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*Dramatic Publishing*



# THE BULLY PLAYS

## 24 Short Plays by

Sandra Fenichel Asher

Cherie Bennett

Max Bush

José Casas

Gloria Bond Clunie

Eric Coble

Doug Cooney

Linda Daugherty

Lisa Dillman

Richard Dresser

José Cruz González

Stephen Gregg

D.W. Gregory

Brian Guehring

Dwayne Hartford

Barry Kornhauser

Trish Lindberg

Brett Neveu

Ernie Nolan

R.N. Sandberg

Geraldine Ann Snyder

Werner Trieschmann

Elizabeth Wong

Y York

**Compiled and Edited by Linda Habjan**

**Foreword by Susan Sugerman, MD, MPH**



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(THE BULLY PLAYS)

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# **The Final Testimony of Henry Samson**

By Y York

## **CHARACTERS**

PETER.....age 16, male, attentive, smart, apologetic up to a point  
HENRY SAMSON.....age 16, male, charming, cunning  
ALICE ..... age 16, female, attractive, sweet, happy, self-effacing  
THE KID IN AN EXPENSIVE SUIT ..... age 16, male,  
slick and scary

SETTING AND TIME: A courtroom. The present.

NOTE: “...” is a breath, a thought, a very short amount of time passes, but a shift has happened. “—” is an interrupted line, usually by the next speaker but sometimes by the current speaker.

*(An almost empty courtroom. PETER, sports jacket and tie, looks over his documents. ALICE, dressed in a lovely dress, is sitting in the gallery near THE KID IN AN EXPENSIVE SUIT. Enter HENRY SAMSON, dressed nicely but casually, no tie or jacket. He swaggers, is amazed and confused but not worried.)*

PETER. Hello, Henry. Glad you could finally join us.

We’ve been waiting for you.

HENRY. You’ve been waiting for me?

PETER. Yes, we need to hear your side of things—

HENRY. My side of what?

PETER. We're just trying to get to the bottom of—

HENRY. Is this about my dad's car—? Because I wasn't drinking—

PETER. Oh no, it's not about the crash—the crash is settled.

HENRY. Oh. (*Calming down.*) Okay. Who are you?

PETER. Oh, my bad. I'm Peter. (*Handshake.*) How do you do?

HENRY. Fine. (*Whisper.*) Why the tie, friend?

PETER. I beg your pardon?

HENRY. Really. Your mom make you wear that?

PETER. I want to show respect—

HENRY. Yeah, I know. I leave it on until I'm out the door, and then stick it in my pocket. She never finds out.

PETER. I want to show respect for the court.

HENRY (*looking around*). Yeah, wow, a court. What's this about, Pete?

PETER. Peter. It's about July 4<sup>th</sup>.

HENRY. What, the Declaration of Independence?

PETER. Ha—good one. No. Last July 4<sup>th</sup>.

HENRY. ...Last July 4<sup>th</sup>... That's a long time ago. Last summer. I don't remember.

(*THE KID stands, points steadily at HENRY. HENRY sees him.*)

PETER. I know, I'm sorry. This system is archaic, there ought to be some way we could...but there isn't, and there's nothing I can do about it, we couldn't start until now. Can we just go over a few things—? And then you can go.

HENRY. What's he doing—?

PETER (*to KID*). Will you please sit down? (*KID sits, stops pointing.*)

HENRY (*to KID*). Yeah, no loaded fingers allowed in the courtroom, buddy. (*Recognizes ALICE. To PETER.*) Is that...? What's Alice doing here? I thought she moved away.

PETER. She did. But now she's here. Because she was there.

ALICE (*waving*). Hi, Henry.

HENRY. Hey, Alice. (*To PETER.*) I thought she moved. She's a nice girl, but, you know, a little...you know.

PETER. I don't think I do know.

HENRY. You know. On the outside looking in?

PETER. ...We should get started.

HENRY. Okay, let's do this. How can I help you?

PETER. Let's start with what happened.

HENRY. Okay, but I already said I don't remember—

(*THE KID stands and points steadily at HENRY.*)

PETER. Do you, Henry Samson, swear and promise to tell the truth?

HENRY. What's with the pointing, Mister Finger Man?! Who is that guy?

PETER. He's always here— (*To and for THE KID.*) Can't get rid of him to save my life. (*THE KID sits. To HENRY.*) Just say, "I swear and promise to tell the truth."

HENRY. I swear and promise to tell the truth.

PETER (*chuckling apologetically*). So help me God.

HENRY. Whoa.

PETER. Please...

HENRY. So help me God.

PETER. Great. You can sit down. (*HENRY heads to the witness stand.*) No, not there. Not yet. (*Points to gallery.*) Over there. Alice?