

# **CUT**

by Chris Van Strander

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## **CHARACTERS**

BOO BOO                      twenties, a former synchronized swimmer

FUZZY                         twenties, a former synchronized swimmer

COACH                        forties, coach of the 2000 U.S. Olympic Synchronized  
Swim Team

MEGAPHONE VOICE    Holiday Inn Security

## **SETTING**

The Holiday Inn roof pool. Early evening.

(The Holiday Inn roof pool, early evening. Nobody's around. From inside the showers tear BOO BOO and FUZZY, whooping and chortling in victory. Their hair's slick with gelatin. FUZZY wears a black cat suit; BOO BOO wears black hooded sweats; both wear transparent Halloween masks atop their heads. BOO BOO is wheeling a large hotel laundry cart: propped up in the cart is COACH, shrouded completely in a bed sheet, motionless. BOO BOO pushes the truck around the pool as fast as she can, ecstatic, FUZZY trailing after in a victory dance. They chant:)

BOO BOO & FUZZY

GOTCHA! GOTCHA! GOTCHA! GOTCHA! GOTCHA! GOTCHA! GOTCHA!

(After a lap around the pool BOO BOO halts the cart at the edge of the deep end. They gather around it and catch their breaths.)

BOO BOO

My god! We did it!

FUZZY

(enraptured) You said we could!

(They both look around at the pool area, then back to each other, and crack up.)

FUZZY

This is *such!* A trip!

BOO BOO

Bein' back? Yeah, it's fucking *surreal...*

FUZZY

(pulls off the sheet) You sure she's breathing?

BOO BOO

It's just *chloroform...*

FUZZY

When's it wear off?

BOO BOO

Honey... once she wakes up, we can't go back.

FUZZY

(looks at COACH, then) I hafta know. Don't you?

(BOO BOO looks at COACH, nods. They grab the cart and tilt it forward, dumping COACH into the pool. They affix their respective masks. On hitting the water COACH jars to life, shouting, flailing; she wears pajamas and sneakers.)

COACH  
Help! Please!

FUZZY  
Get to the middle! Let's go! Move it! Move it!

(COACH moves to the middle of the pool.)

COACH  
Who... who are you? What is this? Please, just... Please just let me out. Please!

FUZZY & BOO BOO  
(mocking) Please just let me out! PLEEEEEEASE!

(BOO produces a chrome toaster, holds it up.)

BOO BOO  
Would you care for some toast?

COACH  
Wh—what?

BOO BOO  
(screaming) WOULD YOU CAAAAARE?! FOR SOME TOOOOAST?!

COACH  
What—whatever you want.

(BOO BOO makes a bit of a show of plugging the toaster into a series of extension cords disappearing back into the pool house. COACH watches, a mix of confusion and dread. She looks around, trying to place her surroundings.)

COACH  
Is this...?

FUZZY  
Yeeeeeeees?

(BOO BOO places two slices of bread into the toaster, depresses the button, holds it up.)

BOO BOO

So how dark d'ya like it?

COACH

I... I don't care, I gave up toast. I've been trying to cut down on my carbs.

BOO BOO

Ahhhh! Little fat in the can, huh?

FUZZY

Yeah? Got some junk in the trunk?

BOO BOO

(considers toaster) Well then here, better do it yourself. Catch!

(BOO BOO makes to toss the toaster at COACH.)

COACH

NO! STOP!

(BOO BOO stops, but holds the toaster by the cord, dangling it menacingly a couple feet above the water. The bread plops out.)

COACH

Please don't kill me. Whatever you think I did, I didn't do it! I'm a *swimming coach!*  
(pause; realization) This is the *Holiday Inn pool!*

FUZZY & BOO BOO

(unison) Ahhhhhhhh!

BOO BOO

Why, yes, Coach! Why? There some *significance* to the Holiday Inn pool?

COACH

I... trained my team here.

BOO BOO

What team would that be?

COACH

The, uh, the U.S. Synchronized Swim Team.

BOO BOO  
Trained 'em for what?

COACH  
The Olympics. Sydney? 2000?

BOO BOO  
(impressed) Smell you!

FUZZY  
How many women were on that team, Coach?

COACH  
Ten, ten women.

FUZZY  
Women like... say... Anna Kozlova and Tuesday Middaugh?

COACH  
(pause) Yeah.

FUZZY  
And how 'bout Boo Boo Hullabowsky and Fuzzy LaBarre?

(A realization comes over COACH; her face falls.)

COACH  
No. They, uh... (tiny pause) I cut them.

FUZZY  
You cut them?

COACH  
Yes.

(BOO BOO and FUZZY take their masks off.)

COACH  
Hi Boo Boo. Hi Fuzzy. I've... been meaning to call you.

(A pause. FUZZY screams and jumps into the pool. She begins chasing COACH around the water as best she can, COACH awkwardly backing away to avoid her attack.)

FUZZY

AAARRRRGGGHHH! HOW COULD YOU CUT ME FROM THE FUCKING *OLYMPICS*, COACH?! YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT THAT *DID* TO ME?!

BOO BOO

Fuzzy, that's enough!

COACH

FUZZY, STOP, PLEASE!

(FUZZY suddenly halts and stands staring dazedly at COACH.)

COACH

Fuzzy... did she put you up to this?

FUZZY

No! It was MY idea!

COACH

Fuzzy... you haven't got a violent bone in your body!

FUZZY

I do now! They're ALL VIOLENT!

BOO BOO

Hell hath no fury, Coach.

COACH

(shakes head) No, I don't believe that, you're... a sweet girl, Fuzzy, caring, this isn't you. (to both) I trained you, I know you better than you know yourselves!

BOO BOO

What'd I tell you hon, she's trying to reel us in, it's her same old bullshit.

(FUZZY nods and darts over to the wall. COACH follows, fumblingly.)

COACH

Fuzzy—wait wait wait!

FUZZY  
STAY AWAY FROM ME!

BOO BOO  
COACH!

(COACH halts in her tracks. BOO BOO calmly hoists the toaster.)

BOO BOO  
Leave her be.

(COACH remains still; FUZZY gets out of the pool. Small pause.)

COACH  
Look, Boo Boo... why don't we all just calm down, all right? (slowly inching her way towards the wall) What say you let me out... I'll dry off... you put away the appliance... and we'll discuss this like civil adults. You don't *really* wanna hurt me, do you?

BOO BOO  
(swings toaster) One way to find out!

COACH  
(halts; cringing) All right all right all right! Obviously you've got a lot of... strong feelings... Well, I wanna hear 'em! Boo Boo, how've things been?

BOO BOO  
(screaming) YOU RUUUUINED MY LIIIIIFE!

COACH  
But... I heard you were doing so well! Weren't you hosting some swim show on cable?

BOO BOO  
(blind rage) CABLE ACCESS! CABLE ACCESS!

COACH  
And... Fuzzy, what're you up to these days?

FUZZY  
I work at Denny's.

COACH  
Oh. And how've you been... feeling?



FUZZY

(searching) Ummm... *confused*, Coach... I've been very... confused since the coma.

COACH

Coma?

BOO BOO

She swallowed a *hundred Nembutal*.

FUZZY

I just woke up in March...

BOO BOO

Otherwise we'd've done this AGES ago.

FUZZY

*You didn't even send me a card!*

COACH

Fuzzy, I have a team to prepare for Beijing; I can't attend to every single swimmer I ever—

FUZZY

THREW OUT WITH THE TRASH?!

COACH

God, Fuzzy—you think I WANTED to cut you? (to both) Either of you?! It broke my heart!

FUZZY

Well, I don't even have a heart any more—they sucked it out when they were pumping my stomach.

COACH

I had no choice—in either of your cases.

BOO BOO & FUZZY

(unison) *Oh, yeah, right!*

FUZZY

Were you getting kickbacks? Was someone giving you kickbacks to give my spot to Miss Russia?

COACH

Who's Miss Russia?

FUZZY

Anna Kozlova! Miss Defector! Miss International Incident!

BOO BOO

And how 'bout Tuesday Middaugh, huh? What was SHE giving you?

COACH

What do you mean?

BOO BOO

Oh come on, Coach! The girl eats more carpet than termites!

COACH

What are you implying?!

BOO BOO

That she PERFORMED ORAL SEX ON YOU TO MAKE IT ONTO THE TEAM! What the fuck's it SOUND LIKE?! You kicked me off, and you put her on, then you kicked off poor Fuzzy and put Miss Russia on, and YOU GAVE THOSE BITCHES

BOO BOO & FUZZY

(unison) OUR DUET!

COACH

(evenly) Boo Boo... you were cut because you couldn't hold your breath. You failed a basic drill.

BOO BOO

I TOLD YOU I wasn't ready, you fucking started timing anyway! I didn't get to take a full breath! I was rushed! I was nervous! I got confused! I was winded! My muscles froze! I was tired from practice! I mistimed! I coughed! I got a tickle! A side sticker! Someone kicked me in the stomach! My nose clip fell off! It wasn't my fault!

COACH

Right, and I suppose the Camels had nothing to do with it, right?

FUZZY

What, like humps?

COACH

No, not like humps, like a pack a day!

FUZZY

You smoke, Boo Boo?

BOO BOO

Who the FUCK squealed on me?!

COACH

Boo Boo, you could smell it all over your suit! I mean, didn't some ALARM BELLS start going off? Like, maybe if I'm competing in a sport that requires me to hold my breath for three and a half minutes, maybe it's not the best idea for me to go out smokin' it up 'til four every morning?! But nooooo! *Boo Boo* thinks she's *Dennis Rodman!*

BOO BOO

I was Dennis Rodman! The Rodman of Synchro!

COACH

Okay, Boo Boo?—No. You weren't. And Fuzzy! Honey... you failed a drug test!

FUZZY

Ooooo! ZOLOFT! Zoloff shouldn't even BE a banned substance! In fact, I think Zoloff should be a REQUIRED substance!

COACH

Yes, because clearly it's done such a world of good for you...

FUZZY

You *knew* I was using!

COACH

What'd you expect me to do?!

FUZZY

You could've... YOU could've peed in my cup!

BOO BOO

ALL RIGHT! Enough of this Mickey Mouse SHIT! We ain't here to... TRAIPISE DOWN MEMORY LANE! (to FUZZY) Get the rope.

(Tied to and curled up on the lifeguard chair is a rope with little buoys on it; FUZZY retrieves it.)

COACH

What now?

(FUZZY tosses the end of the rope towards COACH in the water.)

BOO BOO  
Grab the rope.

COACH  
Look, I've COOPERATED! (an appeal) Fuzzy.

FUZZY  
Grab the rope.

(COACH hesitates, then puts the rope around her neck.)

BOO BOO  
Now swim that... chunky ass over here.

(BOO BOO sets the toaster aside. COACH dogpaddles to them. FUZZY and BOO BOO crouch down and take COACH in their arms.)

FUZZY & BOO BOO  
(ad lib) Come on! Easy, big mama. Let's go! Timing! Timing! etc.

(They help COACH out of the pool.)

BOO BOO  
Take a seat.

(COACH sits at the lifeguard station; FUZZY pulls COACH's arms behind her back and loops the rope around her wrists.)

COACH  
What're you gonna do?!

BOO BOO  
What we were born to do, Coach. The only thing we've ever wanted to do.

COACH  
Oh Christ. You're gonna do your duet.

BOO BOO & FUZZY  
(unison) GO! GO! GO!

(BOO BOO and FUZZY whip off their outfits, revealing matching synchronized swimsuits.)

COACH

And why am I the lucky one who gets to witness this? You actually... remember it?

FUZZY

I did it for sixteen months in my... state.

BOO BOO

Plus, we've been training again.

FUZZY

(looks at BOO BOO) We coach each other.

COACH

Oh! Well! Aren't you two... touching!

(The girls don nose clips and take their positions on the rim of the pool, freezing in a starting pose. BOO BOO claps twice, as apparently the PA system is on The Clapper. Their music begins and they perform their duet, to Heart's "Barracuda".)

**To read the rest of this play, please contact me at:  
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