

Hoya Saxa

A ten minute play

Characters

POSS, 18, white, male
DAVID, 18, black, male

Time

Late in the fourth quarter of a high school football game

Place

The training room of St. Vincent Palotti High School, Laurel, MD

Synopsis: *Poss has been injured by David's late hit, and David has been kicked out of the game. As Poss recovers in the training room and hopes to get back in the game, David tries to keep Poss there and investigates the possibility of a relationship.*

To listen to the Georgetown University fight song referenced in the play, try this (unwieldy) link:

<http://www.cstv.com/allaccess/player/06-oas-mediaplayer.html?content=mms://a1786.l810862024.c8108.g.lm.akamaistream.net/D/1786/8108/v0001/cstvcs.download.akamai.com/8108/open/gu/10-11/audio/genrel/11nov/the-fight-song.wma&school=gu&>

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Hoya Saxa

In darkness, we hear a high school marching band playing a fight song. A crowd cheers. A ref's whistle blows. Lights up reveal POSS, 18, white, in a football uniform, sitting on a high training table with one leg extended. DAVID, 18, African-American, in a different football uniform, enters. He carries his helmet.

POSS

Cheap hit, man.

DAVID

Didn't hear the whistle.

POSS

Play was dead!

DAVID

Maybe you got weak knees. Most qb's can take my hits.

POSS

Field's like concrete. You think you could squirt a little water on the field -

DAVID

You ladies get yourself a field and then you can diss mine. CHEN. What kind of a name for a school is that? I ain't never heard of no CHEN. Y'all from China or what?

POSS

What the - ?

DAVID

What y'all's fight song? *(he sings a stereotypical Chinese tune)* "Na na na na na na na na na"

POSS

Where's your trainer? I gotta get back in.

DAVID

Your Academy Award performance gets me kicked out and now you want to go back in? I don't think so.

POSS

Maybe it's too much to expect a trainer in Laurel.

DAVID

Ooh, listen to Miss Georgetown! She's one sophisticated lady. Gonna pop up to Neiman-Marcus after the game?

POSS

I live in Maryland, too.

DAVID

I'm talking about next year. "Spice O'Regan signs with Georgetown." Hoya Saxa. 'Cept your knees ain't no rocks. (*singing the Georgetown fight song*) "There goes old Georgetown, straight for a touchdown,

POSS

(*over the singing*) You don't hit a guy in the knees after the whistle! You trying to end my college career before it starts?

DAVID

(*still singing*) See how they gain ground, lie down forever lie down! Lie down forever lie down!" You better learn to take hits like that if you want to make it at Georgetown. Hoya Saxa indeed.

POSS

Jerk.

DAVID

Ooh, that hurt!

POSS

I don't swear, OK? Rest assured, in my mind I'm calling you something else.

DAVID

If I really was that name you're thinking of I'd-a gone for your left shoulder.

POSS

What?

DAVID

The one you hurt in pre-season. Yeah, we do a little scouting here. Even for a sorry bunch of debutantes like CHEN.

POSS

We're not –

DAVID

Christian Home Educators Network. I know what it means. Yeah, we checked you out online. Bunch o' home schoolers whose only social interaction is spending two hours every afternoon learning the manly art of bashing some other kids' heads in. Surprised Daddy's letting you go to

a Catholic school, even if it is G'town. Figured Spice O'Regan would be off to some Bible banger college –

POSS

He does not control me -

DAVID

Chill, man -

POSS

Look, he wanted a name school, I got him a name school.

DAVID

But does a name matter to you? How'd you get your name, anyway? Spice. Some girl give it to you? 'Cause you all hot and spicy? Or you wear Daddy's Old Spice to get the ladies all fired up? You sing the Georgetown fight song to all the ladies? "Lie down forever lie down. Lie down forever lie down." And they all lie down. They melt for Mister Spice.

POSS

Where is your trainer?!! I gotta get back in -

DAVID

On the field with our team! Since you're neither bleeding nor paralyzed he'll be in after we finish kickin' y'all's butts. And where's your trainer? Or do y'all just pray away the pain?

POSS

Look, what have you got against Christians?

DAVID

I got nothin' against true Christians. Where's your trainer?

POSS

We don't have one.

DAVID

Then who was taping ankles on your bench? Huh? Why isn't he here?

POSS

Because he's an arrogant self-absorbed douche who can eat my jock, all right?

DAVID

Oooh, now that's some spicy talk – maybe that's why they call you Spice.

POSS

Look, at least get me some ice or something. I assume you do have an ice machine around here somewhere.

DAVID pulls out a bag of ice from his helmet.

DAVID

Even in Laurel we can make ice.

POSS

Well...give it here.

DAVID

I don't even get a thank you?

POSS

You're the reason I need the ice in the first place!

DAVID

Your trainer should be the one with the ice. Why is he not –

POSS

Give me the ice!

DAVID

Tell me why they call you Spice, you get the ice.

POSS

What difference –

DAVID

Ice for Spice! Spice...for ice.

POSS

Why do you care?

DAVID

I pay attention to life and there is much that interests me so why do they call you Spice? Knee's starting to swell...

POSS

You should be able to figure it out. Start with my last name.

DAVID

O'Regan.

POSS

My first name is Oren. Family thing. My mother's side.

DAVID

Oren O'Regan.

POSS

Now you're my idiot coach calling roll looking at the signups on the first day of practice.

DAVID

(calling roll) O'Regan, O.

POSS

I said you're my IDIOT coach! Who doesn't know an apostrophe from a suppository. He leaves it out on the roster!

DAVID

(calling roll as the coach) OreganO! Oregano! Ha Ha Ha! What the hell kind of name is Oregano? Man! I'm-a call you "Spice"!

POSS

Well done. Ice, please?

DAVID gives POSS the ice.

DAVID

That's a good name. Spice. Even if you got it from an idiot.

POSS

You got a name?

DAVID

David.

POSS

From the Bible? What's so funny?

DAVID

You'd have to know my mother. Spice, though. I like that.

POSS

I'm getting rid of it. Time to grow up. Hoya Saxa.

DAVID

Oren... Kinda sorta sounds like a rock.

POSS

Kinda sorta sucks. My mother's the only one who still calls me Oren.

What about your Dad? **DAVID**

Calls me “Son”. When he’s pleased. **POSS**

And when he’s not? **DAVID**

Whatever. **POSS**

And what do you want me to call you? **DAVID**

You knock me out of the game and then you come down here to give me crap – **POSS**

I came down here to give you ice. Now what do you want me to call you? **DAVID**

POSS hops off the table to test his knee. It hurts.

Whoa. Take it easy, man.

I’m expected back out there. **POSS**

You gotta have your trainer look at that. **DAVID**

I told you he’s a douche – **POSS**

Douche or no – **DAVID**

He’s not coming down here – **POSS**

What kind of douchebag trainer wouldn’t – **DAVID**

He’s my Dad, OK? The self-absorbed arrogant douchebag trainer is my Dad! Who I just embarrassed by not being able to take a hit. **POSS**

POSS tries to limp away.

DAVID

Look, we got some crutches around here –

POSS

That is SO not an option!

POSS limps away.

DAVID

It's your Dad's fault I got that hit in.

POSS

Whoa. This I need to hear.

DAVID

He posts all those videos of you. Makes you easy to scout. You got some nice moves...some very nice moves... but you forget about the left side when you're under pressure. Easy to get you from behind.

POSS

I can read a defense. But when the whistle blows I assume everyone else hears it.

DAVID

Look, get your butt back on the table. I can wrap your knee.

POSS

If you want to help so much just help me get back out to the –

DAVID

After I wrap your knee. Now sit yourself down like I said.

POSS sits on the table. DAVID takes some wrap out of his helmet and starts wrapping POSS' knee.

Flex your knee for me. Not that bad, right? Don't worry. I know how this goes. Where's it hurt?

POSS

Here. *(laughing to himself)* Maybe that's the pan.

DAVID

What?

POSS

Just some comment someone wrote on one of the videos my Dad posted. They said “Spice O’Regan always plays with panache.” Most people don’t write stuff like that. And my Dad -

DAVID

Most people write “this guy is a flamer” or “this is the gayest thing I ever saw”.

POSS

Right. Anyway. But my Dad...see when my Dad read that he said, “what’s a pan ache?” Panache? A pan ache? My dad’s not...Maybe I should tell him I figured out where the pan is...that this is my pan ache.

DAVID

It actually said “Despite his inability to read the defense, O’Regan plays with a panache few other players have.” Or a pan ache, if you’d prefer. But I meant panache. You look surprised.

POSS

I’m surprised you used the word panache.

DAVID

A dashing style of confidence? Courageous flamboyance?

POSS

I know what it means. I’m just surprised you used it.

DAVID

To refer to you?

POSS

At all.

DAVID

Because I live in Laurel?

POSS

Because you’re a linebacker.

DAVID

I’m also a wide receiver on offense.

POSS

Most football players don’t use words like panache.

DAVID

No they don’t. Most football players say stupid stuff like, “CHEN? What, are y’all from China?”

POSS

Football players don't use words like panache unless they want to be called gay.

DAVID

You're right about that. But it works best if you call me David. Now I need to know what name to call you.

POSS

Wait...what?

DAVID

You've rejected Oren. You're rejecting Spice. What is your next name? I will not finish wrapping your knee until you tell me. And you will not get back onto that field until I know.

POSS

I don't know.

DAVID

I need to know what name to call you.

POSS

I'm never gonna see you again.

DAVID

I will unwrap this knee and pop it so hard they will feel it in Georgetown if you do not tell me what name you want me to call you from now on.

POSS

You know in those forms you have to fill out for standardized tests – are you doing those? – there's a bubble for every letter in the alphabet, but there's never a bubble to shade in for the apostrophe. It's like the apostrophe doesn't exist. So my name always comes back like "Oregon". Like someone spelled the state wrong. And not just those tests. Everybody forgets the apostrophe. They just leave it out, this huge part of who I am. It's invisible. When I spell my name to people I'm always careful to say "O apostrophe R E G A N." "O APOSTROPHE R." I've started to shout the apostrophe now. My mother says it's impolite. But I don't want it to be invisible anymore. APOSTROPHE!!

DAVID

You want me to call you Apostrophe?

POSS

"Poss". I'm thinking "Poss" is a good name.

DAVID

Like you got a posse. Or you're a positive man.

POSS

It doesn't have a meaning. It's just what I want. To be who I really am. Not invisible. You know?

DAVID

I know. I guess I'm the first person to know the real Poss.

POSS

Maybe.

DAVID

Gimme that ice.

POSS

You hurt?

DAVID

I am. A serious injury. I have a pan ache. Ooooh! My pan! My pan! It aches so bad!

POSS laughs and raises the icebag to strike DAVID.

Not my pan! Not my pan!

POSS

Where is your pan?

DAVID

Same place as your pan!

POSS

Yeah? Show me.

DAVID

Show you?

POSS

Show me!

DAVID

I'll show you mine, you show me yours?? *(beat)* Seriously. I think we got the same ache.

We hear a band play the Georgetown fight song.

(singing) There goes old Georgetown, straight for a touchdown. See how they gain ground. Lie down forever lie down.

POSS

Lie down forever, lie down.

You heard the whistle, didn't you? Didn't you?

DAVID

What of it?

POSS

Jerk.

DAVID

Got us both in here. Alone.

POSS

You got panache.

END OF PLAY