

Darry, Paul, Two-Bit, Sodapop, Ponyboy

Start →

Page 70

THE OUTSIDERS

Act II

SODAPOP. That's not all that's coming.

(The sound of cars stopping, doors being slammed. A group of SOC EXTRAS are coming on in a group that spreads out across the left side of the stage. They are, of course, much better dressed than the GREASERS. The TWO LINES are facing each other. This is taking place in semi-darkness, broken by someone on each side with a flashlight. A SOC steps forward.)

SOC *(shouting)*. Let's get the rules straight—nothing but fists, and the first to run lose. Right?

TWO-BIT *(shouts back)*. You savvy real good. *(There's an uneasy silence. Then DARRRY steps forward.)*

DARRRY. I'll take on anyone. *(A drum starts to beat slowly. A husky SOC steps forward to face DARRRY. His name is PAUL.)*

PAUL *(quietly)*. Hello, Darrel.

DARRRY. Hello, Paul. *(A drum with a different sound begins slowly from the other side as PAUL and DARRRY face each other. A dim spot has come up on PONYBOY who is standing front and to the side. SODAPOP comes next to PONYBOY.)*

SODAPOP *(aside to PONYBOY)*. Paul Holden. He was the best back on Darry's football team at high school.

PONYBOY. That Soc?

SODAPOP. They used to buddy around. He's gotta be a junior in college by now.

PONYBOY. And Darry's gotta work.

PAUL *(to DARRRY)*. I'll take you. *(The drums-in-conflict pick up a little.)*

DARRRY *(quietly)*. You think you can handle me, Paul?

End →

Act II

THE OUTSIDERS

Page 71

PAUL *(with contempt)*. I can handle any greaser. *(The GROUP is stirring in place as DARRRY and PAUL start to circle each other.)*

PONYBOY *(sense)*. Made me think of a book by Jack London—where the wolf pack waits for one of two members to go down in a fight. But it's different here. The moment either one swings—the rumble is on. *(DALLAS shouting is rushing into the action.)*

DALLAS. Hold up! Wait for me!

DARRRY *(looks over to him)*. Shouting. Dallas? *(At this, PAUL throws a sneak punch, which DARRRY manages to block. There's a roar from both sides as the TWO GROUPS go at each other in the dark. No light except for the spot isolating PONYBOY and the TWO waving flashlights. Both drums are pounding and there are shouts and cries.)*

PONYBOY. I couldn't find a little Soc so I grabbed the next size up. Dallas was fighting a big one next to me. *(He yells at DALLAS.)* Dallas—I thought you were in the hospital.

DALLAS *(voice from darkness)*. I was! I ain't now. *(The action swirls in the darkness.)*

PONYBOY. I wanted to ask Dallas how he got out, but a Soc—who was heavier than I took him for—was slugging the sense out of me. I thought he was going to knock out my teeth. By the time Darry got through with him—Paul was crawling out on his hands and knees. Darry saw what was happening to me and he lifted the big guy off me and knocked him back three feet. I figured I should help Dallas since he could only use one arm. *(Drums and shouts are reaching a climax.)* I jumped on the back of the Soc that was slugging Dallas, but he threw me over his shoulder. Someone