH. No, he doesn't.

BENJI. Yeah. Kenny missed the assignment one day and asked me what pages we were supposed to do for homework. Because he was sleeping.

EDITH. Doesn't he get in trouble?

BENJI. He did once. But he said to Mr. Eaton, "When I stop getting straight A's in Pre-Calc, then you can tell me to stop sleeping. But right now, my method is working fine."

EDITH. WHAT?

BENJI. I know. I was amazed. Your brother doesn't like adults that much.

EDITH. I don't, either.

BENJI. So anyway, we kept talking to each other when we didn't get stuff, and then we'd sit together, and then we were friends.

EDITH. You're hiding something. He talks about you all the time.

BENJI. No, I'm...oh. He does? Good stuff?

EDITH. Yeah. Ever since Mrs. Osheyack, Kenny says no one can know dad's not here, because they'll split us up. But here you are and you know. It's like you cast an evil spell on him. Or tricked him.

BENJI. Well, I didn't. I just...I'm studying. I wouldn't do anything to...get Kenny in trouble. Or you. Trust me. It's the last thing I'd ever want.

(10 seconds.)

(EDITH lowers her bow.)

EDITH. Okay.

BENJI. Okay?

EDITH. Yeah. I believe you.

BENJI. Good.

EDITH. Does Kenny talk about me?

BENJI. Yeah.

EDITH. All the time?

BENJI. He said you could sing really well. And he said you like ice cream. Butter pecan.

EDITH. And French Vanilla. But not regular vanilla. I don't know why.

(KENNY enters with some snacks.)

KENNY. Dad just called. He wants to know if you learned your music for tomorrow.

EDITH. Liar.

KENNY. Okay, I want to know.

EDITH. Yup. I did.

KENNY. So sing.

(a beat)

(EDITH considers making something up and then relents.)

Go learn your music.

(EDITH sighs and exits.)

Didn't mean to make you baby-sit.

BENJI. No, it's cool. Edith's all right.

KENNY. Oh. Okay.

BENJI. Don't worry. I still like you more. I talk about you all the time.

KENNY. Shut up. I don't care.

(KENNY picks up his book and starts studying, as BENJI watches him, smiling. BENJI resumes studying, too.)

End of Scene

Showdown

(KENNY wears an open button down. EDITH wears her usual stained, ratty clothes. The rotary phone is between them.)

(KENNY puts his hands on his hips.)

KENNY. You cannot wear that outside this house.

EDITH. I can do whatever. I. Want.

KENNY. Change. Your. Clothes.

EDITH. Make me.

KENNY. You really want that? Because I will force a dress on you.

EDITH. I'll tear it off.

KENNY. I'll glue it on you.

EDITH. You can't do that!

KENNY. I have this special glue that will keep a dress stuck on you for a week, and if you try to take it off, it will rip off your skin. So either put one on for a couple of hours, or plan on having one stuck to you for days.

EDITH. You're all talk.

(KENNY jumps at EDITH and chases her around the living room, but she's far too fast.)

I'll call the police! I'll tell them you touched me in an area covered by a bathing suit!

KENNY. Do it and you'll starve.

EDITH. I'll make pizza. I can walk to the store. I have the other ATM card.

KENNY. Ed, get dressed right now.

EDITH. I don't have to do anything you say. You're not Dad!

KENNY. And it's a good thing, because Dad wouldn't take you to your recital or talk to you at all and you'd just be stuck here by yourself, all the time.

(EDITH is fuming – she's about to explode. KENNY backs off. He starts to button his shirt, tuck it in, and so on.)

KENNY. (*cont.*) You have to look nice for your recital. There will be pictures. You have your own solo. I'm trying to look nice. See? For you.

EDITH. You need me, too. Don't forget.

KENNY. I know.

EDITH. Without me, he'd leave you here all alone, too.
Benji can't replace me.

KENNY. I don't want Benji to replace you.

EDITH. I'm wearing pants. The nice black ones, but pants.
No dress.

KENNY. Okay. And brush your hair.

EDITH. I'll put it in a pony tail.

KENNY. Good.

(*a beat*)

EDITH. Does he even know about my recital?

KENNY. I'm sure he has a good reason for not coming.

EDITH. Like what?

KENNY. It isn't easy for him to get time off work.

EDITH. Max's dad came to Parent-Teacher conferences,
and he's a doctor, too. Dad has to get time off. It's the
law. He took time off before mom.

KENNY. Get changed.

EDITH. He doesn't deserve your loyalty.

KENNY. He's our father.

EDITH. Don't remind me. Remind him that we're his kids.

KENNY. He hasn't forgotten.

EDITH. DON'T DEFEND HIM.

KENNY. We're going to be late for your recital. We'll talk
later.

EDITH. I'll be the only one without a parent there.

KENNY. Mom will be there. She's always there.

EDITH. She doesn't count, because she's not really there,
is she?

KENNY. Yeah, she is, Eddie. How do you think we've made it this long? Mom's here. And when you sing your solo, she'll be so proud of you.

(EDITH can't argue with that. She almost goes, but then...)

EDITH. Can Benji come?

KENNY. You want...why do you...?

EDITH. Everyone will have a mom and a dad. So I'll have a you and a Benji. It'll be more fun.

KENNY. It'll be fun whether he goes or not. But...I'll ask him. If you want me to. If you want him to come. Do you want him to come?

EDITH. Whatever.

(EDITH goes, at last.)

(KENNY looks at the phone. He's nervous. He plugs the phone back into the wall and dials. As the rotary dial click-click-clicks, BENJI enters.)

(The electronic ring of a phone. BENJI takes out a cordless and answers.)

BENJI. I know it's you.

KENNY. Do you just say that every time you answer the phone?

BENJI. No, I know. The phone rings differently.

KENNY. Do birds suddenly appear?

BENJI. No. Stars light up in the sky.

KENNY. What are you doing tonight?

BENJI. An essay. Position paper.

KENNY. What position?

BENJI. Missionary. Con.

KENNY. Con?

BENJI. Pro doggy-style.

KENNY. It's all you ever think about, isn't it?

BENJI. And getting into a good school.

Hey, did you know that “boondocks” comes from a Filipino word?

KENNY. Okay...

BENJI. Like when you say someone lives in the boondocks. In the sticks. It’s because bundok is the Filipino word for mountain and the mountains are in the middle of nowhere. American soldiers brought the word over.

KENNY. How do you – why do you know this?

BENJI. I was just reading some stuff. I thought it was cool. You’re Filipino, and you live in the boondocks. And...

KENNY. Uh-huh.

BENJI. So...uh, what are you doing tonight?

KENNY. Ed has a thing. A recital. She wants to know if you want to go.

BENJI. She wants to know?

KENNY. Yeah. She said, “Is Benji going?”

BENJI. That’s weird.

KENNY. Not really. Ed’s weird.

BENJI. I know but...wait. Are you asking me out?

KENNY. WHAT? No, I’m not...Ed asked me if –

BENJI. Do you not want to ask me out?

KENNY. No, I just. It sounds weird: “Asking out.”

BENJI. It’s not any weirder than what we did under the bleachers yesterday.

KENNY. Come to the recital with us tonight.

BENJI. Us?

KENNY. Me.

BENJI. On a date.

KENNY. I...I guess. Really? A “date.” Like, two guys on a date?

BENJI. All right. If it’s too weird to take me to your sister’s recital on a date, then I guess it’s too weird for me to give you a handjob under the bleachers tomorrow.

(KENNY pauses.)

KENNY. You're like a prostitute.

BENJI. Shut up.

KENNY. You're a hooker.

BENJI. Bye.

KENNY. No, no, no, no. Wait. Okay.

BENJI. Date or handjob?

KENNY. Well, both. I mean, clearly I don't get one without the other. So I'm asking you on a date, to go with me to my sister's recital.

BENJI. Okay. I'd like that. To go on a date. But that doesn't mean I have to give you a handjob in exchange. If I do, it's because I want to. Not because I'm a hooker.

KENNY. Okay, whore. Whatever you need to tell yourself.

BENJI. Jerk.

KENNY. Bye, whore. I'll pick you up in twenty minutes, whore.

(KENNY hangs up the phone. BENJI disappears.)

(EDITH enters, half-dressed.)

EDITH. Did you ask him out?

KENNY. Did I...? Yes. We have to pick him up.

EDITH. Good. It's a date.

(EDITH grins at him.)

End of Scene

Space Is Infinite

(The front seat of a car, late at night. KENNY drives BENJI home from EDITH's recital.)

BENJI. Space is infinitely divisible. Say, for example, you have Point A and Point B, and they're ten centimeters apart, and you're going to bring them together by halves.

KENNY. Okay.

BENJI. So do it.

KENNY. So...five centimeters, two-point-five centimeters – or, I guess, twenty-five millimeters. One hundred twenty-five micrometers. Sixty-two-point-five micrometers?

BENJI. Or six hundred twenty-five nanometers.

KENNY. And on and on.

BENJI. Exactly: and on and on. Forever. When will you get to an order of magnitude, a unit of distance, of space that cannot be split?

KENNY. Theoretically, never.

BENJI. Because space is not particulate. There is no elementary particle for space. The distance by halves will never be completely traversed. A and B in theory will never come together, because space is infinite. Theoretically, moving by halves – by any fraction – nothing can touch. They can only connect if they go all the way. Isn't that mind-blowing? That's so cool. See? If you stayed awake in class, you'd know this stuff.

KENNY. Oh, my god. You're ridiculous.

BENJI. It is cool, though.

(KENNY pats BENJI's thigh.)

KENNY. Okay, okay.

(KENNY leaves his hand where it is, and BENJI – let's face it – is 16 and in love for the first time, so...insta-boner.)

BENJI. What are...what are you doing?

KENNY. You're such a nerd.

BENJI. No, I'm not.

KENNY. You've tried to seduce me with dictionary definitions, research about the Philippines, and theoretical calculus.

BENJI. Successfully, by the way.

KENNY. I'm not complaining. But don't kid yourself. You're in Band. You play clarinet.

(BENJI lightly punches KENNY's shoulder.)

Ow!

BENJI. I'm not a nerd.

KENNY. You hit me.

BENJI. Oh, sorry. Just testing the theory.

KENNY. Your theory is stupid.

(KENNY reaches for BENJI, who tries to get away but is, of course, trapped by the car. KENNY pulls BENJI's head onto his shoulder and kisses it. He leaves his hand in BENJI's hair, stroking it gently. BENJI stops struggling.)

You feel that?

BENJI. You didn't traverse the distance by halves. You went all the way.

KENNY. Is that okay?

BENJI. Yeah.

(BENJI closes his eyes. They drive in silence.)

KENNY. Huh.

BENJI. What?

KENNY. I told Edith that Mom would be watching her recital, and, in a way, I guess she really was there. Because if the distance between A and B and me and you and everything and everything else is infinitely divisible, then really my mom's only as far from me as you are now. Infinity.

BENJI. What happened to your mom?

KENNY. She left.

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.