

Sample Pages from
Completely, Absolutely Normal: Vignettes
About LGBTQ+ Teens

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COMPLETELY,
ABSOLUTELY NORMAL:
VIGNETTES ABOUT
LGBTQ+ TEENS

A VIGNETTE PLAY IN ONE ACT BY
Bradley Walton



Completely, Absolutely Normal: Vignettes About LGBTQ+ Teens
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Characters

15 Roles – 5 F, 1 M, 1 Trans M, 8 M/F. (2 F and 1 M possible.)

Confession

JERI / JERRY: (F/M) A gay college freshman whose father is deceased.

An Awkward Conversation with Mom

CALLIE: (F) A non-binary teenager (assigned female at birth) coming out to their mom, dating Zack.

MOM: (F) Callie's mother.

Proof

BRIAN / BRITTANY: (M/F) A closeted and scared gay teen, friends with Zack.

You Like Boys, Too

RITA: (F) Julie's mom, 40s, really wants her daughter to date a boy.

JULIE: (F) Rita's bisexual teenage daughter, dating Tiffany.

Conference Day

PETER / PATTY: (M/F) A gay student accidentally outed to their mom by a teacher. Dating Austin / Ashley (both must be same birth sex).

MR. / MS. WAKEFIELD: (M/F) The teacher who outed Peter / Patty.

Brave

SHELLEY / SEAN: (F/M) A teen nervous about holding hands in public.

DANA / DARRELL: (F/M) Shelley / Sean's slightly bolder significant other. Must be same birth sex.

The Door

ERIC: (M) Callie's questioning older brother, a high school senior.

Just After Midnight

ZACK: (TRANS M) Dating Callie, and a close friend of Brian / Brittany.

Not Interested

TIFFANY: (F) Julie's girlfriend, has recently realized that she is asexual.

New Teacher Orientation

AUSTIN / ASHLEY: (M/F) President of the school's Gay-Straight Alliance, dating Peter / Patty (both must be same birth sex).

MR. / MS. SHAW: (M/F) A new teacher thinking about becoming GSA advisor.

Casting Notes

If the director is unable to cast the trans male role of ZACK in *Just After Midnight* both that scene and *Proof* should be cut from the production.

Terminology

This play was published in 2020. The author and editors endeavored to use current LGBTQ+ terminology as of the date of publication.

Production Notes

Approximate running time: 35 minutes.

Vignettes should be performed in the order they appear in the script. If the play needs to be shortened for competition purposes, the director may cut *Proof* and *Just After Midnight* to shave approximately 5-6 minutes. (Do not cut one without cutting the other.) No other vignettes may be cut.

Staging

Staging is very simple. Some scenes require one or two chairs (or cubes). Most scenes are performed on a bare stage.

Stage directions from the original production are included in the script. Feel free to use them or create your own.

Original Production

Completely, Absolutely Normal: Vignettes About LGBTQ+ Teens premiered as *Completely, Absolutely Normal: Vignettes About LGBTQ+ Teens (And Their Grown-Ups)* at Harrisonburg High School in Harrisonburg, Virginia on April 19 and 20, 2019 with the support of principal Cynthia Prieto. The show was produced by Ken Gibson, directed by Bradley Walton, and stage managed by Marissa Plummer with Jenna Altaii, Kilito Amaya, Ava Fisher, Jesse Smialek, and Israa Alhassani on crew. The following cast was featured:

Eve Carter

Andrew Ely

Javion Green

Isabella Guzman
 Malakai Johnson
 Jessica Lawson
 Abbie Menard
 Marissa Plummer
 Jason Tejada-Molina
 Kyle Showalter
 Fatimah Subhi
 Robin Vogel
 Ray Walton

Properties

Magazine – *You Like Boys, Too*

Book bag – *You Like Boys, Too*

Costuming

CALLIE has short, brightly colored hair. The script indicates that it's purple, but the color can be changed. The performer's hair could also be tucked up under a hat. Or references to hair in the script can be omitted. The character should be dressed in something reminiscent of a David Bowie look from the 1970s.

ZACK has short, brightly-colored hair. The script indicates that it's green, but the color can be changed, or references to hair in the script can be omitted. His costume should include a necktie.

Otherwise, costumes should be normal, everyday clothing appropriate to the characters.

Synopses

Confession (1 M/F)

Visiting their father's grave, a gay teen wrestles with the decision of coming out to their mother.

An Awkward Conversation with Mom (2 F)

When a teenager comes out to their mom, the conversation takes an unexpected turn.

Proof (1 M/F)

A closeted gay teen agonizes over cutting ties with a trans friend in order to please their parents.

You Like Boys, Too (2 F)

A mom attempts to convince her bisexual daughter to try dating a boy.

Conference Day (2 M/F)

A teacher apologizes for outing a gay student on Parent Conference Day.

Brave (2 M/F)

Holding hands in public for the first time, a same-sex teen couple experiences the hatred of a stranger.

The Door (1 M)

A questioning brother is caught off-guard by his own reaction when a sibling comes out as non-binary.

Just After Midnight (1 Trans M)

A transgender student struggles to cope with an unaccepting best friend.

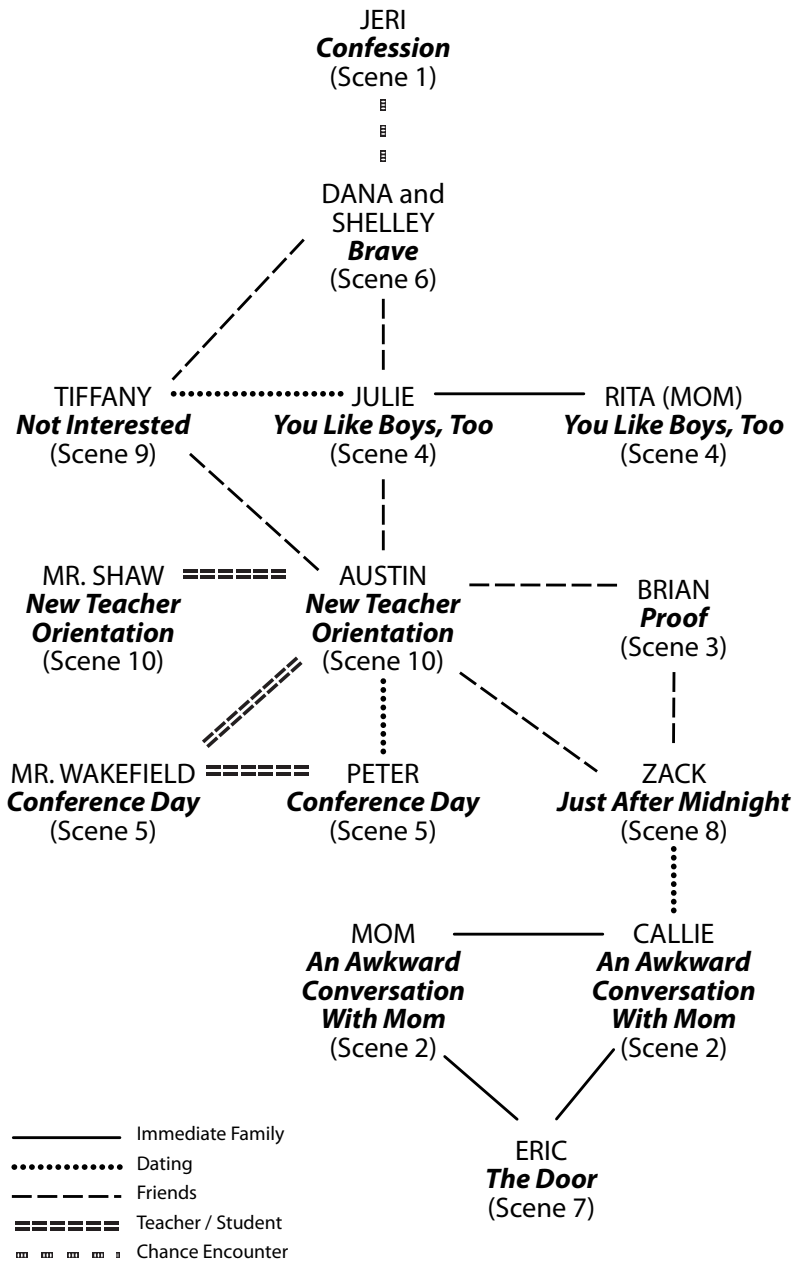
Not Interested (1 F)

A teenage girl in a happy relationship comes to the realization that she is asexual.

New Teacher Orientation (2 M/F)

A new teacher who is considering the position of Gay-Straight Alliance sponsor has an eye-opening conversation with the club's president.

Connections in the Play



Confession

CHARACTER: JERI / JERRY

If the character is male, adjust the monologue accordingly and change the name “Tina” to “Tim.”

The mention of two characters holding hands refers to SHELLEY / SEAN and DANA / DARRELL in *Holding Hands*. If the characters in that scene are both male, the reference here should be changed accordingly.

AT RISE: JERI / JERRY, 18 years old, DR on a bare stage, looking down into the audience as if addressing a grave.

JERI: Hi, Dad. It’s Jeri. Sorry I haven’t been here in a while.

I, uh...I started college last month. And...I met somebody. Really nice. Smart. Wants to be a doctor. Their name is...um...I don’t know why this is so hard to say...I mean...I’m talking to a headstone in a cemetery. It’s not like you can yell or say you’re disappointed, or...tell me that it’s okay.

Tina.

Her name is Tina.

I’m gay.

Mom doesn’t know.

And I’m really torn. The people at church...they think it’s wrong. Mom’s never said anything one way or the other, but there was this one time we were at the mall when I was in 10th grade, and we saw two girls holding hands. They were definitely a couple. And Mom grabbed my arm really hard and pulled me away from them.

So...I think if I tell her...it’s not gonna go well. At least not at first. But she might come around. It might be the best choice I ever make. I think it’s worth the risk. But I’m scared. I’m also scared that if I don’t tell her, she’ll find out some other way. Or worse, something happens to her like it did to you, and one day she’ll just be...gone.

I don’t want to come out to her like I’m coming out to you. I don’t want to spend the rest of my life wondering, “What if?”

Is that selfish of me? I don’t want to hurt Mom. I want to be the best daughter that I can.

I guess that answers my question.

I feel like telling her now is the best thing for both of us. So that's what I have to do.

Wish me luck. And if you're in a position to pull any strings to make this go down easier...that would be great. But not for me. For her.

I'll be okay.

I am okay.

Thanks, Dad.

Blackout.

An Awkward Conversation with Mom

CHARACTERS: CALLIE, MOM

AT RISE: MOM, in her 40s, and CALLIE, her teenage offspring, seated in two chairs at C. CALLIE sits on the right and MOM on the left. CALLIE seems tense.

CALLIE: So...Mom... I've been thinking...

MOM: What have you been thinking?

CALLIE: There's something I really want to tell you.

MOM: Okay.

CALLIE: But I'm scared you'll freak out.

MOM: I'll do my best not to freak out.

CALLIE: Do you promise?

MOM: That depends on what it is.

CALLIE: Oh, crap. You're going to freak out.

MOM: It'll be okay. Tell me.

CALLIE: Well, you know my friend Jackie?

MOM: Sure.

CALLIE: She's...more than just my friend. She's my girlfriend. We've been dating for three months. I'm gay.

MOM: Honey, are you sure that you're gay?

CALLIE: I'm in love with Jackie. No question.

MOM: You're not interested in boys at all?

CALLIE: I prefer girls.

MOM: So you do like boys some?

CALLIE: It's like 70/30.

MOM: You're 30% interested in boys?

CALLIE: Yes.

MOM: So you're bisexual.

CALLIE: I guess. But if you're hoping I'll wind up with a boy in the end, then I don't think that's gonna happen.

MOM: That's fine.

CALLIE: It is?

MOM: I just wanted you to be as accurate as possible.

CALLIE: How come?

MOM: Your dad owes me fifty bucks.

CALLIE: What?

MOM: (*standing and taking a step DL*) Oh, he'll say that 70/30 sounds pretty gay to him, but bi is bi and that means he owes me fifty dollars.

CALLIE: (*standing and moving to R of MOM*) Did you have...a bet?

MOM: Mm-hmm.

CALLIE: You...knew?

MOM: (*taking a few steps L*) Well, no. If we knew, we wouldn't have had the bet.

CALLIE: But you knew I wasn't straight.

MOM: (*turning to face CALLIE*) Of course we knew you weren't straight.

CALLIE: What gave it away?

MOM: You have short hair. And also, your hair is purple. You never wear dresses anymore. You hardly ever talk about boys. Jackie

has short green hair and wears neckties. The two of you together look like a miniature pride festival. (*references to hair may be changed or omitted as necessary*)

CALLIE: So...it's okay? You're okay with it?

MOM: Sure.

CALLIE: And Dad's okay with it?

MOM: Why wouldn't he be?

CALLIE: I don't know. I was just really nervous.

MOM: He'll probably be disappointed that he wasn't here for the big announcement.

CALLIE: (*taking a few steps R*) Sorry...it seemed less intimidating if I came out to just one of you first. (*beat*) I haven't told Eric. Do you think he'll take it okay?

MOM: Your brother loves you. He'll be fine.

CALLIE visibly relaxes. MOM crosses to L of CALLIE.

So...is there anything else you wanted to tell me?

CALLIE: (*tensing up again*) Um...

MOM: (*trying to sound reassuring*) Is the way you dress an expression of anything in particular?

CALLIE: I'm not really trans, if that's what you're asking.

MOM: Okay. Are you...maybe somewhere on the gender spectrum...in between boy and girl? Non-binary? Genderqueer?

CALLIE: I'm...somewhere in the middle. I don't totally think of myself as a boy, but more of a boy than a girl.

MOM: What about gender fluid?

CALLIE: It doesn't seem to change, so I don't think so. Let's just go with non-binary for now.

MOM: (*taking a step DL*) Your dad totally called that one— (*disappointed*) which means our bets cancelled each other out.

CALLIE: Okay...

MOM: Would you prefer to use they/them pronouns instead of she/her?

CALLIE: Uh...I think maybe I'd like to try?

MOM: We'll do our best. Correct us when we mess up, okay?

CALLIE: I...can do that. Thank you. Um...Jackie said that I could tell you this if the conversation went well, so...Jackie is trans. He prefers to go by Zack.

MOM: Then...would you consider yourself to be more pansexual than bisexual?

CALLIE: Um...

MOM: *(taking a step UR to L of CALLIE)* Let me ask you this...are you attracted to Zack as a boy or a girl, or are you attracted to Zack as a person?

CALLIE: I'm attracted to Zack as a person. So yeah...pan. That feels right.

MOM: I'm glad you feel comfortable telling me all this. Thank you.

CALLIE: I'm impressed that you and dad know about non-binary genders and pansexuality and stuff.

MOM: *(taking a few steps L)* We read. And...I'm pan, too.

CALLIE: What? *(moves to right chair and sits, stunned)*

MOM: I thought of myself as bi for years, but when I came across the word "pansexual," that seemed like a better fit, because gender and birth sex never impacted whether I "liked" somebody.

CALLIE: Does Dad know?

MOM: Sure.

CALLIE: Does he care?

MOM: Why would he? I married him.

CALLIE: Oh...kay.

MOM: You all right?

CALLIE: Yeah. I just...I didn't realize that me coming out to you would turn into you coming out to me.

MOM: *(moving to left chair and sitting)* Did I steal your moment? I'm sorry if I did.

CALLIE: No. It's fine. It's just...I'm going to have to adjust how I think about you a little.

MOM: Not really. I'm still the same mother you've always had. You just know something about me you didn't know before.

CALLIE: I came into this prepared to use that exact same line on you.

MOM: You know what?

CALLIE: What?

MOM: We owe you fifty bucks.

CALLIE: What?

MOM: Neither of us called pansexual, so we owe you fifty bucks. That was my agreement with your dad.

CALLIE: Am I getting paid for coming out?

MOM: We love you and we're proud of you. That's all the answer you're going to get.

CALLIE: (*putting head on MOM's shoulder*) I love you, too. I'm really, really lucky.

MOM: So are we.

CALLIE: And if we're being completely honest, I'd like to tell you one more thing.

MOM: Go for it.

CALLIE: Zack and I have a mutual girlfriend.

Beat.

MOM: What?

Blackout.

Proof

CHARACTER: BRIAN / BRITTANY

AT RISE: BRIAN / BRITTANY, a teen, DL on a bare stage.

BRIAN: I'm not gay.

My mom and dad think that being gay is bad. Really bad. I don't want them to hate me. So I won't be gay.

But it's hard.

I have this really good friend—almost like a sister. Her name is Jackie Mattson. Two months ago, she came out as trans and started dating another girl. Jackie says that she wants to be called “Zack” now.

Most of her friends seem like they're just rolling with it. Her parents are treating her like normal.

How does she get to be normal?

How is that fair?

I've tried to talk to her. To tell her she's a girl. But she won't listen. She keeps asking for me to accept her, and to keep being her friend.

But I can't.

When my mom and dad find out about Jackie, they'll say that there's something wrong with me for not cutting her out of my life.

So that's what I have to do. Cut my sister out of my life.

Because she is a bad influence.

I won't let her fool me into thinking that it's okay to be anything other than straight.

I'm going to send her a text message. Short and simple. “Don't ever speak to me again. You disgust me.” And then I'm blocking her.

When my parents do finally hear about Jackie, I can show them that text. It'll be my proof—that I don't want anything to do with those kinds of people, and I am nothing like them.

And if I keep telling myself that, maybe someday it'll be true.

Blackout.

You Like Boys, Too

CHARACTERS: RITA, JULIE

AT RISE: RITA, 40s, is seated in a chair RC, reading a magazine. JULIE, her daughter, enters from UR, carrying a book bag, and crosses L behind RITA without stopping.

JULIE: Hey, Mom.

RITA: *(standing and putting magazine down on chair)* Hi, Julie. How was school?

JULIE: Fine. I'm gonna go do my homework.

RITA: *(crossing UL towards JULIE)* Hey, before you go— *(JULIE stops at UL and turns to face RITA)* I was thinking we could take a trip to visit your grandma this weekend.

JULIE: Tiffany and I had plans.

RITA: Can you put them off? It would be nice to spend time with your grandma. We can visit the museum. Maybe you'll meet some new people.

JULIE: *(putting down the book bag)* You go to a party to meet new people. Some place that's designed for social interaction. You don't interact at a museum, unless it's with a security guard.

RITA: You might meet a nice security guard.

JULIE: *(crossing to DLC)* Mom...stop.

RITA: Stop what?

JULIE: You know what.

RITA: *(crossing to L of JULIE)* I'm making perfectly innocent statements and you're blowing them up to be—I don't know—but I can promise you, they're not that.

JULIE: By "people," you mean boys. Mom, have you ever seen a high school-age security guard?

RITA: There are teenage lifeguards. Why can't there be teenage security guards?

JULIE: See—you admit it!

RITA: You were the one who brought up security guards!

JULIE: I'm dating Tiffany. Please don't give me a hard time.

RITA: I'm not. I think I've been incredibly supportive since you came out as bisexual.

JULIE: If your definition of supportive is not throwing me out of the house, then I guess so. But that's a pretty low bar.

RITA: Have I told you that you're a bad person?

JULIE: Not directly.

RITA: Have I said you're going to hell?

JULIE: You're an atheist.

RITA: Have I said you can't see or date Tiffany?

JULIE: You've done your best to passively discourage it.

RITA: You read too many things between the lines that just aren't there.

JULIE: I will go with you to visit Grandma. But I'm not interested in "meeting new people."

RITA: You deserve to see what else is out there.

JULIE: Do you really think it's a bad thing I've been in a steady relationship for nine months?

RITA: You owe yourself the experience of dating a boy.

JULIE: I owe myself the experience of a happy relationship.

RITA: How do you know you won't like it unless you try? It's like always going to the same restaurant and ordering the same thing. If you went to a different restaurant, you might find something you enjoy more.

JULIE: (*crossing to C*) Oh, God. Please stop.

RITA: There's nothing wrong with a Quarter Pounder, but you might like a roast beef sandwich even better, only you'll never find out unless you go to Arby's.

JULIE: I am never setting foot in an Arby's with you—ever again.

RITA: (*crossing to R of JULIE*) You know what I'm trying to say.

JULIE: I do. And I wish you'd stop.

RITA: Julie, you said it yourself—you're bisexual. You like boys, too. Why tie yourself down to just this one thing?

JULIE: Maybe because I'm not a slut?

RITA: That's not what I mean.

JULIE: You're so desperate for me to conform to what you want that you're willing to steer me into awkward social encounters to make it happen.

RITA: That's what mothers do. One day you'll understand. If you wind up with a guy.

JULIE: Even if I wind up with a girl, there are options.

RITA: I'd rather have a real grandchild than an "option."

JULIE: You did not just say that.

RITA: I'm sorry.

JULIE: Do you have any idea how awful—

RITA: But do you at least understand where I'm coming from?

JULIE: You say one of the most hurtful things that's ever come out of your mouth, and then you turn around and make it about you?

RITA: (*taking at step D*) Yes, it's all about me, okay? I'm selfish! The moment the ultrasound technician told me you were a girl, this set of hopes and expectations just dropped, fully-formed, into my head. I carried those with me for fifteen and a half years. I loved them. I cherished them. But then one day you dropped a bomb on them and blew them to pieces! So excuse me if I'm having a hard time throwing away the shards of my shattered dreams!

JULIE: (*taking a step D, to R of RITA*) Do you love me?

RITA: Yes.

JULIE: Then I should be more important to you than your hopes and expectations.

RITA: You are. But I can't help thinking, "If she's bi, then maybe there's still hope."

JULIE: You need to stop telling yourself that. It's not healthy.

RITA: I know.

JULIE: Maybe if you spent more time around Tiffany it would help you to accept things better. Could she come with us? Grandma's fine that we're dating. And there's no way I was ever gonna hook up with a random security guard.

RITA: (*sighs*) All right.

JULIE: Thank you!

RITA: But one of you has to sleep on the sofa. You can't share a bed.

JULIE: I've had friends sleep over and I shared a bed with them.

RITA: You weren't dating them.

JULIE: I feel like there's a double standard here.

RITA: (*putting a hand on JULIE'S shoulder*) You're bisexual, Julie. Not asexual.

Blackout.

Conference Day

CHARACTERS: PETER / PATTY, MR. / MS. WAKEFIELD

If PATTY is female, adjust dialogue as necessary and change the mention of AUSTIN to ASHLEY.

AT RISE: Two chairs at RC. MR. / MS. WAKEFIELD, a teacher, stands in front of the right chair. PETER / PATTY, a student, stands in front of the left chair.

WAKEFIELD: Hi, Peter. Thanks for coming in early.

PETER: You're the teacher.

WAKEFIELD: I wanted to apologize for what happened when you were here with your mother on Parent Conference Day.

PETER: You said you were sorry then. Like—eight or nine times.

WAKEFIELD: I know, but—that was mostly to your mother.

PETER: Yeah, I caught that.

WAKEFIELD: She was the one who seemed most in shock.

PETER: Oh, I was in shock. I just wasn't as obvious about it because I was busy wishing that I could crawl under a chair and die.

WAKEFIELD: You deserve an apology, too. So, I'm sorry.

PETER: You're sorry? (*shouting*) You're stupid!

Pause. PETER exhales and sits in the left chair.

PETER: Sorry.

WAKEFIELD: (*sitting in the right chair*) It's okay. I had that coming.

PETER: No, I've gotta learn to be better at this stuff, because I have a whole lifetime of it in front of me, and I'm not going to win anybody over by blowing up at them.

WAKEFIELD: Society is a lot more accepting than it used to be.

PETER: And some people thought racism was on its deathbed when Obama got elected. I'm optimistic, but I'm not naïve.

WAKEFIELD: I'm on your side.

PETER: (*standing*) And you suck at it. (*moving a few steps L*) I just...why would you think it was okay? To blurt out to my mom that I have a boyfriend?

WAKEFIELD: I thought she knew. You and Austin hold hands in the hall. You sit on each other's laps in my room. Sometimes you make out during class.

PETER: Are we that bad?

WAKEFIELD: Yes.

PETER: Is it a problem because we're both guys?

WAKEFIELD: (*standing and crossing to R of PETER*) It's a problem because I don't want people making out in my classroom.

PETER: Would you rather be breaking up fights?

WAKEFIELD: I would rather break up kissing than fighting any day of the week. But I don't consider excessive public displays of affection to be school-appropriate behavior. Leave enough space between you for a large ferret.

PETER: A ferret?

WAKEFIELD: It was a joke.

PETER: It's a weird thing to say.

WAKEFIELD: That's what makes it a joke. Anyway, I figured if you were out at school, then you were out at home.

PETER: (*taking a step D*) Do you try to keep your life at school separate from your home life?

WAKEFIELD: As much as I can.

PETER: Okay. There you go.

WAKEFIELD: Ouch.

PETER: I can make you feel worse.

WAKEFIELD: Go ahead. I deserve it.

PETER: My mother spent the evening crying because she was worried about what the rest of her family would think. My dad turned on the TV and did his best to tune out reality, which included my mom. So I spent the evening consoling my mother instead of studying for a biology test, which I'm pretty sure I tanked.

WAKEFIELD: (*taking a few steps R, not looking at PETER*) Congratulations. I feel worse.

PETER: And then my mom wanted to tell Austin's parents. Never mind that Austin's family would probably freak out and try to force me out of his life. I had to beg mom to make her promise not to tell, but Austin is still worried, and I don't blame him.

WAKEFIELD: (*looking at PETER*) You told him what happened?

PETER: Of course I told him. You did something that could've screwed up both our lives, and we're lucky that it didn't turn out a hundred times worse.

WAKEFIELD: (*moving to R of PETER*) I'm not trying to shift blame here, but you do know that if you'd just given me a heads-up, I wouldn't have said anything.

PETER: Do you really expect me to tell every single person at school, "Hey, don't tell my mom?"

WAKEFIELD: No. Which is part of the reason I assumed that if every single person at school knew, your mom did, too.

PETER: Don't ever say something that could out somebody unless you know for sure it's safe. Don't assume. Okay?

WAKEFIELD: Lesson learned.

PETER: Why did you even bring it up in the first place?

WAKEFIELD: I was hoping she could encourage you to focus more on class and less on Austin.

PETER: It was still a jerk move. And you need to apologize to Austin.

WAKEFIELD: You're right. And I will.

PETER: Okay...then I accept your apology to me. I can't speak for Austin. That's between you and him.

WAKEFIELD: Thank you.

PETER: Like I said before, I have a whole lifetime of this kind of thing in front of me. I'm gonna have to learn to forgive people or I'm gonna be carrying around so much resentment that I'll never be happy.

WAKEFIELD: That's...

PETER: (*nodding*) Yeah.

Beat.

WAKEFIELD: (*quietly, not knowing what else to say*) Yeah.

Pause.

PETER: (*taking a step L, facing away from WAKEFIELD*) And also...I will try to focus less on Austin...

WAKEFIELD: Thank you.

PETER: (*turning to face WAKEFIELD*) ...and start picking fights instead. Maybe instigate a classroom brawl the next time you go to the bathroom.

WAKEFIELD: Please don't.

PETER: It's either that or frequent public displays of affection.

WAKEFIELD: I'll take the PDA's.

PETER: Awesome.

WAKEFIELD: (*taking a step L towards AUSTIN*) But I'm gonna keep telling you to leave space for a ferret.

PETER: If you condition me to think about ferrets every time I kiss Austin, that's gonna kill the romance.

WAKEFIELD: Your choice.

PETER: Fine. I'll cut back on the lovey stuff.

WAKEFIELD: You do that and I'll try to be less of an idiot.

PETER: Deal.

Blackout.

Brave

CHARACTERS: SHELLEY / SEAN, DANA / DARRELL (both same birth sex)

Change dialogue as necessary if both characters are male.

The “girl our age” is JERI / JERRY from CONFESSION. If that character is male, change dialogue accordingly.

AT RISE: SHELLEY / SEAN and DANA / DARRELL, two teenagers, enter from UL on a bare stage and cross DC.

DANA: Let's go to the bookstore. I want to check out the vinyl figures. See if they have one for Boris Karloff's Frankenstein.

SHELLEY: Karloff played the monster. Frankenstein was the scientist.

DANA: And the fact that you can make that distinction is one of the things I love about you.

They stop at DC.

SHELLEY: If you love that about me, why don't you make the distinction yourself?

DANA: Because I have you to make it for me.

SHELLEY: If we weren't in public, I'd kiss you.

DANA: Kiss me anyway.

SHELLEY: Somebody might see.

DANA: We're in the middle of the mall, Shelley. Somebody will definitely see.

SHELLEY: I'm not that brave, Dana. Not yet.

DANA: How about holding hands? Are you brave enough for that?

SHELLEY: What if somebody sees us and they know our parents?

DANA: Our parents have to find out sooner or later.

SHELLEY: I'm putting it off as long as I can.

DANA: I think your parents might be okay. And maybe mine, too. I hope.

SHELLEY: I know. It's just—I'm dreading it. I don't know why.

DANA: It's because you're facing judgment from the people you're closest to, and if they're not all rainbows and smiles about it, you're going to feel guilty, embarrassed, and like you've failed them as a daughter, even though you have no reason to feel any of those things. And you're worried that it will damage your relationship and make the next few weeks or maybe years of your life an awkward hell of either overt or passive aggressive negative treatment.

SHELLEY: That sums it up.

DANA: I get it, Shelley. I've thought about it a lot.

SHELLEY: Obviously.

DANA: But let's live dangerously. (*holds out hand*) You won't get pregnant. I promise.

Beat.

SHELLEY: (*taking DANA's hand*) Okay.

DANA: Are you sure?

SHELLEY: I'm sure.

They slowly cross R.

DANA: Doing okay?

SHELLEY: My heart feels like it might explode out of my chest. You?

DANA: Same.

SHELLEY: I think that guy over there just looked at us.

They stop walking at DR, but continue to hold hands.

DANA: Don't worry about it. This isn't a big deal.

SHELLEY: Are you trying to convince me or yourself?

DANA: Both.

SHELLEY: It feels like a big deal.

DANA: It shouldn't be, but I think maybe it is.

SHELLEY: That's because we're outing ourselves in public.

DANA: Do you wanna stop?

SHELLEY: No.

DANA: Me neither.

They cross UC.

SHELLEY: How sweaty is my palm?

DANA: Really sweaty. But it might be my sweat, so don't worry about it.

SHELLEY: Okay.

They stop walking at UC, but continue to hold hands.

DANA: *(looking up and around)* You know what? The world hasn't come crashing down.

SHELLEY: The universe can withstand the force of two girls holding hands. Who knew?

DANA: Julie and Tiffany do this all the time.

SHELLEY: They're out to their parents.

DANA: Hey... that woman up ahead, with the girl our age...you see them?

SHELLEY: That's a really nasty expression on the mom's face.

DANA: Is she looking at us?

SHELLEY: I think she is.

DANA: Should we let go?

SHELLEY: Hell, no.

They cross DC.

DANA: She grabbed her daughter's arm—

SHELLEY: She's dragging her daughter away from us.

DANA: There they go.

SHELLEY: Hang on.

They stop walking at DC and release each other's hands.

DANA: Sure.

SHELLEY: That was....

DANA: Yeah. It was.

SHELLEY: I didn't ask to be gay.

DANA: I know. It's not like we had a choice.

SHELLEY: We do have a choice, though. We could not hold hands in public. We could keep it in the closet. That would be easier.

DANA: Maybe in the short term. In the long term, I think it'd be harder. Not being able to be who you are...it would have to eat away at your soul after a while. That's a lousy choice.

SHELLEY: Yeah. It is. One of my worst fears was always running into somebody like that woman. But now that it's happened, I feel like...I don't have to be afraid of being afraid anymore.

SHELLEY holds out her hand. DANA takes it.

DANA: Are we gonna do the rest of the mall like this?

SHELLEY: If you're up for it, I want to go home and walk through the front door like this.

DANA: Do you feel ready?

SHELLEY: No. But I feel brave.

SHELLEY kisses DANA.

Blackout.

The Door

CHARACTER: ERIC

AT RISE: ERIC, a high school senior, at LC.

ERIC: It's 9 PM and I'm glad I finished my homework early. Thirty minutes ago, my sister Callie said she'd just come out as pansexual to mom, and she wanted me to know, too.

I hugged Callie and thanked her for telling me. Then she said that she's also non-binary.

That hit me really hard. I tried to hide it, but...Callie looked hurt. She said she'd give me some time, and left my room.

The news was hardly a surprise. Callie adopted an androgynous look back in middle school—like David Bowie from the 1970s—and she's dressed that way ever since. I'd been wondering for years if she was gay or bi...or if she even identified as a girl.

The confirmation should go down easy. And not just because I saw it coming, but also because...I've started to question my own gender...I get where Callie is coming from. But...it doesn't go down easy at all.

It seems like Callie has herself all figured out and I don't, even though I'm two years older. She's opening up...but I'm nowhere near ready to talk. Even to her. That's hard.

And also...I've always thought of Callie as my little sister. Even knowing that someday I may ask my family to accept something like this from me...it feels as if I'm losing something precious, and it hurts.

But I'm in charge of my own attitude.

I go to Callie's room. Before I knock, I stop and look at the door. It's changed so much over the years...been different colors and decorated with different posters—but for as long as I can remember, this has always been the door to my little...sibling's bedroom. And no matter how much Callie grows or changes... how they look or present or whoever they become...they will always be the same annoying person I've loved for as long as I can remember.

It's a comforting thought.

And even though I'm a little jealous, I have to admit...Callie rocks the androgynous look. David Bowie would've totally approved.

Blackout.

Just After Midnight

CHARACTER: ZACK (trans M)

This scene refers to BRIAN in PROOF. Change BRIAN to BRITTANY and make other adjustments as necessary if that character is female.

*AT RISE: ZACK, a trans male, at RC on a bare stage.
His clothing should include a necktie.*

ZACK: I'm not a girl.

I have a girl's body. But I know...I'm a boy. I know it the same way I know that I like chocolate, or that coffee smells different from the ocean. It's as simple as that. So two months ago, I stopped pretending I was a girl, started going by the name "Zack," and tried to move on with my life.

I also started dating my friend Callie. Callie's family doesn't know yet...about us, or me. But they seem pretty cool. I think they'll take it okay.

My mom and dad are still getting used to the idea of me as a boy, and they slip up and call me "Jackie" sometimes, but they're being supportive. Most of the people at school have been really cool about it, too...except for Brian Daniels, who's been almost like my brother since kindergarten. He's not taking it well—me being trans or dating Callie.

Every time he sees me now, he says stuff like, "This isn't you. You're a girl. You can't be like this."

I always tell him that I'm sorry. That I can't help who and what I am. That I hope he can accept me.

But he just keeps on. And I've tried to be patient. To think about how he's been raised. I've gone out of my way to be understanding and apologetic...but now it's sinking in that I've been apologizing for being myself.

And that makes me angry. Why should I have to be sorry for being a boy? It's like apologizing for being tall. I haven't done anything wrong, but Brian makes me feel guilty.

So I've made up my mind...one way or the other, this is gonna stop.

I know I should talk to him in person, but I want to deal with it right now. And I want to choose my words. So I write a text. And every bit of anger, resentment, and pent-up frustration that I've been feeling...I pour it all into that text. And after I've finished, I



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