



Sample Pages from
Among Friends and Clutter: Competition
Version

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AMONG FRIENDS AND CLUTTER: COMPETITION VERSION

A DRAMEDY IN ONE ACT BY
Lindsay Price



Among Friends and Clutter: Competition Version
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Printed in the USA

Characters

5M + 11W

Melissa

Trevor

Joanne

Ashley

Icabod

Katherine

Bobby

Ensemble

ONE: *Millie, Mom, Mrs. Frost

TWO: *John, Dad, Joe

THREE: *Joan, Sarah, Mrs. Rosetti

FOUR: Jane, *Sister, Mrs. Browning

FIVE: Cass, *Sister, Mrs. Coleridge

SIX: Jada, Karen, *Lil

SEVEN: Suze, Anne

EIGHT: Kim, Jen

NINE: Grandpa, Bill, Darren, *Jim

* Non-speaking role

There are seven main characters and many secondary characters. This version of the play is written for an ensemble playing the secondary characters. The original production of the play was performed with the seven actors playing the main roles as well as the secondary roles.

The ensemble parts are divided among nine actors. You can increase the cast size by further dividing up the roles. If you have some actors who want to be involved but don't to learn lines, a couple of roles are strictly non-speaking. You can also divide the roles differently than what is suggested here.

Set

The original production had risers on two levels upstage with chairs and cubes. All of Mrs. Morton's grade two class scenes were there. All other scenes were downstage left and right. There were two cubes downstage left.

Transitions were made with music instead of blackouts. The more blackouts you use, the more your audience is taken out of the world of the play.

Actors for one scene should be moving into place as the actors for the previous scene are moving out.

Alternative Versions

A longer version of *Among Friends and Clutter*, which includes scenes for each of the characters in the three sections (Friends, Family, Love) is available at theatrefolk.com. The competition-length version has fewer scenes in each section. You may freely substitute scenes from the main version for those in this competition-length version, so long as scenes are being removed and inserted in their entirety.

FRIENDS

Lights come up. Seven characters in a tableau upstage.

ALL: Group project. Mrs. Morton's grade two class. Friends.

MELISSA: For our group project, we gotta print in books. Mrs. Morton calls them journals.

TREVOR: I hate printing.

JOANNE: My name is Joanne Klein.

TREVOR: Who prints?

JOANNE: J-O-U-R-N-A-L. Journal. It's a new word on the spelling list and I got it right 'cause...

ASHLEY: Ashley Gordon. Age seven.

JOANNE: ...I peeked on Melissa Koziol and she never knew.

ASHLEY: This is my journal. I decorated the cover and got a gold star. We have to write every day on topics she tells us.

TREVOR: Trevor Stamos. Seven and a half. I hate topics.

ICABOD: Today's topic is friends.

KATHERINE: Katherine Green. I'm seven. I don't have any. Friends. Friends are stupid. I like plants. They don't lie by saying they're your best friend and then go skating with Ashley Gordon.

MELISSA: Katherine doesn't have any skates. I can't go skating with her.

ICABOD: I guess Trevor is my friend. We play hockey. He got a stick in the face once and there was blood all over the place. It was cool.

BOBBY: Bobby Templeton. Age seven. I have two best friends. My mom calls us the Three Musketeers. I like Joan better 'cause she likes to play GI Joe and makes spit balls.

ICABOD: Bobby is not my friend. I punched him once and he cried. My mom made me apologize.

BOBBY: I never cried.

JOANNE: ICKY MACINTYRE FARTS AND WALKS AWAY!

ICABOD: I don't much like that Joanne either.

MELISSA: *What is a Friend?* by Melissa Koziol. "A friend is nice. A friend likes you. And you like them. A friend will let you pat their dog

'cause dogs are man's best friend." None of my friends have dogs, though. Katherine Green has a lot of plants.

KATHERINE: I have a plant named Jacoby and one named Zuzu and we sing and play games. The only problem is you can't go for bike rides 'cause they fall off the handlebars.

TREVOR: I have a friend who lives in my closet. He does my homework for me. On Mars.

MELISSA: I like bike rides...

TREVOR: My daddy says my friend is i-mag-in-ary. That he's not real. My friend is too real. He just doesn't want to meet my daddy. I don't blame him.

Music plays. Everyone stands. JANE runs in, beckons to ASHLEY, and runs off. ASHLEY follows. JOANNE and TREVOR turn to each other. They do a complicated handshake. They then turn and exit off.

At the same time, CASS, JADA, and SUZE walk in, talking all the way. They collect MELISSA and they all exit, all talking.

KATHERINE moves forward and instantly ages. She walks slowly over to the cube and slowly sits.

At the same time, BOBBY moves forward, also aging up, but only to mid-twenties. Two friends, JOHN and JOAN approach BOBBY. He is so glad to see them. He hugs them both, he's so excited to see them. He has so much to tell them. The FRIENDS seem a little wary about this meeting. They also have something to tell BOBBY. The three move to the other side of the stage.

MILLIE, KATHERINE's good friend for many years, enters, walking with a cane and moves to KATHERINE. She raises a hand in greeting. KATHERINE weakly raises a hand. MILLIE holds a hand out to KATHERINE - it is a gesture of help. KATHERINE takes the hand and slowly rises. MILLIE gives KATHERINE their cane, and puts an arm around KATHERINE. They are in this together. KATHERINE smiles and the two exit.

As they do, JOAN puts a hand on BOBBY's shoulder to stop him talking. She smiles weakly and holds out her left hand. There is an engagement ring. She then takes JOHN's hand. They are engaged. BOBBY looks

between the two of them. He can't believe it. He breaks up the handhold between the two. He shakes his head. He holds his hand out, puts JOHN's hand on top of his hand, and JOAN's hand on top of that. They are the Three Musketeers! JOAN shakes her head and removes her hands. She again takes JOHN's hand. BOBBY pushes JOHN and exits. JOAN stops JOHN from going after him. They exit the other way.

ICABOD moves, sits on the floor in front of one of the downstage left cube. KIM enters to sit on the floor beside ICABOD, as if they're sitting on the floor in front of a couch.

The music either fades or transitions to scary movie music.

ICABOD and KIM are watching a scary movie. The two lean in towards the set and...

ICABOD: AAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHH!!

Music cuts off. ICABOD leaps on KIM and hides in her armpit.

KIM: Get off me! I hate watching scary movies with you.

ICABOD: Sorry.

KIM: Why do you do this to yourself?

ICABOD: Sorry.

KIM: We could have rented an action movie. Or a comedy. But nooooo.

ICABOD: It's ridiculous, I can get an A in Calculus, I should be able to watch a stupid horror movie.

KIM: It's not a law or anything.

ICABOD: I can do it. I swear.

KIM: Just concentrate on the stupid things. Horror movies are really dumb.

ICABOD: Right. Look at that guy. Going into a dark alley without a flashlight. Pretty dumb right. What a dumb guy. *(to the screen)* Hey, you're really dumb!

KIM: Don't talk to the screen, Icabod.

Scary movie music plays.

ICABOD: Oh no. It's the scary music.

KIM: Don't listen to the music. Put your hands over your ears.

ICABOD: (*covers ears*) I can still hear it! AAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHH!!!

Music cuts off. ICABOD lunges at KIM and hides in her armpit.

KIM: What are you doing?

ICABOD: (*picking at KIM's shirt*) You have a piece of lint right here.

KIM: These tactics might work better on a girlfriend, you know.

ICABOD: I don't know anything about girls.

KIM: Thanks a lot.

ICABOD: You're not a girl.

KIM: Thanks a lot!

ICABOD: You can't be a girl because I get nervous around girls. And when I'm nervous I sweat. You know how I sweat.

KIM: I do.

ICABOD: No one wants to be around sweat.

KIM: They don't.

ICABOD: Well, you don't make me sweat.

KIM: I think that's a compliment... You can't hang out with me forever, you know.

ICABOD: Why not?

KIM: That's not how things work.

ICABOD: They should. Everyone should just be friends. Everybody. Forever. It's perfect.

KIM: Uh huh.

ICABOD: Why don't we get back to the movie?

KIM: Didn't your brother ever talk to you about girls?

ICABOD: He was busy flushing my head down the toilet. Girls never came up.

KIM: (*gently*) You are so pathetic.

ICABOD: Oh yeah? At least I don't cry at every movie I see.

KIM: There is nothing wrong with a sappy movie.

ICABOD: Everything.

KIM: I do not.

ICABOD: *Bambi* made you cry.

KIM: You're heartless if you don't cry when *Bambi's* mother dies.

ICABOD: Commercials make you cry.

KIM: Just the shelter ones with the sad dog eyes.

ICABOD: *Star Wars* (or another movie it would be ridiculous to cry at) made you cry.

KIM: Look, I'll cry and you can scream and I won't say another word about it.

ICABOD: Deal.

KIM: Deal.

Pause...

ICABOD: AAGAGAGAGAGAGAGGHHHHH!!!

Music plays. ICABOD and KIM exit as MELISSA enters from one side of the stage. JADA, CASS and SUZE enter to stand on the two cubes. Music fades.

MELISSA stands separate from the others in the scene.

ALL FOUR: Friends forever, Friends for life. Friends through good and bad. We'll be friends forever more, the best we ever had.

MELISSA: We said that chant every day for three years.

JADA: Phone me when you get home?

CASS: I got it! I got my sister's lipstick!

SUZE: What are you wearing tomorrow?

MELISSA: We lived in the same neighbourhood. We spent all our time together. We wore the same clothes.

JADA, CASS, SUZE: Tommy, Tommy four eyes, glasses seven stories high!

MELISSA: We tormented the same boys.

JADA: I'm so glad you're my friend.

CASS: You're the best friend I ever had.

SUZE: Forever!

MELISSA: Why is forever so short when you're eleven years old?

JADA: Why did you talk to Mona Ferguson? *(stepping down off the cube)*

CASS: You always liked red. *(stepping down off the cube)*

SUZE: What are you wearing? *(stepping down off the cube)*

MELISSA: Jada moved away.

JADA: Write me! *(turns back to audience)*

MELISSA: Cass became popular.

CASS: Oh. Hi. *(turns back to audience)*

MELISSA: Suze just disappeared.

SUZE: Oh look, we're not in the same class this year.

MELISSA: Nobody really has an explanation. Ok, maybe some people have an explanation, I don't. It just sort of happened.

SUZE: Why haven't you called me? *(turns back to audience)*

MELISSA: And then it's gone. Wearing the same clothes. Tormenting the same boys. It happens all the time. From every single day, to once a week, to a phone call, to a Christmas card. It happens to everybody. Why should I feel guilty? Why should I feel guilty when I walk down a certain street in a place that I don't usually go? And I catch someone's eye.

During the above, CASS slowly turns around and approaches MELISSA.

CASS: Melissa?

MELISSA: And it's her. Popular Cass. I mean, she wouldn't even talk to me in high school. Only she looks like she hasn't eaten in a couple days, or slept, or washed. *(looks at CASS)* I catch her eye for a fraction of a second. But long enough to know it's her. *(walks right by CASS)* And long enough to turn my head and walk right on by.

CASS faces the audience. JADA and SUZE turn around.

JADA: We'll be friends forever.

MELISSA: I just... I just... walked right past her. Like she never existed. And every fibre of my body was screaming at me "go back and talk to her." But I didn't. I just kept on walking.

JADA, CASS, SUZE: Friends forever, Friends for life. Friends through good and bad. We'll be friends forever more, the best we ever had.

MELISSA: It happens all the time.

Music plays. Everyone exits. On the other side of the stage, ASHLEY runs into the bathroom screaming, with JANE close behind. During the scene ASHLEY primps while JANE watches. Music fades.

ASHLEY: SCREAMMM

JANE: Ashley, what are you doing in the bathroom?

ASHLEY: Ooooooh Jane did you see them? Did you see them?

JANE: You spend way too much time in the bathroom.

ASHLEY: They looked right at us.

JANE: Who?

ASHLEY: Kevin and Leo.

JANE: Oh. Them. They're just going to play catch with us, Ash.

ASHLEY: I can't play catch, I'll get all dirty. *(looking in the mirror at her chest)* Look at that. Flat as a board.

JANE: So what.

ASHLEY: Do you think he likes me?

JANE: Who?

ASHLEY: Leo, of course. Sometimes you are so stupid.

JANE: He's just a boy, Ash.

ASHLEY: Do you think he likes Meredith better than me? I hear she's got her period. And she's got boobs.

JANE: Boobs just get in the way of playing catch.

ASHLEY: Don't you care about boys? You hang around them enough.

JANE: I care about baseball. Boys play baseball.

ASHLEY: Jane... will you do me a big favour? I'll be your best friend.

JANE: I thought you already were my best friend.

ASHLEY: Jane, I'll die if I don't find out if Leo likes me. You've got to find out for me. Will you please ask Kevin to ask Leo? I'll die if I don't find out.

JANE: People don't die because of that stuff.

ASHLEY: My sister says there's this girl in this book, *Wuthering Heights*? She dies of a broken heart, and wanders the moors crying – "Heathcliff! Heathcliff!"

JANE: What a stupid name.

ASHLEY: I could die and wander the moors. Leo... Leo...

JANE: Why don't I just ask him?

ASHLEY: Don't you dare.

JANE: Why don't you just ask him?

ASHLEY: Jane. Just ask Kevin, ok?

JANE: Alright.

ASHLEY: Thanks.

JANE: Can we play catch now?

Family

Music plays. All the main characters enter and take up their places in the classroom tableau. JANE exits as ASHLEY joins the classroom tableau. Music fades.

ALL: Group project. Mrs. Morton's grade two class. Family.

TREVOR: I hate my relatives.

KATHERINE: Mrs. Morton says we can write anything we want in these journals. I think she wants stuff to snitch with on Parents Day. But it doesn't matter 'cause my family is boring. Everybody loves everybody: no bodies in the basement, no twisted sick uncle locked in the attic, nothing neat at all.

ICABOD: My name is Icabod. My parents' names are Ian and Irene. My brother's name is Ira, my sister's name is Ilse. My mom loves introducing our family. "Ian, Irene, Ira, Ilse, Icabod." I think it sucks. Everyone calls me Icky.

JOANNE: Sometimes my daddy takes me to the park.

MELISSA: I see my dad every second weekend.

JOANNE: I'm not sure he likes me.

MELISSA: He picks me up at 3:30. I take a gym bag and my Snoopy. I already got a toothbrush there. He brings me home on Sunday in time for dinner. He and Mom don't talk.

KATHERINE: I wish my parents were divorced then I'd get two Christmases!

BOBBY: My mother makes me wear a snowsuit. All the other kids get to wear snow pants and jackets. I'm the only one who has to wear a baby snowsuit. I hate it.

JOANNE: Ashley looks so perfect, I'll bet she's got a perfect family.

ASHLEY: I wish I was adopted.

TREVOR: My grandmother has the back room at our place. She's really, really sick. My mother says she's dying, only she spells it out whenever I'm in the room. D-Y-I-N-G. When my grandmother dies, I get her room.

JOANNE: ICKY MACINTYRE EATS BOOGERS!

ICABOD: My mom says I have to stop beating up kids who make fun of my name. Dad says I just can't hit the girls. That's not fair 'cause girls are the worst. I told my parents it was their fault I had such a stupid name. I got so mad that I called my dad "Peein' Ian" to show him how bad it was. It didn't work. I got sent to my room.

Music plays. Everyone but TREVOR and KATHERINE exit.

TREVOR moves forward. Two SISTERS enter to stand beside TREVOR. They are posing for a family portrait. They fidget and change positions, pushing each other, until someone clearly yells at them to settle down. They do, with TREVOR in the middle, all three smiling and mouthing cheese. After it's clear the picture has been taken, TREVOR elbows the SISTER on the left. That SISTER reacts and hits TREVOR, who reacts and points at SISTER on the right, as if it were her. SISTER on the left hits SISTER on the right. The two SISTERS start fighting, and TREVOR moves out of the way, grinning at having caused the fight. He exits as the two SISTERS realize what he's done and run out after him.

KATHERINE runs to the two cubes and throws herself down as if they were a bed. An extra chair is brought in and placed near the cubes. Music fades.

GRANDPA enters. He is holding a picture frame. He looks at KATHERINE and shakes his head. He knocks on the cube as if it were a door.

KATHERINE: *(thinks it's her father)* I don't want to talk to you! I HATE YOU!!

GRANDPA: Can I come in?

KATHERINE: No.

GRANDPA: Well, thank you. Mind if I sit down? *(sits in chair and puts the picture frame on the floor)*

KATHERINE: I don't want to talk about it, Grandpa.

GRANDPA: That was some show you put on.

KATHERINE: I want to be alone.

GRANDPA: I only yelled at my father once in my life.

KATHERINE: Grandpa... how can he talk about marrying that woman? What about Mom?

GRANDPA: Your mother has been dead for five years.

KATHERINE: You don't understand either.

GRANDPA: You think you're the only one involved here? Miss Katherine Green has sole right to all sadness?

KATHERINE: That is not fair!

GRANDPA: We all lost someone. You only knew her for 15 years. I knew her for 35. That's 35 years of missing I have to do.

KATHERINE: Exactly. Don't you care?

GRANDPA: Did you think your father was going to erect a shrine and become a hermit? You know what your mother was like. In those final days, what did she say?

KATHERINE: *(she does know)* I don't know.

GRANDPA: She said, she'd be up in heaven cheering him on. Go for it!

KATHERINE: She didn't mean it.

GRANDPA: Didn't she?

KATHERINE: Sometimes I miss her so much.

GRANDPA: She's around. Peeking over your shoulder. Mine too. She picks my lotto numbers for me.

KATHERINE: Grandpa, she can't do that.

GRANDPA: And why not? She won me 20 bucks last week. In her honour I went to the zoo. We did that a lot, your mother and I.

KATHERINE: I'm sorry.

GRANDPA: Here. I have a picture for you. I don't like that one you keep on your desk. It makes her look like she had horse lips.

KATHERINE: She looks so pretty in that dress.

GRANDPA: Woman had the biggest lips I have ever seen.

KATHERINE: Will you tell dad I'm sorry I blew up at him?

GRANDPA: I will not. You tell him yourself, miss. Do I look like an errand boy to you?

KATHERINE: Not at all.

Music plays. KATHERINE and GRANDPA exit as JOANNE and MOM enter. The scene is a bridal boutique. MOM is staring in horror at JOANNE. JOANNE looks very happy. They are both staring at a wedding dress.

MOM: It's red.

JOANNE: It's beautiful.

MOM: It's a red wedding dress.

JOANNE: It's awesome.

MOM: Joanne, when you said you didn't want to get married in white, I was envisioning a pale pink, or maybe even ivory. I didn't expect to see my daughter coming down the aisle looking like a maraschino cherry.

JOANNE: Red is my favourite colour. You know that.

MOM: I'm very fond of plaid but I didn't get married in it!

JOANNE: Sounds like a great idea.

MOM: Is Jim going to look like Thor the fire god to match?

JOANNE: No, he's wearing a black tux.

MOM: Good.

JOANNE: And alligator slippers.

MOM: What?

JOANNE: Mom, we talked about this. I don't want a serious wedding. I don't want a wedding at all but if I have to have one it's going to be my way. You have to play nice.

MOM: Nice? I can be nice. I'm a lovely person. People far and wide talk about how lovely I am.

JOANNE: Mom...

MOM: You should have let me help. I would have planned a lovely wedding. 'Cause I'm lovely.

JOANNE: I don't want your wedding. I want mine. Mine and Jim's. With our sense of humour and our ideas.

MOM: You do realize how interesting the wedding pictures are going to be.

JOANNE: I'm getting a headache.

MOM: My daughter? She's the one dipped in red paint standing next to the man with reptiles on his feet. I can't do this. I cannot do this. I will not do this. I will not be the laughing stock of the whole entire family over this. Your aunts will never let me hear the end of it!

JOANNE: No?

MOM: No. I am putting my foot down. (*lifts a foot up and puts it down*) You see, it's down.

JOANNE: I do.

MOM: I'm serious. Foot is down.

JOANNE: I see. (*beat*) All right. There is an alternative.

MOM: A what?

JOANNE: An alternative.

MOM: Why didn't you lead with that! You just stood there and let me put my foot down.

JOANNE: There is another wedding idea we had. With no red dress and no slippers.

MOM: Darling, it can be absolutely anything.

JOANNE: (*hugging*) Oh, Mom!

MOM: What is it?

JOANNE: A wedding under water. Everyone can snorkel at the same time!

MOM: You get this from your father's side of the family!

Music plays. MOM stalks off and JOANNE follows. MELISSA enters, on the phone. Music fades.

MELISSA: *(singing on the phone)* Happy late birthday to you! Happy late birthday to you! I know I'm a rotten daughter and I don't have any excuses. Happy birthday to you. I thought it was kind of cute. What do you mean "thanks for the cheap card?" I spent a lot of time picking it out. I talked to Dad last week. He wishes you a happy birthday. He does. I'm not trying to drive you to an early grave. No, he said it quite nicely. So, *(takes a deep breath)* how are you? *(There is silence as MELISSA starts to hear a barrage of talking from her mother about what is going on. She tries to interrupt.)* You know I had a pretty good day yesterday, do you... *(Mom is off again. MELISSA sits and listens. And listens. Finally she puts the phone down, walks quickly offstage, returns immediately with a pillow. Sits. Screams into the pillow. Puts the pillow down, picks up the phone. Mom is still talking.)* Mom... Mom. Hey! Mom, I thought for your birthday we could... no... uh huh... I promise you, he said it nicely. Because he's nice. *(MELISSA jerks back as that is not what Mom wanted to hear)* Ok, ok, ok, ok, Mom! Hey! I thought for your birthday maybe we could... uh huh... *(MELISSA puts down the phone and moves away from it. When she talks, she's saying what she would love to say, she is not talking to her mom on the phone.)* You know what, Mom, I think I need to take a break from this. This – me calling and listening to whatever this anger is, this wave of complaint. From what I can see, things are pretty great for you. And you know what, things are great for me too, not that you ever ask. Why don't you ever ask? I don't need you to ask. I don't need – *(sighs)* Just once, would be nice. *(Sits down. Picks up the phone.)* Look, Mom, I have to go. I'll talk to you next week. Happy birthday.

Music plays. MELISSA sits for a moment. Then she gets up and exits. BOBBY enters to stand centre stage. DAD enters to stand on a cube.

BOBBY: I was twelve years old the first time my dad woke me up to go fishing. We were at our cottage and he came into my room before it was even light out and pulled me out of bed.

DAD: What are you doing sleeping the day away, you lazy sack of bones? Get your clothes on, you stupid boy. We're going fishing.

BOBBY: He scared the hell out of me. When I hit puberty I became the creature from outer space. I hated my parents, I hated my sister and brother, I hated my friends. And I was not what you would call an outgoing kid. A polite person like my mom would say that it was just a phase. More correctly, I was a fat spoiled sulky brat. Of course I didn't know it at the time. (to DAD) "I don't want to go fishing. I want to sleep."

DAD: Bullfeathers. Robert Templeton, you've been sleeping ever since we got here. Let's go before I start throwing lighted matches at you.

BOBBY: Dad was from the old school. Anyway, away we went. Me grumbling all the way. "I don't want to do this. I want to sleep. I want breakfast. I'm gonna tell Mom."

DAD: Ah shut your yap.

BOBBY: Dad had fishing in his blood. His dad was a fisherman and his dad before him. Mom was a city girl and she dragged Dad to where she was comfortable. Tall buildings, cars and shopping malls. He let her, as long as once a year during the summer he could drag the lot of us up to the cottage where he could fish to his heart's content.

DAD: Smell that.

BOBBY: Ugh that's awful! What is it?

DAD: Live bait. Now get the lead out, you haven't even picked up your rod yet.

BOBBY: I don't want to and you can't make me.

DAD: You will do as you're told or I'll toss you in to catch the fish by hand.

BOBBY: "Where did you say that pole was?" Every day for two months he dragged me out of bed at dawn, forced me to bait my own hooks, and since I never caught anything, clean his fish.

DAD: Would you look at that bass? So beautiful it brings tears to my eyes.

BOBBY: I thought it was the cruellest punishment I had ever gone through. "Mom, he makes me touch them."

DAD: Stop your snivelling. You better get to bed. We're going out at five tomorrow.

BOBBY: Along the way, something happened. Against every decision to be as miserable as possible, I began to enjoy myself. Dad would talk, about his childhood, about his family, about stories that his dad told him. “You’re kidding.”

DAD: As long as I live and breathe my cousin Jake caught a fish as big as you. It took off his left hand and he clubbed it to death with a bottle of scotch.

BOBBY: Sometimes we wouldn’t say anything. I watched sunrise after sunrise and I noticed how beautiful a lake is in the morning. How quiet and still. I never really talked to Dad at home. I’d never really talked to him at all. He was a stranger and I was getting to know him for the first time. And I’ll never forget how proud I was when on the last day we were there, I actually caught something.

DAD: Will you look at that? Won’t we eat well tonight! Boy, what a catch.

BOBBY: It was a tiny sun perch. But he brought it home...

DAD: Hey mother look at this!

BOBBY: And it was the best fish I’ve ever tasted. My dad and I went fishing every summer after that. Mom bought us matching hats and we would truck off into the dark loaded with poles and tackle boxes. Even when I got older and moved away I made sure to get in at least one fishing weekend. And when he was in the hospital, we used to try and put sinkers into the bedpan.

DAD: Now is that one hell of a fish, or is that one hell of a fish.

BOBBY: Tomorrow, I’m going to wake my son up at the crack of dawn. We’re going fishing.

Love

Music plays. All the main characters enter to sit in the classroom tableau. DAD exits.

ALL: Group project. Mrs. Morton’s grade two class. Love.

TREVOR: Mrs. Morton’s got a new boyfriend so she is making us write about love and dating and gross stuff.

ASHLEY: I hate boys.

ICABOD: I hate girls.

TREVOR: I hate group projects. I want to draw pictures. I want to do something about animals of the desert.

MELISSA: I can't wait to start dating.

ICABOD: I don't really hate girls. I just wish they'd play fair. If Katherine Green hits me 'cause she wants the empty swing, why do I get in trouble when I sock her back?

KATHERINE: ICKY MACINTYRE EATS SNAKES AND WEARS BUNNY PJS!

ICABOD: I changed my mind. I hate girls.

JOANNE: Melissa and Bobby sitting in a tree...

BOBBY: Melissa Koziol kissed me in the playground today.

JOANNE: K-i-s-s-i-n-g

BOBBY: Joanne Klein saw 'cause she was hiding on the jungle gym.

JOANNE: First comes love, then comes marriage.

BOBBY: She says Melissa is my girlfriend.

JOANNE: Then comes Bobby in the baby carriage.

BOBBY: Tomorrow, I'm gonna push Joanne off the jungle gym.

ICABOD: Yep, I'm never gonna have a girlfriend.

ASHLEY: My sister says don't fall in love. My sister says love is a four-letter word. My sister says love is evil spelt backwards. I told her evil has an I not an O. She told me to shut up and get out of her room.

JOANNE: Shame shame, double shame, now I know your boyfriend's name.

BOBBY: That Joanne's a real big pain.

KATHERINE: I think Bobby should go out with me. I'm older than Melissa by four whole days.

MELISSA: I seen my brother kiss. I want to be like Cinderella and go to the ball and have a pretty dress. I'm going to have a perfect boyfriend and we are going to hold hands all the time.

ASHLEY: My sister is going on a date tomorrow. She locks herself in the bathroom and makes faces in the mirror and screams about pimples. Boys can't be worth this much trouble.

Music plays. Everyone stands.

BOBBY moves forward. KARA enters. The two stand face-to-face, not happy to see each other. KARA spins

in anger, and exits in one direction. BOBBY spins in anger and exits in the other direction.

ICABOD and JOANNE move forward. On ICABOD's side, LIL enters. On JOANNE's side, JIM enters. The two couples give each other a huge hug. Each couple exits, with their arms around each other.

KATHERINE, ASHLEY, and MELISSA move forward. They look left and right. Nobody is coming. They look at one another, shrug, and exit.

TREVOR moves forward. JEN enters, crawling across the floor. She reaches TREVOR and wraps herself around one of his legs.

Music fades. TREVOR just continues to stand. JEN occasionally whimpers. ANNE and BILL enter and observe the situation before coming over. The scene is a tall building.

BILL: Hey, Trevor, how are you doing?

TREVOR: Oh. Ok.

BILL: Isn't the view great from up here?

TREVOR: I suppose.

ANNE: Trev, isn't that Jen?

TREVOR: Yes.

ANNE: Attached to your leg?

BILL: Do you know why?

TREVOR: She's afraid of heights.

JEN: WAIIIIIIII

TREVOR: I didn't know. I swear I didn't know.

ANNE: Jen, honey, what happened?

JEN: DON'T USE UP MY OXYGEN!!!!

TREVOR: Don't use up her oxygen.

BILL: You didn't know she was afraid of heights? How long have you two been going out? Even I knew she was afraid of heights.

TREVOR: It never came up. Should we spend our lives together? Are you afraid of heights? It never came up.

ANNE: Jen, it's going to be ok.

JEN: WE ARE ALL GOING TO DIE!!!

BILL: Even my mom knows she's afraid of heights.

TREVOR: Shut up about the heights.

KAREN and JOE stroll over.

KAREN: Hey, guys. What's... happening?

BILL: Trevor didn't know Jen was afraid of heights.

JOE: Everyone knows that.

KAREN: You didn't know that? You've been going out for how long?

TREVOR: Forgive me for not getting into fears that make you want to curl up and die with my girlfriend.

ANNE: What possessed you to take her into a tall building?

KAREN: Hey, Jen, your hair looks great. It's so blond.

JEN: NOT DYED!!!

TREVOR: I wanted a romantic place to propose.

JOE: What?

BILL: Dude!

KAREN & ANNE: Awwwwwww.

TREVOR: She didn't complain when I said the view was great from up here...

JOE: You are right, what a view!

JEN: AGHAGHAGHAG!!

TREVOR: I didn't know.

KAREN: It doesn't happen until she's actually looking out of a high place.

BILL: We knew and you didn't. That's amazing.

TREVOR: Do you think you can get her off my leg?

JOE: I don't know.

ANNE: Could be tricky.

BILL: She's clamped on pretty tight.

KAREN: Eventually I guess...

JEN gives a small whimper.

TREVOR: Forget it. Just help me to the elevator so we can get her downstairs.

ANNE: Wait a minute! Did you propose?

TREVOR: I think there are other issues right now, don't you?

ANNE: You can't let a proposal go unproposed.

KAREN: Totally. You can't do that.

ANNE: It's bad luck.

KAREN: Totally.

TREVOR: The moment's kind of gone, don't you think?

ANNE & KAREN: What?

BILL: *(muttering to TREVOR)* Wrong move, dude.

TREVOR: Fine. *(struggles to bend down, ends up sitting on the floor with JEN wrapped around him, with her head on his shoulder)* Jen? *(she won't lift her head)* Jen? Ok. *(looks up)* Are you all going to just stare at me?

KAREN, ANNE, BILL, and JOE turn away.

TREVOR: I love you. I love being with you. I want to spend forever with you.

KAREN & ANNE: Awwwww.

TREVOR: Will you marry me?

There is a pause. JEN does not look up. But she does stick out her hand straight out, as if wanting a ring on it. TREVOR tries to reach for a pocket that has the ring in it but JEN is on that side and he can't reach.

ANNE: What's happening?

KAREN: *(turning around and seeing JEN's outstretched hand)* She's saying yes! *(to TREVOR)* What are you waiting for!

TREVOR: I can't get the ring! Help!

The FOUR rush over to JEN, pry her off of TREVOR, who goes flying back. JEN wraps herself around the nearest body, still with her left hand waving out.

TREVOR gets his hand in his pocket, retrieves the ring box, gets the ring, crawls over to JEN, and puts the ring on her finger. Everyone celebrates! ANNE and KAREN hug JEN as BILL and JOE rush over to help TREVOR to his feet.

ANNE & KAREN: Congratulations!

BILL: Congrats, Trev!

JOE: Did you know she's afraid of photocopiers too?

Everyone stares at JOE. Music plays. Everyone helps JEN offstage as ASHLEY and DARREN enter. They stand on opposite sides of the stage facing the audience. They are practicing for their blind date with each other.

ASHLEY: Hi.

DARREN: Hi.

ASHLEY: (bouncy) Hi!

DARREN: (indifferent) Hi...

ASHLEY: Maybe more casual.

DARREN: Maybe more masculine.

BOTH: HI!

DARREN: This is ridiculous.

ASHLEY: This is silly. Why am I nervous over a silly little date?

DARREN: What are we going to talk about? What if we run out of things to talk about?

ASHLEY: What if he's a talker?

DARREN: I should have some weather stories in my back pocket.

ASHLEY: Maybe he likes movies.

DARREN: Did you get stuck in that rainstorm yesterday?

ASHLEY: Have you seen that new... new what? What if he hates the movie I ask about?

DARREN: Maybe music. Everyone likes talking about music, don't they?

ASHLEY: Scratch movies.

DARREN: Forget music.

ASHLEY: Do you go dancing?

DARREN: Ever been skydiving?

ASHLEY: Did you know some spiders eat their young?

DARREN: Did you know it's legal to take home your roadkill?

Pause.

ASHLEY: Ashley Gordon, this is the dumbest idea you have ever had.

DARREN: I hate blind dates.

ASHLEY & DARREN: I should cancel.

DARREN: Oh...

ASHLEY: No...

DARREN: I'm not going to chicken out.

ASHLEY: I can do this. It's just a date.

DARREN: I can do this.

ASHLEY: Easy as pie.

DARREN: Piece of cake.

ASHLEY: Ok.

DARREN: Time to go.

Both turn and look at each other.

BOTH: Hi.

Music plays. ASHLEY and DARREN move off together, talking, getting along really well. KATHERINE enters with SARAH following. Music cuts off.

KATHERINE: Over my dead body.

SARAH: Mom!

KATHERINE: You are not getting married!

SARAH: Can we talk about this please?

KATHERINE: There is nothing to talk about. You're 18 years old and you are not getting married.



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