



## Sample Pages from Waiting Room

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# CHEMO GIRL AND OTHER PLAYS

*Red Rover*  
*Waiting Room*  
*The Other Room*  
*Chemo Girl*

BY  
*Christian Kiley*



## Chemo Girl and Other Plays

*Chemo Girl and Other Plays* can be performed as a full night of theatre, or as individual plays for performance or competition, or as a combination of more than one play. Please play each moment with full life and gusto. This is truly the best way to honor those who exhibit, and have exhibited, so much courage and heart in their battles against cancer.

The plays can be performed with simple blocks, chairs, or stools that can be reconfigured for each play (a hospital room for **Red Rover**, a waiting room for **Waiting Room**, the living room of a home in **The Other Room**, and the altered video game reality of **Chemo Girl**). Please feel free to be imaginative and/or use very little in the way of literal set pieces. This can also be the case with costumes, where suggestions made with a single signature costume piece for each character may be a very efficient way to visually convey the character and help the audience get a visual sense of who's who.

**Red Rover** (1M, 3W, 12E, doubling possible).....5

*A young girl is pulled out of her history class to go to the hospital where she discovers she has cancer. She befriends Lucy (who is chemotherapy personified) and she and Lucy prepare to take on cancer.*

**Waiting Room** (4M, 7W, 1E, doubling possible with parents)..... 21

*A group of teenagers who all have various types of cancer are waiting to be called into the doctor's office to receive updates on their progress. At first everyone wants to be by themselves, to stay in their personal bubbles. But as they discover their similarities and appreciate each other for their quirky eccentricities, a bond is created. Their common desire to find out who the mysterious Mr. Fitzpatrick is, after he is called time and time again to go into the office with no response, allows them to express their own feelings about their illnesses.*

**The Other Room** (4M, 3W)..... 39

*Dad is recovering from cancer and heavy chemotherapy treatments in the other room. It has become a dark corner of the house, especially for Mary, who rarely goes in there. Tommy goes in to watch Cubs games and wonders how the team's over a century-long World Series drought is helping his Dad. Mom is trying to hold the family together, but it is not an easy challenge for a family dealing with cancer in The Other Room.*

**Chemo Girl** (3W, 13E, doubling possible, ensemble expandable to 26 or more)..... 53

*Camille is given a video game system from her Mom as a form of recovery therapy for cancer. She prefers reading books and finds that video game worlds lack realism and believes they will not help with her fight against cancer. However, Camille is pulled into the video game world that mirrors her fight with cancer. She meets the Gamemaster and takes on the screen name Chemo Girl. Through the levels of this video game Camille discovers many things and must confront a recurring nightmare.*

## Special Thanks

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*Chemo Girl* was produced by the Etiwanda High School (Etiwanda, CA) Theatre Arts Department and premiered on December 15, 2012 at the Rancho Cucamonga High School One-Act Festival where it was awarded First Place. The director of *Chemo Girl*, Jasmine Hamming was awarded a scholarship to California Youth In Theatre Day in Sacramento for her skillful direction. Amanda Lucido was awarded Best Actress for her portrayal of Chemo Girl. Madeline Barayang was awarded Outstanding Performer for her portrayal of Mom and Jack McDonald was awarded Outstanding Performer for his portrayal of Lagger/Ensemble. The playwright would like to thank the director, cast, and crew for their dedication, creativity, and heart in producing *Chemo Girl*.

Girl (Chemo Girl) .....	Amanda Lucido	Director .....	Jasmine Hamming
Mom .....	Madeline Barayang	Crew Manager/	
Gamemaster .....	Dustin Darr	Light Design .....	Kristiana Perez
Witch .....	Lauren Dumapias	Costume Design.....	Lizbet Limon
Ensemble.....	Jack McDonald	Sound Design.....	Victoria Andriessen
Ensemble.....	Candice Ervin	Sound Operator .....	Zipporah Anderson
Ensemble.....	Jordan Ferman		
Ensemble.....	Zoi Gray		
Ensemble.....	Kaycee James		
Ensemble.....	Amber Knudson		
Ensemble.....	Kevin McCondie		
Ensemble.....	Morgan McInnis		
Ensemble.....	Denia Moore		
Ensemble.....	Andrew Nguyen		
Ensemble.....	Adrien Ochoa		
Ensemble.....	Tyler Reinhold		
Ensemble.....	Tommy Russell		
Ensemble.....	Daryl Santos		
Ensemble.....	Arnulfo Sifuentes		
Ensemble.....	Ashley Supall		
Ensemble.....	Sarrah Twineham		
Ensemble.....	Allante Walker		
Ensemble.....	Brad West		
Ensemble.....	Faith Williams		

# Waiting Room

4M, 7W, 1E\*, doubling possible with parents

CALLER\*, Calls patients in for their appointments

FAITH, Very positive and gregarious

FINN, Real name Finland, a sharp cynic

ROHAN, Real name Ronald, but uses this name as his cancer-fighting character

CLOUD, Real name Claudia, struggling with depression

OSWALD, Already knows his diagnosis and options, but comes to the waiting room once a week to be a part of something

## **Finn's Family**

DAD

MOM

SISTER

## **Rohan's Family**

DAD

MOM

SISTER

\* Gender-Neutral Role

*This play is dedicated to people who wait patiently for appointments, tests, and treatments. May you find peace. You are not alone.*

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*The waiting room is comprised of a large number of chairs, too many for the people sitting in the waiting room. The formation can be a "U" or any formation that allows the audience full frontal access to the action. CLOUD, FINN, ROHAN, FAITH, and OSWALD are seated in the waiting room. Each has tried to create a space bubble for themselves except for FAITH, who has planted herself in a seat right next to FINN. CALLER enters with great efficiency, holding a single sheet of paper.*

CALLER: Donald Fitzpatrick?

*CALLER glances around the room.*

CALLER: Donald Fitzpatrick?

FAITH: There was a man, who to me, could have very easily been cast, if life were a movie, as Donald Fitzpatrick. He exited with some urgency. My guess is he had to go to the bathroom. Badly. He

was doing the race-walking thing where it looks like the walker is going to take a doodee in his pants.

CALLER: Donald Fitzpatrick?

FAITH: He'll be back, or at least a man who could play him in *The Donald Fitzpatrick Story*.

*CALLER scans the room without really looking at anyone. Exits.*

FAITH: (*talking to FINN or anyone who will listen*) He'll be back. Of course he'll be back.

FINN: Can you stop?

FAITH: Stop? You want me to stop being concerned about other people.

FINN: Yes.

FAITH: It's who I am.

FINN: Well, try to be less of who you are right now.

FAITH: That would be a lie.

FINN: That guy who walked out, Fitz-whatever, he could be sprawled out on the bathroom floor gasping for air or even dead already.

*FAITH gets up and frantically moves around.*

FAITH: Mr. Fitzpatrick! Mr. Fitzpatrick! Help! Someone check all the restrooms on this floor. Help!

*ROHAN gets up abruptly and covers FAITH's mouth.*

ROHAN: Will you stop that?

*FAITH is still trying to scream.*

ROHAN: Stop it...stop...it. Calm down and I will let go.

*FAITH slowly calms down.*

ROHAN: Ready? I'm going to let go now.

*FAITH is still breathing heavily. ROHAN lets go.*

FAITH: Mr. Fitzpatrick?

ROHAN: He's gone.

FAITH: That was the name of my Freshman English teacher. He used to reenact scenes from *Romeo and Juliet* with his hands. He even put makeup on his left hand for Juliet.

FINN: Sounds like a freak.

FAITH: He was the best.

ROHAN: That wasn't him. Same name, different guy.

FAITH: You don't know that. You don't.

*FAITH moves away from FINN and sits alone.*

FINN: Nice job psycho.

ROHAN: You wanted her to keep screaming? Is that what you wanted?

FINN: Let me see, we have the lifecycle of the Luna Moth on loop on the television and magazines from the Clinton administration. Yes, I will take the frantic search for Mr. Fitzpatrick.

ROHAN: That's twisted.

FINN: Oh, please. You were ready to choke her out.

ROHAN: What I exhibited there is called restraint.

FINN: Maybe you can be a mall security officer one day and tase teenagers for sneaking gummy bears into a sparsely attended matinee.

ROHAN: I brought silence back to the waiting room. Be grateful.

*ROHAN sits down as far away from FINN as he can and picks up a magazine.*

ROHAN: This magazine says that due to his success in the Civil War, Ulysses S. Grant may run for president. Well, that's news to me.

*CALLER enters holding a single sheet of paper.*

CALLER: Mr. Fitzpatrick?

*CALLER scans the room without really looking at anyone.*

CALLER: Mr. Fitzpatrick?

*FAITH stands and releases an exhalation with sound but no words come out.*

CALLER: Mr. Fitzpatrick?

*CALLER exits.*

FINN: I picture that Fitzpatrick guy standing in front of a vending machine, completely constipated in thought. He knows he should get the healthy trail mix, but those pink-sprinkled puffballs of sweet artificial bliss are calling out to him. Those are the hardest decisions in life. They seem so insignificant but they're huge.

CLOUD: *(the words come out despite her reluctance to speak)* I would get the snack cakes.

FINN: Me too.

FAITH: Trail mix. Complex carbohydrates and protein.

ROHAN: Vending machines are part of the reason our civilization has declined.

FINN: You want to hunt for snack cakes in the wild?

ROHAN: Something like that. Yes. Not snack cakes though.

*CALLER enters with a single sheet of paper.*

CALLER: Claudia Freeman?

*CLOUD stands up.*

CALLER: Claudia—

CLOUD: Cloud. Yes.

CALLER: Claudia Freeman?

CLOUD: Yes. I renamed myself. But yes, I am Claudia Freeman.

*CALLER exits with CLOUD following.*

ROHAN: Good luck.

FINN: It's not the lottery.

ROHAN: I just meant...

FINN: Nice job, Mr. Smooth.



ROHAN: My name is Rohan.

FINN: Rohan, Protector of Ignorance. What a piece of work. Do you work at Medieval Times? I thought I recognized you. You're the Chartreuse Knight!

FAITH: Leave him alone.

FINN: Oh, you liked being restrained by Rohan, King of Middle Earth.

FAITH: Nobody wants to be here. Can we at least make it pleasant?

FINN: Pleasant. I don't know what you're waiting for, but there is no singing telegram coming through that door for me. This is a dungeon. You like that Rohan? I used one of your Ren Faire words.

FAITH: Do we have to suffer while we wait?

FINN: Would you rather hire a clown and have ice cream cake?

ROHAN: Yes, as long as the clown can juggle sharp objects and the ice cream cake has mint chocolate chip ice cream.

*FINN's DAD, MOM, and SISTER enter.*

DAD: How is my little Princess?

FINN: Take it easy, Dad.

DAD: We brought you those pink snack cakes you like so much.

SISTER: May I have one?

MOM: No, they're for your sister.

SISTER: But it's a two-pack and there are two of us.

MOM: But your sister is sick.

SISTER: So if I get really sick, I can eat nothing but junk food.

MOM: Yes.

*SISTER closes her eyes and concentrates intensely.*

SISTER: Dearest God, please give me a serious illness that will allow me to eat nothing but junk food, but not so serious that I can't play dolls or dance.

MOM: Please stop it. God doesn't like you clogging up the prayer lines with your junk food requests.

FINN: Mom, you can let her have them both.

SISTER: See, the sick one says it, so it is.

DAD: No. Your sister will keep her snack cakes. She can save them for later.

MOM: Any news?

FINN: Yes, they told me I was cured and that I should stay here and heal the other sick people.

DAD: That's our cynical girl.

FINN: Yes it is.

MOM: We would sit with you here all day, but we know you want to face this alone. So as horrible as it is, we will sit in the hospital cafeteria and risk contracting food poisoning simply from looking at and smelling the food, so that you can be alone.

FINN: I know it's weird, but thanks Mom.

DAD: Alright sweetie, just follow the stench of burnt rump roast if you need us.

*MOM and DAD start to exit. SISTER lingers behind.*

SISTER: Dear God, if my sister were to give me her pink snack cakes right now, could you heal her on the spot? Please.

*FINN starts to hand them to SISTER.*

DAD: Those are your sister's cakes. Now move it out.

*SISTER follows MOM and DAD as they exit.*

ROHAN: That's our cynical girl.

FINN: Can it, Sir Freak-a-Lot.

FAITH: That was very sweet. Your family loves you.

ROHAN: And they even obey simple commands.

FINN: I want to be alone when I find out.

FAITH: Really?

FINN: Yes. Do you ever get the strong sense that...I don't know, it's stupid.

FAITH: Nothing you feel is stupid.

ROHAN: Sometimes I feel stupid. It's like my brain is a bowling ball.

FINN: Nice introspection there Prince of Oblivion.

FAITH: What do you feel?

FINN: I just have moments where I have seen this play out before, the diagnosis, everything.

ROHAN: Wow. I wish I had that.

FAITH: Those might just be your fears. You have choices and opportunities in life.

FINN: Why are we here then, watching the mating patterns of Luna Moths, and waiting?

ROHAN: If I could have a giant eye, like a Cyclops eye, but connected to my hand, and this giant eye could see things, the future. That would be so great.

FAITH: (to FINN) What's your name?

FINN: Finland. But I go by Finn.

FAITH: I'm Faith.

ROHAN: And I am-

FINN: Rohan, King of Mothland.

ROHAN: You don't have to mock me. My real name is Ronald.

FINN: Like the burger clown?

ROHAN: Ron isn't much better. When I was diagnosed I asked my parents if I could change my name to one more suitable for battle. They said no. But I'm going by Rohan anyway.

FAITH: That takes guts.

ROHAN: Rohan will put up a better fight than Ron. Ron gets his butt kicked by the sniffles.

*CALLER enters.*

CALLER: Mr. Fitzpatrick?

*CALLER scans the room without really looking at anyone.*

CALLER: Mr. Fitzpatrick?

*CALLER continues to vaguely scan the room.*

CALLER: Mr. Fitzpatrick?

*CALLER exits.*

FAITH: She's persistent, you have to give her that.

*CLOUD enters as if she has been thrown violently out of the unseen office. She stops and tries to collect herself. She is beginning to breakdown.*

FAITH: (to CLOUD) You okay?

FINN: Of course she's not okay. (Beat. To CLOUD.) Want a sprinkly-pink snack cake? I can't give you both but you can have one.

FAITH: Oh, that's much better. Snack cakes will save the day.

CLOUD: What do you do? When the clock starts counting backwards?

ROHAN: Smash it.

CLOUD: It still counts backwards.

FAITH: You unlearn how to tell time.

CLOUD: The ticking. It's like the clock is in my head.

FINN: Snack cakes! We feast on snack cakes. Rohan, use your dagger to release the snack cakes from their plastic prison.

ROHAN: I'm afraid I left it at home.

FINN: Then we do it like cave people did when they ate artificial snack cakes and use our hands.

FAITH: Okay, I'm in.

*FINN takes CLOUD by the hand and the foursome sits together.*

FINN: Half a cake each.

*FINN starts to divide the snack cakes.*

FAITH: (*referring to OSWALD*) What about that guy?

FINN: He hasn't made his presence felt and that really messes with the math.

ROHAN: Yeah, forty-percent each is a mess.

FINN: What's that guy's deal anyway? (*louder*) Too good for our catty and juvenile conversation? Is that it?

FAITH: Just leave him alone. We don't know his story.

FINN: You must've been great on the playground. Peacemakers make me sick.

FAITH: Why?

FINN: Peace is a lie. I had a civil war going on in my body and the way they wanted to settle it was to bring in a foreign army. Chemotherapy. And when that didn't work another army. Radiation. There are no fronts, or color-coded maps, or good-guy-bad-guy uniforms, or foxholes to hide in, or white flags.

FAITH: Maybe if you changed your attitude. Did you ever think of that?

FINN: Like you? Not everyone can be a solar-powered optimist like you!

FAITH: I'm faking it! I'm faking it. Okay?

*CLOUD suddenly stands up on one of the chairs.*

CLOUD: Six months. That's how long they told me I have to live. Not even enough time to be the only bald girl at Spring Formal. But I will prove them wrong. I will be the only bald girl in attendance at the Spring Formal.

*OSWALD stands up on one of the chairs.*

OSWALD: My countdown has already hit zero and I'm still here. Once a week I come here, to the Oncology Waiting Room, to remind myself that time is precious and it's mine. I will live (*looking at CLOUD*) and not be preoccupied with my countdown.

*ROHAN stands up on one of the chairs.*

ROHAN: As silly as it is, I changed my name to fight this disease. And it's working. I will slay my dragons and monsters.

*FAITH stands up on one of the chairs.*

FAITH: I pretend I am happy and sometimes I believe it. More often than not I believe that I am a happy, well-adjusted girl. I will be who I am, even if that means I am not always a happy well-adjusted girl.

*FINN stands up on one of the chairs.*

FINN: I like to start fights. But this is the biggest fight of all. I asked for a brawl and I got one. I got the biggest, ugliest opponent of them all. I'm ready. Are you? I will use all my strength to fight you.

*CALLER enters.*

CALLER: Mr. Fitzpatrick?

*CALLER scans the room without really looking at anyone.*

CALLER: Mr. Fitzpatrick?

*CALLER continues to vaguely scan the room.*

CALLER: Mr. Fitzpatrick?

*CALLER exits. The others get down from the chairs.*

FINN: She didn't tell us to get off the chairs.

FAITH: Maybe this is commonplace?

CLOUD: I doubt it.

ROHAN: Yeah, nothing common about us.

OSWALD: So how are we going to break up the snack cakes?

FINN: So you're in? This stuff will kill you.

OSWALD: I'll take my chances.

*FINN breaks up the cakes into four pieces and gives them to everyone else, leaving her with none.*

FAITH: Oh, please. Don't be a snack cake martyr.

FINN: Afraid of the competition?

*FAITH breaks her portion in half.*

FAITH: Here.

FINN: Thanks.

*ROHAN's DAD enters, MOM and SISTER follow close behind. MOM is texting on her phone and SISTER is wearing headphones. There is a general reluctance to be here from ROHAN's family.*

DAD: Ronald.

ROHAN: Dad, Father, Man Who Participated In My Creation.

DAD: Cut the wise cracks, Ronald.

ROHAN: My name is Rohan.

DAD: I will not call you that. And we don't have a lot of time.

ROHAN: I think they have a twenty-minute-or-it's-free policy.

MOM: What's he rambling about now?

DAD: Another snide comment, that's all.

MOM: We don't have long Harry.

ROHAN: Maybe those things on the side of your head, what do you call them, diamond earring holders? Maybe they can also be used to amplify sound.

DAD: Don't you talk to your mother that way.

ROHAN: She's your girlfriend, not my mother.

DAD: We are married.

ROHAN: If an unconvincing Elvis impersonator marries you it doesn't count.

MOM: Harry, I'm going to wait in the car. I don't want to be late.

*MOM exits quickly.*

SISTER: They threw all your weapons and armor and sorcery books away.

DAD: Be quiet, Katherine.

ROHAN: Did you throw my things away?

DAD: You are behaving like a lunatic!

ROHAN: That was my stuff.

DAD: That I paid for. We are sensible people, we have health care. We don't need swords, spell books, and armor.

ROHAN: It makes me feel better.

DAD: What's in your hand?

SISTER: A pink-sprinkly snack cake. Busted! Dad, Ronald is eating junk food.

ROHAN: Yes! A snack cake.

DAD: Now you put that down, Ronald.

ROHAN: I am Rohan, Consumer of the Snack Cakes!

DAD: I do not have time for this nonsense.

ROHAN: I am going to eat this pink-sprinkly snack cake.

DAD: Put that disgusting artificial unfood down.

ROHAN: I am the Consumer of the Snack Cakes!

*ROHAN steps onto a chair.*

DAD: You immature child. I will not watch you do this.

ROHAN: Will you watch me go through chemotherapy, with the chemicals dripping into my veins? Actually watch me, not text, or play games, or listen to music. Just silently watch the chemicals enter my body.

DAD: This is ridiculous. Goodbye, Ronald.

SISTER: *(to Rohan)* Loser.

*DAD exits, followed by SISTER.*

ROHAN: I'm eating this cake and...you can't stop me.

*ROHAN collapses in his chair, defeated.*

FINN: I'm sorry, Rohan.

FAITH: At least your parents showed up.



ROHAN: I would rather they stayed away. You can completely tell they don't want to be here. It's just a token gesture, so they can tell the people they're trying to impress in between martinis that their son has the disease of the month, and they can raise their glasses to me and say some regurgitated greeting card phrase, and move on with their lives.

*CALLER enters.*

CALLER: Mr. Fitzpatrick?

*CALLER scans the room without really looking at anyone.*

FINN: (to CALLER) Hey, are you going to keep doing that?

CALLER: Mr. Fitzpatrick?

FINN: He's not here. He left.

FAITH: That's true, he did leave.

*CALLER continues to vaguely scan the room.*

FINN: What's that piece of paper you are holding?

*FINN moves quickly toward CALLER.*

FINN: I want to see that paper. I bet it tells us about this Fitzpatrick-guy's condition.

FAITH: I don't think that's our business. Not one bit.

CALLER: (ignoring them) Mr. Fitzpatrick?

*FINN blocks the door.*

FINN: Give me Fitzpatrick's paper.

*CALLER tries to get around FINN.*

FINN: Can I get a little help here?

*ROHAN and CLOUD cross over to help FINN.*

FAITH: This is not a good idea. It's none of our business.

OSWALD: Come on!

*OSWALD moves over to help out as well. CALLER moves into the waiting room, trying to escape but the others surround her and FINN grabs the paper. CALLER exits quickly, now unimpeded by the others.*

FAITH: You should give that back.

*FINN is reading to herself.*

FINN: It says that the results of Mr. Fitzpatrick's last CT scan are negative!

CLOUD: Mr. Fitzpatrick is in remission!

ROHAN: Mr. Fitzpatrick kicked cancer's butt!

*Everyone celebrates, including FAITH, who is celebrating despite herself.*

OSWALD: This is what I've been coming here for, waiting for, every single day!

FAITH: My English teacher or someone with the same name is in remission!

*They continue to pump their fists, dance, high five, jump around, and celebrate. This release has caused some real emotion to surface for everyone.*

FAITH: That's right, cancer. Mr. Fitzpatrick kicked your butt. How does that feel, cancer? You like that? You want some more of that, cancer? I'll let you catch your breath. But you're just going to lose it again. Mr. Fitzpatrick kicked your butt.

FINN: I wonder what he'll do when he finds out?

CLOUD: Hug someone, that's for sure.

ROHAN: Hug himself.

OSWALD: Run through the sprinklers at two a.m. in his underwear.

ROHAN: I haven't done that for a while.

FINN: Who are you kidding, Rohan? That's how you bathe.

FAITH: I bet he will learn Italian. "Grande notizia, Signore Fitzpatrick."

CLOUD: Or skydive.

OSWALD: What would you really do if you received the news that Mr. Fitzpatrick received today? That you were in remission, that you were free.

CLOUD: Impossible.

OSWALD: What if it wasn't impossible?

CLOUD: I just never thought about it. Things have been so bleak for so long.

ROHAN: Well, I know what I would do. Move out. Just pack a backpack and some supplies and start walking. Canada, Mexico, Pacific, Atlantic, wouldn't matter. And I would befriend some stray dog and we would travel from place to place, take on odd jobs. And we would sleep in a haystack in a barn, or in the crook of an old tree, or under a small town shop awning. People would give us things: leftover stew or a hunk of pie, a scarf, or some advice about traveling in "this part of the country." Just walk right out of my adolescence and into adulthood. No more pimples, or trying to fit in, or parental expectations, or cancer. Especially no more cancer.

FINN: What? No fire-breathing dragons?

ROHAN: Why don't you tell us? It'll feel good.

FINN: I would throw a block party with fireworks and music blaring and shut down the street for the entire night. We would have multi-layered Jello that looks like a sunset, and barbecues with smoke filling the air, mixing with the smells of the fireworks. There would be people from the past there, friends, enemies, teachers, cousins, even those that aren't alive anymore. And we would all dance like in the movies where everyone magically knows the choreography, and everyone is graceful, and happy. And no one is sick, and everyone gets along, and there is this healthy and vibrant feeling and it is like a fuel. And that fuel gives everyone the power to have long, long, wonderful lives.

FAITH: That was beautiful.

FINN: Shut up. Do you really think so?

FAITH: Of course. I would want to get everyone that is an important part of my life and give them a big hug. All of them at once, an enormous group hug.

FINN: It has to be real. That's not what you would really do if you found out you were free of this monster.

FAITH: I think I would kiss a boy.

FINN: Any boy?

FAITH: Marshall Simpson.

FINN: Marshall Simpson. Is he cute?

FAITH: Gorgeous.

FINN: That's it? Kiss Marshall Simpson.

FAITH: Clearly you haven't seen Marshall Simpson.

OSWALD: What about you Cloud?

CLOUD: Skydive with a parachute.

OSWALD: Come on.

CLOUD: I would love to feel my own head of hair on the way down, whipping around, out of control, and the wind-created style it would be in when I landed. I guess it's a teenage-girl thing. I just want to be a normal girl who obsesses about hair, and friends, and fads, and who likes me and who doesn't.

*CLOUD starts to exit.*

FINN: Wait.

CLOUD: I have to go. Tell my parents, my family.

FINN: Stay with us.

CLOUD: I can't. I have to face the reality of this.

FINN: I don't want you to go.

CLOUD: It's more gravity than choice.

FINN: I always hated gravity.

ROHAN: Can we meet here? Once a week, all of us.

FINN: Like group therapy.

ROHAN: Or like friends. Friends battling a common enemy.



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