

As We Know It.

A short play

By Sephora Lebeté

CHARACTERS

PONYTAIL: A desperately determined young woman.

CHEATER: A quick-tempered delinquent.

GERMANY: A man who “only” speaks German.

STICK-UP-HER-ASS: Name says it all.

QUERCITRON: A voluble crazy woman.

CRYBABY: A sensitive , delicate being.

ALEX: An arrogant, narcissist.

SETTING

Please note that the context of the world is open to interpretation, meaning, the setting could take place anywhere. Maybe the characters are at a survival bunker or stranded on an island? Or maybe they're currently at a hideout in a zombie apocalypse? The world of the play can be interpreted in many ways.

NOTATIONS

A dash (--) indicates a cut off.

A slash (/) indicates the interruption of the next line.

TIME

Present.

ACT 1

Black. In the black, we can hear a slow chant.

EVERYONE

Rock. Paper. Scissors. Shoot.
 Rock. Paper. Scissors. Shoot.
 Rock. Paper. Scissors. Shoot.

A spotlight lights up on PONYTAIL. She speaks over the chant.

PONYTAIL

Guys. Hey.

The pacing of the chant quickens and becomes louder. Her voice tries to compete.

PONYTAIL

(shouting)

Guys! Can we figure this out another way? Hello?

The chant is now faster and louder.

PONYTAIL

(shouting)

We can't keep--

EVERYONE

(shouting)

Shoot!

The chant ends. A spotlight lights up on the rest of the group. The group is huddled around CHEATER and CRYBABY.

CHEATER holds out a fist. CRYBABY holds out scissors. The group huddled around gasps.

ALEX
Well shit.

STICK-UP-HER-ASS
Oh wow.

QUERCITRON
Rest in peace to you sir.

CRYBABY falls to his knees.

CRYBABY
(crying)
NOOOOOOOOOOOO! I don't want to die! Please!

PONYTAIL
Guys c'mon. That game was totally unfair.

STICK-UP-HER-ASS
Unfair?

CHEATER
How the hell was that game unfair?

PONYTAIL
We can't just justify someone's life / based off of a game of rock, paper, scissors.

STICK-UP-HER-ASS
We already agreed that whoever lost this last round is getting the boot.

PONYTAIL
But--

CHEATER
But nothing. You're out of here my dude.

CRYBABY crawls over to PONYTAIL. He grabs her hands.

CRYBABY
(crying)
Please don't let them sacrifice me.

PONYTAIL

There has to be another way we can figure this out.

CHEATER

Fuck. Here she goes.

PONYTAIL

What?

STICK-UP-HER-ASS

You're always trying to find a way to like, butt into everything.

PONYTAIL

Butt into everything? I'm not butting / into anything at all.

STICK-UP-HER-ASS

Yeah you are.

CHEATER

We made one thing very clear. You lose, you're out.

STICK-UP-HER-ASS

We've already played like five different games and you keep interfering.

PONYTAIL

All those games required strength or fast thinking. Some people don't have those advantages.

CRYBABY

Can we please play another game?

PONYTAIL

We keep wasting time with these games. They'll be coming any minute now if we keep--

STICK-UP-HER-ASS faces everyone.

STICK-UP-HER-ASS

Everyone needs to stop bitching and accept their fate.

CRYBABY

(crying)

Wait no! I don't want to die. Let's try another game. Please.

CHEATER

How many times we gonna play a new game?

PONYTAIL

We aren't doing another game. Look, maybe we should try--

STICK-UP-HER-ASS

Him.

PONYTAIL looks around.

PONYTAIL

Who?

STICK-UP-HER-ASS

Him. Over there.

STICK-UP-HER-ASS points at GERMANY.

PONYTAIL

What about him?

STICK-UP-HER-ASS

Let's give him up.

PONYTAIL

We can't just randomly pick someone.

CHEATER

He ain't even do anything--

STICK-UP-HER-ASS

That's the thing. He doesn't *do* anything. He hasn't even said a word since he got here. He just keeps smiling.

*Everyone looks at GERMANY. His eyes widen.
Everyone is silent.*

STICK-UP-HER-ASS

(yelling)

Talk!

GERMANY flinches.

GERMANY

Wir spielen keine Spiele mehr?

CHEATER

The fuck did he just say?

STICK-UP-HER-ASS

He doesn't even speak English!

PONYTAIL

Okay let's calm down and--

CRYBABY

How the hell are we going to talk to him?

QUERCITRON

I believe I can translate. He's speaking German.

PONYTAIL

You speak German too?

QUERCITRON

Use too.

QUERCITRON aggressively opens her book bag and dumps everything out. Weapons fall out of her bag. Everyone stares as she searches through.

QUERCITRON

Back when I escaped federal prison, I ran away with a man named Ansgar. He was also a German man who only spoke German. We were in love. He had a missing arm. We ran from federal prison and to the docks. From there we hopped on a tanker ship. Unfortunately there were guards on the ship.

PONYTAIL

They took you guys back to prison?

QUERCITRON

False. We jumped off the ship. And from there we swam. We swam all the way to Barbados. There, we met up with Ansgar's father's best friend's nephews step sister's cousin's grandson.

CHEATER

How the hell--

QUERCITRON

Me and Ansgar continued traveling south. We walked and faced many trials. Our journey took days to complete. Once we arrived to Saint Lawrence, he proposed to me.

PONYTAIL

Awww--

CRYBABY

Awww--

QUERCITRON

I said no. We decided it was time to change location. From there, we swam all the way to China--

STICK-UP-HER-ASS

No way you swam from--

QUERCITRON

LET ME FINISH.

STICK-UP-HER-ASS

Ok.

QUERCITRON

From there we swam to China. As soon as we got there, Ansgar died of food poisoning.

PONYTAIL

Oh no...

CRYBABY

Rip Ansgar.

QUERCITRON pulls out an English/German dictionary.

CHEATER

Wait, what prison did you escape from?

QUERCITRON

Florence ADMAX.

QUERCITRON faces GERMANY. She points at him.

QUERCITRON

You, speak.

GERMANY

(shrugging)

Wir spielen keine Spiele mehr?

QUERCITRON skims through her dictionary. It takes her a minute. She looks up.

QUERCITRON

He asks 'Are we still playing games?'

Everyone sighs.

PONYTAIL

Oh my-- No! No more games! No more going off topic! We need to figure / who has to go now.

CHEATER

We said we'd go by the rules.

STICK-UP-HER-ASS

So throw out the crybaby.

PONYTAIL

No! Wait--

QUERCITRON

We should kill him.

Everyone looks at QUERCITRON.

STICK-UP-HER-ASS

(gasping)

Oh my gosh she's crazy.

QUERCITRON

If he won't accept his fate then we will fulfill it for him! Quick, someone hold him still / I'll end him right here.

QUERCITRON grabs a knife from her back pocket and gets into a fighting stance.

PONYTAIL

WHAT? No. Stop!

CRYBABY

NO GET HER AWAY FROM ME!

The group falls into chaos. Everyone shouts over another. Alex watches from the side.

PONYTAIL

Guys! Focus please. We don't have enough time--

ALEX

(shouting with authority)

Hey!

The room falls into complete silence. Everyone faces ALEX.

ALEX

I have an idea.

CHEATER

Oh? So now all of the sudden you got an idea?

ALEX

Yes.

CHEATER

And why the hell would we want to use you're idea?

ALEX

Because these idiotic games you all are playing is clearly getting you guys nowhere.

CHEATER

Idiotic? You didn't even compete in a single game.

ALEX

Exactly. You thought I would play in these pointless games? Ponytail over there is right. Were wasting time.

PONYTAIL touches her hair.

PONYTAIL

Don't call me that.

ALEX

These games are pathetic. I'm a bit too old to play recess activities.

CHEATER walks up to ALEX.

CHEATER

You know what? I say we throw out this motherfucker right here.

STICK-UP-HER-ASS holds CHEATER back.

GERMANY

Ja.

QUERCITRON looks at Germany. She raises an eyebrow.

PONYTAIL

I agree. I don't like the idea of these games but I still participated.

STICK-UP-HER-ASS

I don't know. He's kind of cute.

*Everyone looks at STICK-UP-HER-ASS.
CHEATER glares at her.*

STICK-UP-HER-ASS

I-I mean, y-yeah don't let the door hit you on the way out.

CRYBABY

You needa leave!

QUERCITRON

Yes!