

**BOY CRAZY**  
**a play by Tom Baum**

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## **Characters**

**TAYLOR (JARDINE)** Best Athlete.

**JIMARCUS (JOHNSON)** Best Student. African-American.

**NATE (SAPERSTEIN)** Class Thief.

**HALLIE (ROSS)** Their classmate.

All the characters are ten years out of high school. The setting is the boys' room of the school where their 10<sup>th</sup> Reunion is taking place. The action is continuous. No intermission.

*(Lights up on the boys' room of a suburban high school. Sound of distant party noise. At least half a dozen partitioned urinals along the stage-right wall, stalls along the stage-left wall. The door to the room is upstage center.)*

TAYLOR, late 20s, is alone, standing at the nearest urinal. NATE, late 20s, enters, sees TAYLOR. At first TAYLOR doesn't see him. Both are wearing sport jackets. NATE has a name tag stuck to his lapel.

NATE takes the urinal right next to TAYLOR.)

TAYLOR: Uh...excuse me?

NATE: Problem?

TAYLOR: Never mind. I'm done.

NATE: No, but you sounded like you had a problem.

TAYLOR: Dude...it's OK. Go Cougars.

*(TAYLOR zips up. NATE backs away from the urinal.)*

NATE: Taylor, man, I was fucking with you.

TAYLOR: Wait. *(peers at his name tag)* Nate Saperstein?

NATE: In the flesh.

TAYLOR: I didn't see you in the gym. How are you doing, bro?

NATE: Me? I'm living the dream.

TAYLOR: Where are you living it?

NATE: Franklin Lakes. Up in Bergen County?

TAYLOR: I know Franklin Lakes. We played them in basketball. Torched them every year. Uh...how's Connie doing?

NATE: Connie's doing all right. She's still here in Southwood.

TAYLOR: So you're—

NATE: Yeah. Two years divorced.

TAYLOR: Sorry to hear that. Weren't you voted Cutest Couple?

NATE: "Most Inseparable," some crap like that.

TAYLOR: Yeah, that was crap.

NATE: As you could have testified.

TAYLOR: Hey. I never hit on Connie. That was just a rumor.

NATE: She liked you, though.

TAYLOR: Yeah, she liked me.

NATE: Who didn't, in those days. So how about you, you married?

TAYLOR: Not even once.

NATE: You didn't marry what's-her-name. That SI swimsuit girl.

TAYLOR: You read about that, huh? She was fun, but no, that wasn't going anywhere productive.

NATE: So...how far did you have to travel? To get here.

TAYLOR: About five minutes.

NATE: No way. You're still living in Southwood?

TAYLOR: Loving it, bro.

NATE: Are you working here?

TAYLOR: Livingston Mall. Modell's.

NATE: Sporting goods. Makes sense.

TAYLOR: And you? Still at your dad's body shop?

NATE: It's all mine now, he's retired. Modell's, huh? They must have been jizzing all over themselves when you walked in. What, you're managing the place?

TAYLOR: Could be heading in that direction, yeah. (*quickly*) Millburn had their tenth at the Hilton, why couldn't we? I feel dorky being back here.

NATE: Really? I'm kinda liking it myself. It's a license to stare, you know what I mean? Some people haven't changed. Others you don't even recognize. So what did you want to see me about?

TAYLOR: What do you mean?

NATE: I got a note said you wanted to talk to me.

TAYLOR: What note.

NATE: At the sign-in table.

TAYLOR: I skipped the sign-in table. (*half-kidding*) Figured most people would know me.

NATE: Well, they gave me a note from you.

TAYLOR: I didn't send you any note.

NATE: Dude, check it out.

(NATE *takes an envelope out of his jacket pocket. Shows him the note.*)

TAYLOR: "See you in the boys' room, 8:30. Taylor." I never sent you this. Some perv is trying to punk you.

NATE: Fucking weird.

TAYLOR: That's for sure.

NATE: Who would bother?

(JIMARCUS, *late 20s, African American, enters, wearing a suit and tie.*)

JIMARCUS: Hey, guys.

TAYLOR: (*to NATE*) Would this be the perv?

JIMARCUS: What are you talking about?

TAYLOR: Kidding. How you doing, Jimarcus?

JIMARCUS: I'm doing well. Hey, Nate.

NATE: Hi. You just get here?

JIMARCUS: There was a tie-up on 280. How you guys doing?

TAYLOR: Great.

JIMARCUS: You come with Connie Iantosca?

TAYLOR: Who? No. I was never with Connie. You're confusing me with Nate.

JIMARCUS: Is that right. Sorry. (*to NATE*) You and Connie were Cutest Couple.

NATE: And now we're divorced. Where were you coming from?

JIMARCUS: Newark.

NATE: What's in Newark?

JIMARCUS: I'm with the Essex County Prosecutor.

NATE: (*uneasily*) No shit.

JIMARCUS: I hear your body shop is thriving.

NATE: Where did you hear that?

JIMARCUS: You're in our jurisdiction.

NATE: What's that got to do with anything?

JIMARCUS: Relax, brother, I'm messing with you. What about you, Taylor?

TAYLOR: Lotta irons in the fire. Currently at Modell's.

JIMARCUS: Fantastic. Anyhow, they said to give you one of these. I guess you didn't bother to check in?

*(JIMARCUS hands TAYLOR one of two envelopes. TAYLOR opens it, finds a note.)*

TAYLOR: What is this shit?

JIMARCUS: What?

TAYLOR: "Meet me in the boys' room, 8:30. Jimarcus."

NATE: What does yours say?

*(JIMARCUS tears open his envelope.)*

JIMARCUS: "Meet me in the boys' room, 8:30. Nate."

NATE: This is fucked up.

TAYLOR: Yeah, you know what this reminds me of?

JIMARCUS: No, what?

TAYLOR: OK. These two schools were trying to recruit me? Penn State and Syracuse. And my phone rings one night, and it's the recruiter from Penn State on the other end. I'm like, "Yeah, hi," and he's like, "I didn't call you," and I'm like, "I didn't call you," and what it was, we figured out, the guy from Syracuse conferenced us, like he was trying to hear what terms we were on, whether I was leaning toward them or toward Penn State.

JIMARCUS: That's pretty weird.

TAYLOR: Freaked me out.

NATE: So what do you want to do about this?

TAYLOR: Go back to the party.

JIMARCUS: You're not even curious?

TAYLOR: About what?

NATE: Who's punking us. Who wanted us all together.

JIMARCUS: I am.

NATE: So am I. And hey, so long as we're here...

*(NATE takes an Altoid tin out of his pocket, opens it. TAYLOR peers in.)*

TAYLOR: Oh well. If you put it like that.

*(TAYLOR takes a joint and a book of matches out of the Altoid tin, lights the joint, passes it to NATE, who offers it joint to JIMARCUS.)*

JIMARCUS: No, I'm good.

NATE: Even for old times' sake?

TAYLOR: He can't. He's a lawyer.

JIMARCUS: Not really.

TAYLOR: You're not really a lawyer?

JIMARCUS: No, I mean...it's lawyers who got weed legalized. The Presidential candidates—once they all copped to smoking dope, all bets were off.

TAYLOR: So what's stopping you, bro?



JIMARCUS: Fine, I talked myself into it.

*(JIMARCUS takes a hit off the joint. HALLIE has entered while they're passing it around, wearing jeans, a leather jacket and a fedora. Locks the door, secretly fiddling with the deadbolt. Then goes to the far urinal.)*

TAYLOR: Ask him if he got an envelope.

JIMARCUS: Um, did you get an envelope when you signed in?

HALLIE: *(clipped, low)* Nope.

NATE: Never mind, forget it.

*(HALLIE remains at the urinal, eavesdropping as the others continue to pass the joint.)*

TAYLOR: This is way better shit than we used to smoke.

NATE: Remember Carmichael caught us in here?

TAYLOR: That fag.

JIMARCUS: Total creep.

NATE: Used to piss in here instead of the teachers' bathroom.

JIMARCUS: *(to NATE)* When you and Connie Iantosca were voted Most Inseparable? He sent the Yearbook Committee an angry email. *(mockingly)* "You can't be 'most inseparable' any more than you can be 'most unique.'"

TAYLOR: *(distractedly)* Yeah, who gives a fuck.

*(TAYLOR has spotted HALLIE eavesdropping.)*

TAYLOR: You having problems, bro? Need me to turn on a faucet?  
*(to NATE and JIMARCUS)* I think this dude's a little bladder shy.

JIMARCUS: Try doing arithmetic in your head. Sixteen times twenty-three.

NATE: That's such an urban legend.

JIMARCUS: No, it's true. Same region of the brain, pissing and multiplication.

TAYLOR: Voice of the geek. Maybe this will help?

*(TAYLOR offers the joint. HALLIE indicates no. Backs away from the urinal.)*

NATE: Nice hat, though. Where's your name tag?

*(TAYLOR peers. No name tag on HALLIE's lapel.)*

TAYLOR: That's OK, I didn't get one either. Who are you?

HALLIE: Some people call me Hal.

NATE: Like the computer.

HALLIE: I'm not a computer.

NATE: OK.

HALLIE: I am part animal, though.

JIMARCUS: *(realizes)* Oh wow.

NATE: What do you mean, part animal?

JIMARCUS: No way. Hallie?!

TAYLOR: You know this person?

JIMARCUS: Hallie Ross! How the hell are you?

TAYLOR: Who the fuck is Hallie?

*(HALLIE takes off her hat. Her hair spills out. She hangs her hat on one of the partitions.)*

HALLIE: Hey you guys.

TAYLOR: I still don't get it. Who are you and what are you doing in the boys' room?

HALLIE: Taylor. You disappoint me.

TAYLOR: I'm supposed to know you?

HALLIE: Ohmigod, where to begin. We had Menendez in Spanish 2?

TAYLOR: I slept through most of that.

HALLIE: Yes, you did, and I tried to tutor you.

TAYLOR: Rings a bell. Did you always wear boys' clothes? I remember a bunch of you chicks in the cafeteria.

JIMARCUS: That wasn't Hallie.

NATE: Come on, Taylor, you remember Hallie Ross.

TAYLOR: Sue me, I had too much going on back then.

HALLIE: It's enough I remember Taylor. How's life treating you, dude?

TAYLOR: Don't worry about me, I'm doing fine.

HALLIE: Selling jockstraps to Little Leaguers. And maybe a touch of CTE?

TAYLOR: Fuck you talking about?

HALLIE: Multiple concussions? Football brain?

TAYLOR: Where are you getting this shit?

HALLIE: Come on, you took tons of hits in college. That Ohio State game, your junior year? You got slammed so hard your helmet came off.

TAYLOR: OK. Now it's coming back...

HALLIE: You were comatose for two days.

TAYLOR: ....different look, same bullshit attitude.

HALLIE: I do look different, don't I? Nate, what would you rate me now? Back then you said I was a five. Before they took your ratings down.

NATE: Well...you're definitely Most Improved.

HALLIE: Thank you, Nate, that's the answer I was looking for.

JIMARCUS: I didn't think you needed improvement.

TAYLOR: Yeah, me neither.

HALLIE: Well thank you, Taylor. So did everybody get their envelopes?

TAYLOR: I just came in to take a piss.

HALLIE: I guess karma's on my side.

JIMARCUS: Now tell us what this is about.

HALLIE: I just wanted to talk to you guys. You're all OK with each other? Everybody getting along?

NATE: Why shouldn't we get along?

HALLIE: No, you should. You definitely should. I guess Jimarcus forgave you?

NATE: Forgave me for what?

HALLIE: Stealing his bike and selling it to the Petrozello brothers?

NATE: I don't remember doing that.

JIMARCUS: Are you sure it was Nate?

HALLIE: Pretty sure, yeah. And I guess no bad blood between you guys?

TAYLOR: Who?

HALLIE: You and Nate. Weren't you both vying for Connie Iantosca?

TAYLOR: There was no "vying." Her and Nate were like the only steady couple in our class.

HALLIE: Most Inseparable.

TAYLOR: Exactly.

HALLIE: I guess that was the kiss of death. So Jimarcus, what's new at the Prosecutor's office? You nail any bad guys yet?

JIMARCUS: So far I'm two for two.

HALLIE: I heard they were grooming you for Mayor.

JIMARCUS: Little early for that. So what are you doing, Hallie?

HALLIE: I'm a videographer.

JIMARCUS: That's awesome.

NATE: Who do you work for?

HALLIE: Myself.

NATE: I mean what's your day job? I heard you were working At Bare Essentials.

HALLIE: That's true, I did, for a while.

TAYLOR: What's that, like Victoria's Secret?

JIMARCUS: It's a strip club.

TAYLOR: Whoa. Were you on the pole?

HALLIE: Cleaning toilets, if you must know.

JIMARCUS: That's harsh.

HALLIE: Yeah, but basically my own fault. Your dad wouldn't promote me at the body shop, so I quit out of spite.

NATE: I had nothing to say about that.

HALLIE: I wasn't implying.

NATE: You seem to be getting on my case.

HALLIE: Not at all.

NATE: Well, OK. Maybe we can have a dance later? I think we should be getting back, right, guys?

TAYLOR: (*flirting*) I don't know. I'm kind of enjoying this.

NATE: Suit yourselves.

(NATE *snuffs out the joint in the Altoid tin, pockets the tin, goes to the door. Stops.*)

NATE: What the fuck?

HALLIE: Problem?

NATE: Fuck happened to the deadbolt? Hallie, what did you do?

HALLIE: Come on, it was easy. Don't you remember how good I was with tools? That '99 Alero I fixed, when you and your dad couldn't figure what was wrong with the gear train? And still you kept me in the cashier's cage.

(*Somebody pounds on the locked door.*)

HALLIE: (*calls:*) Read the sign, dude! It's a sewer in here, go use the girls' or the teachers'. We're gonna be a while. (*to the others*) You have nothing better to do, am I right? (*seductively*) I really wanted to re-connect with you guys.

JIMARCUS: You didn't have to lock us up.

HALLIE: How else were we gonna be private? With all those people working the room. Come on, Nate, you probably schmoozed everybody you needed to. I've really missed you. All you guys. I think about you all the time.

TAYLOR: (*to NATE*) I kinda like the sound of that.

HALLIE: And looking so handsome, the three of you! (*pause; listens*) Oh wow.

(*Muffled sound of music.*)

NATE: What?

HALLIE: They played that song on Prom Night. Taylor, maybe I should let you go.

TAYLOR: Why? We're about to have some fun, aren't we?

HALLIE: Oh yeah, the fun was just starting.

TAYLOR: So why do you want me out of here?

HALLIE: I don't. Come on, you don't remember you were Prom King? They'll be looking all over for you.

TAYLOR: Sure I remember.

HALLIE: All those girls who bid money to be your date? That was so fun, that auction.

TAYLOR: And lucrative.

HALLIE: So lucrative.

TAYLOR: The school bought themselves a new computer.

HALLIE: See, it's all coming back! And Nate, that was the night you announced your engagement to Connie Iantosca. And when you called out her name, she was nowhere to be found, you remember that?

NATE: She was in the Girls Room.

HALLIE: Oh is that where she was.

TAYLOR: And where were you, Hallie?

HALLIE: Not with you. More's the pity.

TAYLOR: I don't remember seeing you at all.

JIMARCUS: No, she was there. Hallie came alone.

NATE: Right. You came alone and you danced alone. You were totally hammered.

HALLIE: I was totally sober. I was the totally sober Dragon at the Feast.

TAYLOR: Whatever. You're not alone tonight.

HALLIE: No, I've got you guys.

TAYLOR: This is the Prom you never had.

HALLIE: Oh I like the sound of that. *(to JIMARCUS who's starting to giggle)* What's so funny, dude?

JIMARCUS: Nothing. When you said "Dragon." It reminded me of something.

HALLIE: You remember that, huh?

JIMARCUS: That day we sold lemonade together.

HALLIE: When we both lived on Conway.



JIMARCUS: You asked me, did I want to go in on it with you, and I was so...

HALLIE: Grateful?

JIMARCUS: Surprised. First person on the block to talk to me.

HALLIE: Yeah, well, people are so racist.

JIMARCUS: Anyway, thank you.

HALLIE: Don't thank me. And don't make such a big deal out of it. I talk to everybody...

*(The lights have begun to fade on the boys' room, freezing TAYLOR and NATE in place, as HALLIE heads downstage with JIMARCUS.)*

JIMARCUS: ...Not girls.

HALLIE: What do you mean, not girls?

JIMARCUS: I never see you talk to girls.

HALLIE: Are you serious? What about those bitches who sneeze at you in the hall?

JIMARCUS: I'm a germophobe, I can't help that.

HALLIE: You could tell them to fuck off. I grabbed that one girl's hair, they took off like a colony of bats.

JIMARCUS: That doesn't count as talking.

HALLIE: Oh catch me doing you any more favors. Next time people line up to hit you, I'll just walk on by. Connie Iantosca isn't a boy, and I kicked her butt halfway down the hall...

*(HALLIE and JIMARCUS have moved to an area downstage containing a lemonade stand, two chairs, a piece of cardboard, and a Sharpie.)*

HALLIE: ...You want some really good advice for when I'm not around to save you? When you carry your books and you don't have a backpack? Don't hold your books against your chest like a girl. Carry them under your arm. Less chance of getting beat up.

JIMARCUS: I'll try to remember that.

HALLIE: Good. Let's sell some lemonade.

*(HALLIE has been writing on the cardboard with the Sharpie. It reads LEMONADE FIVE CENTS.)*

JIMARCUS: Five cents? That's stupid.

HALLIE: Excuse me?

JIMARCUS: Well it is.

HALLIE: Jimarcus. Just 'cause you're a genius like me doesn't mean you can lord it over people.

JIMARCUS: We should charge at least a dime. A nickel won't pay for the lemons.

HALLIE: It will if we sell a lot. *(calls to a passing car)* Lemonade! Lemonade five cents! Best deal in Essex County! Best deal in America! *(to JIMARCUS)* We're gonna sell a ton, you know why? 'Cause when Our Lady of Sorrows lets out, those dudes all waiting for the bus? They'll buy us out just to see my mom come out of our house with another pitcher of lemonade and her tits hanging out.

JIMARCUS: *(wincing)* You shouldn't talk about your mom that way.

HALLIE: It's not my fault she's a boy-loving pervert. *(to unseen customer)* What did you give me, a dime? I owe you a nickel. *(to JIMARCUS)* My mom's been horny ever since she got that restraining order on my dad...Shit.

JIMARCUS: You miss your dad.

HALLIE: I miss him, but I don't miss his hands on me. Shit shit shit.

JIMARCUS: What? What's the matter?

HALLIE: We just got cheated!

JIMARCUS: How?

HALLIE: That big kid gave me a dime. I gave him back a nickel.  
Now we both have five cents. But now he's got our lemonade.

JIMARCUS: That is really stupid. That is the stupidest thing I ever heard!

HALLIE: Did I just tell you not to call me stupid?

JIMARCUS: OK. I'm sorry.

HALLIE: Say you're sorry ten times and I'll let you see my pussy.

JIMARCUS: I don't want to see your pussy.

HALLIE: Yes you do. No, don't turn your eyes away.

(HALLIE *turns around to* JIMARCUS, *unzips her jeans*.)

JIMARCUS: Stop. Where are your underpants?

HALLIE: I never wear them. Like mother like daughter. Now show me what you've got.

JIMARCUS: No. That was too weird.

HALLIE: My pussy looked weird, right? That's 'cause I'm an otherkin.

JIMARCUS: What's an otherkin?

HALLIE: It means I'm not completely human. I'm part female dragon.

JIMARCUS: I've seen pictures. Yours isn't that different.

HALLIE: That shows what you know. Your turn!

JIMARCUS: No. I refuse.

HALLIE: You refuse to show me your wiener.

JIMARCUS: I'm not doing that.

HALLIE: Jimarcus, you're never going to have any sex. Hallie predicts. Right, guys?

*(NATE has entered, with TAYLOR. NATE is carrying a long jump rope.)*

NATE: Right about what?

HALLIE: You're both gonna have lots of sex in your life, not Jimarcus.

TAYLOR: Yeah, and so are you, Hallie, more than us. You ready?

HALLIE: Ready for what?

NATE: You know.

*(NATE loops the rope around HALLIE's waist.)*

HALLIE: Not now, guys, OK?

JIMARCUS: I can leave.

HALLIE: No, don't you go.

NATE: We don't have to do it here. With your mom maybe watching.

JIMARCUS: What does they want you to do?

TAYLOR: It's what she wants.

HALLIE: Shut up, Taylor.

NATE: She's got a crush on both of us. She was jumping rope with Heather McCauley and she asked us to tie her to a tree.

HALLIE: To see if I could get loose.

NATE: She made Heather go home and we played until after dark.

HALLIE: Fuck you, Nate.

NATE: Oo, the mouth on her.

HALLIE: Your dad's in the mafia, no wonder you're such a dick.

NATE: That's a lie about my dad.

HALLIE: He chops up stolen cars.

TAYLOR: It's a body shop, Hallie.

NATE: Yeah, see? She doesn't know what she's talking about.

HALLIE: You're a mafia kid and you're doomed to lead a life of crime.

NATE: That proves you're lying. Mafia dads don't want their kids in the mob. They want them to go to college and become doctors and lawyers.

HALLIE: Yeah, so they can treat the mobsters' bullet wounds and keep them out of jail. Go away, both of you. We're running a legal business here.

NATE: What'll you pay me not to knock it over?

HALLIE: See? He admits it!

TAYLOR: Come on, let us tie you up again.

NATE: See that oak tree over there? It's got your name on it. "For an awesome blow job call Hallie."

TAYLOR: I was the one who carved it.

(TAYLOR *grabs for HALLIE's butt.*)

HALLIE: Get out of here. Go home. Both of you.

*(HALLIE giggles in spite of herself.)*

TAYLOR: Listen to that. She can't wait.

JIMARCUS: *(with difficulty)* Leave her alone.

TAYLOR: Look who thinks he's jealous.

JIMARCUS: Stop bothering us.

NATE: Look at this brainiac, trying to give us orders. Butt out, geek.

*(NATE pushes JIMARCUS. JIMARCUS falls. NATE starts to kick him and HALLIE pulls him off.)*

HALLIE: Stop it, you sadistic turd. Jimarcus, get up. Are you OK?

JIMARCUS: Yes, I'm OK.

*(JIMARCUS gets up. NATE loops the rope around JIMARCUS'S neck.)*

NATE: How are you feeling now?

HALLIE: I said quit it, Nate, I'll kick you in the balls.

NATE: You'd do that, wouldn't you.

HALLIE: You bet I would and you'd like it too.

*(NATE removes the rope from around JIMARCUS's neck.)*

NATE: *(to HALLIE)* We'll be by your house later.

HALLIE: Never. You just made a huge mistake.

NATE: Oh yeah, what?

HALLIE: Because Jimarcus is gonna be a big deal lawyer. Someday you're gonna be as crooked as your dad, and Jimarcus is gonna prosecute the case and you'll end up in jail. And Taylor, you'll probably beat up one of your girlfriends and he'll prosecute you too because you both just made an enemy for life.

TAYLOR: But you still love me, don't you, Hallie?

HALLIE: I wouldn't love you if you were the last idiot on Earth.

NATE: Leave the front door open. Tell your mom to go to the movies.

HALLIE: You dudes come near me again I'll call 911!

(NATE *exits.*)

HALLIE: I can't stand those guys, they think they're so cool.

JIMARCUS: Then why do you flirt with them?

HALLIE: I don't flirt with them, when did I flirt with them?

JIMARCUS: You just don't see yourself.

HALLIE: I see myself, don't worry about me. Are you sure you're OK?

JIMARCUS: Yeah. They didn't hurt me.

HALLIE: That's true about your future.

JIMARCUS: What about it?

HALLIE: I'm gonna teach you how not to be a dork, you're gonna go to some big Ivy League college, and I'm gonna make a video about what a big success you are as a lawyer and a politician and everything I did to make that happen.

*(The lights have begun to fade on the lemonade stand, fading up on the boy's room as HALLIE and JIMARCUS make their way back upstage.)*

JIMARCUS: My family doesn't have the money to send me to college.

HALLIE: Neither does my mom, not that she would ever spend a dime on me, but we're both going, and then you're going to law school, so criminals everywhere beware.

JIMARCUS: And you're gonna win an Oscar.

HALLIE: You bet I am. We're gonna be a team. Maybe we'll even get married.

JIMARCUS: I don't think that's in the cards.

HALLIE: I was kidding, dude...

*(The lights are full again on NATE and TAYLOR, unfreezing them.)*

HALLIE: ...Are you married now? I don't see a ring.

JIMARCUS: Not yet.

HALLIE: Haven't met your Prince Charming?

JIMARCUS: Hallie, that'll do. Seriously.

HALLIE: And Nate, you're divorced, and Taylor, you're still single, so nobody here is married! What are the odds? What's gonna happen to us all? You guys might want to stay on Jimarcus's good side. Are you proud to know him now?

TAYLOR: I don't remember being on his bad side.

HALLIE: Are you kidding? That day in in middle school, all those dudes lined up to punch him, and you were at the head of the line. You were showing off for Kristy O'Connor. She always liked seeing guys hit other guys.

JIMARCUS: How do you know that?

HALLIE: How I know that is because I saw Kristy O'Connor at this hockey game with Nutley. Big fight broke out and she had her hand between her legs the whole time. Did you and Kristy ever hook up?



TAYLOR: No, she was the one that got away.

HALLIE: What about you, Jimarcus?

JIMARCUS: What about me, what?

*(Lights have started to fade on the boys' room, freezing TAYLOR and NATE. HALLIE and JIMARCUS move downstage, toward a table piled with papers. Under the table are their backpacks.)*

HALLIE: Have you hooked up with Kristy O'Connor? I see you talking to her in the hall.

JIMARCUS: No, we haven't officially hooked up.

HALLIE: She's gonna run out of patience. Are you still "making up your mind"? This isn't like whether you're going to Harvard or Yale.

JIMARCUS: You're implying something, I wish you'd say what.

HALLIE: I think you know.

JIMARCUS: No, I don't know.

HALLIE: I mean you could be "bi," but I doubt it.

JIMARCUS: You don't get to talk to me like this.

HALLIE: Maybe you're waiting for Prom Night. To prove it one way or the other.

JIMARCUS: I'm not waiting to prove anything. Just stop it, OK?

HALLIE: You're still too easy to fuck with. That could hurt you in a court of law.

JIMARCUS: Are you going to the Prom?

HALLIE: Why, are you hoping I'll be your fallback?

JIMARCUS: I thought maybe I'd be yours.

HALLIE: I don't need a fallback. I have tons of admirers. So which Ivy are you going to?

JIMARCUS: That depends how I do at the Contest. If I win, it'll help me at Harvard.

HALLIE: Oh please, a black valedictorian? You're a lock wherever you apply.

JIMARCUS: Shows how much you know. I'm not a lock anywhere.

HALLIE: Well, after today you certainly are.

JIMARCUS: Why?

HALLIE: Look what Cunliffe asked us to do as punishment.

*(By now they've seated themselves at the table.)*

JIMARCUS: What?

HALLIE: Staple these booklets.

JIMARCUS: Yeah, so what?

HALLIE: Dude. These are the Contest booklets.

JIMARCUS: No way.

HALLIE: Yes. These are the questions. For the audience to read along.

JIMARCUS: Seriously?

HALLIE: Oh come on, this is why you were texting me in Art Class. You deliberately made us get Rock Pile.

JIMARCUS: I swear. Total coincidence.

HALLIE: Do you ever tell the truth? Check this out.

(HALLIE reads from a booklet she's stapled.)

HALLIE: "The sunlight powered its way into the living room like a brass band." This is an example of A. Synesthesia, B. Hyperbole, C. Simile, D. All of the Above."

JIMARCUS: I don't know. D?

HALLIE: Yeah, I think it's D. (*leafing through*) What's the plural of insignia?

JIMARCUS: Insignias? *Insigniae*? Shit. I think it's already plural.

HALLIE: Better look it up. Or settle for Penn.

(HALLIE offers him a stapled booklet. JIMARCUS hesitates.)

JIMARCUS: Think Cunliffe will count the booklets?

HALLIE: Ohmigod. You're such a worrywart.

(Pause. JIMARCUS takes the booklet.)

HALLIE: Harvard's gain is Penn's loss.

(JIMARCUS stuffs the stolen booklet in his backpack. Stiffens as he sees TAYLOR and NATE have entered.)

TAYLOR: (to JIMARCUS) Are you applying to Penn State?

JIMARCUS: No, why?

TAYLOR: 'Cause they might not take two, and they're over me like flies on honey.

HALLIE: Penn, doofus. Not Penn State. Did Cunliffe give you guys Rock Pile?

TAYLOR: Just saw you here, we thought we'd say hello.

NATE: What was all that about insignias?

HALLIE: Jimarcus was tutoring me in English.

(NATE *picks up a booklet.*)

NATE: Really? So what are these?

HALLIE: I don't know. Something Cunliffe asked us to staple.

NATE: Bullshit. These are the Contest questions. You're in the Contest, right, Jimarcus?

JIMARCUS: Yeah, I'm a finalist.

NATE: So what are you waiting for? Take one home.

JIMARCUS: That wouldn't be ethical.

NATE: Hey. I'll steal one for you.

JIMARCUS: You're kind to offer, but no thanks. So...you interested, Taylor?

TAYLOR: Interested in what?

JIMARCUS: Um...my tutoring services. I heard about the bind you're in.

TAYLOR: What bind. I've got twelve different schools craving my services.

HALLIE: First you have to pass Spanish. (*flirting*) I'll show you my scar if you do.

NATE: Show us now.

JIMARCUS: Hallie, don't. (*to TAYLOR*) Seriously, I can guarantee you a B if you put your mind to it.

HALLIE: Butt out, Jimarcus.

TAYLOR: Where's the scar?

HALLIE: A very secret place.

(HALLIE *lifts the hair over one ear.*)

HALLIE: Here, where the hair doesn't grow? I was Caesarean. That quack my mom was boning nicked me one millimeter from an artery. I could have bled out and died.

NATE: Lucky for us you didn't.

HALLIE: That's so sweet! (*flirting back*) You guys have any secret scars?

TAYLOR: A few cleat marks here and there.

NATE: I've got scratch marks on my back.

HALLIE: Oh, from Connie Iantosca. That's no secret. How about tats?

TAYLOR: Gotta keep my body virgin. My exposed body, that is.

NATE: I'm tat-free. Otherwise, I can't be buried in Beth El Cemetery.

HALLIE: Ohmigod. Orthodox and mobbed-up. I love it. So Taylor, come to my house next week. We'll compare tats and I'll get you to pass Spanish. And anything else you're flunking.

JIMARCUS: Hallie, that's ridiculous! What did you get in Biology?

HALLIE: I got a B, what about it?

JIMARCUS: American History?

HALLIE: B+.

JIMARCUS: (*to TAYLOR*) Wouldn't you rather be tutored by a guy who gets all As?

TAYLOR: I think that question answers itself. (*to HALLIE*) Next Tuesday work for you?

HALLIE: (*lightly*) I'll count the hours.

NATE: What about me?

HALLIE: Don't worry, Nate. I'll get around to you.

NATE: Sounds like a plan, doesn't it, Taylor?

TAYLOR: Oh yeah. Good plan.

(TAYLOR *exits with* NATE, *blowing a kiss to* HALLIE *and a mock kiss to* JIMARCUS.)

JIMARCUS: That was a really disgusting display.

HALLIE: Oh, jealous much? You know who Taylor looks like, I just realized?

JIMARCUS: I'm trying to think of a stupid-looking actor.

HALLIE: Michael Ross.

JIMARCUS: Who's Michael Ross?

HALLIE: Hello. My pervy dad.

JIMARCUS: And that's why you want to have sex with Taylor Jardine?

HALLIE: No, because he's godlike.

JIMARCUS: You know what, Hallie? If you were really interested in sex, you wouldn't set your sights on the unattainable.

HALLIE: Look who's talking.

JIMARCUS: Kristy O'Connor? Is totally into me.

HALLIE: Yeah, but are you into her or a certain jock whose initials are T.J.?

JIMARCUS: You're insane.

HALLIE: You never admit anything. You cheat at everything.

JIMARCUS: Like what?

HALLIE: Like the Contest, you lying knucklehead...

*(The lights are fading on the table piled with unstapled booklets, as HALLIE and JIMARCUS make their way upstage to the boys' room.)*

JIMARCUS: ...I won that Contest in overtime. And I didn't have access to those extra questions.

HALLIE: You still cheated.

JIMARCUS: OK, and you were my accessory.

HALLIE: I was your good friend. I was your only friend for years and years and years. I was your dragon protector. I kept you from harm and I got you into Harvard. And you fucked me over big time.

*(Sound of banging on the boys' room door.)*

HALLIE: *(calls to the people outside)* I said get out of here! Go! Read the sign!

JIMARCUS: Hallie, whatever you think we've done—

HALLIE: What I think you've done?

NATE: Hallie, can I ask you something?

HALLIE: What?

NATE: Do you need money?

HALLIE: Why, do I look like I'm homeless? *(to NATE)* I needed money when your dad wouldn't promote me.

TAYLOR: How about now?

HALLIE: From you? Taylor, you spent every cent you earned in the D-League, or you wouldn't be working at Modell's. Nate, I know you've socked away some cash, we won't say how, and Jimarcus, you're saving your pennies for when you run for Mayor...so no, I'm not looking for a handout, why would you even ask that? Taylor, you're looking a little worried.

TAYLOR: Why should I be worried?

HALLIE: *Qué tan rápido se olvidan.*

TAYLOR: Forget what?

HALLIE: See? I did help you with Spanish.

TAYLOR: I don't remember a whole session.

HALLIE: Well, we did. We had a session.

TAYLOR: You were into me, that much I remember...

*(The lights are fading on the boys' room, freezing JIMARCUS and NATE, as HALLIE and TAYLOR slowly make their way downstage.)*

HALLIE: ....You assume we're all into you.

TAYLOR: Not the dykes.

HALLIE: Oh I forgot. Any girl isn't into you, she must be a lesbian. No wonder you're flunking every subject. You're too stuck on yourself to open a book...

*(HALLIE and TAYLOR stop at some distance from a ratty-looking couch and matching hassock.)*

HALLIE: ...But thanks for walking me home.

TAYLOR: I didn't like how Tony Iantosca was ogg-ling you.

HALLIE: Yeah, Tony's stalking me lately. The protector needs protection.



TAYLOR: Happy to be of service.

HALLIE: Could be a full-time job.

TAYLOR: Whatever you need.

HALLIE: You're hired. Did you know Tony's dad steals auto parts, sells them to Nate Saperstein's dad?

TAYLOR: Now there's a hottie.

HALLIE: Who?

TAYLOR: Tony's sister.

HALLIE: Connie Iantosca? Ohmigod, she's so retro. With that beehive and the purple eye shadow?

TAYLOR: Great ass though. I wouldn't mind hitting that someday.

HALLIE: Behind your buddy's back?

TAYLOR: Nate Saperstein? He'd be cool with it.

HALLIE: Bullshit. He's practically engaged to that *puta fea*.

TAYLOR: Say what?

HALLIE: Dirty whore. You are so behind in Spanish.

TAYLOR: Well, what should we do about that?

HALLIE: I'm not promising anything above a C.

(HALLIE and TAYLOR approach the couch.)

HALLIE: *Mi casa es su casa.*

TAYLOR: *Gracia.*

HALLIE: *Gracias. Sentarse.*

TAYLOR: Say what?

HALLIE: *Sentarse!* Sit your gorgeous butt down.

*(They sit on the couch. TAYLOR looks around uneasily.)*

TAYLOR: Your *madre*. *En casa?*

HALLIE: *No, mi madre no está en casa.*

TAYLOR: *Bueno.*

*(TAYLOR puts his arm around HALLIE. She cuddles closer.)*

HALLIE: *Mi madre es un camarero en un bar de moteros.*

TAYLOR: What kind of bar?

HALLIE: *En Español.*

TAYLOR: *¿Qué sorta de bar?*

HALLIE: *Tipo*, you doofus, not “sorta.” Biker bar.

TAYLOR: Awesome.

HALLIE: Yeah, the bruises she comes home with are awesome.  
Either the manager beats her or they’re both into something truly weird.

TAYLOR: Can she afford college with a job like that?

HALLIE: She’s not even saving up. I’m on my own.

TAYLOR: I’m leaning toward Syracuse lately.

HALLIE: Syracuse, really? I was thinking of Le Moyne.

TAYLOR: Is that near Syracuse?

HALLIE: It’s in Syracuse.

TAYLOR: I think I'd like that.

HALLIE: Would you?

TAYLOR: I'd like that very much.

*(TAYLOR kisses her. They start to make out.)*

*NATE enters. Watches from a distance. HALLIE sees him, breaks away from TAYLOR.)*

HALLIE: Nate Saperstein, what are you doing here?

NATE: Front door was wide open.

HALLIE: Yeah, so who invited you?

TAYLOR: I told Nate we might be here today.

HALLIE: Why did you tell him that?

NATE: You promised to tutor me too.

HALLIE: What are you flunking?

NATE: I could use some help with History.

HALLIE: Well, today I'm teaching Taylor Spanish, so why don't you go bother your skanky girlfriend Connie?

NATE: Hey. You don't talk that away about Connie.

HALLIE: Or what, her dad will have me killed?

NATE: Hallie...why don't you calm your shit down?

HALLIE: I didn't ask you here, and it's my house.

NATE: That's really too bad, because I brought you something.

*(NATE reaches in his pants, takes out a small jeweled handbag.)*

HALLIE: Where did you steal that?

NATE: This little boutique on Millburn Avenue.

HALLIE: Connie will be thrilled.

NATE: I said it's for you.

*(NATE gives her the handbag.)*

HALLIE: It's kinda Teaneck Old Lady for my taste. But thanks for the thought, even though it just occurred to you.

NATE: No...we're always thinking of you, Hallie.

HALLIE: Who's "we"?

NATE: You're on everybody's mind. Right, Taylor?

TAYLOR: Absolutely.

NATE: *(to TAYLOR)* I'll shoot you for who takes her to the Prom.

HALLIE: Oh quit messing around. You're taking Connie, and Taylor's auctioning himself off.

NATE: Not necessarily, right, dude?

TAYLOR: Play your cards right, one of us will take you to the Prom. Meantime, why don't we watch a little TV?

*(NATE squeezes in beside HALLIE on the couch. TAYLOR picks up a remote, turns on the unseen TV, goes around the dial, lands on a channel.)*

HALLIE: Why are you leaving it on this?

TAYLOR: It's "General Hospital."

HALLIE: How do you know that?

TAYLOR: Uh...the nurses?

NATE: I can't watch this shit sober. Hallie, you got any beer?

HALLIE: No, but open up that hassock.

*(NATE opens up the hassock, takes out a bottle of Scotch.)*

NATE: What's this doing here?

HALLIE: My hypocrite mom. She pretends to be A.A., then blacks out on Johnny Walker.

*(NATE bubbles back the Scotch, passes the bottle. HALLIE takes a drink, winces, passes the bottle to TAYLOR. The bottle continues to pass, during:)*

HALLIE: What's your opinion of that girl?

TAYLOR: Which one?

HALLIE: The redhead. You think she's hot?

TAYLOR: They're all hot on these shows. Even the grannies.

HALLIE: Including that pig-nose?

TAYLOR: The blonde? She's OK.

HALLIE: Pig-nose means a low IQ.

NATE: Hallie, you don't have to be jealous. You rule over both those chicks.

HALLIE: That deserves a kiss, even if you didn't mean it.

*(HALLIE kisses him on the cheek.)*

TAYLOR: Nate wasn't lying. You're even hotter than Alicia Willis.

HALLIE: Who's Alicia Willis?

TAYLOR: The blonde who just came in.

HALLIE: Ohmigod, how do you even know her name? Are you like a closet soap watcher? That's so gay! I love it!

TAYLOR: Uh...that doesn't leave this room.

HALLIE: Don't worry, Taylor. Your secrets are safe with me.

*(HALLIE kisses TAYLOR. Then NATE, more deeply. NATE starts to feel up HALLIE. She mutes the TV, takes a quick drink, starts to make out with both of them.)*

*JIMARCUS enters, watches from a distance. HALLIE sees him.)*

HALLIE: Jimarcus?!

JIMARCUS: Sorry to barge in, somebody left the door unlocked.

HALLIE: What do you think you're doing here?

JIMARCUS: I heard you were having a "tutoring session." Guess I was misinformed.

HALLIE: Who told you that?

JIMARCUS: Um, you did?

HALLIE: Well, anyway, we're done, and Taylor doesn't need your services. Nate here might want to hire you, once you graduate law school. Oh wait, I forgot, defense lawyers don't get elected to public office, you're gonna be a prosecutor, so why don't you just leave?

JIMARCUS: Come on, Hallie, don't be so bitchy. What are we not watching?

NATE: "General Hospital."

HALLIE: It's Taylor's guilty pleasure.

TAYLOR: Hey, what did I just say? That's not to be repeated.

JIMARCUS: Of course not. No problem here.

NATE: What happens at Hallie's, stays at Hallie's.

JIMARCUS: But I'm glad to know that about you, Taylor.

TAYLOR: Know what about me?

JIMARCUS: It makes you seem more...human.

TAYLOR: Fuck off.

HALLIE: Hon, he meant that as a compliment. Both of you chill, OK?

*(HALLIE unmutes the TV. JIMARCUS seats himself at HALLIE's feet. NATE and TAYLOR resume feeling HALLIE up. JIMARCUS settles for stroking her calves. HALLIE kicks his hand away. Pulls away from NATE and TAYLOR.)*

HALLIE: Jimarcus...I really think you oughta leave. Nate...you too.  
Taylor and I wanted to be alone.

NATE: Is that what you wanted, Taylor?

TAYLOR: It's her *casa*.

*(JIMARCUS stands. So does NATE. TAYLOR rises too, and steers NATE aside.)*

TAYLOR: *(aside to NATE)* Take a number, she's game.

NATE: Yeah, I don't know. She wants to be alone with you.

TAYLOR: This chick doesn't know what she wants. Don't be a Jew pussy. *(to JIMARCUS)* You too, bro. Stick around, you'll get yours.

JIMARCUS: I'm really not that interested.

TAYLOR: Fuck is wrong with you guys? We're invited. She wants it. Man up, for Christ's sake.

(TAYLOR gets back on the couch, mutes the TV, and starts in on HALLIE. JIMARCUS and NATE back off a few steps. Blackout.

*In the dark, muffled sounds of pleasure and struggle.)*

HALLIE: *(in darkness)* [trying to say “Stop” with someone’s hand over her mouth]

*(Lights up on the couch. NATE is backing away from the couch, joining TAYLOR. They make their way back upstage, into darkness, leaving HALLIE on the couch. She’s buttoning up. JIMARCUS is standing over her.)*

JIMARCUS: Hallie, are you all right?

*(HALLIE doesn’t answer.)*

JIMARCUS: I didn’t start that.

HALLIE: Please don’t say a fucking thing.

JIMARCUS: I didn’t do anything, OK?

HALLIE: No, you just stood in the corner, jerking off to Taylor Jardine.

JIMARCUS: That’s ridiculous, you weren’t even looking in my direction. OK, you want to know the truth?

HALLIE: From you? The truth?

JIMARCUS: You looked like you were enjoying it.

HALLIE: What if I was? And what if I hated every minute?

JIMARCUS: Then you’re a bigger liar than I am...

*(HALLIE and JIMARCUS have headed back upstage. The lights have faded up on the boys’ room, unfreezing TAYLOR and NATE.)*

HALLIE: ...Are you fucking kidding me? You didn’t hear me say “Stop”?



JIMARCUS: I didn't hear anything.

HALLIE: Maybe because Taylor's hand was over my mouth? Could that be the reason?

JIMARCUS: Hallie, I didn't see that either.

HALLIE: Were you blind as well as deaf? You didn't see Taylor holding me down by the wrists?

JIMARCUS: I don't remember that, no.

HALLIE: How about you, Taylor?

TAYLOR: You must be right about my brain, because no.

NATE: I remember taking a drink.

TAYLOR: Yeah, your mom hid some liquor somewhere. Other than that, you might be making stuff up. Memory works that way sometimes.

HALLIE: That's bullshit and you know it's bullshit.

JIMARCUS: Well listen. Whatever happened, that day was obviously traumatic for you.

HALLIE: Oh thank you for that. You're an idiot.

JIMARCUS: You're probably not a hundred per cent on the details.

TAYLOR: Yeah, if you think you had sex with three different guys.

HALLIE: No, because Jimarcus couldn't get hard for anyone but you.

JIMARCUS: She's definitely making that up.

TAYLOR: You had sex with me two times. That's what I remember.

HALLIE: Fuck! You guys will say anything!

NATE: OK, say you're telling the truth.

HALLIE: You know I'm telling the truth!

NATE: As you recall it. Did you tell anybody else?

HALLIE: Like who?

NATE: Like your mom.

HALLIE: Oh like we were on such intimate terms. She wouldn't have believed me anyway. Anything a woman gets, she has it coming.

TAYLOR: And you didn't say anything to us.

JIMARCUS: That's right, not a word, and you didn't avoid us. You texted me after I won that Contest. When I posted that picture of me with the trophy, you Liked it. You never unfriended me.

NATE: Me neither.

TAYLOR: When we won the Sectionals in baseball, you tweeted congratulations.

HALLIE: Twitter barely existed back then. That shows how much of a liar you are.

TAYLOR: Maybe it was email. Whatever. You went on with us like nothing happened.

HALLIE: Maybe I was trying to forget?

NATE: What about those BJs in the parking lot? Did you forget those?

HALLIE: What BJs? What are you talking about?

NATE: Starting like in like sixth grade?

JIMARCUS: Hallie, face it, you were boy crazy.

TAYLOR: The whole school knew about you.

HALLIE: (*in some confusion*) Yeah, right, OK, all my life was leading up, blame me, don't blame yourselves, what if you're right? So what? So what if I was an idiot? Does that make you any less of...of a beast?

NATE: You're the one who claimed to be an animal.

JIMARCUS: Nobody threatened you.

HALLIE: Threaten me?

JIMARCUS: Nobody pulled a knife. Or a gun. Nobody threatened violence at any point.

HALLIE: (*miserably*) What difference does that make?...You held me down while Nate put on a condom and held me there the whole time he was inside me. And Jimarcus, you just stood there with your hand down your pants. You guys should all be dead!

TAYLOR: I never held you down. I didn't have to.

HALLIE: You held me down and you stuffed your hand over my mouth when I started to scream.

NATE: You waited a long time to scream.

TAYLOR: (*to NATE*) Hey. What are you saying that for?

NATE: Because it was a long time.

TAYLOR: There was never any screaming. Let's get that straight. (*to HALLIE*) Where was all this supposed to happen?

HALLIE: It happened. In my living room.

TAYLOR: When your mom could've walked in any minute.

HALLIE: You guys weren't thinking. You were drunk.

TAYLOR: And you weren't?

HALLIE: I don't get drunk.

NATE: Yes you were. Everybody was drunk.

TAYLOR: We were kids, for fuck's sake.

JIMARCUS: Our frontal lobes weren't formed yet.

NATE: We didn't know what we were doing. Neither did you.

JIMARCUS: That's the legal definition of insanity.

TAYLOR: And what about the statute of limitations?

JIMARCUS: Yes, we're way beyond that "statue."

TAYLOR: Fuck you.

JIMARCUS: Can I ask you a question, Hallie? Hallie? Are you listening?

TAYLOR: She's thinking it over. She knows we're right.

JIMARCUS: (to HALLIE) Did this experience...whatever you think went down... did it turn you off men?

HALLIE: No, it turned me off people. I could have been the first girl to shoot up her high school.

JIMARCUS: Come on, be serious. Women don't mass-murder.

HALLIE: If this shit keeps happening, they will. I'm one of billions.

JIMARCUS: Billions?

HALLIE: Tens of billions. That's how many women have been fucked over, since men appeared on this Earth.

NATE: Tens of billions have been raped.

HALLIE: Oh, now you're admitting you raped me? Thank you.  
Thank you for saying that. At last we get some clarity. That's all I  
wanted from this. Some clarity. Some acknowledgment.

TAYLOR: So did you become a stripper?

HALLIE: Did I what?

TAYLOR: Or were you just cleaning toilets?

HALLIE: I became a college student, that's what I became. I didn't  
turn into a call girl, or a porn star, or a drug addict. Maybe I became a  
nun. Maybe I blog for Jezebel. Maybe it's none of your fucking  
business. Yes, I cleaned toilets at Bare Essentials, I also tended bar, I  
sold bottles of champagne to dipshits like you. They offered to put  
me on stage in the daytime and I said no thank you. Getting voyeurs  
to come in their shorts, what kind of revenge is that.

TAYLOR: Some women, they like that kind of power.

HALLIE: That's their problem.

TAYLOR: You don't need that.

HALLIE: That's right.

TAYLOR: Well, I heard you were a stripper. Daytime and nighttime.  
Enticement, is what it was. You led us all on. An innocent girl? We  
wouldn't have gone near you.

NATE: That's enough, man.

JIMARCUS: Let's leave her alone. Hallie, you've got clarity, now  
give us the deadbolt.

TAYLOR: No, come on, she's making all these accusations—

NATE: Which your fucked-up brain can't remember.

TAYLOR: Fuck you, Saperstein.

JIMARCUS: I remember. And I'd rather not.

TAYLOR: You remember what?

JIMARCUS: Everything she said.

(HALLIE, *behind their backs, takes out her iPhone6.*)

TAYLOR: More lies from the Harvard man. You gonna lie about being gay when you run for office?

JIMARCUS: Oh here we go.

TAYLOR: Hey, I know it's harder for a black man.

JIMARCUS: Totally ridiculous.

TAYLOR: Dude, I was there. That's why you signed up for baseball manager. So you could smell my musk and see my cock. You used to stare at my junk in the locker room.

NATE: Busted!

JIMARCUS: If I were you, Nate, I'd shut the fuck up.

NATE: And I thought you were jerking off to Hallie. All that time it was me and Taylor.

JIMARCUS: (*to NATE*) Yeah, don't flatter yourself. And better find some better way to hide those auto-part transactions.

NATE: Aw fuck.

JIMARCUS: Hey listen, if I had the last word? If the sentencing was up to me? Working for your crooked dad, married to a mobster's bimbo daughter, that's time served in my book. But I can't speak for my boss.

TAYLOR: Nate, he's got you by the balls.

NATE: Shut the fuck up. I'm betting you fucked Connie too.

TAYLOR: Never.

NATE: You're such a fucking liar.

JIMARCUS: The Prom. That's when you fucked her.

TAYLOR: What? No way.

JIMARCUS: Kristy O'Connor saw you in the parking lot. While Nate was in here, puking his guts out.

NATE: Holy shit.

TAYLOR: Kristy O'Connor's a liar, we hooked up after the Plainfield game, and I did you a fucking favor. You knew Connie was boning other guys.

NATE: Yeah, and if you got away with herpes, consider yourself lucky.

TAYLOR: And you'll be lucky to stay out of prison.

NATE: Yeah? What about those P.E.D.s you took when you were a closer at Penn State? You ever do time for that?

JIMARCUS: Or bitch-slapping that Penn State cheerleader?

NATE: Your dick never listened to your brain. I will curse the day I let you talk me into that day at Hallie's.

TAYLOR: Oh like I had to talk you into anything. Never mind. Doesn't fucking matter.

NATE: Yeah, it matters. It matters to Hallie, and we all owe her a big fucking apology.

*(JIMARCUS, NATE, and TAYLOR now turn toward HALLIE. They see she's got her iPhone6 out and is recording everything.)*

TAYLOR: Fuck are you doing?

NATE: Hey, wait.

JIMARCUS: Hallie, don't do that.

HALLIE: Don't worry, it's done.

*(HALLIE re-pockets her iPhone.)*

TAYLOR: Whoa. You're not planning on posting that, are you? Hold on a second.

HALLIE: Ohmigod, don't worry. This is gonna blow up so big, you have no idea. Nate? Get ready to do five years in Rahway. *(to JIMARCUS)* You might want to reconsider that mayoral run. *(to TAYLOR)* You should hold onto that Modell's job, because you may never get another one.

TAYLOR: You're not serious.

HALLIE: Wait and see.

TAYLOR: You want to die, is that what you're saying?

NATE: Taylor, be quiet.

HALLIE: Goodbye, fellas.

*(HALLIE takes the deadbolt out of her pocket, along with a small screwdriver. TAYLOR starts toward HALLIE.)*

TAYLOR: Hallie...I'd be real careful if I was you. Because the day that video goes up, some goombah buddy of Nate's is gonna ring your doorbell.

NATE: Taylor, I said shut the fuck up. Hallie, can we talk about this? Let's not get all hysterical.

JIMARCUS: Yeah, let's all take a breath. Do you really feel that vindictive? I mean yes, you're entitled, totally entitled, but do you really want to ruin three lives because of what a bunch of ignorant teenagers did in the heat of the moment? You've been living with this shit and you gotta put the past behind you. I'm sorry for you, I'm sorry for me, I'm sorry for this whole fucked-up world we live in. Hallie? If it's any consolation I'll never forgive myself.



NATE: Me neither Hallie.

TAYLOR: That goes for me too.

JIMARCUS: We'll never forget we did to you, it's our badge of shame. Now let's all calm down, go back to the party, and try to remember the good times as well as the bad. Because there were plenty of those too. You have to admit that. No matter how crazy we all were.

TAYLOR: Yeah, he's right.

NATE: Absolutely. There were good times and bad, and we're sorry for the bad ones.

TAYLOR: You weren't the animal.

NATE: We were the animals.

TAYLOR: Need help with that deadbolt?

*(TAYLOR suddenly lunges at HALLIE. She struggles as TAYLOR grabs her. HALLIE writhes out of his grasp for an instant. NATE rushes to help TAYLOR.)*

HALLIE: [starts to scream]

*(TAYLOR claps a hand over HALLIE's mouth. NATE and TAYLOR wrestle her to the floor. TAYLOR kneels on one of HALLIE's hands, keeps one hand over her mouth and the other holding down her other wrist, as JIMARCUS extracts the iPhone from HALLIE's pocket and pries the deadbolt from her fist.)*

NATE: Give it here.

JIMARCUS: No, I can do it. I took shop.

*(JIMARCUS goes to the door, restores the deadbolt. TAYLOR opens the door to one of the stalls.)*

TAYLOR: Jimarcus? Lemme have it.

NATE: Better make sure.

*(JIMARCUS looks at the cell phone in his hand, starts punching in something.)*

TAYLOR: Fuck are you doing?

JIMARCUS: Just making sure.

TAYLOR: Don't bother deleting. Just toss it.

*(JIMARCUS tosses the phone to NATE....NATE stomps on it...TAYLOR tosses it in the urinal....flushes....)*

*HALLIE struggles to her feet. NATE opens the door. With a last look back at HALLIE, NATE and TAYLOR exit...)*

HALLIE: Jimarcus?....

JIMARCUS: Yeah....I didn't want to be mayor anyhow.

HALLIE: You sent it.

JIMARCUS: To both of us. And the D.A. Statute of limitations is a problem, but whatever.....ETC.

HALLIE: Yeah....well thanks.

JIMARCUS: Don't ever thank me. You feel like dancing?

HALLIE: Not really, no.

JIMARCUS: Just thought I'd ask. I was really hoping you'd go with me. That wasn't an act.

HALLIE: OK....

JIMARCUS: I think the dancing's over anyway.

*(Outside, the sound of choral voices:)*

CHORAL VOICES (*over*): “Oh Southwood, thou has taught us.  
The paths that we should tread.  
By the rules of pride and honor  
In our work and play we’re led.

JIMARCUS: Brings chills, doesn’t it?

HALLIE: Yeah. Brings chills.

JIMARCUS: Hey. I never wanted to be mayor anyhow.

CHORAL VOICES (*over*): “In the year of life’s hard struggle  
We care not what’s in store,  
For thy motto is our motto...  
And our cry ‘Excelsior!’”

END THING