THE CAST

REGGIE
CHRISTY
MR. CUCKLE
MR. BRADFORD
JIMMY
TOMMY
BILLY
JENNY
LIZZIE
BRADLY
REGGIE’S MOM
Nurse
FOOTBALL PLAYERS
STUDENTS
ACT 1

Overture.

SCENE 1: OUTSIDE THE ENTRANCE OF COUGAR HIGH

JIMMY, TOMMY, and BILLY are on one side of the stage, while JENNY, LIZZY, BRADLEY and CHRISTY are on the other. Other STUDENTS are there as well. ALL are standing or seated casually. THE NEW 2010.

REGGIE
(offstage)
Aw, Ma, do I have to go to school today?

BILLY
UP OUT OF BED, YOUR TIME IS HERE!
C’MON, SLEEPY HEAD, THIS IS SENIOR YEAR!

REGGIE
(groaning)
But I don’t feel good, and I just want to sleep!

JENNY
BOYS IN YOUR JACKETS, GIRLS IN YOUR SKIRTS!
WE ARE ON TOP NOW, AND THIS IS OUR TURF!

REGGIE
I have to get up, and my back hurts, and my alarm’s buzzing, and...Oh, damn it! Not again! That’s the fifth set of sheets I’ve ruined!

TOMMY
OUR BRAINS ARE BIGGER! OUR CLASS IS HOT!
FRESHMEN MAY DIG HER, BUT STICK TO THE BOPPERS YOU’VE GOT!

REGGIE
And what if I have to go in the classroom? What then?

LIZZIE
WE’RE COOL AND WE’RE MATURE, AND NOT ONLY THAT:
OUR JOCKS HAVE STATURE, AND THEY SKIP EVERY SINGLE CLASS!

ALL ONSTAGE STUDENTS
WE’RE THE NEW TWENTY-TEN!
PECKING ORDER’S HERE AGAIN!
COLLEGE PARTIES BECKONING!
GET US OUR OF HERE!
GET US OUT OF HERE!

WE ARE PROUD OF OUR STOCK!
AND WE’VE GOT THE SMARTEST JOCK!
REGGIE, REGGIE, LIKE A ROCK!
GET US OUR OF HERE!
GET US OUT OF HERE!

JIMMY
OH, MR. CUCKLE, I SPAT ON YOUR DESK!
WHAT DO I DO NOW?
COME ON, HIT ME! GIVE ME YOUR BEST!
(mockingly)
JIMMY, OH JIMMY, WHY DID YOU DO THAT?
NOW I MUST SEND YOU TO MR. BRADFORD’S LAP!

CHRISTY
WHERE, OH, WHERE IS MY DEAR REGGIE?
WHY DID HE RUN FROM ME?
I LONG TO SEE HIM ONCE AGAIN.
WHEN WILL HE BE BESIDE ME?
ALL MY PHONE CALLS WERE SENT UNANSWERED!
MY TEXTS WERE ALL IGNORED!
DID HE TAKE ME FOR A PANSY MUM
WHO’D COME RIGHT BACK FOR MORE?
DID HE LEAVE ME FOR ANOTHER ONE
AND THROW ME ON THE FLOOR?

ALL ONSTAGE STUDENTS
WE’RE THE NEW TWENTY-TEN!
PECKING ORDER’S HERE AGAIN!
PARTIES, PANTIES, BECKONING!
GET US OUR OF HERE!
GET US OUT OF HERE!

NERDS ARE LOW IN OUR STOCK!
BUT WE’VE GOT THE SMARTEST JOCK!
REGGIE, REGGIE, LIKE A ROCK!
GET US OUR OF HERE!
GET US OUT OF HERE!

(CHRISTY exits.)

TOMMY
So get this: Since football preseason started, Reggie hasn’t shown up to a single practice. Coach says he has health problems.
BILLY
Reggie has health problems?

TOMMY
Yeah. He’s like, sick and can’t get out of bed or something.

BILLY
Ha! What a faker. Hey, Jimmy, have you talked to Reggie lately?

JIMMY
Yeah.

JENNY
Oh my god, did somebody mention Reggie?

LIZZIE
Reggie? I haven’t seen him all summer! Where is he, Jimmy?

JIMMY
Well, guys, I don’t think Reggie’s feeling too good.

JENNY
Really?

BILLY
He’s road tripping with Christy, isn’t he?

TOMMY
Oooh, Reggie in the back seat of his car in the moonlight!

(TOMMY thrusts HIS hips. ALL laugh.)

JIMMY
No, no, I tell you, he’s really not feeling good.

JENNY
Why not?

JIMMY
I don’t know. But when I called him, he sounded really sick. His voice was all nervous and tired sounding. Then he said he had to go somewhere. Said it was urgent, and he just hung up!

(THE GIRLS cover THEIR mouths and say things like “oh my god” and “really?”)
TOMMY
Hey, I know what I would do if I was in the heat of the moment and Jimmy calls my ass!

JIMMY
Let’s not jump to conclusions here.

TOMMY
I ain’t jumping to conclusions! I’m just stating the facts.

JENNY
Oh, shut up, Tommy! If Christy were here, she would...

TOMMY
(interrupting)
But where is Christy, huh? I tell you, as sure as our football team is failing without its captain, something’s up with those two. Now seriously, how many of us saw Christy this summer?

BILLY
Well, come to think of it...

TOMMY
And how about Reggie? How many of us saw him? See what I mean? Now, I think I’ve known Reggie long enough that I know what that guy likes in his free time:
(whispering to the audience)
Sex!

JENNY
I’ll bet you Christy didn’t even see Reggie once this summer!

JIMMY
Guys, guys, whatever it is, it’s none of our business. So when Reggie comes, let’s just not mention anything to him, okay?

BILLY
Hey look! There he is right now.

(REGGIE enters.)

TOMMY
Reggie! You made it! We were just talking about you!
(JIMMY stomps on TOMMY’S foot and glares at HIM.)
Ouch!

REGGIE
Hey, guys.
LIZZIE

How was your summer, Reggie?

REGGIE

Um...

JIMMY

(putting HIS arm around REGGIE and leading HIM from the crowd)

Reggie! It’s so good to see you! So, how’s it feel? You know, senior year and all? Are you ready to play some football?

(slight pause)

Look, Reggie, you probably know that Tommy’s honorary captain now, but coach says you’ll replace him as soon as the season starts. That’s pretty good, isn’t it? You looking forward to our first game?

REGGIE

Yeah. Jimmy, I need to talk to you.

JIMMY

Okay.

REGGIE

Jimmy, you’re probably all wondering why you haven’t seen me all summer.

JIMMY

Oh, no, we weren’t wondering that at all. I mean, well, we were wondering just a little, but...

REGGIE

Jimmy, you’re my best friend. If I tell you something, do you promise not to tell anybody?

JIMMY

Sure.

REGGIE

Especially Christy?

JIMMY

I promise.

(The bell rings.)
TOMMY
Come on, Reggie, let’s go!

REGGIE
Just a second, Tommy!

(ALL but REGGIE and JIMMY exit.)

Okay, Jimmy. This is really embarrassing, but I’ve got to tell you.

(HE pauses, unable to start).

JIMMY
Well, what’s up? What’s the matter, man? How was your summer, anyway?

REGGIE
That’s just the thing, Jimmy! Everyone’s been asking me that. I’m gonna have to answer that question a thousand times today!

(mockingly)
Oh, summer was great! I hung out with my family and my girlfriend, and we played some croquet and ate chocolates, and it was just wonderful! Oh Jimmy, it’s a lie! It’s all a lie!

(REGGIE buries HIS head in JIMMY’S shoulder and sobs.)

Summer Vacation.

HOW WAS MY SUMMER? I’LL TELL YOU WHAT:
I HAD SOME PROBLEMS WITH MY BUTT.
I GUESS THE FOOD WAS PRETTY BAD.
IT MADE VACATION REALLY SAD!
RIGHT AFTER BREAKFAST, THAT’S WHEN IT STARTS:
THE PAINFUL, BURNING, STEAMING FARTS.
I RUN TO THE BATHROOM IN A SWEAT,
AND POO STARTS FLOWING BLACK AND WET!

OH, MY SUMMER, MY SUMMER VACATION!

JIMMY
HE THOUGHT MORE OF HIS POOPER THAN PARTIES, GIRLS AND FUN!

REGGIE
OH, MY SUMMER, MY SUMMER VACATION!

JIMMY
IT WOULD EXPLODE, IT WOULD SPLATTER,
IT WOULD TRICKLE AND RUN!
REGGIE

OH, MY SUMMER, MY SUMMER VACATION!
I SPENT IT ON THE POT.
OH, MY SUMMER, MY SUMMER, MY SUMMER!
WHY DID IT GO TO ROT?

I GASP AND GROAN, I HEAVE AND PUSH
AS MORE FALLS OUT, MORE SLIME AND MUSH.
THREE LONG HOURS I SIT IT PAIN
AND HEAR IT FALL LIKE DROPS OF RAIN.
THE FUMES ARE WAFTING THROUGH THE AIR
AS I SIT MOANING ON THAT CHAIR.
MY MOTHER CALLS ME THROUGH THE DOOR
BUT THE ROOM IS IN A STATE OF WAR!

(JIMMY rolls out a toilet and hands REGGIE a newspaper. REGGIE pulls down HIS pants sits on the toilet.)

JIMMY

HE DIDN’T SPEND A NICKLE ON TICKETS TO THE FRIDAY NIGHT SHOWS!
HE MIGHT NEED MORE TOILET PAPER AND MORE NU-FIT DISCREETS!
(REGGIE continues to make painful noises on the toilet.)
HE THOUGHT MORE OF HIS POOPER THAN PARTIES, GIRLS, AND FUN!
IT WOULD EXPLODE, IT WOULD SPLATTER,
IT WOULD TRICKLE AND RUN!

REGGIE

(rising from the toilet and pulling up HIS pants)
OH, MY SUMMER, MY SUMMER VACATION!
I SPENT IT ON THE POT.
OH, MY SUMMER! MY SUMMER, MY SUMMER! OH, MY SUMMER!
OH, MY SUMMER! MY SUMMER, MY SUMMER! OH, MY SUMMER!
MY SUMMER, MY SUMMER, WHY DID IT GO TO ROT?

(REGGIE and JIMMY start dancing around the toilet as other STUDENTS enter and join THEM. Alternatively, THEY may improvise dialogue on the topic of REGGIE’S poop.)

REGGIE

HOW WAS MY SUMMER? I’LL TELL YOU WHAT:
I HAD SOME PROBLEMS WITH MY BUTT.
JIMMY
I GUESS THE FOOD WAS PRETTY BAD!

REGGIE
RIGHT AFTER BREAKFAST, THAT'S WHEN IT STARTS:
THE PAINFUL, BURNING, STEAMY FARTS.
I RUN TO THE BATHROOM IN A SWEAT.

JIMMY
AND POO STARTS FLOWING BLACK AND WET.

REGGIE
I GASP AND GROAN, I HEAVE AND PUSH
AS MORE FALLS OUT, MORE SLIME AND MUSH.
FOR THREE LONG HOURS I SIT IN PAIN.
THE FUMES ARE WAFTING THROUGH THE AIR
AS I SIT MOAINING ON THE CHAIR.

REGGIE/JIMMY
MY MOTHER CALLS ME THROUGH THE DOOR!
BUT THE ROOM IS IN A STATE OF WAR!

REGGIE
THEN I FELL ANOTHER SURGE!

JIMMY
MORE COMES OUT IN CHUNKY CURDS!

REGGIE
THIS CONTINUES FOR SOME TIME!

JIMMY
MORE DARK BROWN PASTE, DISGUSTING SLIME!

REGGIE
THEN I FELL ANOTHER SURGE!

JIMMY
MORE COMES OUT IN CHUNKY CURDS!

REGGIE
THIS CONTINUES FOR SOME TIME!

JIMMY
MORE DARK BROWN PASTE, DISGUSTING SLIME!

REGGIE
AND THAT IS HOW, UNFORTUNATELY, I SPENT MY SUMMER VACATION!
SCENE 2: IN THE HALLWAY

REGGIE and CHRISTY enter from opposite sides of the stage, carrying books and backpacks.

CHRISTY

Reggie?

REGGIE

Christy!

(THEY embrace.)

CHRISTY

Where were you all summer? I missed you so much!

REGGIE

Umm, well, you see, I’ve been meaning to talk to you about that.

REGGIE’S MOM

(offstage)
Reggie? Where are you, Reggie boy?

REGGIE

(cringing)
I’m here, Mom.

(REGGIE’S MOM enters.)

REGGIE’S MOM

Oh, thank god I found you! You forgot your products, silly boy! I had to drive all the way here from work because you left them in my car. Oh, and I cleaned up those stains in the back seat!

REGGIE

Mom!

REGGIE’S MOM

So how’s that butt?

(slaps REGGIE’S butt)
Everything all right? I said to my boss, I said, when my big boy Reggie forgets his products, bad things happen!

REGGIE

Mom!

(jerks HIS head toward CHRISTY)
REGGIE’S MOM
Oh, hi, Christy, how was your summer? Say, did Reggie ever tell you about his new lifestyle? I must say things are pretty different nowadays!

REGGIE
Mom! Please go!

REGGIE’S MOM
Oh, all right. But don’t forget the discreet-fits. I left them with your friend Jimmy. Did I ever mention that you two go well together? Jimmy’s such a responsible boy! So caring about his good friend Reggie! That’s the kind of boy I like to trust!

REGGIE
Mom!

REGGIE’S MOM
Okay, okay, I’m going! If you need anything else, just give me a call, okay? Oh, and about those discreet-fits. They’re the kind with an extra large reservoir for your load. And everyone knows my big boy Reggie has quite a load, right? (pinches HIS cheek) What’s the matter, son?

REGGIE
It’s not very discreet if you talk about them in front of the girlfriend!

REGGIE’S MOM
Oh, give mommy a kiss! I’ll see you tonight, and don’t forget to pick up the products from Jimmy!

(SHE exits.)

CHRISTY
Reggie, what was that all about?

REGGIE
Oh, nothing. Nothing at all. My mom’s just...never mind, don’t worry about it.

CHRISTY
Reggie, what was all that about an extra-large reservoir?
REGGIE
Christy, I need to tell you something. It’s about why I’ve been away. You see, some things have happened, and I...

(Fart sounds come suddenly from HIS pants.)

Arrrrrgh! Nurse! Nurse!

(REGGIE grabs HIS butt and rushes through a door to the NURSE’S office. CHRISTY paces up to the door and puts HER ear to it.)

NURSE
(offstage)
Oh, definitely a sore sphincter. A lot of action down there, huh?

CHRISTY
What the hell?

NURSE
So tell my about this boy Jimmy.

CHRISTY
So it is true!

(SHE collapses onto a bench nearby. He’s Gay.)

ALL THESE YEARS WE’VE BEEN TOGETHER
I HOPED FOR SOMETHING MORE.
I THOUGHT THAT YOU’D BE THERE FOR ME
LIKE YOU ALWAYS WERE BEFORE.
HOW THE SHAME OF THE MOMENT CUTS ME!
IT MAKES ME FEEL SO SORE.

(rises)
YOU TOOK ME FOR A PANSY MUM
WHO’D COME RIGHT BACK FOR MORE.
YOU LEFT ME FOR ANOTHER ONE
AND THREW ME ON THE FLOOR!

HE’S GAY! HE IS GAY!
HE’S GAY! HE IS GAY!
HE’S GAY! HE IS GAY!
MY BOYFRIEND’S GAY!

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT WHEN HE BOUGHT THOSE PANTS.
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM THE WAY HE DANCED.
ALL THIS TIME HE BEEN LEADING ME ON
WITH HIS STRAIGHT-GUY LOOK AND TOUGH-GUY BRAWN!

HE’S GAY! HE IS GAY!
HE’S GAY! HE IS GAY!
HE’S GAY! HE IS GAY!
MY BOYFRIEND’S GAY!

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS FABULOUS STYLE.
I SHOULD HAVE HEARD HIS LISPING ALL THE WHILE.
HE TOLD ME, CHRISTY, LOOK! WHAT BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS!
IF ONLY I HAD KNOWN IN THOSE BLISSFUL HOURS!

HE’S GAY! HE IS GAY!
HE’S GAY! HE IS GAY!
GAY, GAY, GAY!
HE’S GAY!
MY BOYFRIEND’S GAY!

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS DESIGNER SHOES.
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN WHEN HE DAINTILY SIPPED HIS BOOZE.
A MANLY MAN? I THINK NOT:
SOMEONE’S BUTT BUDDY IS ALL I’VE GOT!

HE’S GAY! HE IS GAY!
MY BOYFRIEND’S GAY!
HE’S GAY! HE IS GAY!
MY BOYFRIEND’S GAY!

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS BRIGHT BLUE EYES.
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS FOUR-INCH SIZE.
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM THE BASEBALL CARDS.
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS HYUNDAI CAR.
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS TRIM HAIRCUT.
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS TIGHT, WHITE BUTT.
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM PANTENE SHAMPOO.
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS PINK TATOO.
A SORE SPHINCTER CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING!

(REGGIE returns from the NURSE’S office.)

REGGIE
You’re still here.

(HE tries to touch HER.)

CHRISTY
Oh, no you don’t! Stay away from me! I heard your little conversation with the nurse in there!

REGGIE
You did?
CHRISTY
It’s over between us. You hear me? Over. Now if you’ll excuse me, I need to go to class!

(SHE exits.)

REGGIE
Did I miss something?

(HE exits. MR. CUCKLE and MR. BRADFORD enter from opposite sides of the stage.)

MR. BRADFORD
Off to class, Mr. Cuckle?

MR. CUCKLE
Yeah, what of it?

MR. BRADFORD
I was just making conversation.

MR. CUCKLE
Yeah, well how about you go back to your little hole and talk about feelings?

MR. BRADFORD
What do you have against me, Mr. Cuckle? I do believe people should respect their school counselor.

MR. CUCKLE
Don’t talk down to me! You know that I’ve got a Ph.D and a couple years on you to boot!

MR. BRADFORD
Mr. Cuckle, I have often questioned your teaching qualifications.

MR. CUCKLE
Well, keep questioning them! I’ve got a history class to teach.

MR. BRADFORD
I sincerely hope you’re not filling these kid’s heads with ideas.

MR. CUCKLE
Ha! You mean the truth? Have a nice day, Mr. Bradford!

(THEY exit.)
Good morning, students. As you know, my name is Mr. Cuckle, and this is American History. Now, I know none of you actually care about American history, and that’s understandable, given the bullshit that’s been rammed down your throats for seventeen years. But, you see, in my class it’s different. In my class you’re going to learn the kind of history the grade school pansies never taught you. I expect you to stay focused, cause this is important stuff. Got that, Tommy?

TOMMY

Certainly, Mr. Cuckle.

MR. CUCKLE

Good. Now, I know your licenses say you can drive, and your popped cherries say you can screw. But that don’t mean you’re adults. In my opinion, you guys are just as bad as a group of grade school kids from Mrs. Honey’s finger painting class. Your popped cherries don’t mean nothin’ to me. Is that clear, Tommy?

TOMMY

Yes, Mr. Cuckle. My popped cherry don’t mean nothin’ to you.

MR. CUCKLE

Good. Now, rule number one: no cell phones.

(A cell phone goes off.)

If anyone’s cell phone goes off during class, there’s a machine that will melt it into lava. Rule number two: no using the bathroom. You gotta go, you’re missing out on important stuff. I can’t tell you how many questions my students miss because they have to release stool that isn’t half way through the duodenum yet.

(muffled laughter)

Tommy, what are you laughing at?

TOMMY

Nothing, Mr. Cuckle.
MR. CUCKLE
I thought so. Rule number three: don’t be late. Every minute you miss of my class is a question you miss on the test. Speaking of late, Tommy, where’s that dimwitted friend of yours?

TOMMY
Which one, Mr. Cuckle?

MR. CUCKLE
Don’t be wise! Who’s the honcho among you rhinos? The head thug who scores all them fifty-yard home runs?

BILLY
Mr. Cuckle, I think you’re thinking of Reggie.

MR. CUCKLE
Was I talking to you?

BILLY
No.

MR. CUCKLE
Don’t talk to me!

BILLY
Sorry.

MR. CUCKLE
Now, Tommy, where is that dumb sack of hammers?

TOMMY
I haven’t seen Reggie all day, Mr. Cuckle. I think something’s wrong with him.

MR. CUCKLE
Took another baseball to the crotch?

BILLY
Mr. Cuckle, we play football.

(REGGIE enters and sits down at an empty desk.)

MR. CUCKLE
I told you to shut up!

(noticing REGGIE)
Well, who do we have here, big shot? What took you so long?
REGGIE
I’ll tell you after class. I’ve had a rough morning.

MR. CUCKLE
But we’re all dying to hear your story!

(REGGIE whispers something in MR. CUCKLE’S ear.
MR. CUCKLE turns red with anger.)
What?! Explosive diarrhea, a visit to the nurse for a swollen sphincter, and your girlfriend left you? Do you expect me to believe all that?

REGGIE
Mr. Cuckle!

MR. CUCKLE
Do you realize who you’re talking to? I am Fredric A. Cuckle, who earned his Ph.D. from Bob Jones University! I am the founder of the A.A.A.A.A.!

REGGIE
What’s the A.A.A.A.A.?

Mr. Cuckle: The American Association Against Affirmative Action, of course! Did you also know that I am a supporter of the NRA, a leading voice in criminal justice, a lawyer, teacher, journalist, activist, author of fifteen books, including “The Scam of American Education” and “Teachers’ Lies,” and you’ve got nothing to boast but a couple of hits to the groin and a beefy ass that blocks all the other charging rhinos, and you have the nerve to tell me, to my face, that you’ve got blockage in your sphincter!

REGGIE
Not blockage, Mr. Cuckle. It’s just the opposite!

MR. CUCKLE
Sit down!

REGGIE
I am sitting, Mr. Cuckle!

MR. CUCKLE
Damn straight! Let’s learn some history, shall we?

(HE turns to the chalkboard and starts writing.)

JIMMY
Mr. Cuckle, I think Reggie really needs to go!
MR. CUCKLE

Rule number two, Jimmy!

BILLY

Ha, number two!

JIMMY

Mr. Cuckle, look at him. He’s turning red!

(REGGIN yells in pain as HE runs out the door.)

MR. CUCKLE

Some people just never learn. Take notes, cause this is important. Patrick Donson. Born 1899, perished 1953. One of the pinnacle characters of American History. Patrick Donson proposed a law throughout the West Virginia public schools that racial hierarchy be the foundation of the educational curriculum. Of course, nobody remembers Mr. Donson today, which is why we have an economic recession, global warming, and a war in the Middle East.

(LIZZIE raises HER hand.)

Yes?

LIZZIE

Mr. Cuckle, aren’t we going to learn about, like, George Washington?

MR. CUCKLE

That hack? Let me explain something to you, Lizzie. You’re not gonna like it, cause it’s not like all that communist diarrhea you’ve been swallowing.

(A toilet flushes backstage.)

Girl, you’ve been learning the wrong kind of history. Let me tell you about when this country was young. Or should I say, back-wood and bad?

(HE glares at the class. Back-Wood, Bad Ol’ Days.)

YOU WERE EDUCATED STUPID.
YOU LEARNED HISTORY THAT’S PUTRID.
ALL YOUR TEACHERS TAUGHT YOU PHONY CROCK!
THEY GAVE YOU LIES AND DOUBLE TALK!
BUT NOW YOU’RE IN FOR QUITE A SHOCK.
JUST LISTEN UP, ALL GIRLS AND JOCKS,
AND I’LL GIVE YOU A PIECE OF MY BEAUTIFUL...

(The music stops. MR CUCKLE pauses.)
What was I saying again? Ah, yes!

YOU DON’T EVEN SEE THE TRUTH HERE.
YOU SHOULD LISTEN WITH A NEW EAR.
ALL YOUR LIFE’S BEEN SPENT HEARING LOADS AND LIES FROM WORTHLESS FOOLS IN AMURRCA’S PIGSTIES!
DIDN’T TAKE A SECOND TO ASK HOW OR WHY,
DIDN’T STAND UP TO MR. HISTORY TEACHER GUY.
WELL, TAKE A SECOND AND LISTEN TO ME:

I’VE GOT A HISTORY LESSON TO SAY FROM AMERICA’S BACK-WOOD, BAD OL’ DAYS!
MEN WERE STRONG AND WHIPPED THEIR SLAVES.
THEY TAUGHT THEIR BOYS TO HATE THE GAYS.
WOMEN STAYED IN TO COOK THE GRITS,
GOT OUT FOR THE CLOTHESLINE BUT THAT’S ABOUT IT!
JUST HAD TO SMACK HER WHEN SHE GAVE YOU SHIT.
SIT HER BACK DOWN AND YOU COULD WATCH HER KNIT!
OH, HOW I MISS THOSE BACK-WOOD, BAD OL’ DAYS!
OH, HOW I MISS THOSE BACK-WOOD, BAD OL’ DAYS!

YOU WERE TOLD THAT JEWS WERE GOOD MEN.
YOU THOUGHT MEXICANS SHOULD BECOME CITIZENS.
YOU LEARNED ABOUT THIS NATION FROM A BRAINLESS BUNCH OF NO-GOOD BUMS!
GIVE YOU ONE MORE YEAR AND YOU’D HAVE SUCCumbed TO A BASTARD P.C. CIRRICULUM!
WELL, TAKE A SECOND AND LISTEN TO ME:

I’VE GOT A HISTORY LESSON TO SAY FROM AMERICA’S BACK-WOOD, BAD OL’ DAYS!
MEN WERE STRONG AND WHIPPED THEIR SLAVES.
THEY TAUGHT THEIR BOYS TO HATE THE GAYS.
WOMEN STAYED IN TO COOK THE GRITS,
GOT OUT FOR THE CLOTHESLINE BUT THAT’S ABOUT IT!
JUST HAD TO SLAP HER WHEN SHE GAVE YOU SHIT.
SIT HER BACK DOWN AND YOU COULD WATCH HER KNIT!
OH, HOW I MISS THOSE BACK-WOOD, BAD OL’ DAYS!
OH, HOW I MISS THOSE BACK-WOOD, BAD OL’ DAYS!

You guys think you know your history? You think you’re so smart, huh? Tommy More! Come on, Tommy, tell us what you know about history! It’s all right, don’t be shy! Impress us with your knowledge!
TOMMY
I WERE LIED TO ABOUT ABORTION!

BILLY
ABOUT ALL OF THEM WHORES CAVORTING!

JENNY
WE LEARNED TO LOVE AND LIVE WITH THOSE BLACKS!
TO LIKE THOSE CATHOLICS AND CUT THEM SOME SLACK!

MR. CUCKLE
BUT YOU HAD NO IDEA THAT THEY’D ALL BE BACK
TO DESTROY YOUR LIFE LIKE MANIACS!
WELL, TAKE A SECOND AND LISTEN TO ME!
I’VE GOT A HISTORY LESSON TO SAY
FROM AMERICA’S BACK-WOOD, BAD OL’ DAYS!
I’VE GOT A HISTROY LESSON TO GIVE
THAT WILL OPEN YOUR EYES AND TEACH YOU TO LIVE!
I’VE GOT A HISTROY LESSON TO SAY
FROM AMERICA’S BACK-WOOD, BAD OL’ DAYS!
MEN WERE STRONG AND WHIPPED THEIR SLAVES!

ALL STUDENTS
MEN WERE STRONG AND WHIPPED THEIR SLAVES!

MR. CUCKLE
THEY TAUGHT THEIR BOYS TO HATE THE GAYS!

ALL STUDENTS
HATE THE GAYS!

MR. CUCKLE/STUDENTS
WOMEN STAYED IN TO COOK THE GRITS,
GOT OUT FOR THE CLOTHESLINE BUT THAT’S ABOUT IT!
JUST HAD TO SLAP HER WHEN SHE GAVE YOU SHIT.
SIT HER BACK DOWN AND YOU COULD WATCH HER KNIT!
OH, HOW I MISS THOSE BACK-WOOD, BAD OL’ DAYS!
OH, HOW I MISS THOSE BACK-WOOD, BAD OL’ DAYS!

(REGGIE enters and walks toward HIS desk as EVERYBODY watches.)
OH HOW I MISS THOSE BACK-WOOD, BAD OL’ DAYS! BACK-WOOD, BAD OL’ DAYS!

MR. CUCKLE
Well, Mr. Fecal Incontinence is back!
REGGIE
Mr. Cuckle, it wasn’t a lie. I really do have a problem. Just ask Jimmy.

MR. CUCKLE
And what would Jimmy know about that?

REGGIE
I’d rather not say it in front of the class, Mr. Cuckle.

MR. CUCKLE
Since when was Jimmy so familiar with your sphincter?

(The STUDENTS laugh. REGGIE beckons MR. CUCKLE to come closer and whispers something in HIS ear.)

MR. CUCKLE
Oh, so Jimmy has your products, huh? And what’s this you’re telling me about an extra large reservoir?

(in a French accent)

(STUDENTS laugh)

REGGIE
Mr. Cuckle, you don’t understand!

MR. CUCKLE
You tell me you’ve got a problem. You’ve got a problem all right! That’s why I’m sending you to Counselor Bradford!

REGGIE
But Mr. Cuckle...

MR. CUCKLE
Get out of my classroom! And don’t come back!

(REGGIE exits.)
SCENE 4: THE COUNSELOR’S OFFICE

MR. BRADFORD is seated at his desk. A knock is heard.

MR. BRADFORD

Come in.

(REGGIE enters.)

Ah, hello Reggie! What brings you to my office?

REGGIE

Mr. Cuckle sent me.

MR. BRADFORD

Why’s that?

REGGIE

Well, I’m not sure. I think it has something to do with the fact that he hates football players.

MR. BRADFORD

Oh, never mind Mr. Cuckle! He’s a jerk! The only reason he keeps his job is because he blows the principal. At least that’s how I keep mine. But anyway, what happened in the classroom?

REGGIE

I guess I was disrupting class a bit.

MR. BRADFORD

How so?

REGGIE

I had to use the bathroom.

MR. BRADFORD

Ah, Mr. Cuckle doesn’t like that.

REGGIE

I know, but I couldn’t help it! I can’t control myself.

MR. BRADFORD

Reggie, the problem of fecal incontinence is easily solved. Might I recommend discreet fits with...

REGGIE

(taking over)

With an extra large reservoir, I know! My mom brought me a pack this morning.
MR. BRADFORD
Well, then. It seems you’ve solved the problem.

REGGIE
Mr. Bradford, it isn’t just that. There are a million other things.

MR. BRADFORD
Like what?

REGGIE
My self-esteem! My girlfriend! I’m embarrassed no matter where I go!

MR. BRADFORD
Christy understands, doesn’t she?

REGGIE
That’s just the thing. She left me today.

MR. BRADFORD
Oh my.

REGGIE
I didn’t see her all summer. I couldn’t even get out of my room, because I never knew when I would have an accident. Then Christy would text me: “Wanna hang out?” or “Come to my house!” What was I supposed to say? “No, I can’t visit you, I might have explosive diarrhea in front of your parents!” Do you know how embarrassing that would be?

(MR. BRADFORD nods)
I can’t spend five minutes outside of my house without a fresh pack of diapers. And then today Christy comes to her senses and realizes she doesn’t want to be with a guy who can’t control when he takes a shit. I mean, how can you depend on somebody who can’t shit right? I was so excited to see her again and explain everything. I guess she found out before I had a chance.

MR. BRADFORD
I know how you feel.

REGGIE
I don’t think you do.
MR. BRADFORD
You have an embarrassing secret. I was the same way when I was eighteen. Agoraphobia, they call it. Just a fancy word for fear of being in public.

REGGIE
I bet it wasn’t fecal incontinence, though!

MR. BRADFORD
No, but I was a closet homosexual. I couldn’t take one step outside my door without worrying that my secret would come out. Reggie, I’ve gone through this, and I feel your pain. I can help you.

REGGIE
I don’t know, Mr. Bradford...

(MR. BRADFORD gets up from HIS desk. Gotta Come Out.)

MR. BRADFORD
YOU CARRY A BURDEN DEEP WITHIN YOU, A SECRET THAT WANTS TO GET OUT.
IT WEIGHS DOWN YOUR GUT, WAITING TO SPEW.
AND THEN YOUR FRIENDS ALL SEE IT SPOUT!
YOU COVER UP YOUR FACE, CRY TO YOUR GOD,
WHY DIDN’T IT JUST STAY IN?
YOU GAWK AT YOUR SHAME, THAT THICK BROWN WAD.
BUT YOUR FRIEND TURNS AWAY TO HIDE HIS CRINGE!

REGGIE
I REALIZE I’VE LIVED MY LIFE INSIDE A DARK BLACK TUNNEL.
BUT WHAT TO DO?
THE END IS NARROW LIKE A FUNNEL,
AND MY INSIDES STEW!

(HE grabs HIS butt in pain.)
ANGER BOILS IN BIG BROWN CHUNKS
AS I FEEL THE DROPS!
SWEAT Drips down ME, PUSHING THE LUMPS.
AND THEN, HOLY SHIT! IT PLOPS...

GOTTA COME OUT, IT’S GOTTA COME OUT,
IT’S GOTTA COME OUT RIGHT NOW!
GOTTA COME OUT, IT’S GOTTA COME OUT,
GOTTA COME OUT! GOTTA COME OUT!
MR. BRADFORD
GOTTA COME OUT, IT’S GOTTA COME OUT,
IT’S GOTTA COME OUT RIGHT NOW!
GOTTA COME OUT, IT’S GOTTA COME OUT,
GOTTA COME OUT! GOTTA COME OUT!

REGGIE
GOTTA COME OUT, IT’S GOTTA COME OUT,
IT’S GOTTA COME OUT RIGHT NOW!

(REGGIE rushes behind MR. BRADFORD’S desk. Poop noises are heard.)

MR. BRADFORD
I REALIZE THAT I HAVE LIED TO MY FRIENDS AND FAMILY!

REGGIE
(exremely painful, from behind the desk)
BUT WHAT TO DO?

MR. BRADFORD
I STAND THERE DUMB AND HELPLESS, STAMMERING!

REGGIE
MY INSIDES STEW!

MR. BRADFORD
I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT I’M GOING TO SAY!

REGGIE
AS I FELL THE DROPS!

MR. BRADFORD
PERSPIRATION AS I TELL THEM I’M GAY!

REGGIE
AND THEN, HOLY SHIT! IT PLOPS...

MR. BRADFORD
GOTTA COME OUT, IT’S GOTTA COME OUT,
IT’S GOTTA COME OUT RIGHT NOW!

REGGIE
GOTTA COME OUT, IT’S GOTTA COME OUT,
GOTTA COME OUT!

MR. BRADFORD
GOTTA COME OUT!
GOTTA COME OUT, IT’S GOTTA COME OUT, IT’S GOTTA COME OUT RIGHT NOW!

REGGIE
GOTTA COME OUT, IT’S GOTTA COME OUT, IT CAME OUT!

MR. BRADFORD
I’M COMING OUT!

(REGGIE grabs some papers from the desk and starts wiping HIS butt).

MR. BRADFORD
Oh, no, not that! That’s Tommy’s report card! Oh, and that’s the book I’m publishing! And that...

REGGIE
Gay for pay?

MR. BRADFORD
You weren’t supposed to see that.

REGGIE
Oh, Mr. Bradford. What am I going to do?

MR. BRADFORD
Come here, Reggie.

(THEY join arms and start waltzing to the music.)
Reggie, just remember that it’s gotta come out. Every last bit!

REGGIE
You’re so understanding, Mr. Bradford! I think you’ll have to get a new desk, though. I tried to get it mostly in the drawer, but I think some spilled out onto the chair.

MR. BRADFORD
Don’t worry. It’s not the first time someone has pooped on that desk.

REGGIE
Okay.

(pause)
Mr. Bradford, were those your insurance papers in that drawer?
MR. BRADFORD
Actually, it was my birth certificate and passport. But don’t worry about it! Remember, it’s gotta come out!

REGGIE
You know what I’m going to do after this, Mr. Bradford?

MR. BRADFORD
What?

REGGIE
I’m going to go up to Christy and make everything right. Maybe I’ve lost her as a girlfriend, but she has to understand that I can’t help myself!

MR. BRADFORD
That’s the attitude, Reggie!

REGGIE
HOW WAS MY SUMMER? I’LL TELL YOU WHAT!

MR. BRADFORD
HOW WAS IT, REGGIE?

REGGIE
I HAD SOME PROBLEMS WITH MY BUTT!
PERISTALSIS WILL BRING OUT THE COURAGE THAT’S WITHIN ME!

MR. BRADFORD
BUT WHAT TO DO?

REGGIE
I SHALL TRUST THE SPHINCTER’S DECREE!

MR. BRADFORD
MY INSTIDES STEW!

REGGIE
IT SHALL FLOW FROM ME, HEART AND SOUL!

MR. BRADFORD
AS I FELL THE DROPS!

REGGIE
SECRETS FROM CAVERNS SHALL ENTER THE BOWL!
AND THEN, HOLY SHIT! IT PLOPS...
MR. BRADFORD/REGGIE
GOTTA COME OUT, IT’S GOTTA COME OUT,
IT’S GOTTA COME OUT RIGHT NOW!
GOTTA COME OUT, IT’S GOTTA COME OUT,
GOTTA COME OUT! GOTTA COME OUT!

(CHRISTY enters. SHE, REGGIE, and MR. BRADFORD sing
together facing the audience.)

MR. BRADFORD/REGGIE
GOTTA COME OUT, IT’S GOTTA COME OUT,
IT’S GOTTA COME OUT RIGHT NOW!
GOTTA COME OUT, IT’S GOTTA COME OUT,
GOTTA COME OUT! GOTTA COME OUT!

CHRISTY
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS
BRIGHT BLUE EYES.
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS
FOUR-INCH SIZE.
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM THE
BASEBALL CARDS.
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS
HYUNDAI CAR.
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS
TRIM HAIRCUT.
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS
TIGHT, WHITE BUTT.
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM
PANTENE SHAMPOO.
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS
PINK TATOO.

GOTTA COME OUT, IT’S GOTTA COME OUT,
IT’S GOTTA COME OUT RIGHT NOW!
GOTTA COME OUT, IT’S GOTTA COME OUT,
GOTTA COME OUT! GOTTA COME OUT!

GOTTA COME OUT, IT’S GOTTA COME OUT,
IT’S GOTTA COME OUT RIGHT NOW!
GOTTA COME OUT, IT’S GOTTA COME OUT,
GOTTA COME OUT! GOTTA COME OUT!

GOTTA COME OUT, IT’S GOTTA COME OUT,
IT’S GOTTA COME OUT RIGHT NOW!
GOTTA COME OUT, IT’S GOTTA COME OUT,
GOTTA COME OUT! GOTTA COME OUT!

GOTTA COME OUT, IT’S GOTTA COME OUT,
IT’S GOTTA COME OUT RIGHT NOW!
GOTTA COME OUT, IT’S GOTTA COME OUT,
GOTTA COME OUT! GOTTA COME OUT!

GOTTA COME OUT, IT’S GOTTA COME OUT,
IT’S GOTTA COME OUT RIGHT NOW!
GOTTA COME OUT, IT’S GOTTA COME OUT,
GOTTA COME OUT! GOTTA COME OUT!

A SORE SPHINCTER CAN ONLY MEAN
ONE THING!

End of Act 1
ACT 2

Intermezzo.

SCENE 1: IN THE GYM

JENNY, LIZZIE, and BRADLEY are practicing THEIR cheerleading routine, in uniform, with pom-poms.

LIZZIE
Right foot over left, arms in the air, and shake those pom-poms!

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY
Cougars, cougars, fight to win!
Cougars, cougars, don’t give in!
Go cougars!

BRADLEY
What do we do now?

JENNY
Christy was going to come and give us the next part of the routine. Where is she?

BRADLEY
She broke up with Reggie today.

JENNY
What?!

BRADLEY
Oh my god, didn’t you hear?

JENNY
Christy broke up with Reggie?

BRADLEY
Yeah! I thought the whole school knew that!

JENNY
But they were so cute together!

BRADLEY
I know, but now Christy thinks Reggie’s a loser because he has problems pooping!

JENNY
That’s so sad!
BRADLEY
I know, but now he’s single!

LIZZIE
Hey, look! It’s Reggie! Hey, Reggie!

(REGGIE enters.)

REGGIE
Hey girls!

JENNY
I’m sorry to hear about your problem...down there.

REGGIE
Oh, it’s okay! I’ve got my diapers with me. Mr. Bradford says my secret’s just gotta come out, and everything will be okay! I’ve also heard they’re the best adult diapers available, because they hold up to six pounds and they seal automatically. They don’t smell or nothing, because the reservoir is made from three layers of strong plastic!

(pause)
Well, see ya.

(CHRISTY enters. REGGIE turns around to walk away and bumps into HER.)

Christy?

CHRISTY
So you’re joining the cheerleading team now?

REGGIE
No, I was just on my way...

CHRISTY
Where? Mr. Bradford’s office?

REGGIE
The locker room.

CHRISTY
Oh. The locker room. Is that where you enjoy all that...

All that what?

REGGIE
All that stuff in your...
REGGIE
What? No, of course not! Why would I enjoy...

CHRISTY
Don’t tell me it just hits you without any warning!

REGGIE
But it does!

CHRISTY
And then next thing you know you’re all sore and stretched out!

Yeah, it’s terrible!

CHRISTY
Well maybe if you’d quit asking for it...

REGGIE
What? Christy, I don’t know what to say. Who would ever ask for it?

CHRISTY
So why do you like it so much?

REGGIE
I feel terrible every time it happens! It’s the worst, don’t you get it?

CHRISTY
Oh, so now you regret what you’ve done!

REGGIE
No! What is there to regret? I don’t understand!

CHRISTY
Reggie! Your ass is loaded every single night!

REGGIE
But I can’t control myself! You hear me? There’s nothing I can do!

CHRISTY
I thought I loved you. I thought we had something together, but you know what? I was wrong. Those three years didn’t mean anything to you. Well, Reggie, you don’t have to keep secrets from me anymore, because I’m never speaking to you ever again!
(SHE starts crying and exits.)

REGGIE
How do I make things right between us?

JENNY
It’s okay, Reggie. Maybe she never was the girl for you.

LIZZIE
Yeah! If she left you because you can’t control your poop, then there’s something wrong with her.

REGGIE
(groaning)
I don’t know.

JENNY
Reggie, you’re still a great guy!

No I’m not!

LIZZIE
Just forget about Christy. Everybody else loves you!

I love you!

BRADLEY

I really don’t think...

JENNY
We appreciate you for who you are!

Thanks, but...

LIZZIE
We’ll be cheering you on tonight like we never cheered before!

(SHE grabs REGGIE by the hand and leads HIM forward. Captain of the Football Team.)

JENNY
YOU’RE CHARMING AND YOU’RE FUNNY, YOU’RE HANDSOME AND TALL,
even if you clog up all the toilets in the stalls.
You don’t always hit the bowl, but hey, that’s all right!
Cause we all love you, Reggie, you’re the sensitive type!

BRADLEY
WHAT IS THERE FOR A GIRL NOT TO LIKE...

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY
IN A HANDSOME GUY LIKE YOU?

BRADLEY
WHAT IS THERE FOR A GIRL NOT TO LIKE...

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY
IN A GENTLE GUY LIKE YOU?

BRADLEY
WHAT IS THERE FOR A GIRL NOT TO LIKE IN SUCH A LOVING GUY AS YOU?

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY
LOVE, BRAINS, FEELINGS AND FUN, ALL THAT GIRLS LOOK FOR IN A PLUM!
JUST BE YOURSELF AND SHOW US ALL THAT YOU’VE GOT.

JENNY
WHOA, THAT’S A LOT!

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY
IT’S ALL ABOUT YOU, REGGIE, REGGIE, REGGIE!

JENNY
REGGIE!

LIZZIE
REGGIE!

BRADLEY
REGGIE!

LIZZIE
IF YOUR HEART CAN BEAT AND LOVE ME THEN I KNOW YOU’RE STRONG!
JENNY
IF YOUR HEAD IS HIGH AND YOUR SHOULDERS WIDE,
AND YOU’RE REALLY LONG...

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY
THEN NOTHING ELSE MATTERS!
YOU’RE GOOD ENOUGH FOR US!

(BRADLEY jumps on REGGIE’S back as JENNY and LIZZIE twirl REGGIE around.)

LIZZIE
MAYBE YOU’RE ASHAMED OF IT, BUT A GIRL SHOULDN’T MIND.
CAUSE YOU DON’T NEED TO WORRY WHEN IT COMES OUT BEHIND.
JUST SIT DOWN ON THE POT AND LET IT FLY AWAY!
DROP IT TO THE BOTTOM, LET IT OUT ALL THE DAY!

JENNY
A GIANT POOPER’S SO ROMANTIC, DREAMY AND HOT!
EVERY TIME WE CHEER YOU ON YOU SHOW US WHAT YOU’VE GOT!
YOU’LL HOLD US AND PROTECTS US, WE’LL BE IN YOUR ARMS.
CAUSE YOU’VE GOT ALL IT TAKES, YOU GOT THE MOVES AND THE CHARMS!

BRADLEY
WHAT IS THERE FOR A GIRL NOT TO LIKE?
NOT TO LIKE?

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY
LOVE, BRAINS, FEELINGS AND FUN,
ALL THAT GIRLS LOOK FOR IN A PLUM!
JUST BE YOURSELF AND SHOW US ALL THAT YOU’VE GOT.

JENNY
WHOA, THAT’S A LOT!

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY
IT’S ALL ABOUT YOU, REGGIE, REGGIE, REGGIE!

REGGIE!

JENNY

LIZZIE

REGGIE!

BRADLEY

REGGIE!
LIZZIE
IF YOUR HEART CAN BEAT AND LOVE ME
THEN I KNOW YOU’RE STRONG!

JENNY
IF YOUR HEAD IS HIGH AND YOUR SHOULDERS WIDE,
AND YOU’RE REALLY LONG...

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY
THEN NOTHING ELSE MATTERS!
YOU’RE GOOD ENOUGH FOR US!

LIZZIE
THE CAPTAIN OF THE FOOTBALL TEAM’S A FIRST RATE GUY!

JENNY
AND WHEN HE IS AS NICE AS YOU, I’D SAY HE’S A PRIZE!

BRADLEY
WHAT IS THERE FOR A GIRL NOT TO LIKE...

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY
IN A HANDSOME GUY LIKE YOU?

BRADLEY
WHAT IS THERE FOR A GIRL NOT TO LIKE...

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY
IN A GENTLE GUY LIKE YOU?

BRADLEY
WHAT IS THERE FOR A GIRL NOT TO LIKE
IN SUCH A LOVING GUY AS YOU?

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY
NOTHING ELSE MATTERS! YOU’RE GOOD ENOUGH FOR US!

REGGIE
Oh, no, watch out, here it comes!
(farts long and loud)
Ah, false alarm. It was just a fart.

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY
Ewwww!!!

(JENNY, LIZZIE, and BRADLEY run off in disgust.)
REGGIE

But... wait...

(pause)

Oh, no! They’ll never accept me!

(HE faces the audience. Reggie’s Lament.)

PEOPLE TURN THEIR HEADS AWAY.
THEY SHRINK FROM WHO I AM.
DON’T EVEN SEE THE GOOD IN ME,
HOW I TRY AND TRY AGAIN.

I should just go live in the bathroom where I belong. Nobody appreciates me, I’m so worthless. Nobody would care if I don’t show up to the game today.

(HE exits, muttering to HIMSELF.)
SCENE 2: IN THE HALLWAY

CHRISTY and BILLY enter, giggling and flirting.

CHRISTY
Oh Billy, you’re so funny! Why can’t Reggie be more like you?

BILLY
Just the way god made me, I guess.

CHRISTY
(laughs)
You’re such studly man!
(SHE grabs HIS shoulder and feels HIS chest.)

BILLY
Not so fast, sis! Isn’t this a bit soon after your breakup?

CHRISTY
It’s never too soon for you, Billy!

BILLY
I’m not sure I feel comfortable swooping down on my good friend’s girl so soon!

CHRISTY
Oh, shut up! Here’s number. Call me after the game! I’ll be expecting you!
(SHE hands BILLY a piece of paper. BILLY exits.)

Ah, I guess life gets better after all! Although Reggie was such a wonderful guy.
(MR. CUCKLE enters and walks up to HER slowly, unnoticed.)

So tall and handsome, so well built, such strong arms, wide shoulders, such a beautiful...Ughh! I’m not going to think about that.

MR. CUCKLE
Not going to think about what?

CHRISTY
(startled)
What do you want?

MR. CUCKLE
Thoughts of Reggie getting to your head?
CHRISTY
No!

MR. CUCKLE
Well, that’s odd, because I saw you hugging him like he was your own grandpa earlier!

CHRISTY
Mr. Cuckle, I need to go to class.

MR. CUCKLE
Don’t you want to hear what Reggie told me?

CHRISTY
Not really.

MR. CUCKLE
It wasn’t much. He just mentioned something about an extra large reservoir. Do you know anything about that?

CHRISTY
Ugh, that is so disgusting!

MR. CUCKLE
Exactly! Christy, there’s a lot of filth in this world. People choose to indulge in lives of debauchery and sin. Our government sponsors perversion and our schools encourage young girls to be whores. We see premarital sex, pagan religious practice, environmentalism...

CHRISTY
Mr. Cuckle, I need to go to class.

MR. CUCKLE
Christy, do you know what the biggest problem with our society is today?

(pause)
The problem is the gays.

(HE eyes the audience suspiciously.)
That’s right. It’s the gays. Now I don’t want to shock you or anything, but I’ve noticed some very strange behavior in your boyfriend.

CHRISTY
I told you, he’s not my boyfriend anymore. We broke up today.
MR. CUCKLE
Aha! At last, one miserable soul at Cougar High knows what good for her! Someone finally resists the vast conspiracy and indoctrination tactics!

CHRISTY
Yeah. I gotta go.

(MR. BRADFORD enters.)

MR. CUCKLE
And you’re aware of the liars that surround you...
(noticing MR. BRADFORD)
Why, hello, Mr. Bradford!

MR. BRADFORD
Hello, Mr. Cuckle. Christy, how has your first day of school been?

CHRISTY
Don’t talk to me!
(SHE exits.)

MR. BRADFORD
A little moody today, isn’t she?

MR. CUCKLE
Well, wouldn’t you be moody if you found out your boyfriend was an ass pirate?

MR. BRADFORD
I beg your pardon?

MR. CUCKLE
You know, an ass pirate. Someone who likes it in the ass.

MR. BRADFORD
Ah! Well, in my case, I don’t think that would bother me. Mr. Cuckle, watch your language!

MR. CUCKLE
Right.
(Pause. THEY shuffle THIER feet, look at THIER watches.)
Mr. Bradford, do you think our boys will lose the basketball game today?
MR. BRADFORD
You mean the football game?

MR. CUCKLE
Yeah, the football game.

MR. CUCKLE
With Reggie as their captain, not a chance.

Really? I’m not so sure.

MR. BRADFORD
Our team has a perfect winning record. And we’re the best in the district. Now if you’ll excuse me, I have a meeting with a student.

(MR. BRADFORD starts walking away.)

MR. CUCKLE
How much?

MR. BRADFORD
I’m sorry?

How much you wanna bet on it?

MR. CUCKLE
You’d be willing to bet anything?

(MR. BRADFORD pokes the inside of HIS mouth with HIS tongue.)

MR. CUCKLE
How about five hundred dollars?

MR. BRADFORD
Oh, I thought you were talking about something else. Yes, five hundred dollars should do quite nicely.

(MR. CUCKLE extending HIS hand)

Is it a deal?

MR. BRADFORD
My condolences in advance. It’s a deal.

(THEY shake hands and exit.)
SCENE 3: THE LOCKER ROOM

There is a bathroom stall and several lockers. Dirty clothes and towels are lying around. TOMMY and BILLY enter.

BILLY

So where do you suppose he is?

TOMMY

Last time I saw Reggie, he was with those cheerleaders. He’d better come!

BILLY

Think he’s hitting on Lizzie? I mean, with the whole Christy thing over?

TOMMY

How should I know?

BILLY

What about me? Do you think Christy would go for me?

TOMMY

Hell no! You can’t even bench press 150 pounds!

BILLY

She doesn’t mind that!

TOMMY

Of course she does. All girls do!

BILLY

Ha! Well, I just got her number.

TOMMY

What? No you didn’t!

BILLY

(takes out the number)

Right here. We’re going to meet up after the game!

TOMMY

Man, how’d you manage that?

BILLY

Is somebody jealous?
TOMMY

No!

BILLY

Aw, cheer up! Just remember, you’ve always got me!

(HE slaps TOMMY’S butt.)

TOMMY

Ow! Billy, don’t you ever slap my ass again!

(BILLY slaps TOMMY’S butt again.)

I’m warning you!

(BILLY slaps TOMMY’S butt again, and TOMMY slaps BILLY’S. A back-and-forth ensues, and JIMMY enters holding a wet towel. Other FOOTBALL PLAYERS enter.)

JIMMY

Whoa, guys! Let’s get organized here. Circle up!

(JIMMY cracks the towel loudly on the floor as the FOOTBALL PLAYERS form a circle. The Butt Slap Ballet.)

RIGHT HAND TO SOUTHEAST CHEEK!
LEFT HAND TO NORTHWEST CHEEK!
RIGHT HAND TO NORTHEAST CHEEK
LEFT HAND TO SOUTHWEST CHEEK
AND SLAP YOUR NEIGHBOR’S RED CABOOSE!

RIGHT HAND TO SOUTHEAST CHEEK!
LEFT HAND TO NORTHWEST CHEEK!
RIGHT HAND TO NORTHEAST CHEEK
LEFT HAND TO SOUTHWEST CHEEK
AND SLAP YOUR NEIGHBOR’S RED CABOOSE!

(The FOOTBALL PLAYERS do a dance with lots of butt-slapping.)

RIGHT HAND TO SOUTHEAST CHEEK!
LEFT HAND TO NORTHWEST CHEEK!
RIGHT HAND TO NORTHEAST CHEEK
LEFT HAND TO SOUTHWEST CHEEK
AND SLAP YOUR NEIGHBOR’S RED CABOOSE!
RIGHT HAND TO SOUTHEAST CHEEK!
LEFT HAND TO NORTHWEST CHEEK!
RIGHT HAND TO NORTHEAST CHEEK
LEFT HAND TO SOUTHWEST CHEEK!
SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP!
SLAP YOUR NEIGHBOR’S RED CABOOSE!

(All FOOTBALL PLAYERS except JIMMY, TOMMY, and BILLY exit.)

Warm up starts in five minutes. Looks like we’ll have to get ready without Reggie.

TOMMY
Hey, Jimmy, I think there’s someone in this stall.

JIMMY
What?

(knocks on the stall door)
Hey, Reggie, is that you? Come on out, man, it’s almost game time!

TOMMY
He’s not coming out, Jimmy!

JIMMY
I can see that, Tommy! Hey Billy, try talking to Reggie and see if you can get him to come out.

BILLY
What should I say?

JIMMY
I don’t know, anything!

BILLY
(knocks on the stall door)
Hey Reggie, we need you to win this game. I mean, you gotta come out, man, you just gotta!

JIMMY
Gotta come out!

BILLY
That’s right!

TOMMY
What if it’s not Reggie in there?
JIMMY
Of course it’s Reggie.

TOMMY
(to BILLY)
Want to knock down the door and find out?

BILLY
Let’s do it. Ready? One, two, three!

(TOMMY and BILLY knock down the stall door. MR. CUCKLE is sitting on the toilet with a video camera).

JIMMY
Mr. Cuckle?!

(MR. CUCKLE laughs.)
What the hell is he doing there?

TOMMY
I think he’s pooping.

JIMMY
With his pants up?

(pulling MR. CUCKLE off the toilet)
Get off of there! What did you do with Reggie?

MR. CUCKLE
Nothing.

JIMMY
Mr. Cuckle, hand over Reggie right now!

MR. CUCKLE
(laughing)
Have I ever told you boys how much you amuse me?

JIMMY
What’s so amusing about us?

MR. CUCKLE
How do you figure a crotchety old man like me would do something with your captain?

JIMMY
Mr. Cuckle, we know you have him. Where else could he be?
MR. CUCKLE
I don’t know, but it looks like you boys’ll just have to play ball one tub of lard short. How does it feel, though? What do you do when a guy lets you down like this?

TOMMY
Reggie would never let us down! Never!

MR. CUCKLE
I can see that. He finds time for you boys in the midst of bathroom schedules, diapers, reservoirs...but I digress. Which one of you rocket scientists is going to ask me what I’m doing on the crapper with a video camera?

BILLY
Mr. Cuckle, what are doing you on the crapper?

TOMMY
With a video camera?

MR. CUCKLE
Excellent question, boys! Let’s just say it’s a matter of business.

JIMMY
What sort of business?

MR. CUCKLE
Oh, a small detail. A bet I made with Mr. Bradford.

JIMMY
Why the video camera?

MR. CUCKLE
Let me put it this way, Jimmy. I could leave this cinematic masterpiece in my office for the rest of the day, or I could broadcast it at the game.

(HE takes out the tape and waves it in front of JIMMY’S face).

TOMMY
You video tape yourself on the toilet?

JIMMY
No, Tommy, he video taped us! And now he’s black mailing us! All right, Mr. Cuckle, what’s your price?
MR. CUCKLE

Lose.

JIMMY

You’re joking, right?

(MR. CUCKLE waves the tape again.)

BILLY

Jimmy, maybe we should do what he says. I mean, I don’t want Christy knowing that I slapped a dude’s ass!

JIMMY

Dude, seriously? You’re going for Christy now? She just broke up with Reggie!

BILLY

But she’s hot!

JIMMY

Whatever.

(putting his arm around MR. CUCKLE)

Now Mr. Cuckle, this place — this whole locker room — is Reggie’s territory. We’re the ones who make the rules here. Got that?

MR. CUCKLE

Clear as day, Jimmy.

JIMMY

Good. Now tell me, Mr. Cuckle, have you heard of Tommy’s famous Red Caboose Spanking?

MR. CUCKLE

Can’t say I have.

JIMMY

Well, when Tommy’s hand makes contact with your ass, he doesn’t make you no pansy pink caboose. He makes you a red one.

MR. CUCKLE

Ha! So this is how you deal with your problems? A Spanking?

JIMMY

Yes. Yes it is. Tommy, Billy, take him to the wall.
(TOMMY and BILLY grab MR. CUCKLE and lead him to the back of the locker room. MR. CUCKLE’S back is to the audience.)

MR. CUCKLE
You really think a spanking is gonna stop me?

JIMMY
Pants him!

MR. CUCKLE
(starts struggling)
What?

JIMMY
Standard procedure, Mr. Cuckle. We wouldn’t want to do it with the pants on, would we?

MR. CUCKLE
But can’t we just...

JIMMY
No we can’t! The Red Caboose Spanking is always done this way. Tommy, what are you waiting for?

TOMMY
Right, boss! One Red Caboose Spanking coming right up!

MR. CUCKLE
No please!

TOMMY
Just down with the pants, and...

(TOMMY pulls down MR. CUCKLE’S pants and starts laughing.)

Hey guys, come see this!

JIMMY
What now, Tommy?

TOMMY
Mr. Cuckle’s got a one-inch frankfurter!

MR. CUCKLE
No! It’s not true!
JIMMY
What?

(HE rushes over to see.)

BILLY
It’s like a little baby carrot!

JIMMY
Anybody have a microscope? I can hardly see it!

MR. CUCKLE
Please, boys!

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY
(chanting)
One-inch wiener! One-inch wiener! One-inch wiener!

MR. CUCKLE
Oh, please stop! Let me out of here! You win!

JIMMY
Forget the spanking, Tommy! I say we take a picture of that little man!

TOMMY
One picture of Mr. Cuckle’s wiener, coming right up!

(TOMMY takes out his phone and takes a picture.)

MR. CUCKLE
(pulling up his pants)
You aren’t going to show that to anybody, are you?

JIMMY
Maybe we will, and maybe we won’t.

MR. CUCKLE
Oh, please don’t! I won’t play the tape! I’ll do anything you say!

JIMMY
Anything? Alright. First, swear on your dick’s sorry little midget life that you won’t play the tape!

MR. CUCKLE
I swear!
JIMMY
In fact, hand it over right now.

MR. CUCKLE
My dick?

JIMMY
No, the tape.

MR. CUCKLE
Here!

(HE throws the tape at JIMMY.)

JIMMY
Oh, and one more thing. We need someone to announce our names at the game.

MR. CUCKLE
Fine! Just don’t show that picture!

BILLY
Mr. Cuckle, why are you so embarrassed about having a small penis?

MR. CUCKLE
Oh, it’s terrible! You don’t know the half of it.

JIMMY
What’s it like? Easy to lug around, I’ll bet?

BILLY
So that’s why you wear tight pants!

MR. CUCKLE
Oh, it’s so much worse than that!

JIMMY
Tell us, Mr. Cuckle. We’re all friends here.

MR. CUCKLE
No, I can’t!

JIMMY
Don’t forget the picture.

(MR. CUCKLE groans. A Seven-Inch Schlonker.)
MR. CUCKLE

SOME PEOPLE ASK ME HOW I GOT THIS WAY,
HOW IT ALL BEGAN.
SOME PEOPLE LOOK AT WHO I AM TODAY,
THIS PERVERSE, STRANGE OLD MAN.
DEEP DOWN I KNOW MY TROUBLES ALL BEGAN
SO VERY LONG AGO.

SEVENTH GRADE, RIGHT AFTER P.E. CLASS,
IN THE LOCKER ROOM,
THE JOCKS UNDRESS AND REMOVE THEIR JOCKSTRAPS.
THEY’RE LARGER THAN BASSOONS!
ARE YOU JUST BIG OR AM I MINISCULE?
AND WHO’S THE ODD ONE OUT?

AM I SUPPOSED TO HANG THIS WAY?
DO I HAVE ANY CHANCE?
WOULD IT HINDER ME FROM TAKING
SUZY TO THE FRIDAY DANCE?
MY MOTHER NEVER TOLD ME I
WAS DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHER BOYS.
I NEVER THOUGHT THAT LENGTH WOULD
COMPROMISE MY CHILDHOOD’S MANY JOYS.
THE JOCKS WOULD LOOK, AND THEY WOULD LAUGH.
WE’D PLAY A GAME OF COMPARE SHAFTS.
BUT NERDS DON’T WIN AND NERDS DO CRY,
AND NERDS JUST WANT TO LOOK LIKE ANY OTHER GUY.

I WISH I HAD A SEVEN-INCH SCHLONKER!

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY

OH, WHAT A MANHOOD!

MR. CUCKLE

WOULDN’T IT BE SO NICE?

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY

PUNCHING BAGS DANGLING!

MR. CUCKLE

GIRLS WOULD FLOCK FOR ME!

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY

STRAP ON THE HEIDELBERG!

MR. CUCKLE

MAYBE I’D LOSE IT
WITH AN EIGHT-INCH SCHLONKER!
JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY
SHUT UP! YOU'RE DREAMING!

MR. CUCKLE

ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL?

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY

GO BACK TO VIMAX!

MR. CUCKLE

LOOK HOW ENDOWED I AM!

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY

SEEK OUT THE ASIANS!

BILLY

HE'S GOT A HISTORY LESSON TO SAY
FROM HIS OWN SCRAWNY, ONE-INCH, WEINER-WACKIN' DAYS!

MR. CUCKLE

NINE LONG INCHES!

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY

SHUT UP! YOU'RE DREAMING!

MR. CUCKLE

ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL?

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY

GO BACK TO VIMAX!

MR. CUCKLE

LOOK HOW ENDOWED I AM!

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY

SEEK OUT THE ASIANS!

TOMMY

HE'S GOT A HISTORY LESSON TO GIVE
OF A MEMBER SO SMALL IT COULD FALL THROUGH A SIEVE!

MR. CUCKLE

TEN LONG INCHES!

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY

GLORY OF GREEK GODS!
MR. CUCKLE
WHERE DID THE END GO?

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY
LOVE’S FINE MACHINE WORK!

MR. CUCKLE
WHAT IS THIS BULDGING?

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY
HE’S GOT IT DOWN THERE!

MR. CUCKLE
CONCEALING A RIFLE!

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY
ALL THAT SHE ASKED FOR NOW!

MR. CUCKLE
AM I SUPPOSED TO HANG THIS WAY?
DO I HAVE ANY CHANCE?

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY
NO! NO! NO!

MR. CUCKLE
WILL IT HINDER ME FROM TAKING
SUZY TO THE FRIDAY DANCE?

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY
YES! YES!

MR. CUCKLE
MY MOTHER NEVER TOLD ME I
WAS DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHER BOYS.
I NEVER THOUGHT THAT LENGTH WOULD
COMPROMISE MY CHILDHOOD’S MANY JOYS.
THE JOCKS WOULD LOOK, AND THEY WOULD LAUGH.
WE’D PLAY A GAME OF COMPARE SHAFTS.
BUT NERDS DON’T WIN AND NERDS DO CRY,
AND NERDS JUST WANT TO LOOK LIKE ANY OTHER GUY!
I WISH I HAD AN ELEVEN-INCH SCHLONKER!

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY
OH, WHAT A MANHOOD!
MR. CUCKLE
WOULDN’T IT BE SO NICE?

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY
PUNCHING BAGS DANGLING!

MR. CUCKLE
GIRLS WOULD FLOCK FOR ME!

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY
STRAP ON THE HEIDELBERG!

MR. CUCKLE
MAYBE I’D LOSE IT
WITH A TWENTY-INCH SCHLONKER!

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY
SHUT UP! YOU’RE DREAMING!

MR. CUCKLE
ISN’T IT BEAUTIFUL?

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY
GO BACK TO VIMAX!

BILLY
HE’S GOT A HISTORY LESSON TO SAY
FROM HIS OWN SCRAWNY, ONE-INCH, WEINER-WACKIN’ DAYS!

MR. CUCKLE
TWENTY-FIVE INCHES!

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY
SHUT UP! YOU’RE DREAMING!

MR. CUCKLE
ISN’T IT BEAUTIFUL?

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY
GO BACK TO VIMAX!

TOMMY
HE’S GOT A HISTORY LESSON TO GIVE
OF A MEMBER SO SMALL IT COULD FALL THROUGH A SIEVE!
MR. CUCKLE
THIRTY INCHES!

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY
GLORY OF GREEK GODS!

MR. CUCKLE
WHERE DID THE END GO?

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY
LOVE’S FINE MACHINE WORK!

MR. CUCKLE
WHAT IS THIS BULGING?

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY
HE’S GOT IT DOWN THERE!

MR. CUCKLE
CONCEALING A RIFLE!

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY
ALL THAT SHE ASKED FOR NOW!

(Lights go off for the postlude. JIMMY, TOMMY, BILLY, and MR. CUCKLE exit. Segue into the final scene.)
SCENE 4: THE FOOTBALL FIELD

JENNY, LIZZIE, and BRADLEY are cheering on the football field. Some STUDENTS are sitting on the bleachers watching the game. Game Day.

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY

LET’S GO, COUGARS!
LET’S GO, COUGARS!
LET’S GO, COUGARS!
COUGARS, COUGARS, FIGHT TO WIN!
COUGARS, COUGARS, DON’T GIVE IN!
GO COUGARS!
LET’S GO, COUGARS!
LET’S GO, COUGARS!
LET’S GO, COUGARS!
SMASH ‘EM, BASH ‘EM, YOU’RE SO STRONG!
RUSH ‘EM, CRUSH ‘EM, USE THAT BRAWN!
GO COUGARS!

(JENNY, LIZZIE, and BRADLEY start dancing. JIMMY, TOMMY, BILLY, and other FOOTBALL PLAYERS enter.)

JIMMY
Alright, guys, you know the plays?

TOMMY
 Receivers go into the end zone for the long pass after the snap, right?

JIMMY
Right, we’ll do a Hail Mary at the end of the half if we have to, except we’ll switch it up. Billy, you do a skinny post instead of going deep. Tommy, I need you to stay in the back for the block for me, because their defense is going to rush me. Billy!

BILLY
What?

JIMMY
You got those diapers in case Reggie shows up?

BILLY
Diapers: check!

(MR. CUCKLE enters with a megaphone.)
MR. CUCKLE
Are you guys ready? I’m about to announce your numbers.

JIMMY
Yeah, we’re ready. Now remember, Mr. Cuckle, put some feeling into it!

MR. CUCKLE
Yeah. Feeling.

JIMMY
Alright guys, let’s go!

(JIMMY, TOMMY, BILLY, and FOOTBALL PLAYERS exit.)

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY
LET’S GO, COUGARS!
LET’S GO, COUGARS!
SMASH ‘EM, BASH ‘EM, YOU’RE SO STRONG!
RUSH ‘EM, CRUSH ‘EM, USE THAT BRAWN!
GO COUGARS!

MR. CUCKLE
Now announcing the starting lineup of the 2010 Cougar High football team. Number twenty-eight, Jimmy Akin!

(JIMMY enters.)

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY
JIMMY, JIMMY, JIMMY, JIMMY, JIMMY, JIMMY, JIM!
OPEN UP AND CATCH THE PASS AND GO FOR THE WIN!
RUSH ON UP AND DRIVE IT THROUGH PAST FORTY YARDS!
THIRTY, TWENTY, FIVE AND TEN AND NOW YOU’RE A STAR!

MR. CUCKLE
Number fifty-four, Tommy Moore!

(TOMMY enters.)

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY
TOMMY, TOMMY, TOMMY, TOMMY MOORE!
WHEN HE TACKLES, WE HEAR HIM ROAR!
TOMMY IS AN ANGRY BEAST WHO’LL TEAR YOU RIGHT DOWN!
NUMBER FIFTY-FOUR!

MR. CUCKLE
Number sixteen, Billy Vanderbilt!
(BILLY enters.)

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY
HE’S EVERYTHING A FOOTBALL TEAM COULD WANT!
HE’S BILLY VANDERBUILT!

MR. CUCKLE
And the next person on the starting lineup is...

(REGGIE enters.)

REGGIE
Aren’t you forgetting somebody, Mr. Cuckle?

(EVERYBODY gasps. Other FOOTBALL PLAYERS enter.)

JIMMY
Reggie! Where’ve you been?

REGGIE
I’ve been on a journey of self-discovery. A quest for meaning in my life! All the way to boy’s bathroom and back. And do you know what I’ve discovered?

What?

REGGIE
I’ve discovered that it doesn’t matter what people think of you. They may or may not accept you for who you are, but that’s okay as long as you’re happy with yourself! Our lives are too good for us to sulk in the corner and hide our true nature! I might not be perfect, but you know what? I’m damn proud of who I am, even if there are things wrong with me! And I...

(farts suddenly)

Oh!

BILLY
You hear that, Mr. Cuckle? It doesn’t matter if you have an itty-bitty, one-inch wiener, as long as you’re happy with yourself!

JENNY
Mr. Cuckle has a one-inch wiener?

MR. CUCKLE
No! It’s not true!
EVERYBODY laughs and points at MR. CUCKLE.)

REGGIE
Guys, guys! Let’s not judge Mr. Cuckle just because he has a one-inch wiener. We all have our problems, right? Look at me! Today, I lost my girlfriend and my dignity. I took a lot of shame and embarrassment, but I’ve made it through to the other side! I learned today that life is difficult. Life challenges you in ways you don’t expect. But the key is to be proud of who you are and not let those challenges stop you! Listen people, I have an announcement to make: My body functions are absolutely uncontrollable, and I am not ashamed of it!

(CHIRSTY enters and starts a slow clap. EVERYONE else joins in.)

BILLY
Hey, sis! You’re just in time!

CHRISTY
Get away from me, Billy! Reggie, that was...incredible.

REGGIE
You came back!

CHRISTY
Hey, the cheerleading team needs its captain too. Oh, and Reggie, I’m sorry about today. I know that you can’t help the way you are.

REGGIE
You do? I mean...you’re okay with it?

CHRISTY
(nods and starts to cry)
I understand!

REGGIE
But why are you crying? Christy, everything’s been set right now!

CHRISTTY
It’s okay, Reggie. I just want you to be happy.

REGGIE
But I am happy!
CHRISTY
I know! And I wish you many long, joyful years with Jimmy!
(JIMMY comes forward and motions to the audience that HE’S not gay.)
I hope you never get discriminated against for being gay again!

REGGIE
What?!!!

(A long, loud fart is heard. REGGIE falls to his knees and starts rolling around on the floor as the noises from his pants continue for about a minute. EVERYBODY recoils in disgust; CHRISTY screams.)

CHRISTY
What is going on?

JIMMY
Didn’t you know, Christy? Reggie has fecal incontinence.

CHRISTY
Fecal what?

(MR. BRADFORD enters. REGGIE remains on the floor, and EVERYBODY else starts vocalizing softly on “oooh.”
Gotta Come Out – Reprise.)

MR. BRADFORD
Fecal incontinence, Christy. It simply means that he has problems contracting his sphincter, and stool from the large intestine gets forced out without any warning. Fecal incontinence can happen for any number of reasons, although most often it’s caused by constipation, as tightly packed feces puts stress on the rectum and stretches it out. Other causes of fecal incontinence can include the sexual activity of anoreceptive males, although in Reggie’s case I believe it has to do with improper diet, psychological stress, and perhaps heredity.

REGGIE
(getting up from the floor)
What are you guys talking about?

CHRISTY
(throwing HERSELF on REGGIE.)
Oh, Reggie! I love you!

REGGIE
I think I got some on you.
CHRISTY
Oh, I don’t care, get it all on me! Reggie, why didn’t you just tell me?

REGGIE
Oh, Christy!

CHRISTY
Oh, Reggie!

EVERYBODY BUT REGGIE
HOW WAS YOUR SUMMER?
HOW WAS YOUR SUMMER?
HOW WAS YOUR SUMMER?
HOW WAS YOUR SUMMER?
HOW WAS YOUR SUMMER?

REGGIE
HOW WAS MY SUMMER? I’LL TELL YOU WHAT!

EVERYBODY BUT REGGIE
HOW WAS IT, REGGIE?

REGGIE
I HAD SOME PROBLEMS WITH MY BUTT!
PERISTALSIS WILL BRING OUT THE COURAGE THAT’S WITHIN ME!

EVERYBODY BUT REGGIE
BUT WHAT TO DO?

REGGIE
I SHALL TRUST THE SPHINCTER’S DECREE!

EVERYBODY BUT REGGIE
MY INSIDES STEW!

REGGIE
IT SHALL FLOW FROM ME HEART AND SOUL!

EVERYBODY BUT REGGIE
AS I FEEL THE DROPS!

REGGIE
SECRETS FROM CAVERNS SHALL ENTER THE BOWL!

CHRISTY
AND THEN, HOLY SHIT! IT PLOPS!
EVERYBODY
GOTTA COME OUT, IT’S GOTTA COME OUT,
IT’S GOTTA COME OUT RIGHT NOW!
GOTTA COME OUT, IT’S GOTTA COME OUT!
GOTTA COME OUT! GOTTA COME OUT!
GOTTA COME OUT, IT’S GOTTA COME OUT,
IT’S GOTTA COME OUT RIGHT NOW!
GOTTA COME OUT, IT’S GOTTA COME OUT!
GOTTA COME OUT! GOTTA COME OUT!

MR. BRADFORD
To celebrate Reggie’s acceptance as a fecally incontinent
individual, I shall declare today the first annual fecal
incontinence pride parade at Cougar High!

REGGIE
That’s a great idea, Mr. Bradford!

BILLY
Let everyone frolic in feces!

REGGIE
Nobody shall be excluded!

JIMMY
Nobody! Whether you can poop right or not, we welcome you at
Cougar High!

BILLY
We don’t discriminate against anybody!

REGGIE
Of course not!

MR. BRADFORD
What a glorious day!

REGGIE
That’s right, Mr. Bradford!

MR. BRADFORD
This will be remembered as the day Cougar High said no to
prejudice!

REGGIE
Exactly!
MR. BRADFORD

Today, fecally incontinent individuals across the nation shall come out of the closet!

REGGIE

That’s right!

MR. BRADFORD

They shall join other oppressed minorities and hold hands with the gays!

(music stops)

REGGIE

What? I ain’t holding hands with no gays!

(MR. BRADFORD throws up his arms in disgust.)

EVERYBODY

GOTTA COME OUT, IT’S GOTTA COME OUT!
GOTTA COME OUT! GOTTA COME OUT!
GOTTA COME OUT RIGHT NOW!

End of Act 2