

NOTES

In her welcomed return to The Interp Store, Celeste LeBeaux gives us an abstract play about the perpetual problem of bullying in our nation's schools. In this dark comedy with some seriously dramatic overtones, LeBeaux takes us to a not altogether unfamiliar community, where the local high school, Acceptance Academy, has a new student, Brad. We soon learn that neither Acceptance Academy, nor its across town rival, Diversity High, are necessarily known for their "acceptance" or "diversity." Brad, born with the skin-tone of "hot pink," ultimately teaches us that while we all may be different colors on the outside—we all bleed the same color: Red. (Although, in Brad's case, who knows? It might be a slightly different hue of red...like maybe "pink!") This play should be performed by two females and may be entered in either Duo Interpretation or Duet Acting; however, this selection may also be presented by either a single female (or male) performer and entered in either Dramatic Interpretation (making it a Dramatic Interpretation with comedy scattered throughout) or Humorous Interpretation (and performed as a comedy with a dramatic ending.) You decide, but note that this selection not only deals with a timely topic—it teaches us the importance of learning to be more tolerant of anyone who is different.

Characters:

Carlee, a typical teenage girl, though a little on the geeky side

Zelda, Carlee's best friend

Christine, Carlee's mom

Barbara, Brad's mom

Detective

Scene One:

Carlee: Zelda, have you heard? Starting on Monday, there's going to be a new boy in school!

Zelda: (*Excited*) Really? What do you know about him?

Carlee: Well, there's not much to tell really...except... he's hot.

Zelda: What's his name?

Carlee: His name is Brad, and he's transferring from Diversity High. His mom met my mom at the nail salon at the mall, and *his* mom asked *my* mom if she knew any teenagers she could introduce her son to... Then, my mom, of course, told her about me and how... I'm *almost* popular at school...and on social Twitter I have over twenty-five faithful followers...and how I was 3rd Runner-Up at the Sasquatch County Miss Pre-teen Pageant four years ago.

Zelda: Did she tell Brad's mom that there were only four contestants at the pageant?

Carlee: (*Embarrassed*) No, Zelda. (*Pause, hurt*) No, she didn't. And thanks for

BRAD IS HOT (HOT PINK, THAT IS)

By Celeste LeBeaux

bringing up one of the most humiliating defeats of my life! *(Beat)* Then she told Brad's mom all about Acceptance Academy, and she told her she'd be happy to introduce him to me and that I'd have him fitting in in no time.

Zelda: So, this Brad guy... You think he's really hot?

Carlee: *(Trying to be diplomatic)* Well...in a way...I've only met him once.

Zelda: Carlee, he's either hot or he's not. There's no "in a way" about it.

Carlee: Well, Brad isn't like the other boys in our school.

Zelda: Well, I certainly hope not. All the boys at Acceptance Academy are just...average. Brad's not average, is he? Please, tell me that we're not getting just another average boy at AA. If we do, I swear—I think it would drive me to drink!

Carlee: No, I promise. Brad's not average. He's definitely a stand out. In fact, if Brad were a flavor of ice cream at Baskin Robbins, he'd make the other thirty flavors taste very—vanilla.

Zelda: So...what flavor would he be?

Carlee: *(Hesitant)* I don't know... Cotton candy maybe.

Zelda: He'd "taste" like cotton candy? Carlee, how do you know what Brad "tastes" like? Did you kiss him?

Carlee: Noooo! I didn't kiss him!

Zelda: *(Not believing her)* Oh my gosh! You totally played tonsil hockey with the new guy, Brad!

Carlee: No, I didn't! Look. Zelda, I wasn't lying when I said Brad is hot. He *is* hot. He's just... Well, he's...

Zelda: Carlee, just spit it out. Brad is *what--?*

Carlee: *(Finally blurting it out)* He's hot pink.

Zelda: *(Confused)* You mean...he's sunburned?

Carlee: No. He's hot pink.

Zelda: You mean like...he has a bad acne problem?

Carlee: No. I mean...Brad's *skin* is hot pink...Seriously, like—all over.

Zelda: So, let me get this straight. You're telling me that Brad, this new boy, is like—*literally* "hot pink?"

Carlee: Yes!

Zelda: Pinky swear?

Carlee: Pinky swear. *(Holds up her pinky finger)* Zelda, I swear on everything that is Victoria's Secret...Brad is sooo "hot pink"...he's almost—magenta.

Scene Two:

Carlee's Mom: *(Answering the phone)* Hello.

Brad's Mom: Hi, Christine? It's Barbara, Brad's mom.

Carlee's Mom: Oh, hi. Carlee and I were just talking about your son this morning. *(Realizing that didn't sound right)* Of course, we weren't talking about your son in a *bad* way. *(Trying to correct herself)* In a *good* way.

Brad's Mom: Well, I just wanted to call and thank you for introducing Brad to Carlee.

Carlee's Mom: Well, of course. Carlee has had so many kind things to say about your son.

Brad's Mom: (*Shocked*) Really? Like what? (*Realizing she sounded too eager*) I mean, Brad...had some *difficulties* at his other school.

Carlee's Mom: But...didn't Brad go to *Diversity High*?

Brad's Mom: Well, Christine, it turns out that *Diversity High* isn't that big on "diversity." Even their principal told me in private that Brad was just too... "colorful"... for their student demographic.

Carlee's Mom: Barbara, I thought *Diversity High* was known for their...well, you know... "diversity."

Brad's Mom: Well, if by "diversity," you mean all of the earth tones of the rainbow, then yes... There's a lot of diversity there, but try as he may...Brad just never seemed to fit in. He even tried out for the school mascot.

Carlee's Mom: Barbara, correct me if I'm wrong, but isn't the mascot for *Diversity High*...a flamingo?

Brad's Mom: Yes. (*Beat*) Yes, it is. You'd think Brad would have been perfect for that, wouldn't you?

Carlee's Mom: Well, yes... I mean, considering...

Brad's Mom: All of that, of course, is just water under the bridge. Brad is at a new school now, he's made at least one new friend, your daughter, Carlee, and he is just...*tickled pink!*

Carlee's Mom: I'll bet he is, Barbara. (*Beat*) I'll just bet he is.

Scene Three:

Carlee: Okay, something is happening at school, and I don't like it. I don't like it one bit!

Zelda: I know! For the first-time in our high school careers—and I don't even like to think things like this—but—I'm starting to think the student body here at *Acceptance Academy*—isn't being very—accepting.

Carlee: Especially as it relates to Brad!

Zelda: And it hurts, Carlee. It hurts so much!

Carlee: You're right. It does. Did you hear the boys on the football team at lunch yesterday? They kept calling Brad the 'Bubblegum Boy.'

Zelda: That's not only wrong—but inaccurate. Brad is *hot pink*—not *bubblegum pink!*

Carlee: Well, did you hear what those kids were saying on the bus???

Zelda: No, remember. My mom will only let me ride the bus on Tuesdays and Thursdays until the school installs seat belts. What did they say?

Carlee: This one kid, who sits in the back of the bus, said he found an old newspaper article on the Internet, and it was all about Brad's mom. He said Brad's mom used to work for a traveling carnival and she worked in concessions. Well, according to this kid, who swore on his sister's pink tutu and ballet slippers that it's all true, said that while Brad's mom was pregnant with him... she accidentally fell into the cotton candy machine!