

ECSTASY

By DonnaMarie Vaughn

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CAST: Teenage boy

***If done in contest, with no extra lighting, props, or costumes, the character will simply lie down and cross his arms at the end. ***

SET: A darkened stage with lighting available to track the actor ONLY for most of the play. The audience cannot see behind where the actor stands.

(AT LIGHTS: Even before the lights are up, we hear a large SIGH and the loud and boisterous speech of a young male teenager.)

TEENAGE MALE

I know, I know, I just need ten minutes, okay?

(HE struts into the light looking back over his shoulder to whomever HE was speaking to, shakes his head.)

Geez Louise, like ten minutes will really make a difference.

(HE appears then, dressed in the baggy 'cool' clothes that so many teenagers wear. His hair is gelled and spiky; HE wears an earring in one ear.)

(HE is today's teenager – cool, cocky, calm and confident. Invincible. As HE speaks, HE uses his hands in wild motions to elaborate his speech and walks/struts/stomps back and forth on stage.)

(HE squints out towards the audience, and then returns to his confident self - HE realizes HE'S 'on'.)

Hey, so there you are. Yeah, I know, you were thinking maybe I'd be dressed a little different – we'll get to that in a little bit..

(HE looks uncomfortably towards the back of the stage. His voice drops to a conspirator's tone.)

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They're waiting, you know? So I gotta make this quick, I guess... Anyway, before I go I wanted to tell you about ecstasy, tell you my side of things...

(HE peers out into the audience.)

Hey, Moe, you out there? Ricky? Claire? Bet you're thinking about ecstasy today, too, right? I mean, no one wants to hear this, but if you're looking for a life-changing experience, then ecstasy is the drug to go with...

(HE pauses, looks up towards the ceiling, remembering.....)

Ecstasy. Phew... That is one drug that is definitely named right. It's like that commercial for those potato chips, you know, can't have it just once. I mean, taking it, it's like ecstasy -there is NO other feeling like it.

I still remember the first time. I was at this bar – yeah, yeah, I know I'm too young to drink, but you think them bar owners care? It's about money. A guy manages to grow a 'stache or a ***(rubs his chin)*** little beard and he looks 'proper age' to the bar heads. Chicks, man, all they gotta do is wear something tight. Tight and short. Bar heads check their double ID and they're in. Hey, our money's as green as the rest of 'em, right?

So where was I? Oh, yeah, the first time. It was me and Ricky and Moe. Scouting for chicks, down at Club Reggie's, just hanging, listening to tunes. And this guy, said his name was Taylor, started hanging with us. No problem, he seemed cool enough. Special that night was tequila shots, with a beer. I order and give Moe my cash cause I gotta take a whiz. Come back and down my shot. It felt like velvet.....

(HE pauses to savor the memory.)

Not even five minutes later I see Moe looking at me, silliest grin I ever seen on his face. And Ricky, he's moving to the tunes, rocking baby, just rocking. I am feeling GOOD. And then Taylor asks me how I'm doing. Fine, real fine, and he just nods. Says I ever wanna feel that way again, look him up. And then I get it – it's not the shot and the beer that's making me feel good. It's something else.

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