

## OUT OF GAS ON LOVERS LEAP

by Mark St. Germain

Myst (17) - Grouper (17)

**The Play:** Mark St. Germain's two character play is a shocking look at the desperation of youth to find a better tomorrow than the example given by their parents. The time is the present, the night of commencement of White Oaks Academy, an expensive boarding school for students with behavioral disorders. Eagle Point is the local "parking" spot. Here is where we find Myst and Grouper, two recent graduates of the Academy, and witness not only their romantic encounters but also a debate about life. Myst is the daughter of a once-successful rock singer and Grouper is the son of a narrow-minded U.S. Senator. Neither can grasp a future existence that follows the path of their parents. They also struggle for an alternative, one that seems reasonable, exciting, and more fulfilling than the parental example. The arguments are sharp, sophisticated, often humorous, and their needs and dreams are heartfelt. In the end, their disappointing sexual encounter and the inability to agree upon a future beyond tonight yields a dim glimpse of the future and the lovers leap.

**The Scene:** Myst and Grouper have been drinking beer and smoking pot. It is early in the evening after the graduation. Myst has been pressuring Grouper to make love, her "graduation" present, but he is avoiding the issue. Of the two, he is the virgin and extremely insecure with the status. Avoiding her advances, he wants to talk about the two of them living together for the summer at Seaside. Both are a bit high.

**Special Note:** Although both characters have just graduated from a special school for students with behavioral disorders, the actors should avoid overt portrayals of "crazy" people. The problems these two young people face are very real.

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MYST: Grouper, you are a man after my own heart. *(Takes a joint.)*

GROUPER: *(With previously unseen sincerity.)* I am.

MYST: What?

GROUPER: After your heart.

MYST: *(Pause.)* You got it. *(Climbs on hood of car.)* How high up are we?

GROUPER: Me or you?

MYST: Us.

GROUPER: Very.

MYST: Isn't it dumb how they let cars park so close to the edge? Doesn't anyone ever drive off?

GROUPER: Are you kidding? People have respect for their cars. They park here and jump. You should have been here last Christmas—

MYST: *(Quickly, defensively.)* I couldn't be.

GROUPER: *(Pause.)* I know you couldn't.

MYST: *(Lightly.)* So you can lie as much as you want to.

GROUPER: *(Indicates over cliff.)* Guy in one of the houses down there had a fight with his wife over the Christmas tree, right? She said it didn't have enough tinsel on it or some fucking shit. The guys drags it from his living room, lights, decorations and all, throws it on top of his car and drives up here.

MYST: Want a beer?

GROUPER: Yeah. So the guy winds up to toss the tree over the side—guess he wanted to crash it through his roof—just as he throws it over his leg gets caught in a string of lights.

MYST: *(Delighted, looking over cliff.)* Really?

GROUPER: I swear.

MYST: Right over? *(Grouper makes a diving motion.)* Wow!

GROUPER: It was a big goddamn tree.

MYST: Did he splatter?

GROUPER: Let me put it this way. There was a lot more hanging from that tree than tinsel.

MYST: *(Sings.)* "Oh Christmas tree, O CHRISTMAS TREE..."

BOTH: "HOW LOVELY ARE THY BRANCHES."

GROUPER: So Myst—



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MYST: So Group—  
GROUPER: What do we do with the rest of our lives?  
MYST: Number one, we finish these. *(They click beer bottles.)* My mother almost came tonight.  
GROUPER: Jesus.  
MYST: Her and Roger.  
GROUPER: Captain Weave Job? The Man with the Plasticene Hair?  
MYST: The one and only. They wanted to fly in from London; imagine that? Every asshole in the school would be hassling them.  
GROUPER: Percy's lips would be in traction with all that ass kissing.  
MYST: Damn right.  
GROUPER: I used to think your mother was pretty hot when I was a kid.  
MYST: So did I, until I grew up and she didn't. Barry Zenakus told me he used to have wet dreams about her. Did you?  
GROUPER: Probably. I dreamed about anything female. My bed was a swamp.  
MYST: Did you lock yourself in the bathroom with a copy of "Playboy"?  
GROUPER: Nah. I'd leave it around the living room, especially if Mom and Dad were having company. They threatened to come up tonight, too.  
MYST: My mom still looks good from a distance, but once you get up close, forget it. She's flopping all over the place. That's why she's always wearing leather, you know? Holds in the wobble. Really. She has no waist anymore. They build up her hips like Play Doh. I have a much better body. Wait 'till you see.  
GROUPER: How did you talk her into not coming for graduation?  
MYST: I didn't. I told her it was next week. She's coming Thursday.  
GROUPER: I told my dad's secretary that if he or Mom showed up I'd phone in a bomb scare.  
MYST: Cops wouldn't care. They probably get a dozen a day from this school. They're just hoping for the real thing. Could you believe how many people were taking pictures tonight?  
GROUPER: The old fucks wanted proof that their kids graduated.

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MYST: So many flash bulbs. When I walked in I thought we were getting nuked. I though, "Shit. I knew I wouldn't make it."  
GROUPER: My father gets off on flash bulbs. Gives him a rush. I think when he and Mom do it they get the press corps in to shoot away and give him incentive?  
MYST: They still do it, you think?  
GROUPER: I guess. I'm not saying he takes off his suit, but they probably still do it. Doesn't your mother?  
MYST: Oh, sure. But that's almost part of her job, you know?  
GROUPER: The only person I wish could have been here is Matthew, but somebody would have had to bring him.  
MYST: *(Pause; she changes the subject.)* I think the air is thinner up here, don't you?  
GROUPER: How about letting my brother visit us once in awhile?  
MYST: Sure. You remember our first date? When you stole the movie projector—  
GROUPER: *(Cuts in.) Borrowed.* It's not stolen 'till they catch you.  
MYST: *Borrowed* the copy of "Wizard of Oz," too, and we went up to the library tower roof and beamed it into the sky, drank a case of Mooshead and threw the empties over the side into the faculty parking lot? That was the most romantic night I ever had.  
GROUPER: You know much about retarded kids?  
MYST: Besides you?  
GROUPER: *(Stiffens.)* I'm talking about my brother.  
MYST: Oh.  
GROUPER: You're going to like Matthew. A lot. He's always smiling, you know—but it's a real smile. Not a professional smile or a smart ass smile but a smile like he's really happy.  
MYST: *(Casually.)* You really like kids, don't you?  
GROUPER: *(Surprised.)* I guess. But he's not a kid.  
MYST: You think we should go to Whorrie Laurie's party tonight?  
GROUPER: You want to?  
MYST: I don't know. It is our graduation.  
GROUPER: That's right. Now we start real life.  
MYST: You sound so nasty when you say that.



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GROUPER: When do we leave for Seaside?  
MYST: We don't necessarily have to go to Seaside just to live by the ocean, you know.  
GROUPER: What do you mean?  
MYST: I'm sure my mother would give us her house at Malibu—  
GROUPER: Bite your tongue!  
MYST: Why?  
GROUPER: First of all, it's not even the same ocean. The Pacific Ocean's for pussies.  
MYST: You're crazy.  
GROUPER: It is *far* more mellow than the Atlantic.  
MYST: Ocean is ocean.  
GROUPER: Can you imagine *rides* on the beach ab Malibu? Can you picture roller coasters and whips and haunted houses—  
MYST: Whips and haunted houses, maybe—  
GROUPER: Does the Polar Bear club come out in sub-zero temperature in bathing suits to swim every New Year's Day at Malibu? Shit, if it ever got really cold out there they'd close the state. How can you even mention Seaside Heights and Malibu in the same breath? Seaside Heights is *real*. It's for real people, regular working people. The only thing you work for in Malibu is a tan—  
MYST: (*Cutting him off.*) I was at the Malibu house this Christmas.  
GROUPER: (*Stopped.*) So?  
MYST: My mom, old Leather Stocking, had a Christmas party and invited everybody from the record company, and got stoned to oblivion because a couple of the biggies didn't show. She's not imaginative enough to think they might have families or people they actually liked who they'd rather see that day. Christ, I felt sorry for anybody who had to spend Christmas with us. She sat around petting my hair whenever I got close enough, saying to all these guys, "This is my little girl, would you believe it? This is Mystery." And meanwhile, these guys are eyeing the both of us trying to decide whose bones to jump—  
GROUPER: I know whose I would—  
MYST: Then jump.

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GROUPER: I will.  
MYST: I'm waiting.  
GROUPER: Have you ever done it in a ferris wheel? The largest ferris wheel on the east coast, on a pier right in the middle of the ocean? They'd stop the thing and look up and see the seat on the top rocking back and forth. That would be a first, even for you.  
MYST: My mom bought me a doll for Christmas. One of these antique dolls that cost half a Porche—  
GROUPER: Why do I get the impression I'm talking to myself?  
MYST: She watched me unwrap it; she was jumping up and down like she was ten years old and I said, "Snow"—because God knows I can't call the woman "Mother" in front of company, "Snow, I think you need this more than I do."  
GROUPER: (*Imitating radio transmission.*) This is Earth calling Angeleeds—Earth calling Angeleeds—come in please—  
MYST: Funny—  
GROUPER: (*Excited.*) I'm getting contact—a transmission from somewhere past Saturn—  
MYST: Grouper!  
GROUPER: (*Looking at her.*) Success! You *can* hear, you *can* listen. (*He grabs her.*) Then listen harder. (*Pause.*) I love you. More than I ever loved anybody. More than anybody's ever loved anybody. Because I'm totally sure we can be happy together 'till we both die. (*Pause.*) That's it, then. We live together, get married, or I jump off this cliff tonight. Your choice.  
MYST: Don't your parents expect you home for the summer.  
GROUPER: Probably. They always expect the worst. So?  
MYST: (*Pause.*) My mom was talking about maybe going to France for awhile.  
GROUPER: (*Pause.*) France?  
MYST: Yeah; you know— Eiffel Tower and drinking on the street?  
GROUPER: She's taking you?  
MYST: I didn't say I'd go...  
GROUPER: You'd rather spend the summer with her.  
MYST: Of course not! (*Pause.*) But even you have to admit there's



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a difference between Paris and Seaside Heights.

GROUPER: *(Ice cold.)* Get in the car.

MYST: Where are we going?

GROUPER: We are going nowhere, that's where we're going.

MYST: Grouper—are you driving over the edge?

GROUPER: You'll wish. I'm dropping you at Whorrie Laurie's party.  
*(Tries to start car, it won't turn over.)* Maybe you'll get lucky if somebody's looking for seconds.

MYST: Oh come on. Stop. This is our night.

GROUPER: Call your mother. Tell her to fly over early if you can reach her.

MYST: Did I say I'd go? I never said that.

GROUPER: You thought about it.

MYST: What if I did? What's wrong with that?

GROUPER: If you don't know there's nothing I can tell you.

## THE RISE AND RISE OF DANIEL ROCKET

by Peter Parnell

Alice (13) - Richard (13)

The Play: Don't let the ages of these characters lead you astray. Peter Parnell's play is a play for all ages, as it deals with growing up and with what gets lost or destroyed when we become adults. The first act deals with a group of young people in a typical America community in the sixth-grade. In the second act, we return to the same people in the same community, twenty years later. The Daniel of the title is an exceptional boy, who believes that he can fly. For this belief others torture and ridicule him. No one believes the outrageous story. Alice has a crush on Richard, but Richard is oblivious. Daniel is in love with Alice, who eventually comes to care deeply for him when he stands up for himself in front of the others and "flies" off a cliff to the amazement of everyone. In a touching scene at the end of the first act, Daniel's conviction in what he believes leads him to everything he ever wanted: the ability to fly and the approval of others! However, the second act delivers the blow that cannot be survived. Daniel, now a celebrity—he flies!—returns to the community that caused him so much pain when growing up. The characters are older, but somehow they've not changed. Daniel is beginning to doubt himself, and those who knew him when he was younger are tired of hearing about him. The ridicule defeats him once more. In the end, Daniel crashes both emotionally and physically. The play has begun and ended with a hurtful destruction of something beautiful.

The Scene: Alice longs for Richard to take interest in her. Richard seems involved with almost everything except noticing Alice's intentions. Finally, she catches up with him for a moment alone.