



Dreams of Hope

A Creative and Performing Arts Group
for Queer Youth and Allies

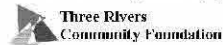
Presents:

THAT'S SO GAY!

An Exploration of Labels and Stereotypes by Today's Youth



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THE HEINZ ENDOWMENTS



More Info.:
dreamsofhope.org
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(2008-09)

Bus Stop

by Dreams of Hope with Ted Hoover

Characters

Charlotte

Charlotte's Inner Self

Jordan

CHARLOTTE *is waiting at the bus stop when she starts to get hit on by an overly persistent guy.*

JORDAN (*walks up and stops*): Hey, do you know when the bus is due?

CHARLOTTE: It should be here in 10 minutes.

JORDAN: Ok, thanks.

CHARLOTTE: 'Welcome.

JORDAN: So, what's up?

CHARLOTTE: Nothing.

JORDAN: Oh, so, what's your name?

CHARLOTTE: Charlotte.

JORDAN (*pause*): Well, my name is Jordan.

CHARLOTTE: Okay . . .

Scene freezes. CHARLOTTE'S SELF starts to talk.

SELF: Can't this guy take a hint! I mean, I'm giving him one word answers. I mean, what do I have to say, "LEAVE ME ALONE". Hmm, maybe.

JORDAN: Where you going? (*Pause.*) Are you going home? (*Pause.*) So, do you have a boyfriend?

Freezes again.

SELF: Oh, I don't like where this is going!

CHARLOTTE: No. And I'm not looking for one.

JORDAN: Oh, why?

CHARLOTTE: Because I don't like boys.

JORDAN: Oh, you like men . . . (*Mischievous face.*) Then, baby, I'm here for you because I was born a man.

Freeze.

SELF: Who does this guy think he is? I cannot believe this Rico-Suave- wannabe just said that to me. (*Shakes head.*)

CHARLOTTE: I don't like boys or men! I like girls.

JORDAN: Oh, so you're bisexual.

CHARLOTTE: NO. I'm A LESBIAN.

JORDAN: You don't look like a lesbian.

CHARLOTTE (*raises an eyebrow*): Enlighten me, what does a lesbian look like?

JORDAN: You know, kinda manly with dude's clothes, boyish hair and whatnot.

CHARLOTTE *just gives him a look.*

JORDAN: What? It's the truth!?

CHARLOTTE: If it were the truth then I would look like that.

JORDAN: Well, you're a sexy exception.

CHARLOTTE: Just stop talking to me.

JORDAN: I could change you.

SELF: I've got to get out of here.

Exits slowly at first, then quickly.

Buzz Cut

by Dreams of Hope with Ted Hoover

Characters

Amanda Mother Father Sophie (sister)

Scene opens, AMANDA and SOPHIE are playing a video game.

MOTHER (*from Offstage*): Amanda . . . Amanda! . . . (*As she enters.*) You know I have that board meeting. Come on. Your Father has to drop me off before he takes you to get your haircut. (*Turns.*)

AMANDA: Alright, OK, I'm coming (*Stops playing, puts controls down.*) (*To SOPHIE.*) I'm getting a buzz.

MOTHER *stops.*

SOPHIE: Uh-oh.

MOTHER: Oh no you're not. (*Turns.*)

AMANDA: Yes I am.

SOPHIE: Here we go.

MOTHER (*turns around*): I'm done talking about this. (*Crosses to Up Center.*)
You are not getting a buzz.

AMANDA: It's my hair.

MOTHER: And you are my daughter.

SOPHIE: You'll look like a dyke!

MOTHER: Don't say that. (*Crosses Upstage Right.*)

SOPHIE: But, it's true. People will talk smack about her at school and I'll have to defend her.

AMANDA: Times have changed Mom, (*Stands.*) lots of girls get their hair buzzed.

SOPHIE: That's not true!

FATHER (*pokes head into room*): Are we ready to go? Honey, you're going to be late for that meeting. (*Pauses—looks around.*)

FATHER: What's going on?

MOTHER: Why don't you ask your daughter? (*Pointing at AMANDA.*)

FATHER: Amanda?

SOPHIE (*stands*): She wants to get her hair buzzed and Mom won't let her.

FATHER: We'll fight about this in the car.

MOTHER: No. (*Walks in between daughters.*) We'll settle this now. Young women should look like young women. And young women don't have buzz cuts.

AMANDA: Then what do you call a teenage girl who does?

MOTHER, *stuck; looks at FATHER.*

FATHER (*moves to group*): I think she'll look fine.

SOPHIE: No, Dad, for a girl to be a girl she has to look like a girl, dress like a girl, act like a girl. (*Acts like a cartoon "girl."* Looks at AMANDA and they both laugh.)

FATHER: You know there was a time when a woman couldn't run a business. (*Looking from girls to MOTHER; shared look of understanding.*) You're going to be late.

MOTHER (*grinning slightly*): OK . . . we'll talk about it in the car.

