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

The DREAM is supported by generous donations from individuals and...

More Info:
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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.
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’mDisconnected . . . (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 earringeshand 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

\[\text{Gm} - \text{F/G} - \text{Gm} - \text{F/G} \]

\[\text{mp} \]

Every day I walk down the street, people making judgments of me.

\[\text{Gm} - \text{F/G} - \text{Gm} - \text{Gm} - \text{F} \]

like they know my story. But they only know what they see.

\[\text{Eb} - \text{Bb/D} - \text{Cm} - \text{Gm} - \text{F/G} \]

Never knowing what's inside, before they go and turn a blind eye.

\[\text{Eb} - \text{Bb/D} - \text{Cm} - \text{F} \]

If they'd only try, they'd know there's no way to deny.

\[\text{Bb} - \text{Eb/Bb} - \text{F/A} - \text{Gm7} - \text{Eb/G} - \text{F} \]

I am not the clothes that I wear. I am not the way I wear my hair. I am not this skin.

\[\text{Cm/Eb} - \text{Bb/D} - \text{Cm7} - \text{Bb/D} - \text{Eb} - \text{Bb} - \text{Eb/Bb} - \text{Bb} \]

so let me come in, and let me be me.

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Let Me Be Me

Gm          F/G          Gm          F/G

I choose not to fit the molds. That our mad society holds. "Cause I'm

Gm          F/G          Gm          F

sick of being told that I'm leaving my morals in the cold.

Gm          F/G          Gm          F

I am not some stereotype; so please don't believe the hype. Don't

let my hopes die, because I am ready to fly. I am not

Bb          Eb/Bb         F/A          Gm7       Eb/G         F

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 am not

Eb/Bb       Cm/G          Bb/F         Eb          Bb          Bb/D          Cm7          Fb          Eb/Bb

I am not this skin; so let me come in, and let me be me. Poco rit.
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

dream that the kids across the street took me out for a ride in their car. Then we were

You see, I'm

drive through school, and they said, "Check it out, fool. You're gonna see things just as they are. Not so naive, but man, I couldn't believe the way the world looked through their eyes."
Skin Deep

1.

Our

Every A-

- sian kid had a pocket protector, the Latino kids were all selling drugs. The

black kids had on saggy jeans—lookin' like a bunch of gangsta thugs. Every

lesbian was totally butch, every gay boy was a queen. And
Skin Deep

every Jew-ish kid had a Rolex watch... it was a scary and ridiculous scene. That’s when I

sat up in bed with these words in my head... 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 cliche. Or you’ll be one of the sheep
Skin Deep

— who's on-ly lookin' skin deep.

picture the world of the future. It's a re-mark-a-ble site.

hatred or fame, we'll be ex-actly the same: a trillion

dreaming sparks of light.

take my cour-age a-way.

But for
Because in body and mind, I'm one of a kind. If you're lookin' skin deep.

On repeat—unison melody, a capella al fine

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. If you're lookin' 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
Romairnas Romeo Harp
Arr. D. Levine

Lightly swung 3

\[\text{Love torn a-part,} \]

\[\text{thrown separate ways.} \]

\[\text{Time moving} \]

\[\text{C \text{old hearts unite-} \text{ed} \text{ while the fire can't breath}} \]

\[\text{A \text{select few seeking} \text{pur-i-ty-}} \]

\[\text{Leaders not afraid to lead} \]

\[\text{They keep running. They keep running towards free-dom.} \]

\[\text{Striving for inner and outer peace, never running out of steam, no matter how} \]

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Keep Running

C: cruel the world is they keep running.

A: innocence ripped away, hardly having time to stay.

Am(add9) /G F Maj7 /G
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.

Am(add9) G Am(add9) G
We keep running. We keep running towards freedom.

F: striving for inner and outer peace, never running out of steam, no matter how cruel the world is we keep running. We were
Keep Running

Dm9       G/A       F Maj7   /G       Gsus/A
born with skin made out of wate - ter, flow - ing seamles-ly toward the sun. Cor-

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

Dm9       G/A       F Maj7   /G       Gsus/A
beaut-y's in the eye of the be-hold-er, so be care-ful what the eye sees.

Am/D      G        Am
La-bel-ing for no rea-son with cyn-i-cal ease. We

D9        G/E       C/F       Bm/E
need to start o-ver as peo-ple to re-store the bal-ance of things. We keep

Am(add9)  G        Am(add9)
run-ning. We keep run-n ing to-wards

G        F Maj7     G6        F Maj7     G6        Dm9
free-dom. Striv-ing for in-ner and outer peace, nev-er run-n ing out of steam, no mat-ter how

Em(add11)  F Maj9   G        Bb913     Bb9     Bb911     Bb9
cruel the world is we keep run-n ing. We keep
Keep Running

So keep running...
So keep running towards freedom.

We keep running...
We keep running towards freedom.

We're running strong.
Hand in hand. No matter how

Striving for inner and outer peace, never running out of steam, no matter how

cruel the world is we keep running.

cruel the world is we keep running.

Rallent.

Love torn a-part, thrown separate ways.