

THE THRONE ROOM

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By Jonathan Dorf

## Cast of Characters

### The Theatre Kids:

RIOT

BROOKYLN, the troupe president.

AVERY

QUINN

THE ENSEMBLE, including a Giggling Theatre Kid.

### Agents of the Department of Protection Against Impure Thoughts:

RED

WHITE

GRAY

### The Toilet Paper Poets:

LEAD SINGER POET

FIRST BACKING POET

SECOND BACKING POET

OTHER POETS, as many as you'd like.

CROWD VOICES, recorded or live, as you wish.

### Everyone Else:

SAM, any gender, a teenager stuck to a toilet seat.

REILLY, any gender. A teen trying to enjoy a bath.

TULIP, female, a teenager ready to go all-in on the latest TikTok craze.

MARA, female, Tulip's friend who's trying to keep her high school career from going up in flames.

UNISEX SYMPHONY BOY, a teenage boy.

UNISEX SYMPHONY GIRL, a teenage girl.

UNISEX SYMPHONY NON-BINARY KID, a non-binary teen.

SKY, any gender, cleaning up graffiti for punishment because of Nick.

NICK, any gender, cleaning up graffiti for punishment.

ALEX, any gender, a teen who's having nightmares.

JORDAN, any gender, Alex's friend and self-appointed counselor.

DUCKIE, any gender, a giant and arguably hallucinatory rubber duck.

SID, any gender, a teen cleaning a toilet for punishment.

JESS, any gender, but probably the same gender as Sid. Sid's moral support.

LUIS (or LOUISE), the teenager who threw shade at Mara.

AUGUST, a teenage karmic force. Or something like that.

ADDISON, probably female, but not necessarily.

SAWYER, the teenage guy who's been in the bathroom a long time.

JAKE, the teenage guy who's gone to find him.

MISSION CONTROL VOICE, any gender, live or recorded.

THE GIRL WITH THE TOILET SEAT, an astronaut, an inspiration and the one we've all been waiting for. Also, the Voice of the Porcelain God.

If no specific gender is assigned, the role may be gendered according to the needs of the production, with pronouns updated as necessary.

The expectation is that the Theatre Ensemble will play "Everyone Else" and the Toilet Paper Poets. Those playing the Agents are theoretically outside the Theatre Ensemble, but Theatre Ensemble members could double those roles if need be, as long as they're made to look sufficiently different. Multiple cast as much--or as little--as you'd like. The play could be done with as few as 8-10 performers or more than 30.

## List of Scenes

Bathroom Break  
On With the Show  
Toilet Paper Poets, Interlude 1  
The Mile High Club, Part 1  
TikTok Don't Stop  
You're the One, Part 1  
Unisex Symphony  
Toilet Paper Poets, Interlude 2  
Graffiti, or 867-5309  
The Mile High Club, Part 2  
Altar of the Porcelain God  
The Empire Strikes Backish  
You're the One, Part 2  
Toilet Paper Poets, Interlude 3 (Sort of)  
Hopes and Dreams  
Karma  
Life  
Prom Night  
Toilet Paper Poets, Interlude 4  
You're the One, Part 3  
The Mile High Club, Part 3  
The Eagle Has Landed

The play runs 45-50 minutes when performed in its entirety.

## PRODUCTION NOTES

Feel free to make the names of the teachers and administrators mentioned in the script specific to your school if appropriate (and they don't object).

[Bracketed text] is meant either to replace the text it follows or to allow you to customize certain elements of the show, but it should never be used in addition to what's already there. In the first example, one can use something other than Vick's, and in the second example, you're prompted to plug certain details into the line:

### MARA

Not just saved. You, Tulip Gardenia Jones, have singlehandedly saved the [name of your school] class of [your graduation year].

Because some productions may wish to keep their running time to 40 minutes for competition or other purposes, the following cuts may be made without additional permission:

In **On With the Show**, cut from Red's "That'll never happen" through the stage direction "It may not look unlikely constipation" and the first word ("Great") of Riot's line that follows.

In **TikTok Don't Stop**, cut from Tulip's line "You know what would be hilarious" through Mara's "Not if we get caught." If you're doing this cut, change Mara's "Also not a word" to simply "Not a word."

In **You're the One, Part 1**, cut from Reilly's "Shhh!" through "...such a private thing."

Cut all of **Unisex Symphony**.

In **Graffiti, or 867-5309**, cut Sky's "You are the poster child for gaslighting" and Nick's "I just have a different point of view." Also, cut from Sky's "..." after the "We could be cleaning toilets..." line through Nick's "I'm sad for you that you know that."

In **Hopes and Dreams**, cut from Jess's "Did you possibly inhale bowl water" through "I'm just going to sit for a minute and hope this passes." Sid's line will now be this: "It's like they're letting go of their past and future all at once. Like they're giving up. (Beat.) They need us!" (Instead of "Somebody needs us!")

#### Acknowledgments

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BATHROOM BREAK

RIOT, a theatre kid of any  
gender, in a spotlight, or  
wherever.

RIOT

Shakespeare and the Greeks, authors of some of the greatest  
plays ever written. Also, some of the most disturbing plays  
ever written. The sordid highlights:

Sacrificing your daughter.

Murdering your husband.

Murdering your father.

Murdering your mother.

Murdering your brother.

Murdering your children.

Murdering other people's children.

Sleeping with your mother.

Putting your eyes out.

Putting someone else's eyes out.

Cutting someone's tongue out.

Sealing someone in a cave.

Seducing a widow over her husband's corpse.

Suicide by poison, suicide by snake bite, suicide by dagger  
and sword, rape, decapitation, madness and my all-time  
favorite, baking children into a pie and serving them to  
their mother.

(Beat.)

Many of these things happen more than once--sometimes a lot  
more. Tons of fratricide and infanticide, and matricide isn't  
far behind. I think there was just one pie.

(Beat.)

But through all the murders and maimings, nobody ever goes to  
the bathroom. The closest we get is Lady MacBeth washing her  
hands. And she didn't even go. She just can't get the  
imaginary blood off.

(Beat.)

I know there's only so much time, but is that the real  
reason? Or do bathroom scenes make us uncomfortable?

(Channeling Jack Nicholson in  
*A Few Good Men*.)

You want the bathroom? You can't handle the bathroom.

(Beat.)

What are we afraid of that even our most revered playwrights  
are running scared of this one place? I know what you're  
gonna say: "What about *Urinetown*? It's not Shakespeare, but  
it's all about pee!" One pee-centric show doesn't make up for  
centuries of creative constipation. Talk to me when we're on  
*Urinetown, the Sequel...to the sequel...to the sequel...*

(Beat.)

Maybe the problem is this: We need to stop looking at the  
bathroom as something that happens at intermission. As a  
break. Think of it as an opportunity to bring out our best.

## RIOT (CONT'D)

I want to see people laugh and cry, be vulnerable and have magical moments...in bathrooms. Tell me you don't want that too. I'll wait.

(Beat.)

No--I take that back: I won't wait. They say, "Be the change you want to see in the world." So...

ON WITH THE SHOW

Riot pivots out of performance mode.

RIOT

Help!

(Waiting for this to settle,  
and then:)

Help! Somebody help!

The ENSEMBLE MEMBERS--except for the soon-to-be introduced agents of the Department of Protection Against Impure Thoughts--enter.

VARIOUS ENSEMBLE MEMBERS

What?  
What is it?  
What's wrong?  
What happened?  
Are you OK?  
I heard screaming.  
Riot?

An Ensemble Member giggles, which brings glares from the rest of the group.

GIGGLING THEATRE KID

What? They have a funny name.

They all wait expectantly for an answer from Riot.

RIOT

We're performing a play.

Beat.

BROOKLYN

That's why you were yelling?

VARIOUS ENSEMBLE MEMBERS

We thought you were in trouble.  
Or hurt.

QUINN

Or dead.

(Beat.)

We thought it was an emergency.

RIOT

It is.



QUINN

A play.

RIOT

This play. We need this play. The world needs this play.

Beat.

BROOKLYN

Then I guess we need to do it.

AVERY

(Gesturing at Brooklyn:)

If our troupe president says we're doing it, then we're doing it.

VARIOUS ENSEMBLE MEMBERS

What's it called?  
 What's it about?  
 Pass out scripts.  
 Schedule auditions.  
 Fill out your conflict sheets.  
 Who's directing?  
 Riot, are you directing?  
 Reserve the auditorium.  
 I'll do the poster and publicity.  
 Set design--who wants to build?  
 Lights here.  
 I'll do costumes.  
 I'll stage manage.

Feel free to have other ensemble members chime in with things they want to do to round out the production.

RIOT

This is awesome--thank you, everyone--but we're performing now.

Beat.

QUINN

Now?!

RIOT

Yes.

BROOKLYN

Is it improv?

RIOT

I don't think so.

Beat.

QUINN

No scripts, no rehearsal, no idea what play we're in. You're literally asking us to be part of the actor's nightmare.

RIOT

It'll come to us.

AVERY

And you know this because...?

RIOT

Because these are our lives.

QUINN

Brooklyn?

Brooklyn thinks.

BROOKLYN

This is impossible.

A ripple runs the ensemble:  
Brooklyn's said no. It's over.

BROOKLYN

Let's do it.

The mood flips in a moment: This  
is happening.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)

Just let it flow, people.

(To themself:)

Somehow, that feels strangely appropriate.

People move into position, and  
Riot becomes a performer once  
again.

RIOT

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, non-binary friends of  
all ages, pets, aliens who may be observing our planet from a  
galaxy far, far away--

RED (OFF)

Stop!

RIOT

Today, we present to you--

Enter a TEEN IN A RED T-SHIRT and sunglasses, probably from the house. Secret agent vibes.

RED

I said STOP!

The house lights come up as the spotlight goes out.

RED (CONT'D)

You can't put on this play.

RIOT

But--

Red holds up a finger for silence.

RED

I come from the Department of Protection Against Impure Thoughts.

QUINN

The what?

RED

The Department of Protection Against Impure Thoughts.

QUINN

That sounds like something from *Harry Potter*.

RED

The Department of Protection Against Impure Thoughts is a government agency so secret that when you leave, they erase all memory that you were ever--

QUINN

That's *Men in Black*.

RED

Where do you think they got it from?

Enter a TEEN IN A WHITE T-SHIRT and sunglasses.

WHITE

I am carrying the official decree!

White produces an impossibly tiny scroll--think inches wide--though when they unroll it, it should be long enough to reach the ground and keep going comically.

WHITE  
 --calling on you to cease and desist.

Quinn examines the scroll.

AVERY  
 (To Quinn:)  
 Quinn, what does it say?

RED  
 It says there will be no bathroom plays!

QUINN  
 Why?  
 (Sotto to Riot:)  
 We're doing a bathroom play?

RED  
 Because bathrooms are about bodily fluids, and you cannot  
 present your bodily fluids to  
 (Indicating the audience:)  
 these people.

RIOT  
 But--

RED  
 It's wrong.

WHITE  
 Very wrong.

Enter GRAY, colleague to Red and  
 White, peddling maniacally on a  
 tricycle, riding a hobbyhorse or  
 something similar.

GRAY  
 (As they enter:)  
 Nothing could be wronger.

WHITE  
 That's right--nothing!

RED  
 (As White pantomimes:)  
 Children will cry. Grown men will weep. Fairies will fall  
 down dead.

WHITE  
 (Chiming in:)  
 Dogs and cats, living together.

GRAY  
(Finishing White's thought:)

Mass hysteria!

QUINN  
That's *Ghostbusters*.

RED  
(Lying:)  
No it's not.

RIOT  
OK. First, eww. Second, nobody's presenting their bodily fluids to anyone. Third, eww.

BROOKLYN  
(To Riot:)  
I got this. I have no idea how, but I got this.  
(To White, Red and Gray:)  
Did you know the average person spends more than a year of their life in the bathroom? If you're somewhere for more than a year, guess what: Stuff happens. Life happens. We change. We grow up--and our bathrooms see it all. They're there for us--even when our own parents aren't. Did you hear about the girl who brought a toilet seat to back-to-school night?

QUINN  
Really?

BROOKLYN  
It could happen, and when it does and she tells the story of how that toilet seat told her she could take AP Calculus and Physics and Statistics, that NASA would be lucky to have her and to never stop reaching for the stars, I'll say, "Amen. The throne itself says you're a queen."

RED  
That'll never happen.

BROOKLYN  
(To Red, White and Gray:)  
The bathroom's the true Room of Requirement--the room where it happens. Do you not want things to happen?

RED  
It's not like that.

BROOKLYN  
Then what's it like?

WHITE  
Tell 'em, Red.

GRAY

(To the students:)

Prepare to be told.

A painfully long silence as Red tries to think of a good argument. And tries again. And again. It may look not unlike constipation.

RIOT

Great. So...if there's nothing else,  
(To the audience:)  
we now present the story of our lives...in bathrooms.

RED

We are not done here.

WHITE

We'll be watching.

Gray makes the "eyes on you" sign.

RED

For bodily fluids. Uncomfortable truths. And anything that makes us go "hmm..."

WHITE

That's right. Hmm...

GRAY

Hmm...

RED, WHITE &amp; GRAY

Hmm...

The others start to push Red, White and Gray off as the trio feint at them making "hmm..." noises. Finally, they're gone.

RIOT

I have a bad feeling they'll be back.

Red, White and Gray reappear.

RED, WHITE &amp; GRAY

(Doing their best Arnold:)

I'll be back.

They disappear again.

AVERY

(Immediately springing into  
action:)

What are we waiting for?!

OTHERS (VARIOUSLY)

The Poets! Cue the Poets!

RIOT

(To the audience:)

Guys, gals and non-binary pals, give it up for the world's  
one and only haiku band, the Toilet Paper Poets!

Riot and the others exit as the  
lights shift...

## TOILET PAPER POETS, INTERLUDE 1

Enter the TOILET PAPER POETS, a trio (or more) of poets who look like a rock band. Think Spinal Tap.

The Poets can play anything from real instruments--as unusual as you can get your hands on--to air guitar tennis racquets, or anything in between. Crowd noise, as if we're at a stadium rock concert. One poet could function as a Lead Singer, while the other two could do backing vocals, instrumentals--there are no limits to how bizarre you can make this.

## LEAD SINGER POET

Toilet paper is...  
Our sacred scrolls our parchment  
Our cocktail napkins.

On with the show:  
Planes and porcelain and painting,  
As ducks rule the roost.

They finish to an eruption of canned crowd noise, flashing lights, you name it. They run off.



## THE MILE HIGH CLUB, PART 1

SAM, a teen of any gender, alone.

SAM

Did you know that some airplane bathrooms have a sign telling you not to sit on the throne when you flush? OK--it doesn't use the word "throne"--though that would be fire if it did.

(Beat.)

Whenever somebody says "don't do it," there's at least one person who's like, "I gotta do it."

Sam slowly raises their hand.

SAM

I mean, what could go wrong?

(Beat.)

So...I do the deed--with a seat cover, of course--and I flush. I'm not gonna lie: It feels amazing, like those Japanese toilets--only with air and not water, and I'm like, I gotta tell my mom about this. And Randy. Especially Randy, because he's being a total pain--punching me and then when I punch him back, telling Mom I started it.

(Beat.)

I'm writing my speech in my head: "Yo, parasite, I just discovered the best thing ever, but it's not for babies who need their mommies to go to the bathroom." And when he asks me what, I'll be like, "Don't you wish you knew." And he's gonna beg and beg and I'm gonna make him confess to Grandma's vase and the car farts and ruining six months' worth of Rocky Road and a long list of other crimes--some of which I may have actually committed--and it's going to be glori--

Sam acts as if they're trying to stand up, only they're stuck.

SAM

--uh...

Sam tries again.

SAM

Help?

## TIKTOK DON'T STOP

TULIP and MARA in a high school bathroom. Nearby--seen or not--a soap dispenser.

TULIP  
It's a soap dispenser.

MARA  
I know.

TULIP  
People are ripping out toilets. This is nothing.

MARA  
I know. It's just that--

TULIP  
What?

MARA  
Well, soap is important.

TULIP  
And...?

MARA  
I just think maybe we should think.

TULIP  
You know what would be hilarious? We could turn it into a commercial for soap. Would that still count?

MARA  
What?

TULIP  
If we commercialized soap. Is that a word? Commercialized?

MARA  
No.

TULIP  
But it would be funny, right?

MARA  
Not if we get caught.

TULIP  
Luis said you wouldn't do it.

MARA  
You said Luis was an idiot.

TULIP

Fair. But is he wrong?  
(Beat.)  
Seriously, your image could use a little coolification.

MARA

Also not a word.

TULIP

Coolifying?

MARA

Nope.

TULIP

What are you, the word police?  
(Beat.)  
I'm just saying it wouldn't kill you to be on-trend for once.

MARA

(Beat.)  
If we post it, that's how people get caught.

TULIP

That's how people get followers.

MARA

I'm barely on the app.

TULIP

Then help *me* get followers.  
(Beat.)  
They can't punish the whole school.

MARA

Prom.

TULIP

What about prom? What-- You think they could-- They can't cancel prom.

MARA

They could totally cancel prom.

TULIP

They would never--

MARA

Do you want to be the soap dispenser that pushes Dr. Mamakas over the edge?

TULIP

Mamakas loves prom. Do you remember last year him and Mrs. Richmond doing those 80s dance moves that were weird and mildly disturbing but also strangely endearing? He lives for prom.

(Beat.)

People know I'm doing this. They are expecting me to do this.

MARA

Tell them you changed your mind. No--tell them you came up with something better.

TULIP

I came up with something better?

MARA

Yes--you did. You're not just on-trend--you are the trend.

TULIP

And prom is saved.

MARA

Not just saved. You, Tulip Gardenia Jones, have singlehandedly saved the [name of your school] class of [your graduation year].

TULIP

I have. I have!

(Beat.)

I have no idea what the next trend is.

MARA

To see ahead, look behind.

TULIP

You sound like a fortune cookie.

MARA

Got it from China Palace [or your favorite local Chinese spot]. But it's not wrong.

TULIP

To see ahead, look behind.

MARA

Exactly.

TULIP

(Having an idea:)

Like kid stuff.

MARA

Yes.

TULIP  
Stuffed animals, temper tantrums, diapers...

MARA  
Keep going...

TULIP  
Crayons, playdoh, fingerpaints, baby food--

MARA  
That's it!

TULIP  
Baby food?

MARA  
Fingerpaints. Imagine for a--

TULIP  
What about fingerpainting with baby--

MARA  
No! Imagine--

TULIP  
I just want--

MARA  
Do you want to save prom or not?!  
(Beat.)

You're outside. Birds are chirping, a gentle breeze is blowing, and there are fingerpaints, lots of different fingerpaints, and you are fingerpainting all over your body while wearing one of those dancer skin-colored body suit things or the clothes of your choice but probably PG-13 because *prom* and at the end you turn yourself into a human canvas--possibly while using dance moves--and challenge someone else to do the same.

TULIP  
Huh. That could actually trend. I didn't know you had it in you.

MARA  
Thanks, I think.

TULIP  
You co-saved prom.

MARA  
I guess I did.

TULIP  
We still need to work in the baby food.

End of scene.

## YOU'RE THE ONE, PART 1

REILLY, any gender and wearing a bathrobe, closes the bathroom door.

REILLY

To the rest of the world, Wednesday may be Hump Day, but at casa moi, it's Date Night. That's right, that magical evening of scheduled spontaneity when my parents "rekindle the spark." So, for at least the next 117 minutes, which is when Mom and Dad's dreary subtitled art film comes to its incredibly ambiguous ending, it's me time. The bath will be 103 degrees, with bubbles by L'Occitane [or your favorite bath bubble product], and a very special friend will be here to take my troubles away.

From the depths of the robe, as if it's been smuggled in, Reilly pulls out a package.

REILLY (CONT'D)

Shhh! I can hear my parents now: You're 16 [or the actor's real age], Reilly--what are you thinking? I can't even imagine what kids at school would say if it ever got out. My bff Addison should understand--or at least do her best not to judge. I don't know. Maybe she'd be like, "Reilly, you too?!" And then we'd laugh and...maybe we'd do it together sometime. OK. That's a bit much, because it feels like such a private thing.

Reilly inspects the bath, possibly reaching to shut off the (imaginary) water.

REILLY (CONT'D)

You have no idea how much I need this.

Reilly unwraps the package: It's a rubber duckie.

REILLY (CONT'D)

Duckie, I've missed you. Did you miss me too?

The lights fade as Reilly steps over the threshold and into the "bath."

## UNISEX SYMPHONY

Three teens walk separately into a new kind of bathroom: a BOY, a GIRL and a NON-BINARY KID. They see each other. Beat as each becomes lit in their individual spotlight.

UNISEX SYMPHONY BOY

I'm low-key nervous. I'll be going to the bathroom with girls.

UNISEX SYMPHONY GIRL

You walk in and there'll be boys.

UNISEX SYMPHONY BOY

Not with girls, but like, with girls.

UNISEX SYMPHONY GIRL

Trans and non-binary kids too.

UNISEX SYMPHONY NON-BINARY KID

I can't believe I'm this excited about a bathroom.

UNISEX SYMPHONY GIRL

All of us going into our stalls and...going.

UNISEX SYMPHONY BOY

What if I fart?

UNISEX SYMPHONY GIRL

Then we wash our hands and leave.

The Unisex Symphony Boy makes a fart noise. Lights up on Red, White and Gray, elsewhere.

RED

This is a thing that makes me go "hmm..."

WHITE

Hmm...

GRAY

Hmm...

They can continue to ad-lib "Hmm..." as the lights go down on them.

UNISEX SYMPHONY NON-BINARY KID

Story time.



## UNISEX SYMPHONY BOY

My dad's from Brooklyn. He says you've got to treat the bathroom like the street.

## UNISEX NON-BINARY KID

I used to hike to the other side of the school to use the all-gender singles, but there's only a couple--and they're not specifically for non-binary and trans kids.

## UNISEX SYMPHONY GIRL

Each stall now has a "feminine products receptable." Huge win.

## UNISEX SYMPHONY BOY

Real talk: They can only tie you to your fart if they catch you.

## UNISEX SYMPHONY NON-BINARY KID

One fateful day, somebody was projectile vomiting in the first one and somebody else was having a nervous breakdown in the other one. Another nine seconds and--

## UNISEX SYMPHONY GIRL

Wait--what if there's a boy nearby when you make that ripping-Velcro sound, and he knows what it means because sisters or rom-coms or he's unnaturally curious?

## UNISEX SYMPHONY NON-BINARY KID

I know bathrooms like this exist. They're not unicorns.

## UNISEX SYMPHONY GIRL

Maybe I can play white noise on my phone. Or random sound effects. Or death metal.

## UNISEX SYMPHONY NON-BINARY KID

We went to this fancy restaurant in LA [or the nearest big city], and they had this exact setup. Well, theirs had organic soap and cloth towels you threw into a hamper--and candles.

## UNISEX SYMPHONY BOY

So here's what you do: Imagine you're a diver. If you go right to the surface, your body can't get rid of the nitrogen fast enough, and you'll get sick. Same here. Don't go for the gold in one push: Imagine yourself swimming slowly upward--with your butt.

## UNISEX SYMPHONY GIRL

But the bathroom is where you go when that psycho Tabitha ruins your life--again--or you're having a wardrobe malfunction and only your best friend can fix you or your mom is out of control and you need therapy. Or it was.

UNISEX SYMPHONY NON-BINARY KID

I'm not asking for actual candles, but could we talk about electric candles?

UNISEX SYMPHONY BOY

Still, sometimes bad things happen.

UNISEX SYMPHONY GIRL

Of course, it was also the scene for conversations like this:

(Pretending to be two  
different people:)

Serious question: What is the difference between cute and hot?

Jake is cute, and Sawyer is hot.

Sawyer sets off my gaydar.

You're just mad he's taking Mara to prom.

UNISEX SYMPHONY NON-BINARY KID

I think that's why I'm nervous--because this bathroom is my dream. Well, my dream is also getting into Harvard, seeing Machu Picchu and winning a Tony, but this is the immediate dream.

UNISEX SYMPHONY BOY

If there's even a chance you've got a witness, your only option is to accuse them before they accuse you.

UNISEX SYMPHONY GIRL

(As herself again:)

I won't miss those conversations. As for the other ones, that's gonna be a change.

UNISEX NON-BINARY KID

So I guess I'm livin' the dream! Seriously, though, this is a game-changer.

UNISEX SYMPHONY BOY

Like Machiavelli says in history class, "The end justifies the means." The end is me making it through high school.

UNISEX SYMPHONY GIRL

But life is change. In two years [or however long for the actor], I'm off to college. If I can't handle a bathroom, how am I gonna handle that?

UNISEX NON-BINARY KID

And that's my nightmare: What if it's not real? What if I wake up and it's gone? No motion-activated communal sink, no row of beautiful stalls, no dreams of electric candles.

(Beat.)

I just want to go to the bathroom in peace. I don't think that's too much to ask.

## TOILET PAPER POETS, INTERLUDE 2

The Toilet Paper Poets return,  
possibly in different outfits,  
but equally outrageous and with  
just as much fanfare. Again, the  
backing Poets contribute as much  
vocally or instrumentally as  
you'd like.

## LEAD SINGER POET

Paper in our hands,  
It's the one place of business  
Where we're all equal.

## BACKING POET

Thank you, [Name of your town]!

As they run off to more insane  
canned crowd noise, lights up on  
Red, White and Gray, observing  
from a distance.

## RED

Poetry.

## WHITE AND GRAY

Hmm...

They look like they're up to  
something. Lights down on Red,  
White and Gray.

## GRAFFITI, OR 867-5309

NICK (or NIK, short for either Nicholas or Nicole, respectively) and SKY (short for Skylar), any gender, in the bathroom. Sky is on their knees in a stall.

SKY

I hate my life.

NICK

You have to think of a situation like this as an opportunity.

SKY

An opportunity to strangle you with no witnesses?

NICK

Don't be such a glass half-empty person, Sky.

SKY

I am on my knees in a bathroom scrubbing decades-old graffiti because of you.

NICK

I made you steal that soap dispenser.

SKY

Yes.

NICK

Did I put it in your hands?

SKY

Yes!

NICK

I mean, technically yes, but you were a willing accomplice.

SKY

You are the poster child for gaslighting.

NICK

I just have a different point of view.

SKY

You said, "Come to the bathroom with me--I need to tell you something." I thought you were gonna come out to me.

NICK

Why would I come out in a bathroom?

SKY

People do. And then the next thing I know, you yank the soap dispenser from the wall and shove it in my hands.

NICK

...

SKY

That's what happened.

NICK

And you should be thanking me.

SKY

For getting me sentenced to hard labor?

NICK

We could be cleaning toilets like Sid.

SKY

...

NICK

Instead, we're boldly going where no man has gone before.

SKY

You're quoting *Star Trek*.

NICK

I'm sad for you that you know that.

(Beat.)

Seriously, though, this graffiti-- These are the writings of our ancestors.

SKY

(Reading some of the graffiti:)

Class of [the year before the current year, e.g., '23] rules!

(Finding another scrawling:)

"Jake + Tulip." They literally still go here.

NICK

(Joining in the graffiti hunt:)

What about this one?

SKY

Which one?

NICK

(Pointing:)

This.

Sky pulls out their phone to create more light as they both lean down and squint at the same patch of wall.

NICK

867-5309. Phone number?

SKY

It says, "For a good time call--" Whoa.

NICK

(Reading:)

Jenny I've got your number.  
I need to make you mine.  
Jenny don't change your number.

SKY

(Reading:)

I got your number on the wall.  
Jenny I've called your number.  
Jenny, Jenny who can I turn to.  
(No longer reading:)  
These people are desperate.

NICK

(Reading again:)

I tried to call you before but I lose my nerve.  
I tried my imagination but I was disturbed.

SKY

(Back to reading:)

For the price of a dime I can always turn to you.  
867-5309. 867-5309. 867-5309.  
(No longer reading:)  
This is intense.

NICK

(Checking something on their phone:)

Fun fact: Payphones started costing a dime in the 1950s and stayed that way into the '80s. That means this graffiti is at least 40 years old. It's practically a fossil.

SKY

What about Jenny?

NICK

(Not sure where Sky is going with this:)

Uh, she's a fossil too...?

SKY

(Pulling out their phone:)

No, I mean don't you want to know if she's OK?

NICK

You're not seriously gonna call that number.

SKY

Maybe the universe sent us to this bathroom.

NICK

(Serious:)

You want an apology? Is that what this is about? I'm sorry:  
It's my fault you're in trouble. One hundred percent. Happy?

SKY

I'm serious, Nick.

NICK

Even if by some miracle she's still at that number, I'm sure  
she doesn't need two high school kids checking in on her.

SKY

How do you know?

NICK

"For a good time, call..."

(Beat.)

Don't.

SKY

Why do you care?

NICK

I don't. Which is how you survive high school.

SKY

So you care about me surviving.

NICK

Don't twist my words.

Beat. A face-off.

SKY

Unlike the soap dispenser, this is my choice.

(Into the phone:)

Hi, my name is Skylar, and I'm not calling for a good time--  
but is Jenny still at this number...?

The lights dim on Sky and Nick.

## THE MILE HIGH CLUB, PART 2

Sam is still "stuck." They hold up a phone and take a selfie.

SAM

Selfie!

(Beat.)

Kidding. Try getting your butt stuck at 35,000 feet and see if you remember to take one. I'm mostly trying not to have a panic attack.

(Beat.)

So...at first they think I mean I can't get the door open. This guy who sounds like my grandpa is trying to explain how the latch works--and how sometimes at home he has to pull the door out a little before he can push it in. Sorry, Grandpa, but my ass is glued to the seat and my arms are a foot too short. I don't know a nice way to say that, so I just say I can't. And Grandpa says, "Well..." Then I hear other voices:

(Imitating the other voices:)

"I really have to go."

"It's been 20 minutes."

"What are you doing in there?"

And then somebody starts banging. Angry banging.

(Beat.)

Finally, I just blurt it out: "I'm stuck to the toilet seat." Some dude straight up laughs. I hear a woman tell him it's not funny. Honestly, it would be hilarious if it wasn't happening to me. But it is, and the voice isn't just some woman. It's my mom.

(Beat.)

A minute later, more voices. One of them is a flight attendant, and she and my mom are telling me to stay calm. And then there's another voice: It's the captain. The short version: If I don't unstuck naturally, I'm gonna have to hang tight until we land--in two hours--but I should let them know if I start feeling like I'm gonna pass out.

(Beat.)

That's when I lose it, because I can barely feel my butt or anything...south, and what if I'm not getting blood down there for two hours until the plane lands? What if that's too long? What if they need to amputate? I just wanted to see what would happen if-- I'm freaking out: I'm going to die, and they're going to find me with my pants down.



## ALTAR OF THE PORCELAIN GOD

A dark stage. Heavenly music and a massive flush as lights rise on a statue: A girl astronaut holding a toilet seat, perhaps with divine-looking rays coming from it. We hear a voice, shrouded in effects so as to sound otherworldly:

VOICE OF THE PORCELAIN GOD

(Shrouded in effects:)

Always remember to flush...

Lights up. ALEX, any gender, is with JORDAN.

JORDAN

And it's the same dream every night?

ALEX

(Same old, same old:)

Angry hooded disciples, they tell me I've defiled the altar of the Porcelain God, I tell them it's all a big mistake, they drag me off to a variety of horrible medieval deaths, the statue and the voice. For two weeks.

JORDAN

(Beat.)

Maybe it's, like, a vision. Yeah, maybe it's a vision and you're a prophet.

ALEX

Or maybe I'm going crazy.

JORDAN

Also possible. But check it: The unflushed toilet represents your fear.

ALEX

Of what?

JORDAN

Of not flushing the toilet.

ALEX

Of course.

JORDAN

We all have it--some days I'm so terrified I can't get out of bed. But what you need to pay attention to is this astronaut holding the toilet seat.

ALEX  
The Porcelain God.

JORDAN  
Exactly.

ALEX  
Uh...why?

JORDAN  
Astronauts are heroes--they represent humanity's potential to reach for the stars.

ALEX  
OK, and...

JORDAN  
So, I think this recurring astronaut-toilet-spacegod dream means somebody's going to come into your life soon, or you're going to have this choice to do the hard thing or the easy thing and you need to reach for the hard thing, or maybe that a spaceship carrying a toilet seat-wielding astronaut girl is going to crash land on campus and don't get smushed.

ALEX  
That's not going to happen.

JORDAN  
Who can say? People are fingerpainting on their own bodies and recording it as they dance.

ALEX  
Sign of the apocalypse?

JORDAN  
We are living in the end times. Or the matrix.

Beat.

ALEX  
So what do I do?

JORDAN  
I was thinking we might join in.

End of scene.

## YOU'RE THE ONE, PART 2

Reilly is in the bath, which could be as basic as sitting behind a cardboard front of a tub.

REILLY

This is the life. Me and you, Duckie. Splashin', thrashin' and--

Enter DUCKIE, human-sized.

DUCKIE

I don't know how I feel about this.

Reilly gasps and tries to cover up.

REILLY

Duckie?! I'm nake--

DUCKIE

Nothing I haven't seen before.

REILLY

This isn't real. This isn't real. This isn't--

Reilly grabs for a towel, but Duckie grabs it first and holds it away.

REILLY (CONT'D)

real.

Duckie waves the towel at Reilly.

DUCKIE

This all feels very one-sided.

REILLY

(To themself:)

Duckie, please give me the--

DUCKIE

Why won't you ever sing the song?

REILLY

You know I can't sing the song.

DUCKIE

Copyright shmopywright.

REILLY  
Copyright is real, Duckie.

Duckie throws the towel offstage.

DUCKIE  
Is that real enough for you?

REILLY  
What are you--

DUCKIE  
Or this?

Duckie grabs Reilly's bathrobe.

REILLY  
Not the--

Duckie throws the robe offstage.

REILLY (CONT'D)  
--robe. Can we talk about this?

DUCKIE  
We're talking.

REILLY  
No--you're throwing my things through the wall. How are you throwing my things through the wall?

DUCKIE  
It's the only way I can get your attention, and believe me I've tried. That last time you squeezed me, I squeaked out "Help!" by the Beatles, but you just kept blowing bubbles in my face.

REILLY  
I didn't know.

DUCKIE  
How do you not know the Beatles?!

REILLY  
I know the Beatles, but--

DUCKIE  
And the time before that, it was "S.O.S." by Abba, and you dunked me.

REILLY  
I didn't reali--

DUCKIE

Or Aretha Franklin's "Rescue Me" right before you underwater farted and held me in front of the blast?

REILLY

I'm not proud of that.

(Beat.)

I'm sorry. I didn't understand the...situation. But I do now, and I'm listening--one hundred percent.

DUCKIE

It feels like you're ashamed of me.

REILLY

No.

DUCKIE

You keep me hidden in a bag in a box under a box in the closet. Do you know what what's like? It's like being buried alive. And when you take me out each week, I can't help but hope: Maybe this time I'll finally be free. Two hours later, I'm back in the grave.

REILLY

(Beat.)

I just don't want my parents to find you.

DUCKIE

Right--because you're ashamed of me.

REILLY

No.

(Beat.)

It's complicated.

(Beat.)

Any chance I could get my robe? Or at least a towel?

DUCKIE

It's complicated.

The lights dim on their standoff.

## TOILET PAPER POETS, INTERLUDE 3 (SORT OF)

Enter what seems to be the Toilet Paper Poets, but this time, they're wearing full-on hazmat suits with some rock and roll flourishes on top of that. There's something incredibly awkward about them, as if they've forgotten how to perform-- probably because they're not the Toilet Paper Poets: they're Red, White and Gray.

RED

Wave your hands in the air, wave 'em like you just don't care.

(Sotto to White and Gray:)

I always wanted to say that.

Crowd chants of "haiku, haiku, haiku" pick up.

RED (CONT'D)

Bodily fluids biohazard  
Bad bad bad bad bad bad bad  
Down with fluids, down the, uh...

WHITE

Hatch?

GRAY

Match. Batch. Latch!

Boos from the crowd, scattered at first and then louder.

CROWD VOICES (VARIOUSLY)

That's not haiku.  
You're not the Poets.  
We want the poets!  
Poets! Poets! Poets!

RED

(Taking off their hazmat suit:)

That's right. We're not the Poets, and we're not here for poetry. We're here with a message.

WHITE

A warning.

GRAY

We're gonna prognosticate all over you.

Nobody quite knows what this means, but it sounds disgusting and possibly illegal.

RED  
Our top agent is on the way.

WHITE  
Our superstar.

GRAY  
Our Godot.

RED  
Everything's gonna change.

WHITE  
Mic--

GRAY  
drop.

RED  
Department of Protection Against Impure Thoughts out.

They exit.

## HOPES AND DREAMS

A high school bathroom. SID, any gender and wearing gloves, is on their knees next to a toilet. A plunger and a trash can or bag are nearby. JESS, any gender, watches from a safe distance. Sid fishes out a wad of wet tissues.

SID

This is disgusting.

Sid tosses it into the trash.

JESS

This is why I make it a point not to get in trouble in Doberman's class.

SID

This totally violates my First Amendment right against cruel and unusual punishment.

JESS

That's the Eighth Amendment.

SID

Well, she definitely violated my First Amendment rights when she went into my backpack.

JESS

Fourth Amendment.

SID

Still, she shouldn't have gone through my bag.

JESS

Maybe if the soap dispenser wasn't hanging out.

SID

If you're here for moral support, you could be morally supporting me a little more.

JESS

I'm here.

SID

And how did Nick and Sky only get graffiti duty?

JESS

Slick Nick? You have to ask?



SID  
 (Fishing another object out:)  
 Yuck.  
 (Pointing at signage that may  
 or may not be visible:)  
 There's literally a giant sign saying don't flush tampons.

JESS  
 Inconsiderate.

SID  
 (Fishing a wad of paper out:)  
 Is this an English paper?

JESS  
 (Scrutinizing it:)  
 Everybody hates *The Canterbury Tales*.

SID  
 (Fishing the next item out:)  
 Underwear?!

JESS  
 Boxers or briefs?

SID  
 I'm not looking close enough to find out.  
 (Next item, a sandwich  
 wrapped in brown paper:)  
 Pastrami on rye with Russian dressing if the label's right.

JESS  
 Eaten or uneaten?

SID  
 (Weighing it in their hand:)  
 Feels uneaten.

JESS  
 Why would someone flush an entire sandwich? And how is it  
 still in one piece?

SID  
 (Pulling out more items:)  
 This is only getting weirder.

In succession, Sid pulls out a  
 tennis ball [or a baseball], salt  
 and pepper shakers [each slightly  
 bigger than the ball], a  
 keyboard, a houseplant,

JESS  
 This is straight-up impossible.

and finally a stuffed koala bear [alternatively, a panda or some other adorable animal]. Feel free to add more items, as long as the stuffed animal is last--but try to preserve an order that is incrementally more impossible in terms of size and likeliness to end up in a toilet pipe.

SID  
Why would somebody flush their koala [panda, etc.]?

JESS  
I'm still stuck on how a koala [panda, etc.] fit into what is obviously a tiny pipe.

SID  
It didn't quite.

JESS  
It fit enough.

SID  
You're missing the point.

Sid yanks from the toilet a small suitcase that reads "Hopes and Dreams."

SID (CONT'D)  
(Shaken:)  
Oh. Oh my.  
(Beat.)  
Somebody's in trouble.

JESS  
Us. We've been sucked into an alternate universe.

SID  
It's like they're letting go of their past and future all at once. Like they're giving up.

JESS  
Did you possibly inhale bowl water? Did I possibly inhale bowl water? Are we having a shared hallucination?

SID  
We've got to find them.

JESS  
I'm just going to sit for a minute and hope this passes.

SID  
You can't sit! Somebody needs us!

JESS  
And you know this because...?

SID  
Because I've been there.

JESS  
(Beat.)  
OK--let's pretend for a minute that we're both completely sane, we're in our proper place in the space-time continuum and we're not under the influence of toilet toxin. How do you propose we find this person?

Sid yanks one more item from inside the toilet, a giant "road sign" that says "This Way--400 meters"--with the requisite arrows to indicate direction. Have fun with it.

JESS (CONT'D)  
You've got to be kidding.

SID  
(Starting to exit and yanking Jess with them:)  
Come on!

They exit.

KARMA

A high school bathroom. Two stalls. LUIS (or LOUISE) is in one stall and AUGUST is in the other. We may or may not see them.

LUIS

Hey. There's somebody next to me, right?

AUGUST

(Beat.)

I don't normally talk to people when I go to the bathroom.

LUIS

Sorry--but can I borrow some toilet paper?

AUGUST

You gonna give it back after?

LUIS

You know what I mean. So can you hook me up?

AUGUST

I think people steal the rolls.

LUIS

True story.

AUGUST

Probably bring 'em home.

(Beat.)

It's Luis, right?

LUIS

Yeah--who's that?

AUGUST

August.

LUIS

Cool.

AUGUST

So how much you need?

LUIS

I dunno--maybe a good wad just to be safe.

AUGUST

I can do that.

LUIS

Thanks.

AUGUST

But the question is, "Should I do that?"

LUIS

What?

AUGUST

Running into a stall and just doing your business without due diligence--

LUIS

Due what?

AUGUST

--that's just careless. If there's no consequences, then I'm-- what's that word we learned in health--an enabler? Yeah, I'd be an enabler. I don't know if I could live with myself.

LUIS

It's toilet paper.

AUGUST

There's also the matter of Mara.

LUIS

What matter? What are you talking about?

AUGUST

You said she'd never go through with stealing a soap dispenser.

LUIS

OK... I was right.

AUGUST

Correct. But you didn't say, "I know Mara is a better person than that, I know she won't steal that soap dispenser. In fact, I bet she'll come up with something smarter and better." Which by the way she and Tulip did. No--you were all about the negative. No can do. Major black cat energy.

(Beat.)

Karma's a thing, Luis.

LUIS

This is insane.

AUGUST

And that is the attitude that has you trapped in a stall, having just played a sloppy rendition of Beethoven's Concerto Number Two, with no toilet paper.

LUIS

It wasn't--

AUGUST

I heard it.

(Beat.)

Bell's about to ring, so I'm gonna go.

August flushes. We may only hear  
it.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

When I do, maybe you can waddle over to this stall and its  
pillowy rolls of wipey goodness, or maybe you'll be begging  
its next occupant for a handout as the time ticks away and  
you grow ever later for Doberman's class.

LUIS

You know my schedule?!

August washes their hands.

AUGUST

Knowledge is power.

LUIS

You're full-on crazy.

AUGUST

You sure you want to go down that road again? You know what  
they say about history: Learn from it or you're doomed to  
repeat it.

The bell rings. Exit August into  
a bustling hallway. Blackout.

## LIFE

ADDISON, looking very pregnant (but not), stands in a high school bathroom. They're in a dress [tux], probably covered by a coat. Beat. And then they pop a baby doll out of their costume and onto the floor.

## ADDISON

That's how it all started.

(Beat.)

It was my mom's fifteenth high school reunion. I wasn't due for a month, so she decided to get in one last hurrah.

(Beat.)

The DJ had just started playing "I Had the Time of My Life"--because they play that near the end of every dance in human history--and boom, her water broke. My mom's--not the DJ's. And then, in the charmingly dated words of my parents, it's on like Donkey Kong. The music stops, somebody's calling 9-1-1, and there's the classic, "Is there a doctor?"

(Beat.)

There is--a dermatologist. It was either him or the class clown who dropped out of med school to sell lawn gnomes.

(Beat.)

They take my mom to the bathroom. This bathroom. DJ blasts "Eye of the Tiger" to get her amped up, and eleven repeats later, I'm out. But then again, you know this story.

(Beat.)

You know the thing I looked forward to most about high school? You. Does that sound corny? Seriously, though, I could always come here, you'd never judge me and I could just be.

Addison removes the coat to reveal a dress [or a tux] that should at least not clash with the bathroom.

## ADDISON (CONT'D)

It's bittersweet, 'cause prom's one of those milestones. High school's almost over. Next thing you know, I'll be off to college or a job or finding myself on a commune in the middle of the desert. Whatever it is, I'll be gone, and I'll only come back for reunions.

(Beat. To the bathroom:)

So I wanted to share this moment, because you've always been more than just a bathroom.

Want to read the entire script? Hit the back button and follow the instructions for requesting a perusal!