

PAY HEED TO THE NERDS

By

Clay Robeson

28 Plays Later

Day 6

February 6, 2021

ACT I

SCENE 1

LIGHTS UP - A PORCH - DAY.

Three brothers sit upon a porch with each a beer in hand. Upon the porch roof sits the CHORUS likewise imbibing. Between the windows behind the CHORUS are the letters Delta Tau Chi (ΔTX). The CHORUS' lines are all sung to The Gilligan's Island theme.

CHORUS: *Upon this porch we wait for fun
Throughout this summer day
We revel once again in sun
Our SPF's okay.*

*We wait for joyous word of when
This moment shall begin
And joy will come our way again
Debaucherous with sin.*

Debaucherous with sin.

ALPHA: *My brothers you all I beseech
A party we must throw!
And friends we must invite us each!
'Twill make us happy bros!*

BETA: *Speak not aloud of parties now
'Tis nowhere near the time
We should grit teeth and furrow brow!
Grade averages must climb.*

The CHORUS laughs uproariously.

CHORUS: *Of course he speaks of grades in jest,
His seriousness faux!
This summer we know we are blessed
And will we work? Hell no!*

And will we work? Hell no!

ALPHA: *Oh brother Beta why do you
So quickly harsh our buzz?*

As if the summer is quite through
Vacation never was?

GAMMA: The fair faced Alpha is correct
 You ask of us too much!
 It seems your books make you erect!
 You love your grades too much.

BETA: You know probation is our plight
 You idiotic fools!
 If we fuck up, don't get this right,
 Expelled we are from school!

CHORUS: *Expelled we are from school!*
 (laughter)

BETA throws up his hands and exits into the
house, jeers and hoots from the CHORUS
follow him.

GAMMA: You pay no heed to Beta's cries.
 He's worrisome and sad.
 It takes honey to catch some flies
 To do aught else is mad!

ALPHA: Aye good Gamma, your counsel's true,
 'Tis flies that we must catch.
 Heed not Beta's warnings so blue,
 He is a sad sack wretch.

CHORUS: *He is a sad sack wretch!*

GAMMA: So let us go and make a plan
 This party will commence
 And we will shout throughout the land
 To get your asses hence!

CHORUS: *Yes, get your asses hence!*

ALPHA and GAMMA enter the house. The CHORUS
stands and moves in a choreographed manner,
climbing down from the roof of the porch to
the yard in front of it.

CHORUS: *And so Alpha and Gamma planned.
The afternoon flew by.
And once several hours had spanned
They finished with a sigh.*

Yes, finished with a sigh.

*Twelve tons of sand were carted in
And filled the basement, fast.
And nets for games were strung within
They would not be out-classed.*

No, they won't be out-classed.

*The clock struck nine the lights came on
The porch was brightly lit.
The masses came from here and yon.
The party was a hit.*

The party was a hit.

*The sun began to rise next day,
The music had died down.
Upon the lawn revelers lay,
Thankfully all face down.*

Thankfully all face down.

The CHORUS takes up the position of the
party goers, all passed out (face down) on
the lawn. BETA emerges from the house,
lips pursed and back tense.

BETA: The rest of summer progressed thus
A party every night.
Again, again, I made a fuss,
I put up every fight.

The CHORUS begins to rise and assemble
behind BETA as he speaks.

BETA: And when the summer came to end
The brothers paid their dues.
As each of us our hair did rend
When we were thrown from school.

I did not say I told you so.
I didn't make a scene.
But when the dean told us to go
I saw his eyes did gleam.

ALPHA and GAMMA emerge from the house and
stand on the porch.

ALPHA: We thought that we get away
 With our festivities.

GAMMA: And now we've all but lost our way
 And every day do grieve.

BETA: So when the nerds speak up my friends
 Make sure you stay alert.
 Because we aren't just talking shit.
 So take us at our word.

CHORUS: *So take them at their word.*

BLACKOUT.

Brief 6 - Due by 7 Feb at 10:00am UK time

Writers of 28PL, I heard your words as I was going forth to salute the god Cadmus with my prayers...

It is time to write a Greek tragedy!

A few guidelines... (not rules! Rules will come at a later brief!)

You only get 3 actors and a bunch of chorus members - however, remember you have masks, so 3 actors can play more than 3 characters if you write wisely.

The chorus sings and dances. Make sure you don't forget the songs and the dances - this is what this brief is really about. The other characters should mostly speak in some iambic meter - writers' choice as to which one.

You have the three unities - unity of time, space and action - i.e all set in one space, over no more than 24 hours and with only one major plot line.

And you can go all Aristotelian about what makes a tragic character - you know... a relatable person of high nobility suffering from hamartia (a tragic flaw, such as hubris) which leads to peripeteia (the reversal of fortune and a downfall), which creates catharsis (pity and fear) in the audience after they get punished far more severely than they probably deserve.

And of course, once you set everything up and have no more way of getting out of the mess you find yourself in - you can always call in the good ol' Deus ex Machina to save the day!

Of course, the trick is to make it a modern play, so one must ask, what does nobility mean in 2021? What does modern punishment mean? What kind of masks shall one wear today? Why is there a chorus on stage? And why is it dancing and singing all of a sudden?

Some Greek-speaking writers in da house this year, so do write in yo' mo' tongue!