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Building Blocks**

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# BUILDING BLOCKS

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT BY  
*Jeffrey Harr*



*Building Blocks*

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## **Cast of Characters**

2W+2M

**BOY, in a Cleveland Browns jersey**

**GIRL**

**FATHER**

**MOTHER**

The professional football teams can be substituted for with any local team and its greatest rival.



*Lights up on BOY, building something out of blocks.*

BOY: *(to audience, although not making eye contact, in a little kid voice)* My name is Billy Joe Turner, and sumday I'ma gonna be a complexion worker like my daddy. He's busy all day bidding buildings for people so's they have a place to live. I'ma gonna get a yellow hat like him and a hammer and a buncha skinny broads so's I can nail 'em together and make a condor with fifty units that I can charge five gazillion dollars for so Mom can sit at home and eat pom-poms all day and watch her gee-dang soaps. *(he looks up, finally)* Well, that's what my daddy says, anyway.

*BOY goes back to his blocks.*

*GIRL walks in and sees BOY. She addresses the audience. He doesn't hear her—and every subsequent time either kid addresses the audience the other kid doesn't hear.*

GIRL: Great. Another boy with his stupid blocks. Prob'ly wants to be a contraction worker like his dad. Or a perversional football player. Like that dream's comin' true. Get real. Boys are s'pose to be so good at math but can't fig'r out what a snowball's chance in H-E-double-hockey-sticks is. Where are all the boys who wanna be doctors and Whale Street power brokers? Seriously. All the good men are either already taken or homo-sectional. *(pause)* Well, that's what my mommy says, anyway.

*GIRL walks up to BOY*

GIRL: *(to BOY)* Wh-aaaa-tcha dooooooin'?

BOY: *(pays no attention to her whatsoever)* Buildin'.

GIRL: Wh-aaaa-tcha buillllldin'?

BOY: I dunno. Just sumpin' to knock down when it's done.

GIRL: Why'd you wanna do that?

BOY: It's fun.

GIRL: What's the pointa buildin' it if you're gonna knock it down when you're done?

BOY: You don't know nothin' 'bout buildin', then, 'cause knockin' it down's the best part. Duhhhh.

GIRL: *(thinks about it for a second)* Well, is it 'kay if I help build it with you?

BOY: (*looks at GIRL like she's lost her mind, then turns to the audience; while he speaks, she freezes until he addresses her again*) There'r a gazillion-jillion things girls stink at. Like throwin' a baseball, and runnin' for vice pepsodent, and beatin' people up. Sure can't build nothin'. Ev'rybody knows, girls were put on this Earth for one thing and one thing only: to spend a man's money. (*pause*) Well, that's what my daddy says, anyway. (*turns to GIRL*) I guess you can. It's still a free country, but try not to mess nothin' up, okay?

*GIRL sits down next to him and grabs a few blocks, adding to his building.*

GIRL: Girls can build stuff too, ya know.

BOY: Yeah, right. Like what?

GIRL: (*thinks about it*) Well... whatever boys can.

BOY: Since when?

GIRL: Since the women's bib movement. Ev'rbody knows that. You would, too, but you're a boy.

BOY: What's that s'pose to mean?

GIRL: Means you're stupid. (*BOY freezes as GIRL addresses the audience*) There'r a trillion-kajillion things boys are stupid about. Like shoppin' for shoes, askin' for directions, and 'memberin' to put the toilet seat down. S'not that hard to 'member, unless you're stupid. Men were put on this Earth for one reason and one reason only: to make women crazy. (*pause*) Well, that's what my mommy says, anyway.

BOY: I'm not stupid.

GIRL: You're right. You can't be. You're not a man.

BOY: I am so a man! Check out these guns, woman!

*BOY pulls his jersey sleeve back to reveal his bicep.*

GIRL: I am not touching your arm.

BOY: You're just chicken.

GIRL: Am not! I just don't wanna touch your cootie arm, that's all.

BOY: I don't have cooties!

GIRL: Yes, you do.

BOY: No, I don't.

GIRL: Yes, you do.

BOY: No, I don't.

GIRL: Prove it.

BOY: You prove it.

GIRL: No, you prove it.

BOY: No, you prove it.

GIRL: This is stupid. You just don't wanna let me play with your blocks. If you don't wanna share just say so, you big baby. *(to audience)* Boys are big babies. They're always cryin' about everything. Oh, I hit my thumb with the hammer—boo hoo. Oh, I sawed my finger off with the suckuler saw—boo hoo. Oh, I hurt my butt when my stupid friends gave me an atomic wedgie—boo hoo. Try squeezing a kid outta your angina; we'll see who's cryin' then. *(pause)* Well, that's what my mommy says, anyway.

BOY: Okay. I don't wanna share. They're my blocks. So, go away.

GIRL: *(looking shocked, and suddenly, very sad)* Why do you have to be so... mean?

BOY: *(to audience)* Aw, here we go. Wanna make a woman cry? Be honest. How's my hair look? Um, I think it's ugly. Waaahhhh! Does this skirt make me look fat? Um, yeah. Waaahhhh! Are you mad at me? Um, yeah, I am. Waaahhhh! They don't want us to lie, but when we tell the truth they cry. What's up with that? Ask me no questions, and I'll sell you no fries, woman. *(pause)* Well, that's what my daddy says, anyway.

*GIRL starts crying.*

*BOY puts his hands out in front of him as if to say, to the audience, "Told you so."*

*As she rails on, ridiculously loudly and pathetically, he rolls his eyes, bites his lip, and gives in.*

BOY: *(gets up, goes to her)* Hey. I'm sorry. I get kinda weird about my blocks. I don't know why, but I have a problem with sharing. My daddy says I need to be less shellfish. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings.

GIRL: *(softens a bit)* I'm sorry too. I didn't mean to go on like that. My mommy says I can be oversenseintensive.

BOY: It's okay. I guess you can help me build if you want.



GIRL: Really?

BOY: Sure.

GIRL: (*very pleased*) Thanks.

*They sit down and start making things out of the blocks. After some quiet building time has passed, GIRL looks at BOY, who's obliviously building as if she's not even there.*

GIRL: So, whatcha' buildin'?

BOY: It's a football stadium where the Browns are gonna kill the Steelers.

*GIRL starts laughing hysterically.*

BOY: What's so funny?

GIRL: The Browns are gonna kill the Steelers, huh? Like that's ever gonna happen.

BOY: (*indignant*) What do you know 'bout football? You're a girl.

GIRL: I know plenty.

BOY: Yeah, right. I'll bet you don't even know who the quarterback is for the Browns.

GIRL: Sure, I do. It's whoever isn't hurt.

BOY: Okay, okay. You got that one. But who's the Steeler's quarterback.

GIRL: Ben Worthlessburger.

BOY: (*disbelieves*) Did you say "Worthlessburger"?

GIRL: Of course I did. That's the man's name. Not my fault it's stupid.

BOY: (*nods*) So you're not a Steelers fan?

GIRL: Of course not.

BOY: But you said that the Browns would never kill the Steelers.

GIRL: I'm a Browns fan, but I'm not stupid.

BOY: (*smiles, looks at her, for the first time, like an equal*) That's cool. My daddy says that any woman who likes football is a good woman.

GIRL: Really? 'Cause my mommy says that any man who doesn't like football isn't a man.

BOY: Wow. Your mom sounds really smart.

GIRL: Yeah. She's a telemarketer, so she's pretty much on the phone all day tryin' to get people to buy discovery cards.

BOY: (*impressed*) Wow. That sounds hard.

GIRL: Yeah. It is. Sometimes her ear hurts so bad she has to ice it.

BOY: Ooh. My daddy does that on Saturday mornings when he's hanging over.

GIRL: (*confused*) Hanging over? What's that mean?

BOY: (*shrugs*) I dunno. He tells me to turn the gee-dang TV down and leave him alone for awhile.

GIRL: I hate when they do that. Sometimes parents are stupid.

BOY: Yeah. (*awkward pause*) So, what're you buildin'?

GIRL: (*proud of herself*) I'm makin' a hair salon so all my dolls can come in and get their hair done.

BOY: (*can't believe what he's hearing*) A hair salon?

GIRL: (*looks at him with all seriousness*) A hair salon. (*pauses, looks over at BOY's football stadium, and smiles*) So they can go to the Browns game lookin' good.

BOY: (*nods*) Well, that's okay, then. (*pauses*) Ya know, I think it's cool that you like football.

GIRL: I think it's cool you think it's cool.

BOY: Cool.

*They finish building and sit back.*

BOY: So, whaddya wanna do now?

*GIRL looks at him coyly and smiles, then knocks her blocks down. BOY smiles and knocks his down too. They smile at one another with embarrassment.*

*FATHER enters and approaches BOY as MOTHER enters from the opposite side of the stage and approaches GIRL. They speak simultaneously.*



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