

YOU'RE NEXT  
Jonathan Dorf

## List of Characters

JAY DOE, fifteen, son of a door-to-door gun salesman

PETER, Jay's friend, same age

## Author's Notes

While the word Jay and Peter use is “fairy,” it is also possible (and preferable, from a dramatic standpoint) to substitute the harsher “faggot” if it’s permissible at your school or theatre company. *You’re Next* may stand on its own or play with *Ticking* and *Play’s End* as the middle play in *Gunplay*.

(After gym class. A storage room off a boys locker room. JAY DOE, fifteen, fully-dressed but completely soaked, is with PETER, same age. Peter holds a bookbag. Through the closed door come LOCKER ROOM NOISES.)

**PETER**

Don't say you don't want it now.

**JAY**

I didn't say that.

**PETER**

You just said "maybe we should think about this." Don't you want it?

**JAY**

Yeah, but—

**PETER**

You just have to scare him.

**JAY**

What if something happens?

**PETER**

Like . . . ?

**JAY**

I don't know. Something.

**PETER**

Whose fault would that be? He started this—right?

**JAY**

Yeah.

**PETER**

How many times he throw you in the shower? Six? Do you like it?

**JAY**

No.

**PETER**

Some people think you like it, 'cause you don't do anything about it.

**JAY**

I don't like it.

**PETER**

You have anything to change into?

**JAY**

Just my gym clothes.

**PETER**

"Property of Landville High Athletic Department." Why didn't you bring spare clothes?

**JAY**

I didn't think he'd throw me in again.

**PETER**

Why?

**JAY**

'Cause I asked him. He's not as much of a jerk when it's just me and him. So I went up to him when nobody was around and asked him to lay off maybe.

**PETER**

What'd he say?

**JAY**

Maybe. He seemed kinda' embarrassed. So I thought . . .

(Beat. Jay wrings out his shirt.)

**PETER**

I got my track jacket in my bag. And the, uh . . .

(beat)

You want the jacket or not?

(Jay nods. Peter takes the jacket from his bag. Jay takes off his shirt. Peter fidgets, looks away. Jay puts the jacket on.)

**JAY**

Give it back to you tomorrow?

**PETER**

Whatever—it's hot out. Come on—all you hafta' do is walk in there—you don't even have to point it at him. You just have to *have* it.

**JAY**

And that's all?

(Peter nods. Jay is afraid to ask)

So . . .

**PETER**

What?

**JAY**

It's not loaded. Right?

**PETER**

Yeah it's loaded.

**JAY**

You said it was just to show him.

**PETER**

There's no way you're gonna' have to *use* it.

**JAY**

So why's it loaded?

**PETER**

(beat)

Your Dad sells guns. You shoulda' asked him for one.

**JAY**

Sure. Dad, I want to blow away this kid that's been botherin' me. Can I borrow one of your magnums?

**PETER**

Just *take* one.

**JAY**

He polishes 'em every day.

(beat)

My little brother has a Luger on his wall. I guess I coulda' grabbed that.

**PETER**

A live Luger?

**JAY**

My Dad doesn't know Johnny put the pin back in. Sometimes he takes it down, before Dad gets home. Bang. Right out the window. Blew a hole this big  
(motions with his hands)  
in the Pittmans' pink flamingo. Why's it have to be loaded?

**PETER**

Nothing's gonna' happen. You said you wanted this—  
(he holds up the bookbag)  
why you arguin' with me?  
(not moving)  
I gotta' go. If anybody walked in here right now . . . Gimme my jacket back.

**JAY**

If anybody walked in here what?

**PETER**

Gimme my jacket.

**JAY**

What would happen if somebody walked in?

**PETER**

I'm not gettin' it all wet when he tosses you in again. I might want to wear it at practice.

**JAY**

Pete—

**PETER**

Gimme my jacket!

(Jay takes off the jacket, tosses it at Peter. Peter fidgets and looks away. Jay shivers. Beat. Peter throws the jacket at Jay, who puts it on.)

You never stick up for yourself. Why can't you do that?

**JAY**

Sorry it's ruining your life.

**PETER**

Somebody walked in—it just looks weird, you know? That's all I meant.  
(beat)

You could wait here until just before the period ends.

**JAY**

So we don't come out at the same time?

**PETER**

Forget I said anything. I wish I never said anything.

(beat)

You could be so popular. You're the best runner in our grade, practically in the whole school—

**JAY**

Not really.

**PETER**

You will be. And you're good at soccer and you wrestle—how can you wrestle and not stick up for yourself?

**JAY**

I'm third string.

(beat)

Think maybe Mr. Berger's in the locker room?

**PETER**

He never comes in. Just waits outside with his clipboard. You remember last year when Jerk Boy beat up that black kid? Berger was still out there with the dumb clipboard when the ambulance pulled up.

**JAY**

Jerk Boy's gotta' go to his next class sooner or later. I could wait 'til he's gotta' go.

**PETER**

What about next time?

(beat)

Do this once and he'll never bother you again.

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