

Navah Goldblum
3/11/19
Honors Project T2
Boys & Girls Srips UNEDITED

Lights rise to reveal stage right and we see a split stage. Stage right is Cammie's bed room and on stage left is James's room, in their seperate homes. Cammie, Vivian, Isabel, and Bailey are in Cammie's room. James, Nick, and Daniel are in James' room. Both groups are talking.

VIVIAN: Isabel have you done physics homework yet? *(looking at Isabel waiting for a response)*
Isabel!!! *(waiting then tapping her and pulling off her headphones blasting with heavy metal music)* Isabel!! Explain the physics homework to me!

ISABEL: You don't need to yell. What do you need help with? And don't say all—

VIVIAN: All of it.

ISABEL: Ok, well basically just use the formula we learned in class...you know acceleration equals delta time over delta velocity or is it the other way around? And to solve the first problem use trigonometric strategies to find the angle of theta. Just make sure have all the forces in your FBD, that you hand in your system schema.

VIVIAN: *(sarcastically)* Great thanks for clearing that up for me!

CAMMIE: *(to Vivian)* I can help you if you want.

BAILEY: *(eyeing Cammie)* You were helping quite a few people in physics today weren't you Cammie?

CAMMIE: *(softly)* No.

VIVIAN: *(looking up from her work)* Um, yeah, you were helping out James in particular.

CAMMIE: He's just bad at physics thats all.

(Cammi walks stage down for a talking head and there is a spotlight on her, the rest of the stage goes dark.)

CAMMIE: Those are my friends. Isabel is the smart one she has an A+ in every class, so many community service hours that we don't even need to graduate, and is planning on being the 5th generation of her family to go Princeton. Vivian is um, well, she's uh, confident and she likes to take control of a conversation, which is nice because I like to listen. Bailey is the sweetest, she

and I have known each other since preschool she's a bit more nervous like me but more outgoing.

(Cammie walks back to where she was sitting before and the lights come back up on her bedroom.)

VIVIAN: Oh my god, Cammie, can I please set you up? *(picking up her phone)* I'm setting you up.

BAILEY: I think it would be cute *(sighing and looking up dream like and imagining their relationship)* James and Cammie.

ISABEL: *(squinting and looking in the same direction as Bailey)* What are you looking at? *(getting up to look more)* Is something there?

BAILEY: *(snapping herself out of it)* I was just picturing you guys holding hands and running off into the sunset together.

(Isabel looks at her confused.)

CAMMIE: Do you think he likes me?

BAILEY: Oh for sure—

VIVIAN: Definitely! I'll talk to Nick about it tomorrow!

CAMMIE: Ok...

VIVIAN: Nick is so cute, you know what he did the other day?!

ISABEL: No.

VIVIAN: Well, we were walking around and I was really cold, and I was like trying to hint to him to give me his hoodie and then he did! *(sigh)* He's so cute.

ISABEL: Are you sure he wasn't just trying to get you to stop talking?

VIVIAN: You know just because you don't have a boyfriend doesn't mean you have to hate mine, ok!

(Lights down on stage right and go up on stage left to reveal James, Daniel, Nick, doing homework like the girls.)

NICK: Vivian is driving me crazy.

JAMES: Why?

NICK: She is just so clingy— just the other day she would not shut up about how cold she was and I just knew she wanted my hoodie but I was cold too.

DANIEL: Did you ever give her your hoodie?

NICK: *(Annoyed)* Yes, and she hasn't given it back!

JAMES: If Vivian bothers you so much, why don't you just break up with her?

NICK: Have you seen her boobs!?

JAMES: *(Pretending like he agrees.)* Right.

NICK: No really I'm serious.

JAMES: I know you are. *(Pauses)* Hey what do you guys think of Cammie?

DANIEL: Cammie huh?

JAMES: Yeah what's your opinion?

NICK: Eh, her ass is kinda small...*(squining and chuckeling)* but if I squint I can see it! *(looking at Daniel)* Am I right...

DANIEL: No, no she's got an ass it's there, kinda, *(looks at James who is clearly annoyed)* dude she has an ass.

NICK: Come on James, you really didn't look at her *(making air quotes)* ass?

JAMES: I guess not.

NICK: Don't be so gay about it...Oh you know who has a giant ass and big tits?...Avery Morres, yeah. *(Zoning out as if picturing her.)*

(The lights turn off on stage left and James walls down stage for his talking head. A spotlight is on him.)

JAMES: Daniel and I have know each other since lower school and we play football together, he's quarterback, I'm wide receiver, and Nick is linebacker. Linebacker is good for Nick because

he has so much aggression and anger. I'm not even sure where all his anger comes from, he's got nothing to be angry about.

(James walks back up stage to his room and the light on stage left and right come back up.)

ISABEL: I actually think you and James would be really cute!

CAMMIE: You think so?

DANIEL: Do you have a little thing for her?

JAMES: I don't know maybe.

BAILEY: Do you get all sorts of butterflies and your heart beats faster when you see him and your hands get all clammy?

VIVIAN: You know, the way I get around Nick, all lovey dovey, do you feel that? I guess not to that extent because we have been going out since the beginning of the year I don't want to expect too much.

NICK: Do you want to squeeze that little ass?

ISABEL: But you like him right?

DANIEL: But you like her right?

CAMMIE: Yeah.

JAMES: Yeah.

We are in the physics lab and Cammie and James are sitting together in the first row, across from them is Vivian and Nick. Behind Vivian and Nick is Isabel and Jason are sitting together and Bailey is with someone else behind Cammie and James. The desks seat two people and are arranged to look like a V heading up stage. There is a white board and teacher off to down stage right.

JAMES: I don't get this.

CAMMIE: Here, so you already have the speed and time so to find out the displacement you to find the area of the graph.

JAMES: Oooh! Ok, thank you.

CAMMIE: No problem.

BAILEY: *(Leaning forward and taps Cammie on the shoulder and speaks in a flirtation tone.)* No problem at all... *(Cammie smiles and swats her away.)*

VIVIAN: *(looks at Cammie helping James and whips her head around to stare Nick. Then she leans on him and he is unamused)* Hey..

NICK: *(looks up strait forward annoyed)* What.

VIVIAN: Do you think James likes Cammie. I mean he asks for help a lot. He either is so desperate to talk to her or he's just stupid.

NICK: *(Still not looking at Vivian.)* Yeah, he gets a hard on whenever he sees her tiney a— I mean beautiful eyes.

VIVIAN: What. Her eyes are brown and murky. My eyes are hazel, like a solf milk chocolate. *(She grabs Nick's face and plays with his hair.)* Your eyes and are a beautiful blue. Ugh I love your eyes. *(She tosses his face away from her.)*

NICK: Right.

VIVIAN: Anyway, James and Cammie.

NICK: Does she like him?

VIVIAN: Yeah! Look at her she's practically drooling over him. She is literally on top of him. And yesterday she could not stop talking about him, it was so annoying.

NICK: I'll tell him to ask her out.

VIVIAN: Oy my god, that would be so cute. He should ask her to Homecoming!

JAMES: Can I check my work with yours?

CAMMIE: Yeah. *(she moved her notebook closer to his and is pointing at their papers.)*

TEACHER: Can someone tell me the answer to question five please?

CAMMIE: *(She raises her hand and puts sit down as she answers.)* I got 23 meters per second squared times kilograms.

TEACHER: That is correct, what about question six?

CAMMIE: 38.

TEACHER: Can someone explain to me how they got their answer for question five?

ISABEL: I knew then speed and time form the problem so then I uses the pythagorean theorem to find the acceleration and displacement on the graph. The unties ended up being meters per second times kilograms, which can be simplified to Newtons.

DANIEL: What?

ISABEL: I'll show you.

JAMES: Have you ever gotten a question wrong in this class?

CAMMIE: Yeah...

JAMES: I bet you haven't.

CAMMIE: I have!

VIVIAN: *(Looking at James and Cammie and again whips her head around to Nick.)* Tell me I'm hot.

NICK: *(Places his pen down and looks at her a pauses for a second)* You're hot Vivian.

VIVIAN: Do you mean that?

NICK: Yeah I do. *(He stares at her face for a little while and then at her boobs.)*

(Vivian looks at Nick and then down at her boobs and then up at Nick again. He makes eye contact with her and smiles. She gives him a peck.)

JAMES: I dare you to get the next one wrong.

CAMMIE: What if I do it right and just call out the wrong answer instead?

JAMES: No. You have to fully commit to it.

CAMMIE: Ok.

TEACHER: What is the answer to question seven?

CAMMIE: *(James nuges her smiling and Cammie answers trying not to laugh.)* 14.

TEACHER: Not quite. *(She begins scanning the room for someone else to answer. Isabel's had is up and is trying to get her attention but she ignores Isabel. Finally she calls on her.)* Anyone else? Isabel.

ISABEL: *(letting out a sigh)* 60 Newtons!

TEACHER: Correct.

JAMES: Wow, you were way off, maybe you should get a tutor or something.

CAMMIE: Maybe I should. *(Pause)* Hey uh, what was your answer?

JAMES: *(Laughing)* 54.

CAMMIE: That's what I thought.

(Vivian, Nick, Daniel, Isabel, and Bailey are all staring and Cammie and James who have no idea.)

VIVIAN: They are freaking' in love.

NICK: Ew.

BAILEY: It's so sweet.

DANIEL: *(He turns to Isabel confused)* Awww... What's going on?

ISABEL: James and Cammie. It really is kinda cute, don't you think?

DANIEL: Yeah he was saying that he likes her.

ISABEL: Aww really?

DANIEL: Yeah.

ISABEL: She kinda likes him too.

DANIEL: Do you want me to talk to James about it?

ISABEL: Sure but don't make it a big deal about it. If people start paying too much attention is freaks Cammie out. Maybe bring up Homecoming...

DANIEL: Let the meteling begin!

ISABEL: (*Sternly*) Not too much.

DANIEL: Yeah yeah, I got it.

(*Bell rings.*)

TEACHER: Class is dismissed! (*kids start packing up their things and head out of the off stage / leave the classroom*) Please finish the packet for homework!

(*Blackout*)

Cammie is standing down stage right and James and down stage left. They walk on during the black out and then two spotlights are on the OR just down stage is lit.

CAMMIE: Soooo James.

JAMES: Yeah uh, about Cammie.

CAMMIE: He's in my physics class and history too. He's good at history but not so much physics.

JAMES: I have physics and history with her. She helps me in physics, she's nice. I'm uh not very good at physics.

CAMMIE: James is, he's really sweet and kinda cute, a little bit.

JAMES: Cammie's super nice but a little shy.

CAMMIE: I talk to him enough I think, we're friendly.

JAMES: She's got this group of friends but it seems like they do more of the talking than she does, I wish she talked more, I like talking to her.

CAMMIE: Some of my friends told me they think he likes me, so I played along and they said they think he might ask me out.

JAMES: My friends think I like her and have been pushing me to ask her out, she's pretty, and nice, I said that already... I might, ask her out, I'm not sure yet.

CAMMIE: Even some of his friends have come up to me asking if James did ask me out, would I say yes?

JAMES: There's just one problem

CAMMIE: There's one thing though

JAMES: I'm not even sure if it's a big deal

JAMES and CAMMIE: But the one little thing in my way is that I'm not so sure that I like

JAMES: girls.

CAMMIE: boys.

JAMES: But I think I'll still ask her out anyway.

CAMMIE: But if he asked me out, I'll still say yes.

(The lights come up on the rest of the stage and Cammie and James walk in a circle in opposite directions and bump into each other center stage.)

JAMES: Oh hey Cammie.

CAMMIE: Hi.

JAMES: Do you have any plans for homecoming

CAMMIE: No... *(Slowly smiling.)*

JAMES: Would you go to homecoming with me?

CAMMIE: Yes!

(Blackout and Camie and James exit.)

At Cammie's house everyone is there getting ready → everyone but James and Cammie walk on stage during the blackout + Vivian is straightening out Nicks shirt and jacket

VIVIAN: I told you to wear a peach tie Nickie, peach. Not turquoise peach. Why did I ask you do to wear a peach tie? Because peach is the accent color of my dress and turquoise is the main color. And now the peach is just—

(Nick kisses her.)

VIVIAN: oooo

(He continues to kiss her, this time a little more violently and it makes the others uncomfortable)

ISABEL: Can you not swallow each other later?

(Nick and Vivian ignore her.)

BAILEY: Where is Cammie??

ISABEL: She's still getting ready.

VIVIAN: *(Pushes Nick off of her.)* Ok ok. Look at us! Don't you think it looks weird that his tie isn't peach? I told him, I told you, that your tie needed to be peach. It was a very simple thing to remember Nick.

NICK: *(Not paying attention to her.)* I am sorry.

VIVIAN: No you're not!

NICK: You're hot when you're annoyed. *(Vivian adjusts her stance to turn away from him.)* Viv, comon.

VIVIAN: You knew that this was important to—

NICK: Shut up!

VIVIAN: But—

NICK: Stop talking!!!

VIVIAN: Nick what the hell! I am just trying to make homecoming special and fun for us. And NICK: Listen listen ok chill you need to calm

I just want to have a good time and look good!
Is that so too much to ask for? Really.

the fuck down. Stop making this such a big
deal! I did my best!
Yes I did—

VIVIAN: OH REEEAALYYYY sure sure—

ISABEL: Pose for a picture. *(Vivian and Nick stop arguing and pose for pictures like nothing is wrong)*

(James walk is, it looks likes he's rushed over.)

DANIEL: James where've you man?

JAMES: I was helping Sawyer with some stuff.

DANIEL: Sawyer? Who's that?

NICK: Ew he's that homo kid who take picture of all the sports teams to get off. James what are you doing hanging out with him, he's going to rub off on you.

JAMES: Where's Cammie?

BAILEY: She is *still* getting ready. I'll go get her.

(Bryan and Jessica Lee enter very excited with their cameras.)

BRYAN: Alright kids whose ready to par-taay!

JESSICA: Brayan don't embarrass them, they are not even your kids.

BRYAN: Oh common Bailey, Daniel, and James grew up nearby that counts.

JESSICA: Ok ok kids get together for a picture. *(Motions to the kids to get together.)*

(Cammie and Bailey enter and Bailey is putting Cammie by her hand.)

BRYAN: Cammie sweetie get in the picture.

JESSICA: Next to James...*(Shimmies.)*

BRYAN: But not to close! James I'm watching your hands mister, don't let the slip.

JAMES: Yes sir, Mr. Lee.

VIVIAN: Nickie stop stepping on my dress.

BRYAN and JESSICA: Smile!

JESSICA: Ok now just James and Cammie.

*(James and Cammie do the typical prom pose. Cammie turns around and puts her hands on James's shoulders and James keeps his hands on Cammie's waist for another few pictures. Then the lights turn purple, a disco ball starts turning, and light music is playing. Jessica and Bryan leave and set change ...*** Cammie and James start swaying, Nick is sitting on a chair by a little table and Vivian is on his lap, and Daniel, Bailey, and Isabel are talking.)*

VIVIAN: *(Grabbs Nicks tie.)* Dance with me.

DANIEL: I really don't understand how Nick and Vivian don't kill each other.

BAILEY: I think that they both push each other around.

ISABEL: I think they are perfect for eachother. Who else would date then otherwise?

JAMES: You look really nice.

CAMMIE: Thank you!

JAMES: I think -- is your color

CAMMIE: *(She looks down at her dress and smiles.)* Thank you.

JAMES: *(Smiling.)* You look, *(Cleared his throat and looking more serious.)* You look beautiful Cammie.

CAMMIE: *(Also more serious.)* Thank you.

(Nick and Vivian are dancing too and Vivian and Cammie have their backs to each other. Nick makes a squeezing motion with his hand to James.)

JAMES: *(To Nick)* Really?

CAMMIE: *(Worried.)* What?

JAMES: Nothing, just Nick.

(They silently dance for a few seconds)

CAMMIE: You know—

JAMES: Oh—

CAMMIE: What were you going to say—

JAMES: Continue—

CAMMIE: No no really.

JAMES: It's ok—

(They both laugh.)

JAMES: Are you always very shy?

CAMMIE: What do you mean?

JAMES: Well, I feel like whenever all of us hang out in a group, you don't talk so much, or maybe it's just that Vivian, Isabel, and Bailey just talk more.

CAMMIE: I don't know I guess I am just nervous, about something slipping out that isn't supposed to.

JAMES: *(Twirling her.)* Let yourself go a little, relax. *(Cammie laughs lightly.)*

CAMMIE: You're sweet.

JAMES: You're sweet.

CAMMIE: Like candy?

JAMES: Sweet like candy.

(They move closer to each other almost hugging and see their friends out in front of them. Vivian, Isabel, and Bailey make kissing motions and girly noises to encourage Cammie to kiss James. Daniel makes kissing motions and gestures while Nick made more aggressive motions to squeeze her ass and to kiss Cammie. Cammie and James turn their head back to each other, they pause for a second, then kiss, paused again, then look back at their friends who are celebrating. The girls motion for Cammie to come to them.)

CAMMIE: *(Lightly pushing away from James.)* I have to go to the bathroom. *(She runs to her friends, they squeal and all the girls exist but her; she freezes looking into wings.)*

(James walks over to his friends and Nick slaps him on the back.)

NICK: Next time, move your hand down to her ass ok.

JAMES: Shut up. *(The boys exit talking to each other and the same as Cammie did, James freezes looking into the wings.)*

(James and Cammie talk a few synchronized steps backward and then walk down stage, two spotlights appear on both of them for their talking heads.)

CAMMIE: I feel like I had an idea of what that would, should feel like. Vivian could not stop telling us about her first kiss with Nick and I didn't feel it. I just couldn't feel it, I was really trying to I was, but I just couldn't, I couldn't feel it. There was no lightning, or fireworks, I was nervous but not in a butterfly's way.

JAMES: I don't think that is how a girl was supposed to go. I am supposed to feel accomplished right, that's what Nick said. The last person I should be listening to is Nick, he's not really such a good guy— but still it didn't feel right. I didn't...you know. She is very pretty and nice so shouldn't I have felt that, it.

(They both exit and then there is a blackout.)

James and Sawyer are in the dark room looking at pictures. The lights are red or blue and there is a table in front of them with pictures on it and another table to the side of them with three shallow buckets.

SAWYER: Thanks for helping me with these.

JAMES: Yeah no problem.

SAWYER: For this project I think I need about 100 pictures.

JAMES: 100?! Isn't that a lot?

SAWYER: Yeah, I need a lot, I might need more. You know that wall in between the two locker room doors? I'm trying to cover that whole wall with all kinds of sports pictures.

JAMES: That's going to be so cool.

SAWYER: Thank you, but I am nervous I'm not going to have enough pictures because a lot of people don't want pictures where they look bad.

(Jake enters.)

JAKE: James I'm giving you 10 minutes and then we're leaving. We've got family dinner tonight and mom wants us to go to the supermarket to pick up food.

JAMES: K.

SAWYER: Who's that?

JAMES: That's Jake, my older brother. He's a senior— But whatever it's your project, you can take as many pictures as you want.

SAWYER: It is. And my 100 pictures. *(He smiles.)*

(They pause and start shifting around the room. They bump into each other.)

JAMES: My bad, my bad.

SAWYER: Sorry.

(They pause there again and then turn back to the tables.)

SAWYER: So I said I wouldn't but I processes your test pictures and they are really good.

JAMES: Nah I was just messing around, testing you know. *(Sawyer hold out a few of James pictures, once James is done talking he realizes Sawyer has been holding the pictures.)*

SAWYER: I know, but you're not bad.

JAMES: Not bad?

SAWYER: Good.

(They look up at each other and hold eye contact, then Sawyer begins to lean in slowly and James pulls his head back angry.)

JAMES: Sawyer what the hell!

SAWYER: I am sorry.

JAMES: You think I'm a homo like you?

SAWYER: Yeah, yes. Yes I do— I did. But I was wrong I am sorry.

(James grabs his bag and walks quickly and angrily to the wings but before exiting he turns around, drops his bag and walks back over to Sawyer still fast and angry. Sawyer looks little scared once James gets close to him. Jake walks enters from stage left and Cammie enters from stage right, but James and Sawyer don't notice. James grabs Sawyer and kisses him.)

SAWYER: You are homo like me.

JAMES: Cammie... *(He walks over to her.)*

(The light dim on the rest of the stage, except for down stage right, where James and Cammie are standing.)

CAMMIE: *(Not making eye contact with him until she says "me".)* *(Sounding confused and not angry.)* Did you just...cheat on me?

JAMES: Cammie I'm so sorry-

CAMMIE: No. It's ok.

JAMES: You, you need to say that.

CAMMIE: Are you gay?

JAMES: Yes, I think so, yeah. I'm sorry.

CAMMIE: No it's ok.

JAMES: Cammie...

CAMMIE: Me too.

JAMES: Wait what?

CAMMIE: Yeah.....*(Looking past James, seeing Jake ripping up some of the photos and pushing Sawyer around.)* Oh my god! *(James wipes his head around.)*

JAMES: *(Running over and pushing Jake off Sawyer.)* Jake! Get off of him! What is wrong with you!

JAKE: He's a fuckin fairy!

JAMES: *(Blocking Jake from Sawyer.)* Yeah? And what did he ever do to you?!

JAKE: (*Striating out his shirt.*) Whatever. Lets go. The car is running.

(*Jake and James walk out, Cammie and Sawyer freeze. Blackout.*)

There is a big table with five chairs and food, plates, and cups are on the table. Chris and Stephanie Hutcherson are the only people who comes on stage during the blackout. Stephenie is putting rocks around the table. The lights come up.

CHRIS: Boys come down stairs for dinner! (*Sitting down at the table.*) Boys!

(*Jake, James, and Sam com running in and sit down at the table.*)

STEPHENIE: Did you wash your hands?

ALL KIDS: Yes.

CHRIS: Let's say grace. (*Everyone chooses their eyes and holds hands.*) Bless our Lord and these your gifts which we are about to receive for you bounty through Christ our Lord...

ALL: Amen.

STEPHENIE: How's basketball going Jake?

JAKE: Good, it's going well.

CHRIS: Really?

JAKE: Yeah but they made this black kid a starter now and—

CHRIS: What?

JAMES: Dad come down.

JAKE: It's fine though because I'm still point guard so it's fine.

CHRIS: First they are adding the black kids on the basketball team, then what? Are they going to get Mexicans to teach your guys American history? Sam pass me the chicken please. (*Sam passes Chris the chicken platter.*)

STEPHENIE: Chris calm down he already got into Columbia to play.

CHRIS: I know I know.

STEPHENIE: The other day I saw Haley Cunningham and Alexandra Martin for lunch and they were saying that Kelsey Sullivan's son decided to be gay. (*Rolling her eyes.*) Could you imagine? Ugh that poor boy is so confused. And knowing Kelsey and he husband and their family I would have thought they would have sent him to their reverend but all they did was send him to counseling to see a therapist. What good is that going to do?

SAM: Mom do you remember that time when last summer when you caught me watching that movie and you sent me to reverend Thomas. (*Laughing.*) (*James nudges him and Sam sees his parents unhappy expression and stops laughing.*) Well that was not fun.

CHRIS: It was a very inappropriate movie Samuel.

JAKE: (*Laughing.*) It was porn.

STEPHENIE: Jake!

JAKE: Sorry... (*In a mocking tone.*) not at the table.

STEPHENIE: Thank you.

JAKE: Hey James!

JAMES: (*Nervously.*) Yes.

JAKE: Are you interested in anyone now?

JAMES: Well me and my girlfriend Cammie have been dating for a few weeks, I am interested in her.

STEPHENIE: Oh that's so sweet.

CHRIS: When are we going to get to meet this Cammie girl? You should bring her over for dinner.

JAMES: I don't know...

JAKE: No. I mean the way Kelsey Sullivan's kids is interested in people. You know in the boy on boy, fairy to fairy, gay kind of way?

CHRIS: Jake! (*Jake looks at his dad and then at James and raises his eyebrows.*)

JAKE: Common James. It's you or me.

JAMES: No. Please no.

JAKE: Yes. *(He clears his throat and sit up straight in his chair.)* I saw James, perfect, loveable, golden-boy, James, kissing a dude.

CHRIS: *(Putting down his glass.)* What.

STEPHENIE: No.

JAKE: Yeah. Yeah, yeah yeah. Their lips were all squished together, and the tongues were all up in eachothers mouths and—

JAMES: OK!

CHRIS: Well...Is this true!?

JAMES: *(With his head down.)* Yes.

CHRIS: Do you want us to take you to conversion therapy!?

JAMES: No! No, no, no!

STEPHENIE: Where is this coming from?

JAKE: Sawyer.

STEPHENIE: Who is Sawyer?

JAKE: The guy i saw James swallowing. James has been hanging around him a lot.

CHRIS: Did you pick this up from him?!

JAMES: No! I didn't pick anything up from anyone, this this this is just me!

STEPHENIE: Oh no it is no!

JAMES: Yes, yes it is.

CHRIS: You expect me to believe that I hate myself enough to raise a gay son? I did not raise you! I raised a smart, strong, athletic, football playing, bright man! Who are you?!

SAM: Mom can you pass me the water?

JAKE: (*Standing up.*) (*To James.*) You're a homosexual little bitch!

STEPHENIE: Language Jake!

JAKE: Really, I just told you that your beloved son is GAY and you're correcting my LANGUAGE?!!

STEPHENIE: I wouldn't hurt wout it?

JAKE: Mom!

Stephanie: I can handle it!

CHRIS: Oh can you!?

STEPHENIE: Yes I can thank you!

JAKE: Mom don't you think there are more pressing issues right now!

STEPHENIE: Jake there is no need to mouth off, ok! Control yourself will you? Can you do that?

SAM: Mom, mom. Jesus! Jesus Christ! Jesus! Oh my God!! Holy fucking Jesus!

STEPHENIE: Samuel! What has gotten into you? Watch your mouth!

SAM: Well it was the only way to get your attention!

JAKE: Mom what are Grandma and Grandpa going to say?

STEPHENIE: I don't know!

JAMES: Dad I am still the same kid!

CHRIS: You expect me to believe that?

JAMES: Um yeah kinda! I thought maybe you'd have some faith in me and trust me.

CHRIS: Do NOT talk to me about faith you man and Jake do not talk to your mother that way!

JAMES: Dad! Dad!

SAM: James can you pass me the water?

JAMES: Dad!

CHRIS: What!

JAMES: I am still your son! I'm the same kid!

CHRIS: How can you say that!? My son James is into to sports and play football and is faithful to Jesus and God and knows right from wrong! For goodness sakes James, I thought I at least taught you right from wrong!

JAMES: What do you mean right from wrong? I know right from wrong! I have morales!

CHRIS: I don't think you do!

JAMES: Dad!

CHRIS: I thought I raised a man!

SAM: CAN SOMEONE PLEASE PASS ME THE FUCKING WATER!?

JAMES: You raise a man...Me. I'm still your son—

CHRIS: You are not my son. Get out of my house.

JAMES: Dad...

CHRIS: Out!

(James runs off stage left and comes back with a duffle bag. He stops center stage and turns to his family.)

JAMES: Just so you know, it isn't a choice.

(He runoff stage right. The lights fade to a dim and Chris, Stephenie, Jake, and Sam exit stage left *set change* there is a new table cloth in a softer color, two family sized dishes, four chairs and one chair in the corner. There is a door on stage left facing the wings. Jessica, Brian, Cammie, and Sarah come and sit at the table.)

Jessica: Girl's bring you dishes when you finish up with dinner ok? *(There is a knock on the door.)* Who is that?

Cammie: I don't know I didn't invite anyone over.

Sarah: Maybe it's your boyfriend...*(Raising her eyebrows.)* Maybe he's come to give you some sweet lovin—

Cammie: Sarah...

(Jessica opens the door and James is standing there with his bag. Cammie just up.)

Cammie: James?

Sarah: See, some sweet loving.

BRIAN: Ok Sarah.

James: Hi Mrs.Lee, Mr.Lee. Cammie can I talk to you outside?

Cammie: *(Sounding concerned.)* Yeah. *(She steps out the door and closes it behind her. Sarah tiptoes over to the door and presses her ear against it.)* What's up, is everything ok? *(Jessica and Brian listen in too.)*

James: So remember how you saw me, me and Sawyer, you know...?

Cammie: Yeah.

James: Well Jake saw.

Cammie: Your older brother?

James: Yes. And it came out at dinner and *(He starts to choke up.)*

Cammie: It's ok, it's ok, *(She hugs him.)* Do you want to stay here?

James: Could I?

Cammie: Of course!

James: Thank you!

Cammie: Oh but I haven't come out to my parents yet.

James: That's ok I can.

Cammie: What?! No! James I don't want you to out me!

James: No no, I can come out to them.

Cammie: I don't want to make you do anything you don't want to do. Are you ok? What happened? *(James leans in and hugs Cammie slowly.)* I am here for you.

James: I know. Thank you. *(They step back from each other.)*

Cammie: I think we should go in. Ok? *(Sarah runs back to her seat and Brian and Jessica sit back down too.)*

James: Ok. *(Cammie opens the door and they take a few steps in.)*

Cammie: James is going to stay here for a while.

Brian: What. James I like you and all but you are still my daughters boyfriend.

James: I understand but...it's not really like that Mr.Lee.

Brian: What's it like then?

James: I, *(Sigh.)* I am gay, sir, Mr.Lee.

Jessica: Ok well that's perfectly ok sweetie.

James: Really..? *(He says hopefully.)*

Cammie: Really..? *(She says hopefully, then catches herself and changes her expression.)*

Jessica: Yes, of course! You are still the same person.

James: That's what I said.

Cammie: Do you want to drop your bag off in my room and then have some dinner.

James: Sure. *(He exits stage left. Cammie walks closer to the table.)*

Cammie: Earlier I saw James kissing a guy and that's when he came out to me but I think his brother saw and outed him to his parents. And I'm guessing it didn't go well.

Jessica: He can stay here for as long as he needs.

Brian: *(Chuckeling.)* As long as he's actually gay though, I wouldn't want him sleeping in your room otherwise.

Sarah: Dad, shut up, too soon.

Brian: Sorry.

(James walks back in from stage right.)

Jessica: James are you hungry? Here sit. *(Motioning to the empty chair on the end of the table.)*
We are almost done with dinner but I can get you a plate.

James: I'm ok thank you though. *(He takes the empty chair by the end of the table and sit down.)*

Jessica: Brian and I will be upstairs if you need us. *(She pick's up her plate and stands by Brian, still eating.)*

Brian: I'm not done eating. *(He pauses and looks up at Jessica.)*

Jessica: *(Tilting her head.)* Brian.

Brian: Coming honey! *(He stands up and grabs his plate and they both exit off stage right.)*

Sarah: I'm going to my room. *(She gets up, pushes in her chair, takes her plate, and turns about quickly and exits off stage right.)*

(James sighs, begins to tear up and puts his head in his arms on the table. Cammie moves to the chair next to him and lightly rubs his back.)

Cammie: Hey...*(She stops moving her hand on his back but keeps it there.)* Do you want to talk about it. *(James brings his head up and wipes his face. Cammie brings her hand off his back.)*

James: My parents don't love me anymore.

Cammie: I'm sure they do.

James: Cammie, my dad said I am not his son and he thought he taught me right from wrong, and he thought he raised a man. And clearly, I am not what he meant by a man.

Cammie: I think you're a man.

James: *(Quietly.)* Thank you.

Cammie: Do Daniel and Nick know?

James: No. Do Isabel, Vivian, and Bailey know?

Cammie: No.

James: I don't know about your friends but your parents seem like they'd be accepting.

Cammie: They seem accepting of other kids and other people, but I worry that they will feel differently when the person coming out is their daughter.

James: You're lucky though.

Cammie: I know. *(She gets up and stands behind her chair.)* Can I get you anything before we go to sleep?

James: *(He gets up too and pushes in his chair.)* No.

Cammie: Ok well if you need anything let me know. *(She starts to walk stage right. James follows her with his eyes.)*

James: Cammie?

Cammie: Yeah.

James: Thank you. *(Cammie walks quickly to him and gives him a hug.)*

(The lights fade.)

----- INTERMISSION -----

The same physics setting as before but this time only the teacher is in the classroom. Lights up. Daniel walks through the door first with Isabel right behind him.

DANIEL: No, I'm telling you the bachelor has been on for longer than the bachelorette.

ISABEL: That's so sexist! How do you even know that? *(Daniel sits on the outside of the desert closest to the door/where Nick and Vivian sat in the first physics scene. Isabel continues walking to her seat from last physics scene.)*

DANIEL: My little sister loves the show. *(James and Cammie walk in holding hands.)* James, *(He hits the empty table space next to him.)* sit with me. *(Cammie lets go of James's hand and sits where she did last physics scene. James gestures to Cammie.)*

JAMES: Cammie... *(Vivian walks through the doorway pulling Nick by the hand and they walk to the table behind Daniel.)*

CAMMIE: Sit with him. *(She smiles lightly and James sits next to Daniel.) (Isabel gets up and sits next to Cammie.)*

ISABEL: *(To Cammie.)* What's going on? *(Bailey walks in and sits behind Isabel.)*

CAMMIE: With James? *(Isabel nods.)* Um...*(Darting her eyes around.)* I'm not sure.

ISABEL: You're not sure?

CAMMIE: Yeah.

ISABEL: Ok.

TEACHER: OK! Class is beginning, take out your homework and review it with your partner.

DANIEL: So, your like staying with Cammie right?

JAMES: Yeah.

DANIEL: You guys must be... every night. *(James closes his binder loudly.)* James, you alright man?

JAMES: Yeah.

DANIEL: Really? You haven't said more than five words in weeks.

JAMES: I'm fine.

ISABEL: But he is staying at your house, and he hasn't mentioned anything.

CAMMIE: *(Not looking at Isabel.)* Nope.

ISABEL: Has he gone back home at all or has either of his parent stopped by your house to get him?

(Cammie walks down stage for her talking head. There is a spotlight on her and the lights dim as the actors freeze on the stage.)

CAMMIE: I hate lying to Isabel, she always knows when I'm lying but I can't tell her. And I didn't even know how to comfort James, so how am I supposed to tell Isabel our relationship isn't a romantic one!? I just wish I knew how to help him, how to make him feel like he is loved. But I know that he can't only survive on my support. I love him, I love him but I don't know how to help him.

(Cammie goes back to her seat and the lights come up on the rest of the stage.)

CAMMIE: No, no one has come by to check on him. I don't know what *(She stares at Ava who enters and seems out of breath from running to class, Cammie begins talking a lots slower and swallows.)* to do to um *(Quickly licks her lips. (In a not sexual way, more of a fidgety way.))* to help him.

AVA: Hi. Sorry I'm late. Sorry, sorry. *(Ava walks more center stage to walk to the last desk in the V shape. She stops at Cammie's desk.)* Hey would you have a pencil I could borrow?

CAMMIE: Um *(Swallows and begins to look over her desk frantically.)*

ISABEL: I do! *(She hands Ava a pencil very matter-a-factly.)*

AVA: Thanks.

ISABEL: No problem! (*Ava goes to sit at the last desk.*) So...? You were saying?

CAMMIE: What? No I wasn't?

ISABEL: Are you ok? (*Cammie turing to look up stage, where Ava is sitting.*) Cammie!

TEACHER: Can anyone tell me what the answer to the first question is? And please do not round your answers. Cammie!

CAMMIE: (*To Isabel.*) Yeah? I just got distracted.

TEACHER: Cammie?

ISABEL: I got 1.5820031 meters per second.

TEACHER: That's great. Cammie? What did you get?

CAMMIE: I got...(*Begins flipping through her papers.*) 1.58 meters per second.

TEACHER: Ok, pretend you were listening to me when I said do *not* round your answers.

CAMMIE: Oh sorry then I got 1.5820031 meters per second.

TEACHER: Problem two, James what did you get?

JAMES: 4.22656 meters per second.

TEACHER: Great.

NICK: Look at him being all smart because of his *girlfriend*.

VIVIAN: It's only because he is dating his tutor.

NICK: Chill out Vivian.

VIVIAN: Look at them they are practically having sex in front of the whole class!

BAILEY: (*Whipping her head around to Vivian*) Vivian would you shut up! They are literally not even talking to each other. (*Vivian rolls her eyes.*)

VIVIAN: Whatever.

(James walks down stage for her talking head. There is a spotlight on her and the lights dim as the actors freeze on the stage.)

JAMES: I...I don't know what to do? I don't know how I am supposed to be feeling or how to put it into words. And I really want to give Cammie the words but I think I just feel...I don't know! I don't know how I feel and I feel guilty about that and guilty about staying at Cammie's house for so long and for being, gay!

(Blackout.)