



Sample Pages from
Ten Minute Play Series: Be Challenged

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TEN MINUTE PLAY SERIES – BE CHALLENGED

Bottle Baby

Juice Box

Hall Pass

Oh Chad

You

Sunday Lunch

BY
Lindsay Price



Ten Minute Play Series – Be Challenged

Bottle Baby

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Juice Box

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Ten Minute Play Series – Be Challenged

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Bottle Baby

by Lindsay Price

Characters

BEEB (20) Recovering alcoholic. Just starting college. One year sober.

ALICE (17) High school senior. Ordinary girl. Walks with a slight limp.

Setting

A kitchen. All you need is table and two chairs.

The lights come up on BEEB sitting at a kitchen table. She stares at a bottle of tequila. It's as if she's hypnotized. From offstage there is the sound of a door slam.

ALICE: (offstage) Beeb!

BEEB does not react.

ALICE: (offstage) Beeb! Bee Bee! Where are you?

BEEB starts as if just hearing her name called. She looks around.

ALICE: (offstage) Anybody home?

BEEB puts her hand on the bottle as if not knowing whether to move it or hide it. ALICE enters but stays on the edge of the space. She doesn't see the bottle.

ALICE: There you are. Didn't you hear me?

ALICE dumps her backpack and immediately exits again. During the following BEEB takes the crumpled paper bag the tequila came in, smooths it out and puts it on the bottle. She also takes the cap she's been wearing and puts that on top of the paper bag. She moves slowly, as if underwater.

ALICE: (offstage) You will never guess what happened today. I had the best day. A+ on my English test, thank you very much. It's about time. That rat bag eggplant is finally acknowledging I'm working my ass off. And Brittany Anderson came to school with this absolutely hideous dye job. (She reappears at the edge of the stage for a second.) She kept saying it was done at some top salon and she paid so much for it and she is so suing. (she exits again) But

I think she did it herself and she screwed it up. It looks so bad. Orange. She's a carrot top. You want something? And, and, and – David Hoss nodded in my general direction today. He nodded and he said “hey.”

ALICE re-enters with a couple of sodas and a bag of cookies. She sits with BEEB. ALICE walks with a slight limp.

ALICE: I know, I know, not earth-shattering but he definitely nodded at me and Sharon totally... *(She sees the bottle and stops suddenly.)* What's that?

BEEB: I didn't hide it very well.

ALICE takes off the cap and the paper bag to reveal the tequila.

ALICE: Did you go to class this afternoon?

BEEB: It's not open.

ALICE: Did you go to class?

BEEB: I've been staring at it all afternoon. Watching the light through it.

ALICE: Did you—

BEEB: I was going to go.

ALICE: Beeb...

BEEB: I had my bag and my car keys. I got in the car. I was planning to go. I was driving and it was fine but then... I should have turned left. I missed the turn and I... I don't know... All of a sudden, I'm in. I'm out. I'm here. All afternoon. I wasn't thinking.

ALICE: You have to call your person, your – Steve.

BEEB: I tried. *(she picks up her cellphone from the table and stares at it)* Something's up with his phone.

ALICE: *(grabbing the cellphone)* So call again.

She looks at the phone, presses the re-dial button and waits. She gets nothing.

BEEB: Maybe today's the day he volunteers at the General. They don't let you use cellphones in hospitals.

ALICE: (*she's studying the phone, looking for a number*) I thought he was supposed to be available all the time.

BEEB: It's been a year.

ALICE: Why don't you have Dad's number? (*she exits*)

BEEB: (*she sighs and rests her head on the table*) I wasn't thinking. I think that's why I've been so tired lately. All the thinking I have to do. I have to think twenty-four hours a day. If I wake up in the middle of the night, the first thing I have to do is think so I don't just... (*she gestures vaguely*) do something without thinking.

ALICE re-enters with an open address book in one hand. She's just finished dialling a number.

ALICE: (*on phone*) Marilyn this is Alice.

BEEB: (*sitting up*) I didn't open it.

ALICE: (*on phone*) I need – I'm fine. I – school's fine.

BEEB: (*she puts her head back on the table*) I'm not going to.

ALICE: (*on phone*) No, really. She – (*she looks at BEEB*)

BEEB: I'm not going to. I just need it... around.

ALICE: (*on phone*) Is my dad there? It's an emergency.

BEEB: It's not an emergency.

ALICE: (*on phone*) It's sort of an emergency.

BEEB: It's not in me. It's just close by.

ALICE: (*on phone*) Do you know when he'll be back?

BEEB: He's at that meeting in Phillips. He won't be back till dinner.

ALICE: Oh. Right. (*on phone*) If you hear from him, will you tell him to call home? Thanks.

She hangs up and paces. BEEB stares at the bottle.

BEEB: Life is smooth and easy when you don't have to think. It just whooshes along.

ALICE: (*to herself*) I don't know what to do.

BEEB: Don't turn left and a bottle of tequila lands in your lap. Whoosh.

ALICE: I thought you weren't carrying money around so "things" wouldn't fall in your lap. Where'd you get it?

BEEB: Do you want a cookie?

ALICE: Are you drunk?

BEEB: I'm not going to drink. I don't want to. Not badly.

ALICE: Where'd you get the money?

BEEB: Your hidden stash isn't that hidden.

ALICE: It's starting again.

BEEB: It's not! I'm not, I swear Al, I'm not.

ALICE: You planned this. You knew Steve wasn't going to be available. You knew Dad was going out of town.

BEEB: That's not it at all.

ALICE: You stole my money!

BEEB: *(with a sigh, apologetic)* I couldn't help it. You shouldn't hide stuff in your underwear drawer. That's the first place everybody looks.

ALICE stands staring for a moment. She then grabs for the bottle. For the first time BEEB moves quickly. She clamps her hand on top of ALICE's.

BEEB: What are you doing?

ALICE: Throwing it out.

BEEB: No.

ALICE: You just said you weren't going to drink.

BEEB wrestles the bottle from ALICE and cradles it in her arms.

BEEB: I know.

ALICE: So you don't need it and if you don't need it –

BEEB: I need it.

ALICE: What for?

BEEB: I need to hold on to something.

ALICE: So hold on to a football, or a stuffed animal or –

BEEB: *(interrupting)* I heard from Mom today.

ALICE: What?

BEEB: I heard from Mom.

ALICE: That's great! You see I was right, you just needed to give her more time.

BEEB pulls out a letter from her pocket and slides it across the table. She goes back to cradling the bottle.

ALICE: What's this?

BEEB: Read it. It was delivered this morning.

ALICE: Who's Bergman and Lehr?

BEEB: Aaron Bergman is mom's lawyer.

ALICE: I don't understand.

BEEB: Read it.

ALICE: *(reading)* Dear Ms. Millay. I am writing to acknowledge your phone message of May 13, 2011 *(current year)* to my client Adrienne Laxton. At this time Ms. Laxton is not prepared to consent to your request for a meeting. Furthermore – *(she stops reading)* What is this?

BEEB: This is a fancy way of saying “Don't call me, I'll call you when hell freezes over.”

ALICE: I don't believe it.

BEEB: She doesn't want to see me. She doesn't want anything to do with me.

ALICE: She told me you called. She – last weekend. She didn't seem angry or anything. Why would she do it like this?

BEEB: I think she's still angry.

ALICE: But she – do you want a cookie?

BEEB: Sure.

ALICE gets a cookie for both of them.

ALICE: You'd never guess. The lawn's recovered.

BEEB: I just wanted to tell her how I'm doing. Tell her about school.

ALICE: She can't stay mad forever.

BEEB: She's so mad, she has other people writing me, writing me letters.

BEEB holds the bottle even closer.

ALICE: Do you have to do that?

BEEB: What?

ALICE: Cradle the bottle.

BEEB: Yes.

ALICE: But you're not going to drink.

BEEB: I'm not going to throw a year down the toilet. I'm not. I know I'm not.

ALICE: I'm going to try Steve again. *(she dials the phone but gets nothing)*

BEEB: I'm better now. I'm better.

ALICE: *(hanging up phone)* Shoot.

BEEB: What if she never forgives me?

ALICE: I forgave you. Dad forgave you. You totalled his car and he forgave you. And I – don't you think it's kind of huge that I forgave you?

BEEB: I thought she'd come around. She'd see – she'd be happy I put my life back together.

ALICE: Maybe she's not happy you put your life back together.

BEEB: But why? Why can't she be happy? I exploded everything to bits and I put the pieces back together. I've been working so hard. I –

ALICE: *(she's had enough)* !! !! !! !! Maybe this not about you! Maybe everything is not about you! *(pause)* I'm sorry. I didn't mean to shout. I have a headache. I can't talk to you when you're holding on to that bottle for dear life. It's scary.

BEEB: Ok. *(she puts the bottle on the table)*

ALICE: (*she sighs*) You've been doing so well.

BEEB: Maybe it's all just a sham.

ALICE: Don't say that.

BEEB: I have been sitting here starting at this bottle, my life jacket, thinking if I can just hold out till Alice gets home I won't drink. If I can just make it till then.

ALICE: (*to herself*) Just another life jacket.

BEEB: If I crack the bottle I'm done for, so all I have to do is focus on Alice and block out everything else; block out all the voices in my ear, everyone I used to know telling me to come out and play. But I didn't listen. I knew you'd come home and save me.

ALICE: (*rubbing her head*) I have a headache.

BEEB: What would I do without you?

ALICE: I guess you'd be passed out under the table right about now. Ha.

BEEB: That's not funny.

ALICE: This isn't the way it's supposed to go Beeb. I'm not supposed to save you. You're not supposed to rely on me. Lean on me. Who do I lean on?

BEEB: You don't need anyone.

ALICE: And why is that?

BEEB: You're the rock. The good one.

ALICE: (*mocking*) The good one. Isn't that great. Golly-gee-whizz, isn't that peachy keen.

BEEB: It's a compliment. I admire you.

ALICE: Well, I didn't ask you too, did I? Did I?

BEEB: I'd kill to be the good one.

ALICE: I hate it.

BEEB: Don't say that.

ALICE: I absolutely hate it.

BEEB: Poor you. It must be terrible being loved and adored.

ALICE: People don't love me. They barely see me. Particularly next to hurricane Barbara. When you're good and you dress in pretty clothes, and you're polite and nice and you get good grades, no one gives a crap about you. I can see their eyes gloss over and I can hear inside their heads: "Thank God. I don't have to worry about her. I don't have to think about her. Thank God she's quiet. Thank God she's quiet and smart and sane and pretty and nothing like her sister."

BEEB: You want to know what I see in people's eyes? Do you know what it's like to see distrust and disbelief and hate? I would kill to be barely noticed. I'm always noticed and I haven't done anything in a –

ALICE: A whole year. I know. What do you want, a medal?

BEEB: You bet I do. Particularly from someone who has no idea how bad life can be! You're in your own perfect little world where nothing goes wrong and the biggest problem is whether some guy said hi to you or not.

ALICE: Alice the good. Alice has no idea what it's like to be bad. That must be the way it is. Never mind, I learned from the master. Well, I learned from your mistakes. Your brilliant flashes of light. You pulled out a flask in English class. I have headaches.

BEEB: What are you talking about?

ALICE: (*very matter of fact*) I have terrible headaches. Everyone knows. I was in this "little" car accident a year ago. No one ever questions that I have a big bottle of aspirin in my backpack. And no one ever shakes the bottle. No one's ever wondered why there aren't any pills. How come I don't hear any pills? How come it sounds like liquid in there? How could that be? I had a cough syrup bottle for a while, liquid for liquid, but I thought, that's too easy. This past year has been the most fascinating experiment. I should have documented the whole thing for posterity. "How far can an Invisible Good Girl go before anyone pays attention?" What the hell do I have to do to get noticed in this town?

BEEB: I don't believe you.

ALICE: The funny thing is no one notices. No one cares. They see a good girl and that's what they believe. They see a bad girl and that's what they believe. Good ole, hell raising, car smashing, money stealing, amount to nothing, take her little sister for a joy ride on a bottle of Jack so she almost killed her, bad girl Beeb.

Juice Box

By Lindsay Price

Characters

ANTOINETTE and ANASTASIA. (16) Both are dressed primly (think sweater sets and pearls) with an aura of sophistication.

Setting

The Front Porch. You just need two cubes.

The two girls sit side by side. They are prim and proper with their ankles and knees tightly together. They sit with sophistication and fan themselves.

ANTOINETTE: Hmm.

ANASTASIA: Ah.

ANTOINETTE: My word.

ANASTASIA: Um hmm.

ANTOINETTE: Isn't this heat atrocious?

ANASTASIA: Terrible.

ANTOINETTE: Atrocious.

ANASTASIA: It is very oppressive.

ANTOINETTE: It's just so hot.

ANASTASIA: I do not know how we spend year after year in this heat.

ANTOINETTE: Year after year.

ANASTASIA: Atrocious.

ANTOINETTE: Terrible.

ANASTASIA: One would think that our parents would acknowledge the discomfort and be more generous with the air-conditioning.

ANTOINETTE: One would.

ANASTASIA: There's nothing more soothing than a cool breeze.

ANTOINETTE: A light breeze on the face.

ANASTASIA: Yes.

ANTOINETTE: Delightful.

ANASTASIA: My parents never listen to my arguments.

ANTOINETTE: They never do.

ANASTASIA: How can they ignore the unbearable quality of the heat?

ANTOINETTE: Oppressive.

ANASTASIA: Intolerable.

ANTOINETTE: A light breeze would be a welcome addition.

ANASTASIA: I try to explain that I would rather not perspire.

ANTOINETTE: One would rather not.

ANASTASIA: It's uncomfortable.

ANTOINETTE: Undignified.

ANASTASIA: A lady never likes to perspire.

ANTOINETTE: True.

They both sigh. There is a pause.

ANTOINETTE: Would you like a glass of water?

ANASTASIA: (*unsure*) Hmm.

ANTOINETTE: It would be very refreshing.

ANASTASIA: True. But I'm not especially fond of water. The bloat.

ANTOINETTE: Ah.

ANASTASIA: It's uncomfortable.

ANTOINETTE: I agree.

ANASTASIA: Undignified.

ANTOINETTE: However, water is good for you.

ANASTASIA: True.

ANTOINETTE: I recently read an article, in which it was stated that an individual can live for several weeks without food, but only three days without water.

ANASTASIA: That is such an interesting fact.

ANTOINETTE: I thought so as well.

ANASTASIA: I wonder how factual it is, though. I never partake in water.

ANTOINETTE: You must absorb it elsewhere.

ANASTASIA: Oh I see. I wonder where? *(she sighs)* Unbearable. The heat.

ANTOINETTE: Oppressive.

ANASTASIA: I am entirely parched.

ANTOINETTE: Is there another beverage I can get for you?

ANASTASIA: I would love a beverage. Anything you have on hand.

ANTOINETTE: Except for water.

ANASTASIA: The bloat.

ANTOINETTE: I will return.

ANTOINETTE exits. ANASTASIA picks up a very small clutch purse and pulls out a cellphone. She makes a call.

ANASTASIA: *(calm and sophisticated)* Hello mother. Yes, I am still with Antoinette. Mother, I believe there is plenty of time available to me. There is ample time between now and the dinner hour. Mother, I have made the journey on many occasions between Antoinette's home and ours. I'm well aware of the number of minutes it requires. Yes, mother. Yes, mother. I will be there promptly at five. Adieu.

She hangs up as ANTOINETTE enters slowly. ANTOINETTE looks very confused. She holds two juice boxes.

ANASTASIA: What have you there?

ANTOINETTE: This is the beverage my mother provided.

ANASTASIA: What is it?

ANTOINETTE: A juice box.

ANASTASIA: A what?

ANTOINETTE: A juice box. (*hands one to ANASTASIA*) Here.

ANASTASIA: A juice box?

ANTOINETTE: Yes.

ANASTASIA: I have never heard of such a thing. Juice. In a box?

ANTOINETTE: Yes.

ANASTASIA: Not in a glass?

ANTOINETTE: No.

ANASTASIA: Oh. No glass. (*examining the box*) How do you get the juice out of the box?

ANTOINETTE: I believe the straw on the side. Ah yes, you see? The straw has a pointed end, and is placed into the box with force.

ANASTASIA: I see. We're supposed to drink the juice out of a straw. From a box?

ANTOINETTE: It seems rather base, doesn't it?

ANASTASIA: There is nothing else to drink?

ANTOINETTE: I'm afraid not.

ANASTASIA: Hmm.

They stare at the box as if it is a foreign object.

ANTOINETTE: I am very fond of pomegranate apple.

ANASTASIA: I have never had this flavour. It does sound dignified though.

ANTOINETTE: I agree. Quite dignified. I'm sure the juice is quite flavourful.

ANASTASIA: Yes. I'm sure it is.

ANTOINETTE: Shall we then?

ANASTASIA: I am unsure. But it is so unbearably hot.

ANTOINETTE: Perhaps just this once.

ANASTASIA: Yes. Perhaps.

ANTOINETTE: We must be open to new things in life.

ANASTASIA: Like juice boxes.

ANTOINETTE: Yes.

ANASTASIA: All right. I will try. Once.

ANASTASIA: Let's.

In unison the girls remove the straw, take the plastic off the straw, and stick the straw into the box. They take a small sip at the same time.

ANTOINETTE: (*enjoying the juice*) Hmm.

ANASTASIA: Ahhh.

ANTOINETTE: That is refreshing.

ANASTASIA: It's really good!

The girls take a deeper sip, again in unison. And now every time they sip, their personality changes. They get younger and younger, more relaxed, more fun.

ANTOINETTE: I'm going to take my shoes off.

ANASTASIA: That's a great idea.

ANTOINETTE: (*taking shoes off*) It's so hot out, I bet it would feel nice.

ANASTASIA: (*taking shoes off*) Why keep your feet all cooped up when it's so hot.

ANTOINETTE: Can you believe how stinking hot it is?

ANASTASIA: Why do we live here? Why would our parents choose to live here? It's stupid.

ANTOINETTE: I keep asking my mom. She never listen to me.

ANASTASIA: My mom is totally the same.

ANTOINETTE: (*wiggling her feet*) Oh that feels really nice.

ANASTASIA: (*wiggling her feet*) It's much cooler.

ANTOINETTE: Why didn't we do this before?

ANASTASIA: Now my feet can breathe.

ANTOINETTE: It feels so nice.

ANASTASIA & ANTOINETTE: Ahhhhhhh.

ANTOINETTE: Where's my juice?

*The girls take a deep sip from their juice box.
ANASTASIA starts playing with her hair.*

ANTOINETTE: Oh my God! Did you see Jennifer and Jason at the mall yesterday?

ANASTASIA: They look so cute.

ANTOINETTE: They make the cutest couple. They're perfect for each other.

ANASTASIA: I can't believe he dated Tammy for so long.

ANTOINETTE: I know.

ANASTASIA: Jennifer is so much better for Jason than Tammy is.

ANTOINETTE: Tammy is a cow.

ANASTASIA: I know!

ANTOINETTE: Did you see when Tammy and Jason broke up and she went right after Tim? Right after him, like the next day!

ANASTASIA: She is such a cow!

They take a deep sip from the juice box. They now start swinging their legs under the seat. They are younger still.

ANTOINETTE: Boys are gross.

ANASTASIA: So gross.

ANTOINETTE: I am never dating.

ANASTASIA: Never, never.

ANTOINETTE: Did you see them at recess?

ANASTASIA: They were trying to fry those ants to death!

ANTOINETTE: With the magnifying glass.

ANASTASIA: Stupid boys.

ANTOINETTE: And they were laughing.

ANASTASIA: Ugh!

ANTOINETTE: So gross!

ANASTASIA: I never want anything to do with a boy.

ANTOINETTE: Never, never! My mom says I'll change my mind when I'm older. When I'm a teenager.

ANASTASIA: No way!

ANTOINETTE: She says I'll think boys are more important than friends.

ANASTASIA: There's no way we'd do that.

ANTOINETTE: Uh uh! Never in a million years.

ANASTASIA: A million trillion years!

ANTOINETTE: A million trillion gillion years!

ANASTASIA: A squillion years!

ANTOINETTE: There's no such thing as a squillion.

ANASTASIA: I know. I just made it up. It's the biggest number in the universe!

ANTOINETTE: A squillion years!

The girls laugh with glee and take an extra long sip from the juice box.

ANASTASIA: *(leaping up)* Wanna build a fort!

ANTOINETTE: *(leaping up)* Yeah!

ANASTASIA: *(moving the chairs)* We'll have a club!

ANTOINETTE: We'll have a club and only the people we say can come in the club.

ANASTASIA: Like who?

Hall Pass

Characters

HENRY (15) Comes across as a nerd. Wears a sash that identifies him as a hall monitor.

BRADY (17) Cool laid back surfer kind of guy. T-shirt and jeans. (Can't dress too differently than HENRY, because of the ending.)

Setting

An empty school hallway.

HENRY stands at attention centre stage. He's wearing a sash over his shirt. He is a hall monitor. BRADY enters and walks up to HENRY with confidence.

BRADY: (*with a wave*) Dude!

HENRY: Hello Brady.

BRADY: (*trying to pass by HENRY*) How's it?

HENRY: (*getting in the way*) Sorry.

BRADY: What?

HENRY: You know.

BRADY: Really? You're really gonna do this? To me?

HENRY: Hall pass please.

BRADY: Dude.

HENRY: Hall pass please.

BRADY: Dude.

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: To me?

HENRY: To everybody.

BRADY: Dude!

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: I'll be late.

HENRY: Hall pass.

BRADY: (*patting his pockets*) I got it.

HENRY: Show me.

BRADY: It's right here.

HENRY: Ok.

BRADY: (*patting his pockets*) I just had it.

HENRY: Fine.

BRADY: Musta stuffed it somewhere.

HENRY: Must have.

BRADY: Musta dropped it.

HENRY: Shame.

BRADY: You believe me, don't you?

HENRY: No.

BRADY: Dude!

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: Come on. We're buds. We know each other, right?

HENRY: I don't know you.

BRADY: What?

HENRY: I don't know you.

BRADY: It's Brady.

HENRY: Are you?

BRADY: You know I am.

HENRY: You say you're Brady. You may imitate Brady. But I don't know for sure.

BRADY: Of course you do!

HENRY: Do I?

BRADY: Dude.

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: You just called me Brady.

HENRY: Did I?

BRADY: Just now.

HENRY: Did I.

BRADY: You just said, 'Hello Brady.'

HENRY: Interesting.

BRADY: You did!

HENRY: I don't recall.

BRADY: Right. Ok. Look. This has been... this has been, but the fun's over ok? I gotta get to class. (*Tries to get by. HENRY stops him.*) Let me by.

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: I'll be late.

HENRY: Should have known better.

BRADY: You're gonna make me go all the way back down there?

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: I can't.

HENRY: It's quite easy.

BRADY: I can't.

HENRY: You turn around and use your feet to take you to the front office.

BRADY: Ok. Look. I can't.

HENRY: No?

BRADY: You're not going to believe –

HENRY: No thank you.

BRADY: I'm telling you –

HENRY: No thank you.

BRADY: What?

HENRY: I don't want to hear it.

BRADY: I have a reason.

HENRY: I don't care.

BRADY: It's a good reason.

HENRY: Tell the front office.

BRADY: I can't.

HENRY: (*with a shrug*) Sorry.

BRADY: Come on. For old times' sake?

HENRY: Whose old times?

BRADY: Ours.

HENRY: I don't know you.

BRADY: You do.

HENRY: Do I?

BRADY: I'm Brady.

HENRY: So say you.

BRADY: Dude!

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: It's me.

HENRY: So you say.

BRADY: I know everything about you.

HENRY: Imitators can be sneaky.

BRADY: I'll be late.

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: I'll fail.

HENRY: Should have taken that into consideration.

BRADY: (*pointing a finger in HENRY's chest*) It will be your fault.

HENRY: I beg to differ.

BRADY: (*pointing a finger*) Everyone will hate you if I fail.

HENRY: Really? Really. Huh.

BRADY: They'll hate you.

HENRY: Who?

BRADY: Everyone.

HENRY: That's a lot of hate.

BRADY: At you.

HENRY: Really. How so?

BRADY: I'm loved around here. I'm a loved person.

HENRY: And?

BRADY: They'll get you.

HENRY: Who?

BRADY: Everyone.

HENRY: I'm trembling.

BRADY: They'll hurt you.

HENRY: Everyone?

BRADY: Yes.

HENRY: On your command?

BRADY: Yes.

HENRY: Fascinating.

BRADY: So?

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: Come on!

HENRY: Not a chance.

BRADY: Who stood up for you in the second grade. When Joe
Whatshisname –

HENRY: Johan Van Marten.

BRADY: When he shoved you down and stomped on your glasses and
everyone was afraid except for me.

HENRY: Everyone.

BRADY: I stood up for you.

HENRY: And?

BRADY: That counts.

HENRY: For what?

BRADY: Something. Doesn't it count for something?

HENRY: If you were Brady.

BRADY: I am! You know I am!

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: I'll be late.

HENRY: Your time management skills are lacking.

BRADY: I'll get caught.

HENRY: (*pause*) Ah.

BRADY: Ok, so I came in the side door. So what? What's the big deal?
So I knew you'd be here. So I thought for old times' sake... for an
old friend...

HENRY: We're not friends.

BRADY: Dude, I'm telling you –

HENRY: We are not friends. Brady and I are not friends.

BRADY: Not now, maybe not now. But before.

HENRY: Before?

BRADY: Yes.

HENRY: Never.

BRADY: A long time ago.

HENRY: No.

BRADY: Yes. A long time ago. That makes us old friends.

HENRY: Interesting.

BRADY: So?

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: I stood up for you.

HENRY: I have a different memory.

BRADY: I stood up to Joe Whatshisname –

HENRY: Johan Van Marten.

BRADY: I remember. I remember his name. I remember standing up for you when no one else would.

HENRY: So?

BRADY: You owe me.

HENRY: Not a chance.

BRADY: You owe me!

HENRY: Forget it.

BRADY: It's the right thing. Let me by.

HENRY: No.

BRADY: You have to.

HENRY: Hmm.

BRADY: Don't you want to do the right thing?

HENRY: I am doing the right thing.

BRADY: I'm going to be late!

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: Are you calling me a liar? That we're not old friends? That I don't know you?

HENRY: You're doing all the talking.

BRADY: I know you. (*getting frustrated*) You know me! Are you saying that we didn't live on the same street, that our parents didn't know each other? Are you saying that my sister wasn't friends with your sister? That our sisters weren't in the same car coming back from the movies when they were hit by a drunk driver? Are you saying I don't remember my own sister's death? Are you saying we don't have a bond? That we didn't sit side by side at the funeral and you didn't see me bawl my freaking guts out? Are you saying we're not friends, Henry? I dare you to say that.

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: (*with fury*) Goddamn you!

HENRY: Stop that. Don't be vulgar.

BRADY: Don't be vulgar? I'll give you vulgar, if I want to be vulgar, you can be damn sure I'll – Let me through!

HENRY: No.

BRADY: Let me through!

HENRY: No.

BRADY: I'm warning you – Do it now!

HENRY: Or what?

BRADY: Now!

HENRY: No.

BRADY: You want this?

HENRY: Talker.

BRADY: You want me to hurt you?

HENRY: Bragger.

BRADY: Do you?

HENRY: Loser.

BRADY: Do you?

HENRY: Yes.

Oh Chad

Characters

CHAD and GWYNETH. (16) A classically romantic couple.

Setting

A bare stage.

CHAD and GWYNETH must part. They begin in a dramatic 'we must part' pose.

GWYNETH: Oh Chad!

CHAD: Gwynnie!

GWYNETH: Oh Chad!

CHAD: Gwynnie!

GWYNETH: Oh Chad!

CHAD: (*clasping GWYNETH to his chest*) I'm right here, Gwyneth. I'm right here. I will always... be... here.

GWYNETH: But we must part, Chad! They're tearing us apart! It's so upsetting!

CHAD: (*holding his palm to her heart*) In here, Gwynnie. I will always... always... always be in your heart. (*he puts her palm on his heart*) Our hearts beat as one. You must always remember that.

GWYNETH: Chad, Chad, Chad. (*pause*) Chad. (*fast*) Chad, Chad, Chad, Chad, Chad. (*pause*) Chad. (*she sobs*) Chad!

CHAD: I know. I know. I know exactly what you mean.

GWYNETH: Oh Chad!

CHAD: I know.

GWYNETH: Oh Chad!

CHAD: I know.

GWYNETH: How can your parents do this to us? You have to talk to them!

CHAD: I have, Gwynnie. I have to no avail.

GWYNETH: They cannot be availed?

CHAD: There is no availing them.

GWYNETH: It's monstrous.

CHAD: Unfeeling.

GWYNETH: So unfeeling. Don't they know the depth of our feeling?
Why are they unaware of the deep deep depths to which our
feelings go?

CHAD: The deep depths of our true love.

GWYNETH: The truly deep depths.

CHAD: Our hearts are entwined.

GWYNETH: We were meant to be together!

CHAD: And now...

GWYNETH: Now.

CHAD: Now.

GWYNETH: Oh Chad!

CHAD: Gwynnie!

GWYNETH: Despair!

CHAD: Horror!

GWYNETH: They're tearing us apart.

CHAD: Rending us asunder.

GWYNETH: Ripping our hearts from our bodies.

CHAD: Shredding our love to bits.

GWYNETH: Stomping on our hearts!

CHAD: Stomping and shredding!

GWYNETH: Oh Chad.

CHAD: Oh Gwynnie.

GWYNETH: Oh Chad.

CHAD: Gwynnie.

GWYNETH: Chad! Chad! Cha –

CHAD: (*interrupting*) Gwynnie! Gwynnie. Must we go over and over this my love? It breaks my heart over and over to have to relive your pain and torture. Perhaps we should just let things go. Let the dust fall where it may. Let our hearts beat as one... from a distance.

GWYNETH: This cannot happen to us.

CHAD: But it has.

GWYNETH: We cannot allow the evil adults to separate us.

CHAD: But they have.

GWYNETH: There must be something we can do!

CHAD: There is nothing.

GWYNETH: I defy nothing!

CHAD: It is what it is, my dove.

GWYNETH: I defy that nothing is what we are left with!

CHAD: The bags have been packed. The boxes are closed.

GWYNETH: I defy packed bags! I defy closed boxes!

CHAD: I leave tomorrow.

GWYNETH: (*pose*) Devastation.

CHAD: Calamity.

GWYNETH: Chaos!

CHAD: (*not quite as sad as he should be*) It is sad, Gwyneth. So terribly, terribly sad. It's a real... (*he sneaks a look at his watch*) Yep, it's a bummer. (*snapping back into it*) It's devastating!

GWYNETH: Heartache!

CHAD: But we will write. I'm sure we will write. Long hand written notes on a creamy sea of linen cardstock with flowing fountain pen. We surely will shun all forms of modern technology for more romantic forms of communication. It is the only way for those in the depths of true love. Anything else would be... uncivilized. We will keep in touch, Gwyneth. I'm positive we will.

GWYNETH: No.

CHAD: No?

GWYNETH: No!

CHAD: What do you mean no?

GWYNETH: There are no boundaries for a love such as ours. This love is deeper than the love that launched a thousand ships. This love is greater than the poison that killed Romeo and the dagger that did in Juliet. There are no boundaries for the deep depths of true love. This love is so intense, so true, I have no doubts you would fall on your sword and kill yourself after hearing of my death as Antony did for Cleopatra. You would, wouldn't you, Chad?

CHAD: But, ah, hmmm, death is so, what about the distance, Gwynnie? The distance that has been thrust upon us? There's no getting around that.

GWYNETH: How far away is it really?

CHAD: Day and a half drive.

GWYNETH: That's nothing! We will make arrangements to meet half way. We will meet every weekend. We must see each other Chad, we must look into each others' eyes, and hold each other close. Letters are nothing but a pale comparison. We will defy our parents and scoff at the law. Nothing will keep us apart! Nothing! The bonds of true love will never break! Our love must not be denied! Oh Chad! Oh Chad! Oh... Chad? What are you doing, Chad?

During the above CHAD has moved away from GWYNETH.

CHAD: No.

GWYNETH: No?

CHAD: No.

GWYNETH: (*wee bit of tension*) What do you mean no?

CHAD: I mean, it was nice and all...

GWYNETH: Nice?

CHAD: Really nice. You're a nice girl. And we had a great run. (*he bops her on the shoulder*) A swell run. A real swell run.

GWYNETH: (*hands on her hips*) You're calling the greatest love story of all time, 'a run?'

CHAD: But there are other stories out there, Gwynnie.

GWYNETH: Oh are there.

CHAD: There are other plots. Other scenarios. Other people in those plots and scenarios.

GWYNETH: So what are you saying, Chad? What exactly are you saying? Lay it out for me. Lay it aaaaaaaall out. So there's no misunderstanding of any kind.

CHAD: Oh... Gwynnie...

GWYNETH: (*impatient*) Give it up, Chad.

CHAD: We're breaking up. For reals.

GWYNETH: Breaking up? Breaking. Up.

CHAD: (*sighing*) Yeah.

GWYNETH: YOU are breaking up with ME.

CHAD: Sorry.

GWYNETH: Huh.

CHAD: You understand, right? I'm moving halfway across the country. This never would have lasted. You know it. I know it. It's common knowledge that long distance relationships never work out. Better that we nip this in the bud before anyone gets really hurt. (*he bops her gently on the shoulder*) Chin up kid.

GWYNETH: (*turning away*) I see.

CHAD: Gwyneth?

GWYNETH: (*more to self*) Chin. Up.

CHAD: Gwynnie?

GWYNETH: Hmmm?

CHAD: You ok?

GWYNETH: Oh yes.

CHAD: Are you sure?

GWYNETH: Oh sure.

CHAD: Really sure?

GWYNETH: As sure as I can possibly be.

CHAD: You're taking this well. Really well. Spectacularly well, much better than I expected.

GWYNETH: Why, my chin is up, Chad. I'm treating the situation with a raised chin.

CHAD: If you want to cry, I brought a handkerchief.

GWYNETH: Well isn't that the sweetest thing. A handkerchief. You're such a good boyfriend. Aren't you, Chad?

CHAD: For now.

GWYNETH: For now.

They both share a laugh.

CHAD: You want a ride home?

GWYNETH: No.

CHAD: I don't mind.

GWYNETH: There's no need. I'll have Walden pick me up.

CHAD: Who?

GWYNETH: (*she pulls out her cellphone*) I had a date set up with him for tomorrow, but since we're done now...

CHAD: Walden?

GWYNETH: Walden.

CHAD: Walden??!

GWYNETH: That's right.

CHAD: You set up another date right under my nose?

You

Characters

JOHN, JUAN, JOE (17)

Setting

A bare stage. An empty high school hallway.

Three angry teenagers stand outside the principal's office. JUAN stands in the middle between JOHN and JOE.

JUAN: I can't believe I'm standing here. It's not like I'm a criminal. How dare he treat me like a criminal. I have never stood out in front of the principal's office, not once, ever. I do not deserve to be here. *(he looks left and right)* You're both here on a regular basis I'll bet. Look at you.

JOHN: Shut up.

JUAN: What?

JOHN: Shut up.

JUAN: You can't tell me what to do.

JOHN: You don't think so?

JUAN: This is all your fault. Isn't it.

JOHN: Is it?

JUAN: It's someone's. It's not mine. It must be you.

There is a pause.

JOE: You. *(pause)* You. *(pause)* It was you.

JOHN: Huh.

JOE: It was you.

JOHN: Was it?

JUAN: Wasn't it?

JOHN: *(to JOE)* Sure it wasn't you?

JOE: It was you.

JOHN: (to JUAN) Or you?

JUAN: I just said it wasn't.

JOHN: So you say.

JUAN: That's right.

JOHN: Still.

JUAN: What?

JOHN: Could be you.

JOE: I knew it was you all along.

JUAN: Who?

JOE: You.

JUAN: Why not you?

JOE: Huh.

JUAN: Could just as easily been you.

JOE: Not a chance.

JUAN: So says you.

JOE: Sure it wasn't you? (to JOHN) Or you.

JOHN: Wasn't me.

JOE: You sure?

JOHN: I know.

JOE: Huh.

JUAN: So you say.

JOHN: I have sources.

JUAN: What?

JOHN: Sources. Who know.

JUAN: You?

JOE: You don't know nothing.

JUAN: Who do you know?

JOHN: People.

JOE: You?

JOHN: People who know things.

JUAN: Nobody.

JOHN: People who tell me things.

JOE: Then why are you standing here?

JUAN: If you know.

JOHN: I know.

JOE: So you say.

JOHN: I know and you know, both of you know. You know.

From here on in, they don't address each other directly with the 'You's' They face front and talk out.

JOE: It's you.

JUAN: You.

JOE: You.

JOHN: It's you.

JUAN: You know it's you.

JOE: You are in big trouble.

JUAN: You should look at yourself.

JOHN: There are only so many places the finger can point.

JOE: Point it at yourself.

JOHN: Point at you.

JUAN: You know.

JOHN: There were only so many people there.

JUAN: There's no 'so many.' There were three.

JOE: That's right.

JUAN: Me and you and you.

JOE: It's you.

JOHN: You did it.

JOE: You.

JOHN: You ratted us out.

JUAN: You told.

JOE: You know the truth.

JUAN: The truth will come out.

JOHN: You know it will.

JUAN: It always does.

JOE: You know better than I.

JOHN: What's that supposed to mean?

JOE: You tell me.

JOHN: The truth will come out.

JUAN: You know what a rat looks like.

JOHN: You should look in the mirror.

JUAN: You should.

JOE: You.

*JOHN steps forward. He now addresses the audience.
The others freeze in place and can't hear him.*

JOHN: I didn't do it. I didn't tell anybody. I didn't want anybody to know. Why would I want that? I slept just fine at night with everything the way it was and now... I can't believe one of them opened up their big mouths. Just wait till it comes out. They're not going to know what hit them. I'll sell them down the river so fast they won't have time to come up for air. It wasn't my fault anyway. The whole thing was an accident and if they had kept their mouths shut we all would have went on sleeping like babies. We could have gone on with the rest of our lives like we were supposed to. The body would have been found. Eventually.

JOHN steps back into place. He's back in the action.

JUAN: You know what a rat looks like.

JOHN: You should look in the mirror.

JUAN: You should.

JOE: You.

JOHN: I know you did it.

JUAN: You might as well confess.

JOE: It'll only get worse for you, the longer it goes.

JOHN: You can only hide for so long.

JUAN: The longer you wait, the worse it'll be.

JOHN: You might as well confess.

JOE: There's nothing you can hide behind.

JUAN: You're the one. You did it.

JOHN: You should have kept your big mouth shut.

JUAN steps forward and talks to the audience. The others freeze.

JUAN: I have a scholarship. I have a ticket in my hand. Why would I tell? I can't believe I got caught up in this. It's not my fault, I did nothing wrong. I was in the wrong place at the wrong time and that girl was... that's that. Wrong place, wrong time. They're both such losers. Losers who would think nothing about taking me down. Destroying my future. Bringing me down to the mud, down to their level. They're jealous. They're jealous of me and what I have and what I'm going to become. I wouldn't be surprised if this was all a conspiracy. A plan hatched up between the two of them to ruin my life. Why couldn't they keep their mouth shut? How am I going to get out of this?

JUAN steps back with the others.

JOE: You talk too much.

JOHN: You know you told.

JUAN: You should look in the mirror.

JOHN: You know what's there.

JOE: All I know is it's all going to come out. This is all going to explode. Explode all over you and you won't be able to hide or run or do anything.

JUAN: You're all talk.

JOE: You think so?

JOHN: You talk too much.

JOE: You think so?

JUAN: You talk too much.

JOHN: You think so?

JOE: You're all talk.

JUAN: You talk too much.

JOE: You'd know about talking more than me.

JUAN: Talk, talk.

JOHN: You've done all kinds of talking.

JOE steps forward. The others freeze. JOE paces like a caged animal.

JOE: I'm gonna kill someone. I'm gonna rip someone's head off their shoulders. This is why you never work with other people. I know the only person I can trust is me. I know that. It doesn't matter how many times you say, 'Keep your mouth shut.' It doesn't matter how many times they say, 'You can trust me!' It's all nothing. They'll stab you in the back every time. You can't trust nobody.

JOE moves back to the others.

JUAN: You talk too much.

JOHN: You're the one talking.

JOE: Rats know about talking.

JOHN: So do liars.

JUAN: Liars are good talkers.

JOE: Liars know.

Sunday Lunch

Characters

DEVON (17) Very casual, easy going guy. Popular, but never concerned with being part of a certain crowd.

RAYDEN (15) Very nerdy and uptight with a hidden sense of humour. Wise beyond his years.

Setting

A basement rec room. A couch or two cubes.

DEVON is concentrating quite hard on a football game. RAYDEN enters and hovers on the edge of the room.

DEVON: (*yelling at the TV*) Come on, come on, come on! That was right to you! You suck!

DEVON groans loudly in disgust. RAYDEN clears his throat. DEVON looks around.

DEVON: Hey.

RAYDEN: My mother sent me down. To 'hang' with you.

DEVON: Oh. You guys are here.

RAYDEN: Here we are again. We are here.

DEVON: Got it.

RAYDEN: My mom brought chocolate cake.

DEVON: Uh huh.

RAYDEN: Do you like chocolate cake?

DEVON: Who doesn't?

RAYDEN: Who doesn't. (*pause*) We're supposed to 'hang.'

DEVON: That's what I heard.

RAYDEN: That's my mom's word. (*he air quotes*) Hang. I don't use words like that. They don't fit me. I'm not the 'hang' type. As you may have guessed. Your dad is starting the barbecue.

DEVON: We're having hamburgers.

RAYDEN: My mom doesn't believe he made them from scratch. Your dad.

DEVON: He cooks a lot.

RAYDEN: Is he good on the barbecue? Your dad.

DEVON: He cooks a lot.

RAYDEN: That's what you just said. I do listen. My mom doesn't. Cook. She doesn't listen either. But she makes a mean chocolate cake.

There is a pause.

DEVON: Do you want to sit down? Or something?

RAYDEN: Or something what?

DEVON: I don't know.

RAYDEN: Why would you say 'or something' if there is no something?

DEVON: You got me.

RAYDEN: I should. Sit.

DEVON: Ok then.

RAYDEN stiffly sits.

DEVON: So... do you *(he winces)* watch football?

RAYDEN: I hate it.

DEVON: *(with a sigh)* No kidding.

RAYDEN: It's a bunch of oversized, underbrained sacks of potatoes running into each other over and over again. *(pause)* Over and over again. *(pause)* Your wallpaper's upside down.

DEVON: Huh?

RAYDEN: I noticed it last Sunday. *(pointing)* See? The flowers are upside down.

DEVON: I never noticed.

RAYDEN: Who put it up?

DEVON: I don't know. It's been like that forever. *(he tilts his head)* Huh. I never noticed.

RAYDEN: You don't want to talk to me, do you?

DEVON: I'm just watching the game.

RAYDEN: You don't get in trouble for that?

DEVON: Why would I?

RAYDEN: Cause there's company.

DEVON: My dad and I have an understanding. Besides, you're welcome
(*he winces*) to stay. If you want.

RAYDEN: Your dad told you to say that.

DEVON: Your mom said we had to 'hang.'

RAYDEN: She thinks she's being hip. See this shirt? She thinks it's hip,
but I'm not allowed to wear it during the week when it might be
useful. It's a Sunday only shirt. I'd rather be hip at school than
here. (*realizing what he said*) That was rude.

DEVON: It's all right.

RAYDEN: You're very laid back. Aren't you.

DEVON: I don't know. I guess.

RAYDEN: Do you think they'll get married?

DEVON: (*sitting straight up*) What? Who? Them? Your mom? My dad?

RAYDEN: (*referring to DEVON*) Not always laid back.

DEVON: You just, you kinda threw that out there. Wallpaper, cake,
shirts, marriage. I just - (*he breathes*) You caught me off guard.
That's all. (*something on the screen catches his eye*) Come on, come
on! (*he throws up his arms in disgust and groans*)

RAYDEN: Does it help?

DEVON: What?

RAYDEN: To yell at the screen. Even though they can't hear you.

DEVON: It's fun. You gotta... do that sometimes.

RAYDEN: Yell?

DEVON: Yeah.

RAYDEN: It helps?

DEVON: Helps?

RAYDEN: With life.

DEVON: (*thinking*) Yeah. Don't you ever... you know, let loose? Let go?

RAYDEN: Cut a rug?

DEVON: What the hell is that?

RAYDEN: No, I never let loose. Isn't that obvious?

DEVON: Kinda.

RAYDEN: Does your dad date a lot?

DEVON: What? No.

RAYDEN: My mom does. Well, it's been twelve years, it's not like she's got a rotating door. She's not a floozy. Usually I only meet... (*he stops short and swallows his words*) hmm. So which team is better? The purple shirts or the white?

DEVON: (*reacting to the change in subject*) What was that?

RAYDEN: I like purple, so I'm going to guess the purple shirts are better.

DEVON: You're deflecting me.

RAYDEN: You know what deflect means?

DEVON: Screw you, I have a great average.

RAYDEN: Ok.

DEVON: I'm no smarty pants science fair winner but I do all right.

RAYDEN: You know about that?

DEVON: My dad told me. Something... (*remembering*) Surface Tension!

RAYDEN: (*blurting*) Yes! (*trying to hide his pleasure that DEVON knew*) Yes. Just the Regional Fair.

DEVON: Well, congratulations.

DEVON sticks out his hand. RAYDEN does not take it.

RAYDEN: You don't mean it.

DEVON: Rayden, I'm not going to shove your head in a toilet. If I say congratulations, I mean it.

RAYDEN: Guys who watch football tend to be the type who might like to shove my head in a toilet.

DEVON: I don't do that.

RAYDEN: No? Never?

DEVON: (*firmly*) No. My dad would kill me.

RAYDEN: (*smiling*) You like your dad.

DEVON: Yeah.

RAYDEN: You're not afraid to say something like that out loud?

DEVON: My dad's a great guy. He's been through a lot. We've been through a lot.

RAYDEN: (*scratching his head*) Oh boy.

DEVON: What?

RAYDEN: Nothing.

DEVON: There's something going on. It's written all over your face.

RAYDEN: I think, (*pause*) I think you are unaware of a certain situation. I'm trying to spare your feelings.

DEVON: You? Spare me? I think I can take it.

RAYDEN: Ok, I want you to remember that in about five seconds. I did warn you. Usually, I don't ... I don't meet the family till it's serious. That's why I asked if you think they'll get married.

DEVON: (*not liking what he's hearing*) Serious?

RAYDEN: That's the rule at our house. Serious guy. Sunday lunch. Chocolate cake. Sunday shirt.

DEVON: Oh. (*really not liking what he's hearing*) Oh.

RAYDEN: Your face just went grey. And tense.

DEVON: I'm thinking.

RAYDEN: Don't you like my mom?

DEVON: I don't – I don't know her. My dad said, he said –

RAYDEN: (*muttering*) I hate it when I'm right.

DEVON: (*in shock*) I'm just going to watch the game. Can I watch the game? I don't want to talk anymore. I'm going to sit in peace and quiet and watch football.

RAYDEN: You don't watch in quiet. You yell.

DEVON: I won't do that.

RAYDEN: Your dad didn't tell you.

DEVON: Are you calling him a liar?

RAYDEN: (*calm*) Of course not. I've been doing this for twelve years. That's all. I see it all the time. Houses have different rules. Your dad told you this was a casual Sunday lunch. Just getting together.

DEVON: (*that's exactly what happened*) No...

RAYDEN: (*he's done this before*) Nothing big. Some hamburgers. Shauna makes a great chocolate cake. The kid's a little weird but he's all right. See if you can talk to him, see if you like him. He stares weirdly some times. I'll bet he's better once you get to know him.

DEVON: (*almost in awe*) How did you know?

RAYDEN: I see it all the time.

DEVON: He wouldn't lie to me.

RAYDEN: He didn't. Really. Your mom died. It different than divorce. He's thinking of you. He didn't want you to freak out. Like you are now.

DEVON: (*very tense*) I'm not freaking out.

RAYDEN: I think being über-tense is your version of freaking out.

DEVON: (*blurting out*) He said it wasn't serious!

RAYDEN: Did he make you clean your room?

DEVON: (*realizing*) Yes.

RAYDEN: It's serious.

DEVON: How?

RAYDEN: Why would my mom want to see your bedroom?

DEVON: I can't believe it! This blows! He made me clean my room, he made me help make the hamburgers. It's too soon, way too soon, what the hell is he thinking? He can't be serious, this totally blows. I can't believe he'd do this to me! I actually swore I'd try to like you, I'd try to talk to the little weirdo. (*realizing what he said*) No offence.

RAYDEN: None taken.

DEVON: I don't know you. That's – you're not a weirdo.

RAYDEN: Yes I am.

DEVON: Ok, you are. I don't know you.

RAYDEN: My mom's favourite movie is Mortal Kombat. She has six copies in various forms at home. That's where my name comes from. Rayden. It's not a great name for a guy but Ray doesn't fit. Yet. I'm not old enough for Ray. I need a moustache to carry off Ray. I'll grow into it, hopefully. Now you know something.

DEVON: I don't want to get to know you.

RAYDEN: Well, that could be a problem. They're pretty serious.

DEVON: My dad would tell me if he was serious about someone. He wouldn't keep something so huge from me. I tell him stuff, it's supposed to be a two way street. That's the deal. (*he stands*)

RAYDEN: Where are you going?

DEVON: I have to talk to him.

RAYDEN: Now is not a good time.

DEVON: (*pacing*) I can't just -

RAYDEN: You'll cause a scene. You'll upset your dad. At least wait till after cake.

DEVON at a loss, sits again. He puts his face in his hands.

DEVON: (*quiet*) How long?

RAYDEN: A while.

DEVON: How long?

RAYDEN: Ten months.

DEVON: (*he did not know this*) They have not! He said it was casual.

RAYDEN: That's what they say when they're trying to ease you into things. Casual is less scary than serious. You weren't freaking out when it was casual. Casual is dating, dating is good, right? Dating means your dad isn't alone. Serious is...

DEVON: How many of these things do you do?

RAYDEN: It's been twelve years. That's a lot of Sundays.

DEVON: Where's your dad?

RAYDEN: Don't know.

DEVON: What do you mean?

RAYDEN: They divorced, he left. I don't see him.

DEVON: When was the last time you saw him?

RAYDEN: Twelve years ago.

DEVON: That's terrible.

RAYDEN: Don't pity me. I liked you better when you thought I was annoying.

DEVON: I still think you're annoying.

RAYDEN: Good. Sometimes I'm not so annoying. Sometimes I dial it up.

DEVON: You're annoying on purpose?

RAYDEN: (*smiling*) Sometimes.

DEVON laughs.

RAYDEN: (*pointing off to the side*) Is that your mom? In the picture.

DEVON: (*softly*) Yeah.

RAYDEN: How come it's in the basement? She's pretty.

DEVON: Leave it alone.



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