Welcome! This is copyrighted material for promotional purposes. It's intended to give you a taste of the script to see whether or not you want to use it in your classroom or perform it. You can't print this document or use this document for production purposes.

Royalty fees apply to all performances **whether or not admission is charged**. Any performance in front of an audience (e.g. an invited dress rehearsal) is considered a performance for royalty purposes.

Visit [http://tfolk.me/p84](http://tfolk.me/p84) to order a printable copy or for rights/royalty information and pricing.
Ten Minute Play Series – Be Challenged

Bottle Baby
Juice Box
Hall Pass
Oh Chad
You
Sunday Lunch

BY
Lindsay Price
BEEB: I know you. I'd know if you were drinking. I'd know it.
ALICE: Ok. If you're right, I won't be able to handle a pull from that bottle.
BEEB: You're bluffing.
ALICE: Give me the bottle.
BEEB: That's enough!
ALICE: What are you afraid of? You're right aren't you?

_BEEB takes the bottle and cracks the lid open. She slowly pushes the bottle across the table. ALICE wipes her mouth, tips up the bottle and takes a long pull. It's obvious she's done it before. BEEB stares at her. She starts to cry. She puts her head on the table._

ALICE: Who's the bottle baby now, huh Bee Bee? Who wears the crown? Who's the one who drinks her liquor straight from the bottle, no mix, no nothing and it's smooth like butter. You think you're the only one who sneaked drinks at Mom's? You think you're the only one who got Roger Thompson to buy you bottles? You think you're the only person in this house? This world? (_BEEB cries and ALICE watches her._) Aw Beeb don't cry. You're not supposed to cry. How can I feel good about being bad if you cry?

BEEB: My fault. All my fault.

ALICE: Don't give yourself so much credit. I can screw up my life all on my own.

BEEB: But why? Why would you do that?

ALICE: I don't know. Because you did, I guess. Maybe.

BEEB: You've got everything ahead of you. You have everything.

ALICE: Maybe it's not the right kind of everything. (_pause) We should get dinner ready. (_pause) What are you going to do? Are you going to tell Dad on me? (_pause) Beeb?

BEEB: I... you're right. I shouldn't... I'm not the only one in this house... I shouldn't be in this house... (_she stands_) I'll call Dad tonight, tell him not to worry.

ALICE: (_confused_) Where are you going?
BEEB: I’ll pay you back the money. *(She picks up the bottle, holding it away from her, not cradling it.)* And I’ll toss this down the sink.

ALICE: Where are you going?

BEEB: I’ve spent so much time staring at my skin… I should have noticed and I didn’t see a damn thing. I’m sorry Alice. I’m so sorry.

*BEEB exits. ALICE is alone. She stands frozen for a moment. She then runs to her backpack. She pulls out her aspirin bottle, and drinks from it. She holds the bottle close to her chest as if it is a comfort.*

— THE END —
Want to Read More?

Order a full script through the link above. You can get a PDF file (it’s printable, licensed for one printout, and delivered instantly) or a traditionally bound and printed book (sent by mail).