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**Moving / Still: Two One Act Plays**

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# MOVING / STILL

TWO ONE-ACT PLAYS BY  
*Lindsay Price*



*Moving/Still*

*Moving*

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*Still*

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# Moving

## Characters

Five teenage girls: Darcy, Rachel, Andrea, Bree and Linden

## Setting

Darcy's bedroom.

The set is a bed covered in clothes and magazines.

Cubes could be used instead of a real bed.

## Text Note

There are a number of unison sections. The object of these sections is not to have the actors yell to be heard. They should play like music. Some lines swell in volume, while others are quiet. Underlined lines should be dominant above the verbal babble.

Each unison section needs to end simultaneously. Use pauses to coordinate the timing.

Experiment with breath – does everyone breathe at the same time in the unison sections? Loudly? One right after the other?

*The stage is dark. There is the sound of three girls quietly talking at the same time. The lights come up slowly. The girls get louder as the lights get brighter.*

*The setting is DARCY's bedroom. Centre stage is a bed, (or a number of cubes to represent a bed) on top of which BREE, LINDEN and RACHEL sit, talking at the same time, animatedly telling their story. The girls are surrounded by magazines and there are clothes all over the bed. ANDREA is sitting on the floor leaning on the bed leafing through a magazine, not part of the conversation at all.*

*NOTE: The underlined dialogue should be heard above the other dialogue.*

**BREE:** *(at the same time as the others)* Am I loud? I don't think I'm loud. My sister's always saying, she cringes when we're out. She's like, "Oh so loud. I die when I go out with you. I absolutely die because you're so loud and everyone's always looking at you and your loudness. You bring everybody into a conversation they don't want to be in but they can't help it cause you're screaming." And I said, "I don't scream." And she's like, "screaming." And I said, "You really want to see me scream? You really want to see me scream?" And she's like, "I don't care what you do, just don't do it when we're together."

**LINDEN:** *(at the same time as the others)* That's what Ash said to me. Girls can't drive. What is that about? Of course we can drive. Girls drive every day. What does that mean: Girls can't drive. Boys never get into accidents? So not true and they know it. Boys never do anything stupid when they're driving? And I said that to him, "What, boys never do anything stupid when they're driving?" And he's like all smug. And he wouldn't change his shirt like I asked him to. And I said, "I'm a better driver than you any day." And he's like, "I'm so better than you, you couldn't drive your way out of a paper bag."

**RACHEL:** *(at the same time as the others)* My parents are totally getting on my nerves. Just because I got one bad grade. One bad grade. In algebra. When am I ever going to use algebra again in my life? There is not one thing I can think of in my life that I am ever going to use algebra for. And I said that, "I'm never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, ever, never, going to use algebra in my life!" And they're like, "That's not a good excuse." And I said, "But it's true." And they're like, "You have to do better than

that and you're grounded." And I said, "Whatever." And they really didn't like that.

*Work out the timing of the three speeches above so that they flow naturally from individual speeches to below, where they speak the same dialogue.*

ALL THREE: And then she/he/they (*depending on the person they were talking to in their story*) said, and I was like, (*each gives a loud hmft of disgust*) and it was all, you know, and I mean can you believe it? (*They look at each other for a moment, realizing that they have no idea what any of them are talking about.*) What?

*DARCY runs in. She is holding five tubes of lip gloss. ANDREA does not look up during this exchange.*

DARCY: Lip gloss, lip gloss, which one?

RACHEL: Shouldn't you get dressed first?

DARCY: Face first. I gotta get my face right.

BREE: Wow. This is an important date.

RACHEL: (*to BREE*) Do you do that?

BREE: On special occasions.

LINDEN: Wow, this guy is special.

RACHEL: Where'd you meet him?

DARCY: He's been coming into the coffee shop.

ANDREA: (*loudly, not looking up from her magazine*) What school does he go to?

DARCY: (*completely ignoring the question*) OK. Strawberry Explosion, Passion Slut, Lavender-bell-a-davender-dell, Vanilla or Frost.

BREE & LINDEN & RACHEL: Ewwwwww.

RACHEL: Not frost.

LINDEN: Is the strawberry really strawberry, like organic or is it chemical fruit?

RACHEL: I hate that. They tell you it's all fruit, all natural –

LINDEN: The essence of fruit.

RACHEL: – but it doesn't taste anything like fruit.

LINDEN: It's like gross medicine chemical blah on your lips.

RACHEL: I hate that.

BREE: I like the sparkly lip gloss.

RACHEL: Bree. That's worse than frost. (to DARCY) Go with Vanilla.

BREE: I like to feel sparkly.

DARCY: Vanilla it is. (she exits)

ANDREA: (not looking up, flipping a page in her magazine) Glad we could help.

*BREE leans over ANDREA's shoulder to see a cute guy on the page of her magazine.*

BREE: He is so hot.

RACHEL: Who?

BREE: Look.

*LINDEN and RACHEL also look over ANDREA's shoulder. ANDREA looks annoyed and just gives up the magazine to the three who sit on the bed. The three give a huge sigh and stare at the man on the page. ANDREA picks up another magazine from the floor and starts to leaf through it, again not part of the conversation.*

RACHEL: He is hot.

LINDEN: So hot.

BREE: Hot.

LINDEN: Hot.

RACHEL: It's the –

BREE: I know, right in the –

LINDEN: Pow, the way he –

RACHEL: I know, he's looking right at –

BREE: And they're so –

LINDEN: I've never seen such –

RACHEL: They're so –

BREE: Eyes. Looking. They're so –

LINDEN: So blue.

BREE: So, so blue.

RACHEL: They're –

LINDEN: So hot. You know?

RACHEL: I know.

LINDEN: Right like right –

BREE: Right through –

RACHEL: I know.

LINDEN: So hot.

BREE: So.

RACHEL: I know.

*They all sigh, take a big breath and they're off again talking at the same time. Again, very animated, very intense in their storytelling. Work with the timing so that all three end at the same time.*

BREE: *(at the same time as the others)* But I hear he's really short which is weird because he looks so tall in the movies. But I hear that most of the guys who look really tall on screen are actually really short. How is it that all these short guys become tall actors? What's up with that? *(she sighs)*

LINDEN: *(at the same time as the others)* Ash never looks at me this way. Never. I try to get right in front of him, right in his eye line so I get the full power of his stare but it's never the same. This guy isn't even in front of me. He's just on the page of a magazine. What's up with that? *(she sighs)*

RACHEL: *(at the same time as the others)* Maria Piccalo says that all magazine pictures are fake, they're all airbrushed. And I know they do that with girls, but they wouldn't with guys would they? It doesn't make sense, why would Maria say they're fake? What's up with that? *(she sighs)*



*DARCY runs in wearing an outfit. She crosses downstage and faces out to the audience as if there's a mirror there.*

DARCY: Outfit number one, outfit number one.

*RACHEL, LINDEN and BREE all squeal and join DARCY by the mirror.*

DARCY: Outfit number one. The skirt. What do you think?

*The three girls make an analytical Hmmmmm noise and tilt their heads to the side. ANDREA flips a page in her magazine. The girls speak rapid-fire and with great expertise.*

BREE: You're going with a t-shirt instead of a tank?

RACHEL: I like the t-shirt.

LINDEN: Tank would go better with the skirt.

BREE: If you go with the tank, you'll need a sweater.

RACHEL: That's right, it was cold last night. It'll be an August night heading into September night, not a June night heading into a July night.

DARCY: Rachel, grab me the sweater. Bree, get a black tank and a blue one.

*The two run to the bed, pick up their items and run back.*

LINDEN: What look are you going for?

DARCY: Sophisticated, yet casual. I look nice, but I didn't spend four hours getting ready.

ANDREA: (*not looking up*) Hasn't been four, only three and a half.

*DARCY holds the blue tank top up in front of her.*

DARCY: What do you think?

*The girls tilt their heads examining the outfit, making Hmmmmmm noises.*

DARCY: It's a lot of blue.

RACHEL: Looks too coordinated.

DARCY: Black tank.

*BREE passes over the tank, which DARCY holds in front of her. ANDREA flips another page in her magazine. Again the girls speak very fast.*

DARCY: Better.

LINDEN: Like it.

BREE: Nice.

DARCY: Sweater?

RACHEL: Here.

*DARCY puts the sweater on and holds the black top up.*

LINDEN: Like it.

BREE: Nice.

DARCY: Sleeves up or down?

RACHEL: Up.

BREE: Up.

LINDEN: Depends. Where are you going?

DARCY: Dinner.

*BREE, LINDEN and RACHEL look at DARCY.*

BREE: Dinner?

RACHEL: He's taking you to dinner?

LINDEN: Where'd you find a guy to do that?

BREE: Does he have a brother?

RACHEL: And he doesn't go to Wilson?

DARCY: I don't like this sweater. *(she takes it off)* Linden, get my jean jacket.

RACHEL: Ah ha. That's nice. Jean jacket and a skirt. Good choice.

DARCY: 'Drea? What do you think?

ANDREA: (*not looking*) Looks good.

RACHEL: You're not even looking.

*LINDEN returns with the jacket, which DARCY puts on.  
The girls make approving noises.*

BREE: Better.

LINDEN: Like it.

DARCY: Done! OK. Outfit number two.

ANDREA: What school does he go to?

DARCY: Huh?

ANDREA: Your miracle boy who buys dinner. What school does he go to?

DARCY: Oh, it's, you know, not close. Right? Outfit number two!

ANDREA: Why don't you just change here?

DARCY: Uh uh, I want to get your honest instant reaction. You need to see the outfit all at once, not in stages.

*DARCY runs out.*

ANDREA: Is this really how we're going to spend Friday night?  
Watching her get dressed?

BREE: I don't have anything else to do. (*to RACHEL*) Do you?

RACHEL: Nope.

LINDEN: Ash is playing poker tonight.

ANDREA: He is? Doesn't that bother you?

LINDEN: (*considering*) No. (*considering some more*) No. It's good.

BREE: (*with a little gasp*) Are you and Ash breaking up?

LINDEN: I don't know.

RACHEL: But you're so happy.

LINDEN: I guess.

BREE: Aren't you happy?

LINDEN: I guess. I mean, it was fine at school when we were apart for huge chunks of time. But this being together all day every day during the summer is wearing me out. All this spending time together is a lot of time together.

BREE & RACHEL: Awwwwwww.

LINDEN: It's... a lot of time.

*Again, the three girls speak at the same time. Coordinate the timing so that they end at the same time. As they speak they look at themselves in the mirror; fussing with their hair, applying lip gloss and such.*

*Again, with the underlined dialogue, the other girls get quiet so the line is heard above the rest.*

BREE: Steve and I broke up because he just started dancing with Kimberly Jackson at the Spring Fling and I'm like, "Why are you dancing with Kimberly Jackson?" And he didn't know. And I'm like, "Well, what about me? Aren't you supposed to dance with me?" And he's like, "I don't know." And I'm like, "I guess we're not going out anymore." And he's like, "I guess not." And I said, "Fine, I never wanted to go out with you in the first place."

RACHEL: Tim and I broke up 'cause he got all pouty over his birthday. He couldn't understand why I wanted to spend time with him. And I'm like, "Because you're my boyfriend." And he's like, "I want to do my thing." And I'm like, "Don't you want to do that with me?" And he's like, "I'm not sure." And I'm like, "What?" And he's like, "You're smothering me, smothering me." And I said, "Fine, I never wanted to go out with you in the first place."

LINDEN: I think I want to break up. I don't think I like him. I don't think he likes me. I have no idea what we're doing together. We never have anything to talk about and all he wants to do is hang out with his friends. And I'm like, "Why do you even want a girlfriend?" And he's like, "I'll call you." And he never does. He never calls. And I don't think I ever wanted to go out with him in the first place.

*ANDREA gives a scream of frustration and falls over flat on the floor, face first, as if she can't take listening to the babbling one second longer. The other three look at her in confusion.*

LINDEN: What's the matter?

ANDREA: *(from her position on the floor, not moving)* Nothing.

RACHEL: Why are you face planting the floor?

ANDREA: *(from her position on the floor, not moving)* I feel like it.

RACHEL: What's up with you? You've been...

BREE: Quiet. You've been really quiet.

LINDEN: Yeah. Quiet.

RACHEL: And not –

BREE: Having fun.

LINDEN: You're not having fun.

RACHEL: Why aren't you having fun?

ANDREA: *(still from her position on the floor, not moving)* I'm fine.

*DARCY blows in wearing another outfit.*

DARCY: Outfit number two.

*BREE, LINDEN and RACHEL squeal and crowd around DARCY at the mirror. ANDREA remains in her face plant on the floor.*

DARCY: Outfit number two. Casual with accents. Jeans. Peasant blouse. Pretty earrings. What do you think?

*The girls give an analytical Hmmmmm and all tilt their heads to the side.*

RACHEL: Interesting.

BREE: I don't know.

LINDEN: Very interesting.

RACHEL: Nice work Darcy.

BREE: I don't know.

*They all change their head tilt to the other side.*

DARCY: Is the shirt too peasanty?

BREE: Could be.

LINDEN: I disagree.

BREE: Linden, look at the shirt.

RACHEL: I like it.

BREE: Look at the shirt!

LINDEN: I'm looking and I like it.

RACHEL: It's a risky move for sure, but you totally pull it off Darce.

BREE: It's so peasanty. It's a fabric barnyard.

RACHEL: Just because you wouldn't wear a peasant shirt.

LINDEN: I agree with that, you so shouldn't Bree.

RACHEL: Doesn't mean everyone can't wear a peasant shirt.

LINDEN: I think the other outfit was trying too hard. This one's –

BREE: Not trying hard enough.

LINDEN: No, no, I think it's just right.

RACHEL: Casual, but not casual.

LINDEN: I totally agree.

DARCY: OK! Last outfit.

ANDREA: *(from her face plant position)* Tell them.

*The others turn to look at ANDREA.*

LINDEN: Tell us what?

DARCY: I have to change.

ANDREA: *(sitting up)* Tell them.

RACHEL: Tell us what?

DARCY: I don't know.

ANDREA: Tell them about your guy.

BREE: What?

DARCY: Andrea.

ANDREA: Darcy.

DARCY: You –

ANDREA: You have to tell them.

DARCY: You tell them.

ANDREA: Uh uh. He's your guy.

BREE: What is this?

LINDEN: Somebody tell us.

RACHEL: (to ANDREA) What do you know?

BREE: This sounds good.

RACHEL: Why do you know something we don't?

ANDREA: Ask Darcy.

DARCY: It's nothing.

ANDREA: Then tell them.

DARCY: 'Drea!

ANDREA: Sorry.

RACHEL: Darcy?

DARCY: OK. He's... well he's...

LINDEN: (with a gasp) He's an escaped convict.

DARCY: No! Linden!

RACHEL: He has rabies?

DARCY: (with a face) No.

LINDEN: He's got a wooden leg?

DARCY: No, would you –

BREE: He's pretending to be his twin brother who was mysteriously killed in a plane crash?

DARCY: NO!

LINDEN: (to BREE) What?

RACHEL: That would never happen.

BREE: It could happen. It happened on Days.

DARCY: It's none of those things! He's... just... older. That's all.

ANDREA: And –

DARCY: He thinks I'm older. That's all.

LINDEN: How much older does he think you are?

DARCY: Not much. Twenty. One. Two. I gotta change.

*DARCY runs out of the room. The girls look at each other with open mouths.*

BREE: She didn't just –

LINDEN: She just –

RACHEL: With a –

LINDEN: Who is –

BREE: And she was just –

LINDEN: Just going to –

BREE: Just without –

RACHEL: And you!

BREE: You!

LINDEN: You!

ALL THREE: You knew!

ANDREA: I was there when he asked her out. She begged me to keep it a secret, but I couldn't any longer!

BREE: You are the worst at secrets.



RACHEL: You are.

ANDREA: I know.

BREE: You were sitting there practically with the neon sign.

RACHEL: Ask me! Ask me!

ANDREA: I was about to explode!

LINDEN: 'Member the one year she was in charge of Secret Santa?

RACHEL: You mean the Not-So-Secret Santa?

BREE: You mean Black Christmas?

ANDREA: I know, I know.

LINDEN: How old is this guy?

ANDREA: I don't know. She wouldn't tell me. He's not in school though. I'm guessing, twenty five.

RACHEL, BREE, LINDEN: No!

ANDREA: Yeah.

BREE: That's old.

RACHEL: We're not going to let her do this are we?

ANDREA: How do we stop her?

RACHEL: We have to stop her. This is, this is not some skinny skateboard loser who refuses to wear a shirt when he should and thinks he's cool because he knows how to play a little poker.

LINDEN: Hey!

RACHEL: (*she clamps a hand over her mouth*) Linden! I'm so sorry. Did I say that out loud?

LINDEN: It's all right. He has a skinny chest. It's gross.

ANDREA: Darcy is always doing this! She's been doing this since we were kids. Always trying to leapfrog over everything and when she gets somewhere, she's on the move somewhere else. When she was in middle school she wanted to be in high school. Then she doesn't want to be in high school anymore and can't wait till it's over. She doesn't want to hang out with us all summer, she's gotta

have seven jobs. Now she doesn't want to date guys our age? She has to leapfrog over them too.

BREE: What about Bryan? Isn't she still interested in him?

ANDREA: I thought so.

LINDEN: Obviously not.

RACHEL: She's out of her mind. Sixteen is not twenty, which is definitely not twenty-five and the difference between sixteen and twenty-five is huge, huge, huge!

*DARCY enters slowly in another outfit.*

DARCY: It's not that huge.

*All four girls descend on DARCY, all talking at once.*

BREE: (*same time as others*) What do you want to go out with an old guy for? I mean wouldn't you rather date a senior? Maybe a young college guy? Maybe someone who didn't go to college and works as a lifeguard down at the beach with a great tan and –

ANDREA: (*same time as others*) I told you they would react this way. I told you it would be a big deal and you should have remembered Black Christmas 'cause it's not fair to make me keep a secret when you know I can't do it. I knew this was going to –

LINDEN: (*same time as others*) I can't believe you didn't tell us you were going out on a date with a twenty-five-year-old guy. The dinner thing should have tipped us off. No one we date can afford dinner. I'm lucky if Ash'll buy me popcorn at the movies and –

RACHEL: (*same time as others*) This guy thinks you're twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, whatever. He's older. He thinks you're older and he's going to expect you to act in an older fashion and what if he wants you to do something you don't want to do –

DARCY: (*over the din*) All right, all right! Shut up!

*Everybody shuts up at once.*

DARCY: Sit down.

*The girls sit on the bed.*

DARCY: OK. I'm sorry I didn't tell you. I didn't want to make a big deal out of it. I still don't. Stop acting crazy; it's just a date. Just like any other date.

*The girls speak at the same time.*

BREE: *(same time as others)* But it's –

RACHEL: *(same time as others)* How can you –

ANDREA: *(same time as others)* This guy is –

LINDEN: *(same time as others)* Darcy you –

DARCY: Shut it! It's my life. If I feel like dating an... older guy –

RACHEL: Who doesn't know you're sixteen.

DARCY: He knows who I am. I've been serving him coffee for months. He's not a stranger. He's a good person.

RACHEL: Who doesn't know you're sixteen!

DARCY: What does it matter! If I want to do it, that's what I'm doing.

LINDEN: But you don't want to tell him you're sixteen.

BREE: Isn't that cheating?

DARCY: Of course not! I'll eventually be twenty-one. I'm just cutting out the middle man.

ANDREA: But –

RACHEL: Can't –

BREE: This –

LINDEN: Don't –

DARCY: Would you just stop it? Come help me with this outfit.

*DARCY marches over to the mirror. The others slowly gather around her with looks of concern on their faces.*

ANDREA: You know he's going to freak out.

DARCY: Maybe. Maybe not. I'll take that chance.

RACHEL: But what if he freaks out?

DARCY: I thought you'd be happy for me. Isn't this what we've always talked about. Older guys?

BREE: Sort of...

DARCY: This is not your ordinary high school boy.

RACHEL: We know.

DARCY: This is not some loser who barely forms complete sentences and makes you take the bus to the video arcade for your first date.

LINDEN: Hey!

DARCY: I thought you were breaking up with him!

LINDEN: I am, I am.

RACHEL: Aren't there any... other guys?

ANDREA: Younger guys?

BREE: What about Bryan?

DARCY: Bryan's OK. He's just not amazing. He's only OK. He's a boy. I don't want to date boys anymore.

LINDEN: Boys aren't so bad, you know.

DARCY: They're not great. I'm past them. I'm tired of dealing with them. Tony and I talk. Real conversations. We talk about meaningful things. I can be a human being with him. An adult. A complete person. Not some stupid little high school girl.

ANDREA: Um, speaking as a high school girl...

DARCY: I have to grab life by the horns. Today. Not tomorrow or five years from now. I'm not going to sit around and wait to get older. Live in the now girls – you could get hit by a bus tomorrow.

LINDEN: That's your reasoning? You could get hit by a bus?

RACHEL: So, what, you wake up every morning saying I could get hit by a bus today –

BREE: That's gruesome.

RACHEL: – I think I'll do something really –

DARCY: (*interrupting*) That's not what I mean and you know it. It's the (*she makes a vague gesture with her hands*) idea of the bus. Not the bus itself.

BREE: So you're not getting hit by a bus?

DARCY: There is no bus!

BREE: So what's the bus?

DARCY: The bus equals death. You have to live life in the moment. If you don't, you'll die and you won't have lived the life you could have.

*There is a small pause as the girls look at each other.*

BREE: That's really gruesome.

ANDREA: Really.

RACHEL: Weren't we just five seconds ago evaluating outfits? And now we're discussing bus death?

DARCY: There is no bus! The bus could be anything. You can't control the bus.

ANDREA: I think I can control not getting hit by a bus.

DARCY: (*continuing on*) It could be a car or a truck or a piano or an alligator.

LINDEN: Where are you hanging out that death by alligator is an problem?

DARCY: (*with a frustrated grunt*) You are all missing the point!

ANDREA: Maybe, call me crazy, maybe we don't care about the bus. Maybe we think you're moving like a freight train and maybe we don't want you to get hurt.

DARCY: Maybe I know what I'm doing.

ANDREA: Everybody says that.

DARCY: Maybe, I'm a big girl.

ANDREA: Everybody says that too.

DARCY: (*making a face*) 'Drea.

ANDREA: (*making a face back*) Darce.

DARCY: Stupid dork.

ANDREA: Stupid dork times infinity.

BREE: I couldn't feel any less like a big girl. I'm pretty sure I know absolutely nothing about everything.

DARCY: You see? That's why you have to beat the bus. So you don't die without knowing.

BREE: I'm going to have nightmares tonight, aren't I?

RACHEL: OK. Can we forget about the bus for a second? Can we talk about the guy? OK. This guy –

DARCY: Tony.

RACHEL: Tony. So you're going out with this, Tony.

DARCY: Yep.

LINDEN: And he doesn't know you're in high school, he thinks you're...

DARCY: He thinks I'm a marketing major.

ANDREA: Marketing?

BREE: I didn't know you were interested in marketing. You've chosen a major already?

LINDEN: Bree...

BREE: I have no idea what I want to take and my dad is totally on my back and how am I supposed to know what I want to study? And he says, "If I'm going to shell out that much money, you better know what you want to study." And I say, "I don't." And he says, "You better." And I say... *(the rest are staring at her)* What?

DARCY: I am not a marketing major. I just told this guy I am so he believes I'm older.

BREE: Oh! Right. I forgot there for a second.

ANDREA: *(to BREE)* Did you eat today?

BREE: Yes.

LINDEN: Have you?

BREE: Yes.

ANDREA: Really?

BREE: I thought about it.

LINDEN: Bree!

BREE: I'm kidding; I ate.

ANDREA: Really.

BREE: Yes.

LINDEN: Really?

BREE: I did! Stop asking me.

RACHEL: Can we get back to the guy? So Tony thinks you're twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two. And how old is he, exactly?

DARCY: Not that much older.

ANDREA: Which is?

DARCY: (*knowing what their reaction will be*) Twenty-seven.

*The others practically have a heart attack. They all speak at the same time.*

RACHEL: (*same time as others*) TWENTY-SEVEN?? He's twenty-seven? This guy is twenty-seven?

LINDEN: (*same time as others*) Not twenty-five, twenty-seven??? You're telling me he's twenty-seven?

BREE: (*same time as others*) I was having trouble with twenty-five but twenty-seven is frying my mind!

ANDREA: (*overtop*) Girls! Girls! Girls! Quiet! QUIET!!!

*Everyone is quiet.*

DARCY: This is why I didn't want to say anything. You're all making a big deal out of nothing.

RACHEL: Darcy, this is not nothing. It's not normal.

*There is a dangerously long pause from DARCY.*

DARCY: I don't want to talk about this anymore. I'm going on the date and that's that.

LINDEN: Do your parents know?

DARCY: Of course not. (*whispering*) And if you keep going on like this, they're going to overhear something.

RACHEL: What are you going to do when this guy finds out?

LINDEN: He's gonna find out.

ANDREA: No twenty-seven-year-old guy wants to date someone in high school. Unless he's creepy.

*DARCY is clearly irritated. She moves downstage to the mirror.*

DARCY: What about this outfit?

ANDREA: Darcy...

DARCY: Come on. What about it? I don't have all day.

LINDEN: I don't think we're –

DARCY: (*whirling on the group*) Maybe I'm special, ever think of that? Huh? Maybe he likes me. Me. Maybe we connected and he's got crap parents too and he knows what crap parents can do to you when they try and run your life till you can't see straight. Maybe that's why he's going out with me. Maybe age has nothing to do with it. You think I'm moving too fast? You have no idea what you're talking about or what any of it means. Maybe I should be sitting on the front porch sucking on a popsicle and holding hands with some cutie who blushes when you say his name and never looks you in the eye. Moving too fast? You bet I am. If I could move faster I would. I'd fly right out of here. You wouldn't see my feet. I'd be gone.

RACHEL: What are you talking about?

DARCY: The less time I have to spend in this house, this place, this town, this stupid sixteen-year-old body, the better. The sooner I get out from under everybody's thumb, everybody's expectations, the better. And you can sure as hell believe I won't look over my shoulder. Not once. I'll be gone and I won't look back.

*The girls are shocked.*

RACHEL: What about us?

DARCY: I don't know. What about you?



# Still

## Characters

Caroline Lancaster, 18

A good looking typical girl.

Has not had to face anything awful, until now.

Nate Nichols, 18

A good-looking typical boy.

Very much a joker.

## Setting

A rooftop.

*The lights come up on a rooftop with CAROLINE and NATE. The mood is jovial. CAROLINE is clearly wearing a boy's t-shirt and shorts. There are empty ice cream cups beside them.*

NATE: Come on, guess.

CAROLINE: Just tell me.

NATE: Uh uh. You have to guess.

CAROLINE: You know I'm no good at guessing. Tell me.

NATE: No can do.

CAROLINE: Please, please, please, please –

NATE: (*in announcer voice*) Caroline Lancaster – for the car, the Caribbean cruise...

CAROLINE: Can I have an Alaskan cruise? So not a fan of hot places.

NATE: Never interrupt the announcer! (*back to announcer voice*) For the grand cash million trillion dollar prize: Which member of the Central High School administrative faculty was seen at the Greenwood Country Club wearing plaid knickers?

CAROLINE: Not hot pants. So it's a guy, right?

NATE: Did I say hot pants? Can you see any of our teachers in hot pants? You're giving me nightmares.

CAROLINE: Mrs. Hurman might look good in hot pants.

NATE: Scurvy Hurvy?

CAROLINE: She's got nice legs.

NATE: Her teeth are repulsive.

CAROLINE: You don't put hot pants on your teeth.

NATE: She should. It would be a vast improvement. (*announcer voice*)  
And you're stalling.

CAROLINE: I give up. Really. I really, really, really, really, really give up.  
Really.

NATE: Are you giving up?

CAROLINE: Nate! Teeeeeell Meeeeeeell!

NATE: (*the game show loser sound*) Whah, Whah, Whah. No cruise for Carob. OK. The faculty member in question is... none other than... you'll laugh so hard when you find out that... when you learn that... it's Mr..

CAROLINE swats NATE.

NATE: Ow! So impatient. Mr. Stewart. McCrae.

CAROLINE: Shut up.

NATE: Otherwise known as, Principal Mc Ass Crack.

CAROLINE: You lie.

NATE: Me truth. Plaid knickers. Matching socks. Two-tone oxfords. Coordinating sweater vest. It was an ensemble to behold. He even had one of those little hats with the pom pom on it.

CAROLINE: A tam?

NATE: A tam. A matching tam. And didn't he think he was Swanky McSwank-Swank. He was strutting and a preening.

CAROLINE: Tell me you got photos.

NATE: Don't I wish.

CAROLINE: Did he see you? Did he know you saw him?

NATE: Are you asking me if I passed up the opportunity to publicly humiliate an academic authority figure with no scholastic repercussion?

CAROLINE: Sorry. I lost my head.

NATE: Exactly. (*he clears his throat dramatically*) There we are in front of the clubhouse. Me, Gnat Nichols, Man of Fun.

CAROLINE: Titles are so important.

NATE: Never interrupt the storyteller! There we are in front of the club house. Me, Gnat Nichols, M.O.F., John Nichols, M.O.F. Senior, and Mr. McCrae. Observe the subtlety of the approach. (*he clears his throat*) "Hey! Mr. McCrae! Mr. McCrae over here!" He looks around as if to wonder, "Who is this Mr. McCrae?" He's not Mr. McCrae, no sir, he's not. Nope, that kid isn't calling him, uh uh. Do I give up?

CAROLINE: Nooooooo.

NATE: Exactly. (*he clears his throat again*) “Dad, do you remember Mr. McCrae? It’s Mr. McCrae, my old high school principal. How’s it going, Mr. McCrae? Gosh it’s so great to see you out of school, mano a mano, two adults, no student/teacher barriers, walls, stanchions between us. I can’t wait to tell all my friends about this auspicious encounter.” His face turned 17 shades of green and 8 shades of red. It completed the outfit.

CAROLINE: But he wears brown suits. He has over a hundred brown suits. We counted. The hundred days of brown.

NATE: Some men wear women’s underwear. Some have a fondness for antiquated golf pants.

CAROLINE: And you’re sure it was McCrae?

NATE: Literally and figuratively. I have been dying to tell you about seeing him.

CAROLINE: Oh I so wish I could be there tomorrow. He’s going to be sweating to death, wondering if you told anyone. I can just see him trolling the halls like Jaws. Waiting. Waiting. Waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting for the first: knicker snicker!

NATE: Knicker snicker! That’s brilliant. I knew I had to tell you that story for a reason. How come I didn’t come up with that?

CAROLINE: Caroline Lancaster: Woman of Wit.

NATE: Titles are so important. (*laughing*) Now I’m extra glad I bumped into you.

CAROLINE: Literally or figuratively?

NATE: Both. I’m sure the ice cream will come out.

CAROLINE: It’s the fudge sauce that worries me. You’re a wiz with the stain remover.

NATE: I have to be around here. Can you imagine my mother trying to use stain remover? (*imitating his mother*) “What is this? I don’t have time for this. Go buy a new one.”

BOTH: “Get me a frozen meatloaf!” (*they sing*) “Mama Maloney’s meatloaf, best in the neighbourhood. Works on your tum ‘cause it’s made by a mum and she treats her family good!”

CAROLINE: Do you think she’s home yet? I’d love to say hi.

NATE: Uh uh. She's got some women's businesswomen's thing tonight.

CAROLINE: That's nice and specific. What kind of thing?

NATE: Hell if I know. I don't even think she knows. She's projecting a prominent public presence. Peachy.

CAROLINE: I see her name in the paper all the time.

NATE: Da da da dun! "Super Lawyer!" (*with humour*) I should tell them how many times I came home to an empty fridge this month.

CAROLINE: Poor you. Is that why you were having ice-cream for dinner?

NATE: Come on – It's tradition. King Kong Kone. Super Fudge School Sucks Sundae.

CAROLINE: I... I wasn't expecting to see you. I figured everyone who was leaving town would have left.

NATE: My dad's picking me up tomorrow morning. Him and (*he pinches his nose*) Nora.

CAROLINE: Are you going to live with them?

NATE: Nooooo. Gotta live in the dorms. Everybody lives in the dorms first year.

CAROLINE: Right. I'll keep that in mind.

NATE: Are you really not going this year?

CAROLINE: Gotta make the money. Everybody needs the money.

NATE: And you spent all summer working at Smithy's without one trip to the beach?

CAROLINE: Who told you that?

NATE: Your sister.

CAROLINE: Huh. Did you get to the beach?

NATE: Oh sure. We all did. Everyone missed you.

CAROLINE: Funny. I don't feel missed.

*There is a pause. It is the first awkward pause. NATE claps his hands together as if to shake off the silence.*

NATE: So. I'm glad you kept up the tradition. It's like we had a mind meld, huh?

CAROLINE: Must have been fate.

NATE: You just don't give up eight years of tradition, right? Many a pact has been made over fudge sauce. "This year we will address each other only by our secret society aliases."

CAROLINE: "This year Skinny Feet Celine will not make us feel two feet tall."

NATE: "This year we will not tell outrageous lies about Skinny Feet Celine and get into big trouble." I swear.

CAROLINE: I swear.

BOTH: Here's fudge in your eye.

*They bob fists and spit. They look at each other for a fraction too long. CAROLYN breaks away.*

CAROLINE: So. I wasn't going to go today. But it seemed too depressing not to go but... besides... *(She shakes her head and does not complete her thought. She switches to an Italian voice.)* "You don't mess with tradition."

NATE: "Don't mess with Mama."

CAROLINE: Or she'll drop a frozen meatloaf on your foot.

*NATE laughs out loud.*

NATE: I missed you.

CAROLINE: You – you do not.

NATE: Sure I do.

CAROLINE: *(turning away)* You went to the prom with Rosella Halpern.

NATE: I did not.

CAROLINE: Did too.

NATE: Did not, did not.

CAROLINE: Did too, did too, did too.

NATE: How would you know?

CAROLINE: Word gets around.

NATE: Your sister told you.

CAROLINE: My sister gets around. Just because I'm not around doesn't mean I don't know things. Are you still seeing her? *(she leaps in before he can say anything)* Forget it. None of my business.

NATE: I'm not. She's a girl.

CAROLINE: A girl? How frightening.

NATE: Smart ass. She's a girl girl. Girly. With a capital G and six exclamation points. You were never a girl girl. You don't care about your hair every 3.5 seconds of the day.

CAROLINE: That must be exhausting for her.

NATE: And for me.

*CAROLINE's cell phone rings. She looks at it.*

CAROLINE: It's my mom.

*NATE leaps up.*

NATE: Your clothes are probably dry. I'll go get them.

CAROLINE: I won't answer it.

NATE: I'm sure I got the stain out. Ice cream doesn't stain.

CAROLINE: Nate. She doesn't know where I am.

NATE: But that fudge sauce – I should double spray it or something or –

CAROLINE: You don't have to go!

*The phone stops ringing.*

CAROLINE: What was she going to do to you over the phone?

NATE: Nothing. Nothing. I was just worried about the clothes.

CAROLINE: Did you think I was going to bring it up? "Hey mom, guess who I'm talking to?" *(she pauses as she comes to the realization)* You thought I was going to bring it up.

NATE: My mom did talk about coming home early. She might be downstairs right now. Why don't I check?

CAROLINE: Ah. We can talk about your mother because she's not part of "it." But my mother is all over "it."

NATE: Hey, I was going to tell you. The other day mom was talking about that dinner we made for her.

CAROLINE: That's the deal right? You'll stay as long as we don't talk about "it."

NATE: Practically burned the kitchen down and had to bring out the Mama Maloney. Frozen meatloaf and Pop-Tarts. Remember?

CAROLINE: My mother came to the school and tried to drag you out of the guy's washroom. Remember? I left 147 unanswered messages on your cell phone. Remember that?

NATE: I don't want to fight about this.

CAROLINE: We're not fighting.

NATE: I'll be right back.

CAROLINE: Nate, I tried. I really tried. When I saw your car at King Kone I thought it was fate. And when you were glad to see me and you weren't... poised to flee I thought... I really want to package "it" up and put it in a cardboard box and shove it in the attic and never think about what happened again. But I don't think there's a box big enough.

NATE: How about a Pop-Tart? Breakfast of champions. Lunch and dinner – Why don't I –

CAROLINE: I so want the Nate and Caroline variety show. I want stupid voices and stupid catch phrases and the "I'm With Stupid" t-shirts and go-karts and mini-putt and death tickle crazy-eights. It all came back with a whoosh today. Fun Couple. We were a fun couple, Nate, weren't we?

NATE: How about that Pop-Tart?

CAROLINE: (*continuing overtop*) And I don't remember the last time I had any fun. At all. Would you please sit down? You're making me feel like a leper.

NATE: Why do we have to do this?

CAROLINE: You make it sound like "it" is something we talk about all the time.



NATE: But it's all in the past now, right?

CAROLINE: I guess that makes it OK.

NATE: And besides, nothing... you know. It all worked out, right?

CAROLINE: Are you going to sit down? Please? Five minutes.

NATE: (*very reluctantly*) OK.

CAROLINE: I want to talk.

NATE: Why?

CAROLINE: I need to have a real conversation about this and not the four thousand imaginary ones I've had in my head.

NATE: OK. OK. (*he takes a big noisy breath*) OK. I... I didn't handle it as well as I could have. I guess.

CAROLINE: And?

NATE: I was only 16.

CAROLINE: So was I.

NATE: You make me sound like a bad guy.

CAROLINE: What did you do this summer, Nate? What was the past year like? Oh, I know: You went to the beach. You went to prom. Where was I? You made me disappear. Front page news: "Pregnant Girl Vanishes." Where was this great group of friends I was supposed to have? Where were you, Nate?

NATE: So why didn't you have a...

CAROLINE: What.

*NATE jumps up.*

NATE: I'll be right back. I should really check on the clothes.

CAROLINE: Would you please sit down! It's five minutes! You can be uncomfortable for five minutes.

*NATE sits reluctantly.*

NATE: We were having such a good time.



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