

Mitch

By

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ACT IScene 1

Lights up. There are three chairs on stage with 2 boys seated. The boys are severely bruised with various marks at different stages in healing. TEACHER, also bruised, enters with MITCH.

TEACHER  
Morning Class.

CLASS  
Morning Teacher.

TEACHER  
Class, this is our new student...

Teacher takes a second to read the name off a card.

TEACHER  
Mitch Goodman, so make sure you introduce yourself properly. Now have a seat.

Mitch makes his way to his seat.

SHITHEAD  
Look at the new kid!

FUCKTARD  
What kinda name is Mitch anyway?

SHITHEAD  
He doesn't have any bruises or scrapes!

FUCKTARD  
Yeah, he's weird lookin'!

TEACHER  
Alright class, Pop Quiz!

FUCKTARD  
Aww Man!

SHITHEAD  
This sucks!

FUCKTARD  
Boo!

(CONTINUED)

TEACHER  
So who can tell me what this is?

Teacher shows a picture of a puppy.

SHITHEAD  
That's a kickball!

TEACHER  
Correct! Bad one Shithead! Now who can tell me what this is?

Teacher shows a picture of a methlab.

FUCKTARD  
That's a kitchen!

TEACHER  
That's correct! Very poor Fucktard! Alright, now what's this?

Teacher shows a picture of a library.

MITCH  
That's a library.

The class looks at each other and then everyone, including the teacher, burst into laughter.

TEACHER  
A what?

MITCH  
...A library?

They all burst into laughter again this time a little harder.

TEACHER  
Oh no, no, no. I don't know what they've been teaching you at this other school of yours but we have a lot of unlearning to do. Can someone else answer this?

CLASS  
It's a fire store!

TEACHER  
Correct! Really shitty work class! Now--

A school bell rings.

TEACHER

Oh, it's time for my smoke break. Recess kids!

The kids clear their chairs from the stage and the teacher exits. Mitch is on stage alone until Fucktard enters.

FUCKTARD

Hey Bitch!

MITCH

It's Mitch.

FUCKTARD

It sounds weird though, so we're gonna call ya Bitch instead. I'm Fucktard and... Hey Shithead! Come here!

Shithead runs on stage.

FUCKTARD

And this is Shithead.

SHITHEAD

Hey Bitch.

MITCH

It's Mitch

SHITHEAD

Whatever. Hey, how come don't you have any bruises or red marks?

MITCH

Why would I have those?

SHITHEAD

Well, don't your parents give them to you?

MITCH

What? How would they? It's not like they beat me or anything.

Mitch nervously laughs. The boys do not.

SHITHEAD

Your Dad doesn't hit you? Then how do you know he loves you?

FUCKTARD

Yeah, how do you know he loves you?

(CONTINUED)

MITCH

No... He... Uh... I don't know, hugs me and stuff.

SHITHEAD

Hugs you?! What are you gay?

FUCKTARD

What a fag! Going and hugging your dad and shit! HA!

SHITHEAD

Ooooooh, My name's Bitch and I'm a big fat homo!

FUCKTARD

Gay-fag-homo-faggot-bitch!

They high-five and laugh as they exit. The school bell rings. Mitch is joined by the boys and Teacher.

TEACHER

Okay class, now it's time for physical education. Today we are playing Red Hands.

BOYS

W00t! Yeah!

TEACHER

Now everyone partner up.

Teacher exits.

FUCKTARD

Hey Asswipe! Be my partner!

Fucktard exits.

SHITHEAD

Looks like I'm stuck with you. Just don't try to hold my hands or nothing k Bitch?

MITCH

...Yeah.

Mitch and Shithead put their hands out. Shithead puts his hands palms facing up. Mitch puts his hands on his hands palms down. Shithead moves quickly and slaps Mitch's hands. Shithead moves to slap Mitch's hands again but he avoids the hit. They switch roles. Mitch moves his hands to slap Shithead's and he misses. Switch roles.

Shithead gets three rapid hits on the back of Mitch's hands. Mitch avoids a fourth slap. Switch. Mitch moves quickly and slaps the back of Shithead's hands. Shithead avoids the second slap. Switch. Shithead moves his hands but doesn't slap, Mitch moves his hands early.

SHITHEAD

Oh you flinched!

Shithead twists Mitch's nipple.

MITCH

Oww! Why did you do that?

SHITHEAD

You flinched. Come on, game on.

They continue playing. Shithead balks again and Mitch flinches.

SHITHEAD

You flinched again!

Shithead twists his other nipple.

MITCH

Ouch man! Stop that.

SHITHEAD

Then stop flinching Bitch.

MITCH

It's Mitch.

They play again. Shithead misses. Switch. Mitch is playing more aggressively now. He gets two hits off in a row before he misses. Switch. Shithead misses. Switch. Mitch hits again, and again, and he goes for the third but Shithead moves his hands and slaps Mitch across the face--Hard.

MITCH

What the fuck dude!

SHITHEAD

What Bitch?

Mitch shoves Shithead and they get into a bit of a scuffle before the teacher comes on stage.

TEACHER

Woah, woah, woah boys, hold it right there.

They stop. Teacher motions over Fucktard.

TEACHER

FIGHT!

Teacher and Fucktard begin chanting "Fight, fight, fight!"

Shithead catches Mitch off guard and slaps him in the face. They exchange slaps to the face and body until Fucktard kneels down behind Mitch and Shithead shoves him to the ground. They all laugh as Mitch hits the floor. Mitch starts to get up but is tackled by Shithead who sits on Mitch's chest and slaps him repeatedly. Mitch grabs his arms and manages to roll over getting on top on Shithead. Mitch returns the slap barrage but is interrupted by a counter attack by Shithead. Mitch, still on top of a struggling Shithead, rears back to deliver his hardest slap yet. As his hand reaches it's peak it slowly clenches into a fist. He makes contact with Shithead's face and his body goes limp.

There is a moment of silence from the crowd. Mitch slowly dismounts Shithead's body and realizes what he has done.

MITCH

I-I-I didn't mean to.... He... I... I didn't want to...

TEACHER

That was... so fucking COOL!

FUCKTARD

Yeah man, you fucking killed his ass!

(CONTINUED)

TEACHER

Way to go kid! What's your name anyway?

MITCH

It's... Bitch.

FUCKTARD

Bitch Rules!

They begin to chant "Bitch, Bitch, Bitch!" as they cheer him off stage. Shithead's corpse is left on stage in silence for a moment.

Blackout. End of play.