

# The New Crack

By Pete Malicki

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**The New Crack**  
A short play  
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Cast: Steven, an eighteen year old Christian  
Jonathan, Steven's father  
Elizabeth, Steven's mother  
Wazza, Steven's irreligious brother

Set: A dining room/living room. A dining table with tablecloth, cutlery and crockery is to one side of the stage. Open living area on the other.

**Scene 1 – After dinner**

Steven: Oh mother, thank you so much for that delicious meal. This truly is a wonderful evening.

Elizabeth: There's no need to thank *me* Steven.

Steven: If I may be so bold, I think you can share a little credit for *one* dinner. I hope you don't think I'm blaspheming.

Jonathan: We can let it slide, son. It's your special day today.

Steven: Thank you father. I love you both so very much.

Elizabeth: We're not the only ones you love are we?

Steven: Of course not. (*closes eyes*) I love you too...

*Wazza enters, interrupting.*

Wazza: Happy birthday Stevie-boy!

Steven: Warwick!

Wazza: Surprise! I've been hiding in the freaking pantry for fifty minutes waiting for you to say "Oh mother, I wish my dear brother was here." But no, second place like always. And it's Wazza.

Elizabeth: Hello Warwick. We thought you were still in Europe.

Wazza: Jesus, it's Wazza.

*Family gasp and cover their ears.*

Elizabeth: (*speaking quickly*) Hear no evil.

Steven: It's lovely to see you, brother. How was your holiday?

Wazza: Fucking sweet, bro.

*Parents gasp, Steven looks blank.*

Wazza: Italy is the bomb man. I nailed like six backpackers.

Jonathan: Nailed? You mean, onto a cross? Is that a metaphor I haven't heard before?

Wazza: Yeah dad. I *nailed* them and now they're converts. Every Sunday they come round to find out who their *Father* is.

Elizabeth: Well, how lovely. Jonathan, I say it's time for dessert. Would you come and help me dish-up a bit extra for Warwick?

Jonathan: Of course, beloved. Great to have you home, Warwick.

Wazza: *Wazza.*

*Elizabeth and Jonathan exit.*

Wazza: Good. Now they're gone I can give you your present. You're eighteen today little bro. You're a *man*. I've got something for a man. (*Wazza takes out a USB hard drive on a key ring*) Don't let the folks see this, okay? It's a few of my favourite adult-only vids.

Steven: Adult only? (*gasps*) Passion of the Christ! How did you know? I was going to rent that next time mother and father went on Sabbatical.

Wazza: Err, yeah. How about we just have a look at it when M and D are in bed.

Steven: I don't know what to say. *Bless* you.

Wazza: I didn't sneeze.

Elizabeth: (*from offstage*) Boys! Would you mind giving us some assistance with the special cutlery?

*The boys rise.*

Wazza: Remember Steve...

Steven: Steven.

Wazza: Whatever. Remember not to show mum and dad what I gave you.

*Wazza and Steven leave the stage, Steven holding his USB key reverently.*

## **Scene 2 – That Evening**

*Steven walks onstage alone, carrying a laptop. He sits at the dining table and opens his computer, then inserts the USB. He clicks a few times.*

Steven: Let's see. Ooh, quite a few videos here! Ooh!! "Passion of the..." "Passion of the *Dykes*"? Is this some kind of... engineering documentary? Hmm. "Womb Raider." Well, that sounds a little Biblical, I guess. "The New Crack on the Block." That's *definitely* about engineering. "Fuck my Cunt, Arsehole and Tits then Cum Down my Throat." I don't even understand half the words in that title. It must be foreign. Oh look, "Toy Story Five." I didn't even know they'd made number four.

*Steven clicks on the video. It starts playing, and porno sounds ensue.*

Steven: Argh!

*Steven covers his eyes with his hands, then slowly spreads his fingers to see. Repeats this a few times.*

Steven: What is *that*? My dear Lord in Heaven what are *those*?

*Steven watches with wide-eyed concern, then after a beat, slowly turns his head on the side. His jaw drops. Clicks frantically to close the video. Looks shocked, then slowly opens another file. The lights fade slowly as he watches.*

### **Scene 3 – Sunday Morning**

*Steven is asleep with his head on his laptop. Parents come out dressed for church.*

Jonathan: Morning Stephen. Are you ready for church?

*Steven starts and snaps his laptop shut.*

Steven: Huh? Oh, good morning. I'm afraid I fell asleep working on a school project.

Elizabeth: We must get going, dear.

Steven: Oh, well, I feel rather unwell today.

Jonathan: You're... you're not coming, son? But this is your first day at church as an adult.

Steven: I'm afraid next Sunday will have to take that honour. Farewell mother, father.

Elizabeth: Get well dear.

*Parents leave, muttering to themselves 'It's unlike him,' 'How unusual.'*

Steven: Say hi to Jesus for me! (*opens laptop; dark tone*) Now we can be alone again. Just you and me, alone.

*Steven opens a porno and watches it, transfixed. Wazza enters bleary-eyed wearing nothing but a g-string.*

Wazza: What the hell, dude? Why aren't you at church?

*Steven looks up at Wazza.*

Steven: I don't feel good. I don't want to go.

Wazza: Look mate, I know you're new to the whole smut thing, but you can't let it take control of you like this. You're a pious kid and you can't go around missing church. Just have a quick whack and get on with it.

*Wazza approaches, Steven recoils, protecting his laptop.*

Steven: No! It's *mine*! Get away.

Wazza: I think you should give me the USB, Steve. I shouldn't have given a kid like you that kind of shit.

Steven: No!

Wazza: Hey look, a graven image!

*Wazza points and Steven looks away. Wazza snatches the USB from the laptop and triumphs. Steven pauses, then slowly closes his laptop and gets to his feet. He stands up and hits Wazza across the face with the laptop. Wazza collapses and Steven retrieves the USB stick. He cradles it in his arms.*

Steven: He wanted to take it from me, but it's mine. It's *mine*.

*Steven grabs Wazza by the arm and drags him offstage.*

#### **Scene 4 – A Few Days Later**

*Elizabeth is sitting at the table, sombre. Makeup stains her face. Jonathan enters.*

Elizabeth: Jonathan! What did they say?

*Jonathan walks over and sits down. He starts to sob.*

Elizabeth: Oh no! Was it... was it really...

Jonathan: Yes darling. It was him.

*Both parents cry. They hug and comfort each other. Steven enters. His hair is thinning, he has no shirt or shoes, and he moves on his hands and feet.*

Elizabeth: Steven. We have some... some very sad...

Steven: *What?* What do you wants?

Jonathan: It's your brother, Steven. Remember the body they found in the dyke on Monday? The police were right. It *was* Warwick.

Steven: Wazza didn't likes us. Wazza wanted to takes it.

Elizabeth: Sweetheart, I know you've been upset about your brother. We had hoped the police were wrong. But... you need to put some clothes on. You must... you must try to live on. If it was God's will...

*Crying, Elizabeth moves towards Steven but he scurries away.*

Steven: No. The fat one wants to take it from us.

Jonathan: Steven! Don't you dare talk to your mother like that.

*Jonathan approaches. Steven cowers, clasping his USB stick in his hands.*

Jonathan: It's that damned computer disc thingy. You've been clutching it like the Holy Bible all week. Give it to me!

Steven: No! Go away! Go away!

*Jonathan leaps at Steven and they struggle. Elizabeth screams and backs away. Jonathan takes the USB and Steven shrieks.*

Steven: No! Give it back to Stevo. We needs it. It is *ours*.

*Steven jumps at Jonathan, who fends him off angrily. Steven keeps trying to get the USB stick back and Jonathan strikes him, then they struggle offstage.*

Elizabeth: Lord, what is happening to my family? What did we do wrong?

### **Scene 5 – Evening**

*Steven comes out wearing just underpants. His hair is thinner. The stage is dark and he settles down over to one side in a spotlight. He alternatively faces left and right as he converses with himself.*

Steven: They took it from us. We must gets it back.  
But we don't wants to hurt them.  
We wants it back, however we can gets it.  
I don't like it when we do bad things.  
Do you misses it?  
I...  
Do you *misses* it?  
I misses it.  
Do you wants to have it again? Can you remember when we hads it?  
I remember. But... I don't want to hurts them. We can ask for it back...  
We needs it! If you won't takes it then *I* will. We can kills them in their sleep.  
No!  
You've already done it once. You're a... murderer.  
*You're* the murderer.  
It was *you* killing the stupid one.  
But... I didn't mean to.  
Yes you dids! You murdered him to gets it back. You have to gets it back again.  
No. Father will give it back. Father is our friend.  
You don't have any friends. No one could like a *monster* like you.  
I'm not listening.

*Elizabeth enters in pyjamas, squinting.*

Elizabeth: Steven. Who are you talking to? Go to bed.

Steven: It's her! *She* stole it from us. We needs to take it back.  
No! Not her too!

Elizabeth: Sweetheart. We need to take you to a doctor. You're very sick. What are you doing...?

*Steven scurries towards Elizabeth, menacingly. She stumbles and falls over, and Steven jumps on her. He chokes her as the lights go out.*

### **Scene 6 – The Next Morning**

*Steven lies curled up in the corner. Elizabeth is dead with her legs sticking out from beneath the table. Jonathan enters, looks at Steven warily.*

Jonathan: Son, get up. Have you seen your mother?

*Jonathan sees the legs and runs over. He roars.*

Jonathan: Oh my God, Elizabeth! What happened? (*turns to Steve*) You killed her. You killed your mother you... you devil child!

*Jonathan runs over to attack Steven. They tussle for a while, and Steven takes a knife from the table and chases Jonathan offstage, laughing. Wazza enters from the other side of the stage, dressed as a journalist and reading from a clipboard.*

Wazza: A recent study in the United Kingdom revealed that pornography is more addictive than crack. With the expansion of the internet, the prevalence and availability of materials has led to approximately one in one people under the age of eighteen being affected. Porn addiction can cause masturbation, an unrealistic view of the sex act, and antisocial behaviour. Some experts believe it is a 'gateway drug' and leads to the viewing of harder materials and predisposes males towards committing sexual assaults. In rare cases it has even be known to cause Gollumification.

*The lights fade off Wazza and a spotlight appears as Steven re-enters the stage. He is bloody and holds his USB stick reverently in his hands.*

Steven: We has it. We has it back. My precious.

*Lights snap shut.*