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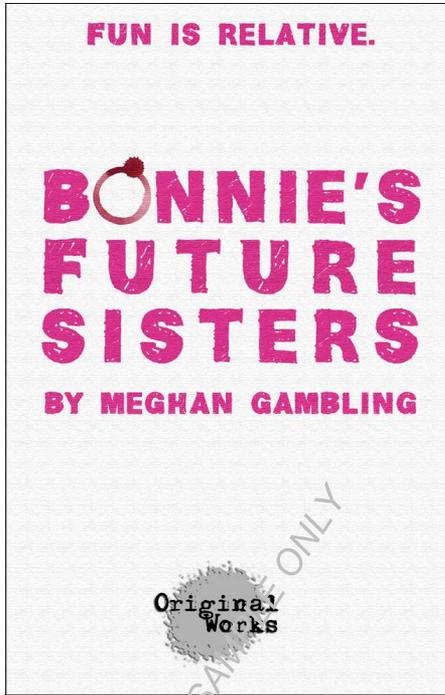
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FOR THE LOVE OF
(or, the roller derby play)
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Bonnie's Future Sisters by Meghan Gambling

Synopsis: When self help author Bonnie invites Corey to her engagement party, Corey heads to North Carolina to try to rekindle her friendship with her younger sister—only to find that Bonnie appears more excited about her future sisters-to-be, Kayleigh and Larissa, than Corey. Despite Bonnie's best and meticulously planned efforts, her party threatens to be a total bust—especially when one of the sisters goes missing.

Cast Size: 4 Females

FOR THE LOVE OF
(or, the roller derby play)
By Gina Femia

SAMPLE ONLY

For The Love Of (or, the roller derby play) received its professional premiere at Theatre of Note in Los Angeles, CA, opening on April 26, 2018. Produced by David Bickford, Kelly “Lucretia Hott” Lingen & Jenny Soo. It was directed and choreographed by Rhonda Kohl.

The ensemble was as follows:

Cassandra Blair
Crystal Diaz
Elinor Gunn
Liesel Hanson
Lynn Odell
Alina Phelan
Yolanda Snowball
Jenny Soo
Tania Verafield
Faith Imafidon
Cindy Lin
Nadia Marina
Nicole Gabriella Scipione
Nancy Stone

SAMPLE ONLY

The production crew was as follows:

Assistant Director: Lauren Smerkanich
Stage Manager: Aaron Saldaña
Assistant Stage Manager: Ellie Chaika
Sound Designer: Gilly Moon
Scenic/Prop Designer: Elizabeth Smith
Costume Designer: Vicki Conrad
Lighting Designer: Rose Malone
Graphic Designer: Maybelle Pineda
Master Carpenter: Bill Voorhees
Publicity: David Elzer/DEMAND PR

Characters:

Joy Ride: #88mph. Our protagonist. She's stoic, and strong, radiates power even though she's quiet. Can be a little bit of a dreamer. Late 20s, Black.

Michelle: Joy's girlfriend. Even tougher than Joy. Sometimes immature, extremely driven. Late 20s, White.

Lizzie Lightning: #100. The star of the team. Loud, cocky, funny, driven. Can be crude. Early 30s, Latinx.

Andrea the Vagiant: A former derby player, she's the coach of the Brooklyn Scallywags now. As large as her name, no-nonsense and loves the game. Mid-late 30s, Race neutral.

Anna-Stecia: #98.6. One of the older players, she's experienced and reliable, has a well spoken loud mouth. A nurse in her non-derby life. Late 30s, early 40s Black.

Hot Flash: #55. The oldest of the players. A mom, brass, funny, a real Brooklynite. Early 50s, White.

Squeaky Mouse: #5.0. One of the younger players. Is usually adorable without trying but still has a tough side to her. Early 20s, Race neutral.

Diaz de los Muertos: #1101. Tough talking, no nonsense, has a lot of heart and passion in everything she does. Best friends with Anna, mid-late 20s, Latina.

Prosecute-Her: #665. The other younger of the players, she's a genius and a law student. Early 20s, Asian.

*Any of these characters (with the exception of Hot Flash) may be cast with trans/non-binary actors.

Setting:

Usually in a locker room in Coney Island.

Sometimes in a bedroom in New Jersey.

And some places in between; a car, a tattoo shop, a dance club,

But everything takes place on top of a roller derby track.

Time: 2015

Note: Women are not on skates at any point through the play; moments of skating are represented by dance. This is a Danceical. Dances move the story forward and invoke the movement of roller derby, when indicated.

Playwrights Note:

When sentences end without punctuation, there is something unfinished about them. The next sentence does not cut off the first but comes quickly after.

FOR THE LOVE OF (or, the roller derby play)

Prologue

(We hear the sounds of a game before the lights come up. Cheers and jeers from the crowd, shouts from the women, whistles from the refs, indicating violations.

The lights slowly come up, there's a group of women on a derby track. They're in the middle of a game. This dance movement looks like the closest to an actual game would sans skates.

As the lights slowly come up, so does music slowly begin to take over the sounds of the game until

It's full dance and

Full music.

LIZZIE breaks free of the pack. Everyone begins to move in slow motion and the crowd sounds like it's underwater. She watches them. (Speaks to us.)

LIZZIE: It's called the pack.

All of us, together like that.

The point is for the Jammer? To get through the pack.

There's one on each team, a Jammer, we wear the stars on our helmets. And so the Jammer's gotta get through. Be the first one to get through.

That's the point.

To score the points.

She's gotta break through then go around and score points for each player she passes.

(She passes through the other players – none of them notice her. Her words match her action.)

And the other jammer, she's gotta get through the pack, too, you know. So it winds up being a chase.

Who can score the most points.

Who can pass the most players.

That's the point.

So...yeah, that's it, pretty much. I mean, there's a shit ton of rules and it can get complicated but for the most part, that's it.

It's a rush.

(JOY breaks out of the pack, dances solo while LIZZIE watches.)

We don't get shit for doing it – it actually costs a shit-ton of money to do it, skates and dues and gear and shit.

But you can't do anything but do it.

I can't do anything but do it.

The chase. It's all about the chase. Who can get through first, who can last the longest, who can catch the other.

That's what makes it exciting.

It's crazy how we get so caught up in it, you know? How it becomes everything.

I guess that's what makes it fun.

I guess that's what makes it something.

(LIZZIE joins in the dance.)

The getting caught up.

Getting caught up with the crowd and the wow. Forgetting how to breathe, heart pounding, heart thumping and bumping, getting caught up with the game.

The chase and the game.

(The sound of the crowd and the game swells and swells and swells until –)

Scene I

(A woman's locker room. Three women are there – HOT FLASH, ANNA-STECIA and PROSECUTE-HER. PROSECUTE-HER is in her full gear but sitting against the wall, her laptop plugged into an outlet. She's frantically typing away, like her life depends on it. ANNA and HOT are getting their gear on, doing some stretches and other warm-ups.)

PROSECUTE-HER: Quick, what's another word for challenges?

ANNA: Use the thesaurus

PROSECUTE-HER: Yeah, I already used all these words.

(HOT's phone begins to ring. It's something funky. She fumbles for her phone.)

ANNA: So make one up.

PROSECUTE-HER: I can't make one up

(HOT answers the phone.)

HOT FLASH: Yeah, Ronald, what?

PROSECUTE-HER: Just throw me a word

ANNA: Like what

HOT FLASH: Well he's gotta

PROSECUTE-HER: Like another word, like, like, like

ANNA: For challenges?

PROSECUTE-HER: Yeah, like, like, like

ANNA: difficulties?

(JOY enters. In the chaos, she goes unnoticed.)

HOT FLASH: Well I don't give a shit,

PROSECUTE-HER: No, that won't work

HOT FLASH: he's getting too old for this!

(SQUEAKY MOUSE enters, starts getting ready immediately.)

HOT FLASH: I don't got time, I ain't even got my top on.

ANNA: I dunno, hardships?

PROSECUTE-HER: No that won't -
Wait

(She goes back to typing frantically.)

ANNA: You're welcome

(ANDREA enters.)

ANDREA : Ten minutes, ladies! I don't wanna start any later than 10:30, you all understand? I wanna scrape my sorry ass outta here at 1am the laaaatest. Got it?

ALL: Yeah, yeah, etc

ANDREA: Anybody see Lizzie?

ANNA: Not here

ANDREA: 'Course not.
Tell her I'm looking for her.

(ANDREA leaves, DIAZ enters, on the phone.)

DIAZ: *(phone)* Well I don't give a shit, if I come home and that shit's not washed I'm gonna kill you

HOT FLASH: *(phone)* All right, put him on.

DIAZ: *(phone)* Don't test me

PROSECUTE-HER: *(to no one)* What's another word for I'm fucked?

ANNA: *(to PH)* You still have like ten minutes

HOT FLASH: *(phone)* Hey baby, whatsamatter you don't wanna go to bed?

PROSECUTE-HER: *(to Anna)* No, I ONLY have ten minutes

DIAZ: *(phone)* No, no, yeah really, yes, I will!

PROSECUTE-HER: *(to Anna)* I can't even take a shit in ten minutes

ANNA: *(to PH)* Well, then, maybe you can't

DIAZ: *(phone)* Does it sound like I'm kidding?

PROSECUTE-HER: *(to herself)* Fuck.

DIAZ: *(phone)* because I'm not fucking kidding David, David, DAVID you're gonna make me have to count to ten

PROSECUTE-HER: *(to Diaz)* Hey, Diaz can you NOT? I can't fucking think

DIAZ: *(to PH)* Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't know this was a fucking library, I didn't realize we were in a study hall, I thought this was a locker room, I'm sorry, my mistake!

(to David) okay listen I gotta go I GOTTA GO BYE DAVID
Bye iloveyoubye

(She hangs up the phone.)

DIAZ: Asshole

ANNA: So how's David?

DIAZ: Fine

(They do a complicated handshake.)

DIAZ: Yo, you got a tweezer?

ANNA: Yeah, here

(Throws it.)

DIAZ: Thanks. I got this extra long boobie hair that's freakin' me out.

ANNA: Hate those.

MOUSE: Hey, how often do you guys shave your pits?

ANNA: Everyday

DIAZ: Yeah, same.

MOUSE: Yeah, I mean, it's like a beard, right, like I can shave it in the morning and then by 5:00 it's like all back? And like I don't even mind the hair, it feels like grass, kinda? But I start to stink. Like, rancid. Even with deodorant, no matter what I do.

PROSECUTE-HER: I need a word for-
Wait, no never mind.

HOT FLASH: Mommy loves you, okay? You believe me?

ANDREA: THREE MINUTES

HOT FLASH: Wattayamean No?

MOUSE: Like, I even tried plucking them out

ANNA: Plucking what out?

MOUSE: My armpit hairs

ANNA/DIAZ: WHAT/WHY?!

MOUSE: What, so that it gets like the root

HOT FLASH: *(still on the phone but talking to everyone)*
That's not how it works, honey, no

MOUSE: What, it's just like waxing

ANNA: So just wax them

MOUSE: Yeah but it's cool, you can see like the sweat drop-
lets on the roots

DIAZ: You're gross

PROSECUTE-HER: Wait, listen to this –

The difficulties I have faced have risen above me, like mountains that rise from the ocean. But instead of allowing them to stop me in my path, I have appreciated all of these mountainous challenges because they have pushed me to the point in my life where I am now. These hardships have sharpened my experience so I can –

Wait, no wait that makes no sense.

This whole thing makes no sense.

Shit shit shit if I don't have this done then I'm gonna be fuckin' fucked

MOUSE: Here, smell this –

(Shoves her equipment in JOY RIDE's face.)

JOY RIDE: Holy shit

MOUSE: Rancid, right?

ANNA: Man, just put your shit on, ain't nobody got time for your stank-ass stench.

MOUSE: I know, it smells really bad.

(She smells her gear.)

ANNA: You're Joy Ride, right?

JOY RIDE: Yeah.

DIAZ: Oh yeah, you're the rookie that wiped out during try outs.

JOY RIDE: Right.

DIAZ: That shit was hot.

(Does an impression of Joy wiping out at try outs.)

ANNA: Welcome to the team.
You ready for tonight?

DIAZ: Obviously, she's madd early

JOY: Oh yeah, I just –

ANDREA: *(from off)* What the hell is going on in there, why is there nobody ON THE TRACK

DIAZ: We'll see you out there.

(ANNA and DIAZ skate out.)

HOT FLASH: I'll be back before you wake up. *(Makes a lot of kissy noises into the phone.)*

(PROSECUTE-HER slams her laptop shut.)

PROSECUTE-HER: Fuck it, I'm fucking fucked fuck

(She skates out.)

JOY RIDE: What's up with her?

SQUEAKY MOUSE: That's Prosecute-Her. She's a law student or something, I forget, so she's always stressed out. I'm Squeaky Mouse. I'm never stressed out. Sorry I shoved my shit in your face.

JOY RIDE: No, that's okay, it smelled...fine.

SQUEAKY MOUSE: I know, like hot cheetos, right?

JOY RIDE: Oh, I don't really eat *Cheetos*

SQUEAKY MOUSE: They're the best snack food.
Why are you here?

JOY RIDE: Because it's practice?

SQUEAKY MOUSE: Yeah but no I mean the new girls didn't have to get here until later

JOY RIDE: Yeah, I'm just –

SQUEAKY MOUSE: -an overachiever?

JOY RIDE: Guess so.

(HOT FLASH, hangs up, starts to put her shirt on, gets stuck.)

HOT FLASH: Fuck

SQUEAKY MOUSE: You okay, Hot Flash?

HOT FLASH: I'm fuckin' stuck and I'm gettin a flash, I'm fine.

(ANDREA enters.)

ANDREA: How long is three minutes to you?
Does that mean fifteen?
And where the FUCK is Lizzie?

SQUEAKY MOUSE: Not here yet.

ANDREA: It's ten fuckin' forty

HOT FLASH: No shit.

ANDREA: The new girls'll be here in 20 fuckin' minutes

SQUEAKY MOUSE: One's already here.

ANDREA: The fuck're you doing here so early?

JOY RIDE: I just... didn't have anywhere else to be?

ANDREA: That's sad

JOY RIDE: No, I mean, I live in Jersey –

HOT FLASH: Fuckin' Jersey?

JOY RIDE: Yeah, so –

HOT FLASH: The fuck you're coming out to Brooklyn for?
Jersey's got teams.

JOY RIDE: Yeah, but I got on the Brooklyn Scallywags
so...I'm here.

ANDREA: And we're the best.

JOY RIDE: Damn right.

HOT FLASH: The trains are a hot mess at night.

JOY RIDE: I don't know, I mean, I drive so -

SQUEAKY MOUSE: You drove?

JOY RIDE: Well, yeah

SQUEAKY MOUSE: I still don't know how to drive

JOY RIDE: I mean, I never used to when I lived in Brooklyn.
Kind of need a car in Jersey

SQUEAKY: I mean, I do and don't wish I could drive. I don't
because it's like stupid to drive around during the day with
all the traffic but I do because the trains are stupid at night.
You know?

JOY: Sure

SQUEAKY: Right

JOY: I mean would – would you want a ride? Home?

SQUEAKY: For real?

HOT FLASH: I do

JOY: Sure, why not?

SQUEAKY: That would be awesome

*(LIZZIE LIGHTNING enters. She's like lightning, electrifying
the room.)*

MOUSE: Shit

HOT FLASH: We'll talk after practice.

(HOT and MOUSE leaves. JOY awkwardly stands.)

ANDREA: The fuck, Lizzie-

LIZZIE: I know

ANDREA: We were supposed-

LIZZIE: I know, you don't gotta start, the fuckin' trains don't run this late.

ANDREA: So what're you gonna do about it.

LIZZIE: Put my shit on and practice.

ANDREA: Every week?

LIZZIE: I'll figure it out.

ANDREA: You better
You're captain, you gotta-

LIZZIE: Yo, I know.

ANDREA: It's a team

LIZZIE: Jesus Christ, is it?

ANDREA: We'll talk about this later.

LIZZIE: Yeah, lucky me. I'm sure we will.

(She leaves. LIZZIE puts her stuff on at lightning speed.)

LIZZIE: Who're you?

JOY RIDE: New.

LIZZIE: That your name?

JOY RIDE: Joy. Joy Ride.

LIZZIE: Joy Joy Ride?

JOY RIDE: No, just Joy Ride.

LIZZIE: That's cool.

JOY RIDE: Yeah.

My name's really Joy. That's my real name. I just added the ride.

LIZZIE: Clever.

JOY RIDE: Thanks.

LIZZIE: I'm Lizzie Lightning.

JOY RIDE: I know.

LIZZIE: Yeah?

JOY RIDE: Yeah I mean, who doesn't?

LIZZIE: I like you.

JOY RIDE: Thanks.

LIZZIE: Sorry you had to see that. Andrea's a huge pain in my ass.

I mean, I live in fuckin' East New York, right, and it takes me over an hour to get here on a good day but trains don't run at night, like at all, I mean, they do but not as frequent, so I gotta leave my place at like 8 to get here by 10:30 but fuckin' I couldn't today, I had a client that wouldn't stop shaking – I do tattoos, I'm an artist – and this poor mother-fucker, big dude, he could not get his shit together and I was doin' a big one on his calf and I had to go like centimeter by centimeter because he just kept shaking like spazzing out. I finally had to give him like three shots of Jack to get him to calm down and then he got TOO calm and turned into a limp fuckin' rag so it was just a mess and by the time I get the outline done, bam, it's 8:30 and he's crying which is all my fault between the ink and the whiskey so I gotta calm him

down and close up the shop, so what'm I supposed to do about it? Fly here? Practice'll start whether or not I'm here, it don't matter, shit.

JOY: You know, I have a car

LIZZIE: So what

JOY: So I could drive you home.

LIZZIE: Nah
Yeah?

JOY: Yeah. I mean, I already offered it to some of the others.
Better steal a spot before they're all gone.

LIZZIE: Your name suits you.
Joy Ride.

JOY: Yours does, too.

LIZZIE: See you out there.

JOY: Sure.

(LIZZIE zips out.

Sound of skates and warm up melts into -)

Scene II

(MICHELLE and JOY's bedroom.

MICHELLE sits on the bed cross legged, a sketchpad in her lap.

She's on the phone – on a headset so her hands are free to sketch.)

MICHELLE: Yes. Yes. No, yes, I understand, I completely understand Ms. Buckley, the shade of green does look like puke. It does. Yes, it does. I agree. I'm agreeing with you. The color was saturated – yes, okay.

*(JOY enters. MICHELLE waves, blows a kiss, turns the pad around, there's a sketch on it, something like **Make it stop!** Or something, you know, better than that, that conveys her disgust at the situation.*

They play around while MICHELLE attempts to complete the phone call.)

MICHELLE: Sure, Ms. Buckley, we'll fix it, no charge, no problem.

No, no problem, I'm here to help. Happy to help. Ok, now, Ms. Buckley, good night, good night, now.

(She drops the phone like she's dropping the miccc yeahhh handled that shit!)

JOY: What was all that about?

MICHELLE: Work emergency

JOY: It's after midnight

MICHELLE: Well, her husband thought the green on the shower curtain looked like puke.
It was "Puke colored"

JOY: That doesn't make any sense, puke can be an assortment of colors.

MICHELLE: I know, right? My puke's always yellow

JOY: Mine's pink

MICHELLE: but her husband was adamant and when you're the VP of Sarah's Shower Curtains you just have to work until the job is done.

JOY: Wait, what?
VP?!

Does that stand for what I think it stands for?

MICHELLE: Violin Princess

JOY: Vice President?!

MICHELLE: Yes!

JOY: Yes?!

MICHELLE: Yes!

(JOY whoops and they celebrate together, maybe do a dance, it's really, realllly fun.)

JOY: When the fuck did that happen?!

MICHELLE: I mean, they offered it to me a few weeks ago but we were in negotiations for a few weeks so I didn't want to say anything until it was officially official and today, it was, it is, you may call me Missus Vice President

JOY: Babe, that's crazy, that's great
So you'll be designing more?

MICHELLE: Oh, no

JOY: No?

MICHELLE: I'll actually probably be designing a little less –

JOY: What?

MICHELLE: -which is fine, it's not forever.
It's fine.

JOY: Michelle.

MICHELLE: And, I mean, the work's interesting

JOY: But you hate it

MICHELLE: I don't *hate* it

JOY: That's not what -

MICHELLE: So?
Are you going to tell me how it went?

JOY: Michelle –

MICHELLE: How'd it go?
Were you a superstar?

JOY: Don't you want to -

MICHELLE: Were they like oh shit, who's that girl

JOY: I don't really want to talk about that –

MICHELLE: Were they like “This girl was born with skates
instead of feet -”

JOY: No, no they weren't, they weren't any of that.
I was awful.

MICHELLE: I'm sure it wasn't that bad

JOY: You're right, it wasn't.
It was worse.

MICHELLE: Joy –

JOY: Basic. I was basically Basic.

MICHELLE: You're not Basic.

JOY: Yeah well tonight I was.

MICHELLE: You're like the most un-basic bitch there is.

JOY: Nah.

MICHELLE: Like, ever.

JOY: Stop

MICHELLE: Like in the history of all things, ever, you, Joy, are the least basic person there ever was or will be.

JOY: You're just sayin' that because you like me.

MICHELLE: You're just new. Things are hard when they're new.

JOY: That's like some Sesame Street shit you just pulled out right there

MICHELLE: Will you stop, I'm trying to be inspirational –

JOY: All right, some Mister Rogers shit -

MICHELLE: Why are you hating on my inspiration?

JOY: I just thought I was better than this.

MICHELLE: I already think you're great

(She kisses JOY.)

The two start to get ready for bed during the following.)

JOY: Maybe I should quit

MICHELLE: What, after one practice?

JOY: Yes.

MICHELLE: You're not serious

JOY: You weren't there

MICHELLE: You can't just quit, Joy. You've been talking about doing this for a year, you can't just quit because one practice – your first practice - was shitty. You'll get better. You know why? Because. Practice makes perfect.

JOY: My God, you're really unstoppable tonight

MICHELLE: I'm just happy
I'm really happy.
Happy that I got my promotion, happy you got your derby practice, happy.
It's a nice night to be happy. Right?

(They're in bed. MICHELLE reaches over for JOY. Takes her hand and kisses it.)

JOY: Thanks.

MICHELLE: Yeah.

JOY: Mrs. Rogers.

MICHELLE: I'll take it.

(Pause.)

JOY: Oh, so you know who's on the team?

MICHELLE: Who?

JOY: Lizzie Lightning

MICHELLE: Who's that?

JOY: The star

MICHELLE: Of what?

JOY: No one, never mind

MICHELLE: No, who is she?

JOY: Just like... the best player in the league.
Kind of in the world.

MICHELLE: You mean next to you?

JOY: Michelle

MICHELLE: What?

JOY: I'm being serious.

MICHELLE: Me, too!

JOY: Okay.

(Pause. JOY turns off the light.)

MICHELLE: Are you going to tell me who she is?

JOY: I just did, she's the best player in the league.

MICHELLE: Okay.

(Pause.)

JOY: That's really it.

MICHELLE: Okay.

(Silence.)

JOY: She's really different, though.

MICHELLE: Who?

JOY: Lizzie Lightning.

MICHELLE: Can't you call her just Lizzie?

JOY: I guess. I dunno. I mean, she wasn't even supposed to be on the team, it was a last minute switch and boom, there she is, team captain. It's kindafa mindfuck. Watching her sweat up close and realizing she's not a goddess of the track, she's actually just...a person. Her skin's made of skin, not metal. And hearing her talk. That's weird, too. It's kindaf the weirdest, actually. I never realized I didn't know how she sounded until I heard her talk. But she talks just like she jams, all tough, barreling over sentences she don't got time to hear, and she's like mean and strong and she both is and isn't Lizzie Lightning, all at the same time.

Does that make any sense?

Michelle?

Miche?

Babe.

(MICHELLE is sleeping.)

JOY tries not to let the disappointment burn her skin.

She gets out of bed, walks to the fire escape. She sits there and the sound of a crowd is heard before the voice of an announcer announces:)

ANNOUNCER: Introducing the two-thousand-fifteen team, reigning champs for the fifth year running, the one and only Brooklyn Scallywags!

NoOOOoow presenting number 98.6, she'll knock you out, put your hands together for ANNA-STECIA

(ANNA walks on, holding a clipboard and wearing scrubs. The sounds stop suddenly. She walks over to a patient, checks her chart. Notices that she's awake.)

ANNA-STECIA: Hey Mrs. Jonson, what are you doing awake? It's too late for that.

Or too early. *(What time is it?)* It's just after midnight. You should really be sleeping.

(The damn moon's keeping me up) Well, I can close the shade if you want. I'm surprised the moon is so bright tonight. Almost like the sun.

I wish I could crawl right in that bed with you and go to sleep, these night shifts are killing me. I'm getting too old for this shit. Who says that? From the movie? I'm getting too old for this shit! Well, it's true, whoever said it.

Anyway, let's see what we have here – oh shit! Mrs. Jonson! You pooped today? Why didn't you tell me, hell yeah, give me a high five, right here, that's awesome! That means you can go home. *(I know, they told me)* So you better get some sleep, can't be going home tired.

You want me to get you another pillow? *(No)* You want me to get you anything? *(No)*. All right then, you just holler if you need me.

(Turns to leave. Stops and turns back.)

Just tell me one thing.

Did you look? After you pooped?

(Don't be gross!)

I mean, I'm just saying, I would've

All right, Mrs. Jonson, bye.

(Wait)

Yes?

(Call me Eleanor)

All right Eleanor. You take care of yourself.

You take care.

(She walks away from the moment, into the derby world. The rest of the team crowd around her, all of them skating in place until they begin to circle, circle all around until they're all together, all circling together and it moves into –)

Scene III

(JOY's car. HOT FLASH sits in the front. DIAZ and LIZZIE in the back.)

HOT FLASH: So the other day I come home from work to a completely silent house, it's like si-lent and I go into the living room and there's Ronnie, sitting on the couch with his laptop in his lap, playing that damn online poker shit and I'm like Babe! And he's like Yeah and I'm like Where's the kid?

I dunno

Wattaya mean YOU don't know, you were watching him Kid's in the bathroom, crayon all smashed in the floor. Ronnie could give a crap, barely batted an eye "I like how it looks" he goes OH I could just strangle him.

DIAZ: Yes, you know what, yes, I could strangle David sometimes. I swear, ever since we moved in, he hasn't stopped talking and it's just like sometimes I need my own space, right, but he don't leave me alone, I swear he'd follow me into the bathroom if he could.

Does that feeling ever go away?

HOT FLASH: Sometimes. Depends on the man

LIZZIE: or woman

HOT FLASH: Yeah yeah, it just depends. Ronnie's my second and it's not that he's better than the first, he just fights alongside me instead of just with me.

Feel me?

JOY: Damn.

DIAZ: Yo, that was deep

HOT FLASH: Not really

DIAZ: What about you, Joy?

HOT FLASH: Yeah, got any headaches?

JOY: Me? No.

LIZZIE: Single?

JOY: No. Just... no headaches.
Michelle is great.

LIZZIE: Cute

HOT FLASH: How long you been together?

JOY: A while.

LIZZIE: Yeah?

JOY: Yeah.

(HOT FLASH'S phone rings.)

DIAZ: That's cool.

HOT FLASH: Hello?

DIAZ: Are you like gonna get married and shit?

HOT FLASH: Yeah, yeah, I'm coming!

DIAZ: You can do that now, you know

HOT FLASH: When are we gonna –

JOY: Here, I'm pulling over-

HOT FLASH: SHE'S PULLIN – you know what, I'm hanging
up HANGING UP k love you, too.
Thanks so much for the ride, Joy. You rock.

(She gets out.)

DIAZ: You know what, I think imma get out here, too.

JOY: Sure?

DIAZ: Yeah. I wanna walk.

LIZZIE: That smart?

DIAZ: Just wanna get some air.
Not ready to go home yet.

JOY: All right.
I hope you feel better about David

DIAZ: Ah, what can you do?
I love the jerk.
Thanks for the ride, chica.

JOY: No problem.

LIZZIE: See ya.

*(She gets out. JOY waves to her and puts the car into motion.
LIZZIE climbs into the front seat.)*

JOY: Hey, what, what are you doing?

LIZZIE: Moving.

JOY: Yeah, you coulda used the door!

LIZZIE: Where's the fun in that?

JOY: You're crazy.

LIZZIE: I'm efficient.

(She drives in silence for a moment.)

LIZZIE: So.
How'd you meet?

JOY: Who, Diaz?

LIZZIE: No. Your girl.

JOY: Oh, right. Duh.

Uh, college.

Wow, college.

LIZZIE: What's so wow about it?

JOY: Just – been a while, college was like almost ten years ago.

Shit.

She was this total anarchist artist, used to do the craziest shit. Like, once she broke a thousand eggs – literally, a thousand eggs – and glued the shells to this wall, in between the cracks of the wall, and somehow made it so all these flowers were growing out of the eggs that were in the cracks of this wall – it was crazy. She saved all the yolks, we had a lot of omelets.

But yeah, she was pretty cool. She's pretty cool.

(She stops the car.)

JOY: We're here.

(LIZZIE gets out of the car, climbs up on the hood.)

JOY: What are you doing?!

LIZZIE: Come on

JOY: Get your ass off my car!

LIZZIE: Let's look at the stars.

JOY: Seriously, it's smudging the glass

LIZZIE: I'll clean it, just come, look at the stars with me.

JOY: There's no stars.

LIZZIE: Pretend

(JOY gets out of the car. LIZZIE points at the sky.)

LIZZIE: Look, see?

JOY: Yeah, looks like a black sky.

LIZZIE: Come here

(JOY sits at the edge of the hood but doesn't lie down.)

LIZZIE: See, look.
There's the little dipper.
And the Big Dipper.
And Ryan's belt

JOY: Orion's.

LIZZIE: That's what I said

JOY: Sure.

(JOY stares at the sky.)

JOY: You can see the stars out where I'm at in Jersey. But I like this better.

LIZZIE: Yeah?

JOY: Yeah.
This is how I saw the sky growing up.
A dark endless sky. Looks like home.

LIZZIE: I didn't know you're from Brooklyn

JOY: Flatbush

LIZZIE: Bushwick
Before the hipsters priced me out.

JOY: Yeah, me too.

(Beat. It's nice to find someone from Brooklyn.)

LIZZIE: Yeah, why else would you be in Jersey?

JOY: Right?
Fucking sucks.
Michelle got a job out there so we had to move.

LIZZIE: What, she couldn't commute?

JOY: It made more sense
or something.

(They stare at the sky. JOY leans back a little bit more.)

JOY: I used to run.

LIZZIE: From what?

JOY: No, I mean, in college –

LIZZIE: I know what you meant

JOY: Oh

LIZZIE: I mean, I figured.
I don't mean to make you nervous.

JOY: You don't.

LIZZIE: Okay.

JOY: I'm not, I'm just tired.

LIZZIE: I should *(let you go)*

JOY: I was supposed to be in the Olympics.

LIZZIE: Get out.

JOY: Yeah, that's what I went to college for, I was there on a scholarship. I was good. Fast. And then I wasn't fast enough. I kept losing time. No matter what I did, milliseconds then seconds began to stick to my time, no matter how fast I went. I dreamt of running, I dreamt my feet were wings instead of feet and I'd wake up and run and they'd be concrete instead.

LIZZIE: Well. That sucks.

JOY: Yeah. It did.

(Silence but for city sounds.)

JOY: It's different.

Derby.

Better.

LIZZIE: Yeah?

JOY: Different.

You're by yourself but
you're not.

I like that.

It's nice to not be alone.

LIZZIE: You're good, you know.

JOY: Nah

LIZZIE: Getting good. You got good instincts out there. You don't freeze up. You might be fearless.

We should work together. Out there on the track.

JOY: How?

LIZZIE: We can come up with some strategies. I can teach you.
I think we can be a good team.
Don't you?

JOY: Maybe.

LIZZIE: Think about it.

(LIZZIE stands, staring at the sky.)

LIZZIE: It's nice, isn't it? When the City is this quiet this late.
Feels like it's endless. Then the daytime comes and it's not there no more. Where does it go?

JOY: I don't know.

LIZZIE: Good night, Joy Ride.
See you another time.

(She leaves. JOY sits on the hood of her car for a little longer. The sound of the crowd again, an announcer announces.)

ANNOUNCER: Ladies and gentlemen, put your hands together for number 55, HOT FLASH!

(She enters carrying a basket of laundry. She folds socks while she speaks.)

HOT FLASH: Yo, Ronnie! You'll never guess what Linda just told me – Linda, Linda – yeah, Lazy Eye Linda from the choir, right, so you know Linda, she's around our age and her and her husband aren't together no more – I forget, I think he cheated on her – I know, right, whoever did it's gotta be pretty desperate, it's not like he's got money – anyway, she's on one of those dating sites, for the old people, and she's gonna meet this guy for coffee, at the Starbucks. So she goes, she's waiting and he don't show up, so she leaves, all pissed off, and picks up her daughter for the air-

port and her daughter's like Oh what a stiff, forget him,
right, so she does. Meanwhile, fast forward to today, guess
who's in the obituary?

Her fucking date!

Can you get a load of that?

I guess he really was a stiff.

Hey Ronnie?

You still Like me? Yeah? Even after all these years? And
the Kid?

Yeah, I guess I still Like you, too.

Are you gonna help me put this shit away or what?

(Lights shift and HOT FLASH walks off as we enter -)

SAMPLE ONLY

Scene IV

(JOY and MICHELLE's bedroom. A different night.)

JOY: Get a load of this

(She flexes and her muscles be poppin'.)

JOY: You see these guns?

MICHELLE: I ain't blind

JOY: You see these guns?

MICHELLE: Heyyy nowwww

JOY: You see these

(They start doing a silly dance together, set to the general chorus of "you see these guns" which is just rhythmic and silly.

MICHELLE grabs her and starts kissing her.)

JOY: Am I about to get lucky?

MICHELLE: You mean you don't feel lucky every day when you wake up beside my beautiful smiling face?

JOY: You're such a tease.

(They kiss more. It gets passionate. MICHELLE takes off JOY's shirt and sees that she has a huge dark bruise on her stomach.)

MICHELLE: Holy shit.

JOY: Will you look at that.

MICHELLE: That looks horrible!

JOY: Battle wound.

(She tries to kiss MICHELLE again but MICHELLE is distracted by the bruise.)

JOY: Baby?

Come on, it's fine.

MICHELLE: It's awful.

JOY: What did you expect? That I'd be untouchable?

MICHELLE: No, it's just -

JOY: Did you think just because I'm black that I can't get black and blues? Because honey, that's racist

MICHELLE: Shut up

(She playfully pushes her and JOY grabs her and holds her. They look at one another. MICHELLE kisses her fully.)

MICHELLE: Damn. It didn't work.

JOY: What?

MICHELLE: I tried to heal you with my kiss.

JOY: Baby, that only works for straight people.

MICHELLE: My bad.

JOY: We gonna do this or what?

MICHELLE: Hell yeah

(They try getting into it again but MICHELLE is being extra careful.)

JOY: Babe, what are you doing, what is this

MICHELLE: I just
don't want to hurt you

JOY: Come on Michelle, you're not hurting me.

MICHELLE: Do you have any other bruises I don't know about?

JOY: Babe, I didn't even know about this one, seriously.
My whole body is just one giant constant ache
but I know what'll make me feel better –

(Reaches for MICHELLE – she's still hesitant.)

JOY: Michelle, come on. It's a sport, it's a contact sport,
sports cause bruises.

MICHELLE: Yeah but still – I just didn't realize
Can I see it again?

(MICHELLE bends down and gently kisses JOY's bruise.)

JOY: It's a miracle! I'm healed!

MICHELLE: Shut up

JOY: I mean, we're on skates, it would be harder to not get a
bruise than to get a bruise.

MICHELLE: You still like it?

JOY: Oh yeah, I love it.
I can't wait for the first game.
You're coming right?

MICHELLE: Of course, wouldn't want to miss my girlfriend
getting pummeled

JOY: Oh, stop, it

MICHELLE: Of course I'm gonna go see your game, I'm
proud of you.
Even if you beat yourself up.

And get home after midnight.
And we never see each other anymore.

JOY: Don't be so dramatic

MICHELLE: Who's being dramatic?

(MICHELLE does something dramatic.

JOY dramatically responds.

They're being silly together, both on the bed together, looking at one another.

After a moment.)

JOY: I was actually thinking – now that you got your promotion and everything, maybe we could move back to Brooklyn.

MICHELLE: But I work in Jersey

JOY: But we got the car, you could drive in

MICHELLE: Everyday?

JOY: That's what I'm doing

MICHELLE: Yeah, but that's different, your schedule's more flexible

JOY: But then derby goes so late

MICHELLE: Yeah but that's only 3 nights a week so

JOY: We'll probably see each other more.
Don't you miss Brooklyn?

MICHELLE: It's too expensive.

JOY: There are still spots that aren't

MICHELLE: Come on, you don't want to talk about this now

JOY: Then when are we going to talk about it?

MICHELLE: Let's talk about it later

JOY: So you'll think about it.

MICHELLE: Right.

We'll both think about it.

Okay?

Now, come on.

Let me explore you for bruises.

(They begin kissing again. It gets passionate.)

The women begin to circle around the bed. It becomes a training montage.

They're doing drills – both on and off skates.

As it progresses, it turns into more of a dance until -)

Scene V

(The end of practice.

All of the ladies are getting back into street clothes.)

ANNA: My fuckin' back

HOT FLASH: I'm definitely too old for this shit

DIAZ: Then why'd you hit me so hard?

HOT FLASH: Adrenaline

PROSECUTE-HER: That'd be a great derby name

LIZZIE LIGHTNING: For sure

PROSECUTE-HER: Ann-dreneline

LIZZIE: How you holding up, rookie?

JOY RIDE: Great.

LIZZIE: Sure.

(She grabs her shoulders and begins to give her a massage.)

JOY: *(Moans)* That hurts

LIZZIE: Yeah?

JOY: Don't stop

SQUEAKY MOUSE: Guys, look at this one

(Shows off a bruise.)

SQUEAKY MOUSE: That's gonna look awesome tomorrow

DIAZ: That's nothing, I got one in the shape of Jay Leno on my ass

ANNA: Who's that?

DIAZ: You know

HOT FLASH: The guy with the chin

LIZZIE: You like?

ANNA: Oh yeah

JOY RIDE: Oh Yeah

(The sound of a phone ringing can be heard. ANDREA enters, but nobody really pays attention.)

ANDREA: Ladies

Ladies.

LADIES!

Don't tell me I have to do the clapping thing, the clapping thing like we're in kindergarten

(Does the clapping thing, they start to pay attention until they're quiet.)

ANDREA: All right ladies, good practice, thanks. I'm seeing some hustle out there, some tight defense – remember, they can't score the points if they can't get past us. Right?

Right.

We got this.

What do we know about Manhattan?

DIAZ: They got sloppy uniforms

ANDREA: I'm serious –

DIAZ: So'm I, you seen them? They raggedy.

ANDREA: All right, besides their alleged poor taste in uniform, what do we know?

(Sound of a phone ringing.)

MOUSE: They suck

ANDREA: Their defense –

LIZZIE: Don't do shit

ANDREA: Their defense is tight.

DIAZ: I guess

PROSECUTE-HER: We're tighter

MOUSE: Yeah!

(They high five one another. The sound of a phone ringing.)

ANDREA: Yes, our defense is tight but that doesn't mean –

HOT FLASH: Has anyone seen my keys? I think they fell outta my bag

ANDREA: That doesn't mean –

PROSECUTE-HER: Where'd you see them last?

HOT FLASH: That is the most useless question

ANNA: Are we going to be much longer?

HOT FLASH: If I remembered where they was I wouldn't be lookin' for them!

(The sound of a phone ringing. ANDREA does the clapping thing again.)

ANDREA: HeyheyheyHEYHEY
HEY.

(They all quiet down.)

MOUSE: Here they are!

ANDREA: Seriously?

MOUSE: Sorry.

ANDREA: I'm trying to talk to youse –

(The sound of a phone.)

ANDREA: Who's fucking phone is that?!

JOY: It's... I'm sorry, it's mine

ANDREA: You wanna answer it?

JOY: No, no, sorry

ANDREA: I dunno, it might be a real huge emergency –

JOY: No, it's fine.
I put it on silent, it's fine.
Sorry.

ANDREA: Fine.
So we –

(The sound of a phone on vibrate.)

JOY: Shit

ANDREA: Go answer your fuckin' phone, Joy!

JOY: No, I'm sorry, it's fine –

ANDREA: Vibrate is not silent!

I fucking hate that noise like fuckin' buzzing

JOY: No, I'm sorry, it's off now, see? I'm turning it off.

I'm listening.

ANDREA: You sure nobody else has a comment to make before I continue? Everybody got their listening caps on? Good. Imma make this quick so we can get out of here by Sunday.

Squeaky Mouse, don't forget to stay low.

Anna,

ANNA: Yeah, I know, my elbows

ANDREA: Yeah, your elbows, keep 'em tucked, you don't want them calling any bullshit out on you

ANNA: I can't help if they slip!

ANDREA: Which is why you need to keep them tucked.

PROSECUTE-HER: Ref's calls are crap half the time, it's as though they're out to get us.

ANDREA: We're lucky that we have such dedicated Refs

LIZZIE: That're always powertripping.

ANDREA: Give it a rest, Lizzie.

LIZIE: You on their side?

ANDREA: I'm not saying they're right –

LIZZIE: What are you saying?

ANDREA: Here are the facts. We're facing Manhattan Out-laws in a week. A WEEK. We only got three more practices. That's nothing! It's nothing. We're a tight team but

we need to be tighter. We're gonna go head to head with them whether we're ready or not. I just want youse to be ready. That's all. All right?

(DIAZ lets out a huge, authentic but really obnoxious yawn. The ladies giggle.)

DIAZ: Sorry.

(They laugh harder. ANDREA does not.)

ANDREA: See you ladies tomorrow.
Have a good night.

(ANDREA leaves. ANNA playfully hits DIAZ.)

ANNA: What'd you do that for?

DIAZ: What, I'm tired!
It's fuckin' authentic

ANNA: You crazy

PROSECUTE-HER: God, it's so fuckin' late and I still have to read like 300 pages by 8am

MOUSE: Who takes a class at 8am?

PROSECUTE-HER: I know, it sucks. At least the trains're running local, plenty of time to read.

HOT FLASH: That's optimistic

PROSECUTE-HER: Just call me Optimism Prime.

(She leaves.)

HOT FLASH: You ready, Joy?

JOY: I'll meet you guys at the car.

(DIAZ, SQUEAKY MOUSE and HOT FLASH leave. All the other ladies have left; it's just JOY and LIZZIE.)

LIZZIE: You all right?

JOY: Yeah, I just can't get my phone to turn back on. Piece of crap.

LIZZIE: Who was trying to call you?

JOY: I don't know.

LIZZIE: Could've answered

JOY: It's fine. I'm sure.
You okay?

LIZZIE: Sure.
Drea just doesn't know what she's talking about half the time. I'm sure you've realized by now.

JOY: She's all right.

LIZZIE: Dunno how we'll win that first game. Team's a mess.

JOY: That's not true –

LIZZIE: The other rookies aren't like you; they don't know what the fuck is going on. Brutal Noodle keeps clenching and who the hell knows what's going on in Lil' Hellman's peanut brain, half the time it's like she doesn't even know we're in the middle of a game.

JOY: Sounds like you should be the coach.

LIZZIE: Shut up.
Yeah?

JOY: Yeah.

LIZZIE: I just notice shit, that's all.

JOY: That's like one half of what a coach is supposed to do.

LIZZIE: Guess so.

JOY: Come on. I wanna get home.

(LIZZIE goes over to her and starts adjusting her shoulder.)

JOY: What're you doing?

LIZZIE: You feel that?

JOY: Sure?

LIZZIE: Your back? Makin' that line?

JOY: Mmm

LIZZIE: Keep that on the turns. You'll glide quicker.

(LIZZIE keeps her hand there a little longer.)

JOY: Thanks.

LIZZIE: No problem.

(She lets go quickly, gathers her things.)

LIZZIE: You ready or what?

(She leaves. JOY stands in the middle of the empty room. Feels where LIZZIE had just touched her. Smiles.)

END OF FREE SAMPLE.