Me, Myself, and Ivan

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[I do not tend to answer the phone if I do not recognize the number so please leave a message]
**Characters**

- Ivan (male)
- Casey (---)
  - Begrudgingly feminine. Stressed.
- Jason (male)
  - Boy next door type. Calm. Go with the flow.
- Mom (female)

**Synopsis:** Ivan is a closeted trans guy faced with a decision; come out to this stranger online or just leave.

**Notes:** Casey’s gender is left as hyphens because I am unsure as to how specific I can get in terms of casting. Ideally, people on the transmasculine spectrum would play Casey and Ivan. But I understand that only those who audition can be cast and being open about one’s gender is a big ask, especially for a stage production. Therefore, should a trans actor not be an option, I have specified that Ivan must be played by a boy because Ivan is how Casey sees himself and presents. The character Casey has a bit more leeway, as he has not transitioned in any sense of the word (social, medical, physical, legal, etc.), but, out of respect for the LGBT+ community, the ideal actor is someone who is a transmasculine individual. Or, should this not be possible, a cisgender male who is alright presenting in a more feminine manner on stage.

Mom is typically speaking from offstage. This is not a hard rule; Mom just cannot be in the bedroom. She can be on stage, so long as it is clear to the audience that she is not in the bedroom Casey/Ivan and Jason are in.

The swearing is not crucial and can be censored and/or altered should the profanity be deemed inappropriate.
It is mid-afternoon to early evening. The scene opens on a fairly plain bedroom. **Casey enters**, talking to someone off stage.

**Casey**: Okay Mom. I just wanna get some homework done before we go!

**Casey** sits down at a desk and opens a laptop. **Ivan** enters, not from the door to the room but somewhere else on stage, indicating to the audience that he is not actually in the room.

**Casey**: Alright. *(While typing)* Hi guys.

**Jason** enters, not from the door to the room but somewhere else on stage, indicating to the audience that he is not actually in the room.

**Casey**: Uh, I mean *(clears throat)*

**Ivan**: Hi guys. Anyone on?

**Casey** is typing every time **Ivan** speaks

**Jason**: I am. ASL?

**Ivan**: I’m 18 and from a small town in Pennsylvania.

**Jason**: Cool. But are you a guy or girl?

**Ivan** opens his mouth to speak but nothing comes out. He tries again but still nothing. **Casey** isn’t typing. **Casey** stares at the screen for a moment before typing...

**Ivan**: Boy.

**Jason**: Sweet me too. I’m 19 though, and from Springfield Mass. So what brings you on? Just bored?

**Ivan**: Yeah, pretty much. I’ve got a party in a bit so I’m kinda stalling.

**Jason**: Who the hell stalls going to a party?

**Ivan**: Me, apparently. My mom is making me go. It’s an office party thing. I’m her plus one.

**Jason**: Oh. Gross. Well, maybe you’ll meet a cute girl there?
Ivan: *(uncomfortably laughs)*

Jason: Or guy. Or whatever. I don’t judge.

Ivan: *(after a pause)* Good to know. I am bi, actually so either works. But it’ll be hard to get any numbers with what I’m wearing to the party.

Jason: Whaddaya mean?

Ivan and Jason freeze. Casey stands up from the desk.


*Casey sits back down and starts typing.*

Ivan: My mom’s making me wear this dumb outfit.

Jason: Can’t be that bad, right? What is it? Suit ‘n tie?

Ivan: Lol I wish.

Casey: Shit.

Jason: Damn how bad is this outfit?

Again, Ivan and Jason freeze. Casey stands up from the desk.

Casey: Me and my big mouth. Okay, I have two options here. I can- well three. I guess just logging off and hoping we never chat again is an option. Okay, that’s option one. Option two is to lie. Just say she’s making me wear… uh… a costume! Yeah, a dumb- it’s the middle of May why the hell would I be wearing a costume. Uh- uh shit think think think Ivan! Think!

Jason: Hello? You still there?

Casey: Ahhhhhh! Uh I- I- I… I could come clean. Just tell him. Just tell him. I mean, what’s the worst that could happen?
Casey freezes in place. Ivan and Jason unfreeze.

Jason: Wait so you’re actually a girl? Gross! Blocked. Bye freak!

Ivan and Jason freeze again as Casey unfreezes.

Casey: That’s not that bad. I’d never have to talk to him again. Oh god. What if—

Casey freezes in place. Ivan and Jason unfreeze.

Jason: So you got a dick or a vagina? Can I see? I love trans guys. So exotic. Always wanted to fuck a trans cuz then it’d be a boy but not gay. Come on baby lemme see!

Ivan and Jason freeze again as Casey unfreezes.

Casey: Oh god. Oh god oh god oh god.

Jason: You still there?

Casey: Ahhhhhhh!

Mom: (offstage) Casey!

Casey flinches slightly.

Mom: (offstage) We’re leaving in five!

Casey: Okay Mom!

Mom: (offstage) And don’t you wrinkle that nice new dress! I want everyone to see what a beautiful young woman you are now!

Casey: Okay Mom.

Casey sits back down and starts typing.

Ivan: Hey sorry I was… uh… doing stuff.

Jason: It’s chill. So what’s worse than a suit?
Casey takes a deep breath.

Ivan: A dress?

Jason: What?

Ivan: My mom is making me wear a dress to the party. Wants to show me off to her friends.

Jason: Why the hell would she make you wear a dress though?

Ivan: Because she doesn’t know I’m a guy. I haven’t told her I’m transgender yet.

Silence.

Mom: (offstage) Casey let’s go!

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ivan:</th>
<th>Simultaneously</th>
<th>I’m sorry I gotta go I didn’t—</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Jason:</td>
<td></td>
<td>Look I’m not mad and I’m glad—</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Both laugh.

Jason: Look I’m not mad. I’m glad you told me.

Ivan: Thanks. I gotta go soon.

Jason: Okay. Here. Lemme give you my number. Maybe we can talk summore*.

(*as in “some more” but pronounced how virtually everyone pronounces it.)

Ivan: I’d like that… uh, sorry but I don’t know your name.

Jason: Lol. I’m Jason.

Ivan: I’m… I’m Ivan.

Mom: CASEY!

Casey: Coming Mom!
Jason: Nice to meet you, Ivan.

Ivan: Here’s my number. Gtg. Text me.

Ivan leaves the room from the entrance he came through. Casey gets up from the computer and turns it off. Casey grabs the dress hanging by the door and looks at it for a moment. About to toss it on the ground, Casey sighs and leaves the room with it in hand.

Jason is alone on stage. He pulls out his phone and begins typing.

Jason: Hey, it’s Jason. Send. And… and I think I’d like to get to know you better. No, no no no. 

Jason exits