

Leviticus was produced as part of *Playground Rules* by Slant Theatre Project. It was directed by Adam Knight and performed by the following cast:

LUCY: Sue Jean Kim

GREG: Scott Kerns

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CHARACTERS

LUCY: 17, a good girl.

GREG: 18, a good boy.

TIME

Summer. Late at night.

SETTING

The woods. A warm clearing.

SCENE 1

The sound of acoustic music and group singing, far off. LUCY wears a dress. GREG wears shorts. They watch each other hesitantly.

LUCY: Do you have AIDS or anything?

GREG: What?

LUCY: Do you?

GREG: No . . .

LUCY: I guess I'm gonna take my clothes off, but don't look at me.

GREG: Like all of them?

LUCY: I guess I don't have to.

GREG: Not like all of them. Just—not that it—I mean, I'm extremely comfortable with my body. So. And and and yours.

Beat.

LUCY: You should kiss me for a minute.

He kisses her sweetly. Then:

I'm a virgin.

GREG: I'm a virgin.

Beat.

LUCY: . . . You're a virgin?

GREG: Um—no—I mean no . . .

LUCY: You're a VIRGIN!

GREG: Your mom's a virgin.

Beat.

LUCY: What?

GREG: Anyways, so, yeah.

LUCY: Are you seriously a virgin?

GREG: Ha—um . . . I mean, yeah, I've had a lot of—sure, but—I've never—completely—sealed the—sailed the—all of the. Way. Up in it. So.

Beat.

LUCY: Well, then is this really—the right—?

Beat.

GREG: Oh—Oh, definitely. Lucy, listen to me, I mean, yeah. I mean, I really like you. And we've been together for almost two weeks, so . . .

LUCY: Yeah—it's not exactly like we're rushing or anything . . .

GREG: Plus camp's almost over. Plus I just . . .

LUCY: What?

GREG: I just WANT to—I just really freaking want to—do you?

LUCY: Yeah—I mean YEAH . . .

GREG: I'm tired of everyone telling me no and telling me not to, F that. F rules that don't make any sense to me.

LUCY: *A confession.* Sometimes I smoke cigarettes and I pretty much covet constantly. I feel like all I do all day is covet so hard.

GREG: I don't wanna wait anymore.

LUCY: I feel like I've been waiting since I was born.

GREG: It's—it's like Europe, I think.

LUCY: Yeah, Europe . . .

GREG: Who cares if it's scary or far away, you just gotta go there, it's part of being alive, you have a responsibility as a human BEING, as one of God's kids, to see the Earth . . .

LUCY: Oh my God—it's exactly like Europe . . .

GREG: You just gotta GO there!

They make out. GREG, extremely tentatively, begins to put a hand up her dress. LUCY stops him, jerking it away.

LUCY: Wow—wow . . .

GREG: Sorry . . .

LUCY: Wow—just hold on—can we . . .

GREG: Sure, sure . . .

LUCY sits. GREG sits next to her. Beat.

LUCY: You can kiss me again if you want.

GREG: Oh—um, okay . . .

LUCY: But how are we supposed to—um—can you tell what you're going to do before you do it—just so that I know—is that okay?

GREG: Before I do it? What if I'm not sure?

LUCY: Or while you're doing it . . .

GREG: Like a doctor?

LUCY: Yeah . . .

GREG: I'm putting my hand on your knee.

He does so.

LUCY: Okay . . .

GREG: I'm—well I'm about to, I think—I'm going to move my hand—up your—into—your . . .

LUCY: *Quickly, stopping him.* Let's just breathe for a minute.

Beat. They breathe.

GREG: Did you ever play Doctor when you were little?

LUCY: No, did you?

GREG: Um, constantly. You really didn't?

LUCY: No, is that weird?

GREG: You missed out, a lot. Man, was it informative.

Beat. He looks at her. She's tense.

You gotta relax.

LUCY: I was molested.

GREG: What? Really?

LUCY: No.

GREG: Did you used to—ever—when you were little?

LUCY: What?

GREG: Touch—um—touch . . .

LUCY: *Quickly.* Of course I did.

GREG: If you said you didn't, I woulda called you a liar. Everyone who says they never have lies like a dog. It's so weird, when you're little. When you don't get it but it seems like such a big freaking deal.

LUCY: It is, it is a big freaking deal—it's the biggest freaking deal pretty much ever. 'Cause once you, once you go to Europe, you can't go back. You can't un-go.

GREG: Yeah, but then you've been to Europe. *Beat.* I used to hump my teddy bear.

LUCY: *Laughing.* What?

GREG: Yeah—like every night. Not like—to the point where I actually—um—but . . . And then one night I dreamt the teddy bear came to life and murdered me.

LUCY: How?

GREG: Slit my throat.

LUCY: And then what?

GREG: I stopped humping my teddy bear.

Beat. A cold breeze.

LUCY: I guess the thing is—I used to—dream—or daydream or something—that—s—sex was—it was—this was before I got it, before I knew what it actually, yeah. I used to think that you go to this—place—to have it. To do it. And you don't want to go but you have to. You get Sent. And if you're a girl, they tie you to a table. Like an operating table. Not tie, bind. Metal handcuffs that come up around your limbs and keep you there. And you're naked and cold and you don't want it but you have to. And then there's this scientist person making sure you're strapped in tight. Then they leave the room but they're watching through a little window in the door like a dentist taking an x-ray. And if you're the girl, you're laying there and the room goes dim. And there's a metal sound from above you. And then the boy descends. He's strapped to the ceiling and the ceiling is coming down on top of you. He's being lowered on top of you. And you're squirming and you don't want it but you're stuck and the scientist is watching through the window and then the boy is on top of you and he's kissing you and

you don't want it and he's inside of you and it hurts but you can't do anything about it. Then suddenly, or slowly, you start to like it. You can't help it. You realize you want it and this happens pretty quickly like a hot wave of like a wanting and just when you are going to die from wanting to move, the scientist knows that exact moment and from outside the room, he pushes a button, and you are released. The cuffs are gone. The boy is released and you reach for each other and claw at each other and you just do it and do it and do it and then it's done. And when it's done, the boy is lifted up. You don't even get to say bye. And you are bound again, and then another boy comes and it starts all over again and you're cold and scared. And you look to the window at the scientist and that's when you realize or guess that it's not a scientist, it's God or Jesus and he winks at you and it happens all over again. *Beat.* I'm worried I have—issues . . .

GREG: Um . . .

LUCY: Like I'm going to—like I'll always have issues . . .

GREG doesn't know what to say. The far-away song turns to a capella. Lucy starts to cry.

GREG: Are you—um . . .

LUCY: I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Did you hear that? They went a capella. A capella music makes me cry.

GREG: Why?

LUCY: 'Cause it's so naked . . .

He kisses her. She lets it happen. It escalates.

GREG: I'm going to do it . . .

Lights go down.

SCENE 2

Lights back up. Post It. GREG and LUCY are a bit disheveled, but nothing has changed. They sit, both looking a bit disappointed.

LUCY looks up.

LUCY: Trees are pretty.

GREG: Yeah, so is the sky.

Beat.

LUCY: I don't feel any / different.

GREG: Neither do I.

Beat.

I guess we should get back.

LUCY: Yeah, I guess.

But neither move.

This is the last summer. After this summer, we'll never have to go to church camp ever again.

GREG: Until we have kids and make them go.

LUCY: Take them shopping first for socks and lollipops.

GREG: And then we'll have to drive them here and drop them off at the entrance and our hands will turn wet from the memories and we'll drive off so fast we'll plow through kids and their families walking towards the bunks.

LUCY: They'll make us bookmarks out of leaves with verses from First Corinthians.

GREG: And they won't know why they're here.

LUCY: And we won't tell them.

GREG: But they'll learn all the songs at least.

LUCY: I love the songs.

GREG: They'll come home singing them.

LUCY: And they'll come home singing them and I'll cry into their sandwiches.

GREG: And they won't know why we sent them here.

LUCY: And we won't tell them.

A beat. LUCY sneezes.

GREG: God bless you.

LUCY: Thank you.

A beat. They sit. Lights go out.

END OF PLAY

LOCKDOWN WITH PINKY

C.S. Hanson
