

Excerpt terms and conditions



This excerpt is available to assist you in the play selection process.

You may view, print and download any of our excerpts for perusal purposes.

Excerpts are not intended for performance, classroom or other academic use. In any of these cases you will need to purchase playbooks via our website or by phone, fax or mail.

A short excerpt is not always indicative of the entire work, and we strongly suggest reading the whole play before planning a production or ordering a cast quantity.

Dramatic Publishing

CLUB MOJITO

By

RICHARD DRESSER



Dramatic Publishing

Woodstock, Illinois • England • Australia • New Zealand

*** NOTICE ***

The amateur and stock acting rights to this work are controlled exclusively by THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be given. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed any time it is acted before an audience. Current royalty rates, applications and restrictions may be found at our Web site: www.dramaticpublishing.com, or we may be contacted by mail at: DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, 311 Washington St., Woodstock IL 60098.

COPYRIGHT LAW GIVES THE AUTHOR OR THE AUTHOR'S AGENT THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO MAKE COPIES. This law provides authors with a fair return for their creative efforts. Authors earn their living from the royalties they receive from book sales and from the performance of their work. Conscientious observance of copyright law is not only ethical, it encourages authors to continue their creative work. This work is fully protected by copyright. No alterations, deletions or substitutions may be made in the work without the prior written consent of the publisher. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, videotape, film, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. It may not be performed either by professionals or amateurs without payment of royalty. All rights, including, but not limited to, the professional, motion picture, radio, television, videotape, foreign language, tabloid, recitation, lecturing, publication and reading, are reserved.

For performance of any songs, music and recordings mentioned in this play which are in copyright, the permission of the copyright owners must be obtained or other songs and recordings in the public domain substituted.

©MMVIII by
RICHARD DRESSER
Printed in the United States of America
All Rights Reserved
(CLUB MOJITO)

For inquiries concerning all other rights, contact:
The Gersh Agency, 41 Madison Ave., 33rd floor,
New York NY 10010 • Phone: (212) 997-1818

ISBN: 978-1-58342-604-3

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

All producers of the play *must* give credit to the author 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 *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 (50%) the size of the title type. Biographical information on the author, if included in the playbook, may be used in all programs. *In all programs this notice must appear:*

“Produced by special arrangement with
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY of Woodstock, Illinois”

Special thanks to the following members of the class of 2008 of Hastings High School, Hastings on Hudson, New York:

Catherine Adams

Ariel Appel

Liana Blum

Sam Dresser

Ethan Molomot

Charles O'Rourke

Daniel Quinn

Sam Tercek

Hannah Wertz

CLUB MOJITO

CHARACTER

WILL . a slacker who has dropped out and lives on the roof

GRETCHEN . an over-achiever whose high-pressure family
has driven her to succeed

DAVE a self-styled rebel, a gifted musician,
the leader of a band

BOBBY Dave's best friend who plays in the band

JENNY the singer in the band and Dave's girlfriend

MITCH paralyzed by indecision, he holds the all-time
school record for switching majors

KELLY a flirt who is Mitch's girlfriend and absolutely
faithful to him whenever he is present

SARAH a serious, introverted student who is quietly
determined to make a difference in the world

THE PIZZA GUY

SETTING

The play takes place on the roof of an apartment building near a college campus. This is where the group of students who live in the apartment building hang out.

TIME

It's spring of senior year. There are three scenes:

1. The afternoon before graduation
2. That night
3. Early the following morning

CLUB MOJITO

SCENE ONE

(IN DARKNESS we hear the clock in the campus bell tower chiming twelve noon.

LIGHTS UP on the roof of an off-campus apartment house. The roof has the feeling of a makeshift low-rent resort with a bar, a refrigerator, a barbecue and some plants. There's a ramshackle sofa and some lawn chairs.

Entrances and exits are made through a window leading into the apartment building.

There's movement from a sleeping bag on the sofa.

MITCH enters, on edge.)

MITCH. Will? Willie? Are you awake? Huh? I can come back later. But I really kind of need to talk. If you're awake. Are you? Awake? *(Pause.)* Okay, I'll come back. No problem. *(Beat.)* Any idea when you'll be fully awake? Ballpark? So I can plan accordingly?

(A head appears from out of the sleeping bag. WILL. He stares at MITCH.)

WILL *(sleepily)*. I was having a dream about this beautiful girl who was wearing a cap and gown...but she didn't have anything on under the gown...and I was just finding that out when I open my eyes...and there's...Mitch. *(WILL gets up, pulls on jeans and goes over to fire up the barbecue.)*

MITCH. Great, you're up. Perfect timing! Listen, we graduate tomorrow and my future is really...cloudy. All I've ever done is go to school, and now it's over and I'm not prepared to do *anything*. Boy, you are really smart not to graduate, Will, you don't have to worry about having a future. And what about Kelly? I love her. At least I think I do. I mean I told her I do. But now that school's over am I supposed to marry her? I wasn't planning to get married till I figure stuff out and that could take many many decades.

(WILL gets hotdogs from the refrigerator and tosses them on the barbecue.)

WILL. Have you had breakfast, Mitch?

MITCH. Yeah, but that was a long time ago.

WILL. Do you want a hotdog or two?

MITCH. Yes. No. Maybe just one. If it's no trouble.

WILL. Can I tell you something, Mitch?

MITCH. Sure, anything. You're the smartest drop-out I know.

WILL. Wow, high praise indeed. Look, the stuff you're worried about, like getting a job and getting married?

MITCH. Yeah?

WILL. It doesn't matter.

MITCH. No?

WILL. It's all the same whatever you do. Then you die.

MITCH. Really? Huh. That's either very comforting or very depressing. I can't decide which.

WILL. That's the problem. You can't decide *anything*.

MITCH. I know, I know! Do you realize I hold the all-time school record for switching majors? Since freshman year I've been a doctor, a lawyer, an anthropologist, a classicist, a botanist, a Medieval scholar. I was even in Women's Studies. And I came here as a lacrosse player.

WILL. Mustard?

MITCH. Don't ask me anything, Will, I mean it! I'm under a lot of stress and I can't decide!

(DAVE shows up, wired.)

DAVE. What's up, losers?

WILL. Look at Dave. Dave looks terrible, doesn't he?

MITCH. It's true, Dave, and you're a pretty handsome guy. I say that in a totally heterosexual way.

DAVE. Like that even matters? You know what matters? I finished my Art History paper. It took an entire case of Red Bull but the magic happened. I read it through around five A.M. and it was so ridiculously good I started screaming.

WILL. Is that what that was? I almost called 911.

DAVE. It covers the entire history of art history from cave drawings right up until Tuesday.

WILL. That sounds very comprehensive.

MITCH. I can't believe you're going to graduate after basically blowing off senior year.

DAVE. I've got a secret method. If you study every night then you forget half the stuff by the final. The key is to pull a couple of extreme all-nighters and jam that knowledge into your head so hard it can't ever get out. Ask me anything about art history. Come on, anything!

WILL. Define "chiarascuro" and provide pertinent examples.

DAVE. Why don't you kiss my pertinent ass? Ask me anything else!

MITCH. What was Vincent van Gogh's brother's name?

DAVE. Piece of cake. (*Thinks.*) Teddy.

WILL. Teddy van Gogh? Didn't he play third base for the Cleveland Indians?

MITCH. Try Theo.

DAVE. That's what I said! Theo! My man Theo van Gogh!

(*JENNY enters with donuts.*)

JENNY. Dave, you're up.

DAVE. I never went to sleep, babe. I totally finished college last night.

JENNY. Excellent. The nation salutes you. Who wants a donut?

WILL. That would go great with my hotdog. Donuts and hotdogs, those are the two most important food groups. Hey, do you guys want hotdogs?

JENNY. Are you kidding me? Do you know what's in hotdogs?

MITCH. Could you please not tell me till I'm finished?

DAVE. It's just like glorified road kill. They scrape these splattered bloody animals off the highway and roll 'em into tubes. Sometimes they don't get mashed up enough in the factory and that's when you bite into like a rat's ear or some kind of random squishy intestinal stuff.

MITCH. Thanks, Dave. I'm done.

JENNY. Dave, have you seen Bobby?

DAVE. Nah, he was supposed to come back last night.

WILL. Where did he go?

JENNY. He drove out to the shore to try to line up some gigs for our band this summer.

MITCH. Are you guys worried about him?

DAVE. Bobby's never been anywhere on time his whole life.

(GRETCHEN shows up, anxious.)

WILL. Whoa. A very special roof appearance by Gretchen.

GRETCHEN. I'm just here to relax for a few minutes, okay? Isn't this a nice day? I think it's a nice day...

WILL. What's wrong? You seem...

GRETCHEN. What? What do I seem?

DAVE. You seem kind of tense, Gretchen. More than usual.

MITCH. And you're usually pretty tense.

GRETCHEN. No, I'm not! Am I?

DAVE. You're the third tensest person I know. My dad is numbers one and two.

GRETCHEN. It's just...

JENNY. What?

GRETCHEN. I just talked to my philosophy professor. Langley. He's grading my final paper *right now*. And I *have* to get an A.

MITCH. Why do you have to get an A? School's over.

GRETCHEN. I did the numbers. If I get an A on this paper then I'm the valedictorian.

DAVE. I guess we should have listened all those times when Gretchen told us how smart she is.

GRETCHEN. The number two guy already has his final G.P.A. If I get less than an A then he beats me.

DAVE. How would you even know this, Gretchen? I mean I have no idea what my class ranking is—

JENNY. That's probably a good thing, Dave.

DAVE. You mean I'm not a major threat to Gretchen?

MITCH. So who's this number two guy?

GRETCHEN. Alex something. Kornwicky, I think.

MITCH. Alex Kornwicky? Never heard of him.

GRETCHEN. Nobody has. He must be some kind of freaky egg-head nerd who spent the last four years in the library.

WILL. I think you'll get an A, Gretchen.

GRETCHEN. You think so, Will?

WILL. Yeah, I really do.

(A look between them.)

GRETCHEN. I sure hope you're right. If I'm valedictorian then my parents are going to send me to Italy this summer. Then law school in the fall...

MITCH. I can't believe you know what you're going to do for the next three years. I would love that. I would love to know what I'll be doing Monday.

(BOBBY shows up.)

BOBBY. What's happening, boys and girls?

JENNY. Bobby, you idiot, where have you been?

BOBBY. Are there any more hotdogs, Will?

WILL. I hope so. I bought seven hundred at the beginning of the semester.

DAVE. You're many things to many people, Will, but to me you're a smart shopper.

WILL. Thanks, Dave. That means a lot.

BOBBY. I am so famished. I haven't eaten in almost half an hour.

JENNY. So what happened at the shore?

BOBBY. Greatest day of my life! I went to the batting cage and set it on super-fast and you know what? I was so good it scared me. People stopped to cheer, some just gazed in silent awe. Little kids asked for my autograph. If everything else bombs out I'm going to play major league baseball.

DAVE. It's great to have a fallback position, isn't it?

MITCH. When was the last time you actually played baseball, Bobby?

BOBBY. Middle school. I hit .538 with 17 RBIs, and that was against ninth-grade pitching. You can't tell me the major leagues will be any tougher than that.

JENNY. Will you shut up and talk to me, Bobby?

BOBBY. Okay...I've been putting this off...

JENNY. Yeah, we kind of noticed.

BOBBY. I'm afraid I have some bad news.

JENNY. Oh, no. I don't even want to hear this.

DAVE. They hated our stuff. I knew it.

BOBBY. I'm sorry to say, the three of us don't have a free night until Labor Day.

JENNY. What are you saying?

BOBBY. This guy Nick at the Surf Side Cafe wants us to be the house band. Four sets a night, the money's okay, not great...

JENNY. Are you serious? I can't believe this! Can you believe this, Dave?

DAVE. This is amazing. This is not what I expected at all.

JENNY. What did he actually say?

BOBBY. He thinks our stuff is really polished. His daughter saw us last fall at that outdoor thing and she's been pushing us and basically we're in.

JENNY. This is so good. This is happening so fast. We have to find an apartment.

BOBBY. Done.

JENNY. What do you mean?

BOBBY. Summer rentals are tough so Nick set me up with his friend Ronnie who has this house, I mean a total house right on the boardwalk. We have to give him a deposit right away and it's ours.

DAVE. You are the man, Bobby. I don't know why everyone says you're a jerk and a loser and a crybaby.

MITCH. I am so jealous. You guys practically have your whole life planned.

BOBBY. Oh, Mitch, sorry about, you know...

MITCH. What?

BOBBY. You and... *(Off the others staring at him.)* Nothing.

MITCH. What? What's going on? You have to tell me, Bobby.

BOBBY. I thought you and Kelly broke up.

MITCH. Why would you think that?

BOBBY. I saw her with that British guy Trevor.

MITCH. That old guy?

JENNY. He's not that old.

MITCH. He's at least 27. He graduated years ago and he just hangs around campus in that stupid cape.

DAVE. And he's not even British. I happen to know he's from Montclair, New Jersey.

MITCH. Where did he get that British accent?

WILL. Somebody must have sent him a postcard from London and the accent stuck.

MITCH. Man, I hate that guy. Where did you see them, Bobby?

BOBBY. They were on a bench. Kind of...enmeshed.

MITCH. Kelly and Trevor were enmeshed on a bench?

GRETCHEN. I told you we should have done that intervention with Kelly.

JENNY. I just thought she'd come to her senses.

MITCH. So everybody knew? And nobody told me? And here I am, worrying if I should marry her.

BOBBY. It's none of my business but I'd hold off on the wedding.

DAVE. At least till she breaks up with Trevor.

BOBBY. You need to set limits in a healthy marriage.

DAVE. Like keeping fake British boyfriends to a minimum.

BOBBY. That's a good rule, Dave. I'm going to write it down for the future.

(MITCH starts inside.)

WILL. Where are you going, Mitch?

MITCH. I don't know! (*He leaves.*)

WILL. He never knows where he's going.

JENNY. Nice job, bringing it up, Bobby.

BOBBY. He wasn't mad at me. He was mad at all you cowards for keeping it a secret.

DAVE. Another ten, fifteen years he'll see it's all for the best.

(BOBBY goes over to DAVE and JENNY.)

BOBBY. So how about you guys write me checks for the deposit and I'll overnight it to Ronnie.

DAVE. Fine. Even though you still owe me for *Wrestlemania*.

BOBBY. You're charging me for *Wrestlemania*? Then pay up for dinner last week.

DAVE. It was my birthday! I thought it was your treat.

BOBBY. Why would it be my treat? You never treat me on my birthday!

DAVE. Your birthday is in August. I'm never around.

BOBBY. When are you going to pay off your Super Bowl bet?

DAVE. It was three million dollars. It was a joke bet!

BOBBY. It wasn't a joke to me. I'm counting on that three million, so pay up, you deadbeat loser!

DAVE. Do you have any idea how many people hate you, Bobby? I'm just one of them.

BOBBY. Really? Well how would you like to get your big fat face grilled to a crisp, huh?

(BOBBY grabs DAVE and drags him toward the barbecue. DAVE screams. GRETCHEN screams.)