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Dramatic Publishing



THE BULLY PLAYS

24 Short Plays by

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(THE BULLY PLAYS)

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Gasp, Farrah & Monster

By José Cruz González

CHARACTERS

YOUNG MAN teen, dressed in 1950s-style clothing,
uses an oxygen tank to catch his breath

YOUNG WOMAN..... teen, dressed in 1970s-style clothing,
has a Farrah Fawcett haircut

MONSTER teen, dressed in a dark suit and tie,
holds a briefcase

SETTING AND TIME: Anywhere and anytime.

WORDS TO PONDER: “*Cada persona es un mundo.*”
(Each person is a separate reality.)

Gasp

(YOUNG MAN stands, holding an oxygen tank and breathing into a mask several times before speaking to us.)

YOUNG MAN. Railroads and rail cars. Can't get much better than that. I love the smell of diesel. Runnin' full speed with the wind at your face. It's my little piece of heaven.

(He gasps and breathes into the mask several times.)

A railroad cut across my backyard. At night I could hear the train rollin' by. It always called to me. "Get on board, sonny. Life's an adventure." My old man said I wouldn't amount to much. Made me grow up hard. When I wasn't workin' I was playin' on them tracks. It was my only playground helpin' me to escape the world I was trapped in. I'd imagine myself runnin' as fast I could and catchin' that train to some-where I don't know.

(He gasps and breathes into the mask several times.)

Charlie's Angel

(YOUNG WOMAN stands, holding an unopened envelope in her hand.)

YOUNG WOMAN. My best friend Amy spread a rumor about me that was untrue. She did it as a joke and then it got out of hand. She told everyone I was a wild girl and loved to party with boys. Pretty soon I was known as “T Girl.” The “T” stood for “Tramp.”

(She looks at the envelope.)

“T Girl” became my permanent nickname at school. I’d have to live with that name until I graduated from school. When I think back, I wanted to be like Farrah Fawcett. She was in the original *Charlie’s Angels*. She was beautiful and had this amazing hairstyle to die for. After my nickname stuck, I tried to disappear into the school walls and into my books so no one would see me and call me that name. It didn’t work. I was so hurt and embarrassed that I stopped talking to people and I stayed by myself. My grades suffered and my mom couldn’t crack me open. I even thought about taking pills once.

(She looks at the envelope again.)

Monster

(MONSTER, a teen boy, stands, carrying a briefcase.)

MONSTER. I dreamed of being rich, important and popular. I got the first two. Everything I learned, I learned in school, but not from the classroom. I learned that there are monsters roaming the hallways, cafeterias and playgrounds, looking to eat you up like Godzilla did to Japan. In their wake of destruction, monsters can make other monsters. I'm a monster. I wasn't one, but I am now. I'm rich and important, but not popular. I go for what I want and I don't care who gets in my way or who gets hurt. In business, you got to be a monster. I'm thankful now for the monster that made me a monster. I used to be innocent, trusting and friendly, but to monsters that is a sign of weakness. Monsters will eat you alive. That's what happened to me. I was eaten alive, but I survived and learned from it. It made me stronger. I have no weakness. I make other monsters now. People fear me and that's the way I like it.

(He opens his briefcase.)