



**Sample Pages from  
Ten Minute Play Series: All Girls**

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# TEN MINUTE PLAY SERIES – ALL GIRLS

*Sandy is an Eggplant, Shannon is a Pretty Girl*

*Slow Songs Make Me Puke*

*Lies*

*Anger Management*

*Fight Over Fuchsia*

*See the Light*

BY  
*Lindsay Price*



*Ten Minute Play Series – All Girls*

*Sandy is an Eggplant, Shannon is a Pretty Girl*

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*Slow Songs Make Me Puke*

*Lies*

*Anger Management*

*Fight Over Fuchsia*

*See the Light*

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## Ten Minute Play Series – All Girls

This collection of ten minute plays is the first in our short play series. Our aim with this series is to offer a vivid experience for teen performers. Whether it's vivid characters, a vivid conflict, or vivid moments, these plays leap off the page from the very first moment. Use them in class, use them in competition, combine them for a great one act. Focus on bringing to life your vivid experience.

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## Acknowledgements

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# Sandy is an Eggplant, Shannon is a Pretty Girl

by Lindsay Price

## Characters

Sandy (17) and Shannon (14). Sisters.

## Costume

Both girls are wearing ugly purple bridesmaid dresses.

*Lights up on SANDY and SHANNON, two sisters. Both girls are wearing really ugly purple bridesmaid dresses. They stand in a formal pose with big smiles on their faces.*

*NOTE: Opening poem from Christina Rossetti, Goblin Market.*

## SANDY & SHANNON:

For there is no friend like a sister  
In calm or stormy weather  
To cheer one on the tedious way.  
To fetch one if one goes astray  
To lift one if one totters down  
To strengthen whist one stands.

*There is a pause as they stand. SANDY continues to smile. SHANNON looks perplexed.*

SHANNON: That's the stupidest poem I've ever heard.

SANDY: *(still with her fixed grin on her face)* We're supposed to be posing.

SHANNON: It's totally stupid.

SANDY: *(still with fixed grin on her face)* Shh!

SHANNON: It doesn't make any sense.

SANDY: *(still with fixed grin on her face)* Stop it!

SHANNON: It doesn't rhyme.

SANDY: *(breaking out of her pose)* Not every poem has to rhyme.

SHANNON: All the good ones do.

SANDY: How would you know, how much poetry do you read?

SHANNON: It's a stupid poem, and it's a stupid way to start a play.

*She starts to flounce to the other side of the stage.*

SANDY: Don't go anywhere; we're leaving in five minutes.

SHANNON: What for? The wedding's not until two.

SANDY: We have to be there for Deena.

SHANNON: What, like in case she changes her mind and we have to chase her down?

SANDY: Five minutes.

SHANNON: Whatever mom.

*SHANNON sprawls out on a chair and takes out a cell phone. She is instantly in an animated conversation.*

*SANDY turns to the audience. She gives a little dance and scream of frustration.*

SANDY: *(very worked up)* I HATE when she calls me mom. I'm not mom. I don't want to be mom. I don't want anything to do with being a mom. I am the anti-mom. I am anti-mom! Anti-mom! Anti-mom! *(she calms down and sighs)* Except when I'm around Shannon. My sister and I don't exactly see eye to eye on things. On anything. We are in completely different universes. And she got the good universe.

SHANNON: *(on phone)* I'm telling you, there's this nail polish that's supposed to help you stop biting your nails. Whenever you bite your nails it tastes like sour bananas or acid or something. *(she looks at her nails)* Some shiny frosted purple I wouldn't know taste if it fell on me crap.

SANDY: She is not afraid of anything. She says whatever she wants.

SHANNON: *(on phone)* My cousin is such a freak. I can't believe she found someone to marry her.

SANDY: She's right. Deena is a freak. But I could never say that.

SHANNON: *(on phone)* You are not! Don't go without me! I don't know. Probably not. My mother is being impossible about my stupid cousin and this stupid wedding. I know I'm going to have to

stay to the very end. Don't, you guys! You know I want to see it too!

SANDY: She has a million friends. Younger sisters should not have more friends than older sisters. It's not right. It makes the older sister look bad. There should be rules about this stuff.

SHANNON: *(on phone)* It was all right. We went bowling.

SANDY: She dates. She. Dates. She's fourteen. There needs to be a rule or a law that younger sisters should not date before older sisters.

SHANNON: *(on the phone)* It was ok. Kind of lame. He really likes bowling.

SANDY: I think it should be a law.

SHANNON: He has his own shoes. I don't want to go out with someone who has their own bowling shoes. I don't know. I thought we were going to the movies.

SANDY: She is pretty. She's a pretty girl. Plain and simple. She doesn't have to do anything. She gets up and she's pretty.

SHANNON: I might go out with Roger. Or Ben. Or David.

SANDY: And if that wasn't hateful enough, she never thinks about her looks. Never! She doesn't think about her looks or worries about her looks, or obsesses about her looks. She never looks at her looks!

SHANNON: Oh I forgot David was in the Math club! Not David.

SANDY: I look like an eggplant. How am I going to get a boyfriend when I look like an eggplant? It's completely unfair that she looks great in this dress. Bridesmaids aren't supposed to look good. *(calling out)* Shannon get off the phone! We'll be late.

SHANNON: Yeah, yeah. Five minutes.

SANDY: Get off now!

SHANNON: *(rolling her eyes)* I gotta go. *(she looks at SANDY)* Yeah. I know. Tell me about it.

*SHANNON snaps her cell phone shut and sits up straight. SANDY joins her. They are now in a car, driving to the wedding. SANDY continues to talk to the audience.*

SANDY: She is on the phone all the time. What could she possibly have to say? I didn't talk on the phone like that when I was fourteen. And boys call her, have I mentioned that she dates? I can't believe mom lets her do that! Not only is she allowed to date, but there are boys who are asking her out on dates! *(pause)* I'm obsessing. Obsessing is not good. Not positive. I shouldn't be spending all my time obsessing like this. I should be one with myself, right. I am one with myself. I am one with myself. I am the anti-mom.

*During the above SHANNON has been playing with the radio. As soon as SANDY starts to say "I am one with myself" SHANNON hits on a song she likes and starts to sing along loudly.*

SANDY: She never obsesses. She just is. How do I do that? *(she leans forward and snaps off the radio)*

SHANNON: I was listening to that.

SANDY: It's too loud. I can't drive when it's that loud.

SHANNON: I can't wait to get my licence. Driving with you is sooooo boring.

SANDY: My car, my rules.

SHANNON: It's not your car, it's mom's car and she lets you drive it. When I'm sixteen, I'll have my own car.

SANDY: With what money?

SHANNON: I work.

SANDY: Three weeks in the summer at the pool? That'll go far. *(to audience)* Why am I like this? I'm not a snotty person, usually. I'm not a bitter person or a sarcastic person. She turns me into a freak. I mean, literally, I'm a two-headed freak monster who spews hatred and bitter, snotty, sarcastic venom whenever I open my mouth. *(realising what she's just said)* Ew. Maybe not so much with the venom. Things were so much simpler when we were younger. Older sister, younger sister. Simple.

SHANNON: *(bouncing up and down as a younger version of herself)* Sandy! Sandy, Sandy! Wanna play? Wanna play? Let's pretend we have a flying school and and and we can jump off the back porch and the grass with the sky and the clouds and it will be our own private flying school and no one can join but us.



SANDY: Why isn't it like that anymore? Why can't we pretend we have a flying school or even just talk? Why can't we talk normally? Why can't we get along? I'm sure there have to be sisters out there in the world who don't fight every second of the day. Can't we be just two normal sisters sitting in a car chatting normally? (to SHANNON) So, how was your date last night?

SHANNON: None of your business nosy.

SANDY: Seriously, would it kill her to look up to me, just a little? For five seconds?

*SHANNON throws herself to her knees in front of SANDY.*

SHANNON: Oh Sandy. You are the best sister in the whole wide world. I love you so much. You're so smart. You're so pretty. I only wish I could be as smart and pretty as you. I'm the luckiest girl in the whole wide world to have a big sister like you.

SANDY: That's better.

SHANNON: You are the smartest person in the whole wide world. So smart, smart, smart, smart, smart!

SANDY: Wait a minute. I don't want to be the smart one. I want to be the pretty one.

SHANNON: In that dress? You look like an eggplant.

*SHANNON flounces to the other side of the stage, leaving SANDY behind.*

SANDY: Even in my imagination, she gets me. See, what I should do is forget about her completely. I should just live my life and let her do her thing and not OBSESS so much.

*SHANNON has pulled her cell phone out again and is talking.*

SHANNON: I am totally in bizarre land. My relatives are so weird.

SANDY: See that? This is exactly what I need. I see Shannon on the phone. I don't care that Shannon is on the phone. I don't care that Shannon is on the phone.

SHANNON: What do you mean Brandon's at the mall! Did he ask about me? Did he wonder why I wasn't there? Was he disappointed?

SANDY: I don't care that Shannon is on the phone. I don't. I really don't.

SHANNON: I can't believe I'm missing out on this! Describe what he's wearing.

SANDY: I don't care that she's on the phone when she shouldn't be on the phone, when we're supposed to be fulfilling our bridesmaid duties, when we're supposed to be in the room surrounding Deena with love and affection because she's a nervous wreck. But in reality I couldn't give a flying fig about surrounding Deena with love and affection because she's been an absolute nightmare ever since she got engaged. Why can't I just pull out my cell phone and not care about Deena? Why do I have to care? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why?

*By the end of her speech SANDY has collapsed to the ground in frustration and is pounding the floor. SHANNON comes up and watches her.*

SHANNON: What is up with you?

*SANDY pauses in mid pound. She sighs and looks at the audience.*

SANDY: I guess I need to work on that a little more.

*SHANNON and SANDY stand side by side. They are in the receiving line for the bridal party at the reception. SANDY is greeting guests as they pass by. SHANNON looks totally bored.*

SANDY: Hi, thank you for coming. *(to the next guest)* Hi, thank you for coming. *(to the next guest)* Hi, thank you for coming. *(to SHANNON)* You're supposed to say, "Hi, thank you for coming."

SHANNON: Why?

SANDY: That's what we're supposed to do. And smile.

SHANNON: Why?

SANDY: So that people think you're sincere.

SHANNON: But I'm not. And neither are you. You hate Deena.

SANDY: No I don't.

SHANNON: Yes you do.

SANDY: No I don't.

SHANNON: Yes you do.

SANDY: So what if I do? This is her wedding day.

SHANNON: If it's her day, then why are we standing here?

SANDY: Because members of the bridal party stand in the receiving line.

SHANNON: I didn't want to be in the bridal party in the first place.

SANDY: Then why did you say yes?

SHANNON: Mom said I had to.

SANDY: Say it a little louder, I don't think Deena heard you.

SHANNON: Deena wouldn't hear anything if a Mac Truck hit her in the face. She's in full bride mode. (*scary voice*) Bridezilla, duh, duh, duh!!!

SANDY: That's enough.

SHANNON: She only asked us because she needed to fill out her side cause Noah has more friends than she does.

SANDY: That's enough.

SHANNON: (*mocking*) That's enough. Got it mom.

SANDY: (*muttering to herself*) Anti-mom, anti-mom, anti-mom.

SHANNON: (*she sighs*) I can't believe these dresses. I know bridesmaid dresses are supposed to be ugly, but these are the roadkill of dresses. It's like Deena went to the store and asked for the fugliest dress on purpose.

SANDY: Come on. You're the only one who looks good in it.

SHANNON: And that drives you insaaaaaaane.

SANDY: No it doesn't.

SHANNON: Yes it does.

SANDY: No it doesn't.

SHANNON: Yes it does.

SANDY: Stop being so childish.

SHANNON: Childish! Whoo, you got me there Sandy. Way to go with the come back.

SANDY: Shut up.

SHANNON: Shut up! Whoo, you got me there Sandy. You're queen of the comeback today.

SANDY: *(to audience)* I'm supposed to have the upper hand here. I'm supposed to be more knowledgeable and wiser in the ways of the world. She completely cuts me off at the knees every time. *(to SHANNON)* Where are you going?

SHANNON: I have to pee. I'll be back.

SANDY: You stay here.

SHANNON: I have to pee.

SANDY: Don't you move.

SHANNON: She's not going to miss me.

SANDY: It's your job to stay. If mom comes by and you're not here, you'll get in trouble.

SHANNON: I'll tell you this for nothing. If Deena has to pee I am not helping. That dress has got to be a hundred pounds. She is on her own. I'll be right back.

SANDY: No you won't. You'll go off to some corner and call your friends and goof on me and you'll never come back and you'll leave me responsible for everything.

SHANNON: We're not responsible for anything, Sandy. We're just bridesmaids.

SANDY: That's not true and you know it.

SHANNON: If I want to go to the bathroom, I'll go.

SANDY: You're not going anywhere.

SHANNON: You can't tell me what to do! I am sick and tired of you bossing me around.

SANDY: SHANNON KOSLEWSKI , YOU WILL NOT GO TO THE BATHROOM. YOU WILL STAY RIGHT HERE, YOU WILL NOT PEE, YOU WILL HOLD IT! DO YOU HEAR ME? YOU WILL HOLD IT!

*There is a moment of silence. Obviously everyone is staring at SANDY and SHANNON. SHANNON looks mortified. She runs off to the side and sits in the chair. SANDY talks to the audience.*

SANDY: Every situation always has a line. You know, the line between everything being ok and everything being really fantastically ugly. Hello line, I'm Sandy, nice to meet you. You don't mind if I completely cross you, do you? I thought not. After my little... outburst, Deena told me I had ruined her wedding and she wouldn't forgive me as long as she lives. Not necessarily a bad thing. But then I got a long speech from mom. No anti-mom. The real deal mom. The one who says I better go talk to my sister and be quick about it before Deena hyperventilates and the paramedics have to find a way to get her out of that dress. Was I really in the wrong? I know I said the wrong thing but... I was completely wrong wasn't I. Ok. Here it goes...

*SANDY walks over to the chairs and sits beside SHANNON, who completely turns away.*

SANDY: Hey.

SHANNON: Go away.

SANDY: I just wanted to see if you were all right. I brought you some punch. Deena has this punch fountain thing. It's supposed to be a fountain I guess but I don't think it's working properly. It doesn't bubble over so much as shoot up like one of those geysers at Yellowstone. Uncle Don is completely covered in punch. It's pretty funny.

SHANNON: You humiliated me. In front of everybody.

SANDY: I'm sorry.

SHANNON: Go away.

SANDY: I went overboard. I know. I freaked out. I pulled a Deena.

SHANNON: You're not mom. You can't tell me what to do.

# Slow Songs Make Me Puke

by Lindsay Price

## Characters

Dana, Julie, Aster, Summer (all 16).

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ALL: (*pumping their fists in the air*) Sump! Sump! Sump!

DANA: I call this meeting to order.

JULIE: The Slow Songs Make Me Puke Club is called to order.

ALL: S-S-M-M-P! (*pumping their fists in the air*) Sump! Sump! Sump!

DANA: Roll call please.

SUMMER: President Dana Conner?

DANA: (*very excited*) Present!

SUMMER: Vice-President Julie Land?

JULIE: (*not so excited*) Present.

SUMMER: Treasurer Summer Hernandez? (*pause*) Oh that's me!  
Present! Secretary Aster St. Clare?

ASTER: Present!

SUMMER: All members are present and accounted for. Go Sump!

ALL: Sump! Sump! Sump!

ASTER: Ok Dana, NOW will you tell us what happened with the VP?

SUMMER: I'm bursting to know!

DANA: We're not being official, we have to follow the agenda.

ASTER: You've been holding out since Thursday!

DANA: I wanted to make a formal presentation during the meeting. (*she waves a piece of paper*) It's on the agenda. Everyone got a copy at lunch. You should make yourself familiar with the agenda before the meeting.

JULIE: Maybe we can make an amendment to the agenda. Just this once.

DANA: If we make an exception just this once, chaos will ensue.

SUMMER: If chaos tries to sue us, my dad has a lawyer.

JULIE: I think we can handle it.

ASTER: Come on!

JULIE: Come on Dana.

*The girls all start talking at once to DANA trying to get her to talk. DANA holds up her hands.*

DANA: All right! I'll give a brief summary and then the full presentation later on in the meeting.

JULIE: Sounds like a compromise.

ASTER: Are you getting suspended?

*The girls inhale and hold their breath.*

DANA: (*pausing before she speaks*) No.

*The girls exhale.*

ASTER: You are so lucky.

SUMMER: I can't believe she let you off.

DANA: I stood by my stand. I have the right to protest. Why should the entire student body be ruled by the ritual of boy-dances-with girl? Barbaric! I got a long lecture, and a 'dances are for everyone' and I 'shouldn't ruin the experience.' (*rolling her eyes*) Prendergast is so overdramatic. How is protesting outside the dance ticket table ruining anything?

JULIE: You had a megaphone.

DANA: I made a statement.

JULIE: And dumped garbage on the table.

SUMMER: I can't believe you did that.

JULIE: Seeing as we voted against public demonstrations...

DANA: If I decide to go rogue that's my business. I hold no one responsible but myself. If the club decides not to support my actions, (*sing song tone*) even though they should if they were really dedicated to the cause...

JULIE: (*same sing song tone*) We officially voted against it...

DANA: That's the way it is. Can we please continue on with the meeting proper?

JULIE: By all means.

DANA: Thank you. Please read the minutes of the last meeting.

*They all look at ASTER, who is staring off and twirling her hair.*

ASTER: What? Me? I didn't write anything down.

DANA: You were supposed to write it down.

ASTER: Not for real. (*DANA looks serious*) For real? Like a real secretary?

SUMMER: That's what Phylis did.

JULIE: Phylis left.

SUMMER: Phylis is totally spreading rumours about us.

JULIE: What's she saying?

SUMMER: I saw her whispering in English.

DANA: (*overtop*) If we want to think of ourselves as a real club, we have to do what real clubs do. Real clubs have a secretary that takes notes.

ASTER: Yeah, but not for real.

SUMMER: It doesn't matter, we just ate pizza and talked trash about Meredith.

ALL: (*grossed out*) Meredith.

DANA: She danced every slow song at the Christmas Jubilee. Did you see?

JULIE: Every one.

SUMMER: And it wasn't just one guy. She's not dating anyone is she?

JULIE: Uh uh.

ASTER: What's up with that?

JULIE: Boys just dance with her.



SUMMER: How does she do that?

ASTER: She doesn't even wear make up.

SUMMER: I know!

DANA: (*firmly*) Not that we care. Right?

JULIE: Right.

ASTER: (*a little unsure*) Right...

SUMMER: Down with Meredith!

DANA: She definitely goes on the snub list. Julie?

JULIE: (*official*) So noted. Meredith Deever has been added to the Sump Snub list.

ALL: Sump! Sump! Sump!

SUMMER: She's not even that pretty.

ASTER: It doesn't make any sense. No make-up!

JULIE: The boys flock to her.

SUMMER: Boys. There.

JULIE: She's a magnet. A boy magnet.

ASTER: Boys never flock to me and I take pride in my appearance! (*fast*)  
Not that I care.

SUMMER: Who cares?

ASTER: Exactly.

SUMMER: Slow dancing totally sucks.

ASTER: Exactly.

DANA: Did you see my sister at the Winter Social?

SUMMER: (*gasps*) I totally didn't think you'd want to talk about that.

DANA: Why not?

ASTER: I didn't see, what happened?

JULIE: Charlene had five boys ask her to slow dance at the Winter Social.

ASTER: (*gasps*) She's fourteen!

DANA: I know!

SUMMER: A younger sister should not be allowed to dance more slow songs than her older sister.

ASTER: There should be a law.

DANA: Not that I care.

SUMMER: Did you say anything to her?

DANA: Uh huh. She was so snotty about it. So superior.

ASTER: She's fourteen!

DANA: I know.

SUMMER: Older sisters should always dance first.

ASTER: If we cared.

SUMMER: Right.

DANA: Slow Songs Make Me Puke!

ASTER & SUMMER: Sump! Sump! Sump!

DANA: What's next? (*looking at the agenda*) Oh! New business. Does anyone have any new business before we place our pizza order? No? Ok, can we not get pineapple this time?

SUMMER: I love pineapple.

ASTER: We could do half pineapple, half ham.

DANA: The pineapple juice leaks over. Everything gets infected with the juice.

*JULIE slowly raises her hand. Everyone is surprised.*

JULIE: I, uh, there's something, I think...

DANA: What's the matter?

JULIE: I have new business.

DANA: New business? Really? Why didn't you say so! Julie has the floor.

SUMMER: Can't we order pizza first?

DANA: New business takes precedence.

SUMMER: Fine, fine. Whatever that means. (to JULIE) What's up?

JULIE: I, uh... I uh...

*ASTER points at JULIE's shoes.*

ASTER: (gasp) You got those cute shoes at the Galleria!

SUMMER: (gasp) Those are cute.

JULIE: No, not shoes.

ASTER: No shoes?

SUMMER: Awwwwwww.

JULIE: (slow) I have something to say. It's not official, but I wanted to say something before someone else said something like Phylis, and you heard something that didn't come from me which could easily be the wrong kind of something and then you'd hate me without hearing that something from me and –

DANA: Julie!

JULIE: (fast) I think Damian's going to ask me to Spring Fling.

*ASTER and SUMMER gasp.*

ASTER: What?

SUMMER: When?

ASTER: How?

SUMMER: Why?

DANA: Hold it!

JULIE: (wincing) I'm sorry Dana.

DANA: (she crosses her arms and stares at JULIE) Explain yourself.

JULIE: He asked me if I liked dancing, and if I liked spring. And I said yes to both questions. I couldn't help myself, he was so sweet and I mean, it wasn't a full on ask. The Spring Fling isn't for months... But I think I can connect the dots. (happy) I think I'm going to Spring Fling!

ASTER & SUMMER: Julie!

ASTER: Damian is so cute.

SUMMER: Really cute.

ASTER: You have to wear that blue top, the one with the flowers?

SUMMER: That top is so super cute.

ASTER: And wear your hair off your face.

SUMMER: You should go to my hairdresser.

ASTER: She has the best hairdresser.

SUMMER: She's a miracle worker.

JULIE: *(interrupting the babble)* Dana? *(she clears her throat)* Are you ok? I know it's not... I wanted to tell you myself.

DANA: Traitor!

JULIE: Don't say that.

DANA: *(pointing)* Traitor!

SUMMER & ASTER: Uh Oh...

DANA: You are a Sump Traitor! Slow songs don't make you puke at all.

JULIE: They do. Really. They did.

DANA: I'll bet you can't wait to get to the Spring Fling. You'll sashay through the ever-so-tacky balloon arch and parade right to the centre of the room where everyone can see your super cute boyfriend and your insanely cute blue top and magnificently cute new shoes and you will slow dance and you will like it!

*ASTER and SUMMER give a romantic sigh.*

DANA: Stop it! Both of you! I'm surrounded by traitors. None of you believe in the cause. Not one of you.

JULIE: He's not my boyfriend. He hasn't even asked me.

DANA: But you want him to ask you. And you want to say yes. And you want to slow dance with him. Deny it! Can you? Can you?

JULIE: I can't.

# Lies

by Lindsay Price

## Characters

Alexa (17) and Martine (14). Sisters.

---

*MARTINE sits on a couch. Her eyes droop and her head drops onto her chest. She jerks her head up and shakes it back and forth, trying to stay awake. After a second though, her eyes close and her head drops to her chest. It stays there.*

*ALEXA enters as if she's trying not to wake anyone. As soon as she sees her younger sister MARTINE she stops. She looks very sad. She approaches MARTINE and sighs, contemplating whether or not to wake her. ALEXA gently shakes MARTINE on the shoulder.*

ALEXA: (softly) Hey. Hey. Marty.

MARTINE: (jerking up) I'm awake! I'm awake! (she looks around blearily)  
Where am I?

ALEXA: In the living room.

MARTINE: (yawning) I closed my eyes for just a second.

ALEXA: It's three am.

MARTINE: Is she?

ALEXA: No.

MARTINE: Are you sure? Did you check?

ALEXA: Her car's not in the drive.

MARTINE: Maybe she took a cab. She could be upstairs?

ALEXA: I thought you only closed your eyes for a second.

MARTINE: Would you check?

ALEXA: Sure.

*ALEXA exits. MARTINE pats her pockets and pulls out a cell phone. She presses a speed dial number and listens. Whoever she's calling is not picking up. She slams the phone shut and holds it to her chest.*

ALEXA: (*offstage*) She's not here.

MARTINE: What?

ALEXA: (*entering*) She's not here.

MARTINE: She's not answering her phone. (*pause*) How was work?

ALEXA: All right.

MARTINE: Are you tired?

ALEXA: Yes and no. My feet are tired. My back is tired. My brain is buzz, buzz, buzz...

MARTINE: You shouldn't work so much.

ALEXA: (*gently*) You should go to bed.

MARTINE: She said she'd come home at eleven tonight.

ALEXA: Uh huh.

MARTINE: What is she doing at three am?

ALEXA: Don't know.

MARTINE: Oh shut up. You do too know.

ALEXA: So do you.

MARTINE: I was hoping it was something different. (*hopefully*) Maybe she was in a car accident.

ALEXA: (*choking on a laugh*) And that's a good thing?

MARTINE: It would be an explanation. She could be at the hospital right now. And she lost her phone. That's why nobody's called. She's lost her phone and her purse. (*she stands*)

ALEXA: Where are you going?

MARTINE: (*moving*) To the hospital. She's Jane Doe in a coma and we're the only ones who can identify her.

ALEXA: Marty.

MARTINE: We have to go!

ALEXA: She doesn't mean it.

*MARTINE stops. She doesn't look back.*

ALEXA: She doesn't mean it.

MARTINE: Mean what?

ALEXA: When she lies. She just does it.

MARTINE: She said she'd be home by eleven. Again.

ALEXA: And she meant it when she said it.

MARTINE: She looked me in the eye. She swore.

ALEXA: She believed it.

MARTINE: Huh. I thought she'd come through this time. She's so good at pretending to be sincere.

ALEXA: She wasn't pretending.

MARTINE: Then why isn't she here?

ALEXA: Why don't you go to bed? She'll be here in the morning.

*ALEXA starts to exit.*

MARTINE: Alex? When do we stop believing her?

ALEXA: Hey.

MARTINE: I think I'm ready. I don't want to do this anymore.

ALEXA: Don't talk like that.

MARTINE: So I just let her stick knives in my heart?

ALEXA: Don't talk like that.

MARTINE: Right in my heart. When she looks me in the eye and –

ALEXA: She doesn't mean it!

MARTINE: She doesn't mean it when she says she'll be home at eleven either.

ALEXA: You can't not believe your mom.

MARTINE: Why?

ALEXA: Did you study?

MARTINE: Of course. Did you?

ALEXA: There was a huge group of grad students celebrating something. I never got a break.

MARTINE: Hmm.

ALEXA: (*yawning*) I'm going to fail big time tomorrow.

MARTINE: Can we disown her?

ALEXA: Marty.

MARTINE: Can we?

ALEXA: I'm not talking about this.

MARTINE: Why not?

ALEXA: We're not doing this. We're going to go to bed and she'll be here when we wake up, making toast. Like always. She's never missed that, she won't miss it tomorrow.

MARTINE: I don't care about the toast. It's not good enough. Making toast is sloppy seconds to being here right now when she said she'd –

ALEXA: (*interrupting*) What did you say?

MARTINE: What?

ALEXA: Sloppy seconds? Where did you get that?

MARTINE: I don't know. She said it on the phone to someone. I guess. Chad or Brad or Winston or whoever. Can we leave her a note?

ALEXA: No.

MARTINE: We're out of here, smell you later, enjoy the toast?

ALEXA: And where would we go? And do what?

MARTINE: I could get a job too.

ALEXA: You have a job. You are going to study and get a scholarship. You are going away to a good school and you are going to support me in my old age. That's the plan.



MARTINE: I'm not supporting her.

ALEXA: We'll talk.

MARTINE: Don't you want to go away to school?

ALEXA: The money'd be wasted.

*MARTINE stands and looks out the window.*

MARTINE: She's not coming home. Is she.

ALEXA: No. I don't think so.

*MARTINE starts to pace.*

ALEXA: Don't get upset.

MARTINE: I'm not upset.

ALEXA: It's not worth it.

MARTINE: I'm not upset.

ALEXA: You won't be able to sleep. You won't do well on your test.

MARTINE: *(waving her hand as if swatting a fly)* Please. I could write that test in my sleep in a coma in another time zone. I could write that test with one hand tied behind my back. I could lose all my limbs, I could be limbless and ace that test. I know what I have to do.

ALEXA: That's the plan.

MARTINE: I know the plan.

ALEXA: So stop pacing.

MARTINE: Can't.

ALEXA: Why?

MARTINE: *(outburst)* The plan is stressing me out.

ALEXA: You have four years.

MARTINE: I have four years to stress out.

ALEXA: Don't say that.

MARTINE: Why not?

ALEXA: You stress me out.

MARTINE: Great. We'll all stress out together.

ALEXA: Did you... did, in conversation, accidentally, did you ever...

MARTINE: What?

ALEXA: Did you ever tell mom about the plan?

MARTINE: Uh uh.

ALEXA: Good. Good. It would... probably be better if she didn't know.

MARTINE: You want me to lie?

ALEXA: I didn't say that. If she doesn't know, you don't have to say anything, then it's not lying.

MARTINE: Not saying something *is* lying.

ALEXA: Depends on your point of view.

MARTINE: Besides she might steal the money.

ALEXA: I didn't say that.

MARTINE: She would.

ALEXA: She might.

MARTINE: I hate her.

ALEXA: Don't say that.

MARTINE: It's three in the morning! There's no food in the house—

ALEXA: I'll go grocery shopping tomorrow.

MARTINE: With what?

ALEXA: You shouldn't have to think about this.

MARTINE: She doesn't care. She doesn't care and she doesn't love us.

ALEXA: Shh. Shh.

MARTINE: She doesn't love us. You and me. Alex and Marty.

ALEXA: She does, she does.

MARTINE: She loves Alexa and Martine. Pretty girls in pretty dresses that can be shoved into glass boxes. Alexa and Martine taken out once a year and shown off. These are my beautiful daughters

Alexa and Martine. Aren't they beautiful names? I always wanted to be surrounded by beauty and then back in the box we go.

ALEXA: Let's stop talking about her.

MARTINE: Why does she say she loves us when she doesn't?

ALEXA: Let's talk about something else.

MARTINE: There's nothing to talk about.

ALEXA: Tell me the story.

MARTINE: No.

ALEXA: I want a little blue house...

MARTINE: I should just go to bed.

ALEXA: I want a little blue house... Say it.

MARTINE: With a little fence and a little dog. Everything little.

ALEXA: Not because we can't afford it...

MARTINE: But because it's hip and chic. I want hamburger helper in the cupboard.

ALEXA: We could have steak.

MARTINE: I like hamburger helper.

ALEXA: I'll buy some tomorrow. Two boxes. What else?

MARTINE: I don't want to do this.

ALEXA: We can talk about the future. What we're going to do when you're done school and we can leave. We can be a family. Alex and Marty. We can act like a family. No dresses. No glass boxes.

MARTINE: Who gets to be the mom?

ALEXA: We'll take turns. You go first.

MARTINE: Go study for your test. I don't want you to fail.

*ALEXA laughs.*

MARTINE: I'm serious.

ALEXA: It doesn't matter. I just need to keep it together for three more months and then *(she make a rocket noise and gesture)* Reggie says I can go full time whenever I want.

MARTINE: Last time I checked you were seventeen.

ALEXA: Reggie doesn't know that.

MARTINE: Hmm.

ALEXA: You're not my mother, Marty.

MARTINE: I know.

ALEXA: I'm the best bartender he's got. That's what matters. *(MARTINE looks away)* What? I'm making money. For us.

MARTINE: I don't want you to lie.

ALEXA: It's not lying, Marty.

MARTINE: Uh huh.

ALEXA: It's different.

MARTINE: How?

ALEXA: I would never lie to you. That's the difference.

MARTINE: *(in her face)* Promise.

ALEXA: *(backs away)* Why do I have to do that?

MARTINE: Why are you getting defensive?

ALEXA: I'm not. I'm not. Don't worry about me. You have a job and I have a job and let's just focus on that. Ok. *(MARTINE is staring at her)* What? What?

MARTINE: You lying about anything else?

ALEXA: Are you accusing me of lying?

MARTINE: No.

ALEXA: Why would you do that to me?

MARTINE: I didn't say anything.

ALEXA: I know what I'm doing.

# Anger Management

by Lindsay Price

## Characters

Juliet and Ophelia (ageless in the afterlife)

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*JULIET sits in a psychiatrist's waiting room. She has a puzzled look on her face as she tries to figure out a Yoga for Dummies book.*

**JULIET:** (*reading*) The shoulder stand. One of the best poses for relaxation and meditation. Huh. (*she turns the book around*) That does not look relaxing. That looks like the farthest thing from relaxing. How is she relaxing?

*JULIET gets down on the floor and tries to imitate a shoulder stand. She fails miserably and ends up flailing her legs about. She lands on the floor and throws the book away from her.*

**JULIET:** Stupid book.

*JULIET sits as OPHELIA enters. She moves slowly with her arms crossed. She stares at the ground. She sighs as she slumps into one of the chairs. She looks up to see JULIET looking at her.*

**JULIET:** Hey.

**OPHELIA:** Hello. (*she sighs again*)

**JULIET:** Are you ok?

**OPHELIA:** Sorry. (*she shakes her head*) Sorry, I'm not – I don't like this.

**JULIET:** This... chair?

**OPHELIA:** Dr. Jodi.

**JULIET:** Gotcha.

**OPHELIA:** I hate it. And her. Sorry.

**JULIET:** Don't be. She's very annoying.

**OPHELIA:** (*perking up*) You don't like her?

JULIET: (*singsong*) Hate her.

OPHELIA: (*a little happier*) Really?

JULIET: Since the very beginning.

OPHELIA: (*really happy*) Really?

JULIET: I hate that it's Dr. Jodi. Not just Jodi, and not Dr. Chung...

BOTH: Dr. Jodi.

JULIET: Let's be friends! But not too friendly. Let's get close! But not too close. Come come, stay away!

OPHELIA: (*leaning in*) I thought everybody around here liked her. I thought everyone was so in love with her, they should marry Dr. Jodi.

JULIET: You'd think she's cured cancer the way they talk about her in the commissary.

OPHELIA: I know. (*mocking*) She's the best. She's so helpful.

JULIET: (*mocking*) She got me to open right up. Opened right up like a flower.

OPHELIA: I hate that one. That one and – (*mocking*) I'd go to Dr. Jodi even if I didn't have to.

JULIET: I hate that! I hate that we have to go. I hate that Dr. Jodi is mandatory.

OPHELIA: Try telling her.

JULIET: Oh I have. Didn't go over so well. (*a little too loud*) I'm missing the point of Dr. Jodi. (*whispers*) Apparently.

*They laugh.*

OPHELIA: We haven't met. Have we? No.

JULIET: Not officially. I've seen you around.

OPHELIA: That must be it.

JULIET: I've seen you in the commissary.

OPHELIA: We're always around.

JULIET: We don't have very many places to go.

OPHELIA: You've been around a long time.

JULIET: Uh huh. You too.

OPHELIA: I can't believe we haven't met. Officially.

JULIET: I don't really socialize.

OPHELIA: Right. Me either.

JULIET: People come and go.

OPHELIA: They're mostly here and then they're gone.

JULIET: Yeah. They're mostly annoying too.

OPHELIA: *(with a smile)* Yeah. Mostly. Almost all. In fact, I'm not sure there isn't anyone who doesn't bug me.

JULIET: Makes you want to claw your eyes out.

OPHELIA: Yeah.

JULIET: *(with a sigh)* Yeah.

OPHELIA: Have you been seeing Dr. Jodi long?

JULIET: Seems like.

OPHELIA: Long time.

JULIET: Centuries even.

OPHELIA: Seems like. Sorry – *(sticking her hand out)* I'm Ophelia.

JULIET: Juliet. Juliet Capulet.

*They shake hands.*

OPHELIA: Nice to meet you.

JULIET: Officially.

OPHELIA: Right. *(pause)* So. Did you... *(gestures vaguely)*

JULIET: Oh yes.

OPHELIA: Me too.

JULIET: Really?

OPHELIA: Really. That's how we got the golden ticket to Loserville.

JULIET: I guess. How did you... (*gestures vaguely*)

OPHELIA: Drowned myself.

JULIET: (*pointing at herself*) Knife in the stomach.

OPHELIA: Ow. Really?

JULIET: Yeah. (*she considers*) Yeah. I wasn't really thinking. I just – (*she mimes knifing herself in the stomach*) And then... It all just kind of... It seems so stupid now.

OPHELIA: Tell me about it.

JULIET: It's all... foggy.

OPHELIA: Yeah! It went totally foggy for me. (*matter of fact*) I went mad beforehand.

JULIET: Really?

OPHELIA: One second I was in the east hall, the next I'm underwater. Surprise!

JULIET: You're not mad now.

OPHELIA: No, no. I see everything clear as a bell. (*she starts tapping her foot*) I see a lot of things clear as day. (*the foot tapping gets faster*) A lot of things, a lot, a lot, a... (*she takes a deep breath and starts to massage her temples*) Sorry. Dr. Jodi says I have anger issues.

JULIET: Me too.

OPHELIA: Really?

JULIET: Really. (*she holds up her right hand*) Anger management program.

OPHELIA: I think I have a lot to be angry about. Dr. Jodi three times a week?

JULIET: Being dead makes me angry.

OPHELIA: I hate being dead!

JULIET: It sucks.

OPHELIA: It really sucks being dead.

JULIET: (*mocking*) Dr. Jodi wouldn't like that kind of talk.

OPHELIA: Tell me about it.



JULIET: (*shaking her head and tsking*) Now, now, Juliet. Now, now.

OPHELIA: Now Ophelia, wouldn't you like to find peace?

JULIET: Where will those kind of *feelings* get you?

OPHELIA: Sometimes, I want to shove her glasses up her nose.

JULIET: Sometimes, I want to shove that bobble head up her nose. The one on her desk?

OPHELIA: She changes them, have you noticed?

JULIET: It's the mood of the day. The mood of the day bobble head.

OPHELIA: I would totally feel so much better if I shoved a bobble head up her nose.

JULIET: It would be awesome!

OPHELIA: Guess my mood Dr. Jodi!

JULIET: Up yours Dr. Jodi!

OPHELIA: Up yours!

*They are now standing and quite loud. They look around to see if someone heard them or if they're going to get in trouble. They sit down and take a deep breath.*

OPHELIA: (*whispering*) She keeps pushing the crafts on me. I'm supposed to find them calming.

JULIET: (*whispering*) She says I have to do yoga.

OPHELIA: Do you like it?

JULIET: Hate it. Do you like the crafts?

OPHELIA: I hate the crafts.

JULIET: They're stupid crafts! Why do we have to do make bird houses and popsicle stick picture frames? Are there any birds?

OPHELIA: None.

JULIET: None! No birds. We're building empty birdhouses for eternity for nothing! We're making frame after empty popsicle stick frame with no pictures to fill them.

OPHELIA: I got assigned extra Dr. Jodi time because I questioned the sanity of decorative macramé pot holders. There are no pots. Why do we need pot holders, decorative or otherwise? I have nowhere to decorate, no one to decorate for and as far as I'm concerned the epitome of uselessness is the decorative pot holder.

JULIET: I hate everything here. Dr. Jodi. I hate the crafts, I hate yoga, I hate Thursday afternoon cake.

OPHELIA: It's never good cake.

JULIET: The frosting is disgusting.

OPHELIA: And the way they write THURSDAY on the top. Cause none of us have birthdays or anniversaries. That's the only thing to celebrate. THURSDAY.

JULIET: I hate the bingo, I hate the shuffleboard –

OPHELIA: You know, I can live with shuffleboard. (*hypnotic*) There's something about the way the puck swooshes across the floor. Drifting, drifting. It's peaceful. Mesmerizing. Swoosh. (*changing tone*) But then I remember what happened to me and I get angry all over again.

JULIET: (*pointing*) You can't let go of the past.

OPHELIA: (*pointing*) I hold the past in an iron fist.

JULIET: A death grip.

OPHELIA: A post death grip.

JULIET: Ha!

OPHELIA: Dr. Jodi give you the "let go of the past" speech?

JULIET: Weekly. Sometimes daily.

OPHELIA: I hate that speech.

JULIET: If you want to... move on... Juliet, you need to be calmer. More... peaceful.

OPHELIA: Just like the shuffleboard Ophelia. Calm and peaceful...

JULIET: You need to let go...

OPHELIA: Swoosh...

JULIET: Let go...

OPHELIA: Swoooosh...

JULIET: Let go of the past, Juliet...

OPHELIA: Hmm. Maybe I hate shuffleboard.

JULIET: The past is the past and it's past.

OPHELIA: The past is done.

JULIET: Now you see the past, now you don't.

OPHELIA: The past is so last year.

BOTH: Ha!

JULIET: I don't want to let go of my past. I like getting angry when I think about my past.

OPHELIA: Being angry makes me feel good.

JULIET: It makes me alive.

OPHELIA: Were you allowed to get angry when you were alive? For real alive?

JULIET: Never.

OPHELIA: Me neither. I want to relive the past over and over again so I can get really angry about it. I love feeling angry!

JULIET: Stupid Romeo!

OPHELIA: Stupid Hamlet!

JULIET: Did you go mad over a guy?

OPHELIA: I got a two-fer. There was a guy AND I was being manipulated by my dad.

JULIET: You too?

OPHELIA: You too? Really?

JULIET: My dad said I had to marry a guy I totally didn't want to marry and when I said I wouldn't marry him, cause I'd already married someone else, he freaked out!

OPHELIA: No!

# Fight Over Fuchsia

by Lindsay Price

## Characters

Cara-Sue (16) and Shirley-Ann (16). Ex-friends.

*Both girls stand on opposite sides of the stage. They each mime holding a blouse under their chin, looking out as if staring in a mirror. They don't notice each other. They each make a face in the mirror.*

BOTH: Nah.

*They toss the blouse away and turn centre, now seeing each other. They both gasp and turn away.*

BOTH: Dang!

CARA-SUE: What's she doing here?

SHIRLEY-ANN: I can't believe she's here!

BOTH: (*closing eyes and crossing fingers*) Please let her be gone, please let her be gone, please oh please oh please!

*They slowly, awkwardly turn. They see each other, gasp and turn away.*

BOTH: Dang!

CARA-SUE: What's she doing here?

SHIRLEY-ANN: I can't believe she's here.

CARA-SUE: I can't believe she'd show her face.

SHIRLEY-ANN: If I were her I would have died of shame.

CARA-SUE: She has some lot of nerve.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Shame!

CARA-SUE: Nerve!

SHIRLEY-ANN: Died of shame in a fiery car crash!

CARA-SUE: Nervy nerve face!

SHIRLEY-ANN: Well. I refuse to talk to someone up to their eyeballs in shame.

CARA-SUE: I refuse to leave the sale for her. I won't do it.

SHIRLEY-ANN: She's totally ruining my sale experience.

BOTH: It's the bargain low bargain big bargain sale! I was here first.  
(*pause*) Can she hear me?

*They clap a hand over their mouths, turn around, see the other is still there and turn away.*

BOTH: Dang!

CARA-SUE: This is ridiculous!

SHIRLEY-ANN: I am not leaving.

CARA-SUE: I'm not leaving.

BOTH: SHE should go.

*They both sneak a peak, and see that the other is still there. They give a small squeak and turn away.*

CARA-SUE: Why isn't she leaving?

SHIRLEY-ANN: What's the matter with her?

CARA-SUE: What is wrong with her?

SHIRLEY-ANN: What's she doing?

BOTH: (*getting an idea*) Hmmmmm...

SHIRLEY-ANN: I wonder...

CARA-SUE: Maybe she's...

SHIRLEY-ANN: Could she be...

CARA-SUE: Maybe she's ready to apologize.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Maybe she IS filled with shame.

CARA-SUE: Maybe she followed me here –

SHIRLEY-ANN: –with the expressed intention of apologizing!

CARA-SUE: Oh the poor dear.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Racked with so much guilt.

CARA-SUE: She looks racked with nerves.

SHIRLEY-ANN: She should feel guilty.

BOTH: I deserve an apology.

*They both sneak a peak and turn away.*

CARA-SUE: Oh the poor dear.

SHIRLEY-ANN: I should let her off the hook.

*They both come to a decision. They slowly turn and walk toward each other.*

CARA-SUE: (*composed*) Shirley-Ann.

SHIRLEY-ANN: (*composed*) Cara-Sue.

CARA-SUE: How are you?

SHIRLEY-ANN: Well, thank you. (*pause*) How are you?

CARA-SUE: I can't complain. (*pause*) How is your schooling progressing?

SHIRLEY-ANN: School is progressing well. I have excellent grades.

CARA-SUE: Ah. That is good news. Good news indeed.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Yes. My parents are pleased.

CARA-SUE: That is good news.

SHIRLEY-ANN: And you?

CARA-SUE: Yes. I have excellent grades as well. (*pause*) And pleased parents.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Good.

CARA-SUE: Yes. Good.

*There is a pause.*

SHIRLEY-ANN: Ah...

CARA-SUE: (*quickly*) Yes?

SHIRLEY-ANN: (*quickly*) Yes?

CARA-SUE: Did you say something?

SHIRLEY-ANN: Did you have something to say?

CARA-SUE: No, did you?

SHIRLEY-ANN: Did you?

*There is a pause.*

CARA-SUE: Are you enjoying the sale?

SHIRLEY-ANN: Yes. It is an excellent sale. (*pause*) Don't you agree?

CARA-SUE: Yes. It is a charming and enjoyable sale.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Indeed.

CARA-SUE: I am finding many marked down items.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Oh?

CARA-SUE: Yes.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Really. Many marked down items is a good thing.

CARA-SUE: Good things are good.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Many good things. Many things... (*pause*) Many things happen at a sale like this. Many, many things. Good and bad.

CARA-SUE: I must agree.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Oh do you?

CARA-SUE: Yes. Many, many things.

SHIRLEY-ANN: I must say... If I were going to say something... I'm ... somewhat... surprised to see you. At the sale.

CARA-SUE: Oh?

SHIRLEY-ANN: Yes.

CARA-SUE: Really.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Considering what happened. Last year. (*prompting*) At the sale?

CARA-SUE: Huh. Well, I must say I'm equally surprised at your presence. At the sale. Considering.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Considering what?

CARA-SUE: You know what.

SHIRLEY-ANN: (*composure is slipping*) Oh yeah? (*she takes a breath and regains her composure*) Why would that be, Cara-Sue? I can't think of one single solitary reason why YOU would be surprised to see ME at the sale. I have nothing to be embarrassed about, and NOTHING to apologize for.

CARA-SUE: (*composure is slipping*) Oh no?

SHIRLEY-ANN: I did nothing wrong. (*pause*) Like SOME people.

CARA-SUE: Who SOME people?

SHIRLEY-ANN: You know who SOME people are.

CARA-SUE: I don't know nothing about any SOME people.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Oh yes you do.

CARA-SUE: You mean 'me' SOME people.

SHIRLEY-ANN: You take it any way you want. If you think you're SOME people then maybe SOME people did something they should be embarrassed about. SOME people should apologize.

CARA-SUE: SOME people should, I agree.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Oh you do?

CARA-SUE: And if SOME people apologized, I would be open to hearing said apology.

SHIRLEY-ANN: I too would be open.

CARA-SUE: So go ahead.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Go ahead. I'm waiting.

CARA-SUE: Me?

SHIRLEY-ANN: You.

CARA-SUE: Not me, you!

SHIRLEY-ANN: You!

CARA-SUE: You!



SHIRLEY-ANN: Not a chance.

CARA-SUE: You stole my top!

SHIRLEY-ANN: I saw it first!

CARA-SUE: I called dibs!

SHIRLEY-ANN: I saw the top, I had my hand on the top, you ripped it out of my hand.

CARA-SUE: When you call dibs –

SHIRLEY-ANN: I know the dibs rules.

CARA-SUE: When you call dibs –

SHIRLEY-ANN: I know the rules!

CARA-SUE: When you call dibs at the bargain low bargain big bargain sale, that is sacred.

SHIRLEY-ANN: You scratched my face.

CARA-SUE: Sacred!

SHIRLEY-ANN: You stomped on my foot!

CARA-SUE: You broke the pact!

SHIRLEY-ANN: You attacked me!

CARA-SUE: You deserved it!

SHIRLEY-ANN: You look horrible in fuchsia!

CARA-SUE: (*she gasps and draws back*) Shirley-Ann. (*pause*) Shirley-Ann.

SHIRLEY-ANN: (*getting back under control*) Well. (*pause*) It's true.

CARA-SUE: (*stunned into calmness*) Shirley-Ann.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Oh don't be so dramatic.

CARA-SUE: That was a dramatic statement. It merits drama.

SHIRLEY-ANN: (*rolling her eyes*) You always were a drama queen.

CARA-SUE: You were never a cruel girl Shirley-Ann. Never. You were always the sweetest girl on the street.

SHIRLEY-ANN: I am not cruel.

CARA-SUE: Sweet Shirley-Ann. That's how I used to describe you. (*she circles SHIRLEY-ANN*) This is a new development. A new side. A new page in the book of life.

SHIRLEY-ANN: (*crossing her arms*) I am not cruel.

CARA-SUE: "You look horrible in fuchsia." I can't believe you said that.

SHIRLEY-ANN: It makes your face... funky. Sorry.

CARA-SUE: (*holding her face*) I can't believe you think that.

SHIRLEY-ANN: I'm doing you a favour.

CARA-SUE: How?

SHIRLEY-ANN: I'm trying to spare your feelings.

CARA-SUE: How is fuchsia funky face sparing my feelings?

SHIRLEY-ANN: I didn't say it, exactly, like that.

CARA-SUE: I've been wearing pink for years.

SHIRLEY-ANN: It's not the same.

CARA-SUE: You've seen me in pink for years.

SHIRLEY-ANN: It's not the same.

CARA-SUE: Pink is pink.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Not necessarily.

CARA-SUE: You never said.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Now I am.

CARA-SUE: You were supposed to be my friend. We were supposed to be friends for life. Best friends to the end.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Your friend? YOUR friend. That's rich. We haven't spoken in a year!

CARA-SUE: You stopped speaking to me, like the cold cruel girl you've apparently become!

SHIRLEY-ANN: You attacked me!

CARA-SUE: Dibs is a sacred pact!

SHIRLEY-ANN: You attacked me over a shirt Cara-Sue.

CARA-SUE: It's the bargain low bargain big bargain sale. The most important sale of the whole year. The only event that matters in my whole life!

SHIRLEY-ANN: A sale? A stupid sale?

CARA-SUE: Don't you belittle the bargain low bargain big bargain sale.

SHIRLEY-ANN: It was a stupid top!

CARA-SUE: That top was not stupid! That top was a one of a kind original! That top was going to make Jimmy-Joe ask me to the prom!

SHIRLEY-ANN: He never would have asked you! Top or no top! He hates your guts!

CARA-SUE: *(she gasps and draws back)* Shirley-Ann.

SHIRLEY-ANN: *(sighing)* Dang.

CARA-SUE: Shirley-Ann. I can't believe you said that.

SHIRLEY-ANN: It was a stupid top. It was a stupid fight. Don't you think so, Cara-Sue?

CARA-SUE: I— I— I guess so.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Do you really?

CARA-SUE: Do you?

SHIRLEY-ANN: Do you?

CARA-SUE: It was a stupid fight.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Can we agree on that?

CARA-SUE: I guess.

SHIRLEY-ANN: So if you would just apologize...

CARA-SUE: Why don't you? You go first.

SHIRLEY-ANN: You first.

CARA-SUE: We could be friends again. If you apologize.

SHIRLEY-ANN: You go first and I'll be your friend for life.

# See the Light

by Lindsay Price

## Characters

Chelsey (17) and Leigh (17). Friends.

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CHELSEY: (*in the middle of overacting quite dramatically*) I can't promise anything! I can't make those kinds of promises anymore. I can't stand here and watch another sunset knowing there are lies and unkept promises on my lips. All I can promise, is that I love you. I love you. (*breaking character, she jumps up and down, clapping her hands*) Score for me! Score for me! I remembered all the lines that time. Didn't I do good?

LEIGH: You...

CHELSEY: Yes?

LEIGH: You...

CHELSEY: Yes?

LEIGH: You... (*she chickens out*) really, said all the words. That's amazing, that you could remember them all. You got all the words right. (*she weakly pumps her fist*) Way to go Chelsey.

CHELSEY: (*jumping up and down, clapping her hands*) Score for me! (*she hugs LEIGH*) Thank you so much for being honest with me. I need to be able to do my best.

LEIGH: You... you... you're going to do fine. Sure. You'll ... be great.

CHELSEY: You are a true friend. You're the best. I know you'd be straight with me. I knew you'd be honest. I asked Becca, and she said I was awful and I said, "You're awful" and then she said something mean about my hair and I knew right then and there: Becca is not a true friend. Not like you, Leigh. (*she pats her hair*) There's nothing wrong with my hair, is there?

LEIGH: (*tentative*) No...

CHELSEY: (*not listening*) See. I knew it.

LEIGH: Chelsey, I really want to tell you... I think you should know... (*she chickens out*) you're... really something. That piece is... really something.

CHELSEY: My mom says it's so important to have friends you can trust. Life can be truly awful. If you have a friend, a true friend, on your side you can get through anything.

LEIGH: Oh.

CHELSEY: What else? Do you have any tips?

LEIGH: No...

CHELSEY: I'm going to rock this audition. It's practically in the bag. Tom said I just have to show up for the casting people. I'm perfect for the part.

LEIGH: (*rubbing her temples*) Oh my God...

CHELSEY: You ok?

LEIGH: Little headache.

CHELSEY: But I can't totally relax. I have to show everybody Tom didn't make a mistake. That's what Tom said.

LEIGH: (*bursting out*) Listen Chelsey, about that Tom guy –

CHELSEY: Isn't he the greatest? I'm so lucky I was at the mall at the exact time he was looking for –

LEIGH: Chelsey he...

CHELSEY: Yes?

LEIGH: He...

CHELSEY: Yes?

LEIGH: He... he's not... (*she chickens out*) asking for any favours is he?

CHELSEY: Like a casting couch? (*she laughs*) No way! I'd never do that. I'm going to become famous on my talent. My own two feet. When they do one of those Hollywood biographies on me, there's going to be no question how I rose to the top.

LEIGH: Hollywood huh?

CHELSEY: This is just the start. I'm going to do this movie and then I'll move out to LA. I'll be able to get an agent no problem. I'll bet once this movie comes out, there'll be a bidding war to be my agent.

LEIGH: I'm not sure that's how it works.

CHELSEY: I won't be a snob, I'll do commercials, I'll do TV. There's some hot TV out there right now. That's what Tom says. I'd love to do something on HBO or Showtime. They've got a ton of cred and that'll feed right back into making more movies.

LEIGH: You've thought about this. You've thought a lot about this.

CHELSEY: Ever since I was fourteen. Every night in my diary: I WILL be an actress. I WILL be an actress. I WILL be an actress. I'm emphasizing the 'will' because I underlined it in my diary.

LEIGH: You did?

CHELSEY: Oh yes. (*she taps LEIGH on the forehead*) It's all in there if you want it. Reach in and grab it.

LEIGH: I didn't know. I mean, I know you wanted to be an actress.

CHELSEY: I'm in the play every year.

LEIGH: I know, I know. But there's a difference between the school play and moving to LA. I guess, I mean. I've never heard you talk like this. In this way.

CHELSEY: You're not supposed to talk about your dreams till you know you can make them happen. That's what Mom says. Keep your dreams close to your chest. (*taps her chest*) Keep them inside. You can think about your dreams, you can write them down, and you should. You should know exactly what you want out of life. You should know exactly how you're going to reach for your dreams. But don't start blabbing your mouth off. You'll just look stupid.

LEIGH: But I tell you my dreams... I've told you things.

CHELSEY: No.

LEIGH: No?

CHELSEY: You don't have dreams, Leigh. You're too practical.

LEIGH: (*proud*) I want to be a doctor...

CHELSEY: See. Practical. That's not a dream. That's not a Pow! Zowie! You're not creative enough to have dreams.

LEIGH: Oh...

CHELSEY: I'm just being straight with you. That's what true friends do.

LEIGH: (*blurting out*) Chelsey I have something to tell you!

CHELSEY: What?

LEIGH: (*chickening out*) Nothing.

CHELSEY: What's up with you?

LEIGH: Nothing.

CHELSEY: Tell me.

LEIGH: It's nothing.

CHELSEY: Leigh, there's something up. You only get headaches when you're stressed. I know you. I can read you like a book.

LEIGH: (*more to self*) Oh I don't know...

CHELSEY: Are you upset you didn't know my dreams?

LEIGH: Not exactly. Not... that's not it... exactly.

CHELSEY: I'm a special person. I have to think in a special way. You're different. You're the best friend a girl could have.

LEIGH: (*a little surprised*) Yeah?

CHELSEY: We've been through thick and thin, haven't we?

LEIGH: We've been through a lot. We... we weren't supposed to be friends, were we? Girls like us.

CHELSEY: Thick and thin.

LEIGH: I'll never forget when Kimberly Gilmore tried to pull me into the bathroom in the sixth grade. There were, I don't know, four, five of them in there waiting? And you stopped her. And you didn't care if you were her friend or not. And the look on her face. She couldn't believe you would stand up for me. And I guess that's why I want to say, I want to tell you, I do want to be straight with you. I want to be a true friend. So. Because of that. I think you'd want to know... You'd want me to be honest... I think you'd want to know... I want to say... (*makes a decision*) You know what, I hope you do rock that audition. I hope you do get the part and you do go to LA and make it big. I really hope you do.

CHELSEY: Thanks Lee-Lee.

LEIGH: Thanks for being my friend.

CHELSEY: It's been fun.

LEIGH: A lot of fun.

CHELSEY: Too bad we won't even talk after high school.

LEIGH: What?

CHELSEY: It's the truth. We don't have the same goals. You'll go your way, and I'll go mine. That's what happens. We'll talk every once in a while and then we won't and then we'll look back on this as a distant memory.

LEIGH: (*hurt*) Well. All right then.

CHELSEY: That's what my mom says.

LEIGH: (*very dry*) How awesome of her. Way to go Mom.

CHELSEY: You're not mad I said that, are you? You're the only person I can be totally straight with.

LEIGH: No, not exactly mad, I'm just... It's just... I have to... (*she takes a breath*) goals...

CHELSEY: What is the matter with you?

LEIGH: I should go. You probably want to practise your words some more. I just don't want you to – (*checks herself*) Gook luck.

CHELSEY: You never tell an actor good luck. You say break a leg.

LEIGH: Why?

CHELSEY: I don't know.

LEIGH: Ok. Break a leg. See you. (*turns to leave*)

CHELSEY: Oh! Oh I get it!

LEIGH: What?

CHELSEY: I know what's wrong. I get it. I totally get it. I get it, I get it, I get it. Leigh, Leigh, Leigh. (*pats her on the head*) Silly little Lee-Lee.

LEIGH: (*ducking away*) Don't pat me on the head.

CHELSEY: Aren't we friends? Don't we talk about everything?

LEIGH: I thought we did.



CHELSEY: It's fine that you feel this way you know. It's fine and it's natural and it doesn't upset me at all.

LEIGH: What are we talking about?

CHELSEY: You're jealous.

LEIGH: (*not expecting that*) I'm what?

CHELSEY: It's natural. My mom said that people around here are going to change. People around here are so dull and completely lacking in creativity. They've got no aptitude for dreams like I do. So it's natural to build up a seething green-eyed monster. And you're trying so hard not to let it out. That shows me how good a friend you are. I'll remember that. When I get famous and people change, I'll remember that you tried to fight it. Jealousy is natural. I'm going to be a movie star and you're not.

LEIGH: (*blurting out*) You have got to be – (*she takes a breath and regains control*) Let me get this straight. Let me make sure I have all the facts. I have no dreams. I am not capable of having dreams. And now I'm jealous of yours?

CHELSEY: (*cheerfully*) Yes!

LEIGH: Chelsey, you have known me your whole life. When have I expressed any interest in being a movie star?

CHELSEY: Never.

LEIGH: So why would I be jealous?

CHELSEY: Because sometimes you don't know what you want till you see your best friend surpassing you. I know you've always been the best at things, Lee Lee. With your practical uncreative, totally dull personality, it's easy for you to be the best around here. There's not much competition. But now it's time for someone else to be better than you.

LEIGH: (*she can take it no more*) You have no talent. Zero.

CHELSEY: That's the jealousy talking.

LEIGH: You have zero talent. You've never had any talent. You are a pretty girl and that's all you have going for you. And you're not even that pretty.

CHELSEY: It's ok. Tom said...



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