

# **Sir, Yes, Ma'am!**

**(Duo: F/F or M/F)**

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## **Note about script:**

1. A drill sergeant, just trying to show the Army girls can be good Dis to!
2. A fresh recruit who is completely lost in life

## **Note about the Characters:**

1. A drill sergeant, just trying to show the Army girls can be good Dis to!
2. A fresh recruit who is completely lost in life
3. DI: BULL
4. Recruit: Perhaps a southern accent (Think Gomer Pyle)

## **Note about the Language:**

I try, as I always do, to make the character as real as possible. Sadly, foul language seems to make most characters more “believable.” If, however, you want to cut or slightly change the language to be more “audience-friendly” (depending on your venue), go for it! Offer the alterations back to me in the form of a revision for approval and publication. Doc. H.

## **We begin:**

*(Recruit is standing in the middle of the stage, back to DI. DI is offstage. Recruit is smoking cigarettes, bored, and slacking. DI Enters)*

DS: You will come to attention when I enter a room, maggot!

REC: *(Does not quite turn around, does not know what to do with the cigarette. Thinks, takes a deep breath, puts the cigarette in his mouth, mumbles):* Yes, swer!

DS: What did you say to me, maggot!

REC: *(mumbles):* Yes, swer!

DS: I said, *(getting nose to nose)* wait, what the hell is in your mouth?

REC: *(mumble):* Nuffin'

DS: *(small sniff)* Do I smell *(large, ridiculously large sniff)* Do I smell...SMOKE maggot?

REC: *(mumble):* Um, um *(shakes head)*

DS: Spit it out! *(punches Rec in the gut, cigarette comes flying out)*

REC: *(bent over and gasping):* I do not...think....you are allowed...to hit us...sir

DS: Sir? Sir? Do I look like a sir to you?

REC: *(looking DI up and down)* Well...um.... Kinda...

DS: I am not a SIR! *(punches REC again)*

REC: *(again bent over and out of breath, gasping)* Sorry, Sir, Ma'am, Ma'am, I mean...SOOOOORRRRY Ma'am! *(makes an upside-down, wrong-hand salute).*

DS: *(knocking hand away).* I am not a Sir, maggot! I am not a Ma'am, maggot! I work for a living, so I am a what.....?

REC: *(thinking hard)* Um, a Cross-Dressing Drill Instructor?

DS: *(Furious, punches REC again):* No, you little piece of filth. I am a US ARMY DRILL INSTRUCTOR. YOU WILL SAY "YES, DRILL SERGEANT." Do you get me?

REC: Yes, SIR! I mean, Ma'am. I mean DRILL SERGEANT!

INTRO: military, we all know about it, whether you like it or not. In high school, we have JROTC, which neither of us are in, shocking; however, 16 members of our speech and debate team are or have been in JROTC. It teaches Discipline, accountability, and servant leadership. Which, as you'll see, our drill sergeant doesn't have any of that. In this piece, you'll see a female

sergeant who's gone corrupt after doing this for 42 years, using her authority to abuse and control new recruits. And a new "recruit" who's sent here to investigate the corrupt sergeant. This is sir, yes ma'am, by Doctor m shane heard.

DS: BETTER! Now drop and give me 20!

REC: (*fumbling in her pocket*) 20? All I have is five bucks...

DS: No, you idiot. Not money....wait... give that (*grabs money*)...pushups, drop and give me 20 pushups

REC: Wait, then what about my five bucks?

DS: (*blocking here*) Now RECRUIT!

REC: (*blocking here*) No thanks.

DS: (*getting into Rec face, nose to nose*) What...did...you say maggot

DS: (REC freeze) Now listen here, soldiers, I've been doing this for 42 years and I'm good by good,~! I mean goooooood, that's why they sent me this sad sack to fix 'em up, and so it is just us all alone (hehehe), and boy, is this gon' be a challenge

REC: (unfreeze DS freeze) Golly gee wilikers, he's been doing this for 42 years. I'm here for a "special" assignment, and boy, is this gonna be fun.

REC: (*picking at nails*) I said 'No thanks,' I don't want any

DS: (*blocking here*) Any what

REC: (*blocking here*) Push-ups. I hear they are bad for your health.

DS: (*circling*) Bad for your health? Bad for your health, huh? I will tell you what is bad for your health...ME....ME if you do not get down on that ground right now and give me 20!

REC: (*blocking here*) Ok. Ok. You could ask me nicely.

DS: (*blocking here*) Nicely?

REC: (*blocking here*) Yes, nicely. My mother always told me you can get more from people if you ask them nicely. Something about Bees and honey....

DS: (*blocking here*) Oh. Ok. Sure. I am so sorry I offended you...

REC: (*blocking here*) Not me, my mother.

DS: (*mocking*) Oh my. Gosh darn. I am so very, very sorry to have offended your mother.

REC: (*blocking here*) Thank you.

DS: (*blocking here*) So, if it is not too much of a problem, I mean if it is not too much trouble for you, and of course if your mother is okay with my tone, could you please, I mean pretty please with sugar on top...

REC: *(blocking here)* Oh, that sugar on top is a nice touch

DS: *(blocking here)* Glad you like it. If it is not too much trouble, please, with sugar on top, nicely lower yourself to the ground and give me 20 push-ups.

REC: *(blocking here)* Now see, was that so hard, and in the end...

DS: *(Screaming)* NOW MAGGOT!

REC: *(dropping to the ground)* Oh yes, ma'am. Jeepers. Sir!, Poop. Drill Sergeant!

DS: COUNT THEM OUT!

REC: *(REC begins to do girl pushups)* 1.....2.....*(and so on, very slowly)*

DS: *(getting down on the ground with REC)* Um, excuse me... *(REC keeps going, breathing hard)*

REC: 4.....5....

DS: Um, excuse me....*(Rec keeps going)* MAGGOT!

REC: *(stop)* Ah, jeez, now you made me lose count. I will have to start all over... *(looks in DS face)*  
Yes, Drill Sergeant, can I help?

DS: *(blocking here)* What are you doing, Recruit?

REC: *(blocking here)* Push up, Ma'am

DS: *(blocking here)* No...

REC: *(blocking here)* Sir...

DS: *(blocking here)* No...

REC: *(blocking here)* Drill Instructor?

DS: *(blocking here)* No...

REC: *(blocking here)* Sorry, you make me nervous when you are so close...um...um...Drill Sergeant,  
That is it! I remembered! Drill Sergeant! What was your question, Ma'am...darn it... I am so forgetful...Sorry, what was your question, Drill Sergeant?

DS: *(blocking here)* What are you doing?

REC: *(blocking here)* What you told me to do.

DS: *(blocking here)* I told you to do girl push-ups?

REC: *(blocking here)* Yes. Don't you remember, sir, darn, ma'am, darn Drill Instructor, darn...Drill Sergeant?

DS: *(blocking here)* No

REC: *(blocking here)* Wait, do you have memory problems too??

DS: *(blocking here)* No

REC: *(blocking here)* No, you do not remember or no, you do not have a memory problem?

DS: *(blocking here)* Yes, I remember.

REC: *(blocking here)* Remember what? Now I am confused..

DS: *(Ridiculously calm, deep breath and then)* I remember everything...I said..

REC: *(under his breath)* Obviously not

DS: I remember what I said. I said drop and give me 20

REC: *(blocking here)* WELLLLLL. If you would quit interrupting me, I could do just that, silly (touch him lightly on the nose and start back doing girl push-ups) 1 ... .2...

DS: *(blocking here)* STOP!

REC: *(blocking here)* You really need to make up your mind...

DS: *(blocking here)* No girl push-ups!

REC: *(beckoning DS closer and whispering in his ear)* But, I am a girl..

DS: *(blocking here)* I KNOW THAT...

REC: *(blocking here)* Do you? I mean, the way you dress and I, I figured you might be confused... and...well

DS: *(blocking here)* I MEAN....I KNOW YOU ARE A GIRL.... But here in the ARMY...we do not make special concessions for girls! They do not get special treatment. Everyone does real pushups!

REC: *(blocking here)* And by real push-ups, you mean...

DS: *(blocking here)* Not girl push-ups!

REC: *(blocking here)* Obviously, you have made that point abundantly clear

DS: *(blocking here)* I mean, boy, pushups, real pushups. You have to do boy push-ups

REC: *(blocking here)* But...

DS: *(blocking here)* If you tell me you are a girl, I swear, I will punch you again..

DS: (REC freeze) Listen up, soldiers. Now this kid is running me through the ringer. What on earth is wrong with em, I swear.

REC: (unfreeze DS freeze) Holy cow, this has been so much fun, he's so easy to rile up!

REC: *(Getting to her feet)* Ok. Ok. I get it. You know I am a girl, but I can't do boy push-ups, I mean regular push-ups?

DS: *(circling)* And why is that? Are you toooo weak?

REC: *(blocking here)* Nah, it is not that. It is just...

DS: *(blocking here)* Just what, Maggot?

REC: *(Handing him a piece of paper from her pocket)* It is just, well, I have this...

DS: *(Opening it and reading)* A note? You have a note?

REC: *(proudly)* Doctor's note...read it

DS: (reading and mumbling out loud) Yada Yada Yada. I, Dr. yada yada, hereby...yada...EXCUSED from DOING pushups!?!?!?

REC: (*blocking here*) Yep....

DS: (Explodes, pacing back and forth) That's it. I have had it. OF all the stupid...crazy...

REC: (*blocking here*) Well, it's not my fault, I am small boned and

DS: (*Fake calm*) And what

REC: (*hesitating*) I don't want to say

DS: (*blocking here*) Why not?

REC: (*blocking here*) I am afraid you will get mad again (*looks at him*) Well, still (*looks at him again*) well, more mad...and then you will punch me again...which again I will remind you, I think that is against Army Regulations, punching, but my mother always says....

DS: (*blocking here*) Enough about your damn mother...

REC: (*Starting to cry*) Sergeant! Please don't talk about my mother....she, she...

DS: (*softening*) She what?

REC: (*crying hard*) No, no, you aren't...you don't care about my mother and that she...she...

DS: (really gentle now, putting an arm around REC) No, honestly, I am sorry. I do care....what about your mother? Did she..

REC: (*blowing nose in DS sleeve or on his shirt*) Did she know what?

DS: (*blocking here*) Did she....you know....pass into the great beyond?

REC: (*blocking here*) What? Did you what?

DS: (*blocking here*) You know...did she pass into the great beyond?

REC: (*blocking here*) Great beyond? Kansas?

DS: (*blocking here*) No, silly, did she...you know, die?

REC: (*blocking here*) What? That is horrible. Why would she die? Wait. Did you hear something? Oh my GOD. What did you hear?

DS: (*blocking here*) What? Wait? What? Nothing? I didn't hear anything. I do not even know your mom.

REC: (*blocking here*) Mother..

DS: (*blocking here*) What?

REC: (*blocking here*) Mother. She is a mother!

DS: (*blocking here*) Sorry. Your mother...I do not know your mother...I just thought that was what YOU were saying in that she (motion death instead of saying it)

REC: (*blocking here*) Why on earth would I say that? That is horrible.

DS: Then what...(imitating the REC) It's just that she's....she's...WHAT?

REC: (blocking here) Oh, it's just that she works here....and she might hear you.

DS: (EXPLODING) WORKS HERE? WORKS HERE? I don't give a rat's ass if your mom..

REC: (correcting him again) Mother..

DS: (blocking here) SHUT UP MAGGOT! I do not care if your mom, mother, or grandmother...

REC: (blocking here) Now my grandmother is actually dead...you see, there was this turkey

DS: (blocking here) I SAID SHUT UP MAGGOT!

REC: (blocking here) Yes, ma'am

DS: (blocking here) Sergeant! I do not care if any of the women in your family work on the Army Base, and if they overhear me while they are cooking and cleaning..

REC: (blocking here) Well, that is sexist, Sir

DS: (blocking here) SERGEANT!

REC: (mocking) Sorry, SERGEANT!

DS: (blocking here) I do not care if any of the namby-pamby females in your entire family tree hear me. I AM GOD AROUND HERE. I CALL THE SHOTS! I AM IN CHARGE!

REC: (blocking here) God? Really, Sergeant, I know you have an important position...but,

DS: UGGGGGG (loses it and punches her again. She falls to the ground) GET UP, MAGGOT, and start running until I get tired.

REC: (catching her breath) Running to where, sir...ma'am...Sergeant

DS: (blocking here) In circles. Run in circles.

REC: (running in place) Well, that doesn't sound very productive, running in circles

DS: (blocking here) Oh, it isn't a productive recruit. JUST LIKE YOU!

REC: (sheepishly) Well, that's hurtful...

DS: (ignoring her) ANNNNND....Just like you in general...

REC: (blocking here) General. Is the General here...I know him...

DS: And just like you in general, you are not going anywhere in life, because... wait, did you say you know that General?

REC: (still running in place) Yep

DS: (blocking here) How?

REC: (blocking here) Oh, simple, he's my father!

DS: (REC freezer) Listen up, soldiers, what is this boy on about all god damn day he's been messing around talking god knows what and now he's playing a little joke on me, oh boy is he about to be in for it.

REC: (unfreeze DS freeze) Good GRAVY, how did this coot not catch me yet... Well, he's about to get a shocker!

DS: *(blocking here)* Oh, is that all? Well, then.....WAIT! What? Is he your dad? General Heard is your dad?

REC: *(blocking here)* No.

DS: *(sigh of relief)* That's what I thought!

REC: *(blocking here)* General Heard is my FATHER!

DS: *(unbelieving, walking over to a desk and grabbing a clipboard)* I think you lie, Maggot. Your name is Private Thomas. It says so right here on the roster. See. *(shoving the clipboard in the REC's nose)*. Private Thomas. T..H..O..M..A..S.

REC: *(blocking here)* That is an alias. My cover name! I am here on assignment. A *(pulls him in close, pointing at the clipboard)* private assignment...pun intended...

DS: *(blocking here)* No, private assignment?

REC: *(blocking here)* Yes...And you see that star by my name.....know what that means?

DS: *(blocking here)* No, what?

REC: *(blocking here)* That means, there is more information about me, if you had bothered to look...

DS: *(blocking here)* Where?

REC: *(blocking here)* Flip a few more pages...Sergeant

DS: *(flipping page)* But I don't see *(stops and reads)* Oh...

REC: *(blocking here)* 'Oh' is right

DS: *(blocking here)* Oh shit...

REC: *(blocking here)* "Oh shit" is also right...what does it say, *(drawing it out)* S.E.R.G.E.A.N.T *(punctuates the "T")*?

DS: *(blocking here)* It says your real name is Heard.

REC: *(blocking here)* Heard what?

DS: *(blocking here)* **Major** Heard

REC: *(blocking here)* Right. And that would make my mother what, Sir?

DS: *(blocking here)* LT. Colonel Emily Heard, the first female Lt. Colonel in Army History...

REC: *(blocking here)* Correct. And who does that make, my father, Ma'am?

DS: *(blocking here)* General Michael Heard.

REC: *(Taking off jacket to review name badge and point at it)* And what, my dear fellow, does that make me?

DS: *(Nose really close to badge)* Wow, that is a lot of medals...

REC: Making me what, SERGEANT?

DS: *(long pause and big gulp of air)* My commanding officer?

REC: *(blocking here)* My commanding officer, what?

DS: *(Standing at attention)* My commanding officer, sir!

REC: *(Taking)* That is correct. Private..

DS: *(blocking here)* Private, sir? Oh

REC: *(blocking here)* That is correct, private. I was here on special assignment from both my mother and father, or more appropriately, my commanding officers, my superior officers, to investigate allegations of your misdoings as a Drill Instructor, your nastiness, and frankly, to look into your rank insubordination toward Army Regulation.

DS: *(blocking here)* Oh, I see

REC: *(blocking here)* 'Oh, I see', what? Private!

DS: *(blocking here)* Oh, I see, sir

REC: *(blocking here)* Now, drop and give me 20.

DS: *(blocking here)* 20 what, sir?

REC: *(smiling)* I think you know, maggot.

DS: *(sighs)* Yes, ma'am

REC: *(blocking here)* No

DS: *(blocking here)* Yes, sir?

REC: *(blocking here)* No

DS: *(blocking here)* Yes, Major?

REC: *(blocking here)* Nope

DS: *(blocking here)* Sir, yes, ma'am?

REC: *(blocking here)* Exactly! (DS drops to the floor and starts doing push-ups)

DS: I was just a monarch, now I'm a maggot on the floor

REC: *(blocking here)* No! Do GIRL PUSHUPS!

DS: *(blocking here)* Sir, yes, ma'am

-End-