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*Dramatic Publishing*

# THE BULLY PLAYS

## 24 Short Plays by

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(THE BULLY PLAYS)

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# Glorious Gail

By Max Bush

## CHARACTERS

GAIL .....	18
NICK .....	18
BECKY .....	18
KATHY .....	17
MIKE.....	18

**SETTING AND TIME:** The beach on Lake Michigan, the rooms of three high-school students. June of this year.

### Scene 1

*(MUSIC. BECKY, KATHY and MIKE sit in the dark, frozen, looking into their laptop webcams or camcorders during the first scene.)*

*LIGHTS isolate the beach in the morning, in mid-June. On the ground, facing away from us, unconscious, is GAIL. She wears pants, sandals and a blouse, but the blouse is pulled down about two inches in the back. Also, she wears a clown-like wig.*

*For a few moments she is alone onstage with the SOUND of waves and gulls.*

*NICK, tall and athletic, runs on.)*

NICK. Gail? Gail! We've been looking all over for you. (*GAIL moans. MUSIC out.*) What are you doing out here? (*She begins to stir, groans.*) Where were you all night? And what's with the hair? (*He's moving around behind her.*) Your mother called me this morning, yelling at me because— (*He stops abruptly when he sees her face. He begins to laugh, but quickly stops. He takes her in, bends down, shakes her.*) Gail...Gail, are you all right? (*He turns her on her back.*) What the hell is this? (*A bouquet of wilted and torn flowers is tucked inside her belt at the navel. He takes flowers out, tosses them away.*) Gail! (*He looks her up and down.*) Gail! Are you hurt?

GAIL. Nick?

NICK. What happened to you? Where have you been?

GAIL. What am I...

*(GAIL sits up, clutches her side. She faces out. We now see what NICK reacted to. GAIL's face is grotesquely made up—a cross between an overly made-up prostitute and a clown. The foundation makeup is very light and smeared unevenly. The rest of the makeup is thick and hurriedly smeared. Her blouse is pulled down—not revealing breasts—but enough so the word “SLUT” could be written across her upper chest in large, red letters. The word “PIG” is written on her forehead. The word “SINS” is written on her right arm near the wrist, and the word “BITCH” is written on her left forearm.)*

NICK. Are you hurt somewhere?

GAIL. My ribs...my neck...my face... What happened?

NICK. I don't know, I just found you here. Where were you all night?

GAIL (*looks around, confused*). The beach? I'm on the beach?

NICK. Yeah, the beach. It's Wednesday morning. You've been gone all night. What the hell happened, Gail?

GAIL. But how— (*She starts to move, clutches her side; she's beginning to panic.*) Ah! How did I get here?

NICK. I'm going to call an ambulance, all right? You don't look good.

GAIL. Who brought me here?

NICK (*takes out his phone*). You don't know how you got here?

GAIL. Nick, what happened?

NICK. Maybe you should just not move, you know, relax, babe.

GAIL. It's Wednesday?

NICK. Yeah, about 9:30 in the morning.

GAIL (*looks at her arm, reads it*). What... "SINS"... Does this say "SINS"? (*She looks at her other arm.*) "BITCH." Who wrote this on my arm? (*Looking down at herself, sees something written on her chest.*) What?... What does this say?

NICK. Relax, babe, I don't think you should move. You're hurtin.' And—

GAIL. What does it say?!

NICK. Just relax. Let me call an ambulance. (*He dials his phone.*)

GAIL (*frantic*). What happened to me? Who did this? (*She sees the hair on her head is not her own; she pulls off the wig, looks at it.*) Who did this to me?!

(*LIGHTS crossfade to a half-light on NICK and GAIL as he helps her up and off.*)