

DUET SCENE

Play	<i>betweenity</i> by Lindsay Price
Stats	High School, Vignette Play, 30 minutes
Casting	4M+4W+4 Either Easily Expandable
Description	This vignette play explores the beats, pauses, and never-ending silences in conversation. An excellent class project play with parts for everyone at all levels with a great technique exploration. How do you act in a pause?
Get the Play	www.theatrefolk.com

MOM and DAUGHTER sit side by side. They are in the front seat of a car. Silently count to five before starting.

MOM: Do you want to talk about it?

DAUGHTER: (*arms firmly crossed*) No.

MOM: We should, a little.

DAUGHTER: I don't want to.

Silently count to five.

MOM: I respect that...

DAUGHTER: Good.

MOM: Except that I do. Want to talk. (*pause*)
Just a little.

DAUGHTER: I have nothing to say.

MOM: Yeah. Well, I'm the mom.

DAUGHTER: (*rolling her eyes*) Figures.

MOM: And, might I add, you're not grounded. Yet.

DAUGHTER: I didn't do anything wrong.

MOM: Driving without a license is pretty wrong.

DAUGHTER: He was drunk.

MOM: I'm aware of that.

DAUGHTER: What else was I supposed to do?

MOM: That would be one of the questions I had.

DAUGHTER: I don't want to talk about it.

MOM: Did I mention you're not grounded?

Continued Over...

DAUGHTER: Yet.

Silently count to five.

MOM: This is the part where you're supposed to be talking.

DAUGHTER: I don't want to talk about it.

MOM: Why?

DAUGHTER: Why what?

MOM: If you tell me why you don't want to talk, maybe I won't press.

DAUGHTER: Promise.

MOM: Can't do that.

DAUGHTER: *(rolls her eyes)* Figures.

MOM: I think you'd hate it more if I broke a promise.

DAUGHTER: This is so unfair.

MOM: I know, you showing up past curfew, driving up past curfew when you don't have a license, with your drunk boyfriend puking on the lawn. That is a bummer.

DAUGHTER: No one says bummer.

MOM: I'm bringing it back.

DAUGHTER: I don't want to talk about it, because *(pause)* talking about it, makes me *(pause)* think about it. About what happened. And I don't want to. I never want to think about it again. It makes me... *(pause)* The whole thing... everything... *(pause)* Makes me sick.

MOM: OK. *(she takes a deep breath, lets it out)* OK.

DAUGHTER: That's it?

MOM: For now. *(she has questions)* I have... *(she shuts her mouth)* Did he... *(She shuts her mouth. There is a pause.)* OK.

DAUGHTER: Oh. He's not my boyfriend.

MOM: No?

DAUGHTER: Not anymore.

MOM: Does he know that?

DAUGHTER: He'll figure it out. Or maybe he won't, I don't know. I don't care. *(pause)* He said, he promised he was going to take me out for a nice dinner, romantic, just me, not his stupid friends, and where do we end up? And I'm the bitch when I get upset. I'm the one in the wrong when he said... *(pause)* He got mad. *(pause)* He took my phone.

MOM: And your father wouldn't let me run him over last night.

DAUGHTER: I knew... Soon as they started drinking I knew all I had to do was wait them out. I thought I might be able to get away, but he... *(silently count to five)* So I did the next best thing. Waited till he fell over and grabbed the keys. I'm not sorry I did it and I'd do it again. Am I grounded?

MOM: Are you really done with him?

DAUGHTER: Dating sucks.

MOM: It gets worse. You think football players are bad, wait till you meet lawyers.

DAUGHTER: Dad's a lawyer.

MOM: Exactly.