

EXCERPT:

*Sam and Stan in the tree. They're playing Rock, Paper, Scissors. Sam has yet to win a round, and is visibly frustrated.*

SAM: Stop it.

STAN: Sorry.

*Three more rounds. Stan wins them all.*

SAM: Knock it off, Stan!

STAN: I'm not doing anything.

*Sam insists on another round. Loses. Another. Loses. Another. Loses. Lloyd enters with Cindy in tow. Cindy stops him.*

SAM: *STAN!*

CINDY: What do we have here: *Sam and Stan, sitting in a tree...*

*Sam looks awkwardly at Stan, and shuffles over.*

CINDY: *(to Sam)* If anyone asks, you didn't see us come through.

SAM: But Cindy...Lloyd Carter...he's a traitor and...and a spy...and I'm sus'posed to report any suspicious—

CINDY: Sam, this is secret official business.

SAM: Oh. Secret *official* business.

CINDY: *(to Lloyd)* 'Kay, let's go.

*Cindy makes to move off, but Lloyd is looking strangely at Stan – as though Stan is basked in a light that only Lloyd himself can see. This goes on uncomfortably long.*

CINDY: Lloyd?

*Lloyd comes out of something. Looks at Sam, then Cindy, and stalks off. Cindy chases him.*

SAM: *(under his breath)* Traitor.

*Pause.*

STAN: How long has all this been going on?

SAM: Pretty long. None of *us* know what life was like before the Sevens turned on us. We don't know if there was ever a time when we didn't have to be afraid of them.

STAN: I'm not afraid of them.

SAM: You've only been here one month!

STAN: No, I mean, at my old school. There was a Junior High two blocks away. The Sevens were pretty cool. For...y'know...teenagers.

SAM: Oh, yeah, *right*, Stan. You're *soooo* brave.

STAN: I don't think I'm brave. They just weren't that scary, that's all.

SAM: Grape juice does not come out, Stan! *It does not come—*

STAN: I know.

SAM: My brother isn't even back at school yet.

STAN: *(beat)* I thought he got transferred to St. Grimms.

SAM: For his own protection.

STAN: *(beat)* I thought he got expelled for beating up a grade four kid?

*Sam grabs Stan by the scruff of his neck.*

SAM: *(low, sinister)* What are you implying?

STAN: Nuh...Nothing.

SAM: *(unhands Stan)* You really don't know what we're up against, do you?

STAN: Not really, no.

SAM: Hasn't even sunk in.

STAN: Technically this *is* my first retaliation.

SAM: The struggle of the Sixes is genuine and true, you should be proud to be a part of it.

STAN: There are just certain things I don't get yet.

SAM: What's not to get?

STAN: Well, I don't get why Cindy Katchenowsky gets to look through my backpack every morning, or why I can't drink juice boxes—

SAM: Because of Picture Day!

STAN: Or why Anderson has Picture Day in May.

STAN: What's wrong with May?

STAN: Or why the Sevens hate us so much...

SAM: Probably because they don't get recess.

STAN: Huh?

SAM: But we have a right – nay, a *duty* – to protect ourselves.

STAN: They don't hate us because of recess.

SAM: How do you know?

STAN: How do *you* know?

SAM: Don't you *like* recess?

STAN: Of course I like recess. But it's fifteen minutes. It's no big deal.

SAM: You don't know what you've got 'til it's gone, now do ya, Stan?

STAN: But—

SAM: Always be ready to retaliate, always remember Wedgie, and hate Lloyd. And Lucy. A lot. That's the way it works.

*Pause.*

STAN: Why is that the way it works?

SAM: Because.

STAN: Because why?

SAM: Because Calvin says!

STAN: How does he know?

SAM: Because he's our leader!

STAN: Who made him our leader?

SAM: *Julius H. Christo!* I don't know where you come from Stan, and frankly, I don't care. You're at Anderson now, and we don't take our freedom for...

STAN: I was just wondering...

SAM: *(hits him)* You like her!

STAN: What?

SAM: *Jessica!* You like her!

STAN: No I don't.

SAM: Yes you do! You like Jessica! You're in *loooooove* with her!

STAN: No I'm not!

SAM: You want to have her babies.

STAN: No I don't!

SAM: Hm. That's good, because Jessica is totally out of your league, *comprendé?* I'm a Five, you're a Five, she's a Five, but Simon's a *Six*.

STAN: I know!

SAM: Next year Simon's gonna be a Seven, and we'll be battling him, so you don't want romantic feelings mixed up in all-

STAN: *They're not romantic feelings!*

SAM: Are too.

STAN: Are not.

SAM: Are too.

*Jessica enters.*

SAM: Speak of el Diablo!

JESSICA: Look, Sam, I didn't follow you guys, I just need to know if you've seen Simon come—

SAM: Jessica! How nice of you to drop in! Jessica, you've met Stan, haven't you?

JESSICA: Yeah. Hi Stan.

*Sam looks at Stan, giving him ample opportunity to answer. Stan says nothing.*

SAM: Didn't you have something you wanted to ask Jessica? Stan?

*Long pause. Stan is in pain.*

JESSICA: Have you guys seen Simon?

SAM: *(to Stan)* Have we seen Simon, Stan? *(Stan says nothing.)* Stan says Simon came through a little while ago.

JESSICA: Thanks. *(turns to climb down)*

SAM: But he wanted us to tell you something. What was that, Stan? Oh yeah, something like: Stop following me around all the time so I can make out with Cindy Katchenowsky in peace.

*Jessica descends, dejectedly.*

SAM: Something like that, eh Stan?

*Jessica walks off.*

SAM: Remember Wedgie.

JESSICA: Spare me.

*She's gone. Sam bursts out laughing.*

STAN: What'd you say that for?

SAM: Did you see the look on her face?

STAN: You shouldn't have done that.

SAM: Why not?

STAN: She's probably...pretty upset...

SAM: So why didn't you say something, muchacho? She's *your* girlfriend.

STAN: *(beat, softly)* She's not my girlfriend.