



ORANGE JULIUS

BY **BASIL
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DRAMATISTS
PLAY SERVICE
INC.



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The Off-Broadway premiere of ORANGE JULIUS was produced by Rattlestick Playwrights Theater (Daniella Topol, Artistic Director; Annie Middleton, Managing Director) and Page 73 Productions (Michael Walkup, Producing Artistic Director; Jennifer Lagundino, Managing Director), opening on January 22, 2017. It was directed by Dustin Wills, the set design was by Kate Noll, the costume design was by Montana Blanco, the lighting design was by Barbara Samuels, the sound design was by Palmer Hefferan, the projection design was by Joey Moro, the prop design was by Raphael Mishler, the production stage manager was Nicole Marconi, the assistant stage manager was Corinn Moreno, and the production manager was Rebecca Key. The cast was as follows:

NUT	Jess Barbagallo
JULIUS	Stephen Payne
FRANCE	Mary Testa
CRIMP	Irene Sofia Lucio
OL BOY	Ruy Iskandar

ORANGE JULIUS received its world premiere on September 26, 2015, by Moxie Theatre Company (Delicia Sonnenberg, Executive Artistic Director), in San Diego, California. It was directed by Will Davis, the set design was by Victoria Petrovich, the lighting design was by Jason Bieber, the sound design was by Emily Jankowski, and the costume design was by Jennifer Brawn Gittings. The cast was as follows:

NUT	Rae K. Hendersen
JULIUS	Jeffrey Jones
FRANCE	Dana Case
CRIMP	Wendy Maples
OL BOY	Steve Froehlich

ORANGE JULIUS was developed during a residency at Eugene O'Neill Theater Center's National Playwrights Conference (Preston Whiteway, Executive Director; Wendy C. Goldberg, Artistic Director) in 2012.

CHARACTERS

NUT, a young trans-masculine person.
Tough and masculine.

JULIUS, Nut's father, a man in his fifties – sixties.

FRANCE, Nut's mother, a woman in her fifties – sixties.

CRIMP, Nut's sister, a woman in her mid-thirties.
Feminine sexuality, but tough working-class.

OL BOY, a young man in his early twenties.
He's a hyper-masculine figure of Nut's creation.

TIME

Present.

“One night, like a piece of shrapnel that takes years to work its way out, I dreamed and saw a field that was crowded with dead bodies”

—Michael Herr,
Dispatches

ORANGE JULIUS

NUT. I was driving in the car with my dad. I'm seven, or six, nine maybe eight.

Julius sits down next to Nut.

My dad and I are driving past Johnson's Pond. I'm thinking about how I haven't learned to ice skate. How I've never actually been to Johnson's Pond. How it's like a building I don't ever have any business at. I say:

How come I've never been ice skating?

JULIUS. I swore I'd never take any of you kids, after what happened last time I took your brother and sister.

NUT. What happened?

JULIUS. Some kid fell down and another kid ran over his finger with their ice skate. Chopped it right off.

NUT. Oh.

That can really happen?

JULIUS. Yeah it can. It did.

NUT. Oh.

My dad smiles at me and he puts his hand on my knee. Kindly, he pats my knee and rubs it. I stiffen up. Why does this feel weird? Is this weird? This is the 1980s, and at school they make us watch Shari and Lamb Chop and at home we watch Afterschool Specials. But what exactly is inappropriate touch anyway? No one ever really said. Just that it could be anyone. It could be someone you trust. And it's probably going to be a man. I think he knew I got weirded out. Then I think he got weirded out. He put his hand on the steering wheel. Ten and two.

That was the last time he ever tried to be affectionate at all, and that was fine with me. You know, maybe... I don't know, maybe if he'd patted me on the back or shook my hand it wouldn't have felt so... like I was a little girl, it wouldn't have felt so off.

When I would eat plain potato chips after eating spaghetti, I would throw up.

France enters. She wipes it up.

My mother always had to clean it, because my father had a weak stomach.

He'd end up vomiting himself. You'd think a man who'd been through the Vietnam War could stomach some fucking puke, right?

But if I was bleeding my mother would faint and my father would laugh. Like when a stray fishing hook in the back of his car ripped through my finger. Stitches worthy. He laughed.

JULIUS. Here. Wrap this around it.

NUT. An oil-soaked car rag. Nice.

I thought that was pretty badass. I woulda kept that oil- and blood-soaked car rag on my finger for weeks. Woulda taken it off, reeeeee slooooww and showed everyone my enormous gaping meat exposed wound. Instead.

FRANCE. Jesus Mary and Joseph, put a Band-Aid on that.

NUT. *The Karate Kid's* a big hit and my sister's got a boy in our basement.

CRIMP. Get outta here! Little shit.

NUT. He's real cool. They move the rug and push all the furniture aside and he teaches her how to spin on the floor. He does martial arts and he breakdances.

I wanna learn karate.

JULIUS. You better go. This better not be like the clarinet.

NUT. I wanted to play the drums or the saxophone. But my dad had an old clarinet.

FRANCE. If you learn the clarinet then we will buy you the instrument you want. It's too expensive for something you won't stick with.

NUT. It's still the eighties, and my sensei hires the scariest woman in the world. A midget woman with teased out bleach-blonde hair and blue eye shadow up to her forehead. She leads class and says things like "drop and give me twenty." I decide to stop going.

JULIUS. I told you I'd punish you.

NUT. He belts me in the hallway, but my sister runs out of the bathroom.

CRIMP. How would you like it if I took that belt and hit you?

NUT. He apologized to me. He was ashamed. The man had a quick temper. Usually it was more like

Can you drive me to my friend's house?

JULIUS. Jesus fuckin Christ! It's my day off! No, I'm trying to relax.

NUT. I learned to just not say anything and go to my room. It wouldn't be more than five minutes later and he'd knock on my door and say

JULIUS. Put your shoes on. Let's go.

NUT. I always wondered if his temper came from whatever happened to him in Vietnam.

I'm twelve, fourteen maybe thirteen.

Julius sits next to Nut. He's wearing a Marines camo jacket.

I'm driving in the car with my dad. I just bought a new cassette tape.

*Nut begins singing along with an early-'90s grunge song, such as "Wargasm" by L7.**

JULIUS. Does your mother know you listen to this?

NUT. What's that? On your jacket.

JULIUS. This?

NUT. Yeah.

JULIUS. Blood.

NUT. He smiles at me, because it's rust. But for a moment I wished he'd been telling the truth.

I wish those spots woulda been blood he'd carried around for over twenty years. I wished Vietnam was spilled all over his jacket. Then I could've asked

Whose was it? Then I could've asked

Did you do it? Then I could've asked. Then I could've asked. Then I could've asked.

* See special note on songs/recordings on page 55.

Lights up on Julius.

JULIUS. Why doesn't anyone ever hug me anymore?

I can't think straight anymore. I've been...I've been out of it.

NUT. Somewhere in Vietnam there's a woman. She was born on the exact same day as me, at the exact same moment. Her father, like mine, was exposed to Agent Orange. Only he never got to leave. Long dead by now. Cancer. And this woman was born with her eyes popped out of her head. Her face forever locked in a look of pure terror. No eyelids. Just popped out. Popped out all the time. No closing them, she'll never not see even when what she sees is too much.

Something that feels like orange powder, or maybe it is orange powder, falls from the sky. It covers the stage. There's an image or a sound from one of the Vietnam movies Nut watched with their dad.

Shift: Vietnam. Julius, Nut, and Ol Boy. It's almost as if Ol Boy has been summoned by the sound or image from the film. This feels almost like a Vietnam vaudeville act.

OL BOY. Fuck that. Crack that shit. You're fine motherfucker. Fuck I'm fine. Fuck you're fine. Check that shit. Check this shit out.

NUT. Fuck. You think they was scared?

Puts a cigarette in Julius's mouth.

Fuck yeah I was scared. I was fuckin scared.

(To Julius.) Were you scared?

OL BOY. *(To Julius, lighting his cigarette.)* You don't look scared. Fuck you don't look scared.

Cigarette falls out of his mouth.

NUT. I was fuckin scared.

Puts the cigarette back in Julius's mouth.

OL BOY. Fuck yeah they were scared.

Lights the cigarette again.

You could see that. You could see that plain.

Cigarette falls out of his mouth.

Fuckers quakin. You know?

Puts the cigarette back in Julius's mouth.

Fuckers shakin. Quakin and shakin.

(*To Julius.*) Not you, man. Not you. You didn't look scared.

Cigarette falls out of his mouth.

NUT. Fuck it man.

OL BOY. If fear hadn't frozen all the water I had left in me. Any was left. Pissed myself. I'd a fuckin pissed myself.

NUT. I ain't scared for nothin.

OL BOY. Buuuul-shieeet you wasn't scared.

NUT. No fuckin shit's gonna hit me in Vietnam.

OL BOY. Oh yeah?

NUT. Yeah.

OL BOY. And why the fuck is that you tell me why the fuck that is?

NUT. 'Cause it don't exist.

(*To Julius.*) You wasn't scared. Were you?

Silence.

OL BOY. This guy? This guy?

He smacks Julius, who comes to slightly.

You weren't scared

He smacks him again and Julius nods his head.

You weren't scared were you?

He smacks him again.

JULIUS. Nah

OL BOY. What?

JULIUS. Nah!

NUT. Nah!

OL BOY. Nah!

JULIUS. Nah nah nah nah! Nah!

He stands up and his legs are shaking so bad they buckle and he falls to his knees. Ol Boy starts laughing as he fades out.
Bleed: Memory.

NUT. You can't stand up on your own anymore, for Christ's sake.

ORANGE JULIUS

by Basil Kreimendahl

2 men, 2 women, 1 nonbinary or trans man

Nut grew up the youngest child of Julius, a Vietnam vet, in 1980s and '90s working-class America. As Julius suffers the toxic effects of Agent Orange, Nut worries their time together may run out before they can embrace something essential about their relationship. Paging through forgotten photo albums and acting out old war movies about brothers-in-arms, Nut leaps through time and memory, tracing the complex intimacy between father and child when the child is transgender, fighting for a mutual recognition before it's too late.

"...excellent... [Kreimendahl] creates a portrait of real family dynamics far more 'realistic' than those in a dozen well-made plays. ...This is the rare play about a child coming to grips with the damage he's done his parent, rather than the other way around."

—**Time Out New York**

"Kreimendahl delivers a sensitive and moving portrait of Julius and his family—one painfully familiar to millions of American military families."

—**TheaterMania.com**

"Kreimendahl's drama is a sympathetic, eloquent...effort to grapple with family, gender identity, and the legacy of the Vietnam War. ...There's a lot to like about ORANGE JULIUS: its articulate, forthright personal narrative; its attention to veterans' experience; its foregrounding of a trans character without making Nut's transition the sole focus of the plot. That Kreimendahl resists inserting present-day drama into Nut's story, allowing the play to live entirely in the before, shows admirable restraint."

—**The Village Voice**

Also by Basil Kreimendahl
WE'RE GONNA BE OKAY

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