



**Sample Pages from
Still**

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MOVING / STILL

TWO ONE-ACT PLAYS BY
Lindsay Price



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?

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! Teeeeeelll Meeeeeeeee!

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: Nooooooooo.

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.



help@theatrefolk.com www.theatrefolk.com

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