



Dreams of Hope

A Creative and Performing Arts Group
for Queer Youth and Allies

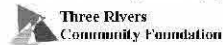
Presents:

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
412.361.2065

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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.

Connected vs. Disconnected

by Dreams of Hope with Ted Hoover

Characters

Con: Connected (*Always enters Stage Left.*)

Dis: Disconnected (*Always enters Stage Right.*)

SCENE 1: GAY = LAME

Both enter at same time—walk to Center and face audience and introduce selves.

CON: I'm Connected.

DIS: I'm Disconnected.

Watch a game on the TV.

DIS: Do you think the Steelers are going to win?

CON: Who are the Steelers?

DIS (*pauses, looks at CON*): You are so gay!

CON: Don't you mean dumb?

DIS: Yeah, gay.

CON: They don't mean the same thing at all.

CON walks off Stage Left—DIS watches CON, then shakes head and exits Stage Right.

SCENE 2: RETARDED = STUPID

Both enter Center—introduce selves to audience.

CON: I'm Connected

DIS: I'm Disconnected

Hanging out on the street together.

DIS: Hey, can I borrow a piece of gum?

CON: You can have it.

DIS: Oh yeah, that was retarded.

CON: What do you mean by that?

DIS: Oh, well, it's retarded 'cause it's dumb, like you can't really borrow a piece of gum, so it's kind of stupid—(*Realizes that retarded refers to a group of people.*) Oh, but, no no no no, retarded people are different, like, and they can be stupid or smart, I mean, it's in your brain, you can be dumb in your brain, but if you're dumb or stupid, like, and if that thing was dumb then it was retarded, but if you're retarded you're, but if you're retarded you're dumb or you're not dumb, and stupid things like borrowing gum . . .

CON *turns and exits Stage Left.*

DIS: Whew. (*Shaking head, turns and exits Stage Right.*)

SCENE 3: BLACK = GHETTO

CON *enters Stage Left, walks Center and faces audience.*

CON: I'm Connected.

Looks for DIS; waits; checks watch. DIS enters Stage Right with stereotypical "black attitude"; facing audience.

DIS: I'm Disconnected . . . (*Snaps and turns to talk to CON.*) Girl, have no clue why I'm late. There was this fight—Jill was all up in Bethany's grill trying to start some stuff and Bethany was like, "Oh no you didn't," and she was like "Oh yes I did" and then she threw her Diet Pepper at her and Bethany was not having that, so she took off her earrings and handed them to her boo, and they totally started scrapping . . . it was soooo ghetto.

CON (*pauses, looking at DIS*): This was at the mall, right?

DIS (*pauses*): Yeah, (*Pause.*) the food court . . .

CON *looks at DIS; turns and walks off.*

Let Me Be Me

by Kaitlin Hunter, arr. by Douglas Levine

Every day I walk down the street
People making judgments of me
Like they know my story, but they only know what they see.

Never knowing what's inside
Before they go and turn a blind eye
If they'd only try, they'd know there's no way to deny—

(CHORUS)

I am not the clothes that I wear
I am not the way I wear my hair
I am not this skin
So let me come in
And let me be me

I choose not to fit the mold
That our mad society holds
Cause I'm sick of being told, that I'm leaving my morals in the cold.

I am not some stereotype
So please don't believe the hype
Don't let my hopes die, because I am ready to fly—

(CHORUS 2x)

I am not this skin
So let me come in
And let me be me

Let Me Be Me

Words & Music by Kaity Hunter
Arranged by D. Levine

Medium rock 4

The musical score is written in G minor, 4/4 time, and consists of seven staves of music. The first staff is an instrumental introduction with a dynamic marking of *mp* and a tempo of 'Medium rock 4'. It features a bass line with chords Gm, F/G, Gm, and F/G. The second staff begins the vocal melody with the lyrics 'Ev-ery day I walk down the street, peo-ple mak-ing judge-ments of me'. The third staff continues with 'like they know my sto-ry. But they on-ly know what they see.' The fourth staff has 'Nev-er know-ing what's in-side, be-fore they go and turn a blind eye.' The fifth staff says 'If they'd on-ly try, they'd know there's no way to de-ny... I am not'. The sixth staff continues with 'the clothes that I wear, I am not the way I wear my hair, I am'. The seventh staff concludes with 'not this skin, so let me come in, and let me be me.' The score includes various chord changes and dynamic markings such as *mf*.

8 *mp* G_m F/G G_m F/G

5 G_m F/G G_m F
8 Ev-ery day I walk down the street, peo-ple mak-ing judge-ments of me

9 E_b B^b/D C_m G_m F/G
8 like they know my sto-ry. But they on-ly know what they see.

13 G_m F/G G_m F
8 Nev-er know-ing what's in-side, be-fore they go and turn a blind eye.

17 E_b B^b/D C_m F
8 If they'd on-ly try, they'd know there's no way to de-ny... I am not

20 B^b E_b/B^b F/A G_m7 E_b/G F
8 *mf* the clothes that I wear, I am not the way I wear my hair, I am

24 C_m/E_b B^b/D C_m7 B^b/D E_b B^b E_b/B^b B^b
8 not this skin, so let me come in, and let me be me.

2
28 *mp* **Gm F/G Gm F/G**

32 **Gm F/G Gm F**

 8 I choose not to fit the molds That our mad so-ci-e-ty holds. 'Cause I'm

36 **E♭ B♭/D Cm Gm F/G**

 8 sick of be-ing told that I'm leav-ing my mor - als in the cold.

40 **Gm F/G Gm F**

 8 I am not some ste-re-o-type, so please don't be - lieve the hype. Don't

44 **E♭ B♭/D Cm F**

 8 let my hopes die, be - cause I am rea - dy to fly. I am not

47 **B♭ E♭/B♭ F/A Gm7 E♭/G F**
mf-f

 8 the clothes that I wear. I am not the way I wear my hair. I am

51 **Cm/E♭ B♭/D Cm7 B♭/D E♭ B♭** 1 C_{m7}/F

 8 not this skin, so let me come in, and let me be me. I am not

55 **²E♭/B♭B♭ /A Cm/G B♭/F E♭ B♭/D Cm7 /FB♭ E♭/B♭B♭** *mp* **Poco rit.**

 8 I am not this skin, so let me come in, and let me be me.

Skin Deep

by Dreams of Hope with Douglas Levine

(VERSE 1)

SOLO 1: I had a dream that the kids from across the street
Took me out for a ride in their car.
Then we were drivin' through school,
And they said, "Check it out, fool,"
You're gonna see things just as they are."

SOLO 2: Our school is really diversified,
So the scenery was a surprise.
You see, I'm not so naïve,
But, man, I couldn't believe
The way the world looked through their eyes.

(BRIDGE)

SOLO 3: Every Asian kid had a pocket protector,
SOLO 4: The Latinos kids were all selling drugs.
SOLO 5: The Black kids had on saggy jeans,
SOLO 6: Lookin' like a bunch of gangsta thugs.
ALL: Every lesbian was totally butch,
Every gay boy was a queen.
SOLO 7: And every Jewish kid had a Rolex watch.
ALL: It was a scary and ridiculous scene.

(TRANSITION)

That's when I sat up in bed
With these words in my head:

(CHORUS)

If you're lookin' skin deep then you're not gonna see
All the stuff underneath that is the real me.
Don't believe what they say; it's a tired cliché.
Or you'll be one of the sheep who's only lookin' skin deep.

(VERSE 2)

I can picture the world of the future.
It's a truly remarkable site.
With no more hatred or fame,
We'll be exactly the same:
A trillion dancing sparks of light.

But for now I get up in the morning,
And whatever my mood of the day,
I know that I can embrace
Whatever I gotta face.
No one can take my courage away.

Because in body and mind
I'm one of a kind.

(CHORUS)

(REPEAT CHORUS WITH HARMONY)

(REPEAT CHORUS IN UNISON, CLAP ON OFFBEATS, SOLO ON LAST 5 WORDS)

Skin Deep

Words by D. Levine with Dreams of Hope
Music by Douglas Levine

Medium rock

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb). It consists of three systems of music. The first system shows the vocal line starting with the lyrics "I had a" and the piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line with lyrics: "dream that the kids from a-cross the street took me out for a ride in their car. Then we were school is real-ly di-vers-i-fied, so the scen-er-y was a sur-prise. You see, I'm". The third system continues the vocal line with lyrics: "driv-in' through school, and they said, 'Check it out, fool. You're gon-na see things just as they are. not so na-ive, but man, I could-n't be-lieve the way the world looked through their eyes." The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand, with dynamics like *mf* and accents.

Skin Deep

8

1. 2.

Our Every A -

11

8

- sian kid had a pock-et pro-tec - tor, the La - ti-no kids were all sel-ling drugs. The

13

8

black kids had on sag-gy jeans — look-in' like a bunch of gang - sta thugs. Ev-ery

(opti. solo)

15

8

les - bi - an — was to - tal - ly butch, — ev - ery gay boy was ³ a queen. And

lunga

mp

Skin Deep

17
8
ev-ery Jew-ish kid had a Ro-lex watch... it was a sca-ry and ri - di-cu-lous scene. That's when I

f₃ *mf*

19
8
sat up in bed with these words in my head. If you're look - in' skin

19
8
f

f

22
8
— deep — then you're not gon-na see all the stuff un-der - neath — that is the real me. —

22
8

25
8
— Don't be - lieve what they — say; — it's a tired — cli - che. Or you'll be one of the sheep

25
8

Skin Deep

4
25

who's on-ly lookin' skin deep. I can

37

pic - ture the world of the fu - ture. It's a tri-ly re - mark - a - ble sitc. With no more
now, I get up in the mom - ing, and what - ev - er my mood of the day, I know that

33

hat - red or fame, we'll be ex - act - ly the same: a tril - lion can
can em - brace what - ev - er I got - ta face. No - one can

35

danc - ing sparks of light. But for
take my cour - age a - way.

Skin Deep

D.S. al Coda

35 2.

Because in bod-y and mind I'm one of a kind. — If you're look-in' skin

42

On repeat—unison melody, a capella al fine

deep. If you're look-in' skin — deep — then you're not gon-na see all the stuff un-der-

(On rpt., tacet after downbeat)

45

neath — that is the real me. — Don't be-lieve what they — say; — it's a tired — cli-

48

Fine

che. Or you'll be one of the sheep — who's on-ly look-in' skin deep. If you're look-in' skin

Keep Running

by Romairas Harp, arr. by Douglas Levine

Love torn apart, thrown separate ways.
Time moving steadily, as the ignorance follows its pace.
Cold hearts united, while the fire can't breathe.
A select few seeking purity. Leaders not afraid to lead.

(CHORUS)

They keep running.
They keep running toward freedom.
Striving for inner and outer peace, never running out of steam,
No matter how cruel the world is,
They keep running.

Innocence ripped away, hardly having time to stay.
Good morals overruled by people with a rude point of view.
Always letting each other down. Getting up is nowhere to be found.
Sprinting with blindfolds on, desperate for the truth.

(CHORUS: using "we" instead of "they")

We were born with skin made out of water, flowing seamlessly toward the sun.
Corroded by our own negativity, and we'd barely begun.
They say beauty's in the eye of the beholder, so be careful what the eye sees.
Labeling for no reason with cynical ease.

We need to start over as people to restore the balance of things.

(CHORUS: solo, with back up harmonizing: 2x)

So keep running
So keep running towards freedom
We're running strong
Hand in hand
No matter how cruel the world is
We keep running

Keep Running

Words and Music by
Romairas Romeo Harp
Arr. D. Levine

Lightly swung 3

Am(add9) /G F Maj7 /G
Love torn a-part,

9 Am(add9) /G F Maj7 /G
thrown sep-arate ways. Time mov-ing

17 Am(add9) /G F Maj7 /G
stead-i-ly, as the ig - nor-ance fol-lows its pace. Cold hearts u-nite -

25 Am(add9) /G F Maj7 /G
- ed while the fire can't breath. A se - lect few seek-ing

33 Am(add9) /G F Maj7 /G
pur - i - ty. Lead-ers not a - fraid to lead. They keep

41 Am(add9) G Am(add9) G
run ning. They keep run - ning towards free-dom.

48 F Maj7 G 6 F Maj7 G 6 D m9
Striv - ing for in-ner and out-er peace, nev-er run-ning out of steam, no mat - ter how

Keep Running

54 Em(add11) F Maj9 G C/B \flat B \flat Maj7 C/B \flat B \flat Maj7

cruel the world is ___ they keep run - ning. ___

61 Am(add9) /G F Maj7 /G

In-no-cence ripped a - way, ___ hard-ly hav-ing time to stay, ___ Good mor-als ov-er -

68 Am(add9) /G F Maj7 /G

- ruled ___ by peo-ple with a rude point of view. ___ Al-ways let-ting each

75 Am(add9) /G F Maj7 /G

other down. ___ Get-ting up is no - where to be found. ___ Sprinting with

82 Am(add9) /G F Maj7 /G

blind - folds on, Des-parate for the truth. ___ We keep

93 Am(add9) G Am(add9) G

run - ning. We keep run - ning. ___ towards free-dom.

100 F Maj7 G6 F Maj7 G6 Dm9

Striv-ing for in-ner and out-er peace, nev-er run-ning out of steam, no mat-ter how

107 Em(add11) F Maj9 G C/B \flat B \flat Maj7 C/B \flat B \flat Maj7

cruel the world is ___ we keep run - ning. ___ We were

Keep Running

113 Dm9 G/A F Maj7 /G Gsus/A

born with skin made out of wa - ter, flow-ing seam-less-ly toward the sun. Cor-

121 Am/D G Am

rod-ed by our own ne - ga-ti - vi-ty, and we'd bare-ly be - gun. They say

129 Dm9 G/A F Maj7 /G Gsus/A

beau-ty's in the eye of the be - hold - er, so be care-ful what the eye sees.

137 Am/D G Am

La - bel - ing for no rea-son with cy - ni - cal ease. We

145 D9 G/E C/F B m/E

need to start o - ver as peo - ple to re - store the bal-ance of things. We keep

153 Am(add9) G Am(add9)

run - ning. We keep run - ning towards

159 G F Maj7 G6 F Maj7 G6 Dm9

free-dom. Striv-ing for in-ner and out-er peace, nev-er run-ning out of steam, no mat-ter how

166 Em(add11) F Maj9 G Bb13 Bb9 Bb9+11 Bb9

cruel the world is we keep run - ning. We keep

Keep Running

173 (1stX--lower line only;
2ndX--both lines.)

So keep run - ning. So keep run-ning towards free - dom.

run - ning. We keep run - ning towards free - dom.

180

We're run-ning strong, Hand in hand, No mat-ter how

Striv-ing for in-ner and out-er peace, nev-er run-ning out of steam, no mat-ter how

185

cruel the world is we keep run - ning.

cruel the world is we keep run - ning. We keep

193

2. **Rallent.**

run-ning.

run - ning. Love torn a-part, thrown separate ways.