



## Sample Pages from Frying Pan to Frying Pan

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# SOMEWHERE, NOWHERE

*Frying Pan to Frying Pan*

*The Tower of Tyler*

*Underneath*

*The Egg Carton And Shaving Cream Solution*

A SMALL TOWN CYCLE BY  
*Lindsay Price*



## One Full Length or Four One Acts

*Somewhere, Nowhere* is both a full-length play, and four independent competition-length one acts. Each one-act is a snapshot of teenage life in the small town of Brayton. The full-length takes place over the course of four seasons. The characters re-appear, change and grow with each subsequent story.

Act One	Act Two
<b>1) Frying Pan to Frying Pan</b> <i>3M+4W</i> Echo Moss (17) Brittney Poole (16) Ms. Valerie Bright (25) Trina Tews (15) Shane Lynch (20) Pete Quinn (17) Jim Hill (17)	<b>3) Underneath</b> <i>5W</i> Fee (Fiona) Glass (30) Echo Moss (18) Brittney Poole (16) Trina Tews (15) Josie McDaniel (15)
<b>2) The Tower of Tyler</b> <i>3M+8W+7 Either</i> Trina Tews (15) Becks Steinberg-Espinosa (25) Brittney Poole (16) Ms. Valerie Bright (25) Jane Rose (16) Caitlin (16) Courtney (16) Crystal (16) Tyler Tews (17) Pete Quinn (17) Jim Hill (17) Reporter 1, 2, 3 Community Group A, B, C Photographer Becks, Photographer, and all Reporters & Community Group members can be either gender. Community A, B and C can be doubled by Jim, Pete and Brittney.	<b>4) The Egg Carton and Shaving Cream Solution</b> <i>4M+11W</i> Josie McDaniel (15) Brittney Poole (16) Jane Rose (16) Mrs. Smith (40) Ms. Valerie Bright (25) Caitlin (16) Courtney (16) Crystal (16) Marley (14) Gemma (15) Dawn (14) Pete Quinn (17) Jim Hill (17) Tyler Tews (17) Sam (15)

## Full Length Casting

The minimum cast size for the full length is 3M+13W. It is possible to expand to 15W+5M+7 Either (using no doubling) or you can offer multiple roles to actors with smaller significant parts (e.g. Shane and Fee).

## Doubling

Shane also plays Reporter One (*The Tower of Tyler*) and Sam (*Egg Carton*)

Fee also plays Reporter Two (*The Tower of Tyler*)

Josie also plays Community A (*The Tower of Tyler*)

Becks also plays Gemma (*Egg Carton*)

Marley also plays Photographer (*The Tower of Tyler*)

Dawn also plays Community C (*The Tower of Tyler*)

Mrs. Smith also plays Reporter Three (*The Tower of Tyler*)

Ms. Bright also plays Community B (*The Tower of Tyler*)

If you're doing the whole play, you'll notice some characters (Trina, Echo and Shane) don't return to the story in *The Egg Carton and Shaving Cream Solution*. There just wasn't an organic way to weave them in as their stories conclude earlier in the play. I would strongly suggest that the actor playing Shane is also given a part in *The Tower of Tyler* or the part of Sam in *Egg Carton* so he isn't sitting around waiting for the play to be over.

I would also suggest that those who aren't in *Egg Carton* be used as extra crowd characters who enter with Jim, keeping in mind to change their wardrobe so they look like different characters.

## Set

The plays can be set with risers and cubes, or with something more elaborate. If you're doing the whole play, the scene changes between *Frying Pan to Frying Pan* and *The Tower of Tyler* and between *Underneath* and *The Egg Carton and Shaving Cream Solution* must be very short. Keep the flow of action continuous.

Regardless, there should be a set of risers stage left that lead offstage for all plays. They lead to Shane's office in *Frying Pan*, to the Tews house in *Tower*, to Fee's front door in *Underneath*, and they act as the doorway onto the roof in *Egg Carton*.

## Setting

*Frying Pan to Frying Pan*: The Super Speedy Lube. There needs to be at least one chair/cube for Pete to sit on, and a waist-high counter (two stacked cubes) for Echo to do her nails on.

*The Tower of Tyler*: The front yard of Tyler Tews's House.

*Underneath*: The living room of Fee's house. There needs to be a couch, chair, and something for the girls to stand on when their dresses are being hemmed. Again, this could be covered by three cubes for the couch, one for the chair and one to stand on.

*The Egg Carton and Shaving Cream Solution*: The Brayton High School roof. There should be two cubes stage left for Pete and Josie to use.

*Somewhere, Nowhere* was first presented by Lakewood Ranch High School in December, 2010 with the following cast:

Echo Moss .....	Kayla Taylor
Pete Quinn.....	Rasheed Waliagha
Jim Hill.....	Zachary Zimmer
Shane Lynch.....	Kyle James
Brittney Poole.....	Julia Barrow
Trina Tews .....	Brandi Wanecski
Ms. Valerie Bright.....	Megan Dehn
Tyler Tews .....	Nico Cianfarino
Caitlin .....	Casey Henshaw
Courtney.....	Jordan O'Donnell
Crystal.....	Renee Rogers
Reporters.....	Juan Martinez, Anna Hickey
Photographer.....	Sean Darcy
Jane Rose.....	Jillian Smith
Becks Steinberg-Espinosa.....	Madison McDonald
Fee (Fiona) Glass.....	Melina Cuffaro
Josie McDaniel.....	Tali Cohen
Mrs. Smith .....	Cassie Rankin
Sam.....	Joseph Grosso
Marley .....	Megan Nauman
Dawn .....	Kelli Bagwell
Community Members.....	Casey Blanco, Carlotta Murri
Director .....	Roxane Caravan
Stage Manager.....	Dani Duguay
Paint Charge.....	Katy Knowles, Rachel Knowles
Set Design / Construction.....	Christopher Parrish
Property Master .....	Sean Darcy
Sound Design .....	Sean Knowles
Costume Mistress.....	Kayla Taylor
Hair/Makeup.....	Rachel Knowles
Stagehand.....	Jonathon Signaigo

*Underneath* and *The Egg Carton and Shaving Cream Solution* were subsequently featured at the 2011 Missouri State Thespian Festival by the following:

*Underneath* (Parkway South High School)

Echo Moss ..... Marisa Badamo  
 Brittney Poole ..... Kelsey Smugala  
 Trina Tews ..... Mady Finn  
 Fee (Fiona) Glass ..... Victoria Zepp  
 Josie McDaniel ..... Margo Leitschuh

Director ..... Abbie Shull

*The Egg Carton and Shaving Cream Solution* (Branson High School)

Pete Quinn ..... Jared Campbell  
 Jim Hill ..... Dakota Callaway  
 Brittney Poole ..... Ashley Herrera  
 Ms. Valerie Bright ..... Hannah Stark  
 Tyler Tews ..... Josh Farley  
 Caitlin ..... Lucy Givens  
 Courtney ..... Brenna Stone  
 Crystal ..... Lindy Moncado  
 Jane Rose ..... Andie Gerbel  
 Josie McDaniel ..... Jenna Sarni  
 Mrs. Smith ..... Julie Drayer  
 Gemma ..... Nez Abbey  
 Sam ..... Luke Elfrink  
 Marley ..... Haleigh Mackey

*Somewhere, Nowhere* was subsequently presented in its entirety by St. Cloud High School in February, 2011 with the following cast:

Echo Moss .....	Yesenia Avila
Pete Quinn.....	Nick Simmons
Jim Hill.....	Jacob Spigle
Shane Lynch.....	Austin Courtney
Brittney Poole.....	Moriah Yex
Trina Tews .....	Margaret Toner
Ms. Valerie Bright.....	Shannon Esford
Tyler Tews .....	Cory Dunn
Caitlin .....	Brandie Troxell
Courtney.....	Tatianna Ross
Crystal.....	Lauren Strecker
Reporters.....	Max Gomer, Stephanie Pagan, Jon Noah
Photographer.....	Erica Dukes
Jane Rose.....	Ashely Marsdale
Becks Steinberg-Espinosa.....	Aaron Collado
Fee (Fiona) Glass.....	Shari Riascos
Josie McDaniel.....	Katy Williams
Mrs. Smith .....	Megan Lubick
Gemma .....	Sierra Welch
Sam.....	Eduardo Rivera
Marley .....	Megan Caudill
Dawn.....	Jessie Suarez
Community Members.....	Alison Harper, Stephano Brizzio, Devon Griffis Liz Simmons, Rachel Jones, Daniel Richards, Addison Shipley
Director.....	Karen Loftus
Stage Manager.....	Melissa Moss
Run Crew Chief.....	Matt Cole
Run Crew.....	Addison Shipley, Stephano Brizzio, Eduardo Rivera Nicole Castro, Austin Courtney
Set Crew.....	Austin Courtney, Matt Cole, Eduardo Rivera, Nicole Castro Ashley Marsdale, Alison Harper, Tatianna Ross, Katy Williams Bekah Rivera, Casandra Wilcox, Megan Lubick, Cory Dunn
Scenic Charge.....	Melissa Moss

# Frying Pan To Frying Pan

*Summer.*

*In the darkness, upbeat pop music plays. Something perfect for summer. Lights rise slowly on the Super Speedy Lube. Alas, there isn't a soul who wants their oil changed. The heat hangs in the air. The employees are doing as little as possible. ECHO concentrates on doing her nails. There is nail paraphernalia on a counter in front of her: a nail file, a small cosmetics bag, and two seemingly identical colours of pink nail polish. There is also a cell phone.*

*JIM lies on his back on the floor. PETE lounges with his hat pulled over his eyes, clearly napping. The music fades, and ECHO examines her nails. She really examines her nails. She looks confused.*

ECHO: Pete. Pete!

*PETE raises his hat and ECHO presents her nails to him.*

ECHO: Which one?

PETE: They're the same.

ECHO: They are not.

PETE: They're pink.

ECHO: *(waving her left hand)* Strawberry Ice. *(waving her right hand)* Cotton Candy.

*JIM sits up suddenly.*

JIM: Candy? Did someone say Candy?

*ECHO's cell phone rings. ECHO starts waving her hands in the air, trying to speed dry her nails.*

ECHO: Ohhh. *(she gingerly opens it and pushes a key, leaving it on the counter)* Hi Mom! I'm happy. I'm really happy. Really really. Still going. Okay, uh huh. Bye! *(she gingerly closes the phone)*

JIM: Six.

ECHO: Six what?

JIM: That's the sixth time she's called.

ECHO: (*shrugging*) So?

PETE: And the sixth time you've had the same conversation.

ECHO: She's checking up on me.

JIM: Cause you've changed so much from call five to six?

ECHO: She wants me to go to hairdresser school. Doesn't your mom check up on you?

JIM: She checks up on the car. "Did you set the car on fire?" Car's not on fire, she's happy.

PETE: Why would you set the car on fire?

JIM: I wouldn't do it on purpose. I might accidentally. Whoops, whoa, fire!

ECHO: (*she's been examining her nails*) I don't like either of these.

*There is a pause. ECHO hums as she pulls a new pink nail polish from her bag and starts to paint the nails on one hand. PETE slides back down in his seat and puts his hat back over his face. JIM takes his hat off and fans himself with it. It does no good. Finally, JIM turns to PETE.*

JIM: Pete. (*pause*) Pete. (*pause*) Pete. (*pause*) Pete. (*pause*) Pete.

PETE: What?

JIM: What time is it?

PETE: Five minutes past the last time you asked.

JIM: So it's five minutes later.

PETE: So do the math.

JIM: So I forget.

PETE: So buy a watch.

JIM: So, that's not going to help me now.

PETE: So?

JIM: So help me out.

PETE: Echo?

ECHO: (*focusing on her nails*) Can't talk, busy.

JIM: So?

PETE: It's five minutes later.

JIM: Than what?

PETE: Before.

JIM: Look at your watch. It's right there. Come on. (*pause*) Pete. (*pause*) Pete. (*pause*) Pete. Pete. Pete. Pete. Pete. I can do this all day. Pete. Pete. Pete. Pete.

PETE: (*looking at his watch*) 11:17! It's 11:17! Happy?

JIM: Oh. (*pause*) That's not a good time.

PETE: It is what it is.

JIM: What time did we start?

PETE: Same as always. (*JIM opens his mouth, PETE speaks before JIM can*) Eight. We started at eight.

JIM: So how long is that?

PETE: So do the math.

JIM: I don't do math in summer.

PETE: So why do I have to?

JIM: (*whining*) Echo...

ECHO: (*focusing on her nails*) Can't talk, busy.

JIM: (*same whiny tone*) Pete...

PETE: (*fast*) Three hours and seventeen minutes. Okay?

JIM: Oh. 11:17... 11:17... eleven... seven... teen... I was hoping it was later.

PETE: Sorry.

JIM: I was thinking maybe time, you know, did this big... leap... thing.

PETE: (*looking at JIM*) What?

JIM: Big leap thing.

PETE: You were hoping time just leaped forward.

JIM: Yeah. In a big way.

PETE: Time doesn't do that.

JIM: It could.

PETE: No.

JIM: It might.

PETE: I'm telling you—

JIM: You don't know everything, Pete. You aren't a time expert.

PETE: Time doesn't just move around. It's very consistent. One second at a time. One second after another after another after another. One, one, one, one. That's how it works.

JIM: Maybe.

PETE: That's how it works!

JIM: Echo!

ECHO: (*focusing on her nails*) Can't talk...

JIM: This is important. Life and death.

PETE: It is not.

JIM: It is. I could die.

ECHO: (*looking up*) From what?

JIM: Something. Something really really awful and then you'd feel really really sorry you didn't stop doing your nails for five seconds. You'd have my senseless death on your head for the rest of your life.

ECHO: What is it?

JIM: Pete and I are having a discussion.

PETE: (*pulling his hat back over his eyes*) It's the debate team 'round here.

JIM: Don't you think, that if Time wanted to, it would jump around?  
Like, take a huge leap forward? If it wanted to, it could whenever  
it wanted, whenever it felt like it. "I feel like it!" All of a sudden,  
LEAP! And no one would notice. You'd look at your watch and go,  
"I'll be. Where'd that hour go?" Time jump. Big leap. Don't you  
think?

ECHO: That's life and death?

JIM: It could be. To someone...

ECHO: You two better step outside. The fumes are getting to your  
heads.

PETE: (*sitting up*) Fumes? There would have to be cars here for there to  
be fumes. There would have to be actual customers. There would  
have to be something for us to do. It's impossible to have fumes  
go to your head when we are sitting in a fume-less void. (*he sees  
JIM staring at him*) What. What?

JIM: (*to PETE*) Cranky...

PETE: I'm fine.

JIM: Cranky McCranker pants.

ECHO: Did you have a bad time last night?

PETE: Something like that.

ECHO: What happened?

PETE: (*sitting back, pulling his hat over his eyes*) I have no idea.

*ECHO's cellphone rings.*

ECHO: Ohhhh.

*She goes through the same gingerly process of opening  
her phone.*

ECHO: Hi Mom! Yep, still happy. Still going. Okay, uh huh. Bye! (*she  
gingerly shuts the phone*)

JIM: Hey Echo. (*pause*) Echo. Echo. Echo.

ECHO: What?

JIM: Get your boyfriend to close up shop early.

ECHO: You get him.

JIM: He won't listen to me.

ECHO: What makes you think he'll listen to me?

JIM: (*singsong*) You're his girlfriend.

ECHO: (*singsong*) Not when we're working.

JIM: It's too hot! Nobody is thinking about an oil change today. Ask him,  
Echo. Echo. Echo. Echo. I can do this all day. Echo. Echo.

ECHO: Go ahead. You're only going to annoy Pete.

JIM: That's fun too.

PETE: Maybe if you asked nicely...

ECHO: (*surprised, referring to JIM*) You're siding with him?

PETE: I am dying a slow death here.

JIM: Ah ha! You see? Life and death. Pete's death.

PETE: Nobody wants an oil change. We haven't seen one car all  
morning.

JIM: Everyone's gone to the lake but us. That's what people do when it's  
hot. They don't get oil changes. Why should we be the only ones  
trapped inside like roasted turkeys? Shane is putting his young  
employees at risk. (*he points at ECHO*) That IS life and death.

ECHO: You want Shane to close up early... (*she gestures off to SHANE's  
office*)

JIM: Aw, he'll never do it. Not now.

ECHO: What does that mean?

JIM: He's changed.

ECHO: How?

JIM: He used to be fun.

ECHO: He's fun.

PETE: He's changed.

ECHO: What are you talking about?

PETE: (*shrugging*) He's not the same. Not like when we were all, you know, on the same level. Now he's all...

JIM: Manager-y.

ECHO: He's the manager.

JIM: So the manager's girlfriend should talk to him.

*ECHO's cellphone rings. Now she's getting a little annoyed. She snaps up the phone, wrenches it open.*

ECHO: Mom! Happy! Going! Bye! (*she snaps the phone shut and then remembers her nails*) Shoot.

*SHANE suddenly enters from his office, holding a clipboard and looking very manager-y. The boys hop to standing. ECHO tries to sneak the nail polish away before SHANE sees.*

SHANE: What's going on here? Jim get off the floor, what are you doing?

JIM: Nothing.

SHANE: This is unacceptable. UN-acceptable.

PETE: There aren't any customers.

SHANE: And why would there be? Who would come in when you're just lying around?

PETE: There hasn't been a customer all morning.

SHANE: Echo. (*picking up a nail polish bottle*) What is this? What are you doing?

ECHO: (*wincing*) Sorry.

JIM: Shane?

SHANE: I can't believe you're doing your nails at work. I expect better from you.

ECHO: Sorry.

JIM: Shane?

SHANE: What's the matter with you today?

JIM: Shane?

ECHO: It's hot.

JIM: Ah, Shane?

SHANE: What? What is it?

JIM: I wanted to say, that is, we wanted to say, *(he tries to pull PETE to stand beside him and fails)* there's something we wanted to, there's ah, really not much point in staying open. Not really. We were thinking maybe, it might be okay, you know, just this once, to close? Early? No one's coming in for an oil change. Not on a day like this. *(he fans himself)* Hot. Too Hot. Sweating. Dripping. Death. Right?

SHANE: Someone could need an emergency oil change. Someone could come off the highway in the middle of a long drive. What if we're not open? What if we don't look like we know what we're doing? Jim, get off the floor and do something.

*SHANE exits to his office. ECHO puts her stuff away.  
JIM and PETE don't move.*

JIM: Why do I always get singled out?

ECHO: You heard him. Do something.

JIM: I'm not the only one here.

PETE: There aren't any customers. We would do something if there was something to do.

JIM: Shane is a changed man. He is a changed man, he's become the man. I don't like it.

ECHO: So what if he's changed? I like the changes.

JIM: *(more to himself)* I liked it better when Charlie was manager.

ECHO: Shane is improving himself, he is working on himself. Unlike some people.

JIM: Charlie'd close on a stinking hot Saturday afternoon so we could go to the lake.

PETE: *(to ECHO, referring to SHANE)* Still taking those courses?

ECHO: *(proud)* He's on the fourth one. They're all online so he can do the assignments whenever he has time. He'll have his business certificate by the end of the year.

JIM: Did you know you can become a doctor online?

PETE: It's not like going to a real school like *(hoity-toity voice)* Lindstam.

ECHO: Hey!

PETE: *(instantly backing down)* Sorry.

ECHO: Don't you mock Shane.

PETE: I think I was mocking you.

ECHO: Same thing.

JIM: *(just recalling)* Emergency oil change?

SHANE: *(enters from office with a broom)* Come on, you three. Look alive. This is UN-acceptable. Pete, you're going to sweep. Jim, you're going to clean the tools. Echo, put that stuff away. Don't make me tell you again. Make yourself useful. All right, I have to go to the bank. This place better look spotless when I get back. No slacking off, no funny business. Got that, Jim?

JIM: AND Pete?

SHANE: *(ignoring JIM)* Look alive, people. Let's look alive.

*SHANE exits downstage right. During the following dialogue PETE slowly rises and crosses to get the broom. JIM slowly gets up and grabs a rag and haphazardly cleans a couple of wrenches. ECHO slowly puts her iPod away.*

JIM: That is a cranky man.

ECHO: He's fine.

JIM: If that's what happens to you when you get out of high school, I am never leaving.

PETE: I think you're safe.

JIM: He mad about you going away?

ECHO: No. Of course not. I don't know, we don't talk about it.

PETE: No?

ECHO: *(trying to make light)* No.

PETE: Shouldn't you?

JIM: I'd be peeeeeeeeeee-od.

ECHO: Why?

JIM: Cause. I wouldn't want my girlfriend taking off to the other side of the country. Long distance relationships never work.

ECHO: Says who?

JIM: The Lifetime Channel.

PETE: Are you really going for an English degree?

ECHO: Yep. That's the plan.

JIM: What are you gonna do with that?

ECHO: Who are you, my mother?

*ECHO's cellphone rings. She looks at it.*

ECHO: *(talking to the phone)* Seriously. Do you have nothing better to do? *(when she answers, she's as cheery as she's been during every other call)* Hi Mom! Hey Mom, Mom, *(there is a pause, as ECHO's mom is taking fast and furious)* Mom, I'll make you a deal. I'll make Hamburger Helper. Three cheese, with extra cheese, tonight, if you don't call for the rest of my shift. But you can't call, Okay? Shane doesn't like it. No, I wouldn't like to date Joey Sloss. Yes, Mom. Still happy. Still going. Okay, uh huh. Bye! *(she closes her phone)*

PETE: Why does she want you to go to hairdresser's school?

ECHO: Free perms.

JIM: Joey Sloss can turn his eyelids inside out. *(ECHO looks at him.)* Just saying.

PETE: I can't believe you're going. Away.

ECHO: Why?

PETE: I don't know. I just never figured you for the big school type.

ECHO: You don't think I can do it?

PETE: I didn't say that.

ECHO: I earned my spot, I worked hard for it, I belong at that school as much as anyone.

PETE: Okay, okay.

ECHO: At least I'm doing something with my life. At least Shane is, better than you two doing nothing all day.

JIM: Hey! I like doing nothing.

BRITTNEY: (*offstage*) Echo!

PETE: (*groaning*) Oh great.

BRITTNEY: (*offstage*) Echo!

ECHO: (*moving right, calling off*) Hai Brittney!

BRITTNEY: (*offstage*) Come out here!

ECHO: I can't.

JIM: (*to PETE*) You okay, Pete?

BRITTNEY: (*offstage*) Come here!

ECHO: I can't!

JIM: You just turned an awesome shade of green.

PETE: (*sitting wearily*) Shut up, Jim.

JIM: Just saying.

BRITTNEY: (*offstage*) Echo!

ECHO: I'm working! You come here.

BRITTNEY: (*offstage*) I can't!

JIM: (*moving to stand by ECHO*) Hey Brittney!

BRITTNEY: (*offstage*) Hi Jim!

JIM: (*hissing to PETE, in awe*) She's with Tyler Tews. She's with Tyler Tews!

PETE: Oh, great.

ECHO: She is?

JIM: That's his car across the street. Brand new. Senior year present. Pete, you gotta see this car.

PETE: (*muttering*) Slow death. I am dying a slow death.

ECHO: (*calling*) Brittney, are you with Tyler Tews?

BRITTNEY: (*offstage*) Is Pete there?

ECHO: Of course he is. (*to PETE*) Did you and Brittney have a fight?

PETE: Something like that.

JIM: (*calling out*) Hey man!

ECHO: Did you break up?

PETE: Something like that.

ECHO: Oh Pete. (*calling out*) Brittney, get in here!

PETE: What do you want? I can't compete with Tyler Tews.

JIM: True.

PETE: Shut up.

*BRITTNEY enters from downstage right. She looks exactly like a Brittney.*

BRITTNEY: Echo, it's soooooooooo hot! Can you believe how hot it is? I can't stand it, how can you stand it, I can't. We're going to the lake, you gotta come. Everybody's going.

JIM: That Tyler's new car?

BRITTNEY: Uh huh. Got it yesterday. Ain't it nice?

JIM: I'm going to check it out. Cover for me! (*he runs off*)

*BRITTNEY walks over to stand in front of PETE.*

BRITTNEY: Hello, Peter.

PETE: Brittney.

BRITTNEY: How are you?

PETE: Peachy.

BRITTNEY: I'm fabulous, thank you for asking. Did you see Tyler's new car?

PETE: (*not looking*) Uh huh.

BRITTNEY: What are you driving, Pete? Oh that's right, nothing.

ECHO: (*dragging BRITTNEY to the side*) Brittney, get over here.

BRITTNEY: Ow!

ECHO: What are you doing?

BRITTNEY: (*proud*) I'm going out with Tyler Tews!

ECHO: Since when?

BRITTNEY: This morning. He drove by my house and we started talking and...

ECHO: (*whispering*) When did you break up with Pete?

BRITTNEY: Last night. I don't know what I was thinking. He's really not my type. He's not going anywhere. Tyler's got plans. And a car.

PETE: Slow death. Very slow death.

*PETE gets up and starts to sweep, as far away from the girls as he can get.*

ECHO: Does Tyler know he's going out with you?

BRITTNEY: Yes.

ECHO: Does he?

BRITTNEY: Yes.

ECHO: For sure?

BRITTNEY: Echo.

ECHO: Jillian West pretended to date Tyler for three weeks before she got caught out.

BRITTNEY: He's taking me to the lake. It'll be official by next weekend. I got it all figured out. Aren't you happy for me?

BRITTNEY & ECHO: Tyler Tews!

*The girls squeal and hug. PETE bangs his head on the counter.*

BRITTNEY: (*total shift*) Echo, did you hear? I overheard Mrs. Van and Mrs. Best when I was looking for shampoo. Some new girl has to move here cause her parents are going to jail.

ECHO: No!

BRITTNEY: Uh huh. And guess who's back in town? Scott Glass's older sister. *(like it's a big deal)* She's selling Grandma Wills's place.

ECHO: No!

BRITTNEY: Uh huh.

ECHO: I love that house.

BRITTNEY: Mrs. Peet says the sister ran away from here years ago. Probably gonna sell the house for drugs.

ECHO: No!

BRITTNEY: Uh huh. Grandma Wills is spinning in her grave, I'm sure.

ECHO: She used to sneak me peppermints in church. I love that house.

BRITTNEY: Come to the lake.

ECHO: I'm working.

BRITTNEY: It's soooooooooooooo hot! Shane'll let you go if you ask nice.

ECHO: Can't.

BRITTNEY: You have to, Echo. Before you know it the summer'll be over and you'll be gone.

ECHO: *(not looking at BRITTNEY)* It's not that far.

BRITTNEY: You'll forget all about me.

ECHO: *(she holds up her nails)* Cotton Candy or Tutti-Frutti Tutu?

*There is the sound of a car horn.*

TRINA: *(offstage)* Brittney! Brittney!

ECHO: *(winning)* That's... loud.

BRITTNEY: Trina is such a troll. I can't believe she's related to him.

TRINA: Brit! Ney!

BRITTNEY: *(she closes her eyes and chants to herself)* Be nice, be nice, it's worth it, be nice.

TRINA: *(offstage)* Brittney!

*TRINA TEWS stomps in from downstage right. She frowns and crosses her arms.*

TRINA: Would you hurry up?

BRITTNEY: *(overly nice)* Sorry! Be right out!

ECHO: Hey Trina.

TRINA: *(looking around)* Oh my God. What a pigsty.

PETE: It's a garage.

TRINA: It's disgusting. I'd never bring my car in here.

PETE: *(turning away)* Well, that's a shame.

ECHO: *(again)* Hey Trina.

TRINA: *(ignoring ECHO)* Brittney, Tyler says we gotta go. We're missing everything. We don't have time to sit around. Tyler says everybody is already at the lake. He doesn't want to sit around doing nothing when he could be having fun. That's what he's thinking. I always know what he's thinking. And if Tyler's not having fun, then I'm not having fun. Tyler doesn't like it when I'm not having fun. He always makes sure I'm having fun.

PETE: Well, isn't that fun of him.

TRINA: Hey! *(she snaps at PETE to get his attention)* Hey! You! Hey!

BRITTNEY: *(enjoying)* She's talking to you, Peter.

PETE: *(looking up)* God? What did I do? *(looking at TRINA)* Yes?

TRINA: Are you making fun of my brother?

PETE: Your brother?

TRINA: Yes.

PETE: Tyler Tews is your brother? Who knew?

TRINA: You know who my brother is. Everybody does. If you're making fun of him, I'll make sure he knows.

PETE: Okay then.

TRINA: *(to BRITTNEY)* Coming?

BRITTNEY: *(overly nice)* You bet! Echo?

ECHO: Can't.

*There is the sound of a car horn.*

TRINA: Don't keep Tyler waiting! *(she stomps off)*

BRITTNEY: *(to ECHO)* Call me! *(she runs off right)*

ECHO: *(to herself)* I can't believe she got Tyler Tews.

JIM: *(entering from right)* That is a sweet ride. Man. My dad still talks about Tyler's Hail Mary pass from last year. *(he mimes throwing a football)* It's going, it's going, it's going... The clock's run out... He caught it! Nash has caught the ball! Bulldogs win the game! Bulldogs win! *(JIM celebrates. PETE throws down his broom and heads out the back.)* Where you going?

PETE: *(exiting upstage left)* I'm gonna go see how many Twinkies I can shove into my mouth at one time.

JIM: *(following PETE)* Can I watch? Can I have a Twinkie? *(exits)*

*ECHO watches them go and shakes her head. She hums, picks up the broom and puts it off to the side. She examines her nails and tilts her head.*

ECHO: Cotton Candy. Definitely Cotton Candy.

*MS. BRIGHT stumbles in from downstage right, clearly out of breath and gasping for air. She looks horrible – sweaty, hair matted, red face. She looks like she's been running, but isn't really dressed in running clothes.*

*NOTE: MS. BRIGHT is often in a manic state during her lines. She's suffering from heat stroke and she feels a sense of panic, so she's temporarily out of her mind. This DOES NOT mean she yells all her lines. I repeat. DO NOT YELL ALL YOUR LINES. Audiences do not like to be yelled at and if everything MS. BRIGHT does IS ALL LIKE THIS, then there's nowhere for her to grow. Exclamation points do not always equal volume. They can equal intensity, energy, excitement, or emphasis. Play with that. Explore variety of tone.*

MS. BRIGHT: *(gasping)* Echo?

ECHO: *(bewildered)* Ms. Bright?

MS. BRIGHT: *(gasping)* Echo?

ECHO: Ms... Bright?

MS. BRIGHT: (*gasping, reaching out*) You're here?

ECHO: Are you okay?

MS. BRIGHT: (*still reaching out to ECHO*) You're here! (*waving her arms*)  
You're not a mirage?

ECHO: (*looking around*) No...

MS. BRIGHT: I found you!

ECHO: I always work Saturdays.

*MS. BRIGHT lets out a yelp, grabs her leg and topples to the floor. ECHO is bewildered.*

ECHO: What is it?

MS. BRIGHT: Leg cramp, leg cramp, leg cramp, AGH!

*And just as suddenly as MS. BRIGHT has cried out she is silent. She passes out flat on the floor. ECHO looks left and right, still no idea what to do. ECHO's cellphone rings. She jumps in surprise and answers.*

ECHO: Hi Mom. I thought we... (*as if surprised*) Yes. Yes. (*she looks at MS. BRIGHT*) How did you... (*MS. BRIGHT moans*) I gotta go. (*she hangs up and crouches down beside MS. BRIGHT*) Ms. Bright? (*there is silence*) Do you want an oil change?

*MS. BRIGHT gasps for air, and sits up suddenly. ECHO falls backwards in surprise.*

MS. BRIGHT: (*gulping in a big breath before speaking*) Air! (*she inhales*) Air! Water. I need water. Water, water, water, water, lots and lots of water. (*she starts crawling toward ECHO*) I need a bucket of water. Do you understand me, Echo? Do you get what I'm trying to tell you?

ECHO: Yes.

MS. BRIGHT: Then stop talking and get me a bucket. Go, go, go! (*she grabs her leg*) Leg cramp, leg cramp, leg cramp, AGH! (*and just as suddenly passes out flat on the floor*)

*ECHO runs upstage, calling out for the boys.*

ECHO: (*hissing*) Pete. Jim. Get in here!

*ECHO runs to MS. BRIGHT, looking at her worriedly.  
PETE and JIM stroll in.*

PETE: Would you drop it?

JIM: If you say there's going to be Twinkies, there should be Twinkies.

ECHO: Get over here.

JIM: (seeing MS. BRIGHT on the floor) What the...

PETE: Is that Ms. Bright?

ECHO: Stay here. Watch her. Fan her or something. I have to get some water.

*ECHO runs off to SHANE's office. JIM and PETE slowly  
turn to stare at MS. BRIGHT.*

JIM: Is she dead?

MS. BRIGHT: (bolting up) Leg cramp, leg cramp, leg cramp, AGH! (and she passes out flat again)

JIM: Nope.

PETE: Fan her.

JIM: With what?

PETE: I don't know. Your hat.

JIM: Maybe we both should. She doesn't look so good. She's sweating like a pig.

PETE: Fan!

*JIM and PETE pull off their caps and start awkwardly  
fanning. Neither actually bends down to fan MS.  
BRIGHT's face. They stand straight up, with straight  
arms, as awkwardly as possible.*

JIM: Do you think it's working?

PETE: Feels weird seeing a teacher like this.

JIM: Now would probably be a bad time to talk about my grade.

*ECHO runs in with a bottle of water and a bucket.*

ECHO: Okay, here. Here, Ms. Bright, sit up and drink. *(to the boys)* Are you useless? Help her up!

*The boys scramble to help MS. BRIGHT up into a seated position.*

ECHO: *(handing her the bucket and the water)* Here you go.

MS. BRIGHT: What's this?

ECHO: Water... and a bucket... ?

MS. BRIGHT: A bucket of water. A bucket OF water, not a bucket AND water. What am I supposed to do with an empty bucket?

JIM: *(muttering to PETE)* She's crankier than you and Shane put together.

PETE: You could pour the water over your head and put your head over the bucket so you don't drip. *(MS. BRIGHT stares at him)* Just a suggestion...

MS. BRIGHT: *(to JIM)* And you wonder about your grades...

*MS. BRIGHT takes a drink and then pours the contents over her head, keeping the bucket underneath so she doesn't drip too much. She sits with the bucket in her lap.*

MS. BRIGHT: Aaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh.

ECHO: Does that feel better?

PETE: Um, Ms. Bright were you running... on purpose? It's kind of hot out, isn't it?

JIM: Stinking hot.

ECHO: When Shane trained for that marathon he did all his running early. Like five in the morning.

PETE: She doesn't look dressed for running.

JIM: Maybe she's trying to lose weight.

ECHO: Jim!

JIM: Isn't there some kind of sweat diet?

MS. BRIGHT: I ran all the way from Duke's! *(the others stop and turn to her)* I ran all the way from Duke's. Which was a stupid thing to

do because my bike was right there. I had my bike, right outside. I could have ridden here in half the time.

JIM: You should have done that.

*ECHO hits JIM. MS. BRIGHT upends the water bottle but it's empty. She tries to coax a last drop out but nothing comes.*

MS. BRIGHT: I'm out of water. *(she throws the bottle at JIM)* More water!

JIM: Hey...

PETE: Actually, you probably shouldn't drink too fast, you'll get sick.

JIM: It's not nice to throw things.

ECHO: Shane doesn't have any more in his fridge. I'll have to go out to get it. Unless you want tap. But it's not very cold. We can never get it cold here.

MS. BRIGHT: You, get me a glass of tap. Tweedledum and Tweedledee, go to the corner mart for the cold stuff. *(she pulls some bills out of her purse, crumples them up and throws them at JIM)* Buy all the water they have. Clean 'em out.

ECHO: We're supposed to be working...

JIM: She keeps throwing stuff at me.

PETE: She's dehydrated.

JIM: She's losing it.

MS. BRIGHT: Go, go, go!

PETE: Echo?

ECHO: Oh go on, I'll deal with Shane.

*ECHO exits to SHANE's office. The boys turn to exit when MS. BRIGHT stops them.*

MS. BRIGHT: Hold it! *(JIM and PETE freeze)* Come back here. *(JIM and PETE don't move)* Here, over here. Get over here! *(JIM and PETE slowly turn)* What's your price?

PETE: Pardon?

MS. BRIGHT: Don't pardon me. (*she points at them*) I know you. I know what you're going to do.

PETE: Get you some water?

MS. BRIGHT: Yip, yip, yip! Always yipping, always talking, did you hear about so and so and so and so and (*she claps her hands to the side of her head*) Mrs. Best was in the diner!

PETE & JIM: (*they know exactly what that means*) Oh oh...

MS. BRIGHT: She saw me. I dashed out with my coffee still steaming on the counter. She's bound to have noticed. Who knows what she's saying right now and you two, you'll be happy to add fuel to the fire. (*she adds hand gestures to her explosion sound*) WHOOSH! Name your price.

PETE: Ms. Bright, we're not going to say—

JIM: Twinkies.

PETE: What?

JIM: That's my price.

PETE: Jim!

JIM: You said there'd be Twinkies and there were no Twinkies and now I got Twinkies on the brain.

PETE: You can't blackmail a teacher.

JIM: It's not blackmail if she asks.

*ECHO reenters with a cup of water.*

ECHO: What are you still doing here?

JIM: Twinkies!

ECHO: Pete?

PETE: She thinks we're going to talk.

ECHO: About what?

MS. BRIGHT: Yip, yip, yip, yip, yip!

PETE: This.

ECHO: You two are going to get water. You're not going to open your mouths to anyone about anything. Understood? Jim?

JIM: Again with the singling out.

ECHO: Go!

*PETE and JIM exit downstage right. ECHO sits by MS. BRIGHT and hands her the cup.*

ECHO: Here.

*MS. BRIGHT takes the water and gulps it down.*

MS. BRIGHT: Gah. It's warm.

ECHO: Sorry.

MS. BRIGHT: *(she tosses the cup away)* Gross.

ECHO: *(goes after the cup and puts it away)* Shane can't figure it out. So, how are you? Did you have a nice trip? I'll bet Paris is really pretty in the summer. Does it get as hot as here?

MS. BRIGHT: *(not exactly stable)* Echo, do you like me?

ECHO: Huh?

MS. BRIGHT: *(leaning in)* You like me, don't you? As a person? A human being?

ECHO: *(leaning back)* Sure...

MS. BRIGHT: We had many, many, chats this year. I'm not imagining that. You and me. I'm not imagining. You and I were friendly. Talking. *(she uses her hands like puppets to imitate two people talking)* "Hello, Echo." "Hello, Ms. Bright." "How are you?" "Just fine." That was you and me.

ECHO: Ms. Bright?

MS. BRIGHT: I always hated my teachers. Ice cold crabby, nasty people just trying to get through the day. All my teachers were so... distant. None of them ever talked to me.

ECHO: I think you need to lie down.

MS. BRIGHT: And I made a solemn vow, cross my heart, hope to die, stick a needle in my eye, if I was going to teach, I'd never be mean. Distant. *(she thumps her chest)* I would care. *(she thumps her chest)*

I would encourage. I would get involved. I would push and kick butt when necessary, but in a loving way. *(she reaches out, as if posing for an award)* That's what the students would say about me at the Teacher of the Year awards banquet. "She kicked butt, and we loved her for it. We love Ms. Bright." *(she waves to the crowd)* The crowd cheers... the crowd cheers...

ECHO: *(standing)* Yep, we should go into Shane's office. Let's do that. *(helps MS. BRIGHT to stand)*

MS. BRIGHT: You wouldn't do anything without telling me... would you?

ECHO: *(no idea)* Like what?

MS. BRIGHT: *(she starts laughing and weaves away from ECHO)* Picture this. The diner. Duke's. Got it? I'm sitting at the counter. *(she sits in the chair, and speaks chipperly)* Coffee, please. Eggs over easy, brown toast and bacon! *(she looks at ECHO)* I love bacon. That's the one good thing about living here. Nobody gives a crap if you eat a boatload of bacon. *(chipper)* Double order, please! Not even a blink. I'm in my seat. Double order coming up! And your mom walks in.

ECHO: Okay...

MS. BRIGHT: She walks in, sees me, walks right on up. *(extra chipper)* "Hello, Ms. Bright! How are you, Ms. Bright! Try the bacon, it's delicious! Have a nice trip? Guess what?" *(to ECHO, changing tone)* She says, "Guess what?" She says, "Guess what?" like she's got something great and amazing and awesome to tell me. Like she won the lottery. But she doesn't say something awesome. She tells me the craziest story. *(she takes a breath)* She says, you're pulling out of Lindstam. She says, you're not going.

ECHO: Ms. Bright, it's just—

MS. BRIGHT: Crazy! It is crazy, isn't it? Crazy? Just a crazy story that's not at all in any way true?

ECHO: You know my mom. She's used to getting her own way. She thinks if she says I'm not going, and she tells people I'm not going, then I won't go. That's all.

MS. BRIGHT: That's all it is? Your mom being wacko?

ECHO: Well, she's not wacko...

MS. BRIGHT: (*she laughs*) She scared the ever living crap out of me. I ran all the way here for nothing? (*she laughs*) Mrs. Best is probably having a stroke! Ha ha, the joke's on her. This was all just a silly, wackadoodle misunderstanding. (*she laughs*) That's all right, then. That's all right. (*she laughs again*) Look at me, I'm a total mess. I missed out on my bacon for nothing! (*she laughs again*)

*ECHO's cellphone rings. She pulls it out and answers it.*

ECHO: (*answering*) Mom. You have to stop tell—

MS. BRIGHT: Tell her you're going away.

ECHO: (*on phone*) No.

MS. BRIGHT: Tell her.

ECHO: (*on phone*) No. You can't go around saying—

MS. BRIGHT: Set her straight.

ECHO: Mom can I just—

MS. BRIGHT: She's going, Mrs. Moss.

ECHO: (*on phone*) No. Let me—

MS. BRIGHT: (*singsong*) You can't stop her.

ECHO: Ms. Bright, please! (*to mom*) No. I mean yes, I mean—

MS. BRIGHT: You can't stop her.

ECHO: Would you let me talk?

MS. BRIGHT: (*starts to dance around, taunting*) She's getting out of here. She's getting out...

ECHO: Can I just — Ms. Bright! (*to mom*) Stop it!

MS. BRIGHT: I'm saving her!

ECHO: What about me?

MS. BRIGHT: I'm saving her!

ECHO: I don't want to be a hairdresser.

MS. BRIGHT: (*starts chanting*) Lindstam, Lindstam, Lindstam, (*keeps going till ECHO yells at her*)

ECHO: How many times do I have to tell you? You never listen to— you never listen to anything I— I'm happy! I'm so happy I could spew all over— Would you both just shut up! Shut up!

*There is a pause. ECHO is in shock.*

ECHO: *(on phone)* Okay, uh huh. Bye. *(she hangs up and sits in a bit of a daze)* I can't believe this.

MS. BRIGHT: *(putting a hand on ECHO's shoulder)* It's all right.

ECHO: *(shrugging her off, walking away)* It's not all right.

MS. BRIGHT: It is, it is.

ECHO: It's not all right. My stomach hurts. I think... I think...

MS. BRIGHT: *(barging ahead)* This is good for you. You had to do that, Echo. You have to take control. You can't let people who don't know any better get in your brain. You earned a spot in that school. You deserve to be there. You've got talent. I knew I shouldn't have gone away.

ECHO: *(head in hands)* Please, Ms. Bright...

MS. BRIGHT: I knew someone'd try to brainwash you, weaken your resolve, convince you not to go. I know how small town people work. They want you to stay small forever. Don't you worry, I'll be here for the rest of the summer. No one is going to stop you from—

*ECHO jumps up and down screaming, not in horror, but in a frustrated manner, She's frustrated and doesn't know how to verbalize it. Also, she just wants MS. BRIGHT to stop talking.*

ECHO: Push, push, push, push, push, push, push!

MS. BRIGHT: That's it! That's it, Echo! Stand up and speak out!

ECHO: I am sick of it!

MS. BRIGHT: Shout it out!

ECHO: I'm not happy!

MS. BRIGHT: Say it!

ECHO: I don't like English!

MS. BRIGHT: Go Echo! (*realizing*) What?

ECHO: I don't like English! I don't like it, I don't want to study it! (*she takes a deep breath and speaks calmly*) I don't like English. I don't want to study it. I'm not happy.

MS. BRIGHT: I don't... understand...

ECHO: I thought I was. I've been telling myself I am.

MS. BRIGHT: Aren't we talking about your mom?

ECHO: And I should want to go. I know it. It's an honour to go. I deserve to go. I'm supposed to go. And boy oh boy wouldn't that just stick it to her. I go away, I get away. All my problems solved. What a great idea. A perfect plan. Who cares if it's totally the wrong plan? Who cares if I like English or not? You like it enough for the both of us. I tried, Ms. Bright. But you're just another person pushing me around.

MS. BRIGHT: I want what's best for you. (*stronger*) I want what's best for you. We're friends, Echo.

ECHO: You are a teacher.

MS. BRIGHT: But you like me. As a human being. We talk.

ECHO: You talk. You talk a lot Ms. Bright.

MS. BRIGHT: I went out of my way for you, I spoke to the dean.

ECHO: (*saying out loud for the first time*) I don't want to go to that school.

MS. BRIGHT: Don't say that.

ECHO: I want, I want... (*she gives a laugh and sits quietly*) I want to stay here.

MS. BRIGHT: Don't say that.

ECHO: I want a garden.

MS. BRIGHT: No, no, no, this is what your mother wants.

ECHO: I want to be able to see the stars at night.

MS. BRIGHT: If you don't go, she wins. She gets her way.

ECHO: I want to go to the fish fry every second Friday. With Shane. I want to be with Shane. Oh Shane.

MS. BRIGHT: Echo, listen to me. You can't—

ECHO: This is what I want. (*she laughs*) I know what I want. I thought I didn't, but I do.

MS. BRIGHT: I won't let you waste your life, I will not! You must go to that school.

ECHO: I can't just because you want me to.

MS. BRIGHT: When I came here, I decided, I — (*she takes a frustrated breath*) You're not thinking ahead. You think you are, you think, you think, but trust me. You don't want to get ten years down the road and still be here, filled with regret. This is your opportunity! You have to get away. You'll be sorry if you don't.

ECHO: How do you know?

MS. BRIGHT: I know! I — Echo, I have been in your shoes. This town is just like mine. I know what goes on if you don't get out. I've seen it. I've seen what happens to people. You think it's all good now, it's a beautiful summer day, it all makes sense. Just wait till this winter and the next winter and the next, the next, the next, the next, the next. You'll wrinkle with the weight of living here. What's here for you? What can you accomplish? (*she gestures around*) Are you going to work here? In a garage? Is that what you want for your life? Live here, work here, die here? Marry that stupid dull boy and die?

ECHO: Hey.

MS. BRIGHT: He's nothing, Echo. He knows nothing. He's keeping you from everything and he'll push you around harder than I ever did, harder than your mother.

ECHO: (*interrupting loudly*) You don't know anything about Shane. (*pause*) You don't know anything about me, either. You never did listen. I'm just a person you can push around. And I'm done.

*SHANE pulls PETE and JIM on from downstage right.*

PETE: (*same time as JIM*) Just ask her, she'll tell you exactly the same thing we did. She told us to get water for Ms. Bright. Ask her!



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