

# Cho Seung-Hui's Plays

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## (Graphic Content)

AOL News has obtained two plays a classmate says were written by [Cho Seung-Hui](#). Ian MacFarlane, the former classmate and current AOL employee, provided us with the plays. A note from Mr. MacFarlane and links to the works appear below.

*What happened yesterday:*

*When I first heard about the multiple shootings at Virginia Tech yesterday, my first thought was about my friends, and my second thought was "I bet it was Seung Cho."*

*Cho was in my playwriting class last fall, and nobody seemed to think much of him at first. He would sit by himself whenever possible, and didn't like talking to anyone. I don't think I've ever actually heard his voice before. He was just so quiet and kept to himself. Looking back, he fit the exact stereotype of what one would typically think of as a "school shooter" – a loner, obsessed with violence, and serious personal problems. Some of us in class tried to talk to him to be nice and get him out of his shell, but he refused talking to anyone. It was like he didn't want to be friends with anybody. One friend of mine tried to offer him some Halloween candy that she still had, but he slowly shook his head, refusing it. He just came to class every day and submitted his work on time, as I understand it.*

*A major part of the playwriting class was peer reviews. We would write one-act plays and submit them to an online repository called Blackboard for everyone in the class to read and comment about in class the next day. Typically, the students give their opinions about the plays and suggest ways to make it better, the professor gives his insights, then asks the author to comment about the*

*play in class.*

*When we read Cho's plays, it was like something out of a nightmare. The plays had really twisted, macabre violence that used weapons I wouldn't have even thought of. Before Cho got to class that day, we students were talking to each other with serious worry about whether he could be a school shooter. I was even thinking of scenarios of what I would do in case he did come in with a gun, I was that freaked out about him. When the students gave reviews of his play in class, we were very careful with our words in case he decided to snap. Even the professor didn't pressure him to give closing comments.*

*After hearing about the mass shootings, I sent one of my friends a Facebook message asking him if he knew anything about Seung Cho and if he could have been involved. He replied: "dude that's EXACTLY what I was thinking! No, I haven't heard anything, but seriously, that was the first thing I thought when I heard he was Asian."*

*While I "knew" Cho, I always wished there was something I could do for him, but I couldn't think of anything. As far as notifying authorities, there isn't (to my knowledge) any system set up that lets people say "Hey! This guy has some issues! Maybe you should look into this guy!" If there were, I definitely would have tried to get the kid some help. I think that could have had a good chance of averting yesterday's tragedy more than anything.*

*While I was hesitant at first to release these plays (because I didn't know if there are laws against it), I had to put myself in the shoes of the average person researching this situation. I'd want to know everything I could about the killer to figure out what could drive a person to do something like this and hopefully prevent it in the future. Also, I hope this might help people start caring about others more no matter how weird they might seem, because if this was some kind of cry for attention, then he should have gotten it a long time ago.*

*As far as the victims go, as I was heading to bed last night, I heard that my good friend Stack (Ryan Clark) was one of the first confirmed dead. I didn't want to believe that I'd never get to talk to him again, and all I could think about was how much I could tell him how much his friendship meant to me. During my*

*junior year, Ryan, another friend and I used to get breakfast on Tuesdays and Thursdays at Shultz Dining Hall, one of the cafeterias on campus, and it was always the highlight of my day. He could talk forever it seemed and always made us laugh. He was a good friend, not just to me, but to a lot of people, and I'll miss him a lot.*

Click on the links below the read the plays. WARNING: the plays contain profanity and scenes with disturbing content.

- Read Play #1: ['Richard McBeef'](#)
- Read Play #2: ['Mr. Brownstone'](#)

(After checking their driver's licenses with the onsite police officer, he signals the security guards to take them out.)

JOHN

No! No! Please sir! No!

CASINO OFFICAL

Get outta here kids, and don't come back!

(Snatches the ticket from John and hands it to Mr. Brownstone.)

CASINO OFFICAL (cont'd to

Brownstone)

I am so sorry about those gangsters, sir. We'll beef up our security. Are you alright sir?

(He hands Mr. Brownstone the ticket. Brownstone smiles.)

JOHN, JOE, JANE

(As being dragged out.)

You won't get away with this, Brownstone! You old muthafucker! Muthafucker! Muthafucker!

(Jane and Joe beam at him.)

JANE

You won!

JOE

You won, my man!

JANE, JOE

Mmmmm, mmm. Mmm, mmm.

(Joe and Jane throw their arms around John. Jane kisses the right side of his face, Joe kisses the left side of his face.)

JOHN

(Holds up the five million dollar ticket in the air.)

We're rich! No more Mr. Brownstone! No more Mr. Brownstone, you old muthafucker! Fuck you old man. We're rich, we're rich!

(Blue uniformed casino official comes to them with two security guard. A smile appears on Mr. Brownstone's face.)

CASINO OFFICIAL

Congratulations--

MR. BROWNSTONE

(Bends his waist, pretends to be a senior citizen, and talks in an old dry voice.)

That's mine. These seventeen year old kids pushed me over when they saw that I won. These underaged gangsters shouldn't even be in here. These disrespectful hooligans!

CASINO OFFICAL

Is that so!

JOHN

Here comes the best part.

(Sings.)

Now I get up around whenever  
I used ta get up on time  
But that old man he's a *real muthafucker*  
Gonna kick him on down the line.

(Stops singing.)

That's what Mr. Brownstone, our teacher, is--a real  
muthafucker!

JANE

Just leave the fuck us alone, muthafucker!

JOE

This is far worse than any heroin addiction. We would  
rather be addicted to the most powerful heroin than be  
fucked by this old muthafucker!

JOHN

(sings louder.)

That old man he's a REAL MUTHAFUCKER gonna kick him down  
the line!

MR. BROWNSTONE

(Menacing evil look appears on his  
face.)

JOHN

(Smiling, he turns, inserts  
quarters, and pulls the handle of  
the slot. The symbol lines up and  
he wins the jackpot. The bell  
rings, the siren goes off. His  
smile turns into a daze.)

What? I won? I won?

(sings.)

I get up around seven  
Get outta bed around nine  
And I don't worry about nothin' no  
Cause worryin's a waste of my...time.

JANE

(sings.)

The show usually starts around seven  
We go on stage around nine  
Get on the bus about eleven  
Sippin' a drink and feelin' fine.

JOHN, JOE, JANE

(sing.)

We've been dancing with  
Mr. Brownstone  
He's been knockin'  
He won't leave me alone.

JOHN

(sings.)

I used ta do a little but a little wouldn't do  
So the little got more and more  
I just keep tryin' ta get a little better  
Said a little better than before.

JANE

(Jane repeats what John just  
sang.)

JOHN, JOE, JANE

(sings louder.)

We've been dancing with  
Mr. Brownstone  
He's been knockin'  
He won't leave me alone.

JOHN

Is it me or do I smell evil around here?

JANE

Not just evil but old too.

JOE

Old is bad enough. You mix evil with old, and rotting turd-hell on earth.

MR. BROWNSTONE

(Lowering his voice.)

You fucking little kids. Don't you publicly humiliate me! You know what I can do to you at school on Monday?

JOHN

I feel a satanic presence around me. Do you guys feel it?

JOE

Absolutely.

JANE

Do you remember...what's his name. Mr. Brownstone. Our current math teacher.

JOE

Ha! That old fart! I hate that man!

JOHN

Do you know what he reminds me of.

JOE

What?

JANE

Tell us, John!

JOHN

The song by Guns N' Roses called Mr. Brownstone. The song was about their heroin addiction.

JANE

Oh, I love that song!

JOE

That is my favorite song of all time. It goes...



JOE

Oh. You mean that joke about his name?

JOHN

I just said that his name sounds like kidney stone of the ass and that that's why he is always gruffy and angry. His shit is so thick and so oddly shaped that he can't go and all his shit are piled up in his intestines all the way up to his chest. He probably rips his sphincter to relieve a single gram of turd after two hours of pushing, sweating, teeth clenching, screaming in frustration, and holding breath for a half gram of green mold shit.

JOE

That's why he can't sit still and leave us kids alone. You were just expressing your opinion, John... And he probably gets a lot of splash back too when he's pushing that hard.

JANE

I agree totally. It must feel like a woman giving birth or something...He ass-raped you. He's such a rapist.

JOE

He ass-raped probably half of the kids in the class.

JOHN

He ass-rapes us all. Isn't that what high school teachers do?

JOE

Such an old constipated wicked man.

JOHN

I wanna kill him.

JANE

I wanna watch him bleed like the way he made us kids bleed.

JOHN

I wish I'd win the five million dollar jackpot.

(John moves over one to the five million dollar slot and starts playing.

JOHN

Make room for the new generation, you old fart!

JOE

All he does is follow us around and nag and threaten us.

JANE

Doesn't he have anything better to do?

JOHN

I don't think he does. He's like a parasite. He lives off of the misery he inflicts on us.

JOE

If he's a leech we'll be able to yank it off and squash him beneath our boots. But he a full grown man.

JOHN

A freakin' teacher.

JANE

A teacher. Oh god.

JOE

That man has no sense of decency.

JOHN

Eight hours a day is enough.

JANE

What more does he want from us, always stalking us around. We're just kids. Leave us alone damn it.

JOE

Such a wicked old flapper.

JANE

Giving me a D when I only forgot to turn in two homeworks.

JOE

Coming over to my house and talking to my mom for laughing that I don't have phone service yet in my new house.

JOHN

Giving me an after school detention and ass-raping me for make a harmless joke.

Mr. Brownstone

ACT ONE

Scene One

(They each sit in front of slot machine.)

JANE

Can't believe we got through using the fake ID.

JOHN

I've always wanted to come to the casino.

JOE

Yeah. Finally a cool place to hang out where we won't be constantly bushwhacked.

JOHN

Uh! After a long ravishing day at school, we just want to be left alone.

JANE

There is like no safe place for us to hang out. We can't hang out in front of the grocery store, we can't hang out at the park, we can't hang out in the street. The only place where we are safe from that him is behind the shitty dumpster.

JOHN

Mr. Brownstone.

JOE

That old fart just won't leave us alone.

JANE

He has to make our lives miserable.

JOHN

I'd like to kill him.

JANE

I'll be damn if he doesn't die. I wish that old fart would have a heart attack and drop dead like old people are supposed to.

*Cast of Characters*

John.....17  
Jane.....17  
Joe.....17  
Mr. Brownstone.....45  
Casino workers

*Setting*  
Casino

(Out of sheer desecrated hurt and anger, Richard lifts his large arms and swings a deadly blow at the thirteen year old boy.)

(John stares squarely at Richard with a contemptuous look who is sitting with a flushed face.)

Guess what, Dick. You wanna know something. You wanna know why I don't like you? Because you can't provide for my mom. You barely make the minimum wage, man. All you do for mom is all this honey-poo shit. Honey-poo! Honey-poo! You piece of shit! You were a janitor one time. You're a one time truck driver. You taught preschool kids for two months. And now you're what you like to call yourself a chef, what the rest of the world calls hamburger flipper. Back where you came from. The pinnacle of your career was when you were a pro football player. How long did that last? Three weeks! Ha! You're over the hills, buster! Just look at yourself, all fat and lazy. Only if you were smart enough to stay in the league, you wouldn't be like this. A former player. No wonder your name is McPork-I mean McBeef. While the guys were packing on muscles, you were packing on McDonald's fat, chowing down on three Big Mac's in three minutes. You wanted me to call you dad? Okay. Hey dad, you are such a asshole! Asshole of assholes, DAD! And as for you banging my mom, looks like that lasted as long as your pathetic career, you prematurely ejaculating piece of dickshit. Sucks for you, you motherfucking McBeef.

RICHARD

HOW DARE YOU TALK TO YOUR STEP-FATHER LIKE THAT!

JOHN

Eat this, you giant tree trunk piece of ass.

(John sticks his half-eaten banana cereal bar in his step-father's mouth and attempts to shove it down his throat.)

RICHARD

AHHHHHHH!

(He pushes John away and takes out the cereal bar.)

JOHN

Fuck you, DAD!

RICHARD

RICHARD

Honey-~~goo~~. Don't you believe me? John is just a mischievous kid who having trouble getting over his father's death. He'll get over it. He just needs time.

SUE

Really?

RICHARD

Yes. Now, why don't we go to the bedroom and do it doggy style, just the way you like it, honey-~~goo~~.

JOHN

(In his room, he smiles and throws darts on the target that is the face of Richard.)

I hate him. Must kill Dick. Must kill Dick. Dick must die. Kill Dick... Richard ~~McBeef~~. What kind of name is that? What an asshole name. I don't like it. And look at his face. What an asshole face. I don't like his face at all. You don't think I can kill you, Dick? You don't think I can kill you? Gotcha. Got one eye... Got the other eye.

(He runs down to the basement by his mother's side.)

~~That fat man murder dad.~~ He told me so while you were asleep, mom. And he molested me.

SUE

What! ~~Ahhh!~~

(She grabs a chainsaw and brandishes it at Richard. He runs out of the house and into his car. Thirty minutes later John goes out to Richard and sits on the passenger's side eating a cereal bar.)

JOHN

I wonder why ~~its~~ so sunny out! Today is one fruity day!

(The manner and girth  
frightens her.)

Oh my god! What are you trying to do! Are you gonna hit me  
too!

(She cowers and runs into the  
kitchen. She grabs the first  
thing she can which is a  
plate.)

Stay back! Stay back! Or I'll...

(She throws the plate,  
shattering squarely on his  
forehead. But he is unmoved.)

You fat piece of pork! John! Go to your room and lock it!

(She runs down the basement.)

Are you a bisexual psycho rapist murderer! Please stop  
following me. Don't kill me!

(She throws wrenches and  
pipes lying on the ground at  
him, but he is unhurt.)

RICHARD

I didn't even do anything. Okay. I'll stop following you.

(He stops with his hands in  
the air. He kneels. She  
throws a few more heavy  
objects at him.)

Let me explain! John is a rambunctious pubescent boy!

SUE

Oh my god! You are a pedophile!

RICHARD

No! No...Honey-poo.

SUE

Honey-poo?



Tell me, what were you trying to do to him. You were about to hit him! Damn you, Richard!

He was-

RICHARD

I don't want to hear it!

SUE

(Sue tells John to go up to his room. But he observes the spectacle half way up the staircase.)

I swear Sue! I tried talking to him. He called me a son of a bit-

RICHARD

How dare you! John would never-NEVER-say such a thing, my poor little poeey poeey boy! He lost his father just a month ago. Show some compassion! Some stepfather!

SUE

He tried to touch my privates!

JOHN

SUE

(She gasps.)

Holy shit! Oops. Sorry John. Dick, You son of a b-

(She peeks at John. She approaches Richard and slaps Richard in the head multiple times. Taking off her shoes, she hits him hard.)

RICHARD

(He brushes Sue with his large arm and build.)

Sue Sue Sue. Listen to me!

SUE

WHAT? WHAT?

(Frowning, he catches a glimpse of an old tabloid titled "The Cover-up of Marilyn Monroe and John Lennon!!")

JOHN

You once worked for the government. As a janitor, at least. You hated the fact that my mom was with my dad. You knew my mom was too good for my father. So you took him out and stole her, you son of a bitch!

RICHARD

St--

JOHN

No, Dick! You shut the hell up and listen to me.

RICHARD

You--

JOHN

Me what! You want me to stick this remote control up your ass, buddy! You ain't even worth it man. This remote was five bucks. You are such a--

RICHARD

NOW THAT'S ENOUGH.

(Richard raises his hand to strike his stepson, but before he does, John's mom comes down the stairs.)

SUE

Oh my god! What's going on?

(She covers and hugs John and ushers him to the other end of the couch.)

SUE (Cont'd)

What are you doing to my son! You said you would have a nice chat to get on terms with him. And this is what I catch you do! What kind of step-father are you? Pretending to be nice to him with a fake smile on your chubby face!

the TV. Richard follows him,  
sits down, and faces him.)

RICHARD

I may not be your biological father, but I'm your new  
father. We live under the same roof. We really need to get  
along. Come on, son, give me a chance.

(Richard gently rests his  
hand on John's lap.)

JOHN

What the hell are you doing!

(John slaps Richard's hand.)

JOHN (Cond't)

What are you, a Catholic priest! I will not be molested by  
an aging balding overweight pedophilic stepdad named Dick!  
Get your hands off me you sicko! Damn you, you Catholic  
priest. Just stop it, Michael Jackson. Let me guess, you  
have a pet named Dick in Neverland ranch and you want me to  
go with you to pet him, right?

RICHARD

(He sighs and ignores the  
comment.)

What is it you want from me, what do you want me to do? Why  
are you so angry at me--

JOHN

Why am I so angry at you! Because you murdered my father so  
you can get into my mom's pant!--

RICHARD

Now hold on right there mister. It was a boating accident.  
I did everything I could to try to save your father.

JOHN

Bullshit! Are you always full of shit, McBeef? I can see  
that you are by the extra fat you have packed on! You  
MURDERED my father and covered it up! You committed a  
conspiracy. Just like what the government has done to John  
Lennon and Marilyn Monroe.

RICHARD

## Richard McBeef

### ACT ONE

#### SCENE 1

(It is morning. The sun is shining through the windows of the kitchen. John enters the kitchen, grabs a cereal bar, and opens it. Richard McBeef is sitting in the kitchen with his legs crossed reading the newspaper.)

RICHARD

Hey, John.

(He forces a smile at him.)

JOHN

What's up, Dick!

(He frowns.)

RICHARD

Try dad.

JOHN

You ain't my dad and you know it, you Dick.

(John chews on the cereal bar angrily.)

RICHARD

Come on, John. Sit down. We need to have man-to-man talk.

(Richard pulls a chair next to him from under the table.)

JOHN

Man-to-man up your ass, bud!

(John sneers then proceeds to the living room and turns on

*Cast of Characters*

Richard McBeef.....Step-father, 40  
Sue.....Mother, 40  
John.....Son, 13

*Setting*

Living room, basement, car.