



**Sample Pages from  
Same Room, Different Story**

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# SAME ROOM, DIFFERENT STORY

A VIGNETTE PLAY BY  
*Claire Broome*



Same Room, Different Story  
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## About the Play

*Same Room Different Story* provides flexibility! This is an ideal play for a class or drama club; and provides an opportunity for multiple directors. There are a variety of genres and themes to appeal to a large cast.

## Casting

The total number of characters is 29. Characters can be doubled. Gendered language can be changed to fit casting for an “any gender” character.

### Surprise

Four friends hide in their friend’s room for a surprise party.

2F + 2M, or 3F+1M (Dylan could be as any gender)

Julia, Dylan, Noah, Lexi

### Again

Rory and Riley are sick of listening to their parents fight. Is it time they take things into their own hands?

2 Any Gender

Riley, Rory

### Homework

Scott and Kyna might be studying English, but they can’t seem to find the words to share their feelings.

2F + 2M

Scott, Scott’s Brain, Kyna, Kyna’s Brain

### Gone

Friends sneak into their friend’s room to try and find out why. This play can be about running away from home (if it is placed after *Packing*) or suicide. If the latter, play music over an empty stage before the play starts.

3F + 3M, (gender is flexible)

Noor, Kyra, Jordan, Isaac, Mateo, Ava

### Secret

Ash told Kai a secret. Will it change everything?

2 Any Gender

Ash and Kai

### Box

Quinn gets a box as an inheritance. What is the meaning of it?

3 Any Gender

Jay, Quinn, Remy

## Packing

Two siblings catch their brother packing to leave home during a game of hide and seek.

3 Any Gender

Jamie, Alex, Chris

## Quiz

What happens when you are not ready for the quiz?

5 Any Gender

Ellis, Brain, Body, Subconscious, Irrational Thinking

## Set

All scenes take place using the same bedroom set. Gender neutral bedroom including a bed, dresser, bedside table, desk (with drawers) and a chair.

## Props

Necessary props are listed with each scene.

## Production Tips

The set is the link between the plays. Therefore, you can choose whatever scenes are appropriate for your cast and change the order to fit your artistic vision.

Physical theatre transitions should be created to introduce the next scene. This is an opportunity explore Uta Hagen's "moment before." For example, *Surprise* could start with the cast running in, frantically trying to find somewhere to hide. Allow the cast to develop their own moment before and choose music to match.

Do not go to blackout until the end of the final piece. The idea is to join these scenes together though the set.

All props for all scenes should already be in place at the start of the performance. Don't bring props on unless indicated in the script.

## Surprise

*The room is dimly lit. DYLAN, LEXI, JULIA and NOAH are trying to hide in the bedroom. NOAH is not trying as hard as the others to hide.*

LEXI: Sssshhh!

NOAH: I didn't say anything.

LEXI: Just be quiet.

*Long pause.*

NOAH: Are you sure she's actually coming?

LEXI: Yes, be quiet.

NOAH: But we've been hiding forever.

LEXI: It's been like, five minutes.

JULIA: I think it has been longer than that.

LEXI: Then that means Sam will be here any minute so be quiet. And Noah – find a better place to hide.

NOAH: There isn't anywhere else to hide.

LEXI: Well crouch down at least or something.

NOAH: This is so stupid.

*Long pause.*

DYLAN: Why are we waiting in Sam's room again?

LEXI: Because it will be more of a surprise.

DYLAN: How?

LEXI: When it's your birthday you always expect to open the front door, turn on the lights and everyone shouts surprise!

NOAH: I don't expect that.

LEXI: But the problem is, when you come in the front door, you see everyone's shoes at the front door, so you already know what is going to happen.

DYLAN: Why not just move the shoes?

NOAH: Yeah, just move the shoes.

LEXI: It's not just that. When you open the door and turn on the lights and then everyone yells "surprise" – that's it, the surprise is over. How special is that?

NOAH: How is this any different?

LEXI: Because Sam will go upstairs thinking there is no surprise party and then we'll be here – and it will be a great surprise.

*Pause.*

DYLAN: I still don't get how this is any different from just being downstairs and shouting surprise.

LEXI: It is – trust me.

*Long pause.*

NOAH: Is Sam going to be okay with all of us in here?

LEXI: Why not?

NOAH: Well, I don't know how I would feel having my friends go into my room without me knowing.

JULIA: Why?

NOAH: Because I wouldn't have time to hide things?

JULIA: What's in your room?

NOAH: You know, stuff, personal stuff. Stuff I wouldn't want everyone to see.

JULIA: Like what?

NOAH: Like – I don't know. What if I still slept with a stuffed animal?

DYLAN: You sleep with a stuffed animal?

NOAH: No, but –

DYLAN: Like what? A bear? A teddy bear?

NOAH: It was a bad example.

DYLAN: What's the bear's name?

NOAH: There is no bear. I don't sleep with a bear.

JULIA: There is nothing wrong with that.

NOAH: Julia you sleep with a teddy bear?

JULIA: No, but, there isn't anything wrong with that. I mean it's not hurting anybody.

NOAH: Or any bear.

LEXI: Can you guys be quiet! Sam is going to be here soon!

*Pause.*

JULIA: What if Noah is right? What if Sam is upset that we were here? That would be kind of a crappy birthday surprise.

LEXI: Sam is going to love this, okay!

*Short pause.*

JULIA: What makes you think Sam is gonna like this?

LEXI: Why wouldn't she?

JULIA: Of what we know about Sam, why would she like this?

DYLAN: Julia's right. Sam hates it if you even look inside her pencil case.

LEXI: Look around Sam's room – there isn't anything here that she wouldn't want us to see.

DYLAN: Well, we haven't really looked. We don't know what she has in her desk or dresser.

LEXI: There isn't anything.

DYLAN: But how would Sam know that we didn't go through her stuff. What if we were looking for a place to hide and found something in her closet?

NOAH: I could always hide in her closet.

LEXI: Don't go in her closet.

NOAH: What are we doing here? Seriously, why would anyone want a surprise party? It just seems like a cruel joke so we can all say, "I got you! See, I was able to keep a secret from you and I lied to you for weeks."

DYLAN: Weeks? I was just told about this today.

LEXI: No, I think it says "we care about you and we took time to figure out how we could surprise you."



NOAH: I think it says “let’s use a cliché to show how much we care because we aren’t very creative.”

LEXI: Hey!

JULIA: Noah that’s not fair.

NOAH: It’s true.

DYLAN: Why was I told about this just today?

JULIA: (*ignoring DYLAN, to NOAH*) Then what would you do?

NOAH: Why don’t we just tell her? Tell her how much we care about her and that we are so glad she’s around.

JULIA: (*trying to act surprised*) Really?

NOAH: (*covering*) As a friend, as a friend.

JULIA: Sure, if you say so.

NOAH: Come on – seriously, this is creepy. Who really likes to be scared like that? People jumping out at you.

DYLAN: Knowing that people have been talking about you behind your back, planning this. And only letting some people know about the plan the day of.

LEXI: That’s because you have a big mouth.

JULIA: Maybe this is really creepy.

LEXI: It’s totally creepy. Oh my gosh guys, what are we going to do? She’s going to be expecting something.

NOAH: Why would she be expecting something?

LEXI: I told her we had something big planned.

DYLAN: Who has the big mouth now?

NOAH: Why would you go and do something like that?

JULIA: I thought this was going to be a surprise?

LEXI: I don’t know, I just wanted her to know we were doing something.

NOAH: Sam knows how much we care about her.

*JULIA and NOAH exchange a look.*

LEXI: Does she? I mean, really, how often do we tell each other how much we care about each other?

*Pause.*

JULIA: Lexi, you are a fantastic friend. Sam knows that. She knows how lucky she is to have you.

LEXI: I don't know.

NOAH: Are you kidding me? Remember Sam's play when we all gave her a standing ovation?

LEXI: Yeah, but –

NOAH: Remember we all went camping on Sam's birthday weekend even though it was raining?

LEXI: But we had fun.

JULIA: Sometimes we just have to be there, to show we care.

NOAH: You should write greeting cards.

LEXI: Okay, so then, what should we do?

NOAH: What do you mean?

LEXI: What do we do? Sam is going to be here any minute, what do we do?

DYLAN: Let's get some paper – write a message for us to hold up when she gets home.

JULIA: Sounds like a great idea.

NOAH: And it's cheap.

LEXI: Okay, but we better get started. She'll be here any minute.

JULIA: Does she have any paper?

NOAH: Don't go through her drawers!

LEXI: Does anyone have any paper?

JULIA: Of course not. You told us not to bring anything with us.

LEXI: What are we going to do?

JULIA: Okay, so the sign isn't going to work, but shouldn't we leave Sam's room before she gets here?

LEXI: But we don't have anything to surprise her with!

NOAH: Okay, just hear me out; what if we open the drawers of her desk –

DYLAN: Noah?

NOAH: Listen, we open one drawer at a time and just peek to see if there is paper in the drawer and then, if, and only if, we believe there is paper in there, then we'll take it out. We'll make sure that we don't disturb anything.

JULIA: I think that is a fair plan – what do you think, Dylan?

DYLAN: I guess, as long as we are careful.

NOAH: Lexi?

LEXI: What choice do we have? I don't want to ruin Sam's birthday.

JULIA: Okay – who is going to do it?

NOAH: I'll be the lookout.

JULIA: Why do we need a lookout?

NOAH: If Sam came home early and came upstairs she wouldn't want to catch us going through her drawers.

DYLAN: Maybe this isn't a good idea.

NOAH: Look, I'll squawk if she's coming up.

DYLAN: Why would you squawk? Why would a bird who squawks be in her house? She doesn't have a bird. That's not suspicious or anything.

NOAH: You got a better idea?

DYLAN: What about coming to the door and saying “Hey – she's here!”

NOAH: But then she'll know we're here.

LEXI: (*defeated and sulking*) Guys, I give up. Seriously, this was a bad idea. Let's just go downstairs and wait for Sam to turn on the lights downstairs and we'll shout “Surprise” – you know, go with the traditional, I guess.

JULIA: We could always hide our shoes – that way she won't know we're here.

LEXI: Sure, let's hide our shoes...that will be "creative."

JULIA: What if instead of shouting surprise – we shout something that we like about Sam.

NOAH: Wouldn't that just sound like a bunch of noise?

DYLAN: I don't think Sam would like a bunch of noise.

JULIA: We can all say "Happy Birthday Sam" and then we can take turns to say what we like about her.

LEXI: That kind of sounds nice actually.

JULIA: Thanks Lex.

LEXI: So what are we going to say?

JULIA: (to LEXI) Why don't you go first?

LEXI: Okay, I would say...Sam, you are my best friend. Thank you for helping me with my homework, and bringing me lunch when I say I am too busy to make my own. I love you.

NOAH: That's what you are going to say? Really?

LEXI: What is wrong with that?

NOAH: I don't know – it isn't really about Sam, is it? It is about what she does for you.

LEXI: Okay Noah, what would you say?

NOAH: I would say –

DYLAN: Wait (hearing a noise) – what's that?

LEXI: What?

DYLAN: Key in the door! Key in the door – get downstairs!

*LEXI and DYLAN rush out. NOAH starts to exit. JULIA stops him.*

JULIA: So you're going to tell her, right?

NOAH: Tell her what?

JULIA: You know – how you feel about her.

NOAH: Yeah, sure, isn't that the plan?

JULIA: Better be. Poor Lexi is gonna be beating herself up for weeks that her plan failed.

NOAH: I've been trying to tell Sam how I feel about her for months.

JULIA: I know. Here is your chance – you better take it. Don't mess this up.

NOAH: Okay. Here we go.

*JULIA and NOAH exit.*

**Again**

*Throughout the play there should be muffled voices arguing. The sound rises and falls.*

*RORY enters, sees RILEY, shuts the door, and sits next to RILEY.*

RORY: Mind if I come in?

RILEY: Come on in.

*Pause. Muffled voices arguing are heard.*

RORY: So. What started it this time?

RILEY: Does it even matter?

RORY: I guess not.

*Pause. Muffled voices arguing are louder, then fade down.*

RORY: Riley, they sound angrier tonight.

RILEY: I guess so.

RORY: No idea what this is about?

RILEY: Same old thing I guess.

RORY: Hum.

*Pause. Muffled voices arguing are louder, then fade down.*

RORY: This kind of sucks. I was hoping to watch *The Dead are Walking* tonight.

RILEY: Is it a new one?

RORY: Yeah. I didn't get a chance to record it.

RILEY: You can find it online tomorrow.

RORY: Only after Connor has spoiled it for me.

RILEY: Why do you hang out with that guy anyway?

RORY: He's not so bad.

RILEY: Real friends don't tell you spoilers.

RORY: He just can't keep a secret.

RILEY: Some friend.

*Pause. Muffled voices arguing are louder, then fade down.*

RORY: Do you think it will ever stop?

RILEY: Connor spoiling *The Dead are Walking*? He's got a big mouth and can't –

RORY: No, Mom and Dad fighting.

RILEY: Oh. Yeah, I guess. It has to, I mean, they can't argue all night. They won't. At some point Mom will go to her room and slam the door as always.

RORY: No, I mean, them not arguing anymore, I mean ever.

RILEY: I don't know. Haven't they always argued?

RORY: As far as I can remember.

RILEY: That's just how they are.

RORY: But is that how they should be?

RILEY: I don't know – that's just how some relationships are I guess.

*Pause. Muffled voices arguing are louder, then fade down.*

RORY: I'm never getting married if that's how it is.

RILEY: They love each other.

RORY: Do they?

RILEY: Of course. They are our parents.

RORY: But that doesn't mean they automatically love each other.

RILEY: They got married.

RORY: People make mistakes.

RILEY: What are you saying? So what – they fight. It doesn't mean that they aren't supposed to be together?

RORY: But they fight all the time.

RILEY: They don't fight all the time.

RORY: When was the last time we just had a family dinner, or went out to the movies without a fight starting?

RILEY: (*thinking*) Um –

RORY: Being out of milk this morning –

RILEY: Well –

RORY: Overcooking the burgers yesterday –

RILEY: That was the barbecue.

RORY: On the weekend when Grandma came to visit. (*pause*) When you get married, is this how you want things to be?

*Pause. Muffled voices arguing are louder, then fade down.*

RILEY: So what's happening on *The Dead are Walking*?

RORY: That's what you want to talk about?

RILEY: It sounds like we are going to be here for a while, so yeah, tell me about it.

RORY: Are you going to start making fun of it?

RILEY: How stupid is the plot these days?

RORY: Riley.

RILEY: Have they introduced vampires or werewolves?

RORY: I'm not going to tell you if you are –

RILEY: Okay, okay – I won't make fun of your show.

RORY: Fine. (*slight pause*) Austin and Jodi are fighting about whether or not they should leave the compound.

RILEY: Okay.

RORY: They know that someday food will run out and there will be nothing left, and they'll be trapped in the compound.

RILEY: Okay.

RORY: So they are fighting about what to do next.

RILEY: What are they fighting about? Seems like an easy decision.



RORY: They don't know if there is anything better out there for them to find. They know things can't last, but they are scared to see what else could happen to them outside of the compound. The compound is all they know.

RILEY: It's the only safety they know.

RORY: Right.

RILEY: So that is what the episode is about?

RORY: Yeah. (*slight pause*) What do you think the characters should do?

RILEY: Do you think I am that stupid?

RORY: What?

RILEY: You are talking about Mom and Dad.

RORY: I'm not.

RILEY: Really.

RORY: No seriously, check the episode synopsis.

RILEY: Whatever.

*Pause. Muffled voices arguing are louder, then fade down.*

RORY: So what should Austin and Jodi do?

RILEY: (*pause*) This isn't TV, Rory.

RORY: I know.

RILEY: On TV things are predictable.

RORY: Sometimes. But answer the question.

RILEY: (*pause*) Do you think they're almost done arguing?

RORY: I don't think they will ever be done arguing.

RILEY: Hum.

*Pause. Muffled voices arguing are louder, then fade down.*

RORY: What do you think if we gave them permission to separate?

RILEY: What? We can't do that.

RORY: Why not?

RILEY: It's their relationship.

RORY: But it's our family. It affects us. How many times have we hidden away here so we are out of the way. How many times have we fallen asleep here waiting for them to stop. This isn't how a family should be.

RILEY: Maybe this is how it is. We don't talk to our friends about stuff like this, right?

RORY: We know it's not like this.

*Pause. Muffled voices arguing are louder, then fade down.*

RILEY: How would we even do that?

RORY: Sit them down and say "Mom, Dad, you fight all the time. We think you need a break from each other. Separate for a while and see if anything changes. See if you miss each other."

RILEY: You have been thinking about this for a while, haven't you?

RORY: For a bit.

RILEY: I couldn't say that to them.

RORY: Fine, we could write them a letter. "Dear Mom and Dad, we are sick of hearing you fight and we need a break. Please separate for a while. Love Riley and Rory."

RILEY: Why does my name have to go first?

RORY: Fine, Rory and Riley.

RILEY: I'm not doing that.

RORY: Something has to change.

*Pause. Muffled voices arguing are louder, then fade down.*

RORY: We could leave divorce lawyer cards around the house, or even divorce lawyer ads from newspapers.

RILEY: Are you even hearing yourself? This is crazy.

RORY: Our family is crazy.

RILEY: All families are crazy. One way or another.

*Pause. Muffled voices arguing are louder, then fade down.*

RORY: Listen to that. This isn't okay.

*Pause. Muffled voices arguing are louder, then fade down.*

RILEY: I wish this was TV. Someone would make a joke and Mom and Dad would stop fighting and start to laugh.

RORY: Or sappy music would play.

RILEY: Or they would have to work together to save us from some kidnapping plot, and realize how much they love each other.

RORY: Or they would hide in a compound.

RILEY: Of they would end up all dressed up and see each other across the room.

RORY: Or get our brains eaten by zombies. *(RORY starts miming eating someone's brain)*

RILEY: Right. Maybe reality is better.

*Pause. Muffled voices arguing are louder. RILEY and RORY look at each other. Voices fade down.*

RILEY: Maybe not.

RORY: So what do you want to do?

RILEY: Maybe we could tell them how we feel about all the fighting. Maybe tell them how we feel about having to hide here, how we are worried about them.

RORY: Do you think they'll listen?

RILEY: I don't know. I just think they need to know how we feel. It's our house too.

RORY: Do you want to talk to them now?

*Muffled door slam.*

RORY: I guess we'll have to wait until tomorrow.

*Pause.*

RILEY: What time is it?

RORY: *(looking at the time)* Ten after eight.

RILEY: Do you want to go watch *The Dead are Walking*? We missed the first ten minutes, but it was probably mostly commercials.

RORY: Really? I thought you didn't like that show.

RILEY: It's not my favourite. But maybe I could get into it.

RORY: Are you going to make fun of the zombies?

RILEY: Why don't the people just run? The zombies walk so slowly.

RORY: You mean like this?

*RORY walks like a stereotypical zombie while following RILEY walking out.*

RILEY: Exactly. (*starts to walk backwards*) I mean I can even walk backwards and out walk a zombie. How are zombies even scary?  
(*exits*)

RORY: I'd like to see you say that while they are eating your brains!  
(*exits*)

## Homework

*SCOTT and SCOTT'S BRAIN should be dressed similarly. As should KYNA and KYNA'S BRAIN.*

*SCOTT and KYNA never make eye contact or look at each other at the same time until the end of the play. They will each need a notebook and a copy of Romeo and Juliet.*

SCOTT'S BRAIN and KYNA'S BRAIN: (*unison*) Here we are doing this again.

KYNA'S BRAIN: For the past eight weeks, every Thursday –

SCOTT'S BRAIN: Kyna comes over to work on English homework –

SCOTT'S BRAIN and KYNA'S BRAIN: in awkward silence.

SCOTT'S BRAIN: At the start of the semester, Mr. Oliver, our English teacher, assigned everyone a study buddy.

KYNA'S BRAIN: I got Scott. (*KYNA looks at SCOTT*) I didn't really know him. (*KYNA looks away*)

SCOTT'S BRAIN: She sat two rows ahead of me in class.

KYNA'S BRAIN: He's on a lot of sports teams, our paths just never crossed.

SCOTT'S BRAIN: I saw her in last year's school play. I thought she was kind of ... cute. (*SCOTT quickly looks at KYNA, then away*)

KYNA'S BRAIN: We tried working at my house, but my parents insist on us working at the kitchen table.

SCOTT'S BRAIN: Kyna has three brothers.

KYNA'S BRAIN: It was just too loud, and the guys were being so goofy. So I came over to Scott's house. His parents are so –

KYNA'S BRAIN: (*together with below*) Cool.

SCOTT'S BRAIN: (*together with above*) Distracted.

SCOTT'S BRAIN: Mom and Dad run their own catering business from home. It is just easier to work here. (*indicating the bedroom*)

KYNA'S BRAIN: My parents would never let me have a guy in my bedroom. Even if we were just studying.

SCOTT'S BRAIN: So, for the past eight weeks, Kyna comes over and we're supposed to work on our weekly English assignment.

KYNA'S BRAIN: The first few assignments were easy.

SCOTT'S BRAIN: The kind of "get to know you" stuff that your teacher gets you to do that the start of the semester. That's when I found out Kyna likes baseball.

KYNA'S BRAIN: He likes Shakespeare. (*pause*) I know – I was shocked too.

SCOTT'S BRAIN: She likes action movies.

KYNA'S BRAIN: He likes action movies. But I mean, who doesn't like action movies.

SCOTT'S BRAIN: She likes roller coasters.

KYNA'S BRAIN: He likes roller coasters.

SCOTT'S BRAIN: She wants to do well in school so that she can become a writer.

KYNA'S BRAIN: Family is really important to him.

SCOTT'S BRAIN: She says that she loves performing on stage, that being a character is sometimes easier than being herself.

KYNA'S BRAIN: He likes being on the school's soccer team.

SCOTT'S BRAIN: (*looking at KYNA*) She is a good actor, but I like it when she is just herself. (*looks away*)

KYNA'S BRAIN: (*looking at SCOTT*) He likes being a part of a team. (*looks away*)

SCOTT'S BRAIN: She has these little habits. I started to notice them a few weeks ago. Like when she is getting bored she bites her pen. (*KYNA starts biting the end of her pen*) Or when she is going to make a weird connection, she makes a "hum face." (*KYNA makes a "hum face"*)

KYNA: (*to SCOTT, not looking at him*) You know what I find weird.

SCOTT: What's that?

KYNA: Okay, so *Romeo and Juliet* is about these two teenagers who are in love and want to get married right?

SCOTT: Yeah.

KYNA: Well, back in the day, people didn't get married because they loved each other. That's a modern notion of marriage. I read this article about it, let me see if I can find it. (*starts searching her phone*)

SCOTT'S BRAIN: This is killing me. When we started to study *Romeo and Juliet*, I thought this was my chance, this was my chance to –

KYNA: (*to SCOTT, but not looking at him*) Here it is.

SCOTT AND SCOTT'S BRAIN: (*startled*) Here what is?

KYNA: Your chance.

SCOTT AND SCOTT'S BRAIN: (*looking alarmed*) What?

KYNA: To read this article. Here, come look. (*SCOTT gets up and sits next to KYNA so he can look at her phone.*)

KYNA: See right here, it says...

*KYNA continues to speak at a lower volume while  
SCOTT'S BRAIN shares his thoughts with the  
audience.*

*(together with below)* ...marriage was used to create alliances between families. Girls would be married off because then the family would get a goat, or would increase wealth in some way. In the 12th and 13th centuries extramarital affairs were considered the highest form of romance.

SCOTT'S BRAIN: (*together with above*) This is torture. She is sitting so close to me. It is so nice though. I just want her to keep talking. I just wish, I just wish I had the words to –

KYNA: So you get what I mean.

SCOTT: Hum, no, not really.

KYNA: If marriage was a business contract when *Romeo and Juliet* took place and when it was written, then why didn't they just marry other people and have an affair?

SCOTT: I, don't know, I...

KYNA: It wasn't until the 1920's that people were encouraged to marry for love.

SCOTT: Shakespeare was a progressive thinker?

*KYNA looks as if she is about to say something – begins doing her “hum face,” then goes back to her books. SCOTT returns to his books.*

SCOTT'S BRAIN: So now I will sit here and pretend to study while I try to think of something to say, some way to get her –

KYNA'S BRAIN and SCOTT'S BRAIN: to notice me.

KYNA'S BRAIN: Sometimes, I say the stupidest things just to make conversation. Does it really matter whether or not marriage was a business contract at the time of *Romeo and Juliet*? (*thinks and makes the “hum face”*) Okay maybe that's not so stupid. But I don't want him to think that I think affairs are okay.

SCOTT: Which act is the balcony scene in?

KYNA'S BRAIN and KYNA: What?

SCOTT: The balcony scene – it is act two, right?

KYNA: Act two, scene two.

SCOTT: Right. (*starts flipping through the script*)

KYNA'S BRAIN: (*indicating the Romeo and Juliet script*) Here, they make it look so easy. Romeo and Juliet have the words. Juliet doesn't show Romeo articles from the internet. She doesn't question the use of a comma or semi-colon. She just –

SCOTT: “Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.”

KYNA and KYNA'S BRAIN: What?

SCOTT: It is Romeo and Juliet's contract. It may not have been for land or a goat, but it was an offer of an exchange of –

KYNA: Of.

SCOTT: Of vows, of –

KYNA and SCOTT: Words.

SCOTT'S BRAIN: Words.

KYNA'S BRAIN: Words.

SCOTT'S BRAIN: What I wouldn't do –

KYNA'S BRAIN: to have Shakespeare tell me what to say.



SCOTT'S BRAIN: He makes it look so easy. As if the words are easily in reach.

KYNA'S BRAIN: Juliet even knew Romeo was listening when she was standing on the balcony as she professed her love – I could never do that.

SCOTT'S BRAIN: I can barely make eye contact.

KYNA'S BRAIN: I just wish,

SCOTT'S BRAIN: I just wish,

KYNA'S BRAIN: I was standing on a balcony.

SCOTT'S BRAIN: I could say the words.

KYNA'S BRAIN: I could speak in subtext.

SCOTT'S BRAIN: That I could...

*Uncomfortable silence. KYNA and SCOTT shuffle papers.*

KYNA: So, hum –

SCOTT: Yeah?

KYNA: Hum, do you...

*KYNA'S BRAIN and SCOTT'S BRAIN focus in on KYNA.*

SCOTT: Do I?

KYNA: Do you...

KYNA'S BRAIN: Come on.

KYNA: Do you...

KYNA'S BRAIN: Take the chance! You can do it!

KYNA: Hum – feel ready for –

KYNA'S BRAIN: Come on!

KYNA: For tomorrow's test?

*KYNA'S BRAIN groans.*

SCOTT: Oh, um, hey, I think so.

KYNA: Good, good.

SCOTT: Do you...um...feel ready for...

SCOTT'S BRAIN: (*unimpressed*) Oh wow!

SCOTT: ...for tomorrow's test?

SCOTT'S BRAIN: Why do I even show up?

KYNA: Yeah, I think so.

SCOTT: Good, good.

SCOTT'S BRAIN: Well done.

*KYNA and SCOTT look at each other.*

KYNA: It's just a test – right?

SCOTT: Right.

KYNA: I mean, it's not going to –

SCOTT and KYNA: make or break.

KYNA: Yeah.

SCOTT: Yeah.

*SCOTT and KYNA stare at each other for a while.*

KYNA'S BRAIN: Oh, oh, oh – do something.

SCOTT'S BRAIN: Say something.

KYNA'S BRAIN: Make a joke.

SCOTT'S BRAIN: Complement her.

KYNA'S BRAIN: Tell him how much you like spending time with him.

SCOTT'S BRAIN: Kiss her!

*Long pause.*

KYNA: Well.

SCOTT: Well.

KYNA: I should go.

SCOTT: I guess you should.

*KYNA puts her stuff into a backpack.*

KYNA: Well, hum, thanks.

SCOTT: Yeah, thanks.

KYNA: Good luck on the test tomorrow.

SCOTT: You too.

KYNA: Well, good night.

SCOTT: Night.

*KYNA pauses for a moment, then leaves. KYNA'S  
BRAIN follows.*

SCOTT'S BRAIN: You're an idiot.

SCOTT: I know.

*SCOTT and SCOTT'S BRAIN exit.*

**Gone**

NOOR: (*offstage calling*) Well, don't touch anything.

*ISAAC rushes into the room, but stops in the doorway. He steps in, takes a breath and looks around.*

KYRA: (*offstage calling*) Isaac where are you?

ISAAC: In here.

KYRA: (*entering the doorway*) Sorry I'm late. I – (*looks around the room*)

*Pause.*

KYRA: Aren't you going to go in?

ISAAC: Yeah, I'm was just...

*KYRA waits a moment for ISAAC to step further into the room. ISAAC doesn't move.*

KYRA: Want me to go first? (*ISAAC doesn't respond*) I'll go first.

*KYRA starts to walk in, ISAAC stops her.*

KYRA: What?

ISAAC: I just –

KYRA: Do you want to do this or not?

ISAAC: Okay. (*takes a few steps into the room*)

KYRA: See not so bad. (*walks into the room*) It's not like –

*MATEO rushes in.*

MATEO: Hey –

KYRA: (*screams in surprise*) Geez! Mateo you scared the crap out of me!

MATEO: I told you I was coming.

KYRA: I know but, geez.

MATEO: So what did you find?

KYRA: We just got here. We haven't started to look.

MATEO: (*moving towards the desk*) Well, let's start looking.

ISAAC: No, don't.

MATEO: (*stopping*) What?

ISAAC: I don't know if we should be doing this.

KYRA: Isaac this was your idea.

ISAAC: I know.

MATEO: You said you wanted to know why.

ISAAC: I know. I just. Being here, it doesn't feel right.

KYRA: Okay. Then we'll go.

MATEO: (*to ISAAC*) Noor is never going to get the keys for us again.

KYRA: Okay.

MATEO: His parents are out, this is going to be our only chance to –

KYRA: Mateo, leave Isaac alone. Let's go.

*ISAAC and KYRA start to leave. MATEO doesn't move.*

MATEO: No. He's my friend too you know.

*KYRA and ISAAC stop and look at MATEO.*

MATEO: He's my friend and I need to know why.

*Pause.*

NOOR: (*offstage*) Can you stop yelling? Somebody is going to (*entering the room*) hear us. What's going on? Did you find something?

KYRA: We haven't started looking yet.

NOOR: Why are you wasting time?

KYRA: We're not, we're just...

ISAAC: (*walking back into the room*) We're just getting started.

NOOR: Okay. So where do you want to start? Do you even know what you're looking for?

ISAAC: No, but there has to be something. (*no one moves*)

KYRA: Why don't we look in the desk?

*KYRA walks over to the desk and opens a drawer.*

NOOR: Just be careful. They don't need to think they have been robbed too.

KYRA: Okay.

*KYRA starts to carefully look through the full drawer.  
ISAAC starts to look through a dresser drawer.*

MATEO: I'll look under the bed. (*looks under the bed*) I can't see anything.

NOOR: Want my phone?

MATEO: Yeah.

*NOOR hands MATEO her phone. NOOR stands in the doorway.*

NOOR: Man, you hear about these things. You just don't think they'd happen next door. I mean, his family seems so...normal.

ISAAC: They are normal. They're really nice actually.

NOOR: Then why would he...

ISAAC: I don't know.

*A text message sound is heard from under the bed.*

MATEO: Hey, you got a message.

NOOR: Well, give me my phone.

MATEO: Ava is waiting outside of your house.

NOOR: Shoot, I forgot she was coming over.

MATEO: Don't worry, I got it.

NOOR: Give me my phone.

MATEO: Don't worry, I got it.

NOOR: What did you say?

MATEO: (*coming out from under the bed*) I told her to come here – the door is open.

NOOR: Are you nuts! Are you going to tell everyone what we are doing?

KYRA: Jordan's coming over too.

NOOR: What? Does everyone know about this?

MATEO: We're not doing anything wrong!

NOOR: You're trespassing! You don't have permission to be here! It's illegal.

MATEO: Well so are you! Better make sure that Ava keeps her mouth shut.

KYRA: Can Ava keep her mouth shut?

NOOR: Why do you say that?

KYRA: I don't know her that well, but...she does like to gossip.

NOOR: She won't say anything.

KYRA: You sure?

NOOR: She won't. She wouldn't.

KYRA: Okay. (*Goes back to digging through a drawer. Holds up a photo.*) Hey look what I found.

ISAAC: Let me see. (*stands beside KYRA*) I forgot about that. It's when we went on that school trip to the Science Centre in grade eight.

KYRA: Nice glasses, Mateo!

MATEO: (*getting up from under the bed*) Let me see. (*walks over to look at the picture*) Well, nice bangs there, Kyra.

KYRA: That was the style.

MATEO: Maybe three years ago.

KYRA: It was three years ago.

ISAAC: Look how happy we all look.

*Long pause. ISAAC, KYRA, and MATEO look at the photo.*

NOOR: You should put that back before you forget where you found it.

KYRA: Right.

*KYRA puts the photo back in the drawer, ISAAC goes back to the dresser, and MATEO looks under the bed.*

NOOR: It's really weird being here. (*looks around the room and out the door*) Really weird.

KYRA: Noor.

NOOR: No, serious, it's weird. I mean this house is exactly like mine, but flipped around, you know, backwards.

MATEO: (*from under the bed*) That's what builders do, they build the same house over and over again to save money on blueprints.

NOOR: But they aren't saving money on blueprints. What, are they just taking the design turning it over and photocopying it?

MATEO: No, just reversing the architectural design.

NOOR: I don't know. (*steps offstage*) Even the bathroom setup seems weird. (*returning to the doorway*) I wonder what else is different. (*to MATEO under the bed*) What the heck is under his bed that you are still looking?

MATEO: He's got a bunch of shoeboxes.

NOOR: Well, what is in them?

MATEO: I don't know. Shoes I guess, they are shoeboxes.

NOOR: You don't know that.

MATEO: I don't know if I should –

*AVA enters.*

AVA: Noor – what is going on?

NOOR: It's a long story.

AVA: (*stepping across the room*) You know this is illegal, right?

MATEO: (*from under the bed*) Well, you're here with us too; so you're breaking the law just like us.

AVA: No, I was told to come over.

MATEO: It doesn't work that way.

JORDAN: (*enters and stands behind NOOR*) What doesn't work that way?

*They all jump at the sound of JORDAN's voice.*

MATEO: (*coming out from under the bed rubbing his head*) Do I have a bump?

KYRA: (*looks at MATEO's head*) No.

MATEO: Feel it, right here. (*KYRA touches MATEO's head*) Ow, be careful.



KYRA: I don't feel anything.

MATEO: It feels like I have a bump.

ISAAC: Did you find anything?

MATEO: Just a bunch of shoeboxes.

JORDAN: Let me look.

*MATEO hands JORDAN NOOR's phone and goes under the bed.*

NOOR: Don't waste the battery on my phone.

JORDAN: *(from under the bed)* Hey *(comes out from under the bed with a shoebox)* He's got my poker set. He stole my poker set. *(opening the box, sorting through the box)* It's all here. What the heck? I even asked him about it –

MATEO: He didn't steal your poker set.

JORDAN: It's right here. It was under his bed.

MATEO: I took it and I put it under his bed a couple of months ago.

JORDAN: What? Why?

MATEO: Because you cheat.

JORDAN: I do not.

MATEO: All the time, Jordan. No one wins that often.

JORDAN: You do if you know how to play the game.

MATEO: You're not that good.

JORDAN: Oh yeah – right now, let's go. *(starts to shuffle the cards from the poker set)*

NOOR: Ah, no – you are going to put that back.

JORDAN: But it's mine.

NOOR: We're leaving this room exactly as we found it.

JORDAN: But it's mine.

NOOR: I don't care whose it is, it's not leaving this room.

JORDAN: It's not fair.

ISAAC: Can you guys stop it! (*everyone stops and looks at ISAAC*) Who cares about some stupid poker set?

*Pause. ISAAC slams the drawer he was looking through and starts to look in another one. Pause.*

KYRA: Maybe we should go.

MATEO: Yeah, this doesn't seem right. Isaac, we're not going to find anything.

KYRA: Let's get going.

*MATEO, KYRA and JORDAN start to exit.*

ISAAC: No.

KYRA: Isaac.

ISAAC: No. I'm not leaving. There has to be something here. There has to be something here. I looked in his locker, I went through his school bag. I even checked his textbooks for a doodle or a piece of paper or a newspaper article, just something. Just something that would, I don't know. Just... something.

KYRA: Isaac.

ISAAC: He's gone. Why is he gone? Can you answer me that? Because I can't. Why would he...(*Pause. ISAAC looks around the room.*) Why does his room look so normal? It's like he's going to walk in and we're going hang out. Like he's just gone to get some ice cream from the kitchen and he's on his way up, but, he's not, he's not, he's...not. And I just don't understand why.

*Pause.*

ISAAC: I'm sorry. I'm sorry. This was stupid. I don't even know why I'm here.

NOOR: Because you miss him.

*Pause.*

NOOR: Say it.

ISAAC: What?

NOOR: Say it. Say you miss him.

ISAAC: Why do I have to say it?

NOOR: Maybe because if he said what he was feeling, we wouldn't be here. (*pause*) You came here looking for an answer. Well, there it is.

*Pause.*

ISAAC: I miss him.

NOOR: And?

ISAAC: And I'm sad. (*short pause*) And I'm angry and confused, and I don't even know how to explain how I feel.

KYRA: I know how you feel.

JORDAN: I can't believe it. I mean, it just doesn't seem real.

ISAAC: I can't believe that I didn't see it coming.

MATEO: None of us did.

*Pause.*

NOOR: We should put things back how we found them. We should get going.

*KYRA carefully closes the drawers to the desk.  
JORDAN puts the shoebox with the poker set inside  
back under the bed. ISAAC closes the drawers of the  
dresser.*

NOOR: Come on, I think we might have some ice cream in our freezer.

*KYRA, JORDAN and MATEO walk toward the door.*

NOOR: (*to ISAAC*) You coming?

ISAAC: I don't want ice cream.

NOOR: Then just come over anyway.

ISAAC: Okay.

*They all exit, except for NOOR and AVA.*

AVA: Noor what are you doing?

NOOR: Getting ice cream.

AVA: No, I mean, with them.

NOOR: What do you mean "with them"?

AVA: We never talk to them.

NOOR: Maybe we should.

AVA: They're weird. You've heard what people have been saying about  
(*pauses, looks around the room*) him.

NOOR: It doesn't make it true. Besides, we don't know what  
happened.

AVA: Come on, it's obvious isn't it?

NOOR: No, it's not. Besides, it doesn't matter – they matter. They  
are the ones that need help right now. And maybe if we noticed  
(*gestures to the room*) him maybe things would have been different.

KYRA: (*from offstage*) Hey are you coming?

NOOR: (*calling offstage*) Be right there. (*to AVA*) You coming?

AVA: I don't know. (*slight pause*) You got chocolate ice cream?

NOOR: I think so.

AVA: If not, you owe me.

NOOR: Okay.

*AVA and NOOR exit.*

**Secret**

*ASH is sitting at the desk writing. KAI enters without being noticed, carrying a cupcake behind her back. KAI stands looking at ASH for a moment. ASH realizes someone is there, turns, and looks at KAI, then looks away.*

ASH: What are you doing here?

KAI: Your mom said I could come up.

ASH: She's okay with it?

KAI: Yeah, why not? *(pause)* We have known each other since we were eight – I've been in your room a million times. *(longer pause)* Your mom said you were working on a big History project. *(pauses to allow ASH to respond, but ASH doesn't)* The big History project that was due last Wednesday. The project I saw you hand in last Tuesday in the same yellow duo-tang that you always use to hand in your History assignments.

*Pause.*

ASH: Impressions matter.

KAI: Your mom said that you have been working hard, you haven't left your room. *(pauses to allow ASH to respond, but ASH doesn't)* She also said that's probably why you haven't responded to my texts. *(pauses to allow ASH to respond, but ASH doesn't)* And that's why you couldn't come to my party yesterday. *(pauses to allow ASH to respond, but ASH doesn't)* I brought you a cupcake. It's vanilla. I know you like chocolate, but everyone does. So I guess you should have come to my party.

ASH: Yeah, that would have been something.

KAI: It was a good party.

ASH: I am sure it was.

KAI: So why didn't you come?

*Pause.*

KAI: No one would have said anything.

ASH: Wouldn't they.

KAI: No.

*Pause. ASH looks at KAI.*

ASH: Who else knows?

KAI: No one.

ASH: You told no one?

KAI: No one.

ASH: Kai, I know you.

KAI: Well, I would have told you, but that would have been awkward. I usually tell you everything.

ASH: Kai.

KAI: No, seriously, “Hey Ash – you wouldn’t believe what happened today.”

ASH: Kai.

KAI: I got a note in my locker. Who does that? Nobody writes on paper anymore.

ASH: Kai.

KAI: I mean, I couldn’t have gotten a text, something on messenger?

ASH: Kai.

KAI: Seriously, who still writes on paper? And it was a fricken novel! Couldn’t it have been summarized in one hundred and forty characters? It took me like five minutes to read the whole thing – I don’t think it would have taken so long, but the handwriting was terrible.

ASH: Stop it.

KAI: Stop what?

ASH: Stop making jokes about this.

KAI: See, I told you it would have been awkward.

*Pause.*

KAI: I am glad you told me.

ASH: Why?

KAI: Well, it couldn’t have been easy. You said you have been feeling that way for a while. To finally say something must have been –

ASH: A mistake.

KAI: Why was it a mistake?

*ASH doesn't respond. ASH looks away. Pause. KAI carefully sits next to ASH.*

KAI: I read about this for psychology class, facing someone is a female way of communicating.

ASH: What?

KAI: See it comes from teaching babies. (*she mimes hold a baby in her arms*) Mothers would stare at their children to teach them language and emotions. Males on the other hand –

ASH: Write notes.

KAI: Ha! I see what you did there – you made a joke. Well done.

ASH: It wasn't a funny joke.

KAI: Yeah, you're right. It wasn't a funny joke.

*Pause.*

ASH: So, what were you saying?

KAI: Um, right. So, males, they sit side-by-side. They got used to communicating (*gesturing at the fact they are sitting side-by-side*) this way so they could throw rocks at their prey.

ASH: Why are they throwing rocks?

KAI: I don't know, whatever you would use to kill something, you would need to focus on the prey, not the other person. So males speak more comfortably not being stared at.

ASH: So?

KAI: So, I am just going to sit here, like this – see – I'm not looking at you. So you'll feel freer to talk.

ASH: Why do you think I want to talk?

KAI: Because I am your friend.

ASH: Yeah...friend.

KAI: I am your friend – no matter what.

ASH: Are you sure about that? It is a really big "what."

KAI: I know, I read the letter.

*Pause.*

KAI: So.

ASH: So.

KAI: So.

ASH: So what?

KAI: What?

ASH: Are you going to just repeat everything I say?

KAI: I'm sorry Ash, I am not good this. I don't know what to say.

ASH: Right.

KAI: I just didn't know, I didn't think that you –

ASH: That I am...

KAI: Feeling like that.

ASH: Well I am.

KAI: Right. Right. (*pause*) So how's it going?

ASH: How's it going?

KAI: Yeah, since you um – started, since you,

ASH: Realized –

KAI: Yeah, realized.

ASH: Well, I...to be honest, I wanted to know how you felt.

KAI: Me?

ASH: Yeah, I mean we have known each other for a long time.

KAI: Are you asking if I knew? I didn't know – I mean, I never would have thought that you –

ASH: That I'm...

KAI: Feeling that way.

ASH: Really, you couldn't tell.

KAI: No – you're Ash. You have always been Ash.



ASH: But now...

KAI: What do you mean, but now?

ASH: But now you know.

KAI: Yeah.

ASH: So, how does this change things?

KAI: I don't know.

ASH: You don't know?

KAI: Well, does it have to change things?

ASH: What do you mean?

KAI: Well, knowing how you feel, does that have to change anything?

ASH: I don't know. I thought it might.

KAI: Oh.

ASH: Oh.

KAI: I... I don't know.

ASH: Oh.

KAI: Maybe it doesn't have to change things.

ASH: Oh.

*Pause. ASH gets up and goes back to the desk.*

KAI: So that's it?

ASH: What?

KAI: No more side-by-side conversation?

ASH: Kai. What do you want from me?

KAI: Well, maybe some understanding.

ASH: What do you mean?

KAI: Look, you have been living with these feelings for a while. They aren't new to you.

ASH: So.

KAI: Well they are new to me, and I don't know what to think. When I got your note...*(stops herself)*

ASH: When you got my note... *(gestures to continue)*

KAI: I thought it was maybe a joke.

ASH: What?

KAI: Well, I didn't expect, I didn't know, I didn't –

ASH: So you thought it was a joke.

KAI: I –

ASH: Why would I joke about this?

KAI: Maybe because I don't see it. Maybe because I...*(stops herself)*

*ASH gets up and sits facing KAI.*

ASH: Okay talk.

KAI: I don't...

ASH: You are the first person on this planet that I told this to. You are the only person right now in the world who knows.

KAI: I know.

ASH: I need to know what you think.

KAI: I wish I could answer that. I don't know what to think.

ASH: Oh.

KAI: If this means that you avoid me and that you won't answer my texts and you won't come to my party, then I don't like it.

ASH: Oh.

KAI: Is that what this means? We're never going to hang out anymore?

ASH: No, I didn't mean –

KAI: You tell me this big secret then you shut me out of your life.

ASH: I haven't shut you out.

KAI: Then why did I have to come here to talk to you? Why did you pretend to have homework all weekend?

ASH: I just –

KAI: What?

ASH: I couldn't face it, I couldn't face you.

KAI: Why not?

ASH: Because this could change everything.

KAI: Does it have to?

ASH: Doesn't it?

KAI: You're playing the ending. You know that, you're playing the ending.

ASH: What you talking about?

KAI: You are assuming that you know what is going to happen instead of seeing what will happen.

ASH: What?

KAI: So why do you think I wouldn't want to talk to you anymore?  
Why did you think that I wouldn't want you at my party?

ASH: Because things have been changing.

KAI: Things are always going to change. I don't come over here to build forts anymore.

ASH: I know.

KAI: When was the last time we watched cartoons together?

ASH: I don't know.

KAI: We're not eight anymore.

ASH: I know.

KAI: We've changed a lot since then.

ASH: I know.

KAI: But we've always been friends.

ASH: Friends.

KAI: Friends.

*Pause.*

KAI: So even if your feelings have changed, I am hoping we can always be friends.

ASH: Okay.

KAI: Just give me some time with this.

ASH: Okay.

*Long pause.*

KAI: So are you going to eat that cupcake?

ASH: You know I don't like vanilla.

KAI: Can I have it?

ASH: Sure.

*ASH gives KAI the cupcake, who starts to eat it.*

ASH: Good cupcake?

KAI: Not as good as the chocolate ones.

ASH: Too bad you don't have any left.

KAI: Well, I might have lied about that.

ASH: Of course you did.

KAI: You know me so well. *(pause)* Want to come to my house to have one?

ASH: You have two chocolate cupcakes left?

KAI: At least two, maybe more.

ASH: Dibs.

KAI: Let's go.

*They exit.*

**Box**

*QUINN enters carefully carrying a box. QUINN places the box on the desk and sits on the bed staring at it. Beat. QUINN looks at the door. REMY enters.*

QUINN: You took long enough.

REMY: Hey – I got here as soon as I could.

QUINN: You're right. Sorry.

*Pause.*

REMY: You okay?

QUINN: Yeah. Yeah, I am okay.

*Pause.*

REMY: *(indicating the box)* So...is that it?

QUINN: That's it.

*Pause.*

REMY: So, what's in it?

QUINN: I don't know.

*Pause.*

REMY: Well, how heavy is it?

QUINN: How heavy is it? How heavy is it?

REMY: I thought it was a good question. The weight would indicate what could be in it. Does it rattle if you shake it?

QUINN: I didn't shake it.

REMY: *(goes towards the box)* I can shake it.

QUINN: Don't shake it! You don't know what is in it.

REMY: Okay, okay.

QUINN: I just don't want to break anything inside – you know.

REMY: So...how was it?

QUINN: What does that mean?

REMY: Sorry, I have never been to a –

QUINN: A...?

REMY: What's it called again?

QUINN: The reading of the Will.

REMY: To a reading of a Will. I've been to funerals, but not where they hand out prizes.

QUINN: They are not prizes!

REMY: Gift boxes then.

QUINN: Remy – this is serious!

REMY: I get it.

QUINN: Do you? (*Indicating to the box*) This was his last wish. This is what he wanted to happen after he died.

REMY: I'm not good at this, I am sorry. Why don't we wait until Jay gets here.

QUINN: Okay.

*Pause.*

REMY: Do you got anything to eat?

QUINN: What?

REMY: Do you got anything to eat? I'm starving.

QUINN: No, no, I don't have anything to eat. We just got back. Dad hasn't gone grocery shopping yet.

REMY: Sorry, it is just, I came over as fast as I could. I didn't realize that this would take so long.

QUINN: I am sorry that this is an inconvenience for you.

REMY: I am not saying that.

QUINN: I know. (*pause*) Look I –

REMY: It's okay.

QUINN: This just really threw me. I wasn't expecting anything. I mean, I am the only great-grandchild to get anything.

REMY: None of your cousins got anything?

QUINN: Nope.

REMY: Not even your brother?

QUINN: No. He's been bugging me to find out what is in the box. I feel like this is must be important. But I don't know why he picked me.

REMY: I don't know. Did you have a special connection or something?

QUINN: Not that I can think of. I mean I was polite. I listened to his stories.

REMY: Well he must of appreciated you if he left you something.

QUINN: Maybe. But why me?

*JAY enters.*

JAY: Hey Quinn, your dad said I could come up.

QUINN: Thanks for coming.

REMY: You didn't thank me for coming.

QUINN: Sorry, thanks for coming Remy.

REMY: You're welcome.

JAY: So?

QUINN: So?

JAY: Well what's (*indicating the box*) in it?

QUINN: I don't know.

JAY: You haven't opened it yet.

REMY: Nope.

JAY: What are you waiting for?

QUINN: I don't know.

JAY: It's just a box.

QUINN: But it isn't just a box. It's his box. It's his last box. It is a box he wanted me to have.

JAY: Yeah, and?

QUINN: What if there's something earth shattering in it?

JAY: Nothing that is earth shattering could fit in that box.

QUINN: What if there's some family secret? What if there is something that would rip our family apart?

JAY: Quinn –

QUINN: What if he committed a crime? What if there is evidence in there?

REMY: You think your great-grandfather committed a crime. Wow, you think you know someone.

JAY: Remy –

REMY: Seriously, you never think of old people like that. They seem so cute and sweet. You never know what they could have done.

JAY: Remy come on!

REMY: Seriously, we open then box and find out Quinn's great-grandfather got away with murder!

QUINN: Who said anything about murder?

REMY: Why couldn't your great-grandfather get away with murder?

QUINN: Because I know my great-grandfather and he's not a murderer!

REMY: Oh, okay fine. Oh! But wait! What if he robbed a bank and that box is full of money!

QUINN: It's not full of money.

REMY: How do you know? You didn't even shake the box.

JAY: You didn't shake the box?

QUINN: I didn't want to break anything.

JAY: Then you don't know what's in it.

QUINN: No.

JAY: Then why guess. Just open it. (*waits for QUINN to respond*) Okay, well then you can have a box in your room and you can let it gather dust and wonder.

QUINN: Maybe?

JAY: Or you could open it and know.

QUINN: But know what?



JAY: I don't know. What your great-grandfather wanted you to know. Don't you want to honour that wish?

*QUINN shrugs her shoulders.*

JAY: We're here. Whatever is in that box, we'll face it together. Right, Remy?

REMY: I don't know.

JAY: What?

REMY: What if there are body parts from the murder in there?

QUINN: My great-grandfather didn't murder anyone.

REMY: I am just saying – I don't think I could handle that.

JAY: Remy, it will be okay. No body parts.

REMY: Okay, but if there are, I am out of here.

JAY: So – Quinn, going to find out what is in it?

QUINN: *(takes a deep breath)* Okay.

JAY: Okay?

QUINN: Okay, I'll open it.

*QUINN gets a pair of scissors from the desk. She takes a breath, then cuts the tape on the top of the box. QUINN opens the flaps of the box and looks in. Pause.*

REMY: So? Should I start screaming and running? How many body parts are there?

QUINN: There's no body parts. At least from what I can see.

JAY: What's in it?

QUINN: *(reaches into the box and pulls out bubble wrap)* Well, there's this.

REMY: Can I pop it?

JAY: That is usually used to pack something that can break.

QUINN: *(looking at REMY)* Good thing that I didn't shake it. *(searches through the box again)* I think I found something. Ow! *(retracts her hand from the box and sticks her finger in her mouth)*

JAY: What happened?

QUINN: I don't know, just felt something sharp.

REMY: It is the murder weapon!

QUINN and JAY: Remy!

REMY: Hey – until you show me what is in the box...

*QUINN carefully puts her hand back into the box.*

QUINN: I think, yeah – here it is. *(holds up a sewing needle)*

REMY: What is it?

QUINN: A sewing needle.

JAY: He gave you a sewing needle?

QUINN: I guess.

JAY: That's a big box for just a sewing needle.

REMY: Maybe that's how he sewed up the bodies after he murdered them.

JAY: Remy stop it!

REMY: Sorry, but you got to admit it is weird.

JAY: Is there anything else in the box?

*QUINN takes a few moments to search the box.*

QUINN: A spoon? *(pulls a spoon out of the box)*

JAY: Remy don't even think about making the spoon into the murder weapon.

*QUINN starts to search again.*

REMY: I wasn't, I was – okay.

QUINN: *(pulls out half of a shoelace)* Half a shoe lace?

JAY: Okay that is weird.

*QUINN starts to search again.*

QUINN: *(pulling out each item)* Nail cutters, a battery, a quarter? What the heck is this?

JAY: There has got to be more.

QUINN: (*pulling out a lottery ticket*) A lottery ticket.

JAY: A lottery ticket?

QUINN: Super-ball seven. The numbers are eight, twenty-two, twenty-six, seven, seventeen, four, three.

REMY: Did it win?

JAY: What's the date on it?

QUINN: Three weeks ago.

REMY: Look it up.

*JAY takes out his cellphone, looks at the number on the lottery ticket, and searches the numbers.*

QUINN: Well?

REMY: Wasn't the jackpot twenty-five million three weeks go?

QUINN: I don't know.

JAY: It was twenty-five million!

QUINN: Are you saying?

JAY: No – it didn't win.

QUINN: So he gave me a losing lottery ticket. (*tosses the ticket on the desk*)

REMY: That sucks.

JAY: Remy!

REMY: Well it does. Why would Quinn's great-grandfather give her a losing lottery ticket?

JAY: Maybe there is more in the box to explain it.

QUINN: Jay, I think I am done.

JAY: What do you mean?

QUINN: It's just a bunch of garbage. What's the point?

JAY: You don't know that. Maybe it's a puzzle and when we see all the pieces it will make sense. (*pause, waiting for a response*) Come on – just look.

*QUINN starts to search again.*

QUINN: (*pulling out another quarter*) Another quarter?

JAY: That's worth something.

QUINN: Yeah a quarter.

REMY: Now you got fifty cents!

JAY: Is that it? Is that all that's left in the box?

REMY: I skipped dinner for this? I'm hungry.

QUINN: I felt one thing at the bottom of the box.

JAY: Well – what is it?

*QUINN pulls out a copy of King Lear.*

REMY: *King Lear*? Did he like Shakespeare?

QUINN: I don't know?

JAY: But maybe that's it. *King Lear* gives away all of his possessions thinking that his family will take care of him.

REMY: Did your great-grandfather do that?

QUINN: No.

REMY: This is really weird. These items don't make any sense.

JAY: Maybe if we add the numbers of the lottery ticket together.

REMY: Eighty-seven.

JAY: How do you know that?

REMY: I'm really good at math.

JAY: How old was your great – grandfather when he died?

QUINN: Ninety-two.

JAY: Oh.

QUINN: It doesn't make sense.

JAY: (*picking up each item*) What does a pair of nail clippers, half a shoe lace, a battery, a sewing needle, two quarters, a losing lottery ticket and a copy of *King Lear* have in common?

REMY: Things you use? Things you...I don't know.

QUINN: Because it means nothing. He was ninety-two.

JAY: So – you said you were the only great-grandkid who got anything.  
That must mean something.

QUINN: Does it? Or did he just empty his garbage in a box and label it  
for me.

*JAY starts to look at the copy of King Lear.*

REMY: That kind of sucks. I sort of wish he was a criminal.

JAY: Look this page has a folded corner. (*turns to the page*) And look –  
this line is underlined; “Nothing can come of nothing.”

REMY: What does that mean?

QUINN: Exactly that – all of these items – they are nothing.

REMY: Oh. But what does that mean?

QUINN: I don't know. (*takes the copy of King Lear from JAY*) Maybe don't  
have a life of nothing? I mean this is what he had to give me, right?  
Not treasures or secrets – just this stuff.

REMY: Do you think that is really what he wanted you to know?

QUINN: I don't. (*smiling*) He was ninety-two. (*looks at JAY and then  
REMY*) Come on, let's go get something to eat. I got a quarter in  
my pocket and it is burning a hole.

REMY: That is some quarter.

QUINN: It's an expression.

REMY: I know – just, maybe you should keep it.

QUINN: Okay. I guess it's good I have two.

REMY: Come on, pizza is on me.

JAY: Just no pineapple. (*QUINN and JAY exit*)

REMY: But I like pineapple. (*exits*)

## Packing

*JAMIE is packing clothes into a suitcase in a hurry. ALEX can be heard counting to fifty offstage. Count as long as necessary to create the moment before.*

ALEX: (starting offstage) Okay ready or not, here I come!

*Long pause. JAMIE continues to pack. ALEX busts into the room.*

ALEX: You have the worst hiding places. To hide in your own room is one thing, but to be just standing there... (noticing) what are you doing?

JAMIE: Nothing. Why don't you go try and find the others?

ALEX: We've been playing this game for years. Jane is in our storage area, Kevin is in the garage, and Chris is going to find me because he is tired of waiting for me to find him. It's how we always play the game. But you – this is new.

JAMIE: Fine, you caught me. I was trying something new. Now go and try and try to find everyone else.

ALEX: But you're – (indicating to the suitcase) Why are you –

JAMIE: I was...I was trying to figure out a way of distracting you. You know, add to the environment so that you're not seen.

ALEX: Dad's gonna to be upset. You shouldn't make such a mess of your room for a game.

JAMIE: I'll clean it up before he notices. Now, come, go. Go find the others.

ALEX: You've moved a lot around.

JAMIE: It will be fine.

ALEX: You know that's not how you play the game. You have to come with me to find the others. That is how the game is played.

JAMIE: I know the game.

ALEX: So, come with me. We have to find the others.

JAMIE: You start. I'll be there in a minute.

ALEX: That's not the game.

JAMIE: Alex can't you just go!



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