

**[Note: The following takes place during scene ii of Trojan Men by Brenton Lengel]**

*Lights up on the West Andersen University Quad. The ground is paved with stone and there's a large statue of a trojan warrior which dominates stage right. Standing stage left are five pledges (Tobias, Mark, Seymour, Dave, and Langley). Each is dressed in a suit with a blazer and is holding a small torch. They are arranged in a quasi-military formation. They should appear to be uncomfortable. Very loudly the doors in the back of the house are thrown open and Nathan (also dressed in a blazer, and wearing a fraternity pin) walks down the aisle to the stage, muttering to himself the whole way.*

**Nathan:** *(Starting low but gradually building in intensity)* Fuck. Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck. Fuck. Fuck! Fuckitty! FUCK. FUCK! **FUCK!**

*Nathan walks up on the stage, the Pledges stare at him expectantly. Nathan walks up and arranges himself at the foot of the statue opposite them; he takes a second to collect himself, then looks up and smiles. He removes a crumpled piece of paper from his coat pocket and begins to read from it.*

**Nathan:** *[Note: this speech should be delivered haphazardly, punctuation should be rearranged, and a few large words should be mispronounced, as if Nathan is only slightly familiar with the speech he is reciting.]* Congratulations Men of West Andersen University. Over the last few days you have managed to distinguish yourselves in the eyes of the brothers of the Omicron Omicron Omicron fraternity. Examples of your character have been seen by our eyes, and already hints of your mettle we have felt with our hands. We brothers many have seen your spark and drenched ourselves in its' iridescent glow. Now we ask you to add that spark to ours as you travel down the path to glorious and eternal fraternal enlightenment. As you light your wick in this, the sacred silver cup—

*Nathan looks at the pledges a moment, then back to the paper. He quickly rifles through his pockets in panic, and after some frantic searching produces a little silver bowl about the size of his palm. With obvious relief he holds it out, then retrieves his paper, looks for his place and then resumes reading.*

**Nathan:** -this, the sacred silver cup of Omicron Omicron Omicron. By lighting it you symbolize your desire to add your spark to that of your brothers, who already walk this path with eyes unclouded.

*Upon finishing his speech Nathan smiles and looks up. None of the pledges move. Nathan eyeballs Tobias. Realizing that he has to move, Tobias slowly and awkwardly steps forward. He lights the candle in the silver bowl. When the bowl is lit Nathan waves him away and blows out the candle, then motions to Langley to relight it with his torch. Langley does while Mark, Seymour, and Dave line up behind him. When Daves's turn arrives he realizes that his torch is no longer burning.*

**Dave:** Nathan? My torch went out.

*Nathan looks expectantly at the pledges for a moment. When no one moves he sighs.*

**Nathan:** Prospect Mark, light Prospecti Dave's torch.

**Mark:** Yes sir! -err Nathan...Sir Nathan?

*Langley stifles a laugh. Nathan glares at him.*

**Nathan:** Just light the damn torch.

**Mark:** (*Lighting the torch*) Right.

**Nathan:** Now Prospect Dave, please add your spark to the collective torrent of (*phonetically*) “OOO” so you can begin the path to eternal enlightenment.

*Dave goes to light the cup, but his torch goes out again. He looks around at the other brothers, but all their torches have gone out as well. The pledges look at Nathan helplessly.*

**Mark:** It is kinda windy out here.

**Seymour:** Does this mean Dave can't join?

**Nathan:** Shut up Tate. (*Nathan fiddles around in his pockets until he finds a lighter. He flicks it a few times, and eventually manages to relight Dave's torch.*) There. Now light it.

*Dave does so carefully. As soon as the cup is lit, Nathan blows it out.*

**Nathan:** Right then. Let's go get drunk.

*Everyone cheers and exits Stage Left.*