

GRANDFATHER

Now run out there and throw the ball to me.

(They notice Sissy runs a little funny.)

Well, kiss my ass, what kind of running is that boy doing?  
He runs like a girl.

GRANDMOTHER

A funny little girl.

GRANDFATHER

Can't be from my side of the family.

GRANDMOTHER

I should've bought the play-dough.

GRANDFATHER

Why are you running like a damn girl!!!

GRANDMOTHER

Hush maybe it's a genetic defect we don't know about.

(To Sissy.)

You're doing nice dear.

GRANDFATHER

(To Sissy.)

So the running needs work but the real muscle in this family  
is the arms.

GRANDMOTHER

Yes, dear, the arms dear.

GRANDFATHER

(Yells to Sissy.)

Now throw the ball to your old grandpa here!! Like a man,  
Grandson, like a man. Throw!!

(They watch him throw the ball.)

Well, kiss my ass, he threw that like a girl didn't he?

GRANDMOTHER

A funny little girl.

GRANDFATHER

Why are you throwing like a damn girl!

GRANDMOTHER

Maybe it's some kind of physical problem.

GRANDFATHER

Couldn't be from my side of the family.

GRANDMOTHER

That play-dough was on sale too.

GRANDFATHER  
Play-dough's for sissies.

GRANDMOTHER  
(To Sissy.)  
Come closer to grandpa maybe that'll help. Closer.

GRANDFATHER  
Closer.

GRANDMOTHER  
Closer.

GRANDFATHER  
Okay, that's close enough.

GRANDMOTHER  
He's right in front of you, dear.

GRANDFATHER  
Now all you have to do is toss the ball right to me. Now  
toss.

(They react.)

GRANDMOTHER  
It landed by your shoe.

GRANDFATHER  
I can see that.

GRANDMOTHER  
And he's by your shoe.

GRANDFATHER  
Definitely not from my side of the family.

GRANDMOTHER  
Now leave the poor boy alone, he's standing right here.

GRANDFATHER  
But he threw it like a girl?

GRANDMOTHER  
(To Sissy.)  
You threw that ball real pretty, honey.

GRANDFATHER  
He runs like a damn girl.

GRANDMOTHER  
Don't listen to your grandpa, you're a good little boy with  
"special capabilities" and no matter what side you're from,  
we're family. Right, dear?

GRANDFATHER

Yes dear, family, dear.

GRANDMOTHER

Now you go out there and run your little peculiar body off.

(Watching Sissy run.)

GRANDFATHER

You think anyone else is aware of this?

GRANDMOTHER

I don't know.

GRANDFATHER

It's best that we keep this to ourselves.

GRANDMOTHER

Yes dear.

GRANDFATHER

Dear.

GRANDMOTHER

Yes, dear.

GRANDFATHER

Go get the play-dough.

GRANDMOTHER

Maybe he'll grow out of it.

(They exit and Sissy, running in place like a girl.)

SISSY

I wasn't growing out of it. And the more I ran and the more I threw; the more they stared, giggled even whispered until I had a bad feeling about this sissy name. It wasn't funny. Not anymore. This was getting serious. I couldn't focus on my cartoons, my reading, my drawing even my day dreaming. Life was getting pretty complicated so at this point at my young age, I decided to fly.

(He spreads his arms out as if to fly.)

In my dreams whenever complicated things come my way, I would simply lift my arms and fly. No running so no one could take notice of my "special capabilities" and my arms were too busy soaring to throw anything. I could escape. I could be like Dumbo because despite his big enormous ears he overcame insurmountable odds. Some people say that if you see the sun while you're flying, good things will come your way. If you fly over green trees, good fortune will come your way.

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