

OLIVE JUICE

by
Allen Amundsen

CAST:

MARCUS Male, 17 years old

BRETT Male, 10 years old

Acknowledgements

The author would like to thank Alex Paez and Zachary Dempsey for inspiring this play and being the initial catalysts for the characters' evolution. This piece wouldn't have existed without you guys.

Notes to Forensics Coaches Regarding American Sign Language

Both characters utilize words from the American Sign Language lexicon in various scenes. There are several ASL dictionaries available on the World Wide Web; use your favorite search engine, and type in the key words: American Sign Language and either dictionary or basics.

Director's Notes

The sign language constraints make this a very challenging duet to perform. Both characters may want to learn enough sign language to speak their lines (MARCUS signs one sentence), but if not, the other option is to fake the signs, using as many common sense signs as possible.

As judges and audiences may not know American Sign Language, it is important to mouth all words. BRETT, who is deaf, should be audible, but both articulation and tone should reflect his lack of hearing.

This script is geared toward competition. Therefore, the change of scene is mainly to show transition. Characters may perform the script "straight through," possibly spinning in place to show transitions in time.

Scene 1

(MARCUS pantomimes reading a book. A beat. BRETT enters, pantomiming that he is playing with a toy airplane. BRETT makes loud engine noises. Another beat. MARCUS looks up from his book.)

MARCUS: Brett.

(BRETT continues playing in his own world.)

MARCUS: *(louder)* BRETT!

(BRETT is oblivious.)

MARCUS: Brett, shut up dude! Brett!

(A beat. MARCUS stomps on the ground. BRETT looks at him, confused. Another beat. MARCUS puts BRETT into a headlock.)

MARCUS: Knock it off! *(BRETT is startled, a little perturbed at MARCUS. HE starts to get slightly upset.)* Huh?

BRETT: What? What's wrong, I—?

MARCUS: Shhhh. Shhh. Hey, hey! Olive Juice!

(Pause. BRETT reads his lips.)

BRETT: I love you too.

Scene 2

(BRETT plays, makes noises. MARCUS reads. A beat. MARCUS speaks to the audience.)

MARCUS: Brett is my younger brother. I was so excited the day he was born. I wanted a brother very badly. In fact, I talked about it so much, Dad told me: "You're gonna jinx it son...watch, it'll be a girl!" But I just knew that it would be a boy.

(BRETT laughs at a joke in his play world. MARCUS turns to look at him. Pause. HE looks back at the audience.)

MARCUS: When they brought him home from the hospital...something was wrong. Mom and Dad seemed happy, but there was something in the air. Dad held Brett and Mom excused herself to their bedroom. I walked by to go to the bathroom and I heard her crying. I asked Daddy, and he said that Mom was crying tears of joy. I didn't know what was going on. *(pause)* As Brett grew up from a little baby into a toddler, I slowly caught on. He wasn't normal.

Scene 3

(MARCUS freezes. BRETT signs to the audience.)

BRETT: In my world, I am a famous pilot. *(BRETT is conscious of his signing. HE drops his hands and speaks.)* In my world, I am a famous pilot. A World War II flying ace, like Snoopy on television. I can fly high in the air, swooping above the cruel world. I take myself to the edge of the atmosphere, where all you hear is nothing. Silence. *(pause)* My first memories are of my brother Marcus. We would play games and I would try to guess what he was saying. We would play the word of the day. He taught me so much. Then, one day, he grew so tall, almost overnight. And he stopped playing with me. He kept to himself, always looking at magazines with naked girls in them. Or reading books. We still played the word of the day though.

Scene 4

MARCUS: Okay, today's word is Superman.

BRETT: Uh, uh.

(BRETT tries to follow MARCUS' lips. HE starts to sign.)

MARCUS: No, no. No hands. SAY IT. SU-PER-MAN.

BRETT: Suuu...

MARCUS: Come on, retard. It's easy. SU-PER-MAN.

BRETT: Suu-suuu...

MARCUS: Like the comic book? The dude in tights on TV? Superman. Come on, SU-PER-MAN.

BRETT: Stuper. Stu. Stuperma?

MARCUS: Geez! Superman! Come on!

BRETT: Stupamah?

MARCUS: *(lets out a loud sigh)* Yeah, yeah. Close enough. Wait. *(Points and mouths the words big so BRETT can understand.)* Phone's ringing.

(MARCUS walks a few steps and pantomimes picking up the phone. BRETT watches him. BRETT is curious about the identity of the caller.)

BRETT: Who? Who is it?

MARCUS: Hey! *(HE turns away so BRETT can't read his lips.)* Grandma! Yeah, we're good. No they're not home yet. Huh? Oh, yeah he's here. Hold on. *(MARCUS looks at BRETT.)* Brett, hey. *(mouths)* Grand-Ma!

BRETT: Oh, Grandma!

(BRETT rushes over to take the phone from MARCUS. MARCUS strong arms him. BRETT struggles against MARCUS's block.)

MARCUS: *(into the phone)* Yeah! Grandma! *(Struggling with BRETT as HE holds him back.)* Brett says he loves you and that he hopes you visit soon. I'll have mom call you when she gets in. Okay, love you too. Bye!

(MARCUS hangs up the phone. HE laughs at BRETT.)

MARCUS: Ha-haaaaa!

(BRETT gets flush with anger and begins yelling at MARCUS.)

BRETT: Stupid, Marcus, why—

MARCUS: *(mocking)* Stupid Marcus, why—

BRETT: You're so mean!

MARCUS: What does it matter? You wouldn't be able to hear her anyway!

(BRETT erupts. HE rushes into MARCUS, attempting to tackle him. MARCUS blocks him with ease.)

BRETT: Auuuuugggh!

MARCUS: *(overlapping)* Awright, awright, dude! Brett!

BRETT: Stupid Marcus, stupid Marcus, stupid—

MARCUS: *(MARCUS grabs BRETT by the shoulders and shakes him.)* Duuuude! *(BRETT is fuming and breathing rapidly. HE stops yelling.)* Brett, I—

BRETT: Meanie Marcus...

MARCUS: Brett! *(BRETT is quiet.)* I'm sorry dude.

BRETT: Meanie, meanie, Marcus!

MARCUS: Hey, hey, hey! Olive Juice. *(pause)*

(BRETT is still upset, but HE obliges.)

BRETT: *(sighs, annoyed)* I love you too, Marcus—Hmm!

(BRETT turns and exits. MARCUS watches him go. A beat.)

MARCUS: Psst. Retard.

END OF FREE PREVIEW

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