

*Dreams of Hope*

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*Exploring issues gay youth face in a  
heterosexual society.*

*January 30-31, 2005*

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**Born This Way**  
by Renee Ballard

Being gay  
Doesn't mean I can't pray  
Nor does it mean I'm going to hell  
I just like the same sex  
And this is something I can't correct  
You see it as a sin  
That's when I put on a grin  
Because your hate fuels me  
To be all I can be

Being a young gay women isn't easy  
All the sinners in the world want to tell me I'm wrong  
But yet they think come Sunday all their sins are gone?  
So that gives you a right to say I'm going to a place  
Where they're more likely to be at Satan's gate

Don't come to me  
And say what I am isn't right  
It's not my fault you're close minded and uptight

It's funny  
How people think I chose to be gay  
I guess like I chose the color of my skin  
Now does that make sense?  
No!  
I was born like this  
Just like everyone was born with hips

Then you think it's a chemical imbalance  
But the only imbalance I would have  
Is to be with a man which would appear as  
The perfect dream life every straight girl has

And you ask  
What would be so bad?  
What kind of life would I live?  
Being married to a man and having to give

Into every command and being forever sad  
I would hate something the average girl wish she had  
I would be stuck in a prison  
Serving a life sentence

So, no, I'm not going to be like half the population  
Wishing they could do things different  
I'm going to be me  
And be with a girl of my dreams

Now you have two decisions  
You can accept it or don't  
Either way your words go up in smoke  
Because I'm happy and not afraid  
To announce to the world that this image I've made  
Of an 18-year-old Intelligent Black Female  
Will never fade  
And it will always be easy for me  
To stand up and say  
I'm Beautiful, Unique, Artistic, and Gay

**Shoe Scene**  
by Dreams of Hope

**Characters**

Gay Boy                      Lesbian Girl                      Female Clerk                      Male Clerk

INTRO: Two friends, a girl and a boy, are out shopping. They are shopping for shoes. Watch how our culture treats boys and girls differently.

*GAY BOY and LESBIAN GIRL going shopping.*

GAY BOY: I need shoes for the club tonight.

LESBIAN GIRL: I need some boots. Let's go here.

*Enter store.*

FEMALE CLERK: Can I help you find something?

LESBIAN GIRL: I need some men's boots.

FEMALE CLERK: The Men's Department is over there.

LESBIAN GIRL: Thank you. (*Walks to Men's Dept.*)

FEMALE CLERK: Can I help you find something sir?

GAY BOY: Well, I'm looking for some heels.

FEMALE CLERK: What size?

GAY BOY: 13.

FEMALE CLERK (*looking shocked and confused*): Uh . . .

GAY BOY: They're for me!

FEMALE CLERK (*pointing*): Your section is over there!

*GAY BOY and FEMALE CLERK freeze. Cut to LESBIAN GIRL.*

MALE CLERK: Excuse me Ma'am can I help you?

LESBIAN GIRL: Yes, thank you I need a pair of Timberland Boots, size 7.

MALE CLERK: Is that in a female shoe or male shoe?

LESBIAN GIRL: Male.

*LESBIAN GIRL and MALE CLERK freeze.*

*Cut to GAY BOY and FEMALE CLERK*

GAY BOY: Well, actually, I know where my section is and it is right here! I would like a pair of size 13 pink or brown, 4 inch heel, maybe strap up the calf.

FEMALE CLERK: What does this look like a homo store!

*Freeze.*

MALE CLERK (*handing the girl boots*): Here you go.

LESBIAN GIRL: Thank you.

*Takes boots and walks over to boy. MALE CLERK exits.*

LESBIAN GIRL (*speaking to GAY BOY*): Hey, are you ready to go? I got a nice pair of Tims. (*Begins to show him her boots.*)

GAY BOY *looks exasperatedly at LESBIAN GIRL.*

LESBIAN GIRL: What's going on?

FEMALE CLERK: We don't sell heels to men.

LESBIAN GIRL: What!? You just sold me men's boots.

FEMALE CLERK: Girls wearing b . . .

GAY BOY: I want a pair of heels or I will speak to your manager.

FEMALE CLERK: Find them yourself. (*Starts to walk off.*)

LESBIAN GIRL: You can have these. (*Shoves boots at FEMALE CLERK.*) Let's go!

LESBIAN GIRL *and GAY BOY leave store.*

*Shoes are removed from stage.*

*They discuss their feelings.*

## Mother/Daughter Scene

by Dreams of Hope

### Characters

Daughter

Mother

DAUGHTER *and* MOTHER *are at home. DAUGHTER is sitting at her computer in her room. MOTHER walks in and looks at the computer screen, which has a picture of a woman on it.*

MOTHER: Who's that on your computer screen?

DAUGHTER: That is Christine Aguilera, my favorite singer.

MOTHER (*looking around the room*): Why don't you have any pictures of men in your room?

DAUGHTER (*defensive and nervous about what she might be getting to*): Why should I?

MOTHER: Because that's what normal girls have.

DAUGHTER: It's my room.

MOTHER: Your sister told me something that I want to talk to you about.

(*Pause.*) Are you living in sin?

DAUGHTER: What are you talking about?

MOTHER: Why didn't you go to the prom with Deacon Thorton's son?

DAUGHTER: He's not my type.

MOTHER: But you went with that girlfriend of yours.

DAUGHTER: Yeah . . .

MOTHER: So he's not your type and she is? Is she your "girlfriend"?

DAUGHTER: Are trying to ask if I am gay?

MOTHER: I raised you in the church and no child of mine is going to be gay. I raised you better than that. You know that homosexuality is a sin.

DAUGHTER: Loving someone is not a sin.

MOTHER: God created women to be with men. It's not natural.

DAUGHTER: It wasn't a choice for me. I love who I love. I was born this way.

(*Pause.*) You fell in love and chose your husband, why can't I be with the person I fell in love with?

MOTHER *slams door shut behind her, then freezes.*

DAUGHTER *states her feelings of anger and fear of her mother's anger. Freeze.*

MOTHER *states her feelings of "Why Me" and fear for her safety as a lesbian. Freeze.*

**Father/Son Scene**  
by Dreams of Hope

**Characters**

Father

Son

*At home, boy's room. Boy runs into room, slams door, paces. Hears FATHER from outside of room.*

FATHER: Brad! Don't run away from me! Tell me who that boy was. Come back here you faggot!

SON: What did you call me? *(Opens door quickly.)*

FATHER *(walking confrontationally through the door)*: I'll call you anything I want. I'm your father.

SON: He's just my friend.

FATHER: Bullshit. You know I saw you.

SON: Oh yeah!? What did you see?

FATHER *(pause)*: I didn't raise no faggot!

SON: Oh yeah, well, I guess you did.

FATHER: *(Moves up into son's face, is ready to hit the son.)*

SON: Are you really going to hit me?

FATHER *deflates and leaves room.*

SON: How do I make him understand that this isn't a choice for me. This is who I am.

FATHER: This is no son of mine. I thought I raised him right. What are people going to say about him? What are people going to say about our family?