



Sample Pages from Breathless

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 <https://tfolk.me/p314> to order a printable copy or for rights/royalty information and pricing.

**DO NOT POST THIS SAMPLE ONLINE.
IT MAY BE DOWNLOADED ANY TIME FROM THE LINK ABOVE.**

BREATHLESS

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT BY
Wendy-Marie Martin



Breathless

Copyright © 2016 Wendy-Marie Martin

CAUTION: This play is fully protected under the copyright laws of Canada and all other countries of the Universal Copyright Convention and is subject to royalty. Changes to the script are expressly forbidden without written consent of the author. Rights to produce, film, or record, in whole or in part, in any medium or in any language, by any group amateur or professional, are fully reserved.

Interested persons are requested to apply for amateur rights to:

Theatrefolk

www.theatrefolk.com/licensing

help@theatrefolk.com

Those interested in professional rights may contact the author c/o the above address.

No part of this script covered by the copyrights hereon may be reproduced or used in any form or by any means - graphic, electronic or mechanical - without the prior written permission of the author. Any request for photocopying, recording, or taping shall be directed in writing to the author at the address above.

Printed in the USA

Cast of Characters

6F+6M + 1 Either

SUMMER DAVIS

A seventeen-year-old cross country runner. She is fit, determined and very stubborn. Summer absolutely refuses to lose, which puts her friendship with Angel on the line.

ANGEL

Eighteen years old and Summer Davis's best friend. Angel has a dream to become a famous sports therapist and considers Summer her first official athlete. Angel's energy and enthusiasm are topped only by her high expectations.

SUMMER ROBERTSON

Fifteen years old, slowly losing her battle with Ewing's Sarcoma, a life-threatening form of cancer. Summer is petite and fragile on the outside, but strong and determined on the inside.

MICHAEL

A sixteen-year-old musical theater fanatic and Summer Robertson's best friend. He's determined to hold on to the memory of the best friend he's ever known as he attempts to deny Summer's slow final exit.

SUMMER ADAMS

Sixteen years old and looking for love in all the wrong places. She is smart but swayed by flattery from boys and raging teen hormones, which lead her into situations she can no longer control.

HUNTER

A seventeen-year-old football player and Summer Adam's new boyfriend. Hunter is a big, tough guy whose intense teen libido tends to cloud his judgment.

KYLE

A seventeen-year-old friend of Hunter's and Summer Adam's ex-boyfriend. Kyle is still in love with Summer, but can't admit it.

SEBASTIAN

An obnoxious sixteen-year-old football player who tags along with Hunter and Kyle. Easily swayed by the group mentality, Sebastian will say anything to be one of the guys.

KASSI

Sixteen years old, drama geek. Friends with Michael and Summer Robertson.

ALLISON

Sixteen-year-old cheerleader and Roger's girlfriend. Can be doubled with Kassi.

ANDREW

A seventeen-year-old drama techie. Friends with Michael and Summer Robertson.

ROGER

A seventeen-year-old basketball player. Can be doubled with Andrew.

HOSPITAL (V/O)

ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL HOWARD (V/O)

Production Notes

The action can take place in three different pre-set playing areas defined by lighting, or flow in and out of one big play area with set pieces rolling on and offstage to create the various locations. It is important that the scenes flow seamlessly so that these stories intertwine effortlessly.

Voiceovers can be done either over the loudspeaker or live, although a recorded sound is preferable.

Please feel free to use a flexible cast. KASSI/ALLISON and ANDREW/ROGER can be double cast or single cast, depending on the needs of the production. Character ethnicity is also flexible.

// indicates an overlap in dialogue. At these points the next character should begin speaking, even if the character currently speaking hasn't completed their line.

Breathless was a national finalist for the Kennedy Center American College Theater Festival's John Cauble Award for Outstanding Short Play in 2015 and received a reading at the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts.

Original Production

Overland High School

Directed by Jose Hernandez

Stage Manager: Maya Nettath

Summer Davis

Angel

Summer Robertson

Michael

Summer Adams

Hunter

Kyle

Sebastian

Kassi

Brittany

Andrea

Ruby

Sara Baheta

Tanzilla Purnota

Tessa Garber

Cole Branch

Lauren Harper

Nate York

Kingannah Grant-Perry

Ernest Dapremont

Sarah Shapard

Samantha Shapard

Janis Avery

Lindsey Miller

In darkness the entire cast begins to create a live cannon of three types of heavy breathing. One reflects the physical exertion of a top runner, another the last moments struggling to hold onto life and the third, that of physical pleasure.

The breathing stops as a school bell rings and ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL HOWARD's over-enthusiastic announcement is heard.

ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL HOWARD (V.O.): Goooooooo morning, Blazers! Assistant Principal Howard here reminding you to register for the upcoming SAT test. Keep on making good choices. Gooooo Blazers.

*ALLISON PAPOV enters with a stack of flyers.
HUNTER, KYLE and SEBASTIAN enter.*

ALLISON: (*handing a flyer toward HUNTER*) Hey, Students for Good are raising funds to cover Summer Robertson's medical expenses—

HUNTER: Who's Summer Robertson?

ALLISON: Oh, she's... she's in... drama or something—

SEBASTIAN: That would explain why we've never heard of her.

SEBASTIAN and HUNTER laugh and exit. ALLISON hands a flyer to KYLE.

ALLISON: She's dying of cancer.

KYLE: Oh... uh, that's too bad. I don't really know her, but—

ALLISON: Yeah, me either. But my counselor said organizing a fundraiser would look great on my college application. And... cancer is important to fight—

KYLE: (*taking flyer*) Yeah, sure. I'll... um... give it to my mom—

ALLISON: Thanks, Kyle. Oh hey, sorry to hear about you and... you know—

KYLE: Yeah. That didn't work out—

ALLISON: I'm here for you if you need anything—

HUNTER: (*from offstage*) Kyle. Hurry your ass up. Weight room—

School bell rings.

KYLE: Uh... yeah. Thanks. Maybe some other time. Gotta go.

KYLE and ALLISON exit as lights fade. The cast once again creates a cannon of breathing, which leads us into the next scene. Lights up on SUMMER DAVIS downstage who is running in place as fast as she can. She breathes heavily, but controlled as ANGEL enters.

ANGEL: There you are. // I've been looking—

SUMMER hands ANGEL a stopwatch.

SUMMER DAVIS: Time—

ANGEL: What?

SUMMER DAVIS: ...TIME!

ANGEL stops the watch as SUMMER DAVIS stops and tries to catch her breath. ANGEL is too shocked to speak.

What's my time?

ANGEL: Seventeen forty-five?

SUMMER DAVIS: Shut up! Let me see.

ANGEL: Seventeen... was that—

SUMMER DAVIS: ...5k—

ANGEL: ...in under eighteen minutes? // That's amazing.

SUMMER DAVIS: Under eighteen minutes. I can't believe it!

They do a happy dance.

ANGEL: Coach is going to freak.

SUMMER DAVIS: Don't tell him. Please. I'm not supposed to be training fully yet.

ANGEL: Girl you are back—

SUMMER DAVIS: I am. Man, I can't believe it. Finally done with stupid cross-training. I wanna run. // Fly!

ANGEL: *(checking on her phone)* Oh my god, do you realize you're just thirty seconds away from the fastest Footlocker time?

SUMMER DAVIS: Shut up!

ANGEL: Just have to shave off thirty more seconds—

SUMMER DAVIS: Easy. What's thirty seconds?

ANGEL: Exactly. Just fly like a bird—

SUMMER DAVIS: I AM a bird—

SUMMER does a bird impression that has ANGEL rolling in laughter.

ANGEL: A nerdy bird.

They have a moment of laughter together and then it subsides. Beat.

SUMMER DAVIS: Seventeen forty-five.

ANGEL: Yup. How's your knee?

SUMMER DAVIS: Fine. Doesn't hurt at all.

ANGEL: Really?

SUMMER DAVIS: Cross my heart, hope to die. Stick a dagger in my... thigh—

ANGEL: You are a strange girl. Good thing you've got the best future athletic trainer in the universe here to help you—

SUMMER DAVIS: Lucky me. Seriously, though, this has to be our secret. You can't tell anyone. Not my parents... not Coach... nobody.

ANGEL: Fine. But you have to listen to everything I say. Now that I'm officially your trainer.

SUMMER DAVIS: Secret trainer—

ANGEL: Top secret. Deal?

SUMMER DAVIS: Deal. I can't wait to see the look on their faces when I cross that finish line first—

ANGEL: (*imitating an announcer*) Summer Davis...

SUMMER DAVIS: Footlocker National Champion—

ANGEL: (*joining in*) Footlocker National Champion...ampion...
ampion...ampion...

SUMMER DAVIS: Gonna fly across that finish line—

ANGEL: Fly, bird girl. Fly!

SUMMER does her bird impression, cawing as ANGEL chases her offstage laughing as they both exit. Lights fade as dramatic newscast music is heard.

ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL HOWARD (V.O.): This... is a Blazer's... News... Update. It seems the birds in the quad have become slightly aggressive, so keep your distance and do not feed them. Auditions for *West Side Story* are coming up. Catch Mr. Nichols at break for details. Make it a grrreat day, Blazers!

The cast once again creates a cannon of breathing, which leads us into the next scene. Lights up on SUMMER ROBERTSON, who is lying in a hospital bed. She has difficulty breathing. Her best friend, MICHAEL, enters with a fast food bag.

MICHAEL: Catch!

He tosses her the bag.

SUMMER ROBERTSON: Uggg, the smell... I think I'm going to—

MICHAEL grabs the bag and replaces it with a bedpan just in time for SUMMER ROBERTSON to throw up.

SUMMER ROBERTSON: (*motioning to bag*) Needs to leave.

He takes the bag off and returns.

HOSPITAL V.O.: Code blue in room 305. Code blue in room 305.

MICHAEL: I am so sorry, sweetie. I don't know what I was thinking.

SUMMER DAVIS: What? You were thinking? I thought you were just here to look pretty.

MICHAEL grabs her chart and begins to play doctor.

MICHAEL: So, how are you feeling today, Ms. Robertson? Oh I see here your heart seems to have been removed since I last saw you. It all makes sense now—

SUMMER ROBERTSON: (*laughing*) Put that down. You're going to get me in trouble.

MICHAEL: You deserve it. For making me hang out in this wretched place—

SUMMER begins to cough violently.

Summer? Summer—

She motions to MICHAEL for the bedpan.

You okay?

SUMMER ROBERTSON: (*shaking her head*) I hurt. Everywhere.

MICHAEL: Want me to massage your feet?

SUMMER ROBERTSON: No. Thanks. Massages don't feel good anymore. Where's my mom?

MICHAEL: She had to run a few errands. You were sleeping, so she asked me to stay until she gets back.

Beat.

SUMMER ROBERTSON: Are they talking about me?

MICHAEL: Who?

SUMMER ROBERTSON: You know who. The kids at school.

MICHAEL: Worrying about you, you mean—

SUMMER ROBERTSON: Probably haven't even noticed I'm gone.

MICHAEL: (*teasing*) Good thing you don't have a complex or anything. (*showing her his phone or tablet*) You obviously haven't been online lately.

SUMMER ROBERTSON: Been a little distracted—

MICHAEL: Well everyone's talking about you, see?

SUMMER ROBERTSON: Allison Papov started a fundraiser for me?

MICHAEL: Yeah, crazy, right? She's already up to like two thousand dollars.

SUMMER ROBERTSON: Why would she do that?

MICHAEL: Rumor has it, it looks good on a college application.

SUMMER ROBERTSON: (*chuckling*) You're awful—

MICHAEL: I try!

SUMMER ROBERTSON: This is so weird. Allison's never even talked to me before.

MICHAEL: Well cancer has a way of bringing people together.

SUMMER ROBERTSON: If I'd've known that, I would have tried it earlier.

MICHAEL: Very funny.

HOSPITAL V.O.: Dr. Cooper, telephone, please. Dr. Cooper, telephone, please.

SUMMER ROBERTSON: Michael?

MICHAEL: Yeah?

SUMMER ROBERTSON: Be honest. How bad do I look?

MICHAEL: You look fine.

SUMMER ROBERTSON: Don't BS me. How bad?

MICHAEL: Well... You probably wouldn't cause small children to run away in terror or anything but... you look... different.

SUMMER ROBERTSON: That's not good—

MICHAEL: It's not bad, just... you've lost, what— (*he checks her chart*) Over thirty pounds? ...in like three weeks? Let's just say... it's a pretty radical change.

SUMMER ROBERTSON: Maybe I'll finally be able to model when I get out of here. (*feeling nauseous*) Oh no. I'm going to...

MICHAEL grabs the bedpan and SUMMER throws up again. She catches her breath.

I'm scared.

MICHAEL: Me, too.

SUMMER ROBERTSON: So much for being the Maria to your Tony. Auditions are next week.

MICHAEL: You just concentrate on getting better. I'll worry about your audition.

SUMMER ROBERTSON: I'm so tired.

MICHAEL: Sleep, sweetie. I'll be back.

MICHAEL stands to exit.

SUMMER ROBERTSON: Michael?

MICHAEL: Yeah?

SUMMER ROBERTSON: Thanks.

MICHAEL: Any time, honey. Just relax and get some sleep. Kisses.

MICHAEL blows her a kiss as lights fade on SUMMER ROBERTSON.

The cast once again creates a cannon of breathing, which leads us into the next scene as lights bump up on SUMMER ADAMS, who pushes her new boyfriend, HUNTER, away.

HUNTER: Relax, baby. It's just a kiss—

SUMMER ADAMS: No, wait. Stop— (beat) I said. Stop.

They try to catch their breath.

HUNTER: What?

SUMMER ADAMS: I can't breathe.

HUNTER: Are you kidding me?

SUMMER ADAMS: No, I'm serious. We need to come up for air every now and then.

HUNTER: Man, Kyle's right—

SUMMER ADAMS: Excuse me?

HUNTER: Nothing—

SUMMER ADAMS: What did Kyle say about me?

HUNTER: I said nothing. Forget that loser. You've got me now.

He tries to kiss her, but she breaks away, distracted.

SUMMER DAVIS: Did you tell him?

HUNTER: Tell him what?

SUMMER DAVIS: That we're together now?

HUNTER: Me? No, I thought you told him.

SUMMER DAVIS: He's your friend. I haven't talked to him since we broke up. (beat) So he doesn't know?

HUNTER: What's to know? He's an idiot who doesn't deserve you. His loss—

He tries to kiss her, but she evades him.

SUMMER ADAMS: Did he really talk to you about me? Jerk. Wasted a whole year of my life on him.

HUNTER: His loss. You are beautiful, smart and incredibly sexy—

He tries to kiss her again as the sound of a door closing is heard.

KYLE: (offstage) Dude, you home?

SUMMER ADAMS: Kyle?

SEBASTIAN: (offstage) Stop floggin' the dolphin and get your gear.

HUNTER: What the—

KYLE: (offstage) We've been calling you for over an hour—

SEBASTIAN and KYLE enter as HUNTER throws SUMMER off his lap.

Whoa—

KYLE: Summer?

SUMMER DAVIS: Kyle—

SEBASTIAN: (to HUNTER) You didn't tell him?

HUNTER: Nothing to tell. They broke up months ago—

KYLE: So you two...

Beat.

SUMMER ADAMS: Yeah.

KYLE: Since when?

SUMMER DAVIS: Last week.

SEBASTIAN: Hey, Coach is clocking us, remember—

HUNTER: Coach?

SEBASTIAN: Practice, dude.

HUNTER: Practice? We're off today.

KYLE: Supplemental, remember?

SEBASTIAN: You didn't answer your phone—

KYLE: Coach sent us to get you.

HUNTER: Oh man—

SEBASTIAN: Yeah. He said, and I quote, “Get your dumb ass down to the field before five or it’ll be keeping the bench warm this year.”

HUNTER: Damn it. I gotta go.

SUMMER ADAMS: Sure. That’s cool. I... I’ve got to study anyway.

HUNTER: Bastie, help me grab my gear.

SEBASTIAN and HUNTER exit, leaving KYLE and SUMMER alone.

KYLE: You and Hunter, huh?

SUMMER ADAMS: It... wasn’t planned.

KYLE: Yeah, right.

SUMMER ADAMS: Hunter told me you’ve been talking about me—

KYLE: I never said anything about you—

SUMMER ADAMS: That’s not what he said.

KYLE: Hey, I’m not the one who broke up, remember?

HUNTER enters with his jersey. SEBASTIAN enters with football gear.

HUNTER: Come on, guys. (to SUMMER) Don’t forget where we left off, babe.

HUNTER kisses SUMMER and heads to the door. SEBASTIAN makes kissing noises and cat calls. KYLE shakes his head. They exit as the cast once again creates a cannon of breathing, which leads us into the next scene.

Lights fade on SUMMER ADAMS’s playing space and come up on SUMMER DAVIS going through her daily affirmations quickly with ANGEL. She says the words but her focus is on hiding any pain during her leg swings.

SUMMER DAVIS: Shoot. Where did I leave off?

ANGEL: Wait. What was that?

SUMMER DAVIS: What was what?

ANGEL: You winced. I saw you. Too much training. You need to give your knee a break.

SUMMER DAVIS: I'm fine. Really. Let's keep going. That was?

ANGEL: ...six. You sure?

SUMMER DAVIS: Four more— (*swinging legs*) I am focused in competition. I am focused in competition. I am focused in competition. I am focused in competition.

ANGEL: Ten. Good. Why don't you take a break.

SUMMER DAVIS: No time. Not consistently hitting seventeen thirty yet.

ANGEL: And you won't if you don't rest your knee. Did you tell Coach what you're doing yet?

SUMMER DAVIS: No way. He said I'm not ready to go off the cross-training regiment. Hasn't even put me in the line up for the Footlocker training sessions yet. Speaking of which, break time is over. Lunges?

ANGEL: No lunges. Leg lifts. They're safer.

SUMMER DAVIS: Listen to you, Coach Angel. Leg lifts it is.

ANGEL: (*imitating her coach*) And let me hear those affirmations nice and loud. "My technique is sharp."

SUMMER DAVIS: Ugg. I hate that one—

ANGEL: (*coach voice*) Did I ask if you like it? Winning isn't about what you like. It's about what you believe! So... "my technique is sharp" ten times. GO!

SUMMER DAVIS: Geez you are as bad as coach. Worse.

SUMMER DAVIS laughs but begins doing leg lifts and saying her affirmations.

SUMMER DAVIS: My technique is // sharp—

ANGEL: One—

SUMMER DAVIS: My technique is // sharp—

ANGEL: Two—

SUMMER DAVIS: My technique is // sharp—

ANGEL: Three—

SUMMER DAVIS: My technique is // sharp—

ANGEL: Four—

The lights fade as SUMMER DAVIS continues her leg lifts. The cast once again creates a cannon of breathing, which leads us into the next scene as lights come up on SUMMER ROBERTSON in bed. She's having a good day.

MICHAEL: Ready or not here I come!

MICHAEL struts in as if on a runway and poses.

I have arrived!

SUMMER ROBERTSON: Oh my god, it's true. The world really does revolve around you.

MICHAEL: Finally my hypothesis is proven! Mr. Nichols always says to make an entrance count. *(throwing a book on her lap)* For you.

SUMMER ROBERTSON: What—

MICHAEL: *West Side* libretto. Auditions are in two days and we've got some studying to do.

SUMMER ROBERTSON: Michael, I can't go to the auditions. They won't let me—

MICHAEL: Oh you're not going to auditions. They are coming to you.

SUMMER ROBERTSON: What—

MICHAEL: I got permission from Mr. Nichols to let you do a video audition.

SUMMER ROBERTSON: Really?

MICHAEL: Yeah, well the whole cancer angle is brilliant. You're seriously working the pity points here.

SUMMER ROBERTSON: *(laughing)* You are a horrible human being.

MICHAEL: Thank you. Now... as I see it if you already know the harmonies and everything, there's no reason not to cast you. When are you getting out?

SUMMER ROBERTSON: Sometime next week.

MICHAEL: Just in time for rehearsals

SUMMER ROBERTSON: They've still got a few tests to run before they'll let me go home. But I woke up feeling great. I think we're through the worst of it.

MICHAEL: Good cause you know Brittany's Maria doesn't stand a chance against my Tony. I need someone closer to my caliber, if that's even possible. Now... time to study.

They begin to look at the libretto as lights fade on SUMMER ROBERTSON's area. The cast once again creates a cannon of breathing, which leads into ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL HOWARD's PA announcement.

During the announcement, the lights come up on SUMMER ADAMS, who is waiting for HUNTER. ALLISON and ROGER enter.

ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL HOWARD (V.O.): Good afternoon Blazers, this is Assistant Principal Howard reminding you to study, study, study for those SATs. And don't forget tomorrow is crrraazy hair day. The yearbook crew is filming a video time capsule, so show some school spirit and make history! Go Blazers!

ROGER: He said he video taped it—

ALLISON: Shut up. They've got a sex tape?

ROGER: That's what he said—

ALLISON: They just got together like three weeks ago—

ROGER: Said she begged him. Said she wanted it bad—

ALLISON: (notices SUMMER) Shhhh. She can totally hear us—

ROGER: So?

ALLISON: Seriously? Come on. We'd better warn the homecoming committee. Don't want to take any chances of her getting nominated.

They exit as KYLE enters.

SUMMER ADAMS: Stop it—

KYLE: Stop what?

SUMMER ADAMS: I know it's you, Kyle—

KYLE: Whoa, what are you talking about—

SUMMER ADAMS: The rumors? About me and Hunter—

KYLE: Hey try talking to your new boyfriend. He's the one spreading them—

SUMMER ADAMS: Why would he do that?

KYLE: Cause he's a pig? Who wants the school to think he's getting some?

SUMMER ADAMS: Hunter loves me—

KYLE: Yeah, right.

SUMMER ADAMS: You're just jealous.

KYLE: What if I am?

SUMMER ADAMS: Don't—

KYLE: Fine. Don't believe me. Just... be careful.

SUMMER ADAMS: You don't have to pretend you care about me anymore, Kyle. I'm with Hunter now.

KYLE: I wasn't—

HUNTER and SEBASTIAN enter. HUNTER walks over to SUMMER and kisses her deeply. SEBASTIAN hoots and hollers and makes rude sounds.

HUNTER: Had a great time last night, babe.

SUMMER ADAMS: Excuse me?

ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL HOWARD (V.O.): Hello Blazers, this is Assistant Principal Howard again just reminding you today is the last day to purchase tickets to homecoming. Pick those up in the activities office after school. It's a grrrrrrreat day to be a Blazer!

SEBASTIAN: Did he just growl at us?

KYLE: We're gonna be late for practice.

HUNTER kisses SUMMER again.

SEBASTIAN: Hey Summer you got a friend like you for me?

SUMMER ADAMS: Like me? What's that supposed to mean?

KYLE: Guys. Practice?

HUNTER: See you at seven, babe.

SUMMER ADAMS: Actually, I—

SEBASTIAN: I call sloppy seconds.

HUNTER: You're a pig man. Don't talk to my girl like that. I'll beat your face in.

SEBASTIAN: Oooh, I'm scared—

*SEBASTIAN laughs, mocking SUMMER as they exit.
KYLE hangs back for one last silent moment with
SUMMER.*

HUNTER: Kyle, move your ass. We're gonna be late.

KYLE: Coming.

*KYLE exits as lights fade on SUMMER ADAMS and
come up on SUMMER DAVIS, who is running in place
as fast as she can. The cast once again creates a
cannon of breathing, leading us into the next scene.
ANGEL stands to the side with a stopwatch.*

SUMMER DAVIS: Come on, come on... and TIME!

ANGEL: Seventeen twenty-eight.

SUMMER DAVIS: Damn it. Not fast enough.

ANGEL: It's fast enough. Don't forget your knee.

SUMMER DAVIS: Not fast enough to win.

ANGEL: Seventeen twenty-eight is amazing, Sum—

SUMMER DAVIS: *(holds out a hand)* Water.

ANGEL hands her a bottle of water and a towel.

ANGEL: Hey you've shaved off almost twenty-seconds in the past couple weeks—

SUMMER DAVIS: Yeah? Well I've only got a month left to shave off ten more.

ANGEL: You need to ice your knee—

SUMMER DAVIS: Can't. Have to train.

ANGEL: Relax. Overtraining won't help. Besides your time is good enough for the top five—

SUMMER DAVIS: I've got scholarship money riding on me being number one.

ANGEL: You screw up your knee again you can forget everything.

SUMMER DAVIS: Thought you were on my side.

ANGEL: I am, but I'm also not gonna let my athlete permanently injure herself. How would that look on my college application? You have to take care of your knee—

SUMMER DAVIS: God you're as bad as my mom. Always nagging me about my damn knee. I'm fine.

ANGEL: Wow. Didn't realize I was the problem here—

SUMMER DAVIS: Yeah, well maybe you are.

Beat.

ANGEL: Really? Well... then maybe you should train on your own—

SUMMER DAVIS: Yeah. Maybe I should.

ANGEL: Fine. I'll make it easy on you. I quit.

ANGEL hands her the stopwatch and exits.

SUMMER DAVIS: Fine. See if I care. You'll be back.

Lights fade on SUMMER DAVIS and come up on SUMMER ROBERTSON asleep in her hospital bed. The cast once again creates a cannon of breathing, leading us into the next scene before fading into the sounds of monitoring machines as MICHAEL ushers ANDREW and KASSI into SUMMER's room.

MICHAEL: Summer, I'm back. (to ANDREW & KASSI) She's probably still sleeping.

HOSPITAL V.O.: Dr. Wagner, you are needed in the main lobby. Dr. Wagner, you are needed in the main lobby.

ANDREW: Are you sure she's gonna be cool with this?

MICHAEL: Yeah, she knows about it—

KASSI: Oh man. She looks so... sick.

MICHAEL: Don't mention that, okay? She's very sensitive. (he shakes SUMMER lightly) Rise and shine gorgeous.

SUMMER doesn't respond.

KASSI: Oh my God, she's not—

ANDREW: Shhhh— Summer, sweetie. It's Michael.

SUMMER moans.

ANDREW: Are you sure you should bother her?

MICHAEL: Sweetie, you have to open your eyes. We've got guests.

SUMMER ROBERTSON: (*slurring in her sleep*) Guests? I'm not... what?

KASSI: Why is she talking like that?

MICHAEL: She's just not awake yet.

ANDREW: You sure she's going to be able to sing?

MICHAEL: We'll find out. (*to SUMMER ROBERTSON*) Morning, sunshine.

SUMMER ROBERTSON: (*with her eyes still closed*) Morning...? What time is it?

MICHAEL: Time for you to wake up those amazing vocal chords of yours.

SUMMER ROBERTSON: Vocal... what?

SUMMER ROBERTSON opens her eyes and see her visitors.

What the—

MICHAEL: Andrew and Kassi are here, sweetie.

KASSI: Hi.

ANDREW: Hey.

MICHAEL: To help us record your audition.

SUMMER ROBERTSON: Audition? For what?

MICHAEL: West Side Story. Remember?

SUMMER ROBERTSON: (*waking up more*) I can't... can't sing—

KASSI: Maybe she doesn't want to—

ANDREW: Yeah, man. Maybe she—

MICHAEL: She wants to. Don't you, Summer?

SUMMER ROBERTSON: No, I—

KASSI: She said she doesn't—

MICHAEL: I heard what she said, Kassi. I'm in the room, too, remember?

ANDREW: Don't need to be so harsh, dude—

MICHAEL: She is going to audition—

SUMMER ROBERTSON: I can't. I... feel sick—

MICHAEL: Well you're going to have to think about something else for a minute. Can't just lay around here obsessing about your cancer all the time.

KASSI: She's sick, Michael—

ANDREW: Yeah man. Lay off—

MICHAEL: She's going to sing. *(beat)* Right, Summer? You want to sing with me, right?

SUMMER ROBERTSON: Can we talk for a minute? Alone.

KASSI: Oh, yeah, sure. No problem. We'll just... we'll—

ANDREW: Run to the cafeteria. You want anything?

SUMMER ROBERTSON: No, thanks.

KASSI and ANDREW exit.

What are you doing?

MICHAEL: Recording your audition.

SUMMER ROBERTSON: Michael, I can't audition.

MICHAEL: Sure you can. I talked to Mr. Nichols remember?

SUMMER ROBERTSON: I can't audition, Michael.

MICHAEL: Yes, you can. We won't start rehearsals until you're released, so—

SUMMER ROBERTSON: I'm not getting released.

MICHAEL: What? But, I thought you were going home at on Sunday. I thought—

SUMMER ROBERTSON: They found... more.

MICHAEL: More? But—

SUMMER ROBERTSON: The doctor told us this morning. It's... everywhere.

MICHAEL: But, I thought you were going home this week.

SUMMER ROBERTSON: Me, too.

MICHAEL takes her hand and they sit in silence for a moment.

MICHAEL: Well, I don't care what the doctors think. I'm going to sing with you anyway—

SUMMER ROBERTSON: What's the point—

MICHAEL: You're my Maria. Always will be. And I want a recording of me singing with my best friend.

SUMMER ROBERTSON: I don't think I can anymore.

MICHAEL: Try it. For me? *(beat)* Come on Summer. Try for me.

They sing a short excerpt of a love song.

Lights fade on SUMMER ROBERTSON and come up on SUMMER ADAMS's playing area. The cast once again creates a cannon of breathing, leading us into the next scene as a tentative knock at the door is heard.

SUMMER ADAMS: *(peeking on-stage)* Hunter? You home? *(to herself)* Come on. You can do this Summer. Don't fall apart now.

HUNTER enters shirtless.

HUNTER: Hey, babe. I didn't hear you.

SUMMER ADAMS: Oh my god, you scared the crap out of me.

HUNTER: You're the one that snuck in.

SUMMER ADAMS: I didn't sneak... I knocked. I... didn't you hear me?

He wraps his arms around her.

HUNTER: You're so sexy when you're nervous—

SUMMER ADAMS: Where... are your parents?

HUNTER: At work. We've got the place to ourselves.

SUMMER ADAMS: Hunter, I have to talk to you about something.

HUNTER: *(kissing her neck)* Go ahead.

SUMMER ADAMS: I can't... when you do that... Can you please put a shirt on?

HUNTER: What's the point of putting it on only to take it off again.

SUMMER ADAMS: Seriously Hunter, put a shirt on.

HUNTER: Fine. Geez. Don't need to get all uptight.

HUNTER grabs a T-shirt and throws it on.

SUMMER ADAMS: Thank you. We need to talk.

HUNTER: About what? About how much I love you?

SUMMER ADAMS: You barely even know me—

HUNTER: You're so pretty.

SUMMER ADAMS: Hunter, I have something to tell you. I—

HUNTER: Man the first time I saw you with Kyle, I knew—

SUMMER ADAMS: You couldn't even remember my name—

HUNTER: Cause you made my brain all crazy. Can I help it that my girl is so gorgeous?

SUMMER ADAMS: Listen, I really have to tell you—

HUNTER: Constantly tempting me—

He kisses her neck.

SUMMER ADAMS: Hunter, I—

HUNTER: So gorgeous.

SUMMER weakens. HUNTER kisses her. She responds. He tries again to take her shirt off.

SUMMER ADAMS: Hunter, stop—

HUNTER: You know you want it. Just give in—

He kisses her.

SUMMER ADAMS: Hunter, I can't—

HUNTER: Sure you can. Trust me. *(beat)* I love you.

He kisses her. She gives in. He takes her hand and leads her offstage. KYLE enters a moment later.

KYLE: Hunter?

He hears heavy breathing offstage.

HUNTER: *(offstage)* Oh man you drive me crazy—

SUMMER ADAMS: *(offstage)* Wait, I... can't... No. Stop. I don't want—

HUNTER: *(offstage)* So gorgeous. Soft—

KYLE: What the—

SUMMER ADAMS: *(offstage)* Stop it. Stop.

SUMMER ADAMS enters. Her blouse is unbuttoned. KYLE takes cover as HUNTER rushes on, limping.

HUNTER: What the hell?

SUMMER ADAMS: I told you to stop—

HUNTER: But I love you—

SUMMER ADAMS: You don't even know me—

HUNTER: Babe, come on—

SUMMER ADAMS: Don't touch me—

KYLE: You heard her—

SUMMER ADAMS: Kyle?

HUNTER: Where the hell did you come from?

KYLE: She was telling you to stop.

HUNTER: Yeah, well that's what teases do. Everybody knows she—

KYLE: Shut up.

HUNTER: You gonna make me?

KYLE punches HUNTER, who is shocked as he falls.

My nose. You broke my nose.

KYLE: Don't touch her again.

HUNTER: You'll pay for this man. You are going down.

HUNTER exits quickly to take care of his nose. Lights fade on SUMMER ADAMS's playing area and come up on SUMMER DAVIS, stretching. The cast once again creates a cannon of breathing, leading us into the next scene.

SUMMER DAVIS: (talking to her bad knee) Damn it. I will not let you bring me down. You hear me? (deep breath, back to affirmations) My knees are strong and healthy. My knees are... my knees are...

Her knee is clearly bothering her. She tries to shake it off as she continues. ANGEL enters and watches her from a distance.

...strong and healthy— (rubbing her knee) Damn it! This is my year—

ANGEL: Not if you keep going like that.

SUMMER DAVIS: Oh man. You scared the crap out of me.

ANGEL: Haven't heard from you in two weeks. Thought I should check on you.

SUMMER DAVIS: Been busy.

ANGEL: Looks worse.

SUMMER DAVIS: It's fine—

ANGEL: Don't lie to me, Summer. I know when you're lying. How bad is it?

SUMMER DAVIS: Not as bad as last year.

ANGEL: You pushed too hard.

SUMMER DAVIS: I know. But Footlocker's a couple weeks away. I don't have any other choice.

ANGEL: Here.

SUMMER DAVIS: What's this?

ANGEL: A training plan.

SUMMER DAVIS: Where did you get this?

ANGEL: Coach—

SUMMER DAVIS: Are you crazy? You'll get me kicked off cross-country—

ANGEL: Actually this is the only way he'll let you stay on.

SUMMER DAVIS: What?

ANGEL: You only train with his supervision from now on. Otherwise, you're out.

SUMMER DAVIS: You can't do this.

ANGEL: Already did. *(beat)* Hate me if you want to, but I can't let you keep doing this to yourself.

ANGEL exits. SUMMER opens the plan and begins to read as lights fade and come up on SUMMER ROBERTSON in bed. The cast once again creates a cannon of breathing, leading us into the next scene as MICHAEL enters with birthday balloons. SUMMER is sixteen.

MICHAEL: Don't hate me. I know you don't believe in birthdays, but... I can't not celebrate my best friend's— *(beat)* Summer? You up?

SUMMER ROBERTSON: Michael?

MICHAEL: There she is. Happy sweet sixteen!

SUMMER ROBERTSON: It's... my birthday?

MICHAEL helps her from lying to sitting. She is not doing well.

MICHAEL: Sure is. We can finally sing that stupid duet. You start. *(she doesn't respond)* Maybe later. Look what I brought you. Signed by the cast and crew. Even Timmy, if you can believe it.

SUMMER ROBERTSON: Nice.

MICHAEL: Really?

SUMMER ROBERTSON: I love it.

MICHAEL: Everyone sends their love. Kassi made you a cake, but the nurse wouldn't let it in.

SUMMER ROBERTSON: I warned them about you—

MICHAEL: Oh really? Well, don't think this is the end of it, young lady. When you're feeling better, we will have our party. With cake—

SUMMER ROBERTSON: And... karaoke?

MICHAEL: Absolutely. What's a sweet sixteen party without karaoke?

SUMMER ROBERTSON: So tired.

MICHAEL: I won't stay. You need to rest. Happy Birthday, honey.
(kisses her forehead) Sleep.

Lights fade and come up on SUMMER DAVIS, sitting on the edge of the platform with her backpack.

The cast once again creates a cannon of breathing, leading us into the next scene.

ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL HOWARD (V.O.): Gooooood morning Blazers, this is Assistant Principal Howard making sure nobody is SLEEPING in homeroom. (*laughing at his stupid joke*) A little principal humor there. Now, let's all wish the drama department a happy opening night for their production of *West Side Story*. Remember to keep your ticket stub if you want to enter our Blazer "Keep Cool" drawing to win a free slushy every Friday for the rest of the semester. Make this a grrrrreat day! Go Blazers!

ANGEL enters with her headphones on.

SUMMER DAVIS: Ang? Ang! (*giving her best PRINCIPAL HOWARD impersonation*) Make it a grrrrreat day!

ANGEL: God, Summer, what are you doing?

SUMMER DAVIS: I... wanted to talk to you.

ANGEL: I'm late for class.

SUMMER DAVIS: Please. Just for a sec.

ANGEL: Fine. You've got two minutes.

SUMMER DAVIS: I... was a jerk.

ANGEL: Well at least we agree on one thing—

SUMMER DAVIS: It's just... I couldn't stop stressing—

ANGEL: Summer. It's just a race.

SUMMER DAVIS: The most important race of my life—

ANGEL: Dramatic much?

SUMMER DAVIS: Look I don't expect you to forgive me or anything. I just... wanted to say I'm sorry.

Beat.

ANGEL: You're still training?

SUMMER DAVIS: Yeah. Race is this weekend—

ANGEL: I heard.

SUMMER DAVIS: Man you're not going to make this easy on me, are you?

ANGEL: Not even a little bit. *(beat)* This wasn't just about you, Summer. I have goals, too, you know. Training you was a huge step closer to my dreams, too. And you acted like I didn't matter at all.

SUMMER DAVIS: I know. I'm sorry. I said I was a jerk. I promise to make it up to you somehow.

ANGEL: Knee better?

SUMMER DAVIS: Yeah. I followed the training plan you made for me—

ANGEL: I made?

SUMMER DAVIS: Give it up. Coach told me. That you drafted it up and he signed off on it? It was really good.

ANGEL: You think?

SUMMER DAVIS: I know. Look at me.

She does a few lunges.

ANGEL: Cool.

SUMMER DAVIS: Coach says I'm ready for Footlocker. *(beat)* Will you come?

Beat.

ANGEL: Already had T-shirts made. Would be a shame to waste them.

SUMMER DAVIS: Really?

ANGEL: Really.

SUMMER DAVIS: You're the best, Ang. Thank you.



help@theatrefolk.com www.theatrefolk.com

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).