

# **Much Ado About Nada**

## **Dramatis Personae**

**Sam:** A trans man, confident yet vexed by the absurdity of the scene.

**Jessie:** A trans woman, employing wit and charm to navigate the chaos.

Restroom Safety Agent: A fierce, self-proclaimed guardian of lavatory

sanctity.

**Third Patron:** A figure of androgyny, exasperated and ready to rebel.

#### **Men's Room Patron Voice**

#### Women's Room Patron Voice

**Crowd:** A mix of men and women who serve as a Greek chorus, voicing their grievances.

## Scene

Enter the Restroom Safety Agent before a line of restless patrons.

Agent: Hark! Attend, ye seekers of relief!
I am the guardian of these sacred halls,
Charged with the noble task to keep them safe
From rogues, intruders, and deviant intents.
The men's privy lieth to the left,
The women's chamber to the dexter side.
No exceptions, none—and prithee, no excuses.
If thou dost harbor grievance, swallow it,
For here, mine edict ruleth all!

Sam steps forward with a weary sigh.

Sam: Good sir, I crave no quarrel, only relief.

Grant me passage, that I may answer nature's call.

**Agent:** (raising a peculiar device)

Hold, varlet!

This Pervometer shall discern
Thy heart's true nature. Aha!
No perverse humours detected,
Yet tarry! The Genitalometer ne'er doth lie.

Sam: (deadpan)

Splendid, for neither do I.

**Agent:** Raise thy hands aloft, and spread thy feet, As though thou boardest a mystical flying machine. The Agent sweeps the device over Sam.

**Agent:** BEEP! What ho! The device doth proclaim Thou bear'st the anatomy of a maid. Wouldst thou infiltrate the men's domain?

**Sam:** I am a trans man, sir. This is my rightful place. Thy device is naught but folly!

**Agent:** Nay, fair anatomy decrees thy lot. To the women's chamber thou must go, Or hie thee hence unto the forest green!

**Sam:** Think, fool! More discord shall arise If I step foot in that fair chamber.

Agent: Not my concern, good sir. Off with thee now!

Sam mutters angrily and exits stage right.

#### Women's Room Patron Voice:

What ho! What doth HE here within these walls?

The Agent shrugs nonchalantly. Enter Jessie, a fair woman with a support dog.

**Jessie:** (with a sweet smile)

Good morrow, sir.

Might I seek entrance

To yon women's chamber?

**Agent:** Aye, let us consult the Pervometer. Hmm, no perverse humours detected. Yet hold! The Genitalometer shall have its say. Assume the pose!

**Jessie:** (with a sigh, confessing)
Good sir, I am a trans woman, soon to complete
My journey—a surgery draws nigh.

**Agent:** (with derision)
A cunning ruse, but thou shalt not deceive me!

**Jessie:** (now exasperated)
What jest is this? I have lived as a woman
Through many a year. Even my poor hound
Doth quail at the men's harsh company!

**Agent:** Nay, the Genitalometer hath spoken true. Seek thou the men's room or climb to yon heights, Where a single stall awaits, four flights above.

**Jessie:** That stall is broken, sir, and I am desperate!

She throws up her hands and reluctantly exits left.

### **Men's Room Patron Voice:**

By heaven, what perversion is this? Begone!

Enter the Third Patron, an androgynous figure.

**Third Patron:** Enough! To whom must I plead or pray To find a privy? Point me to a bucket, A corner dark, or aught that serves, But free me from thy infernal gadgets!

**Agent:** Thy lot confounds me. Pick a side or perish!

Third Patron: Damn thy sides!

Toss a coin, spin a wheel, But grant me peace and privacy!

Agent: Alas, if thou refusest the devices, I must... I must...

The Agent falters, visibly distressed.

**Crowd:** (chanting)
We just wish to pee!
We just wish to pee!

The Agent throws the devices skyward and storms off.

**Agent:** I quit! This accursed task is folly!

The pervometer and genitalometer are caught by two of the cast, and immediately begin using them on those standing close to them, and then point them menacingly at the audience.

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