

FROM THE BEGINNING

A 10 Minute Play

By

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Characters*

Jock- A white man in his thirties. He is fit and attractive, and very straight acting.

Queen- A man in his late 30s. Any ethnicity that isn't white. He is gender fluid in appearance and highly expressive.

Twink- A young man of about 19 or 20. Any ethnicity that isn't white. He is very thin and bitchy.

*A note on Characters: These characters should all appear to be stereotypes.

Lights up. The scene has reset. Jock and Twink are standing opposite Queen; they are clearly in the middle of a dramatic situation. Their posing should be specific.

QUEEN

You little bitch! You stole my man!

TWINK

Your man?!

JOCK

No! Stop! Stop! Don't say anything else! Just wait!

Twink and Queen glare at each other.

JOCK

Okay. Okay. Real easy now. We have to be really careful what we say. We just...have to be. Very. Careful.

Twink goes to speak, Jock puts a finger up, signaling for him to wait.

JOCK

Okay, so we're stuck in some kind of time, space loop. And we keep coming back to this same moment. So we need to be careful what we say, so we don't reset it again.

Beat.

JOCK

Okay?

TWINK

Oh, can we talk now?

QUEEN

You cannot talk! You can never talk again!

JOCK

Stop! Jesus. Every time you do this, you know what happens!

QUEEN

How long are we going to stay stuck in this?

TWINK

Well, obviously, until you stop being a total cunt.

JOCK

/Hey!

QUEEN

Better than being a desperate little faggot!

Blackout. Back to beginning.

QUEEN

You little bitch! You stole my man!

TWINK

Your man?!

TWINK

It's not my fault you're old and ugly and can't keep your man.

JOCK

Oh my god! Why?!

QUEEN

Oh, girl! You did not!

TWINK

Oh, I so did, grandma!

QUEEN

Get your faggot ass outta my face!

JOCK

NOOOO!

Blackout, Jock's scream should keep going into the darkness. After a moment...Lights up- same as beginning.

QUEEN

You little bitch! You stole my man!

TWINK

Your man?! I don't see no bill of sale for his ass.

JOCK

Okay, you have to stop! This is clearly going nowhere!

QUEEN

It's obviously his fault this is happening.

JOCK

Shut up! Shut up! Shut up! Wait! Okay, let's look at this rationally.

TWINK

You want to look at this rationally? We're stuck in a fucking loop!

QUEEN

A fruit loop in your case!

TWINK

Fuck you!

QUEEN

Never! I wouldn't fuck you if you were the last small-dicked man on earth.

JOCK

Guys!

TWINK

Oh, so sad, the old queen doesn't want me! I'm destroyed!

QUEEN

Oh, you want to be destroyed?! I can arrange that!

JOCK

You've got to be fucking kidding me!

QUEEN

You best sleep with one eye open.

TWINK

Ooh, what are ya gonna do?

QUEEN

I will ghetto tooth fairy your ass!

TWINK

What?! What does that even mean?

JOCK

If you don't stop-

QUEEN

I'll wait til you're asleep and I will come and knock every last goddamn tooth out of your little faggot mouth!

JOCK

And there it is!

Blackout as Jock is speaking. After a moment. Back to the beginning.

QUEEN

You little bitch! You stole my man!

TWINK

Your man?!

JOCK

Stop! Jesus Christ what is wrong with the two of you?

TWINK

Do not clump me in the same category as this fat old queen!

JOCK

Enough! That's it. No more!

Queen goes to speak.

JOCK

I mean it! Stop!

Okay.

So we obviously reset every time someone says the F word.

Beat.

TWINK

What?

QUEEN

That's insane. Why would that be happening?

JOCK

I don't know. I don't know. But it is! So, we obviously have to stop saying that word.

QUEEN

Well that's fucking idiotic!

Twink screams. They look at him.

TWINK

Nothing happened. I thought you said if we said the F word.

QUEEN

Not that F word, you dumb fuck.

TWINK

There's another F word?

QUEEN

There is. You can find it if you look in a mirror.

JOCK

All right. We have to stop! This is all happening for a reason. We just have to find out what that reason is, and who or what is causing it.

QUEEN

Okay, and while I applaud your philosophical curiosity, I think the bigger issue here is that you've been fucking a teenager.

JOCK

That. Is not...the main issue here.

TWINK

Oh. Faggot!

JOCK

NO!

*Blackout as Jock yells. Beat.
Lights up; Back to beginning.*

QUEEN

You little bitch! You stole my man!

TWINK

Your man?!

JOCK

Stop! This shouldn't be this hard! Are we really going to keep doing this? Really? Do you not see that there is a pattern here?

QUEEN

Oh I do see! Believe me, I can see it as clear as day. You're inability to be honest and faithful. Quite a pattern.

JOCK

No, that's not what I'm-

TWINK

You think that we keep going back because we're saying the word fa-

Jock and Queen scream to stop him from finishing the word.

QUEEN

Yes! Oh my God. How long have you been fucking this moron?

JOCK

Maybe we could holster that conversation until we fix this time/space continuum thing we've clearly gotten stuck in.

QUEEN

Maybe that's been your plan all along.

JOCK

You think I'm doing this? How? How would I be doing this?

QUEEN

I said maybe.

TWINK

Maybe it's two sides of the same coin.

QUEEN

What does that mean?

TWINK

I don't know. But the first time it reset, nobody said the word fa...you know. So obviously, that's not the only way it happens.

JOCK

Wait, is that true? I don't remember the first time.

TWINK

Maybe it doesn't count if there's no intention behind it.

Queen is on his phone.

QUEEN

What in god's name is she talking about?

TWINK

I'm sorry, I can't hear you. Your voice is so old, my young ears can't detect it.

QUEEN

And sent! Let's see what social media has to say about you two fucking behind my back!

JOCK

You posted that I had sex with-

*Blackout
Back to beginning.*

QUEEN

You little bitch! You stole my man!

TWINK

Your man?!

QUEEN

Oh god dammit! Why?! Why is this happening?!

TWINK

You posted that we had sex?!

Twink looks at his phone.

JOCK

Okay, well, obviously, it didn't get posted because we came back to the moment before he did it.

QUEEN

Maybe I'll do it again! And why would you care? Aren't you proud that you stole someone else's man? Isn't that part of your thing?

TWINK

You don't know anything about my thing!

QUEEN

Fuck this, I'm leaving!

JOCK

Wait!

*Queen walks to the edge of the stage,
right before he steps off...Blackout.
Back to beginning.*

QUEEN

You little bitch! You stole my man!

TWINK

Your man?!

QUEEN

I said! I'm leaving!

Queen goes to leave again.

JOCK

Seriously?

*Before he steps off the stage. Blackout
Back to beginning.*

QUEEN

You little bitch! You stole my man!

TWINK

Your man?!

JOCK

Do you know the definition of insanity?

Queen screams in frustration.

TWINK

Yeah, screaming'll help.

*Queen dramatically falls to the stage.
Twink scrolls through his phone waiting
for the tantrum to stop. Jock is lost
in thought, trying to piece together
what's going on.*

TWINK

Did it work? Did you fix it?

JOCK

Okay, so we can't leave. We can't say...certain words, and we can't post anything. All right! Yeah!
I got nothing.

QUEEN

Don't you mean you got everything?!

JOCK

What is that supposed to mean?

QUEEN

Let's take stock here. The attractive white guy takes charge when something goes wrong. Acts as the voice of reason. And works as the savior of the non-whites. Isn't that just a little bit on the nose?! You fucking cliché!

JOCK

Oh, I'm a cliché? I'm sorry if I'm trying to figure a way out of this dumpster fuck of a situation! Maybe I should just resort to petty bickering and catty banter like the two of you bigger clichés! And then we can be here forever! Listen to me!

QUEEN

Why? Because you're the white one!

JOCK

Yeah! Maybe that is why!!

Blackout. Back to beginning. This should be getting faster every time.

QUEEN

You little bitch! You stole my man!

TWINK

Your man?!

QUEEN

Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Did you just say you're better than us because you're white?

Twink and Queen stare menacingly at Jock.

JOCK

That... is really liberal paraphrasing.

TWINK

But then we went back to the beginning again!

QUEEN

Yes. And?!

TWINK

I don't know, I just thought that might be important.

QUEEN

You know, when I look at you, sometimes I understand why state legislators want to protect children from us.

Blackout; Back to beginning.

QUEEN

You little bitch! You stole my- okay! I can't do this anymore. I don't even think I care that you stole him. You can't steal someone that isn't already checked out anyway, so take him, he's yours. He's yours. You can have him. There!

*Queen goes to leave once again but-
Blackout. No feeling this time.*

QUEEN

You little bitch. You stole my man. I hate your guts, yadda, yadda, yadda. Let's just fucking kill ourselves.

Queen sits.

TWINK

So, certain words, posting online, and we can't leave. Also white privilege.

JOCK

Thanks for the recap.

QUEEN

Isn't it obvious? We're never getting out of here. We're stuck in this moment forever. The moment I found out my clichéd boyfriend left me for a clichéd twink, thus making me the biggest cliché of all. The aging queen with no value left. And some higher power in the universe has decided I should be punished and sentenced to relive this moment for the rest of time.

TWINK

Isn't that just what memory is?

They both look at Twink.

TWINK

I was walking down the street the other day and I swear to god, on the overpass, I saw myself. Like me. Walking. In my clothes, with my earbuds in. In that way I do. You know, confident swagger. And I thought...if I'm there. Then...who am I here? And then I thought, maybe we're all just turning into each other. Or maybe I'm not me. Maybe none of us are. Maybe we're in parallel universes. I'm a Virgo, so I can believe that.

JOCK

Maybe it's a version that doesn't exist yet.

QUEEN

Explain.

JOCK

We just can't get past it. Yet. From the beginning we've been like this. I mean come on. We're pretty easy stereotypes!

TWINK

I'm not a stereotype. I'm a fuck puppet for hot guys.

JOCK

We can only revert to type. To what others will recognize. There's only so many ways our scene can play out. Our destiny is just limited to the experience of the writers that created us. We can't actually get out of this. Until-

QUEEN

Until what?

JOCK

Until the next writer comes along and writes us better. I guess. Until then, we just...wait. For whoever that is. We try to escape...we try to change the scene. but we can't. Because we're only the way we are. We have no choice. Our options are just an illusion. So. We just. Wait.

They all look to the audience.

After a moment.

Blackout

End of Play.