

## **...rules**

*by Kitt Lavoie*

*Alexis' apartment. Lights rise on Sasha Taylor, a beautiful, bright-eyed young woman of 23, Alexis Katzon, a somewhat quirky, very cute, if not beautiful girl of the same age, and Scott Mathis, a well put-together 23-year-old young man. They each clutch a 40 ounce bottle of malt liquor. A box of crayons sits in the middle of the group. Coloring books lie in front of Sasha and Alexis. Scott and Sasha are watching Alexis carefully. Sasha holds a Trivial Pursuit card. Alexis is deep in thought, until...*

**Alexis** Erie?

**Scott** Huron.

*Sasha displays the back of the card—he's right. She replaces the card in it's box.*

**Scott** Drink.

*Alexis drinks from her half-empty bottle. Scott joins her with a swig, then pulls a card from the Trivial Pursuit box.*

**Scott** Sash?

**Sasha** Brown.

**Scott** "Who hid in a house at 263 Princengracht"—

**Sasha** Anne Frank.

**Scott** --"Street in Amsterdam." *(he reads the answer on the back of the card)*  
Anne Frank. Yes.

**Alexis** Your girlfriend reads too much.

**Scott** Yes she does Hit me with a Dylan question. Pink.

**Alexis** "What film featured dueling banjos?"

**Scott** (playing mock banjo) Bung-bung-bung-bung-bung-bung-bung.

**Alexis** (playing mock banjo) Bung-bung-bung-bung-bung-bung-bung.

*Scott and Alexis begin closing in on each other, chortling between banjo rounds.*

**Scott** *Deliverance.* (playing mock banjo) Bud-duh-dung-dung-dung-dung-dung-dung.

**Alexis** (playing mock banjo) Bud-duh-dung-dung-dung-dung—

**Sasha** C'mon. What color, Alex?

**Alexis** (*giggling, catching her breath*) Yellow.

**Sasha** “Who was the last ruler in the Egyptian dynasty of the Ptolemies?”

**Alexis** King Tut.

**Sasha/Scott** Cleopatra.

**Alexis** Fuck.

**Sasha** Literature.

*Alexis drinks, then buries her head in her coloring book.*

**Scott** “Who won England’s first Nobel Prize in 1907?”

**Sasha** Kipling.

**Scott** Rudyard, yes. Hit me, ‘Lex. Yellow.

**Alexis** Fuck off. I’m coloring.

**Sasha** “Who’s the patron saint of Scotland?”

**Scott** Andrew. “What’s the world’s highest waterfall?”

**Sasha** Angel Falls.

*The rhythm of the questioning speeds up as Scott and Sasha engage each other in a somehow erotic intellectual dance—daring each other with each question. Alexis keeps coloring.*

**Sasha** “What does God create in the first sentence of the Bible?”

**Scott** Heaven and Earth. “What country administers Greenland?”

**Sasha** Denmark. “What book was Mark David Chapman carrying when he killed John Lennon?”

**Scott** C'mon. *Catcher in the Rye*. What deceased Russian leader said: “We will in my lifetime rule the world by invitation?”



**Sasha** Krushchev.

**Scott** Nikita Krushchev, yes.

*Scott growls and pounces on Sasha. They roll around on the floor. Scott mock bites her neck as she howls with uncontrolled laughter. Alexis emerges from her coloring.*

**Alexis** Hey!

*Scott pounces on Alexis, mock biting her in the same way. Sasha jumps on. The three howl with laughter. As the revelry dies down, Scott and Alexis drink. Sasha returns to the Trivial Pursuit cards. Scott picks up the box of crayons, pulls out three at random, then goes to Sasha, holding out the box.*

**Sasha** What?

**Scott** Take some. *(Sasha reaches into the box)* Three! Just three!

*Sasha takes three crayons. Scott goes to Alexis and offers the box.*

**Scott** Take three. *(Alexis complies)* Okay, okay, okay. What've you got?

**Sasha** Um... I, uh...

**Scott** Okay, I'll go first. *(he reads from his three crayons)* I have... Jade green. Turquoise. And... Oh, I'm saving this one.

**Alexis** What've you got?

**Scott** No way, I'm saving this one for last. You go.

**Alexis** Okay. Uh, magenta.

**Scott** Oooh. Good one.

**Alexis** Golden yellow.

**Scott** Mmmm...

**Alexis** And, check it out, raspberry.

**Scott** Shit, that's a good one. You made out.

**Sasha** My turn.



**Alexis** Hit us.

**Sasha** Bronze yellow. Peach. And salmon.

**Alexis** Nice!

**Scott** A fruit, a fish, and an era. Not bad.

**Alexis** An era?

**Scott** Yeah, you know, the Bronze Era.

**Sasha** Age.

**Scott** Right, the Bronze Age. What I said.

**Alexis** I see.

**Scott** I understand why you wouldn't get it. You know, you have to be *learned*. That's why we keep Sasha around. She knows stuff.

**Alexis** Right. Now, what have you got?

**Sasha** Yeah.

**Scott** Sure you're ready?

**Sasha** Yes. And it'd better be good.

**Scott** 'Cause, this is like the best name for a color I have ever heard.

**Alexis** Just fuckin' tell us.

**Scott** Okay. Check it out... "Cool Gray." Like, it's cool, y'see?

**Alexis** I'm with you.

**Scott** And it's cool looking, too. (*he sticks his nose in the box of crayons and takes a big sniff*) Ahhh! The smell of youth!

*The girls cackle. Scott rises and begins staggering around the room.*

**Alexis** I still think Sash wins, though. The fish.

**Scott** And the *era*.



**Sasha** Thank you. Thank you. I am very proud.

*They settle down and there is a moment of bemused silence. Then...*

**Alexis** Truth or dare?

**Sasha** What?

**Alexis** Truth or dare?

**Sasha** No way. I'm not playing.

**Alexis** Oh, come on! We used to play for hours.

**Sasha** At slumber parties.

**Alexis** Like we're not all going to fall asleep here.

**Sasha** Well, I've already seen both of you naked. And I'm not going out on the porch in my underwear in this neighborhood, thank you.

**Alexis** *(to Scott)* Truth or dare?

*Scott looks to Sasha. She shrugs "go ahead."*

**Scott** Dare.

**Alexis** All right... stick your finger in your nose.

*Scott does so bemusedly.*

**Alexis** Somehow that wasn't as exciting as when we were in the ninth grade.

**Sasha** Well, he didn't say, "Eww!" and beg you not to make him. Guys don't have those kind of hang ups.

**Scott** Hell, we live for chances to pick our nose in front of chicks. A chick pick.

**Alexis** Or a chick flick.

**Scott** Yeah, that was the joke. Like "pick" sounds like "flick"--

**Alexis** No, I mean, like, if you flicked the-- never mind. Sash, your turn.

**Sasha** I'm out. I'll just observe.



**Alexis** And referee.

**Sasha** Right.

**Alexis** Fair enough. Scott?

**Scott** Truth or dare?

**Alexis** Truth.

**Scott** Okay... hmmm... Alright-- how many guys have you slept with?

**Alexis** Six.

**Sasha** Six?

**Alexis** That stockbroker I was seeing last month.

**Sasha** Oh. But, that was just for like three weeks.

*Alexis shrugs.*

**Alexis** Truth or dare?

**Scott** Truth.

**Alexis** How many guys have you slept with?

**Scott** None.

**Alexis** I mean *girls*.

**Scott** You said guys, that's your question.

**Alexis** Referee?

**Sasha** Slip of the tongue. Answer the question.

**Scott** Slept-slept or gotten-it-on slept.

**Alexis** Slept-slept.

**Scott** Four.

**Alexis** Really? Less than me.



**Scott** Well, you're a whore. Truth or dare?

**Alexis** Truth.

**Scott** Have you ever kissed a girl?

*Alexis and Sasha look at each other a second, then crack up laughing.*

**Scott** What? Wait, that was *her*?

*Sasha shrugs "mea culpa."*

**Scott** So we've been hanging out all this time with the girl you used to make out with in the eighth grade and you never told me?

**Sasha** I told you it was with my friend Alex.

**Scott** Yeah, but that was before I knew her.

**Alexis** We were just practicing for the boys.

**Scott** Well, thank you, then. You did good. God, that's fucked up.

**Alexis** Truth or dare?

**Scott** No, I'm not done with this yet. I mean, do you guys want to...? I mean, I'd like to see it.

**Sasha** After a few more drinks, maybe.

**Scott** But you see, that's fucked up. If you're ... I mean, you've kissed all of us. And that's hardly fair. I think if you're going to kiss all of us, all of us should kiss all of us.

**Sasha** Yeah, well, maybe when we have that threesome with her that you're always talking about.

**Scott** Shit. I can't believe you just said that.

**Alexis** He talks about having a threesome with me?

**Sasha** And every other reasonably attractive girl we know. Don't be so flattered.

**Scott** *(to Alexis)* I think it's your turn to ask me.

**Alexis** Truth or dare?



**Scott** Dare.

**Alexis** Drop your pants down to your ankles and play the rest of the game that way.

*Scott drops his pants to his ankles and sits back down.*

**Scott** Alright, truth or dare and no more of this truth shit 'cause I want to see your tits.

**Alexis** (*almost daring him*) Dare.

**Scott** Let's see 'em.

*Alexis freezes for a second, then quickly flashed him.*

**Alexis** Happy?

**Scott** Thrilled. Not as thrilled as Tay, having kissed everyone--

**Sasha** Don't worry about it-- she isn't that good a kisser.

**Scott** I'd bet. I'm just saying--

**Alexis** Truth or dare?

**Scott** I'm just saying--

**Alexis** Truth or dare?

**Scott** Dare.

**Alexis** (*without missing a beat*) Kiss me.

**Scott** What?

**Alexis** Fucking kiss me. Then everyone kisses everyone and you can stop bitching.

*Scott looks to Sasha. Sasha signals him, "go ahead."*

**Scott** Really?

*Alexis leans in and kisses him, then pulls away.*



**Alexis** Thrilled?

**Scott** I was supposed to kiss you.

*Scott leans in and kisses Alexis somewhat tentatively, but it quickly becomes more real than any of them had bargained for. Alexis pulls away. There is an uncomfortable moment in the room. Scott is suddenly less jocular than he had been before-- something in him is reeling.*

**Sasha** Alright, I'm thinking a little more truth and a little less da--

**Scott** How many men have--

**Alexis** You didn't ask me--

**Scott** Truth or dare?

**Alexis** Truth.

**Scott** How many men have you been in love with? In your life.

**Alexis** God. Counting the ones I thought I was in love with... a few dozen. For real? Maybe two. Maybe none.

**Sasha** Hmmm.

**Alexis** Indeed. Truth or dare?

**Scott** Truth.

**Alexis** How many women have you been in love with?

**Scott** Two.

*Sasha is a little struck by his answer. There is a beat.*

**Scott** Truth or dare?

**Alexis** Ah... let's see.

**Sasha** Two?

**Alexis** What?

**Sasha** *(to Alexis)* No. I'm sorry. *(to Scott)* Two?

**Scott** Yeah.

**Sasha** And two is...?

**Scott** (*pointing to the girls, casually*) One, two. I love you. Both.

**Sasha** (*relieved*) Oh.

**Alexis** The question wasn't "who do you love?" "Who are you *in love with*?"

*The girls look at Scott. He doesn't say anything, but his face and body cry "mea culpa."*

**Scott** Truth or dare?

**Alexis** I think I'm done with this. For tonight.

**Sasha** I think we had better head home. It's late.

**Scott** C'mon. There's another forty in the fridge. We can split it.

**Sasha** I think we need to go, Scott.

**Scott** Ah, Sash--

**Sasha** *Now*, Scott. I really think we really need to go right now.

*No one moves for a moment. Then Sasha grabs her coat and heads for the door. She tries to remain casual.*

**Sasha** 'Night, Alex. Thanks for... everything. Wake me up when you get home, Scotty.

**Alexis** Sash, wait. It's not safe--

*Sasha is gone.*

**Scott** Katzy, I just--

**Alexis** Go after her.

*Scott rises, pulling his jeans back up as he crosses to Alexis.*

**Scott** I'll catch up to her.

**Alexis** Go the fuck after her. It isn't safe this late at night.



**Scott**            Yeah, yeah, look, first, I just have wanted to say that--

**Alexis**            Go, Scott.

**Scott**            I know, I know. It's just, this isn't the way I wanted to tell you. I--

**Alexis**            I can't believe you did that.

**Scott**            But I love you and--

**Alexis**            Go after your girlfriend.

**Scott**            Yeah, but I just want to tell you--

**Alexis**            You don't say something like that and let her go--

**Scott**            You asked me!

**Alexis**            Go.

**Scott**            I had to tell the truth!

**Alexis**            Go!

**Scott**            I had to tell the truth! Those are the rules!

**Alexis**            Go the fuck after her! Understand? I am not going to-- Just go.

*Alexis reels off into her room and slams the door.*

**Scott**            Those are the rules! I had to tell...

*Scott sits on the couch, trying to gather himself, then gets up and staggers towards the front door and speaks over his shoulder to the empty room.*

**Scott**            I'm sorry. I love you. I'm sorry.

*Scott wanders aimlessly out the front door. The empty room sits a moment before...*

**BLACKOUT.**

*End of play.*