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## **Family Plays**

# ADDIOT

A DRAMA

By

JEROME MCDONOUGH

# ADDICT

**Drama. By Jerome McDonough.** *Cast: 11+ either gender; flexible.* This frightening portrayal of the horrors of drug and alcohol abuse shows children and young adults yielding to the almost irresistible lure of drugs—and suffering the miserable consequences. *Addict* is an eye-opener for those who have not been exposed to drugs and hopefully an eye-opener for those who have. The young person's view of "it can't happen to me" becomes less clear after experiencing this convincingly powerful drama. Most anti-drug plays turn off the very people that need the message; *Addict* doesn't. *Addict* and *Juvie*, both by Jerome McDonough, are among the most produced plays in the United States. McDonough gives explicit instructions on allowable cutting of the script to maintain the full force of the horror created and not defeat the purpose of the play. He also urges updating all street terms to keep the show from becoming an old-fashioned comedy. The play opens "No one needs to suffer alone. No living person is beyond help. And now, *Addict*." *Simple set with two benches. Modern clothes. Approximate running time: 70 minutes. Code: AG1.*

## Family Plays

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Addict

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(Addict)

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All producers of the play *must* give credit to the author(s) of the play in all programs distributed in connection with performances of the play and in all instances in which the title of the play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the play and/or a production. The name of the author(s) *must* also appear on a separate line, on which no other name appears, immediately following the title, and *must* appear in size of type not less than fifty percent the size of the title type. Biographical information on the author(s), if included in the playbook, may be used in all programs. *In all programs this notice must appear:*

“Produced by special arrangement with  
Family Plays of Woodstock, Illinois”

# ADDICT

## FEATURED CHARACTERS

And Ensemble Roles Within Each Scene

### MARCY

Helen  
Mrs. Kent  
Sandy  
Girl  
Another Girl  
Other Students  
Pusher  
Marcy's Mother

} (Played by  
the  
Ensemble)

### DANCEY

Angie (played by an Ensemble member)

### KENDRA

Announcer (Ensemble member)  
Concert Crowd (full Ensemble)

### BART

Bart's Dad } (Ensemble members)  
Guy }

### MICHELLE

Michelle's Mother (voice)  
Michelle's Teacher (voice)  
Art (Ensemble member)  
Partygoers (full Ensemble)

### LUISA

### SUMMER

Vinnie } (played by Ensemble  
Summer's Mother } members)

### JIMMYE

Ben's Mother (voice) } (Ensemble members)  
Ben (small boy's voice) }

(Cast continued on next page)

**'CUDA**

Couple (non-speaking)  
Narcotics Officer  
Drunk # 1  
Drunk # 2  
Guard  
Pusher

} (played by  
Ensemble members)

**JANIS**

Janis's Mother  
Judge (voice)  
Housekeeping Supervisor

} (played by  
Ensemble members)

Inmates of the Vegetable Bin (full Ensemble)

Billy Gage (voice)

Medical Examiner (voice)

**The Miracle of Multiple Casting**

At first glance it may seem that **ADDICT** has an enormous cast. However, it is entirely possible to perform the show using only the people who play the ten featured roles, those which are printed in capital letters above. For more details, see **Multiple Casting** in the **Production Notes** following the script.

**TIME: The present**

**PLACE: Here**

**ADDICT** is not based upon any person or persons, living or dead. All characters are fictitious creations of the playwright.

**ADDICT** is fiction—but every word is the truth.



*Dedication*

To Harry Edwards, Toxicologist and Drug Awareness proponent,  
who brought the stark reality of the  
Drug Culture home to me.

A million thanks, Harry, for your help and guidance  
in the preparation of this play.

To the Highest Highs of all—the Father, the Son,  
and the Holy Spirit.

And to my performers whose addiction is to  
helping spread this vital message—  
Curtis Poynor, Konii Dalman, Karen Towery,  
Beth Miller, Missy Cross, Loren Strickland,  
Mary Ward, Renae Ho-Gland, Tammy Miller,  
Diane Byram, and Kelley Young

and

Saluting the Caprock Chemical People and Barbara Miller  
for their support and encouragement.

## NOTES ON THE PLAY

Probably no playwright is more concerned with the effects his plays will have on the lives of audiences than Jerome McDonough.

Amidst the critical acclaim for *JUVIE*, he was frequently asked, "Why do so many teens get into so much trouble?" In searching for answers among medical authorities, law enforcement officials, narcotics experts, and teenagers themselves, he arrived at the concept of *ADDICT*.

Since there is no lack of half-truths about drugs among young people, Mr. McDonough decided to tell several *COMPLETE* stories, including the beginnings of use *AND* the dread consequences which are always left out of the "street" version. Drug and alcohol abuse support agencies and individuals, such as Harry Edwards, as well as school officials agreed that the play could be a powerful deterrent. During its polishing phase *ADDICT* was performed for junior and senior high audiences in Amarillo, TX, with high praise from school officials, teachers, parents, and students.

### A NOTE FROM HARRY EDWARDS

During the past 37 years as a toxicologist, I have seen many drug overdose victims, and so many of them have not survived. I have seen new drugs arrive on the scene and watched some of the old leave, but I see more and more birth defects in the offspring of heavy drug users. I work to alleviate the drug problem for those yet-unborn children by making young people and adults aware of this tragedy.

This play is another way to touch many.

Harry N. Edwards, Toxicologist  
Freeport, Texas 1985



### *SUGGESTIONS FROM THE AUTHOR:*

#### UPDATING THE PLAY

Few things change as quickly as drug "street" terms. Before producing *ADDICT*, have a knowledgeable local drug awareness person read through the script and offer substitutions for any terms which are not currently in use.

If the terminology used onstage is incorrect or "old-fashioned" the play becomes a huge inside joke for the drug culture, much like several overzealous and poorly conceived films of the past.

## CUTTING THE SCRIPT

Time or other considerations might make it necessary to cut **ADDICT** in length. This is permissible so long as a character's entire scene (such as all of **DANCEY**'s episode) is cut, along with its Autopsy Report counterpart at the end of the play.

If a scene **IS** presented, however, its Autopsy Report may not be cut from the performance. **ADDICT** has made an issue of not sugar-coating anything, and omitting the ultimate outcome of the drug user's actions would defeat the purposes of the play.

Neither the opening nor the ending spoken announcements may be cut.

## ADDICT AND THE YOUNGER CHILD

**ADDICT** is not a play for young children. Local producers will have to decide on the age of audiences, but the original performance was never done in a school setting for children younger than junior high school age.

Other drug awareness programs and techniques are probably better suited to the general populace of children in the lower grades. **ADDICT** would definitely be a **PG-13** movie.

A notice alerting the parents of younger children to this fact should probably appear in any advertising for public performances of **ADDICT**.

## THE ADDICT IDEOLOGY

**ADDICT** is not only a play but a part of an outreach. The mere performance of the **ADDICT** stories is not enough. The producing company also accepts the obligation to provide a slate of help options to members of the audience.

Every performance must be accompanied by both spoken and printed program listings of local Drug and Alcohol Abuse support agencies and/or individuals (please see pp. 26-27).

If such announcements and program listings cannot be provided, a production license will not be issued for **ADDICT**. (The presence of trained drug and alcohol counselors at each performance is also highly encouraged but is not a condition of the production license.)

After hearing a frightening story, a child needs to be held. Our insistence on follow-up support is our version of answering that same need.

—Jerome McDonough

# ADDICT

By Jerome McDonough

*[The set consists of two benches, each very plain and capable of holding two people. These are placed Down Left and Down Right, each "cheated" open at a slight angle. There is no other set.]*

*AT RISE: the stage is empty except for the two benches. Before the play begins, either a live voice or a very clear taped announcement is heard:]*

ANNOUNCER. No one needs to suffer alone. No living person is beyond help. *[Pause]* And now—ADDICT.

*[LIGHTS come up as the stage becomes a busy hallway in a school. Various ensemble members will become the characters indicated. MARCY moves from Stage Left to Center where she mimes searching through her locker. She faces full front so that the audience seems to see her through the locker. HELEN enters Left, calling to Marcy]*

HELEN. Marcy! I can't make it to Latin Club tonight. Will you run the meeting?

MARCY. I don't know, I . . .

HELEN. Everybody says you'll be president next year. You can use the practice.

MARCY. But . . .

HELEN. *[Starting to move off Left]* Thanks, Marce.

MARCY. But . . . *[As HELEN exits, MRS. KENT, the assistant principal, enters from Right]*

MRS. KENT. Marcy, I need that list of the Council phone numbers by eight in the morning.

MARCY. I'll get it to you, Mrs. Kent.

MRS. KENT. Thanks. *[As MRS. KENT exits Left, a GIRL (SANDY) is rushing by, going the opposite way]*

SANDY. Come on, Marcy. Honor Society meeting.

MARCY. Mr. Coulter said I could get the information from somebody. I have Student Advisory Committee now.

SANDY. *[Exiting as MARCY turns to the locker again]* OK.

MARCY. *[To herself, going through notebooks]* Student Council, Latin Club, Physics, . . . where is that stupid Advisory folder? *[She looks*

*into the locker, then her shoulders droop. She is nearly overwhelmed by all that is facing her. She looks furtively both directions down the hall. For the moment, it is empty. We can perceive from her motions that she is finding, then opening a bottle of pills. She puts two pills in her mouth and swallows them. She returns the bottle to the locker and closes the door as several other ensemble members line up, Left. MRS. KENT sits on the Left bench. She mimes holding the school's Public Address microphone. The other people are students waiting to make announcements]*

MRS. KENT. Good morning. Today's activities include the sophomore volley ball game at 4:00 with the JV game to follow. Spirits Girls are to hang signs this morning. Committee members should report to Marcy Wilson in the gym. We have the following student announcements.

GIRL. The Prom committee is to meet in Mrs. Schwartz's office this morning. Please pass Marcy Wilson, Ginger Cates, and Bo Bradford to this meeting. *[MARCY moves slowly to Down Center during the following announcement]*

ANOTHER GIRL. Latin Club members! See Mrs. Keller to pick up your magazine sales packets. We'll meet at 8:00 Saturday morning. *[The announcements will continue under Marcy's speech for a time. Once in a while her name will be heard but the rest of the announcement will be inaudible. Each ANNOUNCER will exit unobtrusively after his/her announcement]*

MARCY. Days were getting shorter—like every minute had fewer seconds in it. It was at least 2:30 in the morning before I'd get to bed. Then I started getting up earlier and earlier. I couldn't keep up the pace.

PUSHER. *[Entering Right, holding a bottle of pills out to her]* There's nothing in these pills but caffeine. They call 'em turkeys.

MARCY. *[Moving Right to Pusher]* Caffeine? Nothing else?

PUSHER. All I know about is caffeine with extra caffeine. *[PUSHER turns away, but does not exit]*

MARCY. The turkeys worked for awhile. Then I got to taking more and more of them and it still wasn't enough.

PUSHER. Try these. *[MARCY mimes grabbing quite a number of them]* Hey, easy! Pop that many and you're dead! These are the real thing—browns—amphetamines. Just take two.

MARCY. They look like the turkeys.

PUSHER. The morgues are full of people who thought that. *[PUSHER exits]*

MARCY. Those two uppers lasted me all morning. I could do everything. I thought I'd found the answer. Except that in a week I had to do two in the morning and two more in the afternoon and in the evening. And even though I could get to bed earlier, I was so hyped up that I couldn't sleep.

I found downers. I did uppers all day, then Valium at night to calm me down. Then I won another election. [*Sitting on stage, Down Center*] The uppers went up even more—and Valium wasn't downer enough. I started doing yellow jackets or reds or blue birds—barbiturates. Life turned into an elevator that was going a thousand miles an hour—both ways at once—and always a heartbeat from crashing.

One morning even the browns couldn't get me going. I had just enough mind left to see that I had to quit. But I didn't tell anybody. I thought I could bring myself out of it. [*MARCY'S MOTHER has entered from Right*]

MARCY'S MOTHER. [*Rather surprised*] You're sick, Marcy?

MARCY. Yes.

MARCY'S MOTHER. Why don't I stay home and take you to the doctor?

MARCY. I'll be all right, Mom.

MARCY'S MOTHER. Are you sure? [*MARCY nods*] See you at fifty-three, then. [*MOTHER exits Left*]

MARCY. So Mom went to work and I quit pills. The browns wore off about ten o'clock. I got scared. I nearly popped some bennies, but I knew I couldn't. By noon I had the shakes. I tried to rest but my stomach was churning and I got sick four or five times. I'd drift off to sleep a few seconds but I'd hallucinate and wake up gasping. The shakes got worse. [*Rising*] I thought maybe I'd feel better if I got dressed, so I dragged myself out of bed. [*Moving toward Left, standing Down Left*] But as I tried to walk, the shakes turned into convulsions. I gashed my face open on my dresser as I fell.

The convulsions finally let up a little and I tried to reach my phone to call for help, to call Mom or the Emergency Room or somebody but I couldn't even move that far. My muscles wouldn't respond. I remembered posters I had seen at school—drug counseling phone numbers—crisis lines—I remembered people in assemblies saying they wanted to help, saying it was dangerous trying to quit alone. I remembered—but I couldn't move enough to reach my phone.

Then I felt my body slowing down. I actually felt it happen. My skin

got cold and damp. The convulsions didn't come so often but I felt my breathing slowing down. It was still slowing down when my watch read two o'clock.

And when it read three.

And four. *[Pause]*

I never saw it read five.

*[MARCY holds her position for a few counts, then slowly exits Left. If full or partial light dimming is being utilized between scenes, the LIGHTS should be lowered at this point for a few counts. NOTE: The original cast simply used a few silent counts with the lights unchanged, then moved on to the next scene. LIGHTS back up. DANCEY and ANGIE move on from Right, DANCEY speaking. They sit on the apron, Down Right, and mime the actions called for in the script]*

DANCEY. The thing me and Angie used to like to do was to get a supply of quay and go out to this little airport and watch the planes take off. We'd sit by the car outside the fence at the end of the runway and just watch 'em go. After a few 'ludes, those things just seemed to hang in the air, moving so slow you could almost count the rivets in 'em. The quaaludes got us numb or weird a lot and Angie about went crazy a couple of times when she thought the planes were coming straight at us. But, I don't know, we just kept doin' 'em. *[Both rise and walk to Center as cued by the narrative]* We'd been 'luding a while one day and there was no action on the runway so we drove over to the hangars. They were working on a big twin engine plane. These huge propellers on each engine were spinning so fast you couldn't even see the tips. We had a couple of quays left and we popped them. When that 'lude took hold, those props just seemed to slow down and slow down until they were barely moving, like two ceiling fans in some old movie.

All of a sudden, Ange says . . .

ANGIE. *[Dreamily watching the props]* Dancey, I'll bet I can walk through that prop. It's going so slow I'll bet I can walk right through it.

DANCEY. Yeah? Well, I can, too. *[Beat]* The propellers were really still going full speed and ten feet high when we walked into them. *[They each take one step toward the apron]* Angie lived two days. I lasted three—in enough pain for a hundred lifetimes.

*[DANCEY and ANGIE freeze for a few counts, then break and join the crowd at KENDRA STARR'S concert, below. LIGHT cue, if used.]*

*The SOUND of a huge cheering crowd cues the ENSEMBLE. They rush to upstage, facing up, as if watching a concert stage. The Announcer's voice is heard. (The ANNOUNCER may speak through a live mike or his voice may be recorded on the same tape with the crowd noise.) He speaks with all the excitement and urgency of the announcing of a rock superstar]*

ANNOUNCER. OK! Put your hands together for KENDRA . . . STARR . . . AND QUASAR! [*CONCERT NOISE rises to deafening level and the ONSTAGE AUDIENCE joins in. Beneath the noise, the sound of the band cranking up can be heard. KENDRA speaks through a live microphone so that she can be heard above the music. The practical mike prop is consistent with her character and necessary for a later section involving her. Her costuming includes a full-length cape with hood. She comes through the crowd, speaking. The CROWD will still watch the concert, facing upstage. KENDRA moves to the apron, telling her flamboyant rock and roll story. MUSIC under but not out*]

KENDRA. We played to 90,000 in the Super Dome, 95,000 in Dallas, and 100,000 in L. A. Every town, we cracked 80,000. Our second album hit the stores the opening day of the tour and it went gold by noon. The first album was still number one and our new single topped the radio and video play lists by Friday. We were hot—and we were loving it.

A *Rolling Stone* interviewer asked me what it was like singing to a tenth of a million faces. I said it was like having 100,000 people say “I love you” at the same time. There’s this song I do and I shout to them on it—“Hey”—and they shout it back. Man, you ought to feel 100,000 people screaming “Hey” at you. You can hear it above the stage monitors, even above Jeff’s solos, this enormous wall of love. And you’ve got to give them all they want, to make sure they keep yelling because it can’t ever stop. After you’ve had it, you can’t do without it.

And you can’t do without the preparations, either—the blade, the mirror, and that beautiful candy. I spread those lines out before the show and for two hours there’s no place else in the world for that 100,000 or for me. Then when it’s over and I can finally hear a little bit and the roadies are busy sweating out front, I gather up my little freebase kit. I heat that stuff and I smoke it and it hits. It hits. [*An unpleasant thought*] Somebody’s always trying to drag me, though, telling me I’m trashing my brain and murdering myself. Or telling me about somebody that the coke killed—like when one of our roadies got so gone on the stuff that



he fell under the sound truck wheels in Phoenix. Well, I'm telling you that his mind had been rotted for months—but the doctors tried to blame that on the coke, too—brain wipe-out, they said. I just don't want to hear that stuff. [*Back on her usual track*] Anyway, I don't have time to think about that. I've got a show to do. [*KENDRA runs back upstage, through the crowd. They cheer for her and follow her as she runs off Up Left. Her music rises then fades under and out*]

[*LIGHT cue, if used. BART enters from Down Left and starts his story, speaking at Left*]

BART. The second they told my dad he had a baby son, he started writing my Olympic Gold Medal acceptance speech. [*BART'S DAD and ANOTHER MAN will enter from opposite sides and mime the "pay-offs," Center*] But I started disappointing him right away. This guy at the office had a baby girl almost the same day I was born. He and Dad had a standing bet of \$5 for who'd do what first. Dad lost forty-five dollars when that girl crawled, walked, said her first word, said her second word, said her first sentence, cut her first tooth, cut her second tooth, ran, and hopped on one foot before I did. He made it an even fifty when she won her first race—she ran it against me. [*The OTHER MAN exits, Right*] Dad could hardly handle it when I cried through every softball practice, made goals for the other soccer team, and when the coach thought the best spot for me on the second grade football team was as a manager. I went out for sport after sport and I kept being the last one chosen.

BART'S DAD. [*Speaking to some unseen crony*] I don't get it, Tony. I was first string all the way, MVP in college football three years, medals for marathon and wrestling. What's the matter with that boy? There's got to be some ability in there someplace.

BART. But it didn't look like there was any ability—any place. Then I got to be about fifteen and Dad decided I just needed to get some beef on me. So we went down to the gym.

BART'S DAD. They've got a super weight training program here. Best thing in the world for you, Bart. [*BART'S DAD exits, Up Left*]

BART. I don't know if I had turned a corner or if it was my age or what but as soon as I started on those weights, it felt exactly right for me. Maybe it was just that it was me alone—me against me instead of against everybody else. The gym opened at 6:00 a.m. and I was always waiting by the door. They had to throw me out every night. [*Moving to*

*Center*] I'd been doing some benchpressing one afternoon when this guy came over to watch me. [*GUY has entered from Right*]

GUY. You're doing pretty good. How long you been at it, a couple of weeks?

BART. Yeah.

GUY. Hang in there. You'll get definition after a while.

BART. I'm ready for it.

GUY. Of course, you CAN rush things a bit.

BART. No, thanks. No muscles in a pill. I don't need it that easy.

GUY. Are you kidding? You'll work twice as hard. But a few steroids get you so you can.

BART. Nah.

GUY. I'll be around. [*GUY turns away, takes a few steps Right and freezes*]

BART. In a week I hit a standstill. I couldn't pump more and I wasn't getting any definition. Worse, I didn't have the endurance to work out as long as I wanted to.

GUY. [*Turning to Bart again*] How's it going?

BART. Great.

GUY. [*Skeptical*] Yeah. How much more you doing than yesterday?

BART. I don't know.

GUY. Come on—I never knew a lifter who couldn't tell you to the ounce what he'd done. You're frozen up.

BART. It's coming.

GUY. If you want to wait. [*Holding pills out toward him*] Come on, man. Try some of these.

BART. Listen, . . . [*Stops, looks at the pills*] They'll get me past this?

GUY. They will sail you past this. [*Hands him the bottle, then exits Right*] See you again tomorrow.

BART. [*Takes pills*] So I met steroids. At first I thought it was nothing. I didn't feel any different. But that night I was still pumping hard when they got ready to close the place. A few days later I was lifting the lights out of that gym. In two weeks I was ready to make a big cross-over on the weights. [*Crossing to the bench, Left. He does not act out the first few lifts*] As soon as I got to the club, I went over to the bench. I'd been pressing 185 easy so I started working up to it. 115—135—155—185—no problem. I set 200. It went up like nothing. I took another pill. I was set. [*He mimes putting the weights on each side, then lies down on the bench. Action follows*] I loaded 125 pounds on each side and

lay down on the bench. I grabbed the bar. My heart was racing. I pushed 250 up. I started it down. Then the power in my arms shattered. My elbows collapsed. I saw the weight coming but it was too late to get out of the way. Some guys were running toward me . . . [*His arms snap downward and his body writhes in pain. Beat. He rises slowly*] The bar smashed into my neck and kept pushing until it nearly touched the bench. Then it just rocked there. [*BART exits Left*]

[*LIGHT cue, if used. MICHELLE enters and sits on the bench, Right*]

MICHELLE. I loved elementary school. The rooms were always bright and I always knew the answers. Then everybody grew up at once—everybody but me. And I couldn't catch up. My first morning in Junior High lasted forever. I didn't know anybody in any of my classes. I got sick in gym and threw up on the floor. I ran home. I begged Mom—[*in character*] please don't make me go back.

MICHELLE'S MOTHER. [*From offstage*] Michelle, you have to.

MICHELLE. [*In soliloquy again*] I couldn't sleep. I could still see those girls in class. [*Rising, crossing toward Left*] I went into the kitchen, to the cabinet where we kept the liquor. I got a glass and poured—I don't know—something. It tasted terrible but I felt a little better. I got to sleep. The next day was just as bad, though. I made it through gym but nobody would get anywhere near me and they were all giggling. I knew what I had to do. In the mornings before school, I started taking a little drink. It was OK for a while. But then it was like every teacher decided that . . .

MICHELLE'S TEACHER. [*Offstage voice*] Tomorrow, each of you will read your report aloud to the class.

MICHELLE. [*Sitting on bench, Left*] I couldn't sleep again. So I'd take a drink at bedtime. Then, before the class where I had to read, I'd go by my locker and get a sip of whiskey from a fruit juice can I kept there. I tried to quit drinking a lot of times. I could tell it was getting out of hand, and I got sick a lot. But then there'd be 11th Grade California Achievement Tests or we'd have dancing in gym and there'd be guys in there or—it'd always be something.

Then Art Phillips moved here. He was gorgeous. And he was in every class I was taking. Luckily, he didn't know I was alive.

But one Tuesday night the phone rang. [*ART has entered to Down Right. He mimes speaking into a phone*]

ART. Michelle? This is Art.

## PRODUCTION NOTES

### *Multiple Casting*

It is possible to perform ADDICT using only the ten main characters listed in capital letters in the prefatory material of this script.

Each scene is basically independent of the others and characters may change as often as the scene changes. Using the same person to portray contradictory characters in adjacent scenes should be avoided, but otherwise anyone may play any role.

The only character who may not participate in the performing Ensemble is KENDRA STARR. Her frequent reappearance and make-up demands force this exclusion.

Parts are further structured so that many roles may be played by either sex. Guards, pushers, even those characters designated as Fathers may be adjusted through minimal line alterations to be played by women. The only parts which seem impossible to change are Vinnie and Art; one man could easily cover both roles plus having the larger feature role of BART or 'CUDA.

Of course, it is possible to use as many people as there are written parts, but most producers do not have this luxury.

### *Properties*

Soft drink can—Luisa  
Live microphone—Kendra  
All other props are mimed.

### *Lighting*

Beam lights or spotlights for front illumination. Fairly dim stage lights—green preferred—for overhead and backlighting.

### *Light Plot*

1. HOUSE LIGHTS down for ANNOUNCER's introduction
2. STAGE LIGHTS up after introduction
3. MARCY (uppers and downers)—STAGE LIGHTS fairly dim. Use SPOTLIGHTS as necessary to illuminate actors. (This illumination will be referred to in the following episodes as "Basic Lighting")
4. DANCEY (quaaludes)—No change
5. KENDRA I (cocaine)—STAGE LIGHTS may be dimmed up a bit to illuminate crowd (or backlighting may put them in silhouette).
6. BART (steroids)—Basic Lighting
7. MICHELLE (alcohol)—No change
8. LUISA (inhalants)—Add HOUSE LIGHTS. Lower HOUSE LIGHTS when she exits.
9. SUMMER (marijuana)—Basic Lighting
10. KENDRA II—Leave lights as before until she sits on the bench. Then dim the front SPOTLIGHTS out, leaving green stage lights on until the taped speech runs out. Then bring the front SPOTLIGHTS back up.
11. JIMMYE (LSD)—Basic Lighting
12. 'CUDA (heroin)—No change
13. JANIS (PCP—angel dust)—No change
14. KENDRA III—No change until she has exited the stage at the end of her walk around the graveyard. Then fade all STAGE LIGHTS and SPOTLIGHTS to a very low setting as the volume of the music comes up.

15. STAGE LIGHTS and SPOTLIGHTS remain low until after the final spoken announcement, then all LIGHTS are dimmed all the way to blackout.  
 16. HOUSE LIGHTS up

### *Costumes*

As is usually the case with Ensemble shows, many liberties are taken with costuming. The only character who affects costuming in the classical sense is KENDRA STARR. The original KENDRA wore an all-black outfit including pants, shirt, boots, and cape. She accessorized the outfit with a few braided belts.

All other Ensemble members wore a basic outfit of a shirt, jeans, and soft-soled shoes. No attempt was made to standardize even in the way of color. The instruction to the cast was to find an outfit suitable for the Featured Character played by that person and to add accessory or overdressing costume bits to suggest other characters. Below are descriptions of the original cast's basic costumes.

MARCY—soft pink sweater, jeans

DANCEY—motorcycle advertising shirt, jeans

BART—sweat shirt wrapped around shoulders, half-shirt, jeans

MICHELLE—oxford shirt, jeans

LUISA—dirty and torn shirt, worn jeans

SUMMER—top with the word "Baby" on front, jeans

JIMMYE—hooded sweat top over plain shirt, jeans

'CUDA—ragged military field jacket over dirty camouflage shirt, torn and faded jeans

JANIS—"heavy metal" rock group "concert" shirt, jeans

Secondary characters were suggested by adding jackets, changing shirts, etc.

### *The "Hotline" Section of the Printed Program*

Begin by finding the local numbers of services and agencies by checking under "Drug Abuse" in the Yellow Pages and/or through personal contacts with professionals in Drug Awareness fields. Be certain that all numbers are working. Include the current hours of operation. The first producers found the listing style in the model below the most compact.

The national numbers in the model were operating as of the summer of 1985 when this play was published. Check both before including them, of course. Toll-Free Information (1-800-555-1212) might have other suggestions.

Here is the model HOTLINE section for the program. The author recommends including the introductory paragraphs so that issues not addressed by ADDICT can be handled by local counselors:

### HOTLINES

Even the most seemingly harmless drugs can have damaging effects if abused.

If you are using or considering using any drug, whether it is mentioned in this play or not, contact your local drug awareness program. The counselors can give you the straight information—straighter than the "street" word.

No play can cover everything, but we hope this play shows you enough to prove that drugs are taking you no place—no place you want to go.

If you need help or know someone who needs help, or if you just have questions, call these numbers. These people care about you.

† Local Agencies †

Operation Drug Alert – 999-9999\* (24 Hours)

Drug Center of Hewley – 888-8888\* (9:00-5:00 weekdays)

[\*Substitute names and numbers of your local agencies]

† National Numbers †

1-800-COCAINE – Toll-Free Drug Abuse Hot Line (24 Hours)

1-409-233-3324 – Harry Edwards,  
Occupational Health Consultants – (24 Hours)

**Don't suffer alone. Help is available. Use it!**

*Setting*

The set consists of two benches, each very plain and capable of holding two people. These are placed Down Left and Down Right, each "cheated" open at a slight angle. There is no other set.

*Music and Audio*

ADDICT is a bit high-tech insofar as ideal audio presentation style is concerned. The character of KENDRA STARR and her Rock and Roll persona demand this level of sophistication if the play is to be convincing.

The house sound system should include a microphone for KENDRA STARR (preferably wireless but one with a cord will do) and a separate microphone for any "live mike" ANNOUNCER sections. Rock and Roll sound volume levels should be supported.

Many producing companies will wish to record original music for KENDRA, but some may choose to utilize other selections. The chosen selections should not be the moment's hottest as audience members will recognize the music and the effectiveness of KENDRA STARR will be diminished.

*Further Remarks on Cutting the Script*

Some drugs included in the play may not be currently available in your area. Before launching into full-scale production, you may wish to touch base with the police or local drug awareness program to find out what is being pushed locally. If there has never been a problem with certain substances, it might be better to cut that sequence and leave the time for questions and answers by a qualified health professional following the production. (Be certain also to cut that character from the Medical Examiner's report at the end of the show.)

On the other hand, forewarned may be forearmed. Each production company must make its own decisions.

**AN 'ADDICT' GLOSSARY**

A Guide to  
Drug And Chemical Abuse Terminology

This list of street terms partially reflects the state of the drug and alcohol scene as of 1985. Most of the terms are those used in ADDICT. Producers who plan to provide such a list for adult advisers or other purposes are urged to check with local drug abuse authorities to verify the validity of these terms.

This Glossary should NOT be printed in the ADDICT program. Too many items are merely introduced and not dealt with. For a more comprehensive glossary of terms, contact local drug awareness groups.

## General

Fix—a drug dose

'Ludes, quay—synonyms for quaaludes

Narc—a drug informer or narcotics officer, sometimes an undercover police officer.  
To "narc" means to inform.

Pusher, dealer—drug dealer

Steroids—chemicals used to stimulate muscle development

Stoned—under the influence of marijuana, marijuana-type or hallucinogenic drugs

Use, "do"—using drugs

Wasted, smashed, blitzed, buzzed, Twilight-Zoned—under the influence of drugs, alcohol, or both

Colorado Kool-Aid, long-neck—beer

Huff—deeply inhale the fumes of a substance. The caustic fumes cause brain, liver, and kidney damage.

## Heroin-Related Terms

Balloons—heroin is sometimes delivered in a toy balloon.

Brown horse—low-quality heroin

Horse, white horse, H, smack—heroin

China white—first quality heroin

Kit—the syringe, surgical tubing, spoon, and lighter used to prepare heroin

Strung-out—needing a drug "fix"

## Marijuana-Related Terms

J, reefer, joint, stick, doobie—a marijuana cigarette

Lid—a "baggie" of marijuana

Nickel bag— $\frac{1}{4}$  of a lid

Dime bag— $\frac{1}{2}$  of a lid

Quarter bag— $\frac{3}{4}$  of a lid

Maui Wowie, Columbian Gold, Acapulco Gold, Home-Grown, Roman Red, Thai Stick—specific strains of marijuana

Roach—butt-end of a marijuana cigarette, smoked in a paraphernalia pipe or roach clip

Roach clip—hair clip or hemostat, used to hold a roach for smoking

Toke, hit, yeska—one inhalation of a marijuana cigarette

Weed, pot, grass, pod, mutah—synonyms for marijuana

Angel dust—synonym for PCP, heavy hallucinogen; one of the most dangerous drugs because of the likelihood of flashbacks and frequent association with self-mutilation

Dusting—putting some other substance (like PCP) on a marijuana cigarette

## Cocaine-Related Terms

Coke, snow, toot, candy, nose candy—cocaine

Cocaine kit—razor blade, mirror, tube of some sort for "snorting"

Lines, rails—cocaine, ground very fine, arranged in lines on a smooth surface

Freebase—a combination of cocaine paste and ether, smoked in a pipe

Snort—drawing cocaine into the nose

## Pill-Related Terms

Browns, bennies, footballs—"uppers" or stimulant pills; amphetamines

Turkeys—caffeine-loaded pills; dangerous chiefly because they resemble genuine uppers. Confusion of the two has resulted in many fatal drug overdoses.

Yellow jackets, reds, blue birds—"Downers" or depressant pills; barbiturates. Valium is a mild downer.

### LSD-Related Terms

Acid, crank—synonyms for LSD

Trip—the hallucinations caused by the drug

Bad trip or bummer—terrifying drug experience; can lead to irrational behavior and sometimes death

Goofy sticker and/or tattoo—a picture, usually of a popular music group or children's character, with LSD sprayed on the back. The user licks the sticker and puts it on his skin; the LSD then affects him. (Children should be warned against licking ANY sticker; they should moisten the back with a sponge instead—and NEVER put stickers on their skin unless they are positive that the stickers are from a safe source.)

Hit, stamp, cube, sugar—names for a dose of LSD, usually sold on a stamp or sugar cube

Mushrooms, 'shrooms—hallucinogenic mushrooms; peyote or other

Flashback or flash—the recurrence of a former "trip" or drug experience, usually unpleasant. A serious danger of LSD and PCP

### THE KENDRA STARR MAKE-UP

(Photos by David Bowser)

Kendra Starr's disfigurement should be as grotesque as possible without being ludicrous or laughable. The original production of ADDICT utilized a bald cap and a custom-designed mask. The mask form was chosen because application had to be done quickly, without help, and frequently in less than ideal conditions (such as the back stairway of a school auditorium). Theatrical supply houses may very likely stock such masks, and choosing a ready-made mask has many advantages, particularly in the areas of time and convenience.

Materials needed: To the bald head cap (skin scalp) add a quantity of synthetic hair of the same shade as the hair of the actress. The specific quantity will be determined by how much is needed to blend with the actress's own hair. The accompanying photos show how the original Kendra's make-up was applied.