

The Porn Star, the UPS Guy, and the President of the United States

CHARACTERS: (3) (all in their early teens)

WILLY, a boy who has one leg in cast and one arm in a sling

BILLY, a boy who has a large head bandage

JILLY, a pretty girl

(The “lake” is out in the audience.)

(Lights up.)

(WILLY is standing looking out at the “lake.”)

BILLY: (calling) Hey, Willy! (coming up to him) See that old boat that sank out there.

WILLY: Yeah?

BILLY: I bet I can beat you there.

WILLY: Like darn you can!

BILLY: Want to see me?

WILLY: Yeah, I wanna see you. I dare you, dude.

BILLY: Now if I jump in, you have to jump in too.

WILLY: Billy, I know that!

BILLY: Sometimes I wonder what you know and what you don't.

WILLY: Maybe you get better grades than I do, but who beat you in that nut-cracking contest we had with our teeth?

BILLY: You. But you cheated.

WILLY: I did not! You're crazy, dude.

BILLY: It was supposed to be front teeth only. You used your back teeth.

WILLY: Who says? You made up that rule after we started. And after you were losing!

BILLY: Well, you just have big teeth back there. Like a Neanderthal.

WILLY: Like a what?

BILLY: Your relatives, dude.

WILLY: I don't got no relatives named Neanderthal!

BILLY: Your relatives probably don't even have names. They just point to each other and grunt. "Hey, dude. Chew nut open for me. Shell too hard."

WILLY: My relatives know how to crack a nut. You supposed to do it *before* you eat it.

BILLY: Really!? How come you were so good at using your *teeth* then?

WILLY: Because it was a contest!

BILLY: But I bet you can't swim out there faster than I can.

WILLY: You wanna watch me? (Points with his crutch)

BILLY: I won't be able to watch you.

WILLY: Why not?

BILLY: Because I'll be ahead of you, not behind!

WILLY: Dude, you are so wrong! I'm gonna whip your butt.

BILLY: Who beat who when we jumped off that roof on our skateboards and you broke your leg? Hmm?

WILLY: You thought you did. But that time *you* cheated.

BILLY: How did I cheat?! I landed on my head.

WILLY: And won by an inch. You have a longer chin than I have. Not fair.

BILLY: I do not! I can't help it if you hit your crotch on a pole and that slowed you down.

WILLY: Maybe not, but I shoulda won on style points.

BILLY: Are you kidding me? What style points? After you hit your crotch, you crawled around and howled for fifteen minutes.

WILLY: Yeah, but I didn't cry!

BILLY: You almost cried.

WILLY: Did not!

BILLY: Why didn't you wear a cup?

WILLY: Cuz only sissies wear cups.

BILLY: Oh, come on. That's not true.

WILLY: It is true. It's written in the Constitution or somewhere.

BILLY: Yeah, the Constitution of the Neanderthals.

WILLY: It's one of the Nine Commandments. "Thou shalt not wear a cup or thou shalt become a sissy."

BILLY: How's that remedial reading class working for you? By the way, it's the *Ten* Commandments.

WILLY: Who says?

BILLY: You haven't even read the Ten Commandments?

WILLY: Yeah, I have. I'm already up to number four! So there, dude!

BILLY: Sometimes I wonder what's going to happen to you after we get out of school.

WILLY: Don't worry about me. I've got my whole future planned out.

BILLY: I don't think I want to know, Willy.

WILLY: I'm gonna be president of the United States of America.

BILLY: I don't think so.

WILLY: Mrs. Archer says we can be anything we want to be! You watch me, Billy.

BILLY: Dude, you have to go to college first.

WILLY: I'll go to college – and major in thermonuclear dynamics! So there, dude!

BILLY: You have to get out of tenth grade first.

WILLY: I'll get out. Don't you worry. I start summer school next week. I'm gonna *ace* it! Just like I'm gonna ace you in this lake. (Points to the lake)

BILLY: I heard this lake can be pretty dangerous.

WILLY: Crocodiles?

BILLY: I don't think so.

WILLY: Hippos? I hear they're worse than crocodiles.

BILLY: The last I looked we don't have hippos or crocodiles in Minnesota.

WILLY: Don't be so sure. People bring them in from California!

BILLY: I did *not* know that.

WILLY: I seen 'em do it. The bastards!

BILLY: Come to think of it, we probably shouldn't go into the lake, with our injuries and all.

WILLY: You think so? Yeah, you're probably right.

(Enter JILLY, a pretty teenage girl)

WILLY/BILLY: (as one, smitten) Hi, Jilly!

JILLY: What are you two doin' here?

WILLY: About to swim out in the lake.

JILLY: Really? Isn't that dangerous?

BILLY: Not to us. You wanna watch?

JILLY: I don't know. I don't think so. I just wanted to look at the lake. . . . Could you really drown maybe?

BILLY: We might.

WILLY: (being "literary") Dragged to muddy death.

JILLY: Okay, I'll watch then.

BILLY: You want to see us drown?

JILLY: If you're so hellbent on doin' it, I'll at least watch.

WILLY: You gotta marry the one that out swims the fastest – to that sunken boat.
(Points)

JILLY: I do not!

BILLY: The one that swims the fastest – and survives.

WILLY: Yeah, you don't have to marry nobody that's dead.

JILLY: Well, thank you for that! . . . I don't see anybody swimming out.

BILLY: You want to swim with us?

JILLY: No!

WILLY: Whatcha afraid of, Jilly?

JILLY: How about . . . *drowning*, Willy?!

WILLY: Oh, we're not gonna drown. Nobody ever drowns. They just say that to scare us.

JILLY: Why are you even risking it?

BILLY: Because it's there!

WILLY: (flirtatiously) And because you're here.

JILLY: I'm not tellin' you to do it. I don't want anybody blaming me if you die.

WILLY: If I drown, I may come back and haunt you.

JILLY: Well, I'll know it's you, so I won't – like – be afraid or nothin'.

WILLY: I'll be – like – awesome as a ghost.

BILLY: (ironic) Awesome! You'll set ghosthood back a hundred years.

JILLY: (seriously) Oh, that's funny!

WILLY: I don't think it's funny. What I said was much funnier.

JILLY: What did you say?

WILLY: That I'd come back and haunt you!

JILLY: That's not funny. It's just stupid.

WILLY: You're the one that's stupid.

BILLY: (to WILLY) You don't know stupid from funny.

WILLY: I know you're stupid because you're so funny . . . *looking*.

BILLY: Stop trying to use *words*! Jeez!

WILLY: I can use words if I want to.

JILLY: I'm bored. I'm leaving.

WILLY: Wait! We're gonna swim out there.

JILLY: So I've heard. I don't see any swimming, though.

BILLY: Will you be our lifeguard if we get in trouble?

JILLY: No!!

WILLY: We'd be *your* lifeguard if you swam out there.

JILLY: Well, thank you very much for that. But I won't be swimming out there.

WILLY: I'd hate to be a girl.

BILLY: (a warning) Dude!

WILLY: Well, I would! Too afraid to try anything.

JILLY: Too smart.

BILLY: We do it, and then you don't have to.

JILLY: I just stand around and watch you make idiots out of yourselves. Now that's
awesome!

WILLY: (under his breath to BILLY) Let's rape her.

BILLY: Dude! Not cool.

JILLY: Did you say what I think you said?

WILLY: (awkwardly) . . . No. What do you think I said? I said, "She's my neighbor."

JILLY: What?! I'm not your neighbor.

WILLY: That's what I said. "She's not my neighbor."

JILLY: Why would you say any version of that? Oh, why am I even talking to you?!
Go jump in the lake! Like — go!

WILLY: I love my neighbor as myself. That's what I meant.

JILLY: That's sort of *creepy*. I'm going.

BILLY: Don't go! Willy's gonna swim out.

WILLY: I thought we were both gonna swim out.

JILLY: (staying) I think I should go. My mom wants me to take the cat in for its shots.

WILLY: I had shots once.

JILLY: Were you by any chance dropped on your head when you were a baby?

WILLY: Yes.

JILLY: (embarrassed) Oh, I'm sorry.

WILLY: I got over it. You can be anything you want to be. I know I can!

BILLY: You're silly, Willy.

WILLY: No, you're silly, Billy!

JILLY: Oh, you two!

WILLY: But you're not silly –

BILLY: Jilly!

JILLY: I know that! One day I'm going to be a porn star.

WILLY: You are?

BILLY: Do you even know what that means, Jilly?

JILLY: Of course I do. It means you become famous. My dad says it's a movie – “A Star Is Porn.” It's his favorite.

BILLY: Where did he see this movie?

JILLY: On his computer. I think Judy Garfield's in it.

BILLY: Judy Garland?

JILLY: Whatever!

BILLY: I think you may have misunderstood a word or two.

JILLY: I don't think so. You sound like Mrs. Archer!

BILLY: Did you tell Mrs. Archer what you want to be?

JILLY: It's none of her business. She just wants everybody to go to – like – college.

BILLY: Tell her and see what she says.

JILLY: Oh, whatever!

WILLY: Yeah. Whatever! (to JILLY) He's always trying to stop us from being what we want to be. He's a loser.

JILLY: I think Willy's got it right for once.

BILLY: Let me get this straight. You want to be a porn star and he wants to be the President of the United States.

WILLY: You got a problem with that?

BILLY: I want to travel myself. I think I'll get a job with UPS.

JILLY: Oh, that's not traveling!

BILLY: It's sort of traveling.

WILLY: You can be my Vice-President if you want to. In charge of traveling.

BILLY: Thanks.

JILLY: You can be in my porn movie.

BILLY: Even bigger thanks.

JILLY: *I'll* remember my friends who supported me.

WILLY: Me too.

BILLY: Something tells me that the three of us will probably never see each other again, once we leave here.

JILLY: How can you say that?! I'll come back to visit.

WILLY: So will I!

BILLY: We'll all come back here and jump in the lake together, to remember this day.

WILLY: That's a promise!

JILLY: I'll come back, but I won't jump in the lake.

BILLY: If I leave, I don't think I'll ever come back.

JILLY: Oh, don't say that. This is where we grew up.

WILLY: We'll always come back – in my motorcade.

BILLY: I think people just think they will, but then they rarely do. Or they stop coming.

WILLY: There's no place like home.

JILLY: It's where they have to take you in, or you can sue them. I read that someplace.

BILLY: You know what I heard? That this may be the happiest time of our lives, when we look back.

WILLY: No way!

JILLY: Not when I win my Oscar!

WILLY: And I bring about world peace!

BILLY: And I get a dollar raise at UPS!

JILLY: Who told you that kind of negativity, Billy? Life just keeps getting better and better.

BILLY: I'm not so sure about that.

JILLY: Of course it does!

BILLY: You mean I'll be the Maharaja of the United Parcel Service?

WILLY: Absolutely!

JILLY: Positively!

WILLY: All it takes is –

BILLY: (doubtful) Wanting it enough?

JILLY: Of course, silly. Don't be so depressing.

BILLY: Sorry. What was I thinking.

WILLY: You read too many books.

BILLY: Maybe so.

JILLY: Nobody's going to like you if you're a downer and a doubter.

BILLY: I guess not.

JILLY: Now I'm depressed. You made me depressed!

WILLY: So am I. But *I* have an idea.

JILLY: What's that?

WILLY: If we give you a head-start out there, you can probably beat us to the boat.
What do you say? Or maybe *not!* (Laughs)

JILLY: (after thinking) Okay, you're on! Both of you! (Doffing some clothes, she runs through the audience toward the lake) I'll beat you! I'll beat you both!

WILLY: Wait! Wait! Not that far ahead! (He follows her, doffing some clothes)

(BILLY holds back)

JILLY: (calling) Aren't you coming, Billy? Are you afraid? Are you afraid to try things and be a winner like us?

WILLY: (calling) Yeah, come on, dude! Whatcha waitin' for? How you gonna get anywhere if you don't try?! It's the first day of the rest of our lives!

(BILLY pauses, shakes his head, pauses again)

JILLY/WILLY: (together) The last one in is a loser!

BILLY: (He shrugs, starts to doff a few clothes, then runs after them, "swimming")
Okay, Miss Porn Star! Mr. President! (Smiles wryly) Here comes Billy Jones, the Maharaja of the United Parcel Service. Or *bust!* / LIGHTS FADE