

Spoofo App

A monologue by Pete Malicki

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Contact:

petemalicki@gmail.com

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Dylan Murphy: a teenage bully.

“McKenzie, pass!”

McKenzie chucks me the ball and I take it on the run. John Hargreaves comes towards me and BAM! – I smash him out of the way. Dave Hong and Dave Ling make a pitiful effort to be an obstruction so BOOM-BOOM! – I hammer them both. Last guy in my way who doesn’t have a vagina is Big Matty. I charge right at him and he charges right back and just before he takes me down with a clotheshanger I slip under his arm and it’s a TRY! Whoo!

McKenzie crash tackles me in the change rooms after we smash the opposition something to nil. “Get off me you fag!” I say and pull him down onto the ground. Sit on his chest and slap the ground, “Ten, nine, eight seven six five-four-threetwoone it’s a KNOCKOUT! (*celebrating his “boxing” victory*) The crowd goes wild as Murphy *crushes* his pathetic opponent. Hopefully his next match won’t be against another twelve year old girl.

McKenzie gets up and says, “Good match Dyl. We smashed those losers good and proper eh.”

McKenzie is such a kiss arse. We shower and dress and I punch him in the arm then head off to geography. I hate geography. It’s all like mountains and maps and shit. Miss Bronson has stopped asking me questions in class so I can get on with Facebook in peace. Geography sucks but Miss Bronson’s alright.

McKenzie is in a different class for last period and he’s waiting for me at the bus stop. I take a year eight kid’s wallet and we sit up the back of the bus throwing coins at the other kids. One little ginger tosser turns around when he gets hit in the back of the head and I pelt one straight at his face. I miss, but it hits that Jew kid Foster in the little skullcap thing he wears. He gets up and he looks like he’s going to murder someone then he sees it was me who threw it. I raise my eyebrows at him like, “Oh yeah, what you gonna do?” and he backs down.

McKenzie comes round for a bit and we go outside and have a smoke. We chill out in silence for about twenty minutes. He lights up again, takes a few tokes, then he says, “Hey Dylan?” He’s looking all philosophically at me so I say, “Yeah?”

McKenzie says, “You’re a homo.”

McKenzie holds a straight face for like two seconds then he just loses his shit. He starts slapping his fists against the pool chair and kicking his legs in the air like a cockroach. This goes on for a stupidly long time. Like, it’s disproportionate to the joke, which wasn’t really so much as a joke as an insult anyway. If I wasn’t greening out I’d throw the idiot in the pool. We head inside at six to grab some munchies before he has to leave to have dinner with his cow of a mother and I play Xbox One for a few hours.

The next day McKenzie's not at school. Maybe his mama cow realised he was high and he's being punished or something. She is the biggest cow. I sit next to Big Matty in maths and we have a competition to see who can rest their eyes the longest. I am disciplined like a Buddhist monk and don't open mine til the period's over. Big Matty was the same, but when I think back on it later he could have peeked and I wouldn't have known because my own eyes are shut. We call it a draw but I'll never know if I actually should have won.

English is next. I hate English. No one even semi-alright is in it and Miss Heggerty is a cow of such magnitude she makes Mrs McKenzie seem nice. I arrive early and sit in between the Asian Daves to force them to separate. The Asian Daves are super close on account of their shared name and Asianness and if they weren't such pussies they'd definitely say something. They keep trying to look at each other through me all class.

After just three minutes Miss Heggerty tries to stop me from checking Facebook. "Dylan Murphy, put that thing away or I'll confiscate it."

"But I'm trying to learn new things, Miss. All the wonders of human knowledge are here on the internet."

"Hand it to me."

Fuck she's a cow. "I'll put it away Miss."

I have literally nothing to do now. McKenzie's away so there's no one with half a brain to talk to, I can't use my phone, I can't even have a reverse staring contest with Big Matty. I see how many different kinds of titties I can draw to pass the time. Melon, pear, fish, ice cream cone...

"Mr Murphy?"

I look up. Miss Heggerty's staring at me. I must have missed a question. "What Miss?"

"I asked you what a preposition is."

Oh, I know this one. "That's when you like, ask a girl to blow you."

There's a moment of silence then a whole bunch of the class starts laughing at me. That little Jewish shit Foster is hitting his fists on his desk kind of like McKenzie did last night when he called me a homo. Foster's a nerd but he's not even very smart.

"I believe you're thinking of a 'proposition,' Dylan. A *preposition* is a word which shows the relationship between two nouns, usually spatially, such as 'under', 'in' or 'beside.'"

I stare daggers at Foster for the rest of class and when we get to lunch time I corner him. "You think insulting me was funny, do you? You want to see how funny it is when I insult your face with my fists? Huh?!"

Foster is with a couple of loser friends. He's got a bit more confidence than usual but we both know none of them would intervene if I started something. He says, "Sorry Murphy. I thought what you said was hilarious. I was laughing *with* you."

This pisses me off. “You were laughing *at* me you fucking liar. I’m going to smash you.”

I come towards him and one of his friends calls out, “Call of Duty!” I say “What?” He says “You’re way bigger than him, Murphy. It’s not a fair fight. Play him in Call of Duty.”

I smile. He probably thinks he’s got one over me here but he doesn’t realise I play like a ton of C-O-D. “Alright. Tonight at seven. If I lose, I’ll back off. If I win, we fight for real.”

They clearly all think Foster is a pro ’cause they accept the challenge. This is going to be sweet. I text McKenzie and he says mama cow busted him for being stoned, which is why he’s not at school. I tell him he’s coming around no matter how grounded he is.

McKenzie gets to my place at six thirty with a stack of snacks and I start getting warmed up. Wipe out a host of fourteen year olds on Black Ops III. Foster is going to eat it big time.

McKenzie says, “It’s time, Dyl. Let’s do it.”

McKenzie sets up the match as I visit the powder room. When I come back, Foster’s dumb little head is on the corner of my screen. “You ready?” I say. He nods.

McKenzie counts down three two one GO and it’s on. We’re playing teams and whoever kills the other most wins. I drop two of his teammates in the first 10 seconds. No idea who we’re playing with but it’s not the... Foster kills me! Fuck! I duck down next to a car, bolt across to the bunker and he headshots me! Sneaky little Jew bastard! He has this smug look on his face and I’m twice as determined to get the chance to personally put my fist into it... unbelievable! Three times in a row!

McKenzie goes all quiet when it gets to seven one. Foster is actually alright at C-O-D. Eight one.

McKenzie calls timeout when the first match ends. We go into the kitchen and he says, “I’m going to sort him out good and proper. Check this out.” He pulls out his phone and opens up an app I’ve never seen before. “It’s a spoof app. Blocks my number and changes my voice. Okay, here we go.”

McKenzie gets all dramatic as he makes a call. “Oh my God, help! One of the neighbourhood boys broke in to my house and *stabbed* my son. Now he’s sitting there playing violent *video games*! Please help us!”

McKenzie then gives out Foster’s address. “That was the cops,” he says. “They’ll come around and arrest him now. It’s called swatting. We’ll get to see everything on the screen.”

McKenzie is a genius. We go back to the Xbox and start round two. Foster takes me out with an assault rifle almost straight away. I hate this little bastard. Then I get him twice in a row. I’m actually in the lead. I get him one more time then all of a sudden there’s screaming coming out of his corner of the television. A ton of cops are in Foster’s place, pointing real life guns at him. His headphones are on and he doesn’t even notice them. I can’t believe what I’m seeing. One of them screams extra loud and Foster jumps to his feet and turns to face them. Then faster than you can imagine there’s a flash and Foster comes flying towards the

screen and an instant later he's gone. They... one of them shot him. The cops are moving in, pointing their guns down at the ground where Foster landed. The full SWAT team is there pointing guns and they look like they're part of Call of Duty... except... except they just shot Foster for real. They just *shot* him.

McKenzie unplugs the Xbox. We stare at each other for a long moment. His face is blank. And really white. He doesn't blink for about a minute. I struggle to come up with anything to say in response to what just happened, but I come up with nothing. We both have no idea what to say.

McKenzie finally says, "I didn't think they'd... actually..."

I don't respond. McKenzie stares hardcore at me. Like, he really eye-fucks me. "Dylan, you're not going to say anything are you?"

"About what?" I say.

He gives me a look like I'm a full blown retard. "About what just happened!"

I take a deep breath and crack my neck a couple of times, then I look back at McKenzie. "I have no idea what you're talking about."

I turn the Xbox back on. "When you're done being a loser, let's play Call of Duty."