

*girls! girls! girls!* was first produced by Teatro Comaneci at the Montreal Fringe Festival in June 2000.

This production was remounted as part of Montreal's Festival de théâtre des Amériques (June 2001).

Puss: Alison Darcy

Jam: Julie Tamiko Manning

Splitz: Laura Teasdale

Little Bucky the Fag: Brendan Healy

Missy the Titless Bitch: Stephanie Buxton

Directed by Peter Hinton

Set and costume design by Eo Sharp

Lighting design by David Perreault Ninacs

Sound design by Troy Slocum

Stage management by Emma Tibaldo

Produced by Esme Terry and Teatro Comaneci

*girls! girls! girls!* was written, workshopped and developed with the generous assistance of the following: the Toronto Arts Council, the Canada Council for the Arts, Playwrights' Workshop Montreal, Buddies in Bad Times Theatre's 2000 Rhubarb! Festival and the Toronto Writers Cabal (John, Ian, Rebecca, Anton, Gill, Emily).

My sincere thanks to Peter Hinton and Teatro Comaneci.

## CHARACTERS

PUSS

fourteen years old, a goth

JAM

fourteen years old, a goth

SPLITZ

fourteen years old, a gymnast

LITTLE BUCKY THE FAG

fourteen years old, a skater boy

MISSY THE TITLESS BITCH

fourteen years old, a gymnast

## PRODUCTION NOTES

The events of the play take place over the course of one Friday night in a small town.

The music and pop-culture references in the script may be updated to reflect the present time and place of production.

The violence in the script should be portrayed as realistically as possible.

*Although fictional in its narrative, this play was written in response to the events surrounding the brutal death of Reena Virk in Victoria, British Colombia, and by the Columbine massacre in Colorado, USA.*



‘You want help? I’ll help you.’  
– Dylan Klebold

SCENE ONE

*(The sound of about 15,000 teenage girls screaming hysterically.)*

*Puss and Jam are hanging out, listening to Walkmans – they are never without them. The screaming builds in intensity and cuts out suddenly.)*



SCENE TWO

*(Friday, after school.)*

*Puss and Jam are hanging out in a park behind school. Splitz stands in front of them, wearing a green ribbon.)*

PUSS: Why the melancholy puss, Splitz?

SPLITZ: I was robbed, girls. Swindled out of my shiny trophy.

PUSS: Say it ain't so.

JAM: Not our Splitz. Swindled?

SPLITZ: It's true, Jam. I stand here trophy-less.

JAM: No trophy for Splitz? That don't sit well with me.

SPLITZ: The vault proved to be my undoing.

PUSS: Explain.

SPLITZ: Having breezed through both the Kawartha District and the Kawartha Regional Gymnastic Competitions with red red red ribbons on the floor, the uneven bars and the vaulting apparatus, I was sure to be a threatening presence at the Central Ontario Secondary School Association finals in Peterborough.

I was eyeballed by the competition, girls. Ponytail whipped. It was nail-biting tense. But your Splitz was unshakable. I chalked up and pulled through with a stellar performance. The judges were kissing my tits, rewarding me with red red red all round. I was poised for the podium at the upcoming OFSSA finals, which you know transpired this past Wednesday-Thursday-Friday in the picturesque town of Brockville.

I was billeted at the welcoming home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Westin, who graciously offered up their spare bedroom for my stay in the riverside community, along with a no-holds-barred seafood feast at the local Red Lobster, for which they footed the bill.

A tragic note, however, underlay the otherwise pleasing meal, as the Westins recounted the sad sad tale of their cancer-ridden daughter dying a hospital death just last year, thus freeing up the aforementioned bedroom, complete with a four-poster bed of which I took full advantage.

Did I mention the breadsticks? Damn fine sticks, girls.

PUSS: Take us to the climax of your undoing, Splitz.

SPLITZ: In that case, girls, we're standing in front of the vault. Yours truly was swimming through the competition, as per usge, with one run skip and a jump away from another red ribbon day.

I hit the horse with a steady leap. I tucked my tits tight. I spun like a well-told tale. I planted my feet on the mat –

JAM: Our Splitz poised for victory.

SPLITZ: And this, girls, is where it gets dirty.

Splitz had a tumble. Splitz went ass-backward. Knees buckled and tits up. Your Splitz. No red for Splitz. Just a 6.8. Just a fourth place. No climbing the podium for Splitz. Splitz wasn't to be climbing anywhere that day. It was the back of the bus for yours truly. It was a sad sad day in picturesque Brockville for Splitz. Trophy-less Splitz.

*(Puss and Jam look at each other. They are floored.)*

JAM: Shit, Splitz. That's a damn disappointment. That's a heartfelt loss.

PUSS: That's a fucking injustice. That's a kick to the head.

*(Little Bucky the Fag enters, a bow and a quill of arrows fastened on his back.)*

PUSS: It's Little Bucky the Fag.

JAM: Hey, Little Bucky.

LITTLE BUCKY: What's up? What's with the sour squeaks of your voices, gals?

JAM: It's about all we can muster. Splitz dropped a bombshell.

LITTLE BUCKY: What's the tragedy?

JAM: Splitz was just recounting her sad travails on the vaulting horse.

PUSS: Splitz went ass-backwards into a fourth-place finish at the OFSSA finals.

LITTLE BUCKY: Goddamn.

PUSS: Our Splitz, graceful and good, a sure thing, numero uno across the board three years running. Shoulda walked out on top. But one slippery trip-up and our champ is a chump. Life's a dirty slap in the face.

LITTLE BUCKY: Shit.

*(Splitz collapses on the ground.)*

PUSS: How's about a pick-me-up, Little Bucky? How's about showing us your wiggly-piggly?

JAM: Wiggly-piggles cheer us up. And we need cheering up.

PUSS: We need Little Bucky to buck us up.

LITTLE BUCKY: I suppose a peek may be in order, Puss.

*(Little Bucky drops his pants and wiggles his cock around. Puss and Jam squeal with delight.)*

JAM: Sweet sweet sweet. That's a sight. Your sweet wiggly-piggly. Whaddya say, Splitz?

SPLITZ: A wiggly-piggly ain't gonna turn this green ribbon red.

PUSS: How's about a suck then? How's about a suck suck for Splitz on yer sweet lolly lolly, Little Bucky? How's about it?

LITTLE BUCKY: I suppose a suck suck could be in order, considering the dire day it's been for our Splitz. Whaddya say, Splitz?

*(Splitz doesn't move.)*

Well well well. It's a desperate day when Little Bucky can't buck up his gal pal Splitz.

*(Little Bucky pulls up his pants and sits down. He blows a bubble. He pops it.)*



SPLITZ: It's eating me up, girls.

JAM: What's that, Splitz?

PUSS: Tune in, Jam. Our Splitz got ripped.

SPLITZ: Ripped open and ripped off.

PUSS: It ain't right. Some titless bitch walking the streets basking in red while our Splitz sits here wallowing in green. It ain't right.

JAM: Ah, green's not so bad. Jam likes green. Green's a colour Jam can appreciate. Green's got a real beauty to it.

PUSS: Some glory-snatcher riding sky high while our Splitz is stuck in the dumps.

JAM: I could fuck green. I swear I could. Green makes me cum. Green's good.

SPLITZ: It's eating me up.

*(pause)*

LITTLE BUCKY: Little Bucky is thinking what we need is a di-ver-sion. That's what Little Bucky is thinking. Something to tame that sour taste of defeat. Maybe a little adventure is in order on this Friday eve. What say we take a stroll into the deep dark woods surrounding our humble community? What say we pull a Hansel and Gretel and get lost? What do you say? While our school chums are picking vomit out of their pigtails after a chug-a-lug from the parental units' private liquor stash, we'll be out cavorting with Mama Nature. Looking for a trail of breadcrumbs that'll lead us out of this misery, this standing around, 'cause life don't hafta be a fourth-place finish, gals. Life don't hafta be a green ribbon.

PUSS: I dunno, Little Bucky. I'm up for a booze-up myself. Jam?



JAM: Booze-up booze-up booze-up.

LITTLE BUCKY: I say it's up to Splitz. Let Splitz be the deciding factor.  
What's it gonna be, Splitz?

PUSS: What's it gonna be, chum?

*(Splitz looks down at her green ribbon.)*

SPLITZ: It's eating me up. Fucking eating me up.

*(A blast of pop music.)*

### SCENE THREE

*(A forest, later that night. Puss and Jam are listening to their Walkmans. Splitz is doing the splits, an apple balanced on her head. Little Bucky has an arrow aimed at her.)*

LITTLE BUCKY: Little Bucky the archer, that's me. Number one with a bow. Little Bucky's got a big strong shaft and knows where to aim it, knows how to stick it. Never much for balls, soccer or

otherwise. Never much for a toss and a throw in the football field. No, archery's my game. Hiding out in the woods with my merry merry band of teenage outlaws. Puss and Jam, Little Bucky and –

*(Little Bucky pulls his arrow back, ready to fire. Splitz takes the apple off her head.)*

What's up, Splitz?

SPLITZ: I just ain't got the concentration for this tonight.

LITTLE BUCKY: So there'll be no target practice? Is that what you're telling me? Then Little Bucky'll sheath his arrow. Little Bucky will put it away. No problemo. See, it's all Splitz tonight. Tonight what Splitz says goes. Ain't that right, gals?

PUSS: That's right, Little Bucky. It's all Splitz all night.

JAM: Hooray for Splitz! Hooray!

PUSS: See, if it was up to Puss we'd be having a booze-up. We'd be tanked if it was up to Puss. But it's not. It's Splitz.

JAM: Hooray!

PUSS: So what's it gonna be, pal?

*(Splitz stares at the apple. She considers her options.)*

SPLITZ: Splitz has her mind on something. That is, if her chums are up for it.

PUSS: Puss is always up for something. Or nothing, as the case may be. Puss is flexible. Ain't that right, Jam?

JAM: Hooray for Splitz! Hooray!

SPLITZ: Well, then, how's about a little scavenger hunt?

LITTLE BUCKY: Little Bucky likes to hunt.

SPLITZ: Then here it is, boys and girls. Tonight we'll be hunting red. Red red ribbons is what we're hunting for. See, out there roaming our streets is a wee titless beast. A slippery thing that's got something your darling Splitz oh so desires. And what you're gonna do, what you're gonna do, chums of mine, is locate this swindler and bring her back to yours truly.

PUSS: Puss likes the sound of this. Puss thinks this is better than a booze-up.

JAM: Booze-up booze-up booze-up.

SPLITZ: A red ribbon. That's what Splitz wants.

PUSS: And whatever Splitz wants ...

SPLITZ: Go find that titless bitch with the red red ribbon and your Splitz will be a happy camper.

*(Splitz takes a bite out of the apple. Puss and Jam dance.  
A blast of pop music.)*



## SCENE FOUR

*(Puss and Jam are walking down Main Street armed with ski goggles and their Walkmans.)*

PUSS: Watch your step, Jam. It's enemy territory tonight. Watch out. Main Street's a freakin war zone. Everyone's cranked and looking for a perk-up. Adios Monday and Tuesday, see ya later Wednesday and Thursday, it's Friday night and life's worth living again. Celebrate with a gurgle and a wank. Yep, it's all grass stains and grunts. Soft little yelps coming from the public parks. Little Carla's getting it from the college boys again. I'm tanked, come help yourself, boys, I'll have four of you to go. The wiggly-piggles are flying tonight, Jam. Watch you don't get one in the face.

JAM: Duck 'n' cover duck 'n' cover duck 'n' cover.

PUSS: Yep, Main Street's a bleeding arsehole. Main Street's a dirty bum. Running mad with small-town studs and prom queens. Kids with kids living off a bit here and a bit there. Payday's two weeks away and we're already stretched like a rubber band. Dipping into baby's birthday money for a pack of smokers. It's tomato soup and crackers. It's staying in and trying not to slit yourself. It's looking for a laugh when all you wanna do is cry. It's looking for a silver lining when everything's shit brown.

Kmart's not so bad if ya dress it up a bit and your man's still stocked in the looks department.

A pair of jeans, a T-shirt and Calvin Klein'd be fucking sending him down the runway. Remember when you'd kill your ma just to catch a peek at him in his jockeys. Now he's naked on the bed and you're scrubbing his underwear in the bathroom sink and all you can think about is a washer 'n' dryer.

Life's a bitch then you die. Life's a bitch then ya marry one.

But Friday comes and life's a party. Drink till ya puke. Puke up all the tears you been storing inside ya. Mix up your disappointment with a double rum 'n' coke and spew it all over the ground. Clean yourself out ready for next week's fill of letdowns.

Listen up, Jam. Ya can hear the kiddies screaming from their strollers: ‘C’mon, Ma and Pa, guzzle it and let’s go – I’m freezing my little arse off out here. Pack it up, call it a night, let’s go home and be a family – mommy and daddy and baby make three.’

‘Ah cram it up, kiddo, it’s Friday night. Mommy and Daddy are on a bender. Give us a break, wee one, ya know we love ya but your ma’s dance card is full. Hang tight and tomorrow it’s a trip to McD’s for you – dream of Filet-o-Fishes swimming down yer soft gullet. Your ma knows what’s good for ya.

JAM: Duck ’n’ cover duck ’n’ cover duck ’n’ cover.

PUSS: Yeah. It’s a horror show. It’s *Night of the Living Dead*. Freddy Krueger’d be shaking in his boots. And here we are trying to wade through it. Trying not to get sucked into this swamp. No, Puss and Jam will have none of it. Not tonight. There’ll be no booze-up tonight ’cause Puss and Jam are on a mission. Puss and Jam got an agenda, that’s what we got. We got our eyes on a prize. A prize that’ll bring a smile to our dear Splitz. And somewhere ’cross town our Little Bucky’s on the hunt as well. His arrow poised and perked. Ready to snag tonight’s kill.

*(Puss and Jam continue down Main Street.)*

## SCENE FIVE

*(Little Bucky sitting on the ground, all bloody and snotty. He has just had the shit kicked out of him. His arrows are broken, scattered on the ground at his feet.)*

LITTLE BUCKY: Motherfuckers. Oh, yer tough. I’d put my money on you anytime, boys. I bet you’d give Tyson a run. Natural Born Killers is your middle name.

You walk down the street like it’s yours.

It’s four of you and one of me. Little Bucky didn’t stand a chance.



‘You mind if we share your bench, Little Bucky? Would you mind that? We’d like to spend some quality time with ya. Squeeze over, will ya, we got a real affection for ya, don’t we boys?’

Sitting there all snotty and silent. Waiting for the inevitable. And they’re laughing like this is *Saturday Night Live*. Then. Pop.

*(A blast of pop music.*

*Little Bucky doubles over. He spits up blood.)*

‘Jesus, I seen my little sis put up more of a fight. Let’s haul it, boys, this one’s done like dinner.’

*(Little Bucky pulls a piece of glass out of his face.)*

Real ingenious what you can do with a beer bottle. Real creative and original. I’ll give ya an A++. My face is a work a art now.

They’re long gone but I can still feel them. Their hands smell like cum. They got pretty eyes. Dangerous and gorgeous all at the same time.

What’s going on here?

Everything’s mixed up. I’m bleeding like a pig on the outside but inside I’m hearing a different story. Something in my tummy says this is good. Something in me wants it. Wants them to come back for round two. I feel my wiggly-piggly start to dance in my pants just thinking about it. Put it on videotape and I’d be glued to the set.

The four of them going at me.

I'm a mess. Can't tell what's hurt and what's affection. Can't tell what's love and what's not.

Buck yourself up, Little Bucky. Your gal pals are counting on you. Don't be a letdown. Don't be a sourpuss.

A red ribbon for your chums. That's the truth.

Wipe everything else out so there's nothing left 'cept that shiny red glow slow-burning inside ya.

Stop thinking 'cause thinking'll get you nowhere.

Thinking's a dead end.

*(Little Bucky reaches down and finds one unbroken arrow. He clutches on to it.)*

#### SCENE SIX

*(Puss and Jam at the edge of a park. Puss is smoking. They are watching: Missy the Titless Bitch wearing a red ribbon, dancing, with a bottle of booze.)*

JAM: Hey, Puss. I spy with my little eye ...

PUSS: My Jam's got eyes like a cat on speed.

JAM: I spy with my little eye ...

PUSS: Out with it. What does Jam spy?

JAM: I spy with my little eye ...

PUSS: Is it a game Jam wants? Then a game Jam gets.

JAM: Something that begins with red.

PUSS: Well, let's see. Is it a red wagon? Is that it?

*(Jam shakes her head.)*