

pee-pee bucket

TEN MINUTE PLAY

By Janice Fronczak

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SYNOPSIS: Johnathan, a well-dressed businessman whose car breaks down on his way to work, hitches a ride with Billy-Bob, an urban cowboy. This good ol' boy takes Johnathan on a ride of a lifetime, first scaring him with the arsenal in his glove compartment and then revealing his desire to go discover his "inner-child." A most unlikely partnering, these two very individual men discover their differences and similarities amidst the spilled pee-pee bucket on their way to Lake Charles.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

BILLY-BOB Urban cowboy, Texan. Heavy accent. Never had much of an education. Does odd jobs. Defensive. Good ol' boy.

JOHNATHAN Well-spoken, nicely dressed businessman in his thirties. Puts on airs.

SETTING

The side of the highway outside of Houston, Texas. Interior of Billy-Bob's old pick-up truck.

TIME: Early A.M.

PROPS

Bucket painted light yellow inside

COSTUMES

Shoes and socks (to come off)

SOUND EFFECTS

Possibly country music on radio, traffic

PRODUCTION NOTES

Advisable to simply mime the spilling of the bucket, but use a real bucket. If a real bench seat could be used for the pick-up truck, even better. Indication of glove department and/or both windows would be helpful. Don't have to see the knife or gun.

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AT RISE:

JOHNATHAN's car has broken down, he's been walking a while; decides to hitchhike when BILLY-BOB picks him up. JOHNATHAN gets into a somewhat beat-up old truck.

BILLY-BOB: Hey, where you headin'?

JOHNATHAN: My auto broke down and I am in need of a ride across town to Houston. Is that alright? Are you going that way?

BILLY-BOB: Sure, hop on in. *(Swings the door open for JOHNATHAN.)* I'm goin' to Lake Charles myself.

JOHNATHAN: Oh . . . *(He gets into truck.)*

BILLY-BOB: Yep, headin' on out to Lake Charles. Yep, I'm goin' to Lake Charles.

JOHNATHAN: Should be quite pleasant this time of year.

BILLY-BOB: Yep, that's where I'm a-goin'. We got a big turn up here, you better hold on there.

JOHNATHAN: Alright. *(Both men lean to the right then to the left for curve.)* Oh my God, something's down here! Something's on my foot, it's wet! WHAT IS IT?

BILLY-BOB: Oh, you gotta watch that. Yep, that there's my pee-pee bucket.

JOHNATHAN: Your what?

BILLY-BOB: My pee-pee bucket. It's a long drive to Lake Charles. *(Beat.)* Sometimes a fellow just can't wait. So, I got myself a pee-pee bucket.

JOHNATHAN: WHAT?? Oh my God . . . my leather shoes, my foot is all wet. Do you have a towel? I can't stand this. There is urine all over my foot! *(JOHNATHAN takes his shoe and sock off and sticks his foot out the window. BILLY-BOB throws him a rather dirty towel.)* Oh, the smell! This is disgusting, absolutely disgusting. I think I'm going to be sick.

BILLY-BOB: What are you doing? No need to be a nancy boy about it. Don't. Don't put your foot out the window.

JOHNATHAN: Look, I'm trying not to get ill. And I thought today was going to go so well. Is there anyway to cover it up? The urine?

BILLY-BOB: No need to use fancy language. Pee-pee is just fine with me. And get your foot back in the car! Makes us look cheap!

JOHNATHAN: *(Puts his foot back into the truck.)* Alright, alright, it's dried anyway. I'm sure that having open urine in the truck is illegal. It's certainly unsanitary. Please drop me off at that next exit. I have to get out of here. I can't breathe.

BILLY-BOB: Ya' sure are acting like an old lady over there. Let me ask you something. What do you do when you really have to go? Don't you wish secretly that you had a pee-pee bucket? Well?

JOHNATHAN: I hold it, for goodness' sake.

BILLY-BOB: That's not healthy. I just let it fly.

JOHNATHAN: What do you do with the bucket when it's full? Where do you empty it?

BILLY-BOB: That's my business.

JOHNATHAN: Well, your business is all over my foot! I just hope you empty your little bucket at a facility.

BILLY-BOB: Facility? Oh, big word. Big man. You mean a toilet?

JOHNATHAN: I really cannot believe I am having this conversation. I don't even know you and I'm sitting here talking about pee-pee buckets and toilets . . . Oh, here's the exit. Stop! Please, stop! Hey, why didn't you stop?

BILLY-BOB: Didn't feel like it. *(Long pause.)* You're judgin' me.

JOHNATHAN: What?

BILLY-BOB: You're judgin' me. You're sitting over there in your hundred dollar suit—

JOHNATHAN: Three hundred!

BILLY-BOB: Three hundred dollar suit and you're judgin' me. You think you're better than me.

JOHNATHAN: No, I'm not. How can I be better than you when I'm sitting over here with a smelly, disgusting wet foot? These were new shoes, now they're ruined. I demand you stop this truck immediately and let me out.

BILLY-BOB: I'll let you out when I feel like it.

JOHNATHAN: You're kidnapping me?

BILLY-BOB: I don't think you're a kid anymore.

JOHNATHAN: Look, this isn't funny. I have a business to run. You want money, is that it? Take me to my gallery, it's on Smith and Fuqua Street, and I'll give you all the money you want.

BILLY-BOB: Look around you. Do you think I care about money?

JOHNATHAN: Please, let me go. I'm sorry about mentioning your pee-pee bucket, I'm sorry. I just want to get cleaned up.

BILLY-BOB: Well, you just sit tight. You'll see all the water you want in a little while.

JOHNATHAN: What do you mean?

BILLY-BOB: A mighty pretty body of water.

JOHNATHAN: You're not going to let me out, are you?

BILLY-BOB: I don't think so. Not yet. Not until I've taught you a lesson or two.

JOHNATHAN: What do you want from me?

BILLY-BOB: Well, you're going to go do some huntin' and fishin' with me. Make a man out of ya'. Get that nancy boy stuff out of you.

JOHNATHAN: Hunting and fishing? Are you crazy? I abhor violence to animals.

BILLY-BOB: What we got here is a hypocrite, too. I bet you eat meat, don't you?

JOHNATHAN: Yes.

BILLY-BOB: How do you suppose a hamburger becomes a hamburger? You think a cow just happily lies down to be killed?

JOHNATHAN: Killing for fun is primitive. I have absolutely no desire to participate. Fishing has got to be the most boring thing in the world. I can't believe they call it a sport.

BILLY-BOB: Let's see how fast this baby goes. *(He hits the accelerator.)*

JOHNATHAN: No, please, please! Slow down. I'm sorry, I'm sorry! Please. Just let me out anywhere. I don't care.

BILLY-BOB: What's your hurry? You gotta get home to a boyfriend waitin' for you?

JOHNATHAN: No. I don't. Now, please slow down. Please! (*BILLY-BOB slows down.*) Thank you. I don't know where you get the idea that I am a "nancy boy" as you suggest. I own a very successful art gallery and am a respectable businessman.

BILLY-BOB: You're one of those nose-in-the-air snobs, thinking you know what all those blotchy paintings mean. I'll tell you right now what they mean, nothing!

JOHNATHAN: My partner's going to call the police if I don't show up. We had a very important meeting today at two o'clock. He'll know something's up. What do you want from me?

BILLY-BOB: Does a person have to want something from somebody all the time? Maybe I just want your company. So, you don't have a boyfriend. You got a girlfriend?

JOHNATHAN: That's none of your business. (*BILLY-BOB starts to accelerate again.*) Okay, okay! I did have one, but we broke up.

BILLY-BOB: You too much of a stiff for her?

JOHNATHAN: We had very different ideas about our relationship. She wanted to get married and I didn't.

BILLY-BOB: What are you afraid of? Afraid of settling down. See, you are a nancy boy.

JOHNATHAN: I am not!

BILLY-BOB: Sure get defensive. What's that Shakespeare saying, "me thinks, me thinks," how does that go?

JOHNATHAN: "Methinks the lady protests too much." And how in the world? Ah, never mind.

BILLY-BOB: I'm full of surprises. What was her name?

JOHNATHAN: Trudi.

BILLY-BOB: Fruity-trudi, Trudi-fruity.

JOHNATHAN: I would appreciate it if you would not make fun of her name.

BILLY-BOB: Sorry.

JOHNATHAN: Let me out at the next exit. I do not want to go to Lake Charles or hunt or fish. I apologize for making fun of you and your bucket. But I want out.

BILLY-BOB: I've got other things in here, too.

JOHNATHAN: Snakes?

BILLY-BOB: Nah, you think I'm crazy? Why don't you open that glove compartment in there and see what I've got? (*JOHNATHAN opens it slowly.*) Well, what do you see?

JOHNATHAN: I see a gun . . . and some knives. I'll get you money, lots of money. Anything you want—

BILLY-BOB: I told you I don't want money! I just want some company. Do I have to kidnap somebody so they'll talk to me?

JOHNATHAN: No, I'm sure you're very interesting and amiable.

BILLY-BOB: Everybody's judgin' everybody all the time. Nobody takes the time to get to know anybody. I'm sick to death of it. You might as well sit back and enjoy the ride because you're not going anywhere.

JOHNATHAN: Why do you think people don't want to be with you?

BILLY-BOB: Don't know.

JOHNATHAN: You might want to take a look at your personal habits. The guns and knives don't help much either. You probably scare people.

BILLY-BOB: Scare people? Me? I'm the one who's scared all the time. I've been afraid my whole life.

JOHNATHAN: Why?

BILLY-BOB: Because there're always people out there who think they're better than me. How do I know that they aren't? I mean, how does a fella know if he's worth anything? Aren't we supposed to all be equal or something in our maker's eyes?

JOHNATHAN: Are you going to bring God into this?

BILLY-BOB: You go to church? I go every Sunday.

JOHNATHAN: No, I don't go. I'm on my own path.

BILLY-BOB: What kinda talk is that?

JOHNATHAN: What does your religion teach you if you're driving around with a glove compartment full of guns and knives?

BILLY-BOB: One gun, two knives. When I go out into the woods, I'll be by myself and I may need them. Besides, there's no turning back now. I have to go find what I have to find.

JOHNATHAN: What?

BILLY-BOB: Well, the truth is I'm going to find my inner child.

JOHNATHAN: (*Laughing.*) You're kidding!

BILLY-BOB: Go on, laugh. My therapist said that I needed to connect with my past, my childhood, because mine was sure messed up.

JOHNATHAN: You think your inner child is screaming to get out?

BILLY-BOB: I don't know. All I do know is that I feel heavy and sad all the time. I have to go out and do this alone and I want to have protection.

JOHNATHAN: That's what all this artillery is for? (*BILLY-BOB looks confused.*) Guns and knives?

BILLY-BOB: I don't take to the dark. It's pretty spooky out there in them woods at night. Right?

JOHNATHAN: It can be. That's all they're for, you're sure?

BILLY-BOB: Sure I'm sure. I just want to have some protection, that's all. Sorry about scarin' ya'.

JOHNATHAN: It's okay. That's a relief. Look, at the library, I've picked up some books, I've read up about work on the male inner child. I've even taken some classes about it.

BILLY-BOB: Ya' kiddin'.

JOHNATHAN: Yeah. You're doing the right thing. Going off by yourself. With deep diaphragmatic breathing, you come face to face with whatever needs come up so you can heal. You're very brave to do this.

BILLY-BOB: Ya' think?

JOHNATHAN: I'm not ready.

BILLY-BOB: You had a tough time, too?

JOHNATHAN: I'll pass on this. It makes me angry every time I think about it.

BILLY-BOB: You're probably not feeling the emptiness floating around in your veins like I am. You probably can't handle it anyways.

JOHNATHAN: What?

BILLY-BOB: Change. I said you probably can't handle change.

JOHNATHAN: Yes, I can!

BILLY-BOB: No, you can't!

JOHNATHAN: Yes, I can!

BILLY-BOB: Prove it.

Uncomfortable silence.

BILLY-BOB: *(Continuing.)* I think some of that deep breathing would be real good about now.

Both men laugh.

JOHNATHAN: Oh, heck, do you think it would be okay if two people went to look for their inner child together? You think there would be anything wrong with that?

BILLY-BOB: What about your partner waiting for you?

JOHNATHAN: Don't have one. No art gallery either. I was on my way to a job interview. The suit is rented.

BILLY-BOB: And I thought I was screwed up!

JOHNATHAN: How about it? Smelly foot and all?

BILLY-BOB: Are you talking about comin' with me?

JOHNATHAN: Yeah.

BILLY-BOB: I think that would be okay.

JOHNATHAN: No pee-pee buckets, no fighting. Let's just trust—

BILLY-BOB: —nature.

JOHNATHAN: No knives, no guns, just you and—

BILLY-BOB: —me. You got your sissy clothes on, but I got some clothes you can wear.

JOHNATHAN: Thanks. By the way, my name isn't "nancy boy," it's Johnathan.

BILLY-BOB: Billy-Bob.

The two shake a manly-man handshake. BLACKOUT.

THE END

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