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Title graphic by Miranda Leiggi.

Three Boys
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First Printing, 2012
Made in America

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Killed A Man In Reno

by Robin Hack

3 Males, 1 Female

Synopsis: Kurt and Julie Lawry travel to Reno, Nevada for a wild weekend. The biggest little city in the world doesn't have all the glitz and glamour of Las Vegas, but it is able to offer its own "unique" activities. As soon as Kurt and Julie arrive in their room, the trusty hotel concierge is at their service, offering to get show tickets, reserve gaming tables, make dinner reservations, or let them kill a man just to watch him die. *"It is what Reno, Nevada is famous for Mr. Lawry."*

Knuckleball

by William Whitehurst

1 Male, 1 Female

Synopsis: In a moment of passion and intimacy, Ross proposes to his promiscuous lover Trish. She desperately wants to say yes, but cannot. But Ross won't take no for answer—she must either marry him or explain why she won't. She tells an extraordinary tale about who—and what—she really is. But is she telling the truth? And if she is, will the truth destroy these lovers, or save them? *Knuckleball* challenges us to rethink the nature and meaning of love in our contemporary world.

Suburban Peepshow

by James Comtois

6-8 Males, 2 Females

Synopsis: Bill is a husband, father, and professional. But this week, a cross dressing social deviant gets fired at the office and Bill is poised to step into his position. The promotion all but guarantees new dishtowels for the wife, and the in-ground pool for son Jeremy. But a New Girl in the office has designs for Bill, and he ain't gonna pass it up... if you know what I mean. Who can blame him with his wife contemplating jumping the Pool Guy, a strange Carnie Barker interrupting dinner, and the occasion Gladiator battle waiting at home. It all depends on how the Playwright is feeling tonight.

3 Boys

By Becca Schlossberg

CHARACTERS

Comet (M) – 3 ½ years old; 24 ½ in doggie years

Lee (M) – 3 years old; 21 in doggie years, mutt

Zip (M) – 1 year old; 7 in doggie years

Author's Note: 1. It is preferable that the physical nature of this play be heavily explored. If you watch dogs play, you'll get a sense of how I envisioned the actors interacting with each other.
2. Only minimal scenery is needed.

3BOYS was produced by Merrily³ Theatrical Productions (Madeleine Rose Parsigian, Artistic Director; Katherine Chambers, Producer) at the NYC International Fringe Festival in August 2010. It was directed by Madeleine Rose Parsigian; the set was designed by Ali Goldaper; the costume design was by Christopher Metzger; the lighting design was by Olivia Harris; the sound design was by Jaime Lamchick; the fight choreography was designed by Joe Mathers; the production stage manager was Daniel Morrow; the assistant stage manager to the production was Nicholas Martin. Poster image was designed by Joey Sbarro. The cast was as follows:

ZIP—Patrick Horn

LEE—Alex Engquist

COMET—Matt Brown

To Maddy, Katie, Joe, Pat, Alex, Matt, Jaime, Ali, Olivia, Nick, Chris, Miranda, and Joey: the original cast and crew.

And To Houston – I only wish you could read so you'd know how much more I wish I could have given you.

3Boys

SCENE ONE: THE FARM

(Lee, sits calmly, while Zip spins around him, playing.)

ZIP: Tell me it again, Lee! Once more! Come on!

LEE: Okay. Jeez. Just. Okay. So Comet found the latch on the doggie door, and he learns how to manipulate it.

ZIP: He learns how to what?

LEE: Like uh, fix...you know, his nose. You know what he does. You'll get the definition in context.

ZIP: In what?

LEE: Okay. So he opens it with his nose. He's got a nose like a screwdriver. And he gets his way inside now. Comet's got the whole house to himself, mind you, he can do whatever he fuck well... umm. Whatever he durn well pleases, so he moseys on down to the living room; big arm chair in there. And he just sits himself down. He could like, tear out the furniture, slam the fridge open, piss in the plants, but nay. He just opens up the arm chair, slings his head down and just sits. Sits.

(Zip sits very methodically.)

LEE: Well, you don't have to now. Although that's good practice. That's good, Zip.

ZIP: Yeah, they like it when I do this.

LEE: Yah. So he just sits and she- You know, she eventually comes home from the supermarket, unloads the groceries, walks on down to the living room to play a record and she sees Comet. And he's sitting there in her chair, doesn't move, doesn't flinch, completely unafraid, and what does the Mrs. do?

ZIP: She laughs!

LEE: Don't take away the punch line, *dip*.

ZIP: Zip!

LEE: But yes, that's exactly what she does. She just starts laughing and petting Comet and he's like, doing the belly thing, you know.

(Zip rolls onto his back, showing his belly.)

ZIP: This!

LEE: Yes, exactly that. Good. That's good too.

ZIP: Yeah, they like it when I do this.

LEE: And so, she was just so amused she didn't do anything to him because she just told him, 'God, you just think you're a little boy, don't you. Not nothing else, just a little boy.' That's when she started calling us her boys.

ZIP: You two?

LEE: No. No, I mean. Not me. Just Comet and the breeding dogs. Well, good story? Satisfied?

ZIP: Great story! The best!

LEE: Okay then.

(Pause.)

ZIP: I have a question.

LEE: Okay. What do you want to do with it?

ZIP: I wanna plant it in the ground and make a question tree!

LEE: Throw it across the room and catch in your teeth.

ZIP: Make question pie!

LEE: You are such a little shit. Try catching that thing growing out of your butt again. That might help.

ZIP: Really? No, it won't. It won't. You're just being like stupid again. Stupid.

LEE: What is it?

(Zip looks in between his legs.)

ZIP: Umm...where did they go?

LEE: Oh. That. It's probably best you don't find out.

ZIP: Really. Cause. They were coming in and I kinda liked them, but then I woke up and they were gone and my ears will all...

(Zip grabs his ears tenderly.)

LEE: They don't want your ears to flop over.

ZIP: Why not.

LEE: I don't know, you look nicer, I guess. A lot of people do it to us.

ZIP: Oh. I just wouldn't think she'd do that to me 'cause it hurts now, but does removing them make me look nicer too?

LEE: No, removing those makes them feel more secure, pup. Its hard to explain, but just think of it as a being buried away in a long lost backyard.

ZIP: But why take them? Do they have a collection?

LEE: Sometimes I truly believe they do.

ZIP: I'm gonna miss them. Can I get more?

LEE: There's no Wizard around here, so doubtful.

ZIP: What?

LEE: No, you can't.

ZIP: What about yours?

LEE: You especially can not get mine!

ZIP: No! Stupid! I mean do you have yours?

LEE: I do not. I lost mine at your age. Younger actually.

ZIP: And what'd you think?

LEE: I thought. Wow. I feel lighter.

ZIP: Now you're being stupid again. Stupid, stupid dog.

LEE: Roll over.

ZIP: Huh?

LEE: Roll over.

(Zip rolls over.)

ZIP: Why?

LEE: So I can make my point. My point. You are the stupid, stupid dog. Little dog.

ZIP: I'm not that little! I'm almost seven.

LEE: One. Actually almost one.

ZIP: Seven in dog years.

LEE: And how old am I?

ZIP: Ummm four. Four years old.

LEE: Three, you jerk. God. Do you listen?

ZIP: Yeah! I listen to everything you say to me! To every word!

LEE: Doesn't seem like it.

ZIP: I do!

LEE: Uh huh. And how old's Comet?

ZIP: A little older than you. Three and three days.

LEE: Three and a couple of months. Actually. Idiot.

ZIP: And when did he loose his?

LEE: His what?

ZIP: His friends.

LEE: Well actually...he hasn't.

ZIP: Huh?

LEE: He still has his.

ZIP: What! How come! That's not fair! I liked mine!

LEE: You don't even know what yours are called.

ZIP: Well, I woulda named them something!

LEE: Yah. Yep.

ZIP: So why does he have his and I lost mine?

LEE: Cause he's different. Cause he's a breeding dog.

ZIP: What that's?

LEE: Its uh...it means that he's gonna have kids some day. He's gonna make babies.

ZIP: Baby dogs?

LEE: No, baby turtles.

ZIP: With other turtles?

LEE: No baby dogs, *dip*.

ZIP: Well jeez Lee, you say one thing and then you turn around! Stop confusing me. I don't know!

LEE: Apparently.

ZIP: He'll make babies?

LEE: Yep. With other girl dogs. Yep.

ZIP: Wow. And then what?

LEE: What?

ZIP: What does he do after he makes babies?

LEE: Well, he might smoke a cigarette.

ZIP: No!

LEE: Well he's still...he's a dad. And a dog you know. A dad dog.

ZIP: They don't take him out back and shoot him when they're done?

LEE: Who said that?

ZIP: One of the others. He told me.

LEE: Well, that's not true. At least I hope not.

ZIP: Yea, I know! Shooting dogs and taking out their friends. That's too much! Yah, I know all about it. Do you think Comet would sell me his?

LEE: No.

ZIP: Even if I gave him my tasty bone?

LEE: Especially not to you. He's made for this stuff.

ZIP: Actually he's made for--

LEE: Breeding, yeah.

ZIP: No, making you feel sad.

LEE: Comet doesn't make me feel sad. He's my best friend.

ZIP: No, I'm...

LEE: A baby? Yeah, I know.

ZIP: Actually! I'm--

LEE: Don't; just... stop talking.

ZIP: I'm a killer. A killer. I could take him out.

LEE: With your carrot teeth?

ZIP: They're big!

LEE: We don't bite people, Zip. That's not what you do. You gotta make it so they like you. They spent all this money on you. So you can't do anything stupid.

ZIP: I'm not stupid. You're stupid.

LEE: You are such a little shit.

ZIP: I am not.

LEE: You have such problems.

ZIP: I do not! How come Comet gets to make babies and you don't...

LEE: Cause I don't.

ZIP: But how come?

LEE: Cause. That's it. Cause I don't. And he does. The end.

ZIP: Yes or no.

LEE: Right.

ZIP: Sit here or come here?

LEE: Exactly.

ZIP: Just what they want. Just do what they want.

LEE: What they want from you, yeah. And they'll take care of you.
Understand it now?

ZIP: Uh huh. Its just...

LEE: What?

ZIP: If Comet is suppose to make babies--

LEE: Yeah.

ZIP: Then why is he back without them?

LEE: What do you mean?

ZIP: I saw him this morning on the long rope. There weren't no babies
running around. None at all. Just him.

LEE: You saw Comet this morning?

ZIP: In the big rollie field.

LEE: Why didn't you say anything!

ZIP: Cause you said you'd hang out with me in the morning.

LEE: Let me lay in a little secret for you Zip. When someone tells you
that they are going to hang out with you, they don't actually mean it,
or they'd just do it then and there.

(Lee runs over to a different section of the stage where Comet lies in fetal position, facing away, his waist attached to a rope.)

LEE: Comet! Comet! It's me.

(Comet doesn't move.)

COMET: I know.

LEE: Hi!

(Comet turns towards Lee.)

COMET: Hey.

LEE: This is uh- Zip.

(Zip waves.)

LEE: He's new.

COMET: Fresh meat.

LEE: Yeah, Caddie had a litter. He was the smallest.

COMET: Oh, so she stills breeds.

LEE: Yeah.

COMET: Figures.

LEE: Umm well—Zip, why don't you go dig somewhere—anywhere.

ZIP: But--

LEE: There's a nice shady spot by the left tree- over there.

(Zip takes Lee's hand.)

ZIP: Well, if it's such a nice spot let's go together.

LEE: Get off me, Zip.

(He pushes Zip back.)

ZIP: Come on, Lee!

(Zip takes his hand.)

LEE: Get off, Zip.

(Lee pushes away.)

ZIP: Come on. Comet can come too.

COMET: I'm on a leash dimwit.

LEE: Go away! Scamper off.

ZIP: Fine! Jeez.

(Pause.)

ZIP: Lee told me stories about you Comet.

(Comet jumps up towards Zip, startling him.)

COMET: They're all lies.

ZIP: Okay. I'm scaming.

(Zip exits.)

LEE: Scampering!

COMET: Stupid midget. Doesn't anyone know how to talk properly anymore?

(Pause.)

COMET: He your new chew toy?

LEE: No, no, he just—they let us mingle one day, to see how friendly we'd be with other dogs, puppies. I was tired, he crawled on me. I didn't have enough energy to swat him away so they thought--

COMET: You were friendly?

LEE: Right.

COMET: Figures. Don't get too attached. They probably gonna have him adopted in no time.

LEE: No, I'm not. I'm not, he just follows me everywhere. Kinda of annoying actually.

COMET: They do that.

LEE: Yeah.

(Pause.)

LEE: So?

COMET: So.

LEE: Comet! Dude! I mean! I can't believe you're back. This is great! How was it, I mean. How was the house and everything?

COMET: You think she's gonna come out here soon; my stomach's ready to eat itself.

LEE: I saw her walking out on the path this morning. She looked sad.

COMET: How?

LEE: Slow stride. Something in that calmness.

(Pause.)

LEE: I watched the sun rise. And I finally dug into the old shed, well, I dug the whole deep enough, the one we started. You were right. It was junk.

(Pause.)

LEE: The sunrise was really cool though, you wanted to jump in like it was ocean, and then splash around in the orange for awhile, maybe drink it up and it would taste like grapes.