The Pajama Boys

by andlat

The Costume Box
2024

Chapter 1

The Pajama Boys

With only two weeks until opening night, Mrs. MacAllister decreed that the whole cast had to have their costumes finalized. To Davey's relief, as one of the group of 'Pajama Boys', that meant bringing his own pajamas in. He had agonized for a bit over his pajamas before settling on a t-shirt and shorts in blue and white vertical stripes. They were from the boy's department, like all of his clothes, but they looked the coolest. Given that his other options were construction vehicles or the farm set with a tractor on the shirt and adorable babyish farm animals on the pants, the stripes were an easy winner.

Rehearsal was set to begin, so all the pajama boys were herded together into a changing room to get on their costumes. The air was jovial, but Davey had expected to change alone, so he blushed a bit about exposing his briefs to the room. All the other pajama boys were in eighth and ninth grade, so Davey should have easily been the most mature since he was in tenth grade, but no. They all had boxers, he was wearing briefs with Stormtrooper and Darth Vader minifigs on the butt. He grabbed his duffel bag and pulled at the zipper. It was jammed, again! Why had he gotten totally undressed before trying this, he thought, feeling more and more exposed in his briefs as the seconds ticked by. Everyone else was almost dressed!

"Mrs. MacAllister will be ready for you all in five minutes."

A stagehand said, walking in as if it was the most casual thing in the world. He barely even batted an eye at the red face of Davey standing right there. "One of the other parts is having a costume mishap, so you've got time."

"Thanks, Jon." Aaron said. Aaron was an accomplished actor who had appeared in at least half a dozen community productions despite only being in eighth grade, so he had somewhat imposed himself as the head of the pajama boys. He certainly seemed in charge in his somewhat old fashioned plaid pajamas, complete with a button-up top. As Jon left, Aaron's gaze fell on Davey. "You're not really going out there in your undies, are you?"

"No, the zipper on my bag's jammed." Aaron nodded and, taking the bag from Davey, managed to force it open.

"There you go." He said with a grin. He pulled out Davey's pajamas and looked at them critically. "Hmm."

"What's wrong?"

"The whole point was to bring our pajamas from home, right?"

"Which I did." Davey said, worried. This was his first play. Had he done something wrong?

"Well," Aaron said. "I think Mrs. MacAllister was expecting something a little different from you."

"What do you mean?"

"Cuter."

"Well, what's that mean?"

"Don't worry. We'll get you all set." Aaron said. "Chris, can you come give me a hand?" Chris came over, both younger boys towering over Davey. He had felt vulnerable before, but that was nothing compared to now. He watched as the other pajama boys left, abandoning him to Chris and Aaron. Without even realizing it, he stepped back, feeling the cool brick of the wall on his bare back. "Did you bring those pajamas I mentioned?"

"Sure did!" Chris reached into his bag and pulled out a pair of pale yellow footie pajamas.

"What? What are those?"

"Your pajamas." Aaron replied. "We thought they'd really help develop your character."

"I only have one line."

"Right? Which is?"

"Off to dreamland. It's beddy bye time!"

"Exactly." Aaron said. "That just screams footie pajamas." Davey looked at the boys, confused. Mrs. MacAllister would have said something, right? She had just told them to wear their pajamas from home. A lightbulb went off. They were hazing him! It was his first play, so of course they were going to play some sort of practical joke.

Confident that this was just a practical joke, Davey nodded. Looking at the pastel yellow and the lamb applique, he

doubted it was the look Mrs. MacAllister was going for, if they even got that far.

"Alright, I'm game." He said, trying to seem like the best of good sports.

"Kay. You'll have to lose the underwear though."

"What? Why?" This seemed a little far for some good-natured practical joke.

"They'll droop. These have extra room in the butt for this." Chris held up a white plastic rectangle. It took a moment for Davey to realize what it was.

"I'm not wearing a... a freaking diaper!" Aaron sighed.

"Buddy, we don't have time for this." He bent over, hands on his knees, to look Davey right in the eyes. "We need to get you in your diaper and your jammies so we can go show Mrs. MacAllister. Can you be a good little boy and let us do that?"

"Little boy? I"m a sophomore!"

"Shh, I know. A lot of people have been playing along and pretending you're big, but we three know the truth, don't we?" Chris said. "You're still a baby, aren't you?"

"No! Seriously, get away from me!" Where was Jon or some other stagehand or someone to come and stop this from happening?

"Baby, we just want to help you. You can't go out there in your undies. Mrs. MacAllister says the pajama boys need to

wear pajamas."

"But... that's a diaper."

"And these are your pajamas." Chris held up the footies again. "Aaron and I have big boy pajamas because we're big boys."

"And you have baby pajamas because you're a"

"No! Stop!" Davey tried to find some means of escape, but they had effortlessly cornered him. There was only one thing he could do, but it was just about the cruelest thing a boy could do to another boy. Still, he had to. Davey lashed out with his foot, aiming for Aaron's crotch.

"Oh ho!" Aaron said, catching Davey's foot and raising it up so that the smaller boy lost his balance. He fell onto his back and the pair came down to the floor with him. In no time flat, his briefs lay discarded on the floor and they nearly had the diaper around his waist. Davey squirmed and yelled and kicked, but it was no use: he had a diaper on, a thick white crinkly diaper that pushed his thighs apart and reached almost up to his belly button. Between his shaggy hair, hairless body, and the ballooning diaper, he looked every bit like a toddler even before the defeated boy's arms and legs were fed into the infantile footies.

"Zip! Zip! Zip!" Chris said gleefully as he zipped the footies up Davey's back. He knew immediately that he would need help getting them off.

"This isn't fair."

"What?" Aaron asked. "You're in pajamas, we're in pajamas."

"But I look like..."

"A little boy?"

"A baby? Which'll it be, Davey? Do you want to be a little boy or a baby?" Davey groaned, but there was one answer that was at least marginally better.

Ä little boy." He said morosely.

"If you had Lego Star Wars pajamas," Chris nodded to Davey's briefs. "You'd be a little boy."

"But you're in a diaper and footies, so, hate to break it to you, but you're definitely a baby."

"Definitely a baby."

"Admit it, Davey.You'll feel better once you admit that you really are a baby."

"But"

"Come on, it's just the pajama boys here!"

"I'm... I'm a" he could not bring himself to say it, not unless he wanted the tears welling up in his eyes to break free and make him look even more like a baby.

"If you can't even say those three little words, maybe you shouldn't be doing any talking." Aaron remarked. It turned out there was one more accessory of Davey's outfit to reveal.

“What are you talking about? Don’t we” Chris shoved a

pacifier into Davey’s mouth as Aaron clipped it to the collar of his pajamas.

“There we go.” Aaron said, holding a hand over the lime green pacifier so that Davey could not spit it out. “Suck on that, baby.” Davey pushed it with his tongue, but it stayed in his mouth thanks to Aaron’s hand. "Here's the deal. While you've got your pacifier in, you let big boys speak for you, got it?"

"Buh" He was the oldest!

"No, no. Shh. You can nod or shake your head no, but other than that, you let your castmates, that means us, talk for you, kay?" Davey fought back tears, but a few cascaded down his cheeks.

“Don’t worry, baby.” Chris said. “We’ll do all the talking for you.” Davey did not know just what that meant, but he knew it couldn’t be good.

They helped Davey to his feet. He stumbled as he had to get used to the unfamiliar sensations of the diaper pressing insistently on his thighs and the feet of his pajamas causing him to slip slightly. Together, they made him look all the more like a toddler just barely able to walk.

“Here, we got you.” Chris said. He grabbed one hand while Aaron grabbed the other, leading Davey out of the changing room.

There was something so disorienting about having each of his hands held. With the pacifier clip attached to his pajamas, he

knew spitting it out and having to swing back and forth would only draw more attention to him. Like it or not, he had been turned from the oldest one of the pajama boys to a toddler who waddled along thanks to the thick diaper he wore, each step taking him farther from his clothes.

“She’s waiting!” Jon hissed impatiently, waving them onto the stage. They had made jokes throughout rehearsal about how Jon simped for the theater teacher and the way he looked terrified to put her behind schedule, Davey believed it.

As they neared the stage, Davey tried to pull back, but the combined strength of the two boys easily outclassed him and he found himself being dragged, whimpering softly into his pacifier, on stage and quite literally into the spotlight.

“Alright, looking good.” Mrs. MacAllister called from her seat in the dead center of the first row. “Chris, go ahead and do a turn. Good, good. Aaron.” Davey’s heart raced. There was no way he could do a smooth spin like the other two were doing, dressed as he was. “Davey? Go ahead, sweetie.”

Davey waddled quickly in a circle, feeling like it took him ten times longer than the other two had. Without even realizing it, he brushed their hands with his own to get them to take his hands again. Why had he done that? He tried to pull away, but it was too late. From Mrs. MacAllister’s point of view, Aaron smiled kindly down at Davey, but Davey saw it for what it was: a confident smirk.

“Alright, you three can go backstage. We should be ready to start Act One.”

The play unfolded without incident. The addition of costumes made everyone take their roles seriously. Davey sat on a mat backstage between Aaron and Chris, feeling a sense of panic even as everyone around him treated this as entirely ordinary. He tried more than once to spit out the pacifier, but either Aaron or Chris was there to push it back in.

“But I’m thirsty.” He mumbled after his third attempt.

“Oh, alright. Let’s go get you a drink. And how’s your diaper?”

“It’s fine.” Davey said, but Christ returned the pacifier to his mouth as Aaron unzipped the back of his pajamas.

“Baby’s still dry. We’d better get him that drink!”

“I’m not going to use the… it” Davey mumbled.

“It’s just in case.” Aaron murmured, leaving the back of the pajamas unzipped enough to show Davey’s back and a good inch of the diaper. The tiny sophomore had to waddle like that across the entire backstage area with his two constant companions holding his hands. It was only after he got a drink at the water fountain that they zipped him back up.

“Good thing we’re on this side.” Chris whispered. “We’re almost on!”

“Ready, baby?” Aaron asked, squatting down to Davey’s level. “I bet Mrs. MacAllister’s gonna compliment you for being so quiet backstage and it’s all thanks to you pacifier, isn’t it?” He playfully tapped Davey’s button nose. “The

quietest little baby, sucking on his nookie." He stood back up and grabbed Davey's hand, seeming to not even notice Davey's attempt to keep it out of his grasp. Just like for the costume check, Davey emerged onto stage with his hands held captive and a clear waddle in his step.

"Ah! Here's the slumber party now!"

Davey felt his heart begin to race as his line came up. What was he going to do? He still had the pacifier in his mouth and Aaron was clearly watching him to make sure he did not spit it out. He had to make a decision, and fast!
"Off to dreamland. It's beddy bye time!" He declared, pacifier falling out of his mouth and swinging across his chest. Aaron smiled approvingly and slipped the pacifier back into Davey's mouth as he and Chris led him hand-in-hand off the stage.

Davey hoped that his tormentors would ease up now that they were off-stage for the rest of the play, but they kept him close.

"Are you getting warm, baby?" Aaron asked.

"I"

"Shh, the play's still going on. Just do nods and shakes." Chris said. Davey sighed and nodded.

"Hmm, maybe we can let you crawl around a bit in just your diaper." Davey felt panic grip him and he quickly shook his head. Their deep chuckles had to be a lot louder than his voice, he thought.

“How about you take a nap, baby?” Davey shook his head.

“Aw, he’s a fussy little guy.” Chris cooed. “You’re a fussy baby, aren’t you?” Davey glared and shook his head.

“The more you deny it, the truer it is.” Aaron remarked. He patted his flannel-clad lap. “Here, you can use me as a pillow.” Davey whimpered and tried to back away, but he ran right into Chris. Even without the diaper between his legs, he knew he stood little chance of escaping them. Just look at everything they had done to him!

Defeated, Davey allowed them to position him so that he was lying down with his head on Aaron’s thigh, the bigger boy stroking his hair gently.

“Your hair’s so soft, Davey. Baby soft!” That might have been the first time they had used his name since he had put on these awful pajamas.

“Close your eyes and get some sleep.” Chris instructed. “We’ll wake you up when the play’s all done. All done!” Davey rolled his eyes, but only behind the safety of his eyelids. He knew he would not nap. That did not matter one bit to Aaron and Chris. With his eyes closed, he would miss them taking photos of him looking for all the world like a sleeping baby.

“Oh, sounds like it’s over!” Aaron said, giving Davey a nudge. He sat up and groaned as they pushed the pacifier back into his mouth before it had even finished falling out. “Come on, let’s get out there!”

Most of Mrs. MacAllister's notes were for other members of the cast. Davey sat there in Chris's lap, wishing more than anything that her show notes were less thorough so he could finally get changed.

"Oh, and Davey." She looked right at him, not even batting an eye at him sitting in Chris's lap. "This" she gestured with her yellow legal pad. "Is adorable! Are these your actual pajamas?" He felt stricken. No! How could they be? He was a sophomore, not some toddler! He felt Chris give him a little squeeze. No, he wouldn't. He couldn't. A second squeeze came and, whimpering into the pacifier, he gave a nod. "Well, they are adorable! And what a clever idea, playing to your character and giving yourself a bit of a babyish lisp!" She applauded, not even noticing Davey's confusion. Lisp? He had said the line exactly the same as always.

Davey fought back humiliated tears, which grew even more difficult when Chris began to gently bounce him on his knee. He was a baby! Everyone seemed to think so and how could he prove them wrong? The pacifier, the footies, the diaper; everything pointed to baby. Two weeks. Two weeks until… opening night. And then a full week of performances after. Could he be stuck as a baby for that long? What other choice did he have? The show must go on.

The End