

# Imagine

Written and Directed By  
Leanne Patey  
Winter 2005

**Cast :**

**Michael** : David-Isaac Abel  
**Brad** : Dylan Basto  
**Donnie** : Troy Vincent  
**Kristin** : Tiffany Flowers  
**Jeff** : Sheldon Lane  
**Leo** : Trevor Broomfield

This play was selected to represent Labrador at the Provincial High School Drama Festival in May 2005.

### Scene One :

*John Lennon's "Imagine" is playing as Michael walks onstage. He walks to the front and sits backwards on a chair centre stage. The stage is dark except for one spotlight aimed directly at him. He waits until the music stops and begins to speak.*

Michael : *(speaking directly to the audience)* Have you ever really listened to the words of that song?....nothing to kill or die for...all the people living life in peace....That guy really had it all figured out.  
*(thinking)* No one listened to him though. They thought he was kind of weird and then, someone murdered him. The guy, who murdered him, he said John Lennon was too good for this world *(pause)* maybe he was right.

The idea of peace and accepting people no matter who or how different they are has never seemed to catch on... There's always some excuse to hate, some country to blow up, some group to persecute because they're different, some minority to blame for all the evil in the world. *(pause)* It's never ending and it exists everywhere.....even right here.

No one really pays attention to the fact that the seeds of hate and intolerance are planted right here - in our small, isolated communities, our safe, secure homes, and our valued institutions of secondary learning.

Don't believe me???? Stick around awhile.

*(Fade to black)*

### Scene Two :

*Michael sits alone on a park bench eating his lunch. Voices are heard offstage approaching. It is Brad and Donnie. They enter stage left.*

Brad : Well look what we have here....the little eskimo eating all by himself.  
(The both circle him, one on each side)

Donnie : What have you got there Chief?

Brad : Raw seal meat I'd say. Ha\_ha\_  
Donnie : With a bit of gas on the side.....ha\_ha\_

Michael : Would you two just leave me alone\_\_

Brad : What's wrong (stealing the hat from his head) are we interrupting your  
alone time?  
(Tossing the hat back and forth)

Michael : C'mon man\_ Just give me back my hat.

Donnie : You better watch it Brad, he might try to scalp you...ha\_ha\_

Michael : Oh that's it\_\_ (he stands up) why are you being such jerks? I mean, you  
made your point, you had your laughs, spit out your stereotypes, it's done.  
Ha\_Ha\_ Look at the little eskimo\_\_ Move on to someone else. This is  
getting tired.

Donnie : (getting angry) Watch it chief or I'll send you back to your igloo where you  
came from.

Brad : (Right in Michael's face) Maybe he just needs a good beating to remind  
him who he's talkin' to.

Donnie : (pushing Michael) why don't you just face the facts and realize you're not  
wanted here, go home\_\_

Michael : (pushing him back) you are such a racist jerk\_\_ Do you think I want to be  
here? I'd rather be anywhere but here\_\_

Brad : (Looking offstage right) Hey Donnie, I think someone's coming, it looks  
like your sister...

Donnie : (pushing Michael back on the bench) this isn't over chief.  
(Donnie and Brad exit stage left, Michael sits gathering his things, he is  
visibly shaken, Kristin and Jeff enter stage right)

Kristin : Hey kid was that Donnie Mahoney?

Michael : Yeah I think that's his name.

Kristin : Was he giving you a hard time?

Michael : It's no big deal, forget about it. *(He exits stage right)*

Kristin : I wish he'd stop being such an idiot\_ It's obvious they were giving that kid a hard time.

Jeff : Calm down, there's no need to get so excited. They're just playing around, having a laugh.

Kristin : They weren't kidding around. You saw them push the guy.

Jeff : Let's just go, we're going to be late for homeroom. Talk to Donnie later. Don't worry your pretty little head about it.  
*(Jeff and Kristin exit stage right)*

### Scene Three :

*It is a classroom setting. There are two tables facing the front. Michael and Leo are seated at one, they are copying notes from the board. Donnie and Brad are seated at the other table. They are doing little work, they are tormenting Michael and Leo - whispering "faggot" and "loser", throwing spit balls at them. The bell rings. As Brad and Donnie get ready to leave, Donnie pushes Michael's books on the floor.*

Donnie : Oops, sorry about that.

Brad : Look Don, our little eskimos' found a boyfriend.

Donnie : Losers stick together, hey Leo?  
*(They laugh and then leave, Michael begins putting his books away, he shakes his head)*

Leo : Hey Man, don't let them bother you, they'll move onto someone else before you know it.

Michael : So I take it you know them?

Leo : Me and the boys go way back. I was their favourite target about a year ago.

Michael : So why'd they pick on you?

Leo : About a year ago my older sister married a muslim guy from Toronto. This is a small town where some people have even smaller minds and news spreads quickly. All of a sudden, my family became a bunch of traitors hiding a "packie" terrorist.

Michael : That's just ridiculous.

Leo : Tell me about it. Anyway, the two bash brothers gave me hell for awhile, you know, just being stupid. They don't even make sense. The sad part is the garbage they spit out is often crap they're hearing from adults.

Michael : It really is disgusting. So why'd they stop picking on you?

Leo : Well, they picked and picked until finally I fought back. We got in a huge fight, got caught by a teacher, our parents got involved and they layed off - for the most part. They still give me a hard time every now and then. I just ignore them.*(gets up to leave)*

Michael : Well, thanks for the advice, I appreciate it. I just hope they grow up before someone gets hurt.

Leo : Later man.

Michael : See you.

*Leo exits stage left. Michael begins putting his things away he is visibly upset and appears to be deep in thought. After several seconds, he turns to the audience and begins to talk....*

Michael : You see....this is what I'm talking about..*( He picks a soggy spit ball out of his hair)* Those stupid jerks\_\_*(pause)* I'm not a faggot\_ I'm not a savage\_ I don't eat raw seal meat\_\_\_ I'm a man, all man. I eat what they do.....I've never skinned a seal and I live in a house, not an igloo\_\_\_ They just make this crap up....they don't know me at all.....they see this face, this skin *(pointing to his face and arm)* and they think they have me all figured out. At least it isn't just me they torture. Misery loves company they say.*(pause)*

*(Angrily)*But where does it stop?*(pause)* It's funny really. All this crap

about how school is a safe place, about how we live in a “civilized, safe” society. “We have Zero tolerance for bullying” our principal said. “ Our students should feel safe at school.” This school isn’t safe. This town isn’t safe. Hell, this world isn’t safe. Especially if you’re different.

It’s all so two-faced and hypocritical. They encourage people to be unique. They tell you that it’s okay to be different -We have to embrace our differences according to our English teacher, “it’s what makes us interesting”. It’s real easy to say when you’re not different.

And really what can be done about it - should I tell a teacher? *(In a sarcastic, mocking tone)* “Yes Miss, those nasty boys are real bullies, could you please make them stop?” Like that would really solve anything....then they could add “Rat” or “ Narc” to their list of insults.

Maybe I could fight back, I’d love to wipe that smug smile off of that long haired freak...*(pause, thinking)*...I think I could take them one at a time. But what would that prove? They’d probably gang up and beat the living daylights out of me.

*( very angrily)* I hate this place\_\_ I hate those idiots....I hate those ideological teachers’ who spit out their politically correct catch phrases when they mean nothing\_.....*(in exasperation, quietly)* they mean nothing.*(lights fade to black)*

#### Scene Four :

*Jeff and Kristin are sitting together on a couch. They are watching television.*

Jeff : So where were you after school?

Kristin : I was with the guidance counselor. We were going over my college applications. I told you about it last night.

Jeff : I guess I forgot.....I just got worried when I didn’t know where you were.

Kristin : Yeah, Mom said you called like six times..*(jokingly)* where did you think I was? out with some other guy?

Jeff : *(Very seriously)* Don’t even joke about that.*(There is an awkward moment of silence)* So, I thought we were going to talk about our plans for the future together before you applied for college...

Kristin : Well the deadline's soon.....I had to get them in before it was too late.

Jeff : So what about me?? Where do I fit in your future? You know I can't get in to those fancy colleges.

Kristin : We'll figure something out. You know I want you to be part of my future.

Jeff : Why do you need college anyway?

Kristin : So I can have a career doing something I want to do and so I can support myself.

Jeff : Oh so that's what this is all about, you think I won't be able to support you. You've been talking to your mother again. You think I'm not good enough for you.

Kristin : C'mon that isn't it at all. I just want to do something I like doing and be able to contribute to my family when I have one. I'd also like some sense of independence.

Jeff : But what about what I want?? I want to get married and have kids now. I can support us. You don't need to work.

Kristin : It isn't about needing to work. I want to work.

Jeff : So what about me and any kids that we might have? Dad always says, a women needs to be home with her family, not out working just trying to prove a point.

Kristin : It isn't about proving anything...

Jeff : Yes it is, it's about proving that you can do anything a man can do. I've heard your mother talking....all that feminist crap...I guess it finally sank in. It's just ridiculous.

Kristin : I hate it when you get this way. I want to go to college and do something with my life. I don't want to get married yet and I don't want to have kids until I'm ready.

Jeff : So marrying me doesn't count as doing something with your life...great\_\_....listen, my mom and dad got married right out of high school and they had me six months later.....was that a waste??? was that wrong??

Kristin: No Jeff, but they're different people. Maybe your mother wanted different things in life?

Jeff : No it isn't about that, she didn't want different things, she just knew her place, she knew where she was supposed to be - SHE had her priorities straight\_

Kristin : *(extremely frustrated)* I don't want to talk about this anymore. You make me so angry when you spit out that sexist garbage. You sound just like your father...

Jeff : *(this angers him even more)* What's so bad about that?? Are you putting my father down now? You know I won't tolerate that *(grabbing her wrists)* Don't ever speak that way about my father...

Kristin : *(Visibly afraid)* Jeff you're hurting me\_\_ I'm sorry, I won't do it again*(he drops her wrists, turns toward the television. They both sit there, saying nothing)*

Jeff : *(Calming down a little)* let's just talk about this later....what do you want to watch? *(She doesn't answer, realizing he's really hurt her, after a short pause)*  
I'm sorry Kris*(tries to touch her, she moves further away)* I didn't mean to hurt you. I just lost my temper. You know how much I love you, don't you? *(She nods, not looking at him)* I just can't imagine my life without you in it, I just want to be with you all the time. You're everything to me.*(short pause)* I just lose my temper sometimes. You know I can't help it. *(She gives no reaction)*

It won't happen again Kris, I promise you.

*(Fade to Black)*

### Scene Five :

*Same setting. Kristin is sitting on the couch alone watching television. She is upset. After a few seconds, she lays down the remote control and begins to speak.*

Kristin : What am I going to do?? *(pause)* We can't go on like this anymore. I used to think he would change but things are getting worst.

When we first got together, Jeff was so sweet - he'd open doors for me



and write me poems...he'd call every hour just to tell me he was thinking of me - or so I thought, he was just calling to make sure I was home and not out doing something with someone else. At first I thought he was joking when he'd say things about women and how they should be home with their families instead of out pursuing a career, "it breaks up families" he said. One day, he told me that the reason why my parents got divorced was because my mother was more concerned with her career than with her husband and her kids. I got so angry, I just lost it...I told him that at least MY mother had a mind of her own and that she could survive without the help of any man....that was the first time he pushed me. I convinced myself that it was my fault. I shouldn't have made him lose his temper.

I used to think that he loved me and that it was enough. I thought that eventually he'd change - once we got away from here and away from his father's sexist beliefs - and that he'd see that we could make a life together as equals.....it doesn't look like that's going to happen and I can't go on being afraid to say anything to him.

I know what I have to do. *(She picks up the remote and begins watching television, Donnie enters stage left and sits on the couch)*

Donnie : Hey.

Kristin : *(Upset. she wipes her eyes)* Hey.

Donnie : Where's Jeff?

Kristin : He just left.

Donnie : What's wrong?

Kristin : Nothing. Why?

Donnie : You look upset.

Kristin : I'm not. I'm fine. Where did you come from?

Donnie : I was at Brad's.

Kristin : What were you doing? Torturing small animals.

Donnie : Funny.....what was that for?

Kristin : I saw you picking on that kid today. You know Mom is going to flip if you get caught fighting again. Why do you have to act like such a jerk?

Donnie : Listen Sis, I don't know what happened between you and Jeff but don't take your anger out on me.

Kristin : You're one to talk about anger. At least I'm taking it out on someone my own size. You're angry all the time and you take it out on every poor isolated kid at school. You're being a coward.

Donnie : Oh what do you know about it? Mind your own business.

Kristin : *(Calming down)* I know why you're angry Donnie and I understand, this isn't easy to have to deal with but you have to find a better way...

Donnie : Don't start that again. I wish I'd never told you anything.

Kristin : But you did and I'm glad that you did. Being gay is not something you should have to face alone. You're confused and you need to talk about it..

Donnie : *(covering his ears)* Don't even say it \_\_\_ Don't say it out loud. It has nothing to do with this.

Kristin : It has everything to do with this. In some weird way, picking on these kids that are different makes you feel better about yourself - like you're not different. It makes you feel like a tough guy.

Donnie : I am a tough guy.

Kristin : Yeah and nobody would ever suspect that a tough guy bully could be a fag..  
*(There is an awkward silence, she realizes she has gone too far, Donnie stands)*

Donnie: I can't believe you said that. *(He runs off, stage right)*

Kristin : Donnie, come back, I'm sorry.

*(Fade to black)*

### Scene Six :

*The stage is empty. Donnie enters, he is visually upset, he paces and then begins to speak.*

Donnie : I can't believe she said that\_\_

I shouldn't have told her anything in the first place. Now she thinks she's got me all figured out.....What does she know about MY anger - or for that matter, how I feel about anything. Nobody knows how I feel and that's the way it has to be.

Have you ever had that feeling where there's this knot in your stomach and no matter what you do, it won't go away? I've had that feeling for a long time now...there's this little ball of fear and anger that sits right here(*he points to his stomach*) and it never leaves....I've lived this way for a long time now - pretending to be someone I'm not. It isn't always easy...but what other choice do I have?? I know what happens to guys like me, I know how everyone feels about guys like me...(pause)

There's this kid in grade nine that everybody thinks is gay. He's really small and quiet and he talks like a girl. Everybody picks on him. They all hate him and they call him names. The other day, Brad and I roughed him up in the park....Brad called him a dirty faggot and spit in his face. (Pause) I can't let that happen to me. I won't let that happen to me.

So, I'll keep being the tough guy that everybody thinks I am. Who cares if most people think I'm a jerk and a bully.....I'd rather be a tough guy bully than a fag anyway.

*(Fade to black)*

### **Scene Seven:**

*Kristin is sitting alone on the park bench. Jeff enters stage right and sits next to her.*

Jeff : Hey baby, you wanted to talk? What's so important that it couldn't wait?

Kristin : I did a lot of thinking after you left last night....actually I didn't sleep at all. I've made a decision.

Jeff : About what?

Kristin : About us and my future.

Jeff : So you've come to your senses I hope.

Kristin: What do you mean?

Jeff : Well, I hope you've come to see that I'm right - that you don't need college, that we should get married and start a family right away.

Kristin : No, that's not what I've decided. Jeff, you hurt me last night and you really scared me....

Jeff : Look, I'm really sorry Kris, I just lost my temper. It won't happen again.

Kristin : You've said that before. I've come to realize that anytime I say anything that you don't agree with, you lose your temper....I don't think I can live like that.

Jeff : What do you mean? What are you saying?

Kristin : I think we should break up.

Jeff : *(Standing)* No...No, I don't think so. I love you. You're mine. You can't break up with me. I won't let you.

Kristin : *(standing)* You don't understand Jeff, this is my decision. You've given me no other choice. I can't be with someone who doesn't respect what I want.

Jeff : *(Angry)* Oh that's crap\_\_ You just think you're better than me, you think you deserve better than me..

Kristin : That isn't it at all...we just want different things.

Jeff : No, we don't want different things....you'll come to want what I want and you're not breaking up with me*(grabbing her arm)* Understand this...if I can't have you, no other man will have you..ever..

Kristin : *(trying to get away)* Let me go\_\_  
*(Angry voices are heard offstage in the distance..it is Donnie, Brad, and Michael fighting. Kristin and Jeff look off in the distance stage right)* Oh no, that looks like my brother, he's fighting again...Let me go\_*(she breaks free and runs off, Jeff follows her stage right)*

*(Fade to black)*

### Scene Eight :

*The stage is set in soft light.. There is a fight taking place. Only the voices and*

*silhouettes of the characters are heard and seen . Punching and kicking sounds are heard.*

Leo : Leave him alone\_

Michael : Stop it please\_

Donnie : C'mon chief, fight back

Leo : Let him go, you're really hurting him

Brad: Mind your own business loser.

Donnie : Hit me sissy, hit me\_

Michael : Let me go, please\_\_  
*(More punching and kicking sounds are heard)*

Brad : Hey Don, I think that's enough man, he's bleeding.

Leo : He's not getting up. Stop it\_

Donnie : Come on Jerk, get up\_\_

Brad : Stop it Donnie, really, he's not getting up.

*( full lights come up.....Brad is holding Donnie back, Michael is on the floor, he isn't moving. Leo is leaning over him)*

Donnie : Get up, get up\_\_ *( Kristin runs in stage left, Jeff follows shortly after)*

Kristin : Oh God Donnie, what have you done??

Leo : I don't think he's breathing...get help quick.

Kristin : Jeff go\_ Go get help\_\_ *(Jeff runs off stage left, Kristin goes to Michael. She checks his pulse, performs CPR, it doesn't work) damn it Donnie\_ What have you done? He's not breathing.*

*( lights fade to black.)*

**Epilogue :** *(When lights come up, Michael is seated on the edge of the stage, he is dressed all in white - to represent that he is dead)*

**Michael :** So that's it. That's how it all ends.

When we talk or hear about intolerance and hate we think about places far, far away from here - A hot desert somewhere in the middle east, a dark street in a ghetto in New York City - we don't ever stop to look around our own surroundings, we never take a minute to look in the mirror at ourselves.

We preach acceptance - in our schools, in our town halls, even in our churches at times - but it's an empty message and it always comes with some condition. "It's okay to be different **but...**" "there's nothing wrong with a woman working **as long as..**" "gays are just like straight people **except that....**"

*(Smiling)* we all think we don't do that...we all say, "I'm not like that" but in the deepest, darkest corners of our minds and our hearts, we all have one exception to our rules of tolerance.

So what can be done?? What solutions are there?*(pause)* I don't have an answer. But we can dream and we can hope... We can imagine a world without hate, a human race that lives together in peace *(pause, thinking)* maybe even a school where kids can just deal with being kids and not have to worry about anything else. *(Gets up to leave, begins to walk off then turns to face the audience)*

It's possible.*(walks off stage as music begins, lights fade to black)*

**The End.**