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**Fetal Pig**  
**by Dennis Bush**

1 Female, 1 Male

**Synopsis:** FETAL PIG is a provocative mix of intense drama and twisted comedy that explores a coupling that some might describe as sadomasochistic; others may call it familiar. After five years with her boyfriend, Emma wants things to be different. She loves Mark in the same way you can love a beautiful pair of shoes, even though it hurts like hell to wear them. But love – or lust – isn't enough. Control is fleeting and victimization is a dance that requires a partner. The stage is literally set for Emma to turn the tables. Whether or not she has what it takes will be unveiled right here, right now.

**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.

**TOUCHSTONE, U.S.A.  
OR HOW TERRORISM BROUGHT AN  
AMERICAN FAMILY BACK TOGETHER**

**BY PAUL NORTH**

TOUCHSTONE, U.S.A.

Characters:

Billy- a twelve-year-old boy

Liberty- the ghost of his older sister

Dear Old Mom

Dear Old Dad

Tiffany- Billy's living older sister

Chad- Billy's best friend

Jehovah's Witness (same actor as Chad)

Philip- The Family Therapist (same actor as Chad)

Setting: Modern America

*(A lone spotlight comes up on BILLY, a twelve-year-old boy wearing a windbreaker and a look of inspiration. Determinedly, he unzips the windbreaker to reveal a bomb strapped to his chest.)*

BILLY: Allah, hold my hand.

*(BILLY grabs the detonator, and freezes. LIBERTY, the ghost of BILLY's oldest sister, steps out of the shadows as lights fade up. She is dressed as the statue of liberty, torch and all. She places her hand on BILLY's shoulder.)*

LIBERTY: Oh, Billy. That's my kid brother. Inventive little rascal, isn't he? If you couldn't tell, Billy's not like other boys. He doesn't like baseball. He doesn't do cartoons. And as for girls...well, let's just say we're waiting for him to surprise his first Girl Scout. *(Sighs.)* Nope, our Billy likes terrorism. Or at least that's what the psychiatrist says. Something about searching for an abstract identity in a world devoid of meaning. Mom thinks it's too much TV, or the newspaper, pretty much anything that makes our country look bad. But we're sure he'll come around.

*(Lights change to reveal a kitchen table where BILLY's parents sit arguing.)*

DEAR OLD MOM: He's your son.

DEAR OLD DAD: Don't blame me for this!

BILLY: Mom!

DEAR OLD MOM: I was fine with my two girls, but you wanted to carry on your seed.

BILLY: Dad!

DEAR OLD DAD: Sure, make it sound all medieval. I just wanted a son!

DEAR OLD MOM: Well, you got one all right.

BILLY: Stop it! This is exactly what I'm talking about.

DEAR OLD MOM: Do you hear that disrespect in his voice?

DEAR OLD DAD: Can't imagine where he got it from.

DEAR OLD MOM: Well, are you going to do anything about it?

DEAR OLD DAD: You said I couldn't hit him anymore.

DEAR OLD MOM: It's out of fashion.

DEAR OLD DAD: What about electro-shock therapy; we haven't tried that yet.

DEAR OLD MOM: At least now you're thinking.

BILLY: You two don't believe in anything, do you? You have no connection to life or any idea how visceral it can be.

DEAR OLD MOM: Visceral?

BILLY: Yes, Mom. Visceral.

*(DEAR OLD MOM looks to DEAR OLD DAD for a definition. She gets none.)*

DEAR OLD DAD: I told you not to buy him that dictionary.

DEAR OLD MOM: Home, Health, and Harmony™ recommended it. What was I supposed to do?

DEAR OLD DAD: You're going to let a magazine determine our son's life?

DEAR OLD MOM: It's an essential part of modern parenting.

DEAR OLD DAD: Does it tell you what visceral means?

*(She pauses, searching, then gives up.)*

DEAR OLD MOM: Go get the dictionary.

*(Lights back to BILLY and LIBERTY. BILLY stands with his arms crossed, glaring at his sister.)*

LIBERTY: As you can see, Billy was hitting quite the little rebellious phase. Just had to be different, didn't you big guy. Couldn't have tried a gateway drug or premarital sex? (*BILLY shoots an angry, embarrassed look at LIBERTY.*) What?

*(Lights change. TIFFANY holds the Koran over BILLY's head, teasing him.)*

BILLY: Give it back. Give it back!

TIFFANY: No way. You have a copy of the Koran in your room! This is better than porn! You're going to be in so much trouble.

BILLY: You don't know what you're holding. It's a treasure.

TIFFANY: There's nothing in here that Sunday school can't teach you.

BILLY: La illaha il Allah, Muhammad u rasul ullah. (*Translation: There is no God but Allah, and Muhammed is his prophet.*)

TIFFANY: What did you just say?

BILLY: The only thing worth saying.

TIFFANY: I'm telling Mom you swore at me.

BILLY: I would never swear at you. You're my sister.

TIFFANY: Speaking different languages is the same as swearing. You're not getting out of this one.

*(LIBERTY steps in between them, stopping them from fighting while simultaneously holding them as if it were a family portrait.)*

LIBERTY: We used to be a happy family. You know, chicken dinners. Watching TV together in silence. Then I died...it happens...or, it did to me anyway. Guess that's what you get for a little drunk driving after you've slept with your best friend's boyfriend...yeah... anyway. I've always been sort of the calm in the storm for this house. I mean Mom hates Dad, and Dad's been sleeping with the neighbor's wife, though I really can't see why. Tiffany doesn't know what to do with herself now that she's not the middle child. It's pretty easy to see how Billy got so messed up.

BILLY: There's nothing wrong with me.

LIBERTY: That's just what we tell you so you don't kill yourself.

BILLY: I've found a reason to live.

TIFFANY: Your jihad better not ruin my chances at homecoming.

LIBERTY: Billy, all that stuff you see on TV, all those wars and speeches that people give, those are happening in other places. Places that we can't spell, and that means that we don't have to worry about them.

BILLY: You two are really messed up, you know that.

LIBERTY: I'm dead Billy, and that means I know a little bit more about life than you do.

BILLY: Yeah, because that makes sense.

*(Lights change. The family sits together at the dinner table.)*

DEAR OLD MOM: Billy, can you pray.

TIFFANY: I can!

DEAR OLD MOM: I asked your brother, dear.

TIFFANY: Whatever.

DEAR OLD DAD: Well, come on son. Don't let the food get cold.

BILLY: Um...which God are we talking about here.

DEAR OLD MOM: You know perfectly well which God.

BILLY: You did hear me when I said I converted to Islam, right?

DEAR OLD DAD: Whatever games you want to play with your friends is fine with us son, but this is the dinner table.

BILLY: You can't force me to pray to your God.

DEAR OLD MOM: Let's not split hairs here. You know we tolerate all religions.

*(A knock at the door. DEAR OLD MOM gets up and answers it. A Jehovah's Witness stands with a Bible in hand.)*

JEHOVAH'S WITNESS: Hello. Do you realize how much Jesus loves you?

DEAR OLD MOM: Are you Protestant?

JEHOVAH'S WITNESS: Well...no.

*(DEAR OLD MOM slams the door and walks back to the table, trying to control her anger.)*

TIFFANY: Who was that Mommy?

DEAR OLD MOM: *(Through gritted teeth.)* A...telemarketer!

BILLY: Mom, I'm just not comfortable with—

DEAR OLD MOM: Billy, you are my son, so you're going to eat your vegetables, do your homework, and pray to the God that I tell you to.

BILLY: But Mom—

DEAR OLD DAD: Billy, don't talk back to your mother.

TIFFANY: I'm hungry.

DEAR OLD MOM: We all are dear, but it seems that your brother is not willing to bless this meal.

TIFFANY: I just prayed in my head, does that count?

DEAR OLD MOM: It will have to do for now. *(She raises the cover to reveal pork chops.)* Bon appetite.

DEAR OLD DAD: Pork chops, again?

BILLY: Pork chops...again.

*(BILLY slowly slides his chair away from the table and leaves.)*

DEAR OLD DAD: What's wrong with him? He never eats any more.

*(Before BILLY can completely exit, LIBERTY grabs him.)*

LIBERTY: Not so fast, big guy. You need to learn some family history.

BILLY: Why?

LIBERTY: Because you need to realize how much damage you're doing to this family with all your pre-pubescent rebellion.

BILLY: I'm not rebelling.

LIBERTY: I know it doesn't feel that way, but trust me. I went through the same thing.

BILLY: You converted to a new religion?

LIBERTY: I had a threesome in high school. It's practically the same thing.

BILLY: I'm not going to take advice from a dead person.

LIBERTY: You love to bring that up, don't you? *(DEAR OLD MOM and DAD enter dressed younger.)* Ah, here we go, Mom and Dad when they first met. Two bright, ambitious Republicrats. Unfortunately, Dad got Mom pregnant in college. But a coat hanger fixed all that. And I can't tell you how happy I was because I never would have been OK with sharing a room with someone.

BILLY: What does this have to do with me?

LIBERTY: This is your history, have a little patience. Eventually, Mom and Dad got hitched and I popped out six months later. Mom got into bowling events for singles at her church, and Dad took up a healthy addiction to betting on college football games. Then you came along.

BILLY: What about Tiffany?

LIBERTY: Oh...her. She's not our real sister. Well, she's half anyway. Mom got a little too involved with her bowling events, if you know what I mean.

BILLY: I don't know what you mean.

LIBERTY: Good. Just remember that with family, it's best not to ask questions. Smile, spend your allowance, and dilute Dad's liquor bottles with water. But not too much! Do you understand what I'm trying to teach you?

BILLY: Leave me alone.

*(Quick transition. BILLY sits down with his friend CHAD to play a video game. Liberty hovers around them.)*

CHAD: It can't be that bad.

BILLY: They don't have a clue.

CHAD: They're your parents, what do you expect?

BILLY: But it's everyone.

CHAD: You're only twelve you know. You don't have to change the world.

BILLY: We're at war, Chad.

CHAD: That stuff's for grown ups.

BILLY: But no one knows what's actually happening!

CHAD: Then maybe we're not fighting a war.

BILLY: Of course we are.

CHAD: No, think about it. If no one knows what's going on, then how can we be fighting in a war?

BILLY: I don't know.