

Swirlies  
By  
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28 Plays Later

Day 13

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ACT I

SCENE 1

LIGHTS UP ON A COMPLETELY BLACK STAGE.

KID ENTERS.

KID: The first time I actively remember being bullied was in second grade. It was recess, and I was in the bathroom standing at a urinal. A bunch of boys barged in and just spend a few minutes taunting me while I peed, and then they left.

I was scared, because there were stories of swirlies happening. But they were only stories. I never knew of anyone it actually happened to... I just knew that someone knew someone who had been jumped in the bathroom and had their head lowered into the toilet while someone else flushed it.

I wasn't really afraid of the swirlly itself. It's just water, and I've always been able to hold my breath. Sure, toilet water is gross, especially at a school, but hair dries. I was afraid of being jumped while I was peeing. Because ultimately, pee on your pants is much more shameful.

And that's what was running through my head the entire time those boys were behind me yelling. The threats didn't bother me. The potential humiliation of having my head stuffed in a toilet didn't bother me. It was the thought of having the choice of where I peed being stripped away.

From that day on, I would tense up any time someone walked into the bathroom while I was going.

I stopped using the urinal, and started using stalls where I could lock myself away in relative safety.

But really, if I could pee at home I did. There were a number of days where I had to race the last block so I could beat the timer on my bladder. I'm very proud to say that my bladder never won.