



**Sample Pages from**  
**Ten Minute Play Series: Girls & Guys**

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# TEN MINUTE PLAY SERIES – GIRLS & GUYS

*Swimming With Sins*

*Girls and Boys*

*Blue Sky*

*Normal vs Weird*

*Thief*

*My Hero*

*Weird*

**BY**  
**Lindsay Price**



*Ten Minute Play Series – Girls & Guys*

*Swimming With Sins*

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*Girls and Boys*

*Blue Sky*

*Normal vs Weird*

*Thief*

*My Hero*

*Weird*

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## Ten Minute Play Series – Girls & Guys

The plays in *Girls & Guys* look at gender relationships, gender stereotypes and there's a couple of gender-neutral scenes thrown in for good measure. 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 your vivid experience to life.

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# Swimming With Sins

by Lindsay Price

## Characters

Vices: Envy, Sloth, Greed

Virtues: Kindness, Generosity, Zeal

## Setting

A beach

*The scene is a beach. ENVY stands shivering in a green bathing outfit (think early twentieth century). GREED sits on the ground completely surrounded by towels: only his upper torso and head can be seen. He continually counts the towels and folds them. SLOTH is curled up in a beach chair.*

GREED: (*folding as he counts*) 38. 39. 40...

ENVY: How come they get the sunny part of the beach?

GREED: 41. 42. 43...

ENVY: They always get the sunny part.

GREED: 43?

ENVY: We always shiver in the shade.

GREED: That looks less than 43. Must have lost count. (*he scatters his pile*)

ENVY: Happens every year.

GREED: 1. 2. 3... (*he continues underneath*)

ENVY: They could give us the sunny part of the beach. Just once.

SLOTH: (*with a huge yawn*) Like it would make a difference.

ENVY: How do you know? How many years have we been coming to camp? We've never had the sunny part of the beach. It could make a difference. In fact, I'm sure. I'm positive. We're getting the short end of the stick. My muscles are cramping as we speak. How am I supposed to swim properly if I have cramped muscles? I can't. They have lovely sunny muscles. We don't.

SLOTH: Like it would make a difference.

ENVY: Like anyone cares what you think.

SLOTH: We'd still lose. We always lose.

ENVY: (to GREED) Gimme a towel.

GREED: No.

ENVY: You've got them all. You won't miss one.

GREED: I need them.

ENVY: For what?

GREED: That's my business. Don't you take that towel! Don't you dare!

ENVY: But I'm freezing.

GREED: So put some clothes on.

ENVY: I can't. We're going to start.

GREED: I don't care.

ENVY: Fine. Fine. I'll hike all the way up the slope. All the way back to the cabin just to get my clothes. I'll probably miss the start of the race. Where will you be then?

GREED: 1. 2. 3. 4. 5...

ENVY: Argh!

SLOTH: Don't look at me. I don't have a towel. I could use a pillow if you're going back to the cabin though.

ENVY: Argh!

*KINDNESS, GENEROSITY and ZEAL enter squealing.  
They all wear matching t-shirts that say CAMP VIRTUE  
in big letters.*

ENVY: Oh swell.

KINDNESS: Hello!

GENEROSITY: We just wanted to come over and say hi.

KINDNESS, GENEROSITY & ZEAL: Hi!

*ENVY grunts, SLOTH yawns and GREED continues counting, ignoring them.*

ZEAL: Isn't this a great day for a meet? I'm so excited.

KINDNESS: I love the swim meet!

GENEROSITY: It's so much fun getting together. We never get together.

ZEAL: We should do it more often.

KINDNESS: Definitely.

GENEROSITY: It's so silly to do it just once a summer.

ENVY: Nice outfits.

*KINDNESS, GENEROSITY, and ZEAL squeal.*

KINDNESS: Aren't they great. Gen made new shirts for everyone!

GENEROSITY: It was nothing. I loved doing it.

ENVY: We don't have outfits.

GENEROSITY: Oh I made shirts for you guys too!

ENVY: You did?

GENEROSITY: Sure I did. Here you go.

*She hands out the shirts. They are not met with enthusiasm. The shirts have CAMP VICE in big letters.*

ENVY: Gee. Thanks.

KINDNESS: Evie, that suit looks so good on you. Green is really your colour.

ENVY: Gee. Thanks.

ZEAL: This is going to be the best swim meet ever!

KINDNESS: The absolute best!

ZEAL: It's a perfect day for it.

KINDNESS: I love this day.

GENEROSITY: The sun is so nice!

ENVY: I wouldn't know.

GENEROSITY: You wouldn't?

ENVY: No. We're in the shady freezing part of the beach.

KINDNESS: Huh. Now that you mention it...

ZEAL: It is a bit nippy over here.

GENEROSITY: I didn't know there was any shade on this beach.

KINDNESS: It's always sunny where we are.

ENVY: Yes it is. You get the sun. We don't.

GENEROSITY: You don't have to stay way out here. Why don't you come be with us?

ZEAL: Yeah! Come be with us!

KINDNESS: We'd love to have you.

ENVY: You would?

KINDNESS, GENEROSITY & ZEAL: Sure!

ENVY: Well, ok, maybe, I mean if everybody wants to go, I guess we could... Greed?

GREED: What?

ENVY: Do you want to go to the sunny part of the beach?

GREED: I'm busy counting.

ZEAL: Wow! That's a lot of towels.

GREED: Don't touch them!

ZEAL: Ok!

ENVY: How about you Sloth?

SLOTH: (*with a yawn*) I'm pretty happy sitting right here.

ENVY: I guess we'll stay then.

KINDNESS: Ok. See you later!

ZEAL: Good luck.

GENEROSITY: May the best team win!



*The three exit with much squealing, clapping and cheering.*

ENVY: How dare they. I can't believe it, the absolute nerve. Nice swim suit my eye. May the best team win. Doesn't that just get my goat!

SLOTH: What bee's up your nose?

ENVY: Why do they have to be so nice?

SLOTH: They're virtues. That's what they do.

ENVY: So what are we chopped liver?

SLOTH: Who cares? Wake me up when we start.

ENVY: What does it matter? You'll just sleep through it. You don't even try to swim.

SLOTH: Sure I do.

ENVY: You sit underwater.

SLOTH: It's nice down there. Very peaceful.

ENVY: It's not supposed to be peaceful! It's a swim meet! Swimming is a requirement! (to GREED) And you. You never even get near the water cause you never want to leave your stupid towels.

GREED: (*placing a protective arm over the towels*) They're not stupid.

ENVY: And where's everybody else? Where's Gluttony?

SLOTH: In the dining hall.

ENVY: Pride?

SLOTH: Looking at himself in the bathroom mirror.

ENVY: Anger?

SLOTH: Kicking garbage cans.

ENVY: And Lust? Where's Lust when you need her?

SLOTH: Talking to the life guard.

ENVY: You people make me nuts! I'm going out of my mind with nuttury.

SLOTH: So what are you going to do about it? Nothing. Why worry? We'll lose again. They'll be gracious. We'll be bitter. Next year they'll get the sun and we'll get the shade same as always. Forever and ever. You should stop being such a worry wart. Chill out. Enjoy the shade.

ENVY: I don't want to enjoy the shade. I want what they have.

SLOTH: (*yawning*) Uh huh. Tell it to the band.

ENVY: No. No. I'm not going to let this go by. This is serious. This isn't ordinary want. Not every day want. Wake up, want this, want that and the other. This is deep. Profound. Profound with Profunity. (*she clears her throat and straightens her shoulders*) I want to be a virtue.

GREED: (*suddenly serious*) What?

ENVY: I want to change camps. I want to be a virtue.

SLOTH: You can't be serious.

GREED: What about us?

ENVY: You seem to be doing hunky dory. You're counting. (*to SLOTH*) You're sleeping. What do you need me for?

GREED: We'll be outnumbered. It'll be eight to six.

ENVY: We're always outnumbered. We always lose! I want to be on the winning side.

SLOTH: So just like that you're going to leave?

ENVY: Yeah.

GREED: Just like that.

ENVY: Just like that. I'm going over to the sunny side of the beach and there's nothing you can do to stop me. See you later suckers.

*She starts to leave but is stopped by GREED.*

GREED: You do realize the flaw in this master plan don't you?

ENVY: You're just jealous cause you can't do the same. Those towels are like an albatross around your neck holding you back. A terry cloth albatross.

GREED: The flaw in your plan is this: if you want to be a virtue, you have to be nice.

ENVY: What?

GREED: You have to be nice. You can't be envious.

ENVY: What, not even just a little bit?

GREED: Nope.

ENVY: Not even on special occasions? A little envy on my birthday?

GREED: Haven't you ever noticed how positive and kind and generous the virtues are?

SLOTH: How their bus is always clean and gets great mileage while ours leaks oil and always breaks down...

GREED: How they don't care when we're mean to them?

SLOTH: How their cabins are painted in fun wacky colours while our cabins look like two-week-old leftovers...

GREED: How they're always nice?

SLOTH: How their –

ENVY: Shut up! Let me think.

GREED: If you want to be a virtue instead of a vice, that's what you have to do. You have to be like them to get what they have.

ENVY: Be like them... how stupid is that?

GREED: I bet you can't do it.

SLOTH: (to GREED) What are you doing?

GREED: I'll bet you all my towels you can't be nice to the virtues.

ENVY: I could do it.

GREED: I'll bet all my towels and my snorkel collection plus the fins, you can't be nice for five minutes.

SLOTH: The fins too? Serious.

ENVY: I can. I can do it. I'm a nice person.

GREED: You're a vice through and through.

ENVY: I could be nice. I want to be nice. Sure I do. I'll be the nicest person in the whole world!

GREED: So be nice.

ENVY: Ok I will! For five minutes?

GREED: Five minutes.

ENVY: (*calling off*) Hey girls! Girls! Come over here! (*to herself*) I can do this.

GREED: Your blood is green and you couldn't be nice if someone paid you.

ENVY: I can do five minutes.

SLOTH: I wish I had popcorn.

*KINDNESS, GENEROSITY and ZEAL enter.*

ZEAL: Hey there!

KINDNESS: Hi there!

ENVY: (*squealing*) Hi!

GENEROSITY: What's up? Did you decide to join us after all?

ENVY: I sure did.

*KINDNESS, GENEROSITY and ZEAL squeal. They all throw their arms around ENVY and hug her.*

ENVY: Easy, easy.

GREED: (*to SLOTH*) She's not going to last one minute.

SLOTH: Shh. I don't want to miss anything.

ENVY: And I wanted to thank you again for the shirts. They're very nice. (*she smiles at GREED*)

KINDNESS, GENEROSITY & ZEAL: Aw.

KINDNESS: You're so sweet.

ENVY: I was thinking, I was thinking about maybe switching sides too. Maybe coming to Camp Virtue. See what it's like.

*The three girls squeal.*

GENEROSITY: That is so great. You'll love it. We have so much fun.

KINDNESS: (to GREED and SLOTH) Are you sure you don't want to come too?

*GREED and SLOTH shake their heads.*

GREED: We're awful busy.

SLOTH: Real busy.

ZEAL: Ok then. Let's go!

*The three VIRTUES lower sunglasses from their heads on to their eyes. They weren't wearing the glasses in the previous scene.*

ENVY: Whoa, whoa. Where'd you get those?

ZEAL: What?

ENVY: The sunglasses. The matching sunglasses.

KINDNESS: The counsellors gave them to us.

GENEROSITY: We all got them.

ENVY: What for free? They just gave them to you?

ZEAL: Sure. Didn't you guys get any?

ENVY: No we didn't get any. We didn't get any free cool sunglasses. Our counsellors suck!

SLOTH: Here we go.

ENVY: But it's fine. It's fine. It's perfectly fine. (*she takes a breath*) I'm not bothered in the least. Nope. I think it's great you got free cool sunglasses. (*she talks through gritted teeth*) I'm happy for you.

GENEROSITY: We've got tons of extras.

KINDNESS: You can have two pairs if you want.

ZEAL: You can have some sunscreen too.

ENVY: Sunscreen?

GENEROSITY: Our counsellors really look after us.

ENVY: They gave you sunscreen?

# Girls and Boys

by Lindsay Price

## Characters

**KEITH (17)** A guy. A not entirely bright linebacker. Trying to live up to his dad's expectations and beliefs.

**CAMERON (16)** A girl. Super smart. Super bright. Super focused.

## Setting

A school library. All you need is a table and chairs.

*CAMERON sets up at a table in the school library. She is happily organizing books and papers. She hums to herself. KEITH enters warily. He looks very uncomfortable in the library. He looks around, but doesn't see what he's looking for. He's about to leave when CAMERON looks up.*

**CAMERON:** Hello!

**KEITH:** What?

**CAMERON:** You must be Keith. *(She strides over to KEITH and shakes his hand. KEITH does not engage.)* Come on in.

**KEITH:** *(pulling his hand away)* Naw. You're looking for someone else.

**CAMERON:** Aren't you Keith?

**KEITH:** Yeah.

**CAMERON:** I'm looking for Keith.

**KEITH:** I'm looking for the tutor.

**CAMERON:** That's me!

**KEITH:** *(not happy)* YOU'RE Cameron?

**CAMERON:** That's me! Come on in.

*She returns to the table as she talks. KEITH does not move.*

**CAMERON:** I've got everything set up here. We'll put together a schedule at the end of today's session, I'm tutoring a couple of other... *(she sees KEITH is not moving)* Aren't you coming in?

KEITH: Naw.

CAMERON: You are here for the tutoring session. For math? So you can stay on the team. You're that Keith?

KEITH: Your name is Cameron.

CAMERON: Yes.

KEITH: That's a boy's name.

CAMERON: (*light with good humour*) And a girl's name. It's a surname, actually. My parents are Scottish. Did you know Cameron means crooked nose? My mom says it means crooked hill, but my dad says –

KEITH: I picked you cause you're supposed to be a guy. Cameron.

CAMERON: Technically, *you* didn't pick me. Mr. Hodges and I –

KEITH: I said I'd let Cameron, not you, I might listen to a guy. I picked a guy to be my tutor, I said it had to be a guy.

CAMERON: (*amused*) How come?

KEITH: Guys are better in math than girls.

CAMERON: Wow.

KEITH: Guys know how to teach other guys. That's the way it works.

CAMERON: How on earth did you manage it?

KEITH: What?

CAMERON: Getting through your whole school career without a single female teacher.

KEITH: Are you making fun of me?

CAMERON: (*with humour*) Of course not. So, I'm a girl and I have the top Algebra grade in the whole county. That would make me better than a lot of boys. Did you bring your math books?

KEITH: Naw.

CAMERON: Why not?

KEITH: Cause.

CAMERON: Ok, well, you can use mine today but don't forget them next time. *(Pause. They stare at each other.)* You do have to sit down for this.

KEITH: A guy would understand.

CAMERON: Understand what?

KEITH: What has to happen here.

CAMERON: Last I checked, we have to get you a C so you can stay on the team.

KEITH: Naw.

CAMERON: We're not getting you a C? Then you're right, I don't understand.

KEITH: *(looking around)* A guy would understand...

CAMERON: Understand...

KEITH: Football is more important than math.

CAMERON: Oh?

KEITH: *(the mere edges of panic)* Coach said he was gonna make sure... You don't understand.

CAMERON: But I do. You want the easy way out. You want a fake tutor, and a fake tutoring session, so you can get a fake grade. You want to sit here and stare at the ceiling with a 'guy,' a 'man,' a 'bro' who gets it, who's down with it all. A dude who understands that cheating the system is an awesome rad idea, that football is more important than math. Boy, you and Coach must be severely deluded if you think there are any dudes in math.

KEITH: What did you call Coach?

CAMERON: *(not afraid)* Have you seen the 'bros' who take math? They'd have a heart attack if you suggested football was more important than math. They live and breathe for math. Football, not so much.

KEITH: *(shaking his head)* A man understands.

CAMERON: Well, you're stuck with a girl.

KEITH: I'm getting another tutor.



CAMERON: You can try. But you're better off with me.

KEITH: Naw.

CAMERON: Yaw. I might be the only math tutor on the eastern seaboard who likes football.

KEITH: You wanna be a cheerleader?

CAMERON: Oh bless your heart. You're really going to hang onto that bone, aren't you? I watch football. The game. I watch it, understand it, like it.

KEITH: You?

CAMERON: Me.

KEITH: Naw, little girl you just stick to girl things,

CAMERON: (*reacting to 'little girl' but still with good humour*) Oh even better!

KEITH: Let the men handle the football.

CAMERON: (*more laughing than mad*) Right up the nose like cayenne pepper, POW! Those juicy stereotypes really clean out the sinuses. So you must be stupid, huh?

KEITH: (*a trigger*) What'd you call me?

CAMERON: Well if I'm a little girl, and if I'm sticking to girl things, twirling my hair, shaking those pom poms, "gee math is so hard" – then you must be stupid. Following the rules of these things. If I'm this, you must be that. Football players are stupid, right?

KEITH: Don't you dare call me –

CAMERON: (*interrupting, still not afraid*) Logic would apply that an F in basic stupid people math would suggest a certain aptitude.

KEITH: (*he can't hit a girl*) Don't call me stupid!

CAMERON: I didn't. You did. If girls are pretty soft things, football players are dumb. Really dumb. Your parents must be so proud.

KEITH: ( *pacing, to himself*) I'm not doing this, I'm not doing this. Coach gotta fix this. I'm out of here. (*he turns to go*)

CAMERON: Sure. You go. I can spend the extra time twirling my hair. I'll tell Mr. Hodges you refused tutoring, which will go down so well with the review board, and Mr. Hodges will tell your Coach, and you'll be off the team.

KEITH: (*shoving the table*) You can't throw me off the team!

CAMERON: (*not afraid*) I'm not doing anything. You're the one who's trying to decide if he can hit a girl.

KEITH: (*coming to a dead stop*) I don't – I wouldn't.

CAMERON: Ok.

KEITH: You don't understand.

CAMERON: Ok.

KEITH: I need to be on the team.

CAMERON: So, sit down and let's get to work.

KEITH: No.

CAMERON: You don't have many choices Keith.

KEITH: You, you have to fix this.

CAMERON: Teaching you math is fixing this.

KEITH: I don't hit girls.

CAMERON: I have a boy's name, does that help?

*KEITH takes a deep breath and leans in to  
CAMERON.*

KEITH: You're gonna tell the math guy that I did just fine in the session. You're gonna tell him –

CAMERON: No.

KEITH: (*shoving the table*) You have to!

CAMERON: No. Sorry. Sit down.

KEITH: I need to be on the team!

CAMERON: So sit down.

KEITH: Don't tell me what to do.

CAMERON: So tell yourself to sit down. Be the man and tell yourself to get your butt in a chair. I won't even watch.

KEITH: Coach said he'd take care of it.

CAMERON: Well he didn't, did he. And why don't *you* take care of it, hmmm? Why don't you get your grades back up on your own. You might need those grades. You're a linebacker, right? Don't you know how easy it is to get injured? Hit someone the wrong way and tear a pectoral, or wreck your shoulder or get a neck stinger that won't go away? You think Coach is gonna be around when in the first week of college you get injured on a blitz and your career is over? You'll have no one to blame but yourself.

KEITH: You talk *some* football.

CAMERON: I told you, I watch. And my dad used to play.

KEITH: For who?

CAMERON: Spent one year as a running back for the Eagles. One stinking season, you'd have thought it was twenty the way he talks down at the car lot. Blew his knee out. He didn't do his math homework either.

KEITH: (*blurting out*) My dad, he says I'm going all the way. I don't need math. I need football.

CAMERON: Why? Why do you need it? What's it doing for you? Is it giving you another kidney? Is it saving you from poverty? You look pretty well fed. You don't need football.

KEITH: You don't understand.

CAMERON: My dad said he needed football. He needed a son to pass it on to. No such luck. Do you know, if I had been a boy I would have, apparently, been the best football player in the entire world? Too bad, so sad.

KEITH: (*trying to find his feet again*) You... Girls... Girls don't like football.

CAMERON: And football players are stupid.

KEITH: Don't start that.

CAMERON: Then don't tell me what I am.

KEITH: I don't know what you are.

CAMERON: Who are you huh? Who are you?

KEITH: A football player.

CAMERON: And that's it?

KEITH: I don't know.

CAMERON: Sure you do.

KEITH: *(Pause. This is something he's never said.)* I am stupid.

CAMERON: You don't try.

KEITH: I practice every day. I work my ass off on the field.

CAMERON: So practise math every day.

KEITH: I'll never get it.

CAMERON: It's not easy. I never said it was easy. Nothing is easy.

KEITH: Math is easy for you.

CAMERON: So what if it is? I hate English. I hate writing essays.  
Numbers are very logical, words are so *(she makes a face)*  
subjective.

KEITH: What you get in English?

CAMERON: A.

KEITH: See, it's easy.

CAMERON: It's not easy! *(she slams her fist on the table)* I worked for that A. I want an A. I don't get one handed to me cause Coach is gonna take care of it. There's a difference.

KEITH: Why aren't you scared of me?

CAMERON: Is that what you want? Little girl scared of the big boy? You believe all the stories, don't you?

KEITH: No... I don't know. Everyone's scared of me.

CAMERON: And you like that.

KEITH: My dad says it's good.

CAMERON: Yippy skippy for him. You like beating up people?

# Blue Sky

by Lindsay Price

## Characters

A trio of nameless, faceless homeless kids. All can be either gender.

## Setting

An alley. Try to get something for the characters to lean against.

*ONE, TWO, and THREE sit on the ground with their backs against a wall. They look dirty and worn. ONE and TWO have their eyes closed. THREE is lost in thought.*

ONE: *(eyes closed)* What do you see?

TWO: *(eyes closed)* Blue sky.

ONE: *(sits up and swats TWO)* You always say that.

TWO: Blue sky makes me happy.

ONE: *(settling back, closes eyes)* You don't need to close your eyes to see the sky.

TWO: It is not the sky above me that I see. It is the sky in my imagination.

ONE: La di da. Your imagination.

TWO: You got one. You should use it.

ONE: *(sits up and swats TWO)* I do not!

TWO: Do too. Everybody does.

*From here THREE tries to inch away without making a sound. THREE is trying to leave without the other two knowing and moves painfully slow.*

ONE: *(settling back, closes eyes)* No thanks.

TWO: Why not?

ONE: Sky is sky.

TWO: It's not the same.

ONE: All you have to do is look up.

TWO: City sky's got too much in the way. I'm talking about flat, flat, nothingness. I'm talking about being swallowed by the sky. Feeling like you're nothing but a speck. I'm talking about blue as far as the eye can see and farther.

ONE: Uh huh. Sky is sky.

TWO: What do you see?

ONE: I'm going to the beach today.

TWO: See? Imagination.

ONE: It's not my imagination, it's my memory. It's my mental picture book. The beach. Eight years old. There it is.

TWO: Hmmm.

ONE: There's a difference. St. Pete's Beach. Warm white sand between my toes.

TWO: That's nice.

ONE: The beach and the waves. Waves crashing into the shore again and again. That's what I see. (*opens eyes and sees THREE*) Where you going?

TWO: (*opening eyes*) You going?

ONE: Hey...

THREE: I gotta go.

ONE: Where you gotta go?

THREE: I gotta.

TWO: Come sit down.

THREE: I'm gonna go pee at the McDonald's.

TWO: Can't.

ONE: Why?

TWO: Locked. They started locking it.

THREE: (*weakly*) They did?

ONE: When?

TWO: Last week. Too many (*air quotes*) undesirables washing their hands.

ONE: Big word.

TWO: Huh.

THREE: I gotta go.

ONE: You meet up with us later. There's a new 'help' van giving out sandwiches on Lofton.

TWO: Do you gotta talk to anyone to get a sandwich? Do you gotta find Jesus?

ONE: I'll find Jesus for a sandwich. Then I'll lose him again when I'm done.

*ONE and TWO laugh and hi-five each other. THREE does not laugh.*

ONE: You peeing or what?

THREE: No. I mean yes. I mean, I – I'll see you at the van. Ok?

ONE: (*vaguely waving*) See you there...

TWO: I'm gonna go with you.

THREE: What?

TWO: (*getting up*) We'll go down to the van together.

ONE: (*vaguely waving*) See you there...

TWO: You think we can pee at Starbucks?

THREE: No!

TWO: No?

THREE: I mean, you can't.

ONE: Why not?

THREE: I'm not going to the van. I'm not going.

*ONE and TWO look at each other. TWO sits again.*

ONE: So where you going?

THREE: I – I'm...

ONE: You don't have to lie to us.

TWO: We're your family.

ONE: The ones you can count on.

TWO: Don't lie to us.

ONE: Where you going?

THREE: I'm not going to be around. (*pause*) Anymore.

TWO: (*now fully alert*) You've been talking to the van people.

ONE: See? No such thing as a free lunch. What they put in your head?

THREE: Nothing. Not them.

ONE: No? Who?

THREE: Well sort of. Janet –

ONE & TWO: Janet?

*ONE and TWO look at each other.*

ONE: It's Janet now.

TWO: First name basis with the van people.

ONE: (*mocking*) Janet.

TWO: (*sing song*) Janet La di Danet.

THREE: I gotta go.

ONE: You're not being straight with us.

TWO: Come sit down.

ONE: Don't we deserve more? Huh? Haven't we been looking out for each other?

THREE: I –

ONE: Haven't we looked after you?

THREE: Yes. Yes.

ONE: How long you been down here?



THREE: Six months.

TWO: Whoo whee.

ONE: Six whole months? (to TWO) How long you been here?

TWO: Longer than six months.

ONE: I don't even remember how long it's been. That's how long it's been.

THREE: I know, I know, I, I, I, I owe you so much.

ONE: You owe us more than vague smoke.

TWO: Van talk.

ONE: You owe us more than van talk. Janet talk.

TWO: La di Danet.

THREE: I'm sorry.

ONE: You think we're stupid?

THREE: No! No.

ONE: So?

TWO: What's the deal?

ONE: Talk to us.

TWO: Talk to your family.

THREE: I – I'm going home.

*There is a pause.*

ONE: Home?

THREE: I want to go home.

*There is a pause.*

TWO: Huh.

THREE: I have, I've changed my mind. I've been thinking. This is a mistake, this isn't what I wanted. I thought – I thought, I didn't know what I was thinking. I'm not supposed to be here. I thought I was better than –

TWO: Better?

THREE: Better than everybody. And I'm not. I'm not. It makes me sick, I don't want to feel like this – *(pause)* you understand, don't you?

*ONE and TWO look at each other and then up at THREE.*

ONE: Sure.

TWO: We understand.

THREE: You understand what it feels like. To feel sick? To know you've made a mistake.

ONE: Hmm.

THREE: *(starts to pace)* Haven't you ever thought this was a mistake? Sitting here? Being here? Haven't you?

ONE: *(pause)* Sure.

TWO: Come sit down.

THREE: I feel nothing. I feel like nothing. I can't do it anymore. I can't sit here! I'm tired of sitting here.

ONE: We understand.

THREE: Do you?

ONE: No.

TWO: I like being nothing. I like blending into the walls and melting into the garbage. Sometimes there's too much attention paid to a person. I don't like attention. Sitting on the ground is good for a person. It reminds you to be hard. It reminds you where you are and who you have to be. I like being reminded, I never lose sight of my surroundings. Survival is cold and hard. This is not a vacation. This is not a country club.

THREE: I never said it was.

TWO: THIS is the walls and the garbage and the ground. You should understand that. So long as we're understanding each other.

THREE: So. I'm going home. I gotta go.

ONE: Now, hold on. I thought you had no home to go to.

TWO: We're your family.

ONE: You said that we're your family.

TWO: No home.

ONE: No where to go.

TWO: No light.

ONE: No one to turn to.

TWO: No home.

THREE: That's what I said.

TWO: Come sit down.

THREE: Uh uh.

ONE: No?

TWO: (*singsong*) Someone doesn't understand...

ONE: They won't take you back.

TWO: (*singsong*) Someone's gone soft...

ONE: You've been gone a long time.

TWO: Six whole months.

ONE: That's a long time. They're probably glad you left.

TWO: Your leaving gave them peace.

ONE: No more shouting, no more screaming. No more slamming doors.

TWO: Isn't that what you did? That's what they always do. The troublemakers. Isn't that what constitutes trouble in the suburbs?

ONE: Big word.

TWO: Got me two sandwiches and cookie.

THREE: I have to go.

ONE: It's always better when the troublemakers leave. That's what they'll tell you.

THREE: I've already talked to them. I already know.

TWO: Huh.

ONE: When'd you do that?

TWO: When were you away from us?

THREE: Yesterday.

TWO: Huh.

THREE: My mom cried. She never cries. She said she loves me.

TWO: Yeah. They'll say that.

ONE: They forgot what you're really like.

TWO: Slamming doors. Shouting. Screaming.

THREE: (*trying to be strong*) I'm not a troublemaker.

TWO: There's no love in the world.

ONE: Isn't that what we tell you? No love.

TWO: No love.

ONE: No home.

TWO: No light.

THREE: I want to go home! I want to go home. Understand? I want to go home. You can't stop me.

TWO: Stop you?

ONE: No one's stopping you.

TWO: Go if you want.

ONE: Leave us.

TWO: Abandon us.

ONE: Leave us on the ground.

TWO: Leave us sitting in the garbage.

ONE: All alone.

TWO: Out in the cold.

# Normal vs Weird

by Lindsay Price

## Characters

**NORMAL.** No age. The part of the brain that makes us act normal.  
Dresses very normally.

**WEIRD.** No age. The part of the brain that makes us act weird.  
Dresses very weirdly.

## Setting

A bare stage. Takes place in a part of the brain. Two cubes to sit on.

*WEIRD sits centre stage. Lounging. NORMAL runs onstage, out of breath.*

**NORMAL:** (*pointing*) You! You, you, you! You stop right there, stay exactly where you are, don't move a muscle, don't you dare!

*WEIRD hasn't moved.*

**WEIRD:** Ok.

**NORMAL:** Did you think this would escape my notice? Did you think you could just slip under the radar? That I wouldn't find out? Hmm? Sneaky?

**WEIRD:** (*does not look at NORMAL*) I don't sneak.

**NORMAL:** This was beyond sneaky. Try to deny it. Deny it!

**WEIRD:** You don't have to shout. I'm right here.

**NORMAL:** You thought that just because you exist in a different part of the brain I wouldn't notice. Ha! Fat chance, my friend. Big fat chance! Ha, ha! I notice everything and I am everywhere. (*waves arms about in a frantic manner*) Did you think by being sneaky late at night you could have it escape without notice? Zip! Slip! Wing! Kablooi! I am an early riser, my friend. I am up before the birds and I made sure everything was as it should be before school this morning.

**WEIRD:** (*looking at NORMAL*) What did you do?

**NORMAL:** Made her take it off of course. Made her see the error of your ways.

*WEIRD looks away.*

NORMAL: Black nail polish. Honestly. What were you thinking? Do you have any idea what would happen if our girl went to school wearing that?

WEIRD: She likes it.

NORMAL: Not anymore. I made her realize it was a mistake and she didn't know what she was thinking and the sooner that polish came off the better. Just in the nick of time. You may think you got one over on me but THAT (*points finger in WEIRD's chest*) is absolutely impossible. Nobody pulls the wool over my eyes. Ever. Got it? Are we clear? Now that we've had this little talk, are we on the same page? Our girl does not like black nail polish. She does not wear black nail polish. Our girl is one hundred percent normal. Stamped it no-erasies.

*WEIRD snorts sarcastically.*

NORMAL: What was that?

WEIRD: What?

NORMAL: That noise.

WEIRD: Where?

NORMAL: There. Around you.

WEIRD: I didn't hear anything.

NORMAL: There's only one person in charge of our girl's thoughts and that person is (*pointing at self*) this person right here. Me. You'd do best to remember who wears the pants around this brain.

*WEIRD snorts sarcastically.*

NORMAL: Are you snorting at me?

WEIRD: What?

NORMAL: You made the noise.

WEIRD: No.

NORMAL: You are snorting at me.

WEIRD: (*deadpan*) I have a constant sinus cold. Causes excess mucus. I'm learning to cope. Anything else?

NORMAL: Keep in mind who's in charge. That's all I have to say. (*turns to go*)

WEIRD: No.

NORMAL: Excuse me?

WEIRD: You heard.

NORMAL: What I heard was an impossibility. What I heard must be a mistake. I must have sneezed and got my hearing wires crossed.

WEIRD: You didn't sneeze.

NORMAL: (*pointing to WEIRD*) You, didn't say no, (*pointing at self*) to me.

WEIRD: I did.

NORMAL: You did not.

WEIRD: You posed a question. I answered.

NORMAL: You gave the wrong answer.

WEIRD: To you.

NORMAL: No, no, no, no, no, no, no. No. No way. This will not do. This will not do. Not at all. You may be new here. And I don't know what it was like in your last lobe; you may have not fully assessed your (*draws an imaginary circle in the air*) current surroundings.

WEIRD: Um-hmm.

NORMAL: There is only one way to do things around here. My way. I'm in charge of our girl and I plan to keep it that way. Got it?

WEIRD: No.

NORMAL: Excuse me?

WEIRD: You heard. There's gonna be a few changes in our current surroundings. You're not in charge anymore.

*There is a pause. NORMAL doubles over in laughter.*

NORMAL: (*laughing*) What? (*doubles over in laughter*) What? You are really funny. You are a scream. You know how to lighten the mood. That's what this is, isn't it. Isn't it! This is a joke. A little

hokey jokey smokey. I didn't understand, you're really good. You're good with the (*imitates WEIRD's deadpan face*) you're good with that! You are a scream!

WEIRD: I'm not laughing.

NORMAL: Oh and I needed a good laugh. Boy, oh boy that did me good. Laughter is the best medicine, as they say, and they are so right. (*sighs*) I started this morning all in a tizzy, what with the nail polish, and things just haven't righted themselves.

WEIRD: You were perturbed?

NORMAL: What?

WEIRD: You were feeling perturbed.

NORMAL: (*hands on hips*) Where did you get that word?

WEIRD: The same place as all the other words.

NORMAL: Why are you using it?

WEIRD: It's a good word.

NORMAL: Teenagers do not feel perturbed.

WEIRD: It's Megan's favourite word.

NORMAL: Our girl would never use word like that.

WEIRD: Why not?

NORMAL: It's weird.

WEIRD: Uh huh. I know.

NORMAL: (*claps hands sharply together*) You stop this. Stop! I will not have this!

WEIRD: She also likes perturbing. That's a good word too.

*NORMAL gasps as if WEIRD has said a dirty word.*

NORMAL: No!

WEIRD: She's going to use it at lunch today.

*NORMAL gasps again.*



NORMAL: What are you doing? What are you doing? I know what you're doing. You are trying to ruin her life on purpose!

WEIRD: That's not all. Megan's going to talk to her art teacher about graphic design.

NORMAL: Why?

WEIRD: That's what she's interested in.

NORMA: Our girl is going into broadcast journalism. That's what normal girls do.

WEIRD: She's not so keen on that anymore.

NORMAL: How dare she keep this from me!

WEIRD: That's not all.

NORMAL: Stop, stop! I can't take anymore!

WEIRD: Ok, I won't tell you.

NORMAL: Fine!

*There is a pause. WEIRD hums and stares at the ceiling. NORMAL stands fidgeting, trying not to care. Finally, it's too much.*

NORMAL: What is it? What is it!

WEIRD: Are you sure?

NORMAL: Tell me!

WEIRD: What if you can't handle it?

NORMAL: Tell me, I have to know, what is she doing? What? What?

WEIRD: Megan has a box of hair dye under her bed.

*NORMAL gives a scream and staggers.*

NORMAL: Nooooooo!

WEIRD: You didn't know that, did you. Blue hair dye. She wants to streak her hair blue.

*NORMAL starts to flail about and hyperventilate. WEIRD watches with a bemused look.*

WEIRD: You should probably breathe, don't you think?

NORMAL: You can't – you can't – I can't – no air – I can't breathe – You can't do this to me! I'm going to faint! I will faint!

*NORMAL falls to the floor quite over-dramatically.  
WEIRD looks over.*

WEIRD: Are you done?

NORMAL: This has not been a good day. I am not enjoying this day at all.

*WEIRD holds out a hand and helps NORMAL up.*

WEIRD: Sit down.

NORMAL: (*sitting*) I didn't know.

WEIRD: I know.

NORMAL: How could I not know? Hair dye. I know everything. I am on top of everything. I watch her every move. I monitor everything she thinks, everything she does. What she wears to school, who she talks to... I know what she should be doing at every second of the day, what she has to do to blend, (*climax*) what she has to do to be normal!

WEIRD: Hmmm.

NORMAL: Who are you? Where did you come from? Who are you to come in and change our girl like this?

WEIRD: I'm not doing anything.

NORMAL: How can you say that? All I see is (*fluttery vague hand gestures*) so much doing!

WEIRD: It's not me. It's Megan. She thought me up.

NORMAL: She did?

WEIRD: Yep.

NORMAL: She thought of black nail polish... and the hair dye on her own?

WEIRD: Yep. All by her lonesome.

NORMAL: I feel nauseous.

# Thief

by Lindsay Price

## Characters

SANDY (16). A typical girl, with a very strong ethical streak.

BRANDON (17). A typical boy, with a not so strong ethical streak.

## Setting

A bare stage.

*SANDY stomps on stage with BRANDON right behind her.*

SANDY: You!

BRANDON: Sandy!

SANDY: You!

BRANDON: Sandy!

SANDY: You!

BRANDON: Sandy, could you slow down? For a second?

SANDY: *(now she's pacing back and forth)* I don't want to slow down. I can't slow down. You don't know what I would do if I slowed down, Brandon. You just don't want to know. Oh I could spit nails! A whole boatload of nails.

BRANDON: Let's talk this out. Can we? Please?

SANDY: I don't want to talk. You and I are NOT talking. We have nothing to talk about. *(she rails around and is right in his face)* You? Me? Nothing! *(she resumes pacing)*

BRANDON: You're mad at me.

*SANDY laughs the laugh of someone who is not really finding what the other person said all that funny.*

SANDY: Ha! Ha ha! Ha, ha, ha!

BRANDON: You're mad.

SANDY: So mad. Spitting nails, Brandon. I could spit nails.

BRANDON: I get it. Really I do.

SANDY: Do you?

BRANDON: Yes.

SANDY: ( *pacing* ) This is mad, Brandon. This is the maddest I have ever been in my entire life. You have created more mad in me than when Jessica Morton stepped on my hem “accidentally” at the Pretty Princess Pageant and “accidentally” ripped a huge hole in the back of my dress, “accidentally” right before Evening Wear. I told her a thing or two, Brandon. I told her a thing or seventeen! I am madder than that and that was really, really mad.

BRANDY: I just wanted to tell you my side of the story. That’s all.

*This brings SANDY to a halt.*

SANDY: Your side? Your side?

BRANDON: Yes.

SANDY: Your side of the story.

BRANDON: Yes.

SANDY: You have a side in this story.

BRANDON: Yes.

SANDY: There are two sides to this story?

BRANDON: ( *trying to make a joke* ) There are two sides to every story. Ha ha. ( *SANDY is not laughing. He clears his throat.* )

SANDY: I’m trying to picture what your side of the story might be. Do you mind if I do that?

BRANDON: No, go ahead.

SANDY: I am trying to create a picture in my head of your side. Your side of this so called story. Because in the story that plays out in my head there seems to be to a pretty clear... plot. Very straightforward. This doesn’t seem to be a he said/she said situation. What your side looks like to me, in my head, is that my boyfriend went into Sherman and Loy and stole something. The end. Is that what your side looks like to you? Is that what happened?

BRANDON: That’s about what happened. But Sandy –

SANDY: Brandon Sargeant! You are going to go right back down to Sherman and Loy and return that stolen property!

BRANDON: I can't.

SANDY: Why not?

BRANDON: I'll get in trouble.

SANDY: Well you're either going to have trouble down there or you're going to have trouble right here. So you can't escape the trouble, Brandon. There will be trouble.

BRANDON: It's just a teeny, tiny thing...

SANDY: *(clapping her hands together in punctuation)* Shoplifting is illegal! I will not have a thief for a boyfriend. *(yelling)* Do you hear me!

BRANDON: Ok, ok! Loud and clear. I got it.

*There is a pause as SANDY stares at BRANDON to see if he really got it. She then sighs, as if all her energy is gone and turns away.*

SANDY: What got into your head, Brandon?

BRANDON: I don't know.

SANDY: This isn't like you.

BRANDON: I don't have any money.

SANDY: So get a job.

BRANDON: I could do that.

SANDY: People do it every day.

BRANDON: It's just that this particular situation...

SANDY: There's this whole group of people who have 'jobs' and go to them and make money.

BRANDON: My particular story...

SANDY: Fascinating group of people. Those 'job' people.

BRANDON: My particular story's got extenuating circumstances.

SANDY: Got what? What does that mean?

BRANDON: It means that (*he makes a circle in the air*) this isn't as bad as you think.

SANDY: (*she makes a circle in the air*) This?

BRANDON: Yes.

SANDY: (*she make a circle in the air*) This?

BRANDON: Yes.

SANDY: (*she makes a circle in the air*) This isn't as bad as I think.

BRANDON: Yes.

SANDY: Stealing isn't as bad as I think.

BRANDON: Yes...

SANDY: There's a really good reason you stole.

BRANDON: Yes!

*There is a pause.*

SANDY: I'm waiting... for the reason...

BRANDON: Oh! So, this 'thing' I took. (*reaching into his pocket*) If you would just...

SANDY: I don't want to see it! I don't want to have anything to do with it!

BRANDON: It's really pretty...

SANDY: I don't care.

BRANDON: It sparkles...

SANDY: So?

BRANDON: It's for you...

SANDY: What?

BRANDON: Here's the thing. I wanted to get you something nice, since we've been dating a whole month.

SANDY: (*totally melting*) You remembered our anniversary?

BRANDON: And I was so down cause I didn't have any money. I applied to a whole bunch of places for jobs, Sandy. I did. And I had hoped to hear back before today. I really did. But I didn't and I was wandering around Sherman and Loy's, just wandering up and down the aisles. Wandering, wandering, and I wandered right past a rack of bracelets and rings. I wasn't thinking anything bad, I swear Sandy. But there was this rack. And there I was. And we've been dating a whole month...

SANDY: You stole something, for me?

BRANDON: There was this one ring. Such a pretty little ring. So colourful and shiny, it reminded me of your personality.

SANDY: (*not totally thrilled*) Ok...

BRANDON: (*recovering*) And your hair! Your hair when the sunlight gleams off it on a crisp fall day. Remember a couple weeks ago we went for a walk on the beach? There was no one around for miles and miles except for us. It was our own private beach and the sky was so blue and the sun twinkled in your hair.

SANDY: (*melting*) I remember...

BRANDON: So I'm standing there in the aisle and I'm thinking about that day, and this ring starts talking to me. This ring was calling my name. Brandon... Brandon... the ring knew my name, Sandy. That ring knew me.

SANDY: (*getting into it*) So what happened?

BRANDON: I talked back. Right there in Sherman and Loy. "Are you talking to me, little ring? Is there something you want to say? Something you want me to know?" (*as ring*) "Pick me up, Brandon... Take me home, Brandon... Take me to Sandy."

SANDY: The ring knew *my* name too!

BRANDON: It knew your name. It wanted to be with you. I didn't know what to do, Sandy. Could I really walk away from this pretty little ring that so desperately wanted to meet you? But I had no money. (*he is now in the moment, acting out as if he is in the store*) "I can't take you, little ring, I can't! Sandy would hate me for stealing this ring. I know it. But it's perfect for her. This is her ring! If it's her ring then I'm not really stealing it am I? Am I?" (*turning to SANDY*) I knew you'd get mad at me. But what was I supposed to do, Sandy? Did I really do the wrong thing? Tell me I had another option!

SANDY: No one's ever stole for me before.

BRANDON: After that, I don't know, it's all a haze. Next thing I'm truly aware of, I'm out the door and that ring is in my pocket. That ring is still in my pocket. Waiting. For you.

SANDY: Can I see it?

BRANDON: Of course. It's your ring.

*BRANDON pulls the ring out of his pocket and gives it to SANDY. She slips it on her finger.*

SANDY: Awww. It is pretty.

BRANDON: I told you so.

SANDY: And shiny.

BRANDON: Like your hair in the light.

SANDY: (*hugging BRANDON*) I can't believe you remembered our anniversary.

BRANDON: How could I forget something so important? You're a special girl, Sandy. You're worth special things.

SANDY: That's so sweet. Brandon, you're being so sweet. And daring. You were so daring, weren't you?

BRANDON: Maybe a little.

SANDY: I didn't know you had that side to you. I didn't know you walked on the wild side.

BRANDON: I have many sides.

SANDY: (*staring at the ring*) Hmm.

BRANDON: Do you like the ring, Sandy? Do you?

SANDY: I –

BRANDON: Yes?

SANDY: I –

BRANDON: Yes?

SANDY: I... (*looking at the ring*) I suppose it couldn't hurt to keep it.



# My Hero

by Lindsay Price

## Characters

MILO (18) Older brother. Used to being a big fish in a small pond and is now a very small fish in a huge pond.

KENZIE (16) Younger sister. Idolizes her big brother.

## Setting

Milo's old bedroom.

*MILO is on stage. He's in his room, unpacking his suitcase. KENZIE runs in.*

KENZIE: Hey, hey, hey! *(she poses)* Guess who?

MILO: *(hugging KENZIE)* Kenzie!

KENZIE: Milooooooooo.

MILO: It's so good to see you.

KENZIE: When did you get home?

MILO: Round noon.

KENZIE: *(playfully pushing)* Why didn't you come pick me up?

MILO: I couldn't.

KENZIE: *(mock)* I'm hurt.

MILO: I was catching up with Mom. And Grannie. And Aunt Laura, and Aunt Karen, Uncle Matt, and everybody...

KENZIE: So?

MILO: Some might say I was forced into catching up with Mom, Grannie, and everybody.

KENZIE: *(getting it)* You were surrounded.

MILO: Totally. They had me in their sights. If I breathed wrong, they flinched.

KENZIE: You were in a Calvert scrum.

MILO: If I tried to get away, one of them might have bit my arm off. I went to the bathroom and I thought they might follow me.

KENZIE: It's your own fault. That's what happens when you don't keep in touch.

MILO: I was busy.

KENZIE: If you don't come home for holidays, people get a little antsy and want to bite your arm off when you go to the bathroom.

MILO: I was busy! There's a lot of work.

KENZIE: Is it hard?

MILO: Some.

KENZIE: (*bouncing up and down*) I can't wait. I so cannot wait. One more half year and then one more year and then I am out! I'm so getting all the 'you better shape up cause you don't know what's coming' lectures. 'Professors don't care if you show up or not cause if you don't do the work you're out and you're just a number, there's five hundred other kids in the class...' blah blah blah. Is it really like that or are they just messing with our heads?

MILO: Did you go to the Christmas Ball?

KENZIE: (*rolling her eyes*) Maybe.

MILO: With a real or a fictional date?

KENZIE: (*hitting him*) Milo!

MILO: So fictional.

KENZIE: (*falling into the trap*) I had a real date.

MILO: You had a date? My little sister had an actual date?

KENZIE: Me and my big mouth...

MILO: Is he your boyfriend?

KENZIE: Agh!

MILO: Is he a good kisser?

KENZIE: (*covering her ears*) Shut up!

MILO: (*makes exaggerated kissing noises*) Do you love him?

KENZIE: (*still covering her ears*) I can't hear you. La, la, la, la, la...

MILO: (*fake dabbing at his eyes*) How fast the kids grow up. Just yesterday you were wearing pigtails and eating sand underneath the jungle gym.

KENZIE: (*laughing*) Jerk.

MILO: What's he like? Does he speak in sentences or grunts? Does he have enough brainpower to tie his own shoelaces?

KENZIE: Don't be stupid.

MILO: Oh, I get it. Velcro.

KENZIE: Shut up...

MILO: One of those guys...

KENZIE: If you had answered even one of my emails, you'd know all about my love life.

MILO: I don't want to know about your gross love life. That's why I didn't answer.

KENZIE: I didn't write anything gross!

MILO: How's the school?

KENZIE: Same.

MILO: Any gossip?

KENZIE: It's the same old stuff. I can't wait to get out of there.

MILO: What's your hurry?

KENZIE: It's horrible and boring.

MILO: Boring is good for you.

KENZIE: It smells.

MILO: I was always comforted by the smell of Higley High.

KENZIE: I hate it.

MILO: You do not.

KENZIE: I hate every brick, every desk, every piece of chalk.

MILO: Every piece?

KENZIE: Every piece.

MILO: Isn't it a little extreme to hate chalk?

KENZIE: I just started looking at brochures. I am so excited! Dad's going to take me to a couple of schools over spring break.

MILO: (*totally derailing her*) Hey, when did Mr. Lou break out the boat pictures?

KENZIE: Uhhhhh, October.

MILO: That's way early.

KENZIE: I guess.

MILO: Is the basketball team still on the longest losing streak in the history of mankind?

KENZIE: Get this. Robyn has cheerleader fever.

MILO: Robyn? Our Robyn?

KENZIE: She's a total cheerleader robot girl.

MILO: Cousin Robyn who also ate sand under the jungle gym and not so long ago used to have a cricket collection?

KENZIE: Ooooh can you bring that up at Christmas dinner? I think she's bringing her boyfriend.

MILO: Our cousin Robyn has a boyfriend?

KENZIE: Some knob on the basketball team. Why isn't he spending Christmas dinner at his own house? I asked Mom and she thought maybe he wasn't getting along with his family, which is weird. Who doesn't bury the hatchet at Christmas? Either that or he's a complete mooch and trying to get TWO Christmas dinners. OR he could be Jewish, couldn't he! I never even thought of that. My bad. (*MILO has been staring into space*) Milo? Helloooooo?

MILO: (*in his own world*) Geez I turn around for two seconds...

KENZIE: You'd have known if you came home for Thanksgiving...

MILO: I can't believe it.

KENZIE: So out of the blue Robyn starts doing cheers and wearing her hair in that stupid curly ponytail with all the stupid flair hair ribbons and saying 'like' every second word. How do those ribbons stay in place? They have to be stapled on. And her head's covered in sparkles. Wait till you see her, you'll be finding sparkles in your clothes for days. You'll think it's radioactive dandruff. I totally fear for her brain. (sees MILO is not paying attention to her) Helloooooo...

MILO: Sorry.

KENZIE: I said something funny.

MILO: I was thinking about the good old days.

*KENZIE blows a raspberry.*

MILO: They were.

KENZIE: Milo, nothing good is going on here.

MILO: I'm not so sure.

KENZIE: It's all happening out there (*she flings her arms out*) The whole world is zooming faster, faster while we all sit on our thumbs in podunk backward nowhere-ville.

MILO: That's not at all what's –

KENZIE: (*interrupting*) So, tell me about school already. I'm dying for the details.

MILO: Later.

KENZIE: We have time now. Later you may get caught in another scrum and then you'll be gone again.

MILO: Not now.

KENZIE: Come on, I'm the only one of all my friends who has someone on the outside. Except for Alicia but her sister's a total cow and she's only learning how to be a hairdresser anyway.

MILO: I don't want to talk.

KENZIE: Spill Milo!

MILO: I said I didn't want to and I don't want to! I don't want to talk!

*There is a pause. KENZIE is stunned, MILO has never yelled at her before. MILO looks instantly weary. He rubs his face with his hands.*

KENZIE: Okaaaaaay.

MILO: I'm sorry.

KENZIE: Wow. That made my ears ring.

MILO: I'm sorry.

KENZIE: Wound a little tight there, huh?

MILO: It's not funny. This isn't – I'm not...

KENZIE: *(realizing this is serious)* Milo?

MILO: I didn't mean to yell. I didn't mean it. You just – I didn't mean it.  
I'm –

*There's a pause. MILO stares at his hands. KENZIE crosses her arms across her chest and gets serious.*

KENZIE: What's the matter?

MILO: Nothing.

KENZIE: Don't say that! Don't say "nothing" like I'm Mom or Grannie.  
You can fake them out if you want, but I won't have it.

MILO: I can't talk about this.

KENZIE: Tough. Spill. What's going on with you?

MILO: I don't want to bum you out. About school.

KENZIE: I won't get bummed out.

MILO: You won't understand.

KENZIE: So make me.

MILO: It's... hard. And it's different. Lonely. I'm all alone. Everything was so easy here. My roommate hates me. He made a million friends in the first week. He's always partying and I'm not invited. I don't have any friends. I can't do the work. The work, I can't get a grip on it, Kenzie. I can't get a grip on anything. The whole world is sliding around me. The world keeps moving. I don't know what

# Weird

by Lindsay Price

## Characters

DAVE (twenties) A little insecure. But genuine and sincere. And has a secret.

POLLY (twenties) A little insecure. But sweet and open. And has a secret.

## Setting

A quiet street.

*DAVE and POLLY enter. They are on a first date and are having a good time.*

POLLY: I'm so glad we got to do this.

DAVE: Me too.

POLLY: I can't believe I, I mean – *(she shakes her head and laughs)*

DAVE: What?

POLLY: It's just – don't take this the wrong way, but I can't believe this worked out. *(she makes a face)* That came out wrong.

DAVE: Oh no. I totally know what you mean.

POLLY: Oh yeah?

DAVE: I don't think, I didn't think internet dating was for me.

POLLY: Me either. I never thought I'd do it at all.

DAVE: Me either.

POLLY: It's just so, you know? I always thought... I don't want to be mean.

DAVE: Go ahead, be mean.

POLLY: You know, those kind of people, the ones who need the internet to find a date.

DAVE: Those desperate people...

POLLY: And it gets you thinking, am I one of those people? Am I?

DAVE: And then, you meet them.

POLLY: Exactly.

DAVE: I met a girl, my first match, I mean, we had a great time. But she wouldn't date me, couldn't date me because she was a Gemini and I was a Scorpio.

POLLY: Ok, so why would a guy say he was slim and athletic in his profile, and then turn out to be an overweight smoker?

DAVE: No!

POLLY: He said he didn't smoke but he reeked of it. Reeked! You know that everywhere smell? (*she shakes her head*) So! What movie do you want to see?

*During the following POLLY gets really fidgety and agitated.*

DAVE: There's *Association of Evil* and *Beat Cop*, which could be funny and *Wound* which is definitely not funny. So it depends what you're up for, funny or not so funny and I think I want funny but I hear *Wound* is really good. But maybe it's better if we keep it –

POLLY: Hold on a sec will you?

*POLLY turns away from DAVE and proceeds to make the most obnoxious, loud, vomit-sounding noise. She hacks and dry heaves with her whole entire body while DAVE stares at her. When she's finished, she turns right back toward DAVE and is right back in the moment. DAVE is in shock.*

POLLY: Let's see *Beat Cop*. I love action flicks. (*DAVE says nothing*) Dave? What's the matter?

DAVE: (*in shock*) Are you... are you all right?

POLLY: Oh yes.

DAVE: But you just –

POLLY: (*totally relaxed*) I'm fine. I can't believe you volunteer for the MS run! I've been doing it for five years now, and I can't believe we've never crossed paths. Do you do any other volunteering?

DAVE: Uh... (*shaking it off and getting back into the swing of things*) Yeah. I'm a big brother.



POLLY: You are not.

DAVE: I'm not?

POLLY: (*pointing at herself*) Big sister.

DAVE: You are not!

POLLY: Were you at the picnic this summer? At Sumner Park?

DAVE: I totally was.

POLLY: (*same time as DAVE*) That's so weird.

DAVE: (*same time as POLLY*) That's so weird.

*They both laugh.*

DAVE: Jinx!

POLLY: (*she speaks easily without thinking about what she's saying*) Must mean we were destined to meet – (*she claps a hand over her mouth*) Sorry! That just came out. Sorry.

DAVE: (*not bothered*) It's ok.

POLLY: It's too soon. Way too soon. Holy cow, I can't believe –

DAVE: It's ok. Really.

POLLY: You think?

DAVE: Absolutely.

POLLY: You know it's a – internet dating is a –

DAVE: A tightrope.

POLLY: A crap shoot.

DAVE: You never know if you're going to get a fat Gemini who smokes.

POLLY: (*laughing*) Exactly. I'm starved! Where do you want to eat?

*During the following POLLY gets really agitated.*

DAVE: I don't know. We could do Chinese, or there's this great seafood place down town, or maybe Thai. Do you feel like Thai? I could go either way, Chinese, Thai, Chinese, Thai –

POLLY: Hold on a sec will you?

*POLLY turns away from DAVE and proceeds to make the most obnoxious, loud, vomit sounding noise. She hacks and dry heaves with her whole entire body while DAVE stares at her. When she's finished, she turns back and is right back in the moment.*

POLLY: Let's do Thai.

DAVE: What are you doing!

POLLY: What?

DAVE: You vomit when I mention movies, you vomit when I mention restaurants.

POLLY: It's nothing.

DAVE: That is not nothing.

POLLY: I don't like to talk about it.

DAVE: That is very much something.

POLLY: It's complicated.

DAVE: That is not Scorpios and Geminis.

POLLY: All right!

DAVE: I mean is that going to happen every –

POLLY: All right, I said all right. I'll tell you. *(she exhales noisily)* I'm... you see I'm... you know?

DAVE: No.

POLLY: Right. Ok. *(she laughs nervously)* I'm... allergic to indecision.

DAVE: Excuse me?

POLLY: I'm allergic to indecision.

DAVE: How?

POLLY: When I hear someone being indecisive, I – you know... *(she cutely fake vomits)*

DAVE: You're kidding.

POLLY: I wish.

DAVE: Ok.

POLLY: As long as I'm not around indecision – perfectly normal.

DAVE: Ok.

POLLY: In every way.

DAVE: And you're not kidding.

POLLY: I wish. (*stepping forward*) Go ahead.

DAVE: (*stepping back*) What?

POLLY: Try it.

DAVE: On purpose?

POLLY: Sure. It doesn't hurt. It sounds a lot worse than it actually is.

DAVE: Ok... So if I can't decide between the red wire and the blue wire... you're sure?

POLLY: Keep going.

DAVE: Ok. The red wire and the blue wire, (*he looks at POLLY who waves*) I don't know which to cut and if I choose the wrong one it will mean the end of all mankind as we know it. But I can't decide. Oh boy how indecisive am I! Red wire, blue wire, I can't make a decision! Red wire, blue wire, red, blue, red, blue, red –

*During the above, POLLY becomes agitated, runs around in a circle, flapping her arms and finally turns away to make the most obnoxious, loud, vomit sounding noise. She hacks and dry heaves with her whole entire body. When she's finished, she daintily turns back as if nothing has happened and dabs at her mouth with a tissue.*

DAVE: Holy cow.

POLLY: You ok?

DAVE: Sure...

POLLY: It's weird. It's too weird, isn't it?

DAVE: No...

POLLY: It is.

DAVE: (*more decisive*) No, it's not.

POLLY: It's too weird for the first date.

DAVE: Hey, everybody's got, you know. Everybody's weird in some way.

POLLY: I couldn't exactly put that in my profile. By the way, I vomit.

DAVE: It's more of a dry heave.

POLLY: I'd never get a date.

DAVE: There's not one person on this earth who's perfect. Not one.

POLLY: Not even you?

DAVE: Of course not! Far from it.

POLLY: Good. People are more interesting when they're flawed.

DAVE: I'm glad you said that. And think that. And since we seem to,  
um...

POLLY: What?

DAVE: Nothing. Well, we've sort of arrived at this juncture, this kind of conversation...

POLLY: What?

DAVE: It's not something I wanted to reveal on the first date either, but maybe...

POLLY: (*now really curious*) What is it?

DAVE: It's not something I go around sharing... You'll laugh.

POLLY: How could I? I've almost vomited on you three times.

DAVE: You won't laugh?

POLLY: I promise.

DAVE: Ok. (*really fast*) I really like *Star Trek*. (*he closes his eyes and cringes*)

POLLY: And?

DAVE: (*opening his eyes*) You didn't laugh.

POLLY: Why would I? Everybody's got a favourite TV show.



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