

COUGAR HIGH

BOOK, MUSIC, AND LYRICS BY  
KEITH ALLEGRETTI

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## THE CAST

REGGIE

CHRISTY

MR. CUCKLE

MR. BRADFORD

JIMMY

TOMMY

BILLY

JENNY

LIZZIE

BRADLY

REGGIE'S MOM

Nurse

FOOTBALL PLAYERS

STUDENTS

## ACT 1

**Overture.**

SCENE 1: OUTSIDE THE ENTRANCE OF COUGAR HIGH

*JIMMY, TOMMY, and BILLY are on one side of the stage, while JENNY, LIZZY, BRADLEY and CHRISTY are on the other. Other STUDENTS are there as well. ALL are standing or seated casually. **THE NEW 2010.***

REGGIE

*(offstage)*

Aw, Ma, do I have to go to school today?

BILLY

UP OUT OF BED, YOUR TIME IS HERE!  
C'MON, SLEEPY HEAD, THIS IS SENIOR YEAR!

REGGIE

*(groaning)*

But I don't feel good, and I just want to sleep!

JENNY

BOYS IN YOUR JACKETS, GIRLS IN YOUR SKIRTS!  
WE ARE ON TOP NOW, AND THIS IS OUR TURF!

REGGIE

I have to get up, and my back hurts, and my alarm's buzzing, and...Oh, damn it! Not again! That's the fifth set of sheets I've ruined!

TOMMY

OUR BRAINS ARE BIGGER! OUR CLASS IS HOT!  
FRESHMEN MAY DIG HER, BUT STICK TO THE BOPPERS YOU'VE GOT!

REGGIE

And what if I have to go in the classroom? What then?

LIZZIE

WE'RE COOL AND WE'RE MATURE, AND NOT ONLY THAT:  
OUR JOCKS HAVE STATURE, AND THEY SKIP EVERY SINGLE CLASS!

ALL ONSTAGE STUDENTS

WE'RE THE NEW TWENTY-TEN!  
PECKING ORDER'S HERE AGAIN!  
COLLEGE PARTIES BECKONING!  
GET US OUR OF HERE!

GET US OUT OF HERE!

WE ARE PROUD OF OUR STOCK!  
 AND WE'VE GOT THE SMARTEST JOCK!  
 REGGIE, REGGIE, LIKE A ROCK!  
 GET US OUR OF HERE!  
 GET US OUT OF HERE!

JIMMY

OH, MR. CUCKLE, I SPAT ON YOUR DESK!  
 WHAT DO I DO NOW?  
 COME ON, HIT ME! GIVE ME YOUR BEST!  
 (*mockingly*)  
 JIMMY, OH JIMMY, WHY DID YOU DO THAT?  
 NOW I MUST SEND YOU TO MR. BRADFORD'S LAP!

CHRISTY

WHERE, OH, WHERE IS MY DEAR REGGIE?  
 WHY DID HE RUN FROM ME?  
 I LONG TO SEE HIM ONCE AGAIN.  
 WHEN WILL HE BE BESIDE ME?  
 ALL MY PHONE CALLS WERE SENT UNANSWERED!  
 MY TEXTS WERE ALL IGNORED!  
 DID HE TAKE ME FOR A PANSY MUM  
 WHO'D COME RIGHT BACK FOR MORE?  
 DID HE LEAVE ME FOR ANOTHER ONE  
 AND THROW ME ON THE FLOOR?

ALL ONSTAGE STUDENTS

WE'RE THE NEW TWENTY-TEN!  
 PECKING ORDER'S HERE AGAIN!  
 PARTIES, PANTIES, BECKONING!  
 GET US OUR OF HERE!  
 GET US OUT OF HERE!

NERDS ARE LOW IN OUR STOCK!  
 BUT WE'VE GOT THE SMARTEST JOCK!  
 REGGIE, REGGIE, LIKE A ROCK!  
 GET US OUR OF HERE!  
 GET US OUT OF HERE!

(*CHRISTY exits.*)

TOMMY

So get this: Since football preseason started, Reggie hasn't shown up to a single practice. Coach says he has health problems.

BILLY

Reggie has health problems?

TOMMY

Yeah. He's like, sick and can't get out of bed or something.

BILLY

Ha! What a faker. Hey, Jimmy, have you talked to Reggie lately?

JIMMY

Yeah.

JENNY

Oh my god, did somebody mention Reggie?

LIZZIE

Reggie? I haven't seen him all summer! Where is he, Jimmy?

JIMMY

Well, guys, I don't think Reggie's feeling too good.

JENNY

Really?

BILLY

He's road tripping with Christy, isn't he?

TOMMY

Oooh, Reggie in the back seat of his car in the moonlight!

*(TOMMY thrusts HIS hips. ALL laugh.)*

JIMMY

No, no, I tell you, he's really not feeling good.

JENNY

Why not?

JIMMY

I don't know. But when I called him, he sounded really sick. His voice was all nervous and tired sounding. Then he said he had to go somewhere. Said it was urgent, and he just hung up!

*(THE GIRLS cover THEIR mouths and say things like "oh my god" and "really?")*

TOMMY

Hey, I know what I would do if I was in the heat of the moment and Jimmy calls *my* ass!

JIMMY

Let's not jump to conclusions here.

TOMMY

I ain't jumping to conclusions! I'm just stating the facts.

JENNY

Oh, shut up, Tommy! If Christy were here, she would...

TOMMY

*(interrupting)*

But where is Christy, huh? I tell you, as sure as our football team is failing without its captain, something's up with those two. Now seriously, how many of us saw Christy this summer?

BILLY

Well, come to think of it...

TOMMY

And how about Reggie? How many of us saw him? See what I mean? Now, I think I've known Reggie long enough that I know what that guy likes in his free time:

*(whispering to the audience)*

Sex!

JENNY

I'll bet you Christy didn't even see Reggie once this summer!

JIMMY

Guys, guys, whatever it is, it's none of our business. So when Reggie comes, let's just not mention anything to him, okay?

BILLY

Hey look! There he is right now.

*(REGGIE enters.)*

TOMMY

Reggie! You made it! We were just talking about you!

*(JIMMY stomps on TOMMY'S foot and glares at HIM.)*

Ouch!

REGGIE

Hey, guys.

LIZZIE

How was your summer, Reggie?

REGGIE

Um...

JIMMY

*(putting HIS arm around REGGIE and leading HIM from the crowd)*

Reggie! It's so good to see you! So, how's it feel? You know, senior year and all? Are you ready to play some football?

*(slight pause)*

Look, Reggie, you probably know that Tommy's honorary captain now, but coach says you'll replace him as soon as the season starts. That's pretty good, isn't it? You looking forward to our first game?

REGGIE

Yeah. Jimmy, I need to talk to you.

JIMMY

Okay.

REGGIE

Jimmy, you're probably all wondering why you haven't seen me all summer.

JIMMY

Oh, no, we weren't wondering that at all. I mean, well, we were wondering just a little, but...

REGGIE

Jimmy, you're my best friend. If I tell you something, do you promise not to tell anybody?

JIMMY

Sure.

REGGIE

Especially Christy?

JIMMY

I promise.

*(The bell rings.)*

TOMMY

Come on, Reggie, let's go!

REGGIE

Just a second, Tommy!

*(ALL but REGGIE and JIMMY exit.)*

Okay, Jimmy. This is really embarrassing, but I've got to tell you.

*(HE pauses, unable to start).*

JIMMY

Well, what's up? What's the matter, man? How was your summer, anyway?

REGGIE

That's just the thing, Jimmy! Everyone's been asking me that. I'm gonna have to answer that question a thousand times today!

*(mockingly)*

Oh, summer was great! I hung out with my family and my girlfriend, and we played some croquet and ate chocolates, and it was just wonderful! Oh Jimmy, it's a lie! It's all a lie!

*(REGGIE buries HIS head in JIMMY'S shoulder and sobs.  
Summer Vacation.)*

HOW WAS MY SUMMER? I'LL TELL YOU WHAT:  
I HAD SOME PROBLEMS WITH MY BUTT.  
I GUESS THE FOOD WAS PRETTY BAD.  
IT MADE VACATION REALLY SAD!  
RIGHT AFTER BREAKFAST, THAT'S WHEN IT STARTS:  
THE PAINFUL, BURNING, STEAMING FARTS.  
I RUN TO THE BATHROOM IN A SWEAT,  
AND POO STARTS FLOWING BLACK AND WET!

OH, MY SUMMER, MY SUMMER VACATION!

JIMMY

HE THOUGHT MORE OF HIS POOPER THAN PARTIES, GIRLS AND FUN!

REGGIE

OH, MY SUMMER, MY SUMMER VACATION!

JIMMY

IT WOULD EXPLODE, IT WOULD SPLATTER,  
IT WOULD TRICKLE AND RUN!



REGGIE

OH, MY SUMMER, MY SUMMER VACATION!  
I SPENT IT ON THE POT.  
OH, MY SUMMER, MY SUMMER, MY SUMMER!  
WHY DID IT GO TO ROT?

I GASP AND GROAN, I HEAVE AND PUSH  
AS MORE FALLS OUT, MORE SLIME AND MUSH.  
THREE LONG HOURS I SIT IT PAIN  
AND HEAR IT FALL LIKE DROPS OF RAIN.  
THE FUMES ARE WAFTING THROUGH THE AIR  
AS I SIT MOANING ON THAT CHAIR.  
MY MOTHER CALLS ME THROUGH THE DOOR  
BUT THE ROOM IS IN A STATE OF WAR!

*(JIMMY rolls out a toilet and hands REGGIE a newspaper. REGGIE pulls down HIS pants sits on the toilet.)*

JIMMY

HE DIDN'T SPEND A NICKLE ON TICKETS TO THE FRIDAY NIGHT  
SHOWS!  
HE MIGHT NEED MORE TOILET PAPER AND MORE NU-FIT DISCREETS!  
*(REGGIE continues to make painful noises on the toilet.)*  
HE THOUGHT MORE OF HIS POOPER THAN PARTIES, GIRLS, AND FUN!  
IT WOULD EXPLODE, IT WOULD SPLATTER,  
IT WOULD TRICKLE AND RUN!

REGGIE

*(rising from the toilet and pulling up HIS pants)*  
OH, MY SUMMER, MY SUMMER VACATION!  
I SPENT IT ON THE POT.  
OH, MY SUMMER! MY SUMMER, MY SUMMER! OH, MY SUMMER!  
OH, MY SUMMER! MY SUMMER, MY SUMMER! OH, MY SUMMER!  
MY SUMMER, MY SUMMER, WHY DID IT GO TO ROT?

*(REGGIE and JIMMY start dancing around the toilet as other STUDENTS enter and join THEM. Alternatively, THEY may improvise dialogue on the topic of REGGIE'S poop.)*

REGGIE

HOW WAS MY SUMMER? I'LL TELL YOU WHAT:  
I HAD SOME PROBLEMS WITH MY BUTT.

JIMMY

I GUESS THE FOOD WAS PRETTY BAD!

REGGIE

RIGHT AFTER BREAKFAST, THAT'S WHEN IT STARTS:  
THE PAINFUL, BURNING, STEAMY FARTS.  
I RUN TO THE BATHROOM IN A SWEAT.

JIMMY

AND POO STARTS FLOWING BLACK AND WET.

REGGIE

I GASP AND GROAN, I HEAVE AND PUSH  
AS MORE FALLS OUT, MORE SLIME AND MUSH.  
FOR THREE LONG HOURS I SIT IN PAIN.  
THE FUMES ARE WAFTING THROUGH THE AIR  
AS I SIT MOAINING ON THE CHAIR.

REGGIE/JIMMY

MY MOTHER CALLS ME THROUGH THE DOOR!  
BUT THE ROOM IS IN A STATE OF WAR!

REGGIE

THEN I FELL ANOTHER SURGE!

JIMMY

MORE COMES OUT IN CHUNKY CURDS!

REGGIE

THIS CONTINUES FOR SOME TIME!

JIMMY

MORE DARK BROWN PASTE, DISGUSTING SLIME!

REGGIE

THEN I FELL ANOTHER SURGE!

JIMMY

MORE COMES OUT IN CHUNKY CURDS!

REGGIE

THIS CONTINUES FOR SOME TIME!

JIMMY

MORE DARK BROWN PASTE, DISGUSTING SLIME!

REGGIE

AND THAT IS HOW, UNFORTUNATELY, I SPENT MY SUMMER VACATION!

SCENE 2: IN THE HALLWAY

*REGGIE and CHRISTY enter from opposite sides of the stage, carrying books and backpacks.*

CHRISTY  
Reggie?

REGGIE  
Christy!

*(THEY embrace.)*

CHRISTY  
Where were you all summer? I missed you so much!

REGGIE  
Umm, well, you see, I've been meaning to talk to you about that.

REGGIE'S MOM  
*(offstage)*  
Reggie? Where are you, Reggie boy?

REGGIE  
*(cringing)*  
I'm here, Mom.

*(REGGIE'S MOM enters.)*

REGGIE'S MOM  
Oh, thank god I found you! You forgot your products, silly boy! I had to drive all the way here from work because you left them in my car. Oh, and I cleaned up those stains in the back seat!

REGGIE  
Mom!

REGGIE'S MOM  
So how's that butt?  
*(slaps REGGIE'S butt)*  
Everything all right? I said to my boss, I said, when my big boy Reggie forgets his products, bad things happen!

REGGIE  
Mom!  
*(jerks HIS head toward CHRISTY)*

REGGIE'S MOM

Oh, hi, Christy, how was your summer? Say, did Reggie ever tell you about his new lifestyle? I must say things are pretty different nowadays!

REGGIE

Mom! Please go!

REGGIE'S MOM

Oh, all right. But don't forget the discreet-fits. I left them with your friend Jimmy. Did I ever mention that you two go well together? Jimmy's such a responsible boy! So caring about his good friend Reggie! That's the kind of boy I like to trust!

REGGIE

Mom!

REGGIE'S MOM

Okay, okay, I'm going! If you need anything else, just give me a call, okay? Oh, and about those discreet-fits. They're the kind with an extra large reservoir for your load. And everyone knows my big boy Reggie has quite a load, right?

*(pinches HIS cheek)*

What's the matter, son?

REGGIE

It's not very discreet if you talk about them in front of the girlfriend!

REGGIE'S MOM

Oh, give mommy a kiss! I'll see you tonight, and don't forget to pick up the products from Jimmy!

*(SHE exits.)*

CHRISTY

Reggie, what was that all about?

REGGIE

Oh, nothing. Nothing at all. My mom's just...never mind, don't worry about it.

CHRISTY

Reggie, what was all that about an extra-large reservoir?

REGGIE

Christy, I need to tell you something. It's about why I've been away. You see, some things have happened, and I...

*(Fart sounds come suddenly from HIS pants.)*

Arrrrrrgh! Nurse! Nurse!

*(REGGIE grabs HIS butt and rushes through a door to the NURSE'S office. CHRISTY paces up to the door and puts HER ear to it.)*

NURSE

*(offstage)*

Oh, definitely a sore sphincter. A lot of action down there, huh?

CHRISTY

What the hell?

NURSE

So tell my about this boy Jimmy.

CHRISTY

So it is true!

*(SHE collapses onto a bench nearby. He's Gay.)*

ALL THESE YEARS WE'VE BEEN TOGETHER  
I HOPED FOR SOMETHING MORE.  
I THOUGHT THAT YOU'D BE THERE FOR ME  
LIKE YOU ALWAYS WERE BEFORE.  
HOW THE SHAME OF THE MOMENT CUTS ME!  
IT MAKES ME FEEL SO SORE.

*(rises)*

YOU TOOK ME FOR A PANSY MUM  
WHO'D COME RIGHT BACK FOR MORE.  
YOU LEFT ME FOR ANOTHER ONE  
AND THREW ME ON THE FLOOR!

HE'S GAY! HE IS GAY!  
HE'S GAY! HE IS GAY!  
HE'S GAY! HE IS GAY!  
MY BOYFRIEND'S GAY!

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT WHEN HE BOUGHT THOSE PANTS.  
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM THE WAY HE DANCED.  
ALL THIS TIME HE BEEN LEADING ME ON  
WITH HIS STRAIGHT-GUY LOOK AND TOUGH-GUY BRAUN!

HE'S GAY! HE IS GAY!  
HE'S GAY! HE IS GAY!

HE'S GAY! HE IS GAY!  
MY BOYFRIEND'S GAY!

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS FABULOUS STYLE.  
I SHOULD HAVE HEARD HIS LISPING ALL THE WHILE.  
HE TOLD ME, CHRISTY, LOOK! WHAT BEATIFUL FLOWERS!  
IF ONLY I HAD KNOWN IN THOSE BLISSFULL HOURS!

HE'S GAY! HE IS GAY!  
HE'S GAY! HE IS GAY!  
GAY, GAY, GAY!  
HE'S GAY!  
MY BOYFRIEND'S GAY!

I SHOUD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS DESIGNER SHOES.  
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN WHEN HE DAINTILY SIPPED HIS BOOZE.  
A MANLY MAN? I THINK NOT:  
SOMEONE'S BUTT BUDDY IS ALL I'VE GOT!

HE'S GAY! HE IS GAY!  
MY BOYFRIEND'S GAY!  
HE'S GAY! HE IS GAY!  
MY BOYFRIEND'S GAY!

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS BRIGHT BLUE EYES.  
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS FOUR-INCH SIZE.  
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM THE BASEBALL CARDS.  
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS HYUNDAI CAR.  
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS TRIM HAIRCUT.  
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS TIGHT, WHITE BUTT.  
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM PANTENE SHAMPOO.  
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS PINK TATOO.  
A SORE SPHINCTER CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING!

*(REGGIE returns from the NURSE'S office.)*

REGGIE

You're still here.

*(HE tries to touch HER.)*

CHRISTY

Oh, no you don't! Stay away from me! I heard your little conversation with the nurse in there!

REGGIE

You did?

CHRISTY

It's over between us. You hear me? Over. Now if you'll excuse me, I need to go to class!

*(SHE exits.)*

REGGIE

Did I miss something?

*(HE exits. MR. CUCKLE and MR. BRADFORD enter from opposite sides of the stage.)*

MR. BRADFORD

Off to class, Mr. Cuckle?

MR. CUCKLE

Yeah, what of it?

MR. BRADFORD

I was just making conversation.

MR. CUCKLE

Yeah, well how about you go back to your little hole and talk about feelings?

MR. BRADFORD

What do you have against me, Mr. Cuckle? I do believe people should respect their school counselor.

MR. CUCKLE

Don't talk down to me! You know that I've got a Ph.D and a couple years on you to boot!

MR. BRADFORD

Mr. Cuckle, I have often questioned your teaching qualifications.

MR. CUCKLE

Well, keep questioning them! I've got a history class to teach.

MR. BRADFORD

I sincerely hope you're not filling these kid's heads with ideas.

MR. CUCKLE

Ha! You mean the truth? Have a nice day, Mr. Bradford!

*(THEY exit.)*

## SCENE 3: IN THE CLASSROOM

*JIMMY, TOMMY, BILLY, JENNY, LIZZIE, BRADLY, and other STUDENTS are sitting at their desks. There is a large teacher's desk at the front of the classroom. MR. CUCKLE enters.*

MR. CUCKLE

Good morning, students. As you know, my name is Mr. Cuckle, and this is American History. Now, I know none of you actually care about American history, and that's understandable, given the *bullshit* that's been rammed down your throats for seventeen years. But, you see, in my class it's different. In my class you're going to learn the kind of history the grade school pansies never taught you. I expect you to stay focused, cause this is important stuff. Got that, Tommy?

TOMMY

Certainly, Mr. Cuckle.

MR. CUCKLE

Good. Now, I know your licenses say you can drive, and your popped cherries say you can screw. But that don't mean you're adults. In my opinion, you guys are just as bad as a group of grade school kids from Mrs. Honey's finger painting class. Your popped cherries don't mean nothin' to me. Is that clear, Tommy?

TOMMY

Yes, Mr. Cuckle. My popped cherry don't mean nothin' to you.

MR. CUCKLE

Good. Now, rule number one: no cell phones.

*(A cell phone goes off.)*

If anyone's cell phone goes off during class, there's a machine that will melt it into lava. Rule number two: no using the bathroom. You gotta go, you're missing out on important stuff. I can't tell you how many questions my students miss because they have to release stool that isn't half way through the duodenum yet.

*(muffled laughter)*

Tommy, what are you laughing at?

TOMMY

Nothing, Mr. Cuckle.



MR. CUCKLE

I thought so. Rule number three: don't be late. Every minute you miss of my class is a question you miss on the test. Speaking of late, Tommy, where's that dimwitted friend of yours?

TOMMY

Which one, Mr. Cuckle?

MR. CUCKLE

Don't be wise! Who's the honcho among you rhinos? The head thug who scores all them fifty-yard home runs?

BILLY

Mr. Cuckle, I think you're thinking of Reggie.

MR. CUCKLE

Was I talking to you?

BILLY

No.

MR. CUCKLE

Don't talk to me!

BILLY

Sorry.

MR. CUCKLE

Now, Tommy, where is that dumb sack of hammers?

TOMMY

I haven't seen Reggie all day, Mr. Cuckle. I think something's wrong with him.

MR. CUCKLE

Took another baseball to the crotch?

BILLY

Mr. Cuckle, we play football.

*(REGGIE enters and sits down at an empty desk.)*

MR. CUCKLE

I told you to shut up!

*(noticing REGGIE)*

Well, who do we have here, big shot? What took you so long?

REGGIE

I'll tell you after class. I've had a rough morning.

MR. CUCKLE

But we're all dying to hear your story!

*(REGGIE whispers something in MR. CUCKLE'S ear.)*

*MR. CUCKLE turns red with anger.)*

What?! Explosive diarrhea, a visit to the nurse for a swollen sphincter, and your girlfriend left you? Do you expect me to believe all that?

REGGIE

Mr. Cuckle!

MR. CUCKLE

Do you realize who you're talking to? I am Fredric A. Cuckle, who earned his Ph.D. from Bob Jones University! I am the founder of the A.A.A.A.A.!

REGGIE

What's the A.A.A.A.A.?

Mr. Cuckle: The American Association Against Affirmative Action, of course! Did you also know that I am a supporter of the NRA, a leading voice in criminal justice, a lawyer, teacher, journalist, activist, author of fifteen books, including "The Scam of American Education" and "Teachers' Lies," and you've got nothing to boast but a couple of hits to the groin and a beefy ass that blocks all the other charging rhinos, and you have the nerve to tell me, to my face, that you've got blockage in your sphincter!

REGGIE

Not blockage, Mr. Cuckle. It's just the opposite!

MR. CUCKLE

Sit down!

REGGIE

I am sitting, Mr. Cuckle!

MR. CUCKLE

Damn straight! Let's learn some history, shall we?

*(HE turns to the chalkboard and starts writing.)*

JIMMY

Mr. Cuckle, I think Reggie really needs to go!

MR. CUCKLE

Rule number two, Jimmy!

BILLY

Ha, number two!

JIMMY

Mr. Cuckle, look at him. He's turning red!

*(REGGIE yells in pain as HE runs out the door.)*

MR. CUCKLE

Some people just never learn. Take notes, cause this is important. Patrick Donson. Born 1899, perished 1953. One of the pinnacle characters of Amurrican History. Patrick Donson proposed a law throughout the West Virginia public schools that racial hierarchy be the foundation of the educational curriculum. Of course, nobody remembers Mr. Donson today, which is why we have an economic recession, global warming, and a war in the Middle East.

*(LIZZIE raises HER hand.)*

Yes?

LIZZIE

Mr. Cuckle, aren't we going to learn about, like, George Washington?

MR. CUCKLE

That hack? Let me explain something to you, Lizzie. You're not gonna like it, cause it's not like all that communist diarrhea you've been swallowing.

*(A toilet flushes backstage.)*

Girl, you've been learning the wrong kind of history. Let me tell you about when this country was young. Or should I say, back-wood and bad?

*(HE glares at the class. **Back-Wood, Bad Ol' Days.**)*

YOU WERE EDUCATED STUPID.

YOU LEARNED HISTORY THAT'S PUTRID.

ALL YOUR TEACHERS TAUGHT YOU PHONY CROCK!

THEY GAVE YOU LIES AND DOUBLE TALK!

BUT NOW YOU'RE IN FOR QUITE A SHOCK.

JUST LISTEN UP, ALL GIRLS AND JOCKS,

AND I'LL GIVE YOU A PICE OF MY BEAUTIFUL...

*(The music stops. MR CUCKLE pauses.)*

What was I saying again? Ah, yes!

YOU DON'T EVEN SEE THE TRUTH HERE.  
 YOU SHOULD LISTEN WITH A NEW EAR.  
 ALL YOUR LIFE'S BEEN SPENT HEARING LOADS AND LIES  
 FROM WORTHLESS FOOLS IN AMURRCA'S PIGSTIES!  
 DIDN'T TAKE A SECOND TO ASK HOW OR WHY,  
 DIDN'T STAND UP TO MR. HISTORY TEACHER GUY.  
 WELL, TAKE A SECOND AND LISTEN TO ME:

I'VE GOT A HISTORY LESSON TO SAY  
 FROM AMERICA'S BACK-WOOD, BAD OL' DAYS!  
 MEN WERE STRONG AND WHIPPED THEIR SLAVES.  
 THEY TAUGHT THEIR BOYS TO HATE THE GAYS.  
 WOMEN STAYED IN TO COOK THE GRITS,  
 GOT OUT FOR THE CLOTHESLINE BUT THAT'S ABOUT IT!  
 JUST HAD TO SMACK HER WHEN SHE GAVE YOU SHIT.  
 SIT HER BACK DOWN AND YOU COULD WATCH HER KNIT!  
 OH, HOW I MISS THOSE BACK-WOOD, BAD OL' DAYS!  
 OH, HOW I MISS THOSE BACK-WOOD, BAD OL' DAYS!

YOU WERE TOLD THAT JEWS WERE GOOD MEN.  
 YOU THOUGHT MEXICANS SHOULD BECOME CITIZENS.  
 YOU LEARNED ABOUT THIS NATION FROM  
 A BRAINLESS BUNCH OF NO-GOOD BUMS!  
 GIVE YOU ONE MORE YEAR AND YOU'D HAVE SUCCUMBED  
 TO A BASTARD P.C. CIRRICULUM!  
 WELL, TAKE A SECOND AND LISTEN TO ME:

I'VE GOT A HISTORY LESSON TO SAY  
 FROM AMERICA'S BACK-WOOD, BAD OL' DAYS!  
 MEN WERE STRONG AND WHIPPED THEIR SLAVES.  
 THEY TAUGHT THEIR BOYS TO HATE THE GAYS.  
 WOMEN STAYED IN TO COOK THE GRITS,  
 GOT OUT FOR THE CLOTHESLINE BUT THAT'S ABOUT IT!  
 JUST HAD TO SLAP HER WHEN SHE GAVE YOU SHIT.  
 SIT HER BACK DOWN AND YOU COULD WATCH HER KNIT!  
 OH, HOW I MISS THOSE BACK-WOOD, BAD OL' DAYS!  
 OH, HOW I MISS THOSE BACK-WOOD, BAD OL' DAYS!

You guys think you know your history? You think you're so smart, huh? Tommy More! Come on, Tommy, tell us what you know about history! It's all right, don't be shy! Impress us with your knowledge!

TOMMY

I WERE LIED TO ABOUT ABORTION!

BILLY

ABOUT ALL OF THEM WHORES CAVORTING!

JENNY

WE LEARNED TO LOVE AND LIVE WITH THOSE BLACKS!  
TO LIKE THOSE CATHOLICS AND CUT THEM SOME SLACK!

MR. CUCKLE

BUT YOU HAD NO IDEA THAT THEY'D ALL BE BACK  
TO DESTROY YOUR LIFE LIKE MANIACS!  
WELL, TAKE A SECOND AND LISTEN TO ME!

I'VE GOT A HISTORY LESSON TO SAY  
FROM AMERICA'S BACK-WOOD, BAD OL' DAYS!  
I'VE GOT A HISTROY LESSON TO GIVE  
THAT WILL OPEN YOUR EYES AND TEACH YOU TO LIVE!  
I'VE GOT A HISTROY LESSON TO SAY  
FROM AMERICA'S BACK-WOOD, BAD OL' DAYS!  
MEN WERE STRONG AND WHIPPED THEIR SLAVES!

ALL STUDENTS

MEN WERE STRONG AND WHIPPED THEIR SLAVES!

MR. CUCKLE

THEY TAUGHT THEIR BOYS TO HATE THE GAYS!

ALL STUDENTS

HATE THE GAYS!

MR. CUCKLE/STUDENTS

WOMEN STAYED IN TO COOK THE GRITS,  
GOT OUT FOR THE CLOTHESLINE BUT THAT'S ABOUT IT!  
JUST HAD TO SLAP HER WHEN SHE GAVE YOU SHIT.  
SIT HER BACK DOWN AND YOU COULD WATCH HER KNIT!  
OH, HOW I MISS THOSE BACK-WOOD, BAD OL' DAYS!  
OH, HOW I MISS THOSE BACK-WOOD, BAD OL' DAYS!

*(REGGIE enters and walks toward HIS desk as EVERYBODY  
watches.)*

OH HOW I MISS THOSE BACK-WOOD, BAD OL'  
DAYS! BACK-WOOD, BAD OL' DAYS!

MR. CUCKLE

Well, Mr. Fecal Incontinence is back!

REGGIE

Mr. Cuckle, it wasn't a lie. I really do have a problem. Just ask Jimmy.

MR. CUCKLE

And what would Jimmy know about that?

REGGIE

I'd rather not say it in front of the class, Mr. Cuckle.

MR. CUCKLE

Since when was Jimmy so familiar with your sphincter?

*(The STUDENTS laugh. REGGIE beckons MR. CUCKLE to come closer and whispers something in HIS ear.)*

MR. CUCKLE

Oh, so Jimmy has your products, huh? And what's this you're telling me about an extra large

*(in a French accent)*

reservoir?

*(STUDENTS laugh)*

REGGIE

Mr. Cuckle, you don't understand!

MR. CUCKLE

You tell me you've got a problem. You've got a problem all right! That's why I'm sending you to Counselor Bradford!

REGGIE

But Mr. Cuckle...

MR. CUCKLE

Get out of my classroom! And don't come back!

*(REGGIE exits.)*

SCENE 4: THE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE

*MR. BRADFORD is seated at his desk. A knock is heard.*

MR. BRADFORD

Come in.

*(REGGIE enters.)*

Ah, hello Reggie! What brings you to my office?

REGGIE

Mr. Cuckle sent me.

MR. BRADFORD

Why's that?

REGGIE

Well, I'm not sure. I think it has something to do with the fact that he hates football players.

MR. BRADFORD

Oh, never mind Mr. Cuckle! He's a jerk! The only reason he keeps his job is because he blows the principal. At least that's how I keep mine. But anyway, what happened in the classroom?

REGGIE

I guess I was disrupting class a bit.

MR. BRADFORD

How so?

REGGIE

I had to use the bathroom.

MR. BRADFORD

Ah, Mr. Cuckle doesn't like that.

REGGIE

I know, but I couldn't help it! I can't control myself.

MR. BRADFORD

Reggie, the problem of fecal incontinence is easily solved. Might I recommend discreet fits with...

REGGIE

*(taking over)*

With an extra large reservoir, I know! My mom brought me a pack this morning.

MR. BRADFORD

Well, then. It seems you've solved the problem.

REGGIE

Mr. Bradford, it isn't just that. There are a million other things.

MR. BRADFORD

Like what?

REGGIE

My self-esteem! My girlfriend! I'm embarrassed no matter where I go!

MR. BRADFORD

Christy understands, doesn't she?

REGGIE

That's just the thing. She left me today.

MR. BRADFORD

Oh my.

REGGIE

I didn't see her all summer. I couldn't even get out of my room, because I never knew when I would have an accident. Then Christy would text me: "Wanna hang out?" or "Come to my house!" What was I supposed to say? "No, I can't visit you, I might have explosive diarrhea in front of your parents!" Do you know how embarrassing that would be?

*(MR. BRADFORD nods)*

I can't spend five minutes outside of my house without a fresh pack of diapers. And then today Christy comes to her senses and realizes she doesn't want to be with a guy who can't control when he takes a shit. I mean, how can you depend on somebody who can't shit right? I was so excited to see her again and explain everything. I guess she found out before I had a chance.

MR. BRADFORD

I know how you feel.

REGGIE

I don't think you do.



MR. BRADFORD

You have an embarrassing secret. I was the same way when I was eighteen. Agoraphobia, they call it. Just a fancy word for fear of being in public.

REGGIE

I bet it wasn't fecal incontinence, though!

MR. BRADFORD

No, but I was a closet homosexual. I couldn't take one step outside my door without worrying that my secret would come out. Reggie, I've gone through this, and I feel your pain. I can help you.

REGGIE

I don't know, Mr. Bradford...

*(MR. BRADFORD gets up from HIS desk. **Gotta Come Out.**)*

MR. BRADFORD

YOU CARRY A BURDEN DEEP WITHIN YOU,  
A SECRET THAT WANTS TO GET OUT.  
IT WEIGHS DOWN YOUR GUT, WAITING TO SPEW.  
AND THEN YOUR FRIENDS ALL SEE IT SPOUT!  
YOU COVER UP YOUR FACE, CRY TO YOUR GOD,  
WHY DIDN'T IT JUST STAY IN?  
YOU GAWK AT YOUR SHAME, THAT THICK BROWN WAD.  
BUT YOUR FRIEND TURNS AWAY TO HIDE HIS CRINGE!

REGGIE

I REALIZE I'VE LIVED MY LIFE INSIDE A DARK BLACK TUNNEL.  
BUT WHAT TO DO?  
THE END IS NARROW LIKE A FUNNEL,  
AND MY INSIDES STEW!  
*(HE grabs HIS butt in pain.)*  
ANGER BOILS IN BIG BROWN CHUNKS  
AS I FEEL THE DROPS!  
SWEAT DRIPS DOWN ME, PUSHING THE LUMPS.  
AND THEN, HOLY SHIT! IT PLOPS...

GOTTA COME OUT, IT'S GOTTA COME OUT,  
IT'S GOTTA COME OUT RIGHT NOW!  
GOTTA COME OUT, IT'S GOTTA COME OUT,  
GOTTA COME OUT! GOTTA COME OUT!

MR. BRADFORD  
GOTTA COME OUT, IT'S GOTTA COME OUT,  
IT'S GOTTA COME OUT RIGHT NOW!  
GOTTA COME OUT, IT'S GOTTA COME OUT,  
GOTTA COME OUT! GOTTA COME OUT!

REGGIE  
GOTTA COME OUT, IT'S GOTTA COME OUT,  
IT'S GOTTA COME OUT RIGHT NOW!

*(REGGIE rushes behind MR. BRADFORD'S desk. Poop noises  
are heard.)*

MR. BRADFORD  
I REALIZE THAT I HAVE LIED TO MY FRIENDS AND FAMILY!

REGGIE  
*(extremely painful, from behind the desk)*  
BUT WHAT TO DO?

MR. BRADFORD  
I STAND THERE DUMB AND HELPLESS, STAMMERING!

REGGIE  
MY INSIDES STEW!

MR. BRADFORD  
I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT I'M GOING TO SAY!

REGGIE  
AS I FELL THE DROPS!

MR. BRADFORD  
PERSPIRATION AS I TELL THEM I'M GAY!

REGGIE  
AND THEN, HOLY SHIT! IT PLOPS...

MR. BRADFORD  
GOTTA COME OUT, IT'S GOTTA COME OUT,  
IT'S GOTTA COME OUT RIGHT NOW!

REGGIE  
GOTTA COME OUT, IT'S GOTTA COME OUT,  
GOTTA COME OUT!

MR. BRADFORD  
GOTTA COME OUT!

GOTTA COME OUT, IT'S GOTTA COME OUT,  
IT'S GOTTA COME OUT RIGHT NOW!

REGGIE  
GOTTA COME OUT, IT'S GOTTA COME OUT,  
IT CAME OUT!

MR. BRADFORD  
I'M COMING OUT!

*(REGGIE grabs some papers from the desk and starts  
wiping HIS butt).*

MR. BRADFORD  
Oh, no, not that! That's Tommy's report card! Oh, and that's the  
book I'm publishing! And that...

REGGIE  
Gay for pay?

MR. BRADFORD  
You weren't supposed to see that.

REGGIE  
Oh, Mr. Bradford. What am I going to do?

MR. BRADFORD  
Come here, Reggie.  
*(THEY join arms and start waltzing to the music.)*  
Reggie, just remember that it's gotta come out. Every last bit!

REGGIE  
You're so understanding, Mr. Bradford! I think you'll have to  
get a new desk, though. I tried to get it mostly in the drawer,  
but I think some spilled out onto the chair.

MR. BRADFORD  
Don't worry. It's not the first time someone has pooped on that  
desk.

REGGIE  
Okay.  
*(pause)*  
Mr. Bradford, were those your insurance papers in that drawer?

MR. BRADFORD

Actually, it was my birth certificate and passport. But don't worry about it! Remember, it's gotta come out!

REGGIE

You know what I'm going to do after this, Mr. Bradford?

MR. BRADFORD

What?

REGGIE

I'm going to go up to Christy and make everything right. Maybe I've lost her as a girlfriend, but she has to understand that I can't help myself!

MR. BRADFORD

That's the attitude, Reggie!

REGGIE

HOW WAS MY SUMMER? I'LL TELL YOU WHAT!

MR. BRADFORD

HOW WAS IT, REGGIE?

REGGIE

I HAD SOME PROBLEMS WITH MY BUTT!  
PERISTALSIS WILL BRING OUT THE COURAGE THAT'S WITHIN ME!

MR. BRADFORD

BUT WHAT TO DO?

REGGIE

I SHALL TRUST THE SPHINCTER'S DECREE!

MR. BRADFORD

MY INSTIDES STEW!

REGGIE

IT SHALL FLOW FROM ME, HEART AND SOUL!

MR. BRADFORD

AS I FELL THE DROPS!

REGGIE

SECRETS FROM CAVERNS SHALL ENTER THE BOWL!  
AND THEN, HOLY SHIT! IT PLOPS...

MR. BRADFORD/REGGIE

GOTTA COME OUT, IT'S GOTTA COME OUT,  
IT'S GOTTA COME OUT RIGHT NOW!  
GOTTA COME OUT, IT'S GOTTA COME OUT,  
GOTTA COME OUT! GOTTA COME OUT!

*(CHRISTY enters. SHE, REGGIE, and MR. BRADFORD sing together facing the audience.)*

MR. BRADROD/REGGIE	CHRISTY
GOTTA COME OUT, IT'S GOTTA COME OUT,	I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS BRIGHT BLUE EYES.
IT'S GOTTA COME OUT RIGHT NOW!	I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS FOUR-INCH SIZE.
GOTTA COME OUT, IT'S GOTTA COME OUT,	I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM THE BASEBALL CARDS.
GOTTA COME OUT! GOTTA COME OUT!	I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS HYUNDAI CAR.
GOTTA COME OUT, IT'S GOTTA COME OUT,	I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS TRIM HAIRCUT.
IT'S GOTTA COME OUT RIGHT NOW!	I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS TIGHT, WHITE BUTT.
GOTTA COME OUT, IT'S GOTTA COME OUT,	I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM PANTENE SHAMPOO.
GOTTA COME OUT! GOTTA COME OUT!	I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS PINK TATOO.
GOTTA COME OUT, IT'S GOTTA COME OUT,	I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS BRIGHT BLUE EYES.
IT'S GOTTA COME OUT RIGHT NOW!	I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS FOUR-INCH SIZE.
GOTTA COME OUT, IT'S GOTTA COME OUT,	I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM THE BASEBALL CARDS.
GOTTA COME OUT! GOTTA COME OUT!	I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS HYUNDAI CAR.
GOTTA COME OUT, IT'S GOTTA COME OUT,	I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS TRIM HAIRCUT.
IT'S GOTTA COME OUT RIGHT NOW!	I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS TIGHT, WHITE BUTT.
GOTTA COME OUT, IT'S GOTTA COME OUT,	I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM PANTENE SHAMPOO.
GOTTA COME OUT! GOTTA COME OUT!	I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM HIS PINK TATOO.
	A SORE SPHINCTER CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING!

*End of Act 1*

ACT 2

*Intermezzo.*

SCENE 1: IN THE GYM

*JENNY, LIZZIE, and BRADLEY are practicing THEIR cheerleading routine, in uniform, with pom-poms.*

LIZZIE

Right foot over left, arms in the air, and shake those pom-poms!

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY

Cougars, cougars, fight to win!  
Cougars, cougars, don't give in!  
Go cougars!

BRADLEY

What do we do now?

JENNY

Christy was going to come and give us the next part of the routine. Where is she?

BRADLEY

She broke up with Reggie today.

JENNY

What?!

BRADLEY

Oh my god, didn't you hear?

JENNY

Christy broke up with Reggie?

BRADLEY

Yeah! I thought the whole school knew that!

JENNY

But they were so cute together!

BRADLEY

I know, but now Christy thinks Reggie's a loser because he has problems pooping!

JENNY

That's so sad!

BRADLEY

I know, but now he's single!

LIZZIE

Hey, look! It's Reggie! Hey, Reggie!

*(REGGIE enters.)*

REGGIE

Hey girls!

JENNY

I'm sorry to hear about your problem...down there.

REGGIE

Oh, it's okay! I've got my diapers with me. Mr. Bradford says my secret's just gotta come out, and everything will be okay! I've also heard they're the best adult diapers available, because they hold up to six pounds and they seal automatically. They don't smell or nothing, because the reservoir is made from three layers of strong plastic!

*(pause)*

Well, see ya.

*(CHRISTY enters. REGGIE turns around to walk away and bumps into HER.)*

Christy?

CHRISTY

So you're joining the cheerleading team now?

REGGIE

No, I was just on my way...

CHRISTY

Where? Mr. Bradford's office?

REGGIE

The locker room.

CHRISTY

Oh. The locker room. Is that where you enjoy all that...

REGGIE

All that what?

CHRISTY

All that stuff in your...

REGGIE

What? No, of course not! Why would I enjoy...

CHRISTY

Don't tell me it just hits you without any warning!

REGGIE

But it does!

CHRISTY

And then next thing you know you're all sore and stretched out!

REGGIE

Yeah, it's terrible!

CHRISTY

Well maybe if you'd quit asking for it...

REGGIE

What? Christy, I don't know what to say. Who would ever ask for it?

CHRISTY

So why do you like it so much?

REGGIE

I feel terrible every time it happens! It's the worst, don't you get it?

CHRISTY

Oh, so now you regret what you've done!

REGGIE

No! What is there to regret? I don't understand!

CHRISTY

Reggie! Your ass is loaded every single night!

REGGIE

But I can't control myself! You hear me? There's nothing I can do!

CHRISTY

I thought I loved you. I thought we had something together, but you know what? I was wrong. Those three years didn't mean anything to you. Well, Reggie, you don't have to keep secrets from me anymore, because I'm never speaking to you ever again!



*(SHE starts crying and exits.)*

REGGIE

How do I make things right between us?

JENNY

It's okay, Reggie. Maybe she never was the girl for you.

LIZZIE

Yeah! If she left you because you can't control your poop, then there's something wrong with her.

REGGIE

*(groaning)*

I don't know.

JENNY

Reggie, you're still a great guy!

REGGIE

No I'm not!

LIZZIE

Just forget about Christy. Everybody else loves you!

BRADLEY

I love you!

REGGIE

I really don't think...

JENNY

We appreciate you for who you are!

REGGIE

Thanks, but...

LIZZIE

We'll be cheering you on tonight like we never cheered before!

*(SHE grabs REGGIE by the hand and leads HIM forward.  
Captain of the Football Team.)*

THE CAPTAIN OF THE FOOTBALL TEAM'S A FIRST-RATE GUY,  
AND WHEN HE IS AS NICE AS YOU, I'D SAY HE'S A PRIZE!  
YOU'VE GOT A GENTLE HEART AND A SENSITIVE SOUL.  
DOESN'T MATTER IF YOUR BATHROOM TIME IS OUT OF CONTROL!

JENNY

YOU'RE CHARMING AND YOU'RE FUNNY, YOU'RE HANDSOME AND TALL,  
EVEN IF YOU CLOG UP ALL THE TOILETS IN THE STALLS.  
YOU DON'T ALWAYS HIT THE BOWL, BUY HEY, THAT'S ALL RIGHT!  
CAUSE WE ALL LOVE YOU, REGGIE, YOU'RE THE SENSITIVE TYPE!

BRADLEY

WHAT IS THERE FOR A GIRL NOT TO LIKE...

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY

IN A HANDSOME GUY LIKE YOU?

BRADLEY

WHAT IS THERE FOR A GIRL NOT TO LIKE...

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY

IN A GENTLE GUY LIKE YOU?

BRADLEY

WHAT IS THERE FOR A GIRL NOT TO LIKE  
IN SUCH A LOVING GUY AS YOU?

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY

LOVE, BRAINS, FEELINGS AND FUN,  
ALL THAT GIRLS LOOK FOR IN A PLUM!  
JUST BE YOURSELF AND SHOW US ALL THAT YOU'VE GOT.

JENNY

WHOA, THAT'S A LOT!

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY

IT'S ALL ABOUT YOU, REGGIE, REGGIE, REGGIE!

JENNY

REGGIE!

LIZZIE

REGGIE!

BRADLEY

REGGIE!

LIZZIE

IF YOUR HEART CAN BEAT AND LOVE ME  
THEN I KNOW YOU'RE STRONG!

JENNY

IF YOUR HEAD IS HIGH AND YOUR SHOULDERS WIDE,  
AND YOU'RE REALLY LONG...

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY

THEN NOTHING ELSE MATTERS!  
YOU'RE GOOD ENOUGH FOR US!

*(BRADLEY jumps on REGGIE'S back as JENNY and LIZZIE  
twirl REGGIE around.)*

LIZZIE

MAYBE YOU'RE ASHAMED OF IT, BUT A GIRL SHOULDN'T MIND.  
CAUSE YOU DON'T NEED TO WORRY WHEN IT COMES OUT BEHIND.  
JUST SIT DOWN ON THE POT AND LET IT FLY AWAY!  
DROP IT TO THE BOTTOM, LET IT OUT ALL THE DAY!

JENNY

A GIANT POOPER'S SO ROMANTIC, DREAMY AND HOT!  
EVERY TIME WE CHEER YOU ON YOU SHOW US WHAT YOU'VE GOT!  
YOU'LL HOLD US AND PROTECTS US, WE'LL BE IN YOUR ARMS.  
CAUSE YOU'VE GOT ALL IT TAKES, YOU GOT THE MOVES AND THE  
CHARMS!

BRADLEY

WHAT IS THERE FOR A GIRL NOT TO LIKE?  
NOT TO LIKE?

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY

LOVE, BRAINS, FEELINGS AND FUN,  
ALL THAT GIRLS LOOK FOR IN A PLUM!  
JUST BE YOURSELF AND SHOW US ALL THAT YOU'VE GOT.

JENNY

WHOA, THAT'S A LOT!

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY

IT'S ALL ABOUT YOU, REGGIE, REGGIE, REGGIE!

JENNY

REGGIE!

LIZZIE

REGGIE!

BRADLEY

REGGIE!

LIZZIE  
IF YOUR HEART CAN BEAT AND LOVE ME  
THEN I KNOW YOU'RE STRONG!

JENNY  
IF YOUR HEAD IS HIGH AND YOUR SHOULDERS WIDE,  
AND YOU'RE REALLY LONG...

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY  
THEN NOTHING ELSE MATTERS!  
YOU'RE GOOD ENOUGH FOR US!

LIZZIE  
THE CAPTAIN OF THE FOOTBALL TEAM'S A FIRST RATE GUY!

JENNY  
AND WHEN HE IS AS NICE AS YOU, I'D SAY HE'S A PRIZE!

BRADLEY  
WHAT IS THERE FOR A GIRL NOT TO LIKE...

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY  
IN A HANDSOME GUY LIKE YOU?

BRADLEY  
WHAT IS THERE FOR A GIRL NOT TO LIKE...

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY  
IN A GENTLE GUY LIKE YOU?

BRADLEY  
WHAT IS THERE FOR A GIRL NOT TO LIKE  
IN SUCH A LOVING GUY AS YOU?

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY  
NOTHING ELSE MATTERS! YOU'RE GOOD ENOUGH FOR US!

REGGIE  
Oh, no, watch out, here it comes!  
*(farts long and loud)*  
Ah, false alarm. It was just a fart.

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY  
Ewww!!!

*(JENNY, LIZZIE, and BRADLEY run off in disgust.)*

REGGIE

But...wait...

*(pause)*

Oh, no! They'll never accept me!

*(HE faces the audience. Reggie's Lament.)*

PEOPLE TURN THEIR HEADS AWAY.

THEY SHRINK FROM WHO I AM.

DON'T EVEN SEE THE GOOD IN ME,

HOW I TRY AND TRY AGAIN.

I should just go live in the bathroom where I belong. Nobody appreciates me, I'm so worthless. Nobody would care if I don't show up to the game today.

*(HE exits, muttering to HIMSELF.)*

SCENE 2: IN THE HALLWAY

*CHRISTY and BILLY enter, giggling and flirting.*

CHRISTY

Oh Billy, you're so funny! Why can't Reggie be more like you?

BILLY

Just the way god made me, I guess.

CHRISTY

*(laughs)*

You're such studly man!

*(SHE grabs HIS shoulder and feels HIS chest.)*

BILLY

Not so fast, sis! Isn't this a bit soon after your breakup?

CHRISTY

It's never too soon for you, Billy!

BILLY

I'm not sure I feel comfortable swooping down on my good friend's girl so soon!

CHRISTY

Oh, shut up! Here's number. Call me after the game! I'll be expecting you!

*(SHE hands BILLY a piece of paper. BILLY exits.)*

Ah, I guess life gets better after all! Although Reggie was such a wonderful guy.

*(MR. CUCKLE enters and walks up to HER slowly, unnoticed.)*

So tall and handsome, so well built, such strong arms, wide shoulders, such a beautiful...Uggh! I'm not going to think about that.

MR. CUCKLE

Not going to think about what?

CHRISTY

*(startled)*

What do you want?

MR. CUCKLE

Thoughts of Reggie getting to your head?

CHRISTY

No!

MR. CUCKLE

Well, that's odd, because I saw you hugging him like he was your own grandpa earlier!

CHRISTY

Mr. Cuckle, I need to go to class.

MR. CUCKLE

Don't you want to hear what Reggie told me?

CHRISTY

Not really.

MR. CUCKLE

It wasn't much. He just mentioned something about an extra large reservoir. Do you know anything about that?

CHRISTY

Ugh, that is so disgusting!

MR. CUCKLE

Exactly! Christy, there's a lot of filth in this world. People choose to indulge in lives of debauchery and sin. Our government sponsors perversion and our schools encourage young girls to be whores. We see premarital sex, pagan religious practice, environmentalism...

CHRISTY

Mr. Cuckle, I need to go to class.

MR. CUCKLE

Christy, do you know what the biggest problem with our society is today?

*(pause)*

The problem is the gays.

*(HE eyes the audience suspiciously.)*

That's right. It's the gays. Now I don't want to shock you or anything, but I've noticed some very strange behavior in your boyfriend.

CHRISTY

I told you, he's not my boyfriend anymore. We broke up today.

MR. CUCKLE

Aha! At last, one miserable soul at Cougar High knows what good for her! Someone finally resists the vast conspiracy and indoctrination tactics!

CHRISTY

Yeah. I gotta go.

*(MR. BRADFORD enters.)*

MR. CUCKLE

And you're aware of the liars that surround you...

*(noticing MR. BRADFORD)*

Why, hello, Mr. Bradford!

MR. BRADFORD

Hello, Mr. Cuckle. Christy, how has your first day of school been?

CHRISTY

Don't talk to me!

*(SHE exits.)*

MR. BRADFORD

A little moody today, isn't she?

MR. CUCKLE

Well, wouldn't you be moody if you found out your boyfriend was an ass pirate?

MR. BRADFORD

I beg your pardon?

MR. CUCKLE

You know, an ass pirate. Someone who likes it in the ass.

MR. BRADFORD

Ah! Well, in my case, I don't think that would bother me. Mr. Cuckle, watch your language!

MR. CUCKLE

Right.

*(Pause. THEY shuffle THIER feet, look at THIER watches.)*

Mr. Bradford, do you think our boys will lose the basketball game today?



MR. BRADFORD

You mean the football game?

MR. CUCKLE

Yeah, the football game.

MR. CUCKLE

With Reggie as their captain, not a chance.

MR. CUCKLE

Really? I'm not so sure.

MR. BRADFORD

Our team has a perfect winning record. And we're the best in the district. Now if you'll excuse me, I have a meeting with a student.

*(MR. BRADFORD starts walking away.)*

MR. CUCKLE

How much?

MR. BRADFORD

I'm sorry?

MR. CUCKLE

How much you wanna bet on it?

MR. BRADFORD

You'd be willing to bet anything?

*(MR. BRADFORD pokes the inside of HIS mouth with HIS tongue.)*

MR. CUCKLE

How about five hundred dollars?

MR. BRADFORD

Oh, I thought you were talking about something else. Yes, five hundred dollars should do quite nicely.

MR. CUCKLE

*(extending HIS hand)*

Is it a deal?

MR. BRADFORD

My condolences in advance. It's a deal.

*(THEY shake hands and exit.)*

## SCENE 3: THE LOCKER ROOM

*There is a bathroom stall and several lockers. Dirty clothes and towels are lying around. TOMMY and BILLY enter.*

BILLY

So where do you suppose he is?

TOMMY

Last time I saw Reggie, he was with those cheerleaders. He'd better come!

BILLY

Think he's hitting on Lizzie? I mean, with the whole Christy thing over?

TOMMY

How should I know?

BILLY

What about me? Do you think Christy would go for me?

TOMMY

Hell no! You can't even bench press 150 pounds!

BILLY

She doesn't mind that!

TOMMY

Of course she does. All girls do!

BILLY

Ha! Well, I just got her number.

TOMMY

What? No you didn't!

BILLY

*(takes out the number)*

Right here. We're going to meet up after the game!

TOMMY

Man, how'd you manage that?

BILLY

Is somebody jealous?

TOMMY

No!

BILLY

Aw, cheer up! Just remember, you've always got me!

*(HE slaps TOMMY'S butt.)*

TOMMY

Ow! Billy, don't you ever slap my ass again!

*(BILLY slaps TOMMY'S butt again.)*

I'm warning you!

*(BILLY slaps TOMMY'S butt again, and TOMMY slaps BILLY'S. A back-and-forth ensues, and JIMMY enters holding a wet towel. Other FOOTBALL PLAYERS enter.)*

JIMMY

Whoa, guys! Let's get organized here. Circle up!

*(JIMMY cracks the towel loudly on the floor as the FOOTBALL PLAYERS form a circle. **The Butt Slap Ballet.**)*

RIGHT HAND TO SOUTHEAST CHEEK!  
LEFT HAND TO NORTHWEST CHEEK!  
RIGHT HAND TO NORTHEAST CHEEK  
LEFT HAND TO SOUTHWEST CHEEK  
AND SLAP YOUR NEIGHBOR'S RED CABOOSE!

RIGHT HAND TO SOUTHEAST CHEEK!  
LEFT HAND TO NORTHWEST CHEEK!  
RIGHT HAND TO NORTHEAST CHEEK  
LEFT HAND TO SOUTHWEST CHEEK  
AND SLAP YOUR NEIGHBOR'S RED CABOOSE!

*(The FOOTBALL PLAYERS do a dance with lots of butt-slapping.)*

RIGHT HAND TO SOUTHEAST CHEEK!  
LEFT HAND TO NORTHWEST CHEEK!  
RIGHT HAND TO NORTHEAST CHEEK  
LEFT HAND TO SOUTHWEST CHEEK  
AND SLAP YOUR NEIGHBOR'S RED CABOOSE!

RIGHT HAND TO SOUTHEAST CHEEK!  
LEFT HAND TO NORTHWEST CHEEK!  
RIGHT HAND TO NORTHEAST CHEEK  
LEFT HAND TO SOUTHWEST CHEEK!  
SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP!  
SLAP YOUR NEIGHBOR'S RED CABOOSE!

*(All FOOTBALL PLAYERS except JIMMY, TOMMY, and BILLY exit.)*

Warm up starts in five minutes. Looks like we'll have to get ready without Reggie.

TOMMY

Hey, Jimmy, I think there's someone in this stall.

JIMMY

What?

*(knocks on the stall door)*

Hey, Reggie, is that you? Come on out, man, it's almost game time!

TOMMY

He's not coming out, Jimmy!

JIMMY

I can see that, Tommy! Hey Billy, try talking to Reggie and see if you can get him to come out.

BILLY

What should I say?

JIMMY

I don't know, anything!

BILLY

*(knocks on the stall door)*

Hey Reggie, we need you to win this game. I mean, you gotta come out, man, you just gotta!

JIMMY

Gotta come out!

BILLY

That's right!

TOMMY

What if it's not Reggie in there?

JIMMY

Of course it's Reggie.

TOMMY

(to BILLY)

Want to knock down the door and find out?

BILLY

Let's do it. Ready? One, two, three!

(TOMMY and BILLY knock down the stall door. MR. CUCKLE is sitting on the toilet with a video camera).

JIMMY

Mr. Cuckle?!

(MR. CUCKLE laughs.)

What the hell is he doing there?

TOMMY

I think he's pooping.

JIMMY

With his pants up?

(pulling MR. CUCKLE off the toilet)

Get off of there! What did you do with Reggie?

MR. CUCKLE

Nothing.

JIMMY

Mr. Cuckle, hand over Reggie right now!

MR. CUCKLE

(laughing)

Have I ever told you boys how much you amuse me?

JIMMY

What's so amusing about us?

MR. CUCKLE

How do you figure a crotchety old man like me would do something with your captain?

JIMMY

Mr. Cuckle, we know you have him. Where else could he be?

MR. CUCKLE

I don't know, but it looks like you boys'll just have to play ball one tub of lard short. How does it feel, though? What do you do when a guy lets you down like this?

TOMMY

Reggie would never let us down! Never!

MR. CUCKLE

I can see that. He finds time for you boys in the midst of bathroom schedules, diapers, reservoirs...but I digress. Which one of you rocket scientists is going to ask me what I'm doing on the crapper with a video camera?

BILLY

Mr. Cuckle, what are doing you on the crapper?

TOMMY

With a video camera?

MR. CUCKLE

Excellent question, boys! Let's just say it's a matter of business.

JIMMY

What sort of business?

MR. CUCKLE

Oh, a small detail. A bet I made with Mr. Bradford.

JIMMY

Why the video camera?

MR. CUCKLE

Let me put it this way, Jimmy. I could leave this cinematic masterpiece in my office for the rest of the day, or I could broadcast it at the game.

*(HE takes out the tape and waves it in front of JIMMY'S face).*

TOMMY

You video tape yourself on the toilet?

JIMMY

No, Tommy, he video taped us! And now he's black mailing us! All right, Mr. Cuckle, what's your price?

MR. CUCKLE

Lose.

JIMMY

You're joking, right?

(MR. CUCKLE waves the tape again.)

BILLY

Jimmy, maybe we should do what he says. I mean, I don't want Christy knowing that I slapped a dude's ass!

JIMMY

Dude, seriously? You're going for Christy now? She just broke up with Reggie!

BILLY

But she's hot!

JIMMY

Whatever.

(putting his arm around MR. CUCKLE)

Now Mr. Cuckle, this place - this whole locker room - is Reggie's territory. We're the ones who make the rules here. Got that?

MR. CUCKLE

Clear as day, Jimmy.

JIMMY

Good. Now tell me, Mr. Cuckle, have you heard of Tommy's famous Red Caboose Spanking?

MR. CUCKLE

Can't say I have.

JIMMY

Well, when Tommy's hand makes contact with your ass, he doesn't make you no pansy pink caboose. He makes you a red one.

MR. CUCKLE

Ha! So this is how you deal with your problems? A Spanking?

JIMMY

Yes. Yes it is. Tommy, Billy, take him to the wall.

*(TOMMY and BILLY grab MR. CUCKLE and lead him to the back of the locker room. MR. CUCKLE'S back is to the audience.)*

MR. CUCKLE

You really think a spanking is gonna stop me?

JIMMY

Pants him!

MR. CUCKLE

*(starts struggling)*

What?

JIMMY

Standard procedure, Mr. Cuckle. We wouldn't want to do it with the pants on, would we?

MR. CUCKLE

But can't we just...

JIMMY

No we can't! The Red Caboose Spanking is always done this way. Tommy, what are you waiting for?

TOMMY

Right, boss! One Red Caboose Spanking coming right up!

MR. CUCKLE

No please!

TOMMY

Just down with the pants, and...

*(TOMMY pulls down MR. CUCKLE'S pants and starts laughing.)*

Hey guys, come see this!

JIMMY

What now, Tommy?

TOMMY

Mr. Cuckle's got a one-inch frankfurter!

MR. CUCKLE

No! It's not true!



JIMMY

What?

*(HE rushes over to see.)*

BILLY

It's like a little baby carrot!

JIMMY

Anybody have a microscope? I can hardly see it!

MR. CUCKLE

Please, boys!

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY

*(chanting)*

One-inch wiener! One-inch wiener! One-inch wiener!

MR. CUCKLE

Oh, please stop! Let me out of here! You win!

JIMMY

Forget the spanking, Tommy! I say we take a picture of that little man!

TOMMY

One picture of Mr. Cuckle's wiener, coming right up!

*(TOMMY takes out his phone and takes a picture.)*

MR. CUCKLE

*(pulling up his pants)*

You aren't going to show that to anybody, are you?

JIMMY

Maybe we will, and maybe we won't.

MR. CUCKLE

Oh, please don't! I won't play the tape! I'll do anything you say!

JIMMY

Anything? Alright. First, swear on your dick's sorry little midget life that you won't play the tape!

MR. CUCKLE

I swear!

JIMMY

In fact, hand it over right now.

MR. CUCKLE

My dick?

JIMMY

No, the tape.

MR. CUCKLE

Here!

*(HE throws the tape at JIMMY.)*

JIMMY

Oh, and one more thing. We need someone to announce our names at the game.

MR. CUCKLE

Fine! Just don't show that picture!

BILLY

Mr. Cuckle, why are you so embarrassed about having a small penis?

MR. CUCKLE

Oh, it's terrible! You don't know the half of it.

JIMMY

What's it like? Easy to lug around, I'll bet?

BILLY

So that's why you wear tight pants!

MR. CUCKLE

Oh, it's so much worse than that!

JIMMY

Tell us, Mr. Cuckle. We're all friends here.

MR. CUCKLE

No, I can't!

JIMMY

Don't forget the picture.

*(MR. CUCKLE groans. A Seven-Inch Schlonker.)*

MR. CUCKLE

SOME PEOPLE ASK ME HOW I GOT THIS WAY,  
HOW IT ALL BEGAN.  
SOME PEOPLE LOOK AT WHO I AM TODAY,  
THIS PERVERSE, STRANGE OLD MAN.  
DEEP DOWN I KNOW MY TROUBLES ALL BEGAN  
SO VERY LONG AGO.

SEVENTH GRADE, RIGHT AFTER P.E. CLASS,  
IN THE LOCKER ROOM,  
THE JOCKS UNDRESS AND REMOVE THEIR JOCKSTRAPS.  
THEY'RE LARGER THAN BASSOONS!  
ARE YOU JUST BIG OR AM I MINISCULE?  
AND WHO'S THE ODD ONE OUT?

AM I SUPPOSED TO HANG THIS WAY?  
DO I HAVE ANY CHANCE?  
WOULD IT HINDER ME FROM TAKING  
SUZY TO THE FRIDAY DANCE?  
MY MOTHER NEVER TOLD ME I  
WAS DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHER BOYS.  
I NEVER THOUGHT THAT LENGTH WOULD  
COMPROMISE MY CHILDHOOD'S MANY JOYS.  
THE JOCKS WOULD LOOK, AND THEY WOULD LAUGH.  
WE'D PLAY A GAME OF COMPARE SHAFTS.  
BUT NERDS DON'T WIN AND NERDS DO CRY,  
AND NERDS JUST WANT TO LOOK LIKE ANY OTHER GUY.  
I WISH I HAD A SEVEN-INCH SCHLONKER!

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY

OH, WHAT A MANHOOD!

MR. CUCKLE

WOULDN'T IT BE SO NICE?

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY

PUNCHING BAGS DANGLING!

MR. CUCKLE

GIRLS WOULD FLOCK FOR ME!

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY

STRAP ON THE HEIDELBERG!

MR. CUCKLE

MAYBE I'D LOSE IT  
WITH AN EIGHT-INCH SCHLONKER!

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY  
SHUT UP! YOU'RE DREAMING!

MR. CUCKLE  
ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL?

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY  
GO BACK TO VIMAX!

MR. CUCKLE  
LOOK HOW ENDOWED I AM!

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY  
SEEK OUT THE ASIANS!

BILLY  
HE'S GOT A HISTORY LESSON TO SAY  
FROM HIS OWN SCRAWNY, ONE-INCH, WEINER-WACKIN' DAYS!

MR. CUCKLE  
NINE LONG INCHES!

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY  
SHUT UP! YOU'RE DREAMING!

MR. CUCKLE  
ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL?

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY  
GO BACK TO VIMAX!

MR. CUCKLE  
LOOK HOW ENDOWED I AM!

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY  
SEEK OUT THE ASIANS!

TOMMY  
HE'S GOT A HISTORY LESSON TO GIVE  
OF A MEMBER SO SMALL IT COULD FALL THROUGH A SIEVE!

MR. CUCKLE  
TEN LONG INCHES!

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY  
GLORY OF GREEK GODS!

MR. CUCKLE  
WHERE DID THE END GO?

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY  
LOVE'S FINE MACHINE WORK!

MR. CUCKLE  
WHAT IS THIS BULDGING?

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY  
HE'S GOT IT DOWN THERE!

MR. CUCKLE  
CONCEALING A RIFLE!

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY  
ALL THAT SHE ASKED FOR NOW!

MR. CUCKLE  
AM I SUPPOSED TO HANG THIS WAY?  
DO I HAVE ANY CHANCE?

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY  
NO! NO! NO!

MR. CUCKLE  
WILL IT HINDER ME FROM TAKING  
SUZY TO THE FRIDAY DANCE?

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY  
YES! YES!

MR. CUCKLE  
MY MOTHER NEVER TOLD ME I  
WAS DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHER BOYS.  
I NEVER THOUGHT THAT LENGTH WOULD  
COMPROMISE MY CHILDHOOD'S MANY JOYS.  
THE JOCKS WOULD LOOK, AND THEY WOULD LAUGH.  
WE'D PLAY A GAME OF COMPARE SHAFTS.  
BUT NERDS DON'T WIN AND NERDS DO CRY,  
AND NERDS JUST WANT TO LOOK LIKE ANY OTHER GUY!  
I WISH I HAD AN ELEVEN-INCH SCHLONKER!

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY  
OH, WHAT A MANHOOD!

MR. CUCKLE  
WOULDN'T IT BE SO NICE?

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY  
PUNCHING BAGS DANGLING!

MR. CUCKLE  
GIRLS WOULD FLOCK FOR ME!

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY  
STRAP ON THE HEIDELBERG!

MR. CUCKLE  
MAYBE I'D LOSE IT  
WITH A TWENTY-INCH SCHLONKER!

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY  
SHUT UP! YOU'RE DREAMING!

MR. CUCKLE  
ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL?

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY  
GO BACK TO VIMAX!

BILLY  
HE'S GOT A HISTORY LESSON TO SAY  
FROM HIS OWN SCRAWNY, ONE-INCH, WEINER-WACKIN' DAYS!

MR. CUCKLE  
TWENTY-FIVE INCHES!

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY  
SHUT UP! YOU'RE DREAMING!

MR. CUCKLE  
ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL?

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY  
GO BACK TO VIMAX!

TOMMY  
HE'S GOT A HISTORY LESSON TO GIVE  
OF A MEMBER SO SMALL IT COULD FALL THROUGH A SIEVE!

MR. CUCKLE  
THIRTY INCHES!

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY  
GLORY OF GREEK GODS!

MR. CUCKLE  
WHERE DID THE END GO?

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY  
LOVE'S FINE MACHINE WORK!

MR. CUCKLE  
WHAT IS THIS BULDGING?

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY  
HE'S GOT IT DOWN THERE!

MR. CUCKLE  
CONCEALING A RIFLE!

JIMMY/TOMMY/BILLY  
ALL THAT SHE ASKED FOR NOW!

*(Lights go off for the postlude. JIMMY, TOMMY, BILLY,  
and MR. CUCKLE exit. Segue into the final scene.)*

SCENE 4: THE FOOTBALL FIELD

*JENNY, LIZZIE, and BRADLEY are cheering on the football field. Some STUDENTS are sitting on the bleachers watching the game. **Game Day.***

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY

LET'S GO, COUGARS!  
LET'S GO, COUGARS!  
LET'S GO, COUGARS!  
COUGARS, COUGARS, FIGHT TO WIN!  
COUGARS, COUGARS, DON'T GIVE IN!  
GO COUGARS!  
LET'S GO, COUGARS!  
LET'S GO, COUGARS!  
LET'S GO, COUGARS!  
SMASH 'EM, BASH 'EM, YOU'RE SO STRONG!  
RUSH 'EM, CRUSH 'EM, USE THAT BRAWN!  
GO COUGARS!

*(JENNY, LIZZIE, and BRADLEY start dancing. JIMMY, TOMMY, BILLY, and other FOOTBALL PLAYERS enter.)*

JIMMY

Alright, guys, you know the plays?

TOMMY

Receivers go into the end zone for the long pass after the snap, right?

JIMMY

Right, we'll do a Hail Mary at the end of the half if we have to, except we'll switch it up. Billy, you do a skinny post instead of going deep. Tommy, I need you to stay in the back for the block for me, because their defense is going to rush me. Billy!

BILLY

What?

JIMMY

You got those diapers in case Reggie shows up?

BILLY

Diapers: check!

*(MR. CUCKLE enters with a megaphone.)*



MR. CUCKLE

Are you guys ready? I'm about to announce your numbers.

JIMMY

Yeah, we're ready. Now remember, Mr. Cuckle, put some feeling into it!

MR. CUCKLE

Yeah. Feeling.

JIMMY

Alright guys, let's go!

*(JIMMY, TOMMY, BILLY, and FOOTBALL PLAYERS exit.)*

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY

LET'S GO, COUGARS!

LET'S GO, COUGARS!

SMASH 'EM, BASH 'EM, YOU'RE SO STRONG!

RUSH 'EM, CRUSH 'EM, USE THAT BRAWN!

GO COUGARS!

MR. CUCKLE

Now announcing the starting lineup of the 2010 Cougar High football team. Number twenty-eight, Jimmy Akin!

*(JIMMY enters.)*

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY

JIMMY, JIMMY, JIMMY, JIMMY, JIMMY, JIMMY, JIM!

OPEN UP AND CATCH THE PASS AND GO FOR THE WIN!

RUSH ON UP AND DRIVE IT THROUGH PAST FORTY YARDS!

THIRTY, TWENTY, FIVE AND TEN AND NOW YOU'RE A STAR!

MR. CUCKLE

Number fifty-four, Tommy Moore!

*(TOMMY enters.)*

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY

TOMMY, TOMMY, TOMMY, TOMMY MOORE!

WHEN HE TACKLES, WE HEAR HIM ROAR!

TOMMY IS AN ANGRY BEAST WHO'LL TEAR YOU RIGHT DOWN!

NUMBER FIFTY-FOUR!

MR. CUCKLE

Number sixteen, Billy Vanderbilt!

*(BILLY enters.)*

JENNY/LIZZIE/BRADLEY  
HE'S EVERYTHING A FOOTBALL TEAM COULD WANT!  
HE'S BILLY VANDERBUILT!

MR. CUCKLE  
And the next person on the starting lineup is...

*(REGGIE enters.)*

REGGIE  
Aren't you forgetting somebody, Mr. Cuckle?

*(EVERYBODY gasps. Other FOOTBALL PLAYERS enter.)*

JIMMY  
Reggie! Where've you been?

REGGIE  
I've been on a journey of self-discovery. A quest for meaning in my life! All the way to boy's bathroom and back. And do you know what I've discovered?

JIMMY  
What?

REGGIE  
I've discovered that it doesn't matter what people think of you. They may or may not accept you for who you are, but that's okay as long as you're happy with yourself! Our lives are too good for us to sulk in the corner and hide our true nature! I might not be perfect, but you know what? I'm damn proud of who I am, even if there are things wrong with me! And I...

*(farts suddenly)*  
Oh!

BILLY  
You hear that, Mr. Cuckle? It doesn't matter if you have an itty-bitty, one-inch wiener, as long as you're happy with yourself!

JENNY  
Mr. Cuckle has a one-inch wiener?

MR. CUCKLE  
No! It's not true!

*(EVERYBODY laughs and points at MR. CUCKLE.)*

REGGIE

Guys, guys! Let's not judge Mr. Cuckle just because he has a one-inch wiener. We all have our problems, right? Look at me! Today, I lost my girlfriend and my dignity. I took a lot of shame and embarrassment, but I've made it through to the other side! I learned today that life is difficult. Life challenges you in ways you don't expect. But the key is to be proud of who you are and not let those challenges stop you! Listen people, I have an announcement to make: My body functions are absolutely uncontrollable, and I am *not* ashamed of it!

*(CHRISTY enters and starts a slow clap. EVERYONE else joins in.)*

BILLY

Hey, sis! You're just in time!

CHRISTY

Get away from me, Billy! Reggie, that was...incredible.

REGGIE

You came back!

CHRISTY

Hey, the cheerleading team needs its captain too. Oh, and Reggie, I'm sorry about today. I know that you can't help the way you are.

REGGIE

You do? I mean...you're okay with it?

CHRISTY

*(nods and starts to cry)*

I understand!

REGGIE

But why are you crying? Christy, everything's been set right now!

CHRISTY

It's okay, Reggie. I just want you to be happy.

REGGIE

But I am happy!

CHRISTY

I know! And I wish you many long, joyful years with Jimmy!  
(*JIMMY comes forward and motions to the audience that HE'S not gay.*)  
I hope you never get discriminated against for being gay again!

REGGIE

What?!!!

(*A long, loud fart is heard. REGGIE falls to his knees and starts rolling around on the floor as the noises from his pants continue for about a minute. EVERYBODY recoils in disgust; CHRISTY screams.*)

CHRISTY

What is going on?

JIMMY

Didn't you know, Christy? Reggie has fecal incontinence.

CHRISTY

Fecal what?

(*MR. BRADFORD enters. REGGIE remains on the floor, and EVERYBODY else starts vocalizing softly on "oohh."*  
**Gotta Come Out - Reprise.**)

MR. BRADFORD

Fecal incontinence, Christy. It simply means that he has problems contracting his sphincter, and stool from the large intestine gets forced out without any warning. Fecal incontinence can happen for any number of reasons, although most often it's caused by constipation, as tightly packed feces puts stress on the rectum and stretches it out. Other causes of fecal incontinence can include the sexual activity of anoreceptive males, although in Reggie's case I believe it has to do with improper diet, psychological stress, and perhaps heredity.

REGGIE

(*getting up from the floor*)  
What are you guys talking about?

CHRISTY

(*throwing HERSELF on REGGIE.*)  
Oh, Reggie! I love you!

REGGIE

I think I got some on you.

CHRISTY

Oh, I don't care, get it all on me! Reggie, why didn't you just tell me?

REGGIE

Oh, Christy!

CHRISTY

Oh, Reggie!

EVERYBODY BUT REGGIE

HOW WAS YOUR SUMMER?  
HOW WAS YOUR SUMMER?  
HOW WAS YOUR SUMMER?  
HOW WAS YOUR SUMMER?  
HOW WAS YOUR SUMMER?

REGGIE

HOW WAS MY SUMMER? I'LL TELL YOU WHAT!

EVERYBODY BUT REGGIE

HOW WAS IT, REGGIE?

REGGIE

I HAD SOME PROBLEMS WITH MY BUTT!  
PERISTALSIS WILL BRING OUT THE COURAGE THAT'S WITHIN ME!

EVERYBOY BUT REGGIE

BUT WHAT TO DO?

REGGIE

I SHALL TRUST THE SPHINCTER'S DECREE!

EVERYBODY BUT REGGIE

MY INSIDES STEW!

REGGIE

IT SHALL FLOW FROM ME HEART AND SOUL!

EVERYBODY BUT REGGIE

AS I FEEL THE DROPS!

REGGIE

SECRETS FROM CAVERNS SHALL ENTER THE BOWL!

CHRISTY

AND THEN, HOLY SHIT! IT PLOPS!

EVERYBODY

GOTTA COME OUT, IT'S GOTTA COME OUT,  
IT'S GOTTA COME OUT RIGHT NOW!  
GOTTA COME OUT, IT'S GOTTA COME OUT!  
GOTTA COME OUT! GOTTA COME OUT!

GOTTA COME OUT, IT'S GOTTA COME OUT,  
IT'S GOTTA COME OUT RIGHT NOW!  
GOTTA COME OUT, IT'S GOTTA COME OUT!  
GOTTA COME OUT! GOTTA COME OUT!

MR. BRADFORD

To celebrate Reggie's acceptance as a fecally incontinent individual, I shall declare today the first annual fecal incontinence pride parade at Cougar High!

REGGIE

That's a great idea, Mr. Bradford!

BILLY

Let everyone frolic in feces!

REGGIE

Nobody shall be excluded!

JIMMY

Nobody! Whether you can poop right or not, we welcome you at Cougar High!

BILLY

We don't discriminate against anybody!

REGGIE

Of course not!

MR. BRADFORD

What a glorious day!

REGGIE

That's right, Mr. Bradford!

MR. BRADFORD

This will be remembered as the day Cougar High said no to prejudice!

REGGIE

Exactly!

MR. BRADFORD

Today, fecally incontinent individuals across the nation shall come out of the closet!

REGGIE

That's right!

MR. BRADFORD

They shall join other oppressed minorities and hold hands with the gays!

*(music stops)*

REGGIE

What? I ain't holding hands with no gays!

*(MR. BRADFORD throws up his arms in disgust.)*

EVERYBODY

GOTTA COME OUT, IT'S GOTTA COME OUT!

GOTTA COME OUT! GOTTA COME OUT!

GOTTA COME OUT RIGHT NOW!

*End of Act 2*